



epigraph

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for Brad Kelly

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Tickling

Anna Ryan-Punch

Spread out one hand
rifle shots in your knuckles
tamped down pachyderms
admire polish; arch wrists.

Span nine if you're lucky
place fingertips two tones apart
press first and fourth into tusks
observe the great war.

Shoot hunters in triple time
play them out cold
dead elephants in the room
don't talk about ivory.

Palliative

Anna Ryan-Punch

If we leave the driveway
before the smokers outside
hospital doors have gone
what will happen to your room
when the lights go off

When the bag of your piss
turns dark brown and the
gasp from your mouth stink
out the room with death
where will we breathe in

If we can't heave air indoors
or shift a breezy exit
how will we heft enough
cylinder oxygen to
smash the glass and get out

from *Oscillating Echoes*
Felino A. Soriano

7

each pulsing trail
a
sequence of biased algorithm
an insinuation of music
a
performing portrayal
diligent in softened syllables
an explanation of considerate
bodies' awakening to self's
predetermined alarm and
subsequent rhythm

8

freckles decorated alabaster physiognomy,
dotted diagrams
 essential abstraction
of a winter articulation,

and with eyes of a glaring concentration
nothing of gradated cycles
will return to compose a
dotted portrayal of
 exterior jejuneness

for, the facial
reflection is a hand of undivided notion,
wearing pressure and sound amid wind's
altering, unobstructed trumpet solos

owl, asocial
woven symmetry; what penetrates
around stone cannot halt upon
sustained derivation; today
I've misused intention to interpret
a piano's motivation; near
where the owl interwove an
apparition of fathom, the shadow
devoted abscond to the tongue of tonal
mischief; the piano redirected
attention; my behavior sustained
a societal misconception

The Conjuring Act

Gabriela Natalia Valencia

I once believed I saw Feynman emerge between the birch and the mailbox in the front yard. Bare-skinned, arms akimbo. I knew this couldn't be. Physicists do not resurrect like prophet or shaman even if they are theoretical physicists. It is against their principles to do impossible things.

Most of us have fewer scruples, however. Watch. Before the end of this idea, we will weigh the meaning of fragments and their dangling quasiparticles like premature infants in our palms. This is how we discover what we will not be when we grow up; this is how we discover what we will not discover.

In the electrodynamic riff between the studies of that which moves and that which moves you, perhaps this was no magic trick. Perhaps it is a shadow stains the atmosphere and trees motels for improbable bodies, the is escaping, every sensible thing a ghoul.

soon

Gabriela Natalia Valencia

and if i ever wanted to be anything else/ i could be the smell of
mango/ or a mite under a blanket fiber/ or a hologram of a cup/ of
something familiar/ pocket change/ electrical cords/ cigarette
butts/ there is essentially no chance of this/ anytime soon/ that's
okay/ i have enough shapes to last me/ and little to no hands/ but
hands enough/ to point to where the moon will be tonight/ how tall
the maple by next year/ where it is the organ will rupture when the
windshield pierces my abdomen/ where the mouth trembles/
okay/ okay/ okay/ okay/ okay/

sutly

Gabriela Natalia Valencia

s u t l t y

AT THE MUSARIUM (27)

Peter Grieco

[34201 – 34300]

Let us rethink hyperesthesia.
Does internationalism really
gybe with selenography—with khakis?
Gimbal downstairs to your phoney, pie-faced
girlfriends, & after the goaler has rewound
every quantified isotherm of illogic
linked to the intermittency of
paramagnetic polymer narcosis,
refold their hermeneutics within a
moquette of fruitcake & spadework. Let us
rethink novelization &—gadzooks!—
our half-uncle—that gainsayer—will sext that
levelheaded Miss Hopple until
solipsism will malingering no more.

[33901 – 34000]

Back at the understaffed Co-op
to crossbreed soybean turkey-hen with
cloudberry, tiki, & Bratislava
breadcrumb for the black-market, our wacky
Abecedarian will transubstantiate
by means of electric-blue fluoresce
& an apodictic “Abracadabra!”
into a xiphoid zombis with supersonic
superpowers & other abstrusities,
brainstorming alongside the tsarina
to acclimatise, categorize, disbar,
fossilize, & upwind the VCR
back-to-back against the ATM
brillig for an incurable bestseller.

[25301 – 25400]

Dinnertime anytime: tuna chili
with vermouth & peppercorns, or retro
Tunisian ibex on a cartouche of
baobab & kava. Collarless with
binocular hugeness & kinky pro-
creative preconception. Okay?
Okay! Just horseplay. Okay! Gunfire.
Recordings that undulate across the
banquette & punctuate the keening
infelicitous treadle of nighttime.
Guillermo aren't you uxorious for the
luridly vertiginous tansy birthmark-ing
Tethys after she luridly rewrote the
strum & bogie of bothersome Tallahassee?

Syntax - Error

Katarina Boudreaux

. , !! : ...
" "
- --- ?
- .
- .
.

the conversation
fell out
wordless

meaning

how pennies
roll on
wood floors

welcome
hook eyes

here is silence

Low Heritage

Courtney Gustafson

Germ of a thing, half
timbered and told

over the phone. If
in those years (you know

the deal) it's told again,
coded way of saying

do better (to also say
in small moments): do not

be pinched, inside
of the arm, soft

spots of the body, do not
block your ears to

the shouting. (Or if you do,
don't bruise.) Strange

thing to aim for, both rare
and well done.

The Perry

Courtney Gustafson

In an old hotel you keep
your beds full of bodies.
We are both bodies. We
don't keep. You used to

keep a photo strip of
yourself next to your sink
curled from the steam
of your shower and I

always meant to take it
with me when I left.
It is how I imagined myself
missing you someday

when you are gone: sepia,
not smiling. It is how I wanted
to miss you. Instead in my
memory you are maybe

an insect with too many legs,
crouching, this big stucco
building, your faces lined up
along the walls.

Barbara

Suchoon Mo

Barbara
BarbaraBarbara
BarbaraBarbaraBarbara
BarbaraBarbaraBarbaraBarbara
BarbaraBarbaraBarbaraBarbaraBarbara
BarbaraBarabraBarabraBrabaraBrabaraBarabra
Barbara!

Psychiatric Ward, NYU Hospital

John Jeffire

The ward pay phone.
You pay and you pay and you pay
To use this phone.
You do it by the numbers now.
I need to speak to Lea.
White girl, blond hair.
The receiver is a scalpel
On a stainless tray.

The bone and tendons of her mind
Break in the steel jaws. You lie.
You tell her to sleep a pearly shell
Until you unspell reality, conjure
The horn-tailed monster called illness,
Find the weak plate protecting
The dragon's heart and strike.

One minute myth.
She must go.
Someone else needs the phone.

Autumnal

John Jeffire

stand of black ash, balsam poplar
arthritic elm
forest creeping silence
leaf echo orange to fire
green to sunlight
nostalgia plaqued on the brain
rustic dust wools the mantle

deer hovel, sleeping skunk
spine snapped
under car wheel
hand-laid footbridge
artemisian sludge

stone trail to sand
lake skin October caped quickens
salvo after gray salvo
whetted shale, pebbles
prehistoric detritus
immune as fish blood
each to the song of its design

entropy (hymn to heat death)

Sheng Kao

i.

oh conductor
this is the part where the little boy's guts spill out
like a nebula, strands of gas and fire,
dust to stardust, one life ending
to make room for a billion more.

prepare the cannons, prepare the fireworks,
difficult is the descent, now

ii.

what happened to your body?
you are a shell, a structure, a coral kingdom
of calcium, bone, all mechanics and no organics,
your veins are dry riverbeds

once upon a time you could feel the heavens on your tongue --
consumed galaxies before, greedy creature
tell me what the dirt tastes like when you find your way
back to the ground

a choir of stars flashes in the background,
to the rhythm of the pulsars' double-time

but you'd rather sing hymns to the glassy planets,
beads of lonely gas suspended in space,
and you're homesick,
little leader,
homesick for the world of clay and gods
who fashioned you from dirt and made you
one of them.

iii.

in front of you, two paths --
supernova, into gas and heat
and icy dust --
or return to the earth from which
you were raised, a melody's single pinnacle of a note,
with a flick of the wrist
and the raise of the conductor's baton --

dust to stardust.

Scenes From The Creamery

Joseph Reich

1. crawling through this life like a tug in the night
2. the weatherman simply reports fog
3. baby tree frog shakes off mulch
4. do you remember where you were
when where you were when where you were?
5. havah-nagilah-havah (repeat refrain over and over)

how does that song end?
how does it begin?

6. "moze-is!
everything's coming up roses!"
7. baby, stop playing tit for tat with my soul!
("go tell it on the mountain...")
8. i had some of those amish peaches at the uncommon
market and don't know what the big deal was?
-bronx girl
9. that expression 'in my humble opinion'
what proceeds it (the substance and
speech pattern) not always so humble
10. what a shame those fake shaman who can't stop giving advice

makes you want to stop smoking start drinking
i mean start smoking stop drinking
i mean i don't know what i mean
11. life is always exactly what it seems...
12. "bridge traffic"
like some foghorn to the stars
like writing like graffiti on the wall
shorty & psycho eyes of a blue dog

13. fantasy is lust divided by love

14. caskets & surfboards ramble past window

15. her graceful positions in the fields
is pre-cum
ease (on) the advent of civilization

16. i used to have this crazy crush on this tall white girl
who used to work at this group home in brooklyn
and had mad respect for her

as would take me on one on one
in basketball and used to dream in
my downtime on the weekend she'd
play dirty and manhandle me under the rim
looking back then a cross
between 'fear of intimacy'
and getting intimate

17. cute young girls drive home under the rainbow
with canoes tied to their hoods
drifting from the river to dusk
they're so much nicer and kinder
than any of the driven girls i grew up with
and believe they still view me as some
thing of a badboy giving me quick grins
when i pull on in into the gas station

18. much appreciated—
"i find romance when i dance in boogie wonderland..."

19. sometimes
i light a candle
at night hoping
it will set my
heart afire
and wake
up in a
cold sweat
not knowing
who i am
in a whole
new get up
hole new attire

20. i'm sick of being told

(by the fucken liberals & bureaucrats & media)

i must address every soldier as a hero

i've known plenty of soldiers

who just didn't want to work at the gas station
anymore

and wanted to save up enough

so they could open up

a titty bar when they got back home

(i guess you'd call that heroic...)

21. who were your favorite heroes

& who were your favorite villains?

tonto & robin

toot shores

catwoman

An Autumn Wedding On The Hudson

Joseph Reich

1

Just off the Tappan Zee...
on the day of our breezy blue wedding
a Cosa-Nostra walks his dog and bids me
good morning. He makes a nice living and
I return his greeting as the anxious Autumnal boughs
bend back to see what's happening. Children's science experiments
glisten through trees. The violins begin and I dig in. The series tied
between San Francisco and The Angels. Our band leader announces
the first dance and me and my blushing bride sneak into a room of clapping.
I swear I heard too a bit of booing, but that's neither here nor there. Toasts
are thrown and they have to restrain me. Relatives who have grown much
gloomier, grizzlier over the ages having not gotten closure over formally-held
grudges creep across the dance floor like Neanderthals with jowls dropped
to their ankles and blossoming bifocals that somehow appear backwards.
They pass down punch lines about the burdens of marriage and I mechanically
nod my head up and down and release myself from their hands. I think they think
this is what makes us men. They appear lost and sad. From what my friends said
eagles circled overhead. To me this was the perfect image of a blissful type of
dread, as they smiled and scowled, the living and the dead. I feel guilty that I did
not speak more to my favorite cousin from Wisconsin. She looks pretty and lonely
and holy as always. I talk to my best friends outside the old sunken shipwrecked inn.
They are well-groomed and handsome, shy and smoldering. My wife and I's cabin
smells exactly like camp when I suppose we were supposed to be happy; in times
of Sanford & Son and The Doobies. She sweeps rose petals and Hershey's
Kisses off the sheets and we finish the night off with a carafe of milk and carrot
cake; Unlatch the door to usher in the breeze and whatever smells may still be
lingering. I love my girl because she's funny and snappy and will kick the crap
out of me whenever she finds it necessary. I feel most comfortable with the Rabbi
because he is short and sweet and simply says he has to leave early to transport the
teen witness back to Jersey. No promises are made with napkins and matchbooks
and getting together in the future. We will be making a donation to some Israeli
foundation when we return home from Athens. The day after, upon further inspection
my sister tells me the whole affair seemed rather romantic and that it brought about
a certain amount of good feeling. I suppose that's the best that can be expected. The
next day I see my sad and striking bride beneath a throw. She says cold air gets trapped
in homes. Strangely that comforts me. She asks me to open the sweet peas and then
remarks that it's good to have one of "me" around. I feel wanted. Heart's beginning
to open. We wait for the cab to pick us up to take us out to the airport. Until then...

2

The honeymoon officially begins when you finish your shower and your partner hollers something like—"Sweetie, I got out your denim jacket and sandals!" and after a radiant night on The Costa Del Sol with paella and creamy ceveza you wake up to the echo of wild coo-coos outside your terracotta window you fathom are swallows from Africa; everything forgotten in back pocket, your punctured bleeding soul and punctual heart clogged (Egyptian dogs scuttling for iguanas) and wallow to buffets of goat's milk, almond milk and pumpkin juice, hunks of cheese, honey cake and Pompadour Tea

3

To know your thief in pigtailed who you are convinced you got for a steal this was her subtle appeal brought up in a neighborhood where they had the highest per capita of ADHD and Asthma, surviving and thriving in the blinking bone marrow neon forgotten flashing billboard profile of battered stars which rarely ever glowed; People from here never even thought...Too self-absorbed marching like soldiers with Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder watching their backs with heads literally planted over shoulder

4

Will fall asleep twitching to what she refers to as the "jimmies" on the train barreling for Barcelona with guitar, classical-style that snakes through the copper canyon, orange groves, and gigolos fishing in jeans with no t-shirts on off the cliffside to The Mediterranean where whitewashed boats sail on by

5

The thick red crickets will begin the night in the murderous streets of crazy candelabra and lavish lovers and those wild parrots which we were convinced were peculiar mossy-green pigeons stalking the citizens

6

Beautiful Chinese men wait patiently for customers outside cafes along the emerald-green ocean where modern golden cosmopolitans shimmer and grace the sea and the closer they seem the more it turns from a copper to a brass to a wheat

7

Erica sighs as she lies on top of my back off the coast of Valencia making herself perfectly comfortable, like the ultimate neighbor-acquaintance-stranger; first time I breathed and somehow found myself completely contented inside this whitewashed candy store where some old Spanish woman out of the middle of nowhere sells us fresh cashews and chocolate milko and move onward

8

Towards the flamenco
dancers and gypsies
and glass blowers

9

A humpback thief harasses the fake aristocrats at the cafes
both just as guilty for engaging in an all too familiar tragedy

10

In the morning of Gandia the sun squeezes through the canyon
onto deep red fertile planes where the old men and their sons
are already out there and would never even think to complain

11

Erica and I get familiar in the bathroom of a rattling
rhythmic train where the selfsame men in cappuccino
suits and powder-blue moustaches crafted and chiseled
with a comical charm, smile and waddle back to ancient loved ones

12

Later on, I purchase a switchblade for 6 pesetas from some
sturdy Gypsy Spaniard, of which I cut limons, I mention
to my betrothed is no different than killing criminals, as
the evening begins to bear fiery red fields turning softer, finer,
richer and warmer below purple geometric hills of which you
swear you see sparse silhouetted solitary trees that resemble
Picasso's vision of Don Juan prancing in times of revolution

13

Through the window deer begin to glide along a golden
red gorge right below the iridescent lacy rim of the moon

14

There is no way to fully or accurately describe Spanish women
with their glowing chestnut, lost and romantic, faraway eyes,
timid and alive, subtle smile and blushing cheekbones, like
the porous prisms of a rainbow, having been betrayed
having also survived, giving her depth, hung out to dry

15

In Sevilla, at the morning buffet, I hear Erica say—
“They were drinking champagne in suits.
I always feel awkward in my belly shirt.”

16

When the sun goes down, stuffy piano makes its way down a staccato corridor
where wealthy and whimsical accents are paraded down hall and wonderful
wax museum men from Whales and stern not so suave German women sewn
into armchairs, as though wasted and deserted by culture, sitting sunburned and
drunken, going into their...10th, 20th, 30th year of marriage when their roles and
souls no longer make a statement (as if they ever could) and catches up to them

17

While outside in the street-lined darkening cafes of cobblestone
foreign women high on fine wine are torturing handsome young
waiters just trying to make a living to support their family with
feeble flirtation and vulgar innuendos. I sit on the head thinking
of what my late-great boss once said—“There’s nothing better
in this life than a good bowel movement and six pack of beer”

18

Miraculous doves appear from midnight coast castles and cathedrals
where veritable old timers literally roll kegs of beer
down cobblestone hills right around corners
and into the shadows of barrooms

19

Cultivating your own animal kingdom of giraffes with tentacles
Clams who crack knuckles peeping through drive-in seashells
Tiny little monkeys sprawled out on emergency soda crackers
Your wife who has become a peculiar and precious cuttlefish

Black cats who take out loans and now hang out in port-cafes at dawn
with sunglasses waiting for their ferries to Africa, or some Greek island.
Dead dogs beg for spare change in the corridor; Coca-Cola and charming Indian
waiters who simply grin and bear it, taking orders for the aristocrats and hustlers

20

Last leg of the honeymoon sinking your teeth into deep Greek pastry
which gushes and trickles honey down the steep white stairs to the sea

21

Gorgeous Greek maids fold feverishly in the pristine white linen room
of fine powders and perfumes whisking you right back to the womb; how
they just sweep right into yours with shutters that open to the sea, as widows'
black schmatas wave in the breeze. I wonder if there are any good memories or
just simply all betrayal and misery. Erica sits on the sill like a silhouetted Siamese

22

Drizzle falls on the island as aging women sipping from frosted iced coffee smile
at cafes; the winds have finally arrived off the Aegean Sea and I remain open
for anything; things never change much for me, seductions and wet welcoming

23

The craziest chick I ever went out with finally revealed all fervent and feminine secrets and fantasies and admitted to me how much more horny were they than any...I just smiled, took it all in, sighed and went to sleep

24

A herd of tourists follow jackasses uphill

25

In Santorini, we are lazy and nap during the day after we have mapped and wrapped up our destiny with a candle in the sill and there are bright blue chairs and shutters of emerald and drift dreamily down cobblestone hills for cho-co-late and sandwiches to a village in drizzle and maids and stray dogs stroll past our window. There is a well and widow and wife who give you wicked stares in the mirror after you make love in your bungalow, souvenir seashells, word puzzles and just below way down the winding cliffside where donkeys reside the cruise ship wails three times and you imagine the startled Asian and German tourists trampling and tumbling for dear life suddenly looking alive

26

I love old couples who turn invisible at tiny tables like stone statues and don't have a word to say to each other and decide instead to knock down bottles like bloated Buddhas who have turned silent for absolutely all the wrong reasons

27

I'm enamored looking out to the deep blue
(This is the best way to be shallow...) To know
there really is nothing out there except for the ghosts
of ancient artists and gods who once trod the hallowed
heap of holy hills beneath shimmering sumptuous stars

28

Hercules whistling at all the fine Greek ladies

29

One wonders if not so long a long long time ago
a husband once scribbled to his beloved into the
rugged rock stone along the side of the road graffiti
that might have said something as simple as "I love you"
whether it be in Native-American, Aborigine, Egyptian,
Greek or Roman as he felt even though still very lost and alone
somehow at home to have someone to help to lighten his load

30

On this island the stray dogs are as well known as the natives
and for no particular reason will get up out of their stupor
to make their way around the corner towards ouzo and
peanut-brittle windows to find some flaky tourist to pick on

31

Good daughters drive their contented demented olive-pickin'
fathers into town who proudly no longer give or take orders

32

These islands that now cast their omniscient shadows
onto a mysterious ocean in the breathtaking brilliant
shift of seasons like forgotten dusks of lost Americas

33

O to wake up in the morning to feel the billowy blue breeze
awaken your spirited being with a slow stream of schmaltzy
Greek strumming serenading some precipice like the wail
and whisper of ecstatic luscious seductive sirens from just past
the volcano twisting through the hollow wisp of the naked islet
to a final island of onyx and scarlet ash sprouting from The Mediterranean
somewhere over that mysterious milky horizon with bare whitewashed
churches and villas slipping down the sculpted cliffs and palm trees
hovering like freewheeling fezzes to the Heavens and seagulls that
soar and sail to the magical endless ocean all in one subtle motion

34

This is where the Greek writers constructed their concept of mythological gods that were transcendent and ageless when the spare piano key stairs wind down to the tongue of the timeless sea. This is the only way to exist embedded deep within cats and cactuses hidden in the miraculous mist of perfect nothingness; to hear the bells and clap of distant donkeys make their way to the horizon and eventually vanish

35

The rough seas so raucous and redeeming, as fierce and fragile as restless humanity, tenuously tragic with movements that seem so slapstick and steeped in surviving everyone appearing drunken, staggering, doing figure-eights down the helpless hallway in a slothful fit of frenzy, saucers flying and children are bawling; gigolos with sleeping masks looking silly, cradled to the ceiling, steadily snoring; whole families casually playing cards, chain-smoking and cracking up collectively, cackling cartoonishly; bursars and barbers nimbly picking up and putting down phones dramatically

36

This is where you finally feel stoic and free, no longer having to prove a thing, or to be anybody; these soulful, shipwrecked thieves in thick, tinted glasses looking over the rail to the horizon like real Aristotle Onassis' and their windswept widows cradled in a culture of cobwebs based on some warped tradition and you swear when the storm is over some lost lady comes up to you and poignantly points her finger to some random island to comment—"Atlantis?"

37

Back in Boston back in America
you read Camus in laundry rooms
convinced a huge box of cornflakes
will help to keep you from feeling lonely

38

To suddenly and strangely return to a place replaced
by a secret palace of golden leaves glowing and glistening,
growing, gathering, blanketing and bathing your charming little
cape in a blank shaft of beauty and in the evening one witnesses
the hushed silhouettes of this brilliant menagerie where there is
a natural synchronicity which sends a breeze brushing through
trees, sinking right into your being with whispering of wind chimes
chattering and chuckling, tickling your sensibilities tucking us into fantasy

39

Her breathing was like the wheeling winds and tides of ripe and restless ages
that helped to decipher all that acquired madness which separated rage
from estrangement, rhetoric from experience; the natural strange course
and cycle of loneliness that penetrated every pour of your existence
as you fell back into slumber to once more capture and celebrate
the clear and concise rhythms of radiant emptiness where
everything once haunted turns transcendent and timeless

40

Only to be awoken in the morning by some murmuring monstrous machine
sucking up all those skittering leaves leaving simply a puddle of spooky
foghorns blowing branches with a gleaming golden carpet of antiquity
outside the courthouse of civility when dairy trucks rattle by routinely

41

Time is counted
by New England
Lighting Company

42

A radioactive ladder leans luminously against the beams
of some barren blustery bridge left for Autumnal spirits
who still ponder the difference between truth and image

43

This is the perfect season for reflection
when seagull turns to crow to dove to vulture

44

This is what I remember and this is what I shall always cherish...
the subtle and eternal cycle of seasons (misunderstood and abandoned
picked up by leftover, tragic women outside matinee movie theaters
the stray scent of your homesick sandwich waiting for a school bus
beneath towering leaf piles in a drizzle that seemed to last forever)

45

Those bus stops that will forever remain etched in your imagination
as we used to sway like Booda with hair of white birch branches and
hearts of smoldering, scarlet forests, swaddled and huddled, entranced
with the self-determined rhythms developed from a damaged culture
simply waiting for someone or something to pick us up for supper

46

That brooding Buddha who'd sit lotus style with a wilted flower and cornpipe in jaw
humming heartfelt mantras alongside the empty crowded curb waiting for The Lord
or some other misty marquee god to suddenly appear and deliver him to his dazzling
distant door, like a scarecrow stuffed with silky straw beneath the moon and stars

47

Looking like the funeral director who had his palms
perfectly, politely and patiently prepared, planted
behind his back beneath the clocktower in a field
of corn where the flickering neon of some diner never
failed to remind us all about "Pancakes and Chili Dogs"

48

The mysterious silhouette of svelte sisters
with wild whipping hair disappearing in the
brutal and blissful dusk of whispering years

49

You now refer to her
as your little monkey
as you kiss her angel
toes in the morning

50

Wiggling like a mermaid's
tail which just happens
to surface every so
often without warning.

Contributors

ANNA RYAN-PUNCH is a Melbourne poet and critic. Her published poetry includes work in *Southerly*, *Overland*, *Antipodes*, *The Age*, *Quadrant*, *Westerly*, and *Island*. She also blogs at annaryanpunch.blogspot.com and tweets as [@ARPy_](https://twitter.com/ARPy_)

FELINO A. SORIANO is a poet documenting coöccurrences. His poetic language stems from exterior motivation of jazz music and the belief in language's unconstrained devotion to broaden understanding. Recent poetry collections include *Forms*, *migrating*, *Of isolated limning*, *Mathematics*, *Espials*, *watching what invents perception*, and *Of these voices*. Visit felinoasoriano.info for more information.

GABRIELA NATALIA VALENCIA habitually goes by Gabby, sometimes for brevity, sometimes for irony. Gabby makes sound bouquets for the delicate and the disoriented. Observation sequence so, salt, by winter myelin.

PETER GRIECO teaches writing at Niagara University and studies French in Buffalo, NY, his native city.

KATARINA BOUDREAUX is a writer, musician, composer, tango dancer, and teacher -- a shaper of word, sound, and mind. She recently returned to New Orleans after residing in Texas, Connecticut, and New York. New work is forthcoming in *Corvus* and *YAY!LA*.

COURTNEY GUSTAFSON writes and teaches in Western Massachusetts. Her recent work has appeared in or is forthcoming in *Rust + Moth*, *After the Pause*, *Eclectica*, and elsewhere. Follow her on Twitter at [@cgust](https://twitter.com/cgust)

SUCHOON MO is a retired academic living in the semiarid part of Colorado. His chap book, *Frog Mantra*, has been published by *Accents Publishing* of Lexington Kentucky.

JOHN JEFFIRE was born in Detroit. In 2005, his novel *Motown Burning* was named Grand Prize Winner in the Mount Arrowsmith Novel Competition, and in 2007 it won a Gold Medal for Regional Fiction in the Independent Publishing Awards. His first book of poetry, *Stone + Fist + Brick + Bone*, was nominated for a Michigan Notable Book Award in 2009. For more on Jeffire and his writing, visit writeondetroit.com

SHENG KAO is 17 years old and has been published once before.

JOSEPH REICH has been published in a wide variety of eclectic literary journals both in the U.S. and abroad. He has been nominated five times for The Pushcart Prize, and his recent books include *A Different Sort Of Distance* (Skive Magazine Press), *If I Told You To Jump Off The Brooklyn Bridge* (Flutter Press), *Pain Diary: Working Methadone & The Life & Times Of The Man Sawed In Half* (Brick Road Poetry Press), *Drugstore Sushi* (Thunderclap Press), and many others.

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