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The text/image collages on the front and back covers, the title page image, and other images include fragments and details from the following sources: two puzzles made for children—one a colorful stegosaurus, the other stone figures on Chile’s “Easter Island” (aka “Rapa Nui,” or “Isla de Pascua”); a children’s book, *I Wonder Why the Sun Rises, and Other Questions About Time and Seasons* (Southwestern, 1996); a photograph of the Aztec calendar stone in the National Museum of Anthropology in Mexico City, Mexico; a photograph of stones and leaves outside Tarpaulin Sky Press’s new office in Grafton, Vermont, USA; and two paintings from the collections of Persian miniatures in the Teheran Imperial Library, Iran, as reproduced in *Persian Fables* (Spring Books, 1960).



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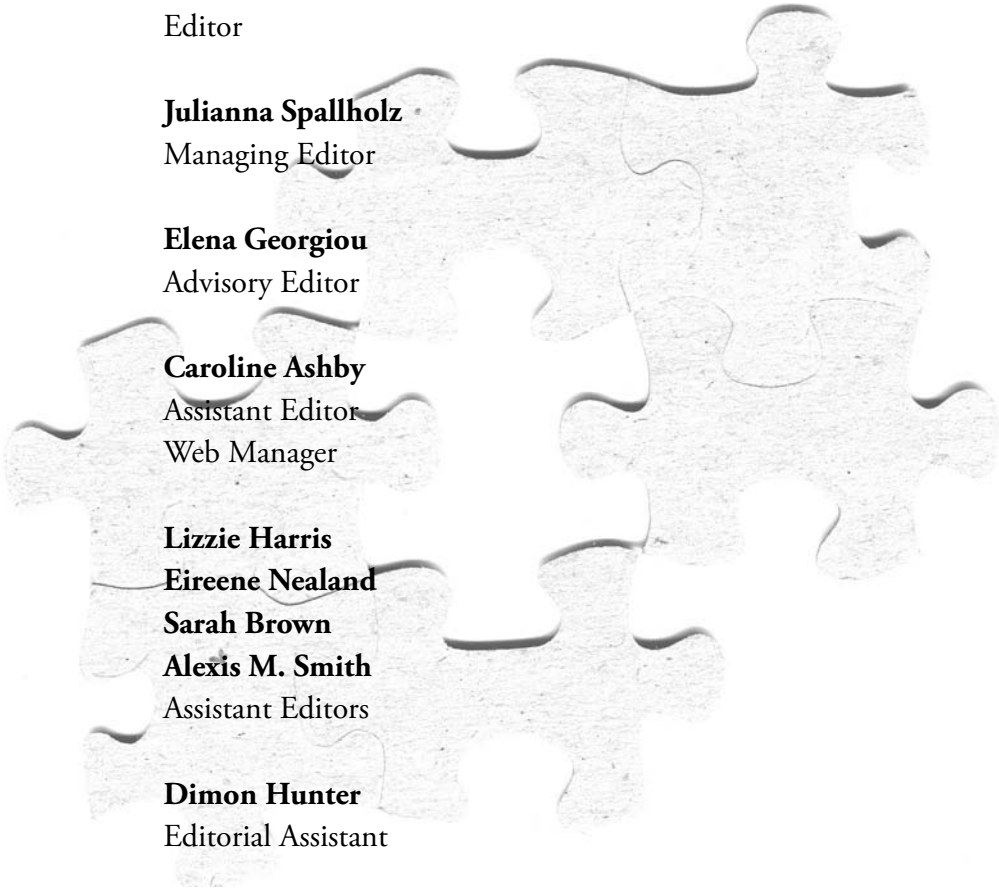
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SPENCER SELBY

Scout Assembly Before Dawn

Set about memory that doesn't belong.

Wrong age offered role currently serving life.

I'm tempted but can't reach the clearing in extremis.

The forest is both theater and audience.

My immune system for about 35 cents on the open market.

My best friend bursting with animal protein says I must apologize.

Two kids appear to mimic the dance of an ancient tribe.

The rest go their separate way when flames die out.

Without thinking they are reunited doing a search by sealed envelope.

Continuity obscures movement at a crucial moment.

It's intentional, I'm told, and then the fun begins.

JON CHRISTENSEN
 These Explosions Should Be Happy:
 Poem for Multiple Voices

Voice I

These explosions should be happy
 But god is on the radio
 The doors are closed
 And the dogwood blooms

These explosions should be happy
 But god is on the radio
 The doors are closed
 And the dogwood blooms

God is on the radio

Voice III

Radio god explodes
 The happy blooms
 Behind the closed woods
 no one's dog is at the door

Radio god explodes
 The happy blooms
 Behind the closed woods
 no one's dog is at the door

God is on the radio

Voice IV

The dogs are happy
 No one's God explodes.
 The blooms close and
 The Doors are on the radio

The dogs are happy
 No one's god explodes
 The blooms close and
 The Doors are on the radio

God is on the radio

Voice II

On God's radio the dog
 Closes all the doors
 And the blooms explode
 But no one's ever happy

On God's radio the dog
 Closes all the doors
 And the blooms explode
 But no one's ever happy

God is on the radio

Voice V

God's closed the doors
 The happy dogwoods bloom
 And no one is on
 The exploding radio

God's closed the doors
 The happy dogwoods bloom
 And no one is on
 The exploding radio

God is on the radio

SANDY FLORIAN

The Time is Near

We are revealed to ourselves by the stick-like-wick. Familiar symbols we pass as shadows as we wait in expectation for our endless bliss. Last night I had a dream. I was sitting on an island and I heard a voice trumpeting to me, Write it down. When I turned around to see who it was, I saw seven illuminated street-lamps and, in the middle, a long man in a golden robe. His head and hair were white with whiteness, his feet like burnished bronze, and out of his mouth came a double-edged sword. He said, Write a letter to man and tell him I have a complaint. Tell him this. You have less love for me now. Think of where you were before you went to where you are now and return to where you were.

Tell him this. Only I will open the door that I will open and only I will shut the door that I will shut. Write it well. You are reputed to be alive, but I know that you are dead. Wake up and put a little resolve into what vinegar you have left, or I will come and rob you like a robber. Write it well and write it nakedly or I will spit you out because I am the itch, wretchedly wanton and knuckling the door.

When I woke up, the wicked and sickly Montgomery paused from his procession, fixed me with his underscored eyes, and asked me a question with a voice like stone. Are you afraid? he asked. Afraid? I asked. Afraid of what?

Then last night I had a dream that I was sitting on an island

and I heard someone trumpet, Come here, come here, and when I awoke, there were millions of us, crowding around a great new darkness. A bowl emptied over the sun and the sky rolled up like a scroll and all of our cities vanished in a blink. I heard again, Come here, and I thought to myself, my sins have reached the edge of the clouds and my dear god has my crimes on my mind.

Twice ten thousand times ten thousand mounted men in sapphire and sulfur, in hyacinth and cholera. Two great olive trees and two great lamps and my big city began to collapse. Twelve hundred and sixty days, and then I locked my look upon the sea. There stood the best of all the beasts, like a tiger with a bear's paws and a lion's open mouth, for forty two continuous months because my statue will speak to anyone who will listen.

I will now give the schematic history of the beast, that beast of the dumb abbey and that dragon little locust. It seems unnecessary to discuss the precise relation of different codes. Some of the revelators insinuate distinctly enough that the great chancellor is no more mistaken than the father. They tell me that the best beast comes out of the sea, but I know that truly the best beast, the beast above and beyond all other beasts, comes out of the sea yawning.

On the evening of the sixth, god creates all of those animals of the chase, of the four-footed game, like venison of the forest, like those that are fed at Mr. Polito's menagerie, like those who feed amongst the beasts of chance, and those who feed on fat bison in the space of three short days. The beasts of the chase

in our statute-books are five in number, one-by-one. But the beasts of the forest have our hearts on sticks, while the fowls of the warren are the hare, the coney, the pheasant, and the partridge.

I grow horns on my head by the power of my imagination. In my dreams, I yap and twitch and whinny and writhe. By regarding the sore eyes of midnight, my eyes themselves become sore. So I open myself inside myself to give birth to a bouncing boy. Out of my son, I make another lesser beast and instruct him to bear my sins upon his back. I wind him up with sticks and wounds, soil him with oil and wine. Then I send him out on the town to exhibit his best behavior.

The very trees seem to grow lower to the ground. A bullet is torn from between my bones. My savior, I let hang and strangle. I demand the release of Gog and Magog in the battle of Armageddon with the resurrection of all the dead. Then, amid the weeping and the wailing, I demand the beheading of all my previous demands. I vow to myself to bind myself for a million years, then I dismiss the idea of the million as being ridiculous, in my fat city that flows with oil. In my fat city where I look for a somber place to lay my head, somewhere else where the Sabbath can lay its eggs upon me. Here and now, in the smallest stem of the tallest tree whose topmost boughs reach to the highest clouds. Here and now, on the tail of the ostrich, where I lay myself open to my more animalistic propinquities.

For today I feel lit. Today I feel lucid to supernatural disclosers. Today I have it upon myself to request a showing of a god with greater bones than fishes' bones. And on this polemical poetry,

I'll roll my dice.

See, the plot of our big city is perfectly cubed. We build our city of diamonds of gold. The foundation we face with lapis lazuli, turquoise, crystal, agate, rubies, gold quarts, malachite, topaz, emeralds, sapphires, and amethysts. Twelve gates we make with twelve perfect pearls and our secret streets we pave with gold. On the banks of the river, we plant twelve new trees of life which bear a new fruit every month and the leaves of which are the cure for palsy.

We hire revelators to show before what is said and what is done, what will be said, what will be done, for ours is the kingdom to speak in visions. And when we have a knowledge of our own undying death, we begin to understand that, on the supposition of eternity, science antagonizes all our revelations.

We hire merchants who sell us scads of gold, silver, jewels and pearls, linen, silk, and scarlet, all kinds of scented wood, bronze, iron, marble, cinnamon, spice, incense and myrrh, wine and olive oil, flour and wheat, cattle and sheep, horses and chariots, human slaves and human lives to toil over our human affairs.

A jigger of salt, a London limited, green merchants from the greenest basement. Because we have only veritable revelation in the greenest science, the exquisite revelation of tree systems which stripped boughs give, until there's no more sea, until there's no more land. Grains of rice fall in celebration of my revelations, and when I open to the book, I become the keeper of the cloisters and the detour doors. When I open the book,

the battered and mislabeled jigsaw stands well packed to profess. That we are alone. That we are lonely. And so I awaken in a way to put on my strength, in the way of that wilderness, in the way of that howling desert and that blackened sun that we deem useless.

It is true that the prophecy of the devil may be known from his revelations of our god. After all, he too is his servant and so has the highest of visions. So if I have a dream that my body is perched on a hill, my nighttime magic is not a revelation from hell. After all, six different legislators announce six different revelations that run into discord. If anything human lies without the scope of man, no revelation can be final.

At that moment, I receive nine letters from the abbot.

I feed the dragon yarns of hair mixed with tar and fat, a semi-conductive concoction which demonstrates the dragon's immortality. Everyone falls ill, but because the oncoming plague is a mere prelude to the pending apocalypse, I pretend to kill the serpent with my mimic fang. And lest I show awkwardly at the supper of the lamb, I make my sorrows suddenly end. Prospero ushers a new era with an apocalyptic dinner of sky-parades and firecrackers. Because this is a holiday. This is a fat horse of a home when the nearing end can be shown. I've had my teachings. I've held my tongue. I've crouched Job-like couched on dung and crazed with blains to find that. History is a meaningless enigma. The sooner it is stopped, the better off we are.

Seven heads upon seven hills upon which one lone woman sits
like a metropolis. I heard, Write this. Blessed are those who are
invited to the supper. All of heaven opens to a new and brighter
heaven, all of earth to new soil. When the oceans disappears, I
hear, Tell him this. I am making all things new.

MATHIAS SVALINA

Creation Myth

There was a big puddle of honey & millions of ants surrounded the puddle & after the ants came the mice whose faces grew sticky with honey, honey dripping from their long whiskers & after the mice came the dogs who lapped at the honey until their fur was matted & coated with honey & after the dogs came the bears who spooned up big handfuls of honey with their stony paws & after the bears came the humans but by then all the honey had been eaten.

The humans stood in the spot where the honey puddle had been & looked at each other & cried. One of them invented speaking & they all complained about how much they were looking forward to the honey & one of them invented the plough & they built a farm on the spot where the honey puddle had been & one of them invented guns & they went out into the world & shot all the mice, dogs & bears.

The ants watched all of this from their anthill. They patted their swollen bellies. They laughed at the humans & their complicated objects. They passed bowls of honey around the crowd & drank deep of the honey & passed out from too much honey. So they did not see the humans inventing a new kind of ant that feeds on honey-eating ants.

Once the ant-eating ants ate all the ants they turned on the humans & ate all the humans. Once the ant-eating ants ate all the humans they turned on each other & ate each other.

Eventually there was only one ant-eating ant alive, the only creature alive in the world. He returned to the spot where the honey puddle had been, sat down & watched the sunset over the foothills & then ate his own thorax.

Creation Myth

In the beginning there was a map of the east coast that didn't have any of the highways on it. The doctors came & checked it out. The diagnosis was melancholy, so they hooked the map up to an IV & pumped it full of Demerol.

One of the nurses noticed that the map was printed with a strange ink, so she had it sent down to the lab. The lab technicians ascertained that the ink was dyed milk, which made the detectives suspect that the map was involved in the crime.

Three detectives approached the map & accused it of being in on the crime. When it wouldn't talk the doctors pumped it full of sodium pentathol. Delegates from the UN watched all of this through a peephole.

The delegates returned to the UN to tell them that the secret was out; the map had been discovered. They rented some Chris Farley movies & ordered pizzas & had a brainstorming session about what to do.

The UN guy from Russia suggested that they build an infinite number of nesting dolls. One for every potential person there could be on earth. Because there were no better ideas & they were out of pizza the other UN delegates agreed to this & they allocated some money & started construction.

The first nesting doll was infinitely big, the subsequent dolls incrementally smaller. After they had constructed an infinite

number of dolls they folded the map up until it was the size of an electron & placed it inside the smallest nesting doll.

They built a rocket to shoot the dolls out into space but when they fired it they realized their error. The biggest doll was infinitely big so it had nowhere to go. Trying to make the best of the situation they created a new religion based on the dolls.

The central tenet of this religion is that there is a tiny map inside of each of us, but only when every person is nested inside of each other will anyone be able to read where the highways are on the map. The eternal search is for the people who are one increment bigger & one increment smaller than you.

People walked around wielding slide rules, calculating logarithms, establishing the correct hierarchy of nesting. When someone found one that they were supposed to be next to they followed them around. Soon there were long chains of people that followed each other around. They tattooed maps on their foreheads, they bought increasingly flashy slide rules of ivory & mahogany.

The only ones who didn't believe the religion were the truckers. They rode the highways every day. The highways were filled with ghosts of maps that fluttered by night in the wakes. The ghosts howled at the passing trucks. *New legends*, they howled, *we need new legends*.

CONTRIBUTORS

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CARR'S books of poetry are *Mead: An Epithalamion* (UGA Press) and *Equivocal* (Alice James Books). She is working on a critical book about Victorian Poetry titled "Surface Tension: Desire and Time in Late-Victorian Poetry." Her poems have appeared recently in journals and anthologies such as *Verse, Volt, New American Writing, Denver Quarterly, Colorado Review* and *Best American Poetry 2007*. She is the co-editor, with Tim Roberts, of Counterpath Press and teaches at the University of Colorado, Boulder. **LAURA CARTER** is a PhD student in Atlanta, GA. **JON CHRISTENSEN** is a life-long Brooklyn resident and a graduate of Brooklyn College. He teaches high school English in NYC. He thanks his wife (Tanya) and daughter (Felicidad) for their love and patience through all his endeavors. **HEATHER CHRISTLE** lives in Northampton, Massachusetts. Some of her poems appear in *Boston Review, LIT, Octopus* and *Third Coast*. She occasionally writes for the *Kenyon Review* blog, and frequently she is the assistant editor at *jubilat*. **JOHN COTTER** is the poetry editor for *Open Letters Monthly*. His poems appear or are forthcoming from *Volt, Goodfoot, Hanging Loose, Coconut, Unpleasant Event Schedule*, and others. His collaborations with Shafer Hall have been published in *MiPOesias, Shampoo, and Failbetter*. **PATRICK CULLITON** lives in Chicago. His work has appeared, or will soon, in *Backwards City Review, Columbia Poetry Review, Cranky, jubilat, The Journal*, and elsewhere. He has slain many beasts. **JOHN DEMING** is a native of New Hampshire but currently lives in New York City where he teaches English at Baruch College, works for Plum TV, and serves as an Editor-in-Chief for the poetry review journal *coldfront* (coldfront-mag.com). He holds an MFA from The New School and a BA from the University of New Hampshire. **SEAN THOMAS DOUGHERTY** is the author of ten books including *The Blue City* (2007 Marick Press) and *Broken Hallelujahs* (2007 BOA Editions). He is currently traveling the world in search of the White City. **DANIELLE DUTTON** is the author of *Attempts at a Life* (Tarpaulin Sky Press, 2007) and *SPRAWL* (Clear Cut Press, forthcoming 2008). From California, she lives in Illinois. **SANDY FLORIAN** is the author of *Telescope* (Action Books) and *32 Pedals & 47 Stops* (Tarpaulin Sky Press). "The Time is Near" is an excerpt from *The Tree of No* (forthcoming with Action Books). Other excerpts appear in *Inor, bird dog, and how2*. **HILLARY GRAVENDYK'S** poetry has recently appeared or is forthcoming in *The Colorado Review, 1913: A journal of forms, The Eleventh Muse, Fourteen Hills, The Bellingham Review*, and other publications. Her manuscript, *The Sensible Horizon*, was awarded the 2006 Eisner Prize in Poetry. She is a PhD candidate in English at the University of California, Berkeley, where she is also the co-curator of *The Holloway Series in Poetry* and *Poems Against War*. Originally from the Northwest, she and her husband now live in Oakland. **ANNIE GUTHRIE** is a writer and jeweler living in Tucson. She is currently working on her third manuscript. She lived between Tucson and Italy for many years and continues to pursue her love of language and translation. She is co-owner of "The Jewel Smithery" on South Park in the Lost Barrio and works for the University of Arizona Poetry Center. **SHAFER HALL'S** first full-length collection of po-

ems, *Never Cry Wolf*, has just been published by No Tell Books. Originally from Texas, he's a senior poetry editor for *Painted Bride Quarterly*. His collaborations with John Cotter have been published in *Absent*, *Can We Have Our Ball Back?* and *Snow Monkey*. **BRENT HENDRICKS'** *Thaumatrope* is forthcoming from Action Books this fall. A two-time National Poetry Series finalist, **ANNA MARIA HONG** has published poems in many journals including *Black Clock*, *Fairy Tale Review*, *Cue*, *Painted Bride Quarterly*, *ARCADE*, *Puerto del Sol*, *Fence*, and *Quarterly West*. Her non-fiction appears in publications such as *American Book Review*, *Poets & Writers*, *poetryfoundation.org*, *Seattle Magazine*, *The Stranger*, and *The International Examiner*. She teaches creative writing and literature at UCLA's Writers' Program and at DigiPen Institute of Technology where she is an Assistant Professor. A graduate of the English Department at the University of Maine (Orono), **JOHN HYLAND** is currently doing work in Cultural Production at Brandeis University. Recent poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *The Modern Review*, *horse less review*, *Dusie*, *Puppy Flowers*, and *H_NGM_N*. **LUCY IVES** lives in New York. **KARLA KELSEY** is author of two chapbooks, *Little Dividing Doors in the Mind* (Noemi Press) and *Iterations* (Pilot Press, forthcoming) and two full-length books, *Knowledge*, *Forms*, *the Aviary* (Ahsakta Press) and *Iteration Nets* (Ahsakta Press, forthcoming) from which poems in this issue are drawn. 9.1 pulls lines from Laura (Riding) Jackson, William Shakespeare, Aaron Shurin, and Charlotte Smith and mutates them via loose homophonic translation, drawing them into prose in 9.2 and erasing them to leave the fragments of 9.3. **STEVE LANGAN** is the author of a collection of poems, *Freezing*, and a chapbook, *Notes on Exile & Other Poems*. His poems are in recent issues of *Zoland Poetry*, *Drunken Boat* and *Beloit Poetry Journal*. He lives in Omaha, Nebraska, and teaches in the University of Nebraska MFA in Writing Program. **BARBARA MALOUTAS** won the New Issues first book in poetry competition for *In a Combination of Practices* (2004). She was the winner of New Michigan Press/Diagram Chapbook Contest for *Practices* (2003). Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in journals including *Aufgabe*, *FreeVerse*, *Segue*, *Tarpaulin Sky*, *Good Foot*, *The New Review of Literature*, *bird dog*, *dusie*, *JAB* and *Greatcoat*. Her work is anthologized in *Intersections: Innovative Poets of Southern California* (Green Integer, 2005), and the *5th Anniversary Issue of Segue* (2006), the online journal from Miami University-Middletown. Beard of Bees will publish a chapbook, *Coffee Hazily*, in 2007. She teaches book structures in Otis College of Art and Design in Los Angeles. **SARAH MANGOLD** is the author of *Household Mechanics* (New Issues), *Blood Substitutes* (Potes & Poets), *Boxer Rebellion* (g o n g), *Picture of the Basket* (Dusie e/chap) and *Parlor* (Dusie e/chap). She lives in Seattle where she publishes *Bird Dog*, a journal of innovative writing and art and co-edits a small chapbook press with Maryrose Larkin, Flash+Card. **JUSTIN MARKS'** latest chapbook is *[Summer insular]* (Horse Less Press, 2007). His poems and reviews appear in recent issues of *Octopus*, *Soft Targets*, and *Word for/ Word*, and are forthcoming from *Bedside Guide to No Tell Motel—Second Floor*, *Outside Voices 2008 Anthology of Younger Poets*, and *Cannibal*.

He is the founder and Editor of Kitchen Press Chapbooks, and lives in New York City. **TERESA K. MILLER** received her MFA from Mills College and has taught English in the Peralta Community College District of the East Bay and at Columbia College Chicago. She currently runs a tutoring center for at-risk youth living in a south Seattle public housing community. Her work has appeared in *MiPOesias*, *ZYZZYVA*, *Shampoo*, and others. *Basic Skills* is an unpublished full-length manuscript dealing with the discourse issues that arise in open-enrollment classrooms, the im/possibilities of communication across “academic” and “nonacademic” dialects. **JEFFERSON NAVICKY** teaches writing at Southern Maine Community College and curates the Vermillion Performance & Reading Series in Portland, Maine. *Map of the Second Person* was published by Black Lodge Press in 2006. His interests range from his grandfather’s ophthalmology tools to barns in Vermont. **BRYSON NEWHART’S** writing has recently appeared or will soon appear in *elima*, *The Dream People*, *Caketrain*, and *5_trope*. **NADIA NURHUSSEIN** is an Assistant Professor of English at the University of Massachusetts, Boston. Her poetry has appeared in the *Harvard Review*, *580 Split*, and elsewhere. **THOMAS O’CONNELL** is a librarian living in the mountains of southwestern Virginia with his wife and a couple of swell daughters. His prose poems have appeared previously in *Tarpaulin Sky* and in *Cranky*, *Sleepingfish*, and *Mad Hatters’ Review*, as well as other print and online journals. **CARYL PAGEL**, originally from Chicago, is currently a Provost Writing Fellow at the University of Iowa. She works for the Iowa Summer Writing Festival, and her poems have recently appeared in *Coconut*, *Denver Quarterly*, *New Orleans Review*, and *Parcel*. **NATE PRITTS** is the author of *Sensational Spectacular* (BlazeVOX); his new collection, *Honorary Astronaut*, will be published by Ghost Roads Press, fall 2008. “Spring Psalter” is an eponymous part of a longer piece that will be published as a chapbook insert in *Cannibal #3* (Spring 2008). The editor of the online journal *H_NGM_N*, Nate lives in Natchitoches, LA, with his family. He works in advertising. **ELIZABETH ROBINSON** is recently the author of *Apostrophe* (Apogee Press), *Under That Silky Roof* (Burning Deck Press), and *The Golem* (a chapbook published by Phylum Press). She is a co-editor of Instance Press and EtherDome Chapbooks. **F. DANIEL RZICZNEK’S** first book of poems is *Neck of the World*, winner the 2007 May Swenson Poetry Award, published by Utah State University Press. He is also the author of the chapbook *Cloud Tablets* (Kent State University Press, 2006). His poems have appeared in *Boston Review*, *The New Republic*, *The Iowa Review*, *Gulf Coast*, *AGNI*, and *Mississippi Review*. He currently teaches English composition at Bowling Green State University. **SPENCER SELBY’S** most recent book is *Twist of Address* (Shearsman, 2007). Forthcoming is a new compilation of visual work titled *Flush Contour*, from Otoliths Press, Australia. Also in the works is a new book on film noir. **BRANDON SHIMODA** was born suddenly in California. Poems from *O Bon*—some of which are appearing here—can be seen in *Colorado Review*, *Free Verse*, *Handsome*, *Play No/Play*, *Alice Blue Review*, *TYPO* and elsewhere, as well as in book projects forthcoming from Corollary

Press and Flim Forum Press. He has lived and worked most recently in Mexico, New York and North Carolina, though he currently lives in Montana. **LYTTON SMITH** is a poet and Anglo-Saxonist living in New York City. His chapbook, *Monster Theory*, will be published by the Poetry Society of America in February 2008. **SAMPSON STARKWEATHER** was born in Pittsboro, NC. He edits your children's science textbooks. His poems and essays are recently published or forthcoming from *Octopus*, *jubilat*, *LIT*, *RealPoetik*, *Absent*, *Open Letters Monthly*, *Sink Review* and other places. His chapbook, *The Photograph*, is available from Horse Less Press. He lives in the woods alone. **MATHIAS SVALINA** is the co-editor of *Octopus Magazine* & Octopus Books. He is the co-author, with Julia Cohen, of the collaboratively written chapbook *When We Broke the Microscope* from Small Fires Press & the author of the chapbooks *Creation Myths* from New Michigan Press & *Why I Am White* from Kitchen Press. **JEN TYNES** lives in Denver, Colorado and edits horse less press. She is the author of the following books, chapbooks, and collaborations: *Found in Nature* (horse less press 2004), *The End Of Rude Handles* (Red Morning Press 2005), *The Ohio System* with Erika Howsare (Octopus Books 2006), *See Also Electric Light* (Dancing Girl Press 2007), and *Heron/Girlfriend* (Coconut Books, forthcoming 2008). **PRABHAKAR VASAN'S** work is forthcoming in 6x6 by Ugly Duckling Presse. He is currently working on a small manuscript of erasure and collage work entitled *Sutures are Sweeter*. He lives in New York City. **DELLA WATSON'S** work has appeared in *Limestone*, *Make*, *Free Verse*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Parcel*, *nanomajority*, *eye-rhyme*, *alice blue*, *elimae*, and *word for/word*. **THEODORE WOROZBYT'S** first book is *The Dauber Wings* (Dream Horse Press, 2006). His second, *Letters of Transit*, won the 2007 Juniper Prize (University of Massachusetts Press, 2008). Recent work appears in *Poetry*, *Poésie*, and *The Best American Poetry 2007*. **BETHANY WRIGHT**—poet, performance-installation artist, independent curator, teacher—is author of 4 chapbooks, including *Indeed, Insist (a mystery)* (Ugly Duckling Presse) and the forthcoming *From Whence Undone* (Cosa Nostra Editions, 2008); has work also presently/soon appearing in *Fascicle*, *580 Split*, *Octopus*, *Mirage #4 Period(ical)*; has mounted solo performance works at several venues in New York and Portland, OR; currently (temporarily) lives in Iowa City with Joseph Bradshaw; teaches comp and film theory, especially Hitchcock; was a founding editor of *FO (A) RM magazine, journal of arts & research*; is gesticulating a groping spectrum soon to be a piece for theater. **KRISTEN YAWITZ'S** work has appeared in *Mississippi Review*, *Xantippe*, *Five Fingers Review* and other publications and has been featured on KQED's program "The Writers' Block." She has worked with theatres and performance art groups on both coasts.