

Epigraph



Issue One

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E c u a d o r

i s

f o r

L o v e r s

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Max Lyons / Untitled

THE SNOW NEVER COMES

by Luke Champouillon

The snow never comes
at the right moment,
but always, instead,
just after school
on Friday before
the weekend.

BUKOWSKI

by Luke Champouillon

Bukowski, you drunk bastard

I never wanted to imitate you.
Fuck me
if the crowd's genius
defined the outer world;
that's not my fault
or yours, either.

We just skipped class
at the same point
in curriculum,
forsook
the vocabulary lesson.

I TRIED

by Luke Champouillon

I tried to put my confusion in words.

Even when it worked,
the confusion seemed to slip out
like clay in my spindly fingers.

Clumps of meaning stuck,
but when I put it all back together
I got the same formless mess.

I tried poems, sentences, phrases,
words, letters, phonetic symbols...

I tried screaming louder than the cacaphony
that my mind had orchestrated,
and that only strengthened the distress.

I had to shut myself up.
She had to shut me up.
So I shut myself away at last.

INSPIRATION NEVER CAME

by Luke Champouillon

inspiration never came
expiration made my name

always
when something else
demanded attention
with a sigh of regret
resignation conquered
and I wrote

a few shitty lines
a paragraph of formless truth
or even a coherent poem

but never
the essay
the paper
the golden plan
that proved a fool's

so long as my eyes
fell downward
one-sided face
one-dimensional facade

fucking flounder
under an ocean
of demand



Andrew Kodama / Untitled



Andrew Kodama / Untitled



Andrew Kodama / Untitled

BLACK

by Joshua Lyon

We didn't know it would be like this
A torrent
Billowing black clouds
come to consume our shabby craft,
roaring with the might of Death himself
Eyes bloodshot,
on the brink of exhaustion,
only wanting an end
Any end
No escape
No backing down
Adrenaline takes hold
and I feel alive
for the first time in my life
It was an awakening
and I arose
I rose up
and everything was alright

UNTITLED

by Langston Powell

So consumed by
these January jones. Cheers
To those with a tiny shred of hope,
Cause I'm lost halfway through this
Deep winter trance. Trying to
Erase the woes, so bitterly felt
From head to toe.

MY MATTRESS, MUD CAKED

by Langston Powell

My mattress, mud caked.
Nights rich with naval gazing
As falls' pass in space.

VHS

by Langston Powell

Vain to look, I try
And fail to name
This feeling.

Nostalgia yearning,
Playback the moments
On the VHS of my mind.

Bring me back
Childlike innocence,
reality hurts Sometimes.



Carsten Schertzer / Palmolive Meets the Ocean

LOST STORIES

by John Stark

of fresh new faces meeting the top
of the world with the same old food
and steps of trepidation, not
realizing the gentleness of wolves.
And with the lucidity of oil
gliding through water, the cold
arctic greeting of lights streaked
north. Silent and unassuming
they glowed cosmic colors, uncontrolled
by the crisp wind. And always north.

The faces fell to the frosted ground
exhausted, famished, exhilarated.
Nothing could hide from the lights and
the faces felt the enormity of the white
plains engulfing them. They lay prostrate and saw.
They walked lonely but not alone through
the tundra waste and they
left rolling hills of history.
But ahead of them
lay lands of ancient legend.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

by John Stark

standing on the ridgeline
the old-growth wood

spreads uncontained, blanketing
the mountain side in waving hairs

not yielding to the chainsaw's growl
forcing towns to nestle in valley plains,

or terraced mansions to adapt to the steep
cliffs and hiding mountain lions and

ancient mysteries. Endless mounds
hide unmapped streams and unmarked

rocks. Nature's optical illusion,
hiding the path to survival.

Roads, running in cloud on cloud lightening,
fight winds pushing them towards the edge.

A no name town uses a
forest meadow to hide from the threatening

mountains, nowhere near you and
nowhere near me.

All the teens loiter outside
the corner gas station, surrounded

by a village one block thick,
forests and farms, than

mountains, mountains, mountains.
The band's always playing

at the packed bar and the
whiskey's always running out.

COLD AND WARM
by John Stark

As a little boy
I opened the window
in the heated car
in the dead of winter
as we sped down the
highway to grandma's
house.

And as the wind whipped
into this womb on
wheels, I imagined
little men fighting for
hot and for cold, all
lined up at the glass
plane, battling
for temperature.



Danny Pasminski - Head in the Clouds

A TRAGEDY
by Vaibhav Sutrave

your shirt gets caught on
coffee pot &
you turn around for
50,000 dead in
tv breaks down

you reach for kiss
she gives you What

waste your wine
try to drown
gut-fire
but end up fueling it instead

stare at wall
blankpage tugging
&quietly
UNPROVOKED CROTCH ACTIVITY
now life has laid this on ya:
a tragedy

MOVIE NIGHT
by Vaibhav Sutrave

i called a girl over
Saturday night
to watch a movie.
7:30 was her idea.

at 7:10 i put on
a Blind Willie Johnson record
opened the front door
and lied down on the floor
in front of the speakers
with my head in a sweatshirt
& hands between my legs.

i heard the door knock
and froze
i heard the door open
and her step in
and closed my eyes
she stood over me
& kneeled down
& shook my shoulder
& i pretended sleep.

i would turn over
slowly, look her in the eye
as if i was not surprised.
she'd understand
& wordlessly we'd sit
& be bummed together
to Blind Willie Johnson,
who she couldn't
give a shit
about.

instead i didn't move
and a minute later
heard her quietly get up
walk out
and close the door.

a few minutes after that
the record ended.

DEATH POEMS
by Vaibhav Sutrave

are for the
dead

life poems
are for the
dead

love poems
are for the
dead

sex poems
are for the
dead

car poems
are for the
dead

car BOMBS
are for
the
living.

(shit poems too)

ME N' ED AND AN EDIFYING SIX PACK

by Vaibhav Sutrave

endless countdown
nought to none
0 nowhere to be found...
sucky jokes
failures quantized
all systems blow

potato chip beam lackey
leans on the belt
of a fireproof windmill
kickstarting the thing
which blows on
wind from which flicks
the countup switch
in the next room

so party's over
hundreds of failed
Specimen-Turned-Scientists
stream in through the doors
in a busted spaceship to the North Pole
where every minute
is a minute to waste
and every second
is now further from liftoff.

breathe
the new space jam session
motto:
"Shut up and speak exhaust."

ZOO KIDS

by Harrison Astbury

Faces distorted by the wrought iron
Fence, black tips imposing.
Stifling November warehouse humidity,
Heat waves rippling low, further distorting

The children are not accustomed to anything else.
They are isolated from what occurs beyond,
The fence.
Shoved in the far corner and given crayons,
They push their Matchbox Maseratis
Around the scratchy carpet of the enclosure.
Scabby knees with rashes; an unattainable dream

Odd, fleeting movements
Beyond the fence barrier
A blur of legs, arms,
Grunts and 'Ahhs' of sheer relief

A new zoo kid cries,
It is totally alien to him.
Too young to comprehend
Just yet

Although ambiguous, the day is inevitable
When zoo kids graduate
To the people on the other side
They escape the precinct
And will eventually rise
The next generation of zoo kids
To place in the wretched confine

OCEAN

by Harrison Astbury

The fervent current
Is all too happy
Ripping right through
The core of man's existence

It does not care
That I am drowning
In the sea of
Bottomless depressing blue
I want to shout,
Stop! Stop!
But my mouth
Can no longer move
Filled with sand
The sea cannot mourn

She is a schizoid
She sends her
Tide out, and,
Demands it back
Repeatedly
Always reneging
On her generosity



Harrison Astbury / On the road in New South Wales



Coleman Bishop / Highway to Los Angeles

HARD TO READ WHAT YOU ARE NOT INTERESTED IN

by Coleman Bishop

Hard to read what you are not interested in
Seems like an infinity of chapters
And even less pages
But the Story goes on
Once upon a time
The End
Nothing in the middle of the illiterate literature
Words are mindless, hyperbolous
I don't care, give me a comic
At least the pages have pictures
Substituting the empty words
Once upon a time
Picture after picture
The End

IT'S OFFICIAL
by Coleman Bishop

It's Official
Life turns
Around
And around
Screams louder
In your face
Then gets
Softer
Suddenly
Screams
Again
Loudest
I have ever heard
Slaps you in the face
The bruise will fade
The action stays
In the brain's memory
History
Life still turns
Around
And around
But history
Does not repeat itself
Just stuck
In the archives of time
It's official
Life turns
Around
And around
And around
Again

YESTERDAY WAS NOT MY BIRTHDAY

by Cal Reese

Cognitive function, Emotional
distress or its cousin,
paranoia.
Let the uncertainty wash through
 You, leaving an empty shell
 to fill with determination, zeal for
Dreams to discover.
 Yesterday was not my birthday, but
I
 came
 alive in a flash of light,
It changed from Green to Red
 So quickly that I,
 In my haste,
Forgot my destination and allowed the
 “electromagnetic waves”
To distract me.
 Cognitive function, Emotional
 distress or its cousin,
 paranoia.
 Behave yourself:
We all die-
 Someday.

STOPLIGHT

by Cal Reese

The red one
Failed
To do its job-
-At least, from my viewpoint,
near the shining sewer grate,
spewing over with dirty rain water,
did it seem so-
The green one
Adjacent
Made no protest-
-And I assume,
with all honesty,
that the crumpled
mess of multi-colored metal
sat objectively
in its smoky, rain-covered
Wreckage-
The two may
Together
Save a life.



Garrett Klepitsch / Untitled



Garrett Klepitsch / Untitled

I'M GOING TO INSCRIBE MY FEELINGS

by Nicholas Bon

I'm going to inscribe my feelings
once and for all onto copper plates
and send them into space. I am going
to shoot my good intentions into orbit
so we can view them like they are
comets— view them from the Grand
Canyon, the tops of skyscrapers,
or the parking lot of an Arby's
at three in the morning.

CHEAP AIR JORDANS

by Nicholas Bon

nine hundred ninety of the languages of love cheap air jordans
the journey back and forth a slim woman dancing louis
vuitton outlet i saw the corner of her windblown pink scarf
across the rain and fog ralph lauren outlet we silently cry
hollister take a dip in my dream in consideration of
marriage cleanly remove a sticky price tag try not to be
timid then at last we are inside the endless maybe
we should just know each other and relax north face
jackets you snuggle in beside me eddie bower i would
still abandon you hilfiger we're home furnishings
simple prada and elegant gucci

I STAND TO SEE A CAR RUST:

WORDS FOUND IN A LAB WORKBOOK
by Nicholas Bon

we were moved magically
as space is absorbed

high regions can be seen
obscuring the visible

the first moving
curve is light

the beginning
represents color

I WANT TO CLIMB A MOUNTAIN
by Nicholas Bon

I

w a n t

t o c l i m b

a m o u n t a i n

w i t h y o u

w e

c a n b e

h o u r s

o r d a y s

o r t r e e s

o r s o u n d

w a v e s

w e

c a n b e

p a r t o f

a n c i e n t

r i t u a l s

w e

c a n

s e e

w h a t

t h e a i r

i s a l l a b o u t

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