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Chap Goh Meh, Fifteenth Day

Kendra L. Tanacea

I am at the edge of the Pacific.
Hello.
I'm calling you, not by phone,
but relying on older methods.
Nudging this pulsing universe.
Here I am, kneeling
next to this ring drawn in sand,
knuckling down my shooter, this aggie,
aimed at clustered marbles.
Whole worlds with cloudy atmospheres.
I close one eye, shoot.
They ricochet outside this known circle.
Here are my words.
Written on the skin of an orange.
I hold it in my palm as if I have you,
the entire world, in one hand.
If my arm is strong, my aim good,
it will reach you.
In the slush of February or the thaws of April.
Pay attention, because these days,
supernatural signs are few. And both
our hearts were beating fast.
You heard it too!
A disturbance in the electron's orbit.
Atoms splitting, creating energy. All neutrons and light.
They strike other atoms, splitting them, and so on...
Beautiful, terrifying fireball!
Rack 'em for the break!
Pool balls, striped and solid.
I strike low and with English.
The full spectrum spins in all directions.
Heavy orange!
I throw overhand.
Snap my wrist for speed and distance.
The moon is full.
I have the strength, the power to reach it.
Orange comet, brilliant tail.
So bright and out of place in the winter sky.
You'll gasp if only you'd look up. Look up!
And if I told that mountain to walk into the sea,
it would.

Us

Kendra L. Tanacea

You're a room with an unassuming deck.
I'm a palm tree filled with raccoons.
Let's keep the living room spare.
Not going for the usual sitting options.
Avant-garde, Taoism, and Tantra.
Let's get loud and zany!
Can we be wholesome and let go?
Get down with our bad selves!
This is a temple.
Healer and exorcist.
Here, you can walk out dressed dumb.
Nobody cares.

WNUR 3 freeform 9/19/16

R. Bremner

The Canadian word burglar hallucinated a red tribe of retribution for the fool who was quite like you and took good advice at the party. Your type of emotion defected from the black mountain, and its white lung hungered for flesh in paradise without the blood of art angels. Oh no, it means I love you when U.S. girls with window shades are 99% holy and Moses is half free to leave me alone. Don't be afraid to get your number from the balcony and pay Evelyn to not go to the white shadows with postdoc blues and eat winter wheat. I'll be there in Tokyo when blue is not the word at my house, where the koala's kid has carpal tunnel syndrome.

KCRW Streaming 09/20/16

R. Bremner

Alaska went downtown in a velvet ring to let it grow, but had to save tonight for the cool because there was nowhere to run. There was no way to be both lost and Latin, so the June bug with self-control turned guns inside out when the day sounded light upon the lake. Vestiges of Vienna just wanted to see the future, so they got together with two bears in the Alps and went orange into the valley. They were not cruel while cracking up but a blue sky gave electric light back to music so that life could close its eyes and exit. The schoolboy was wrong and clean. The clean girl played cool dominos with a housecat and an orchestra.

WNUR freeform 9/21/16

R. Bremner

Wearing a poncho, the black hole was stuck in a room with paradise and the Grand Canyon. The sun blossomed into a garden which tried to be its own pet until adolescent fruit bats brought their kids to a shrine for the king. Dr. Dog, a monumental criminal, experienced total body erasure in the desert when it was driving alone past roadwork at night. An angel gave up her woman at Sears Roebuck to a young man who had free cake for every creature and for all princes too. During his first summer in a city, he talked quietly of anything with you, including a reason to believe in 1966. At Hamilton Square, the passenger's great grandpa who was mostly here took a can opener to wide, lovely eyes and pushed the sky away. Have mercy because if it's Monday morning, Earth will turn into ether and there'll be consumer complaints no matter where we go, even if Mommy's long legs are feeling fine and her life is ripped.

Sincere

AJ Caldeira

as I ask you
if you're hiding
behind the deep red
of a matador's cloak
you say nuh uh
and hide behind
the deep red
of someone's cloak

and hide a blade
and the crowd explodes
and I ask what you have done
and you hide his falling eyes
and smile

Untitled

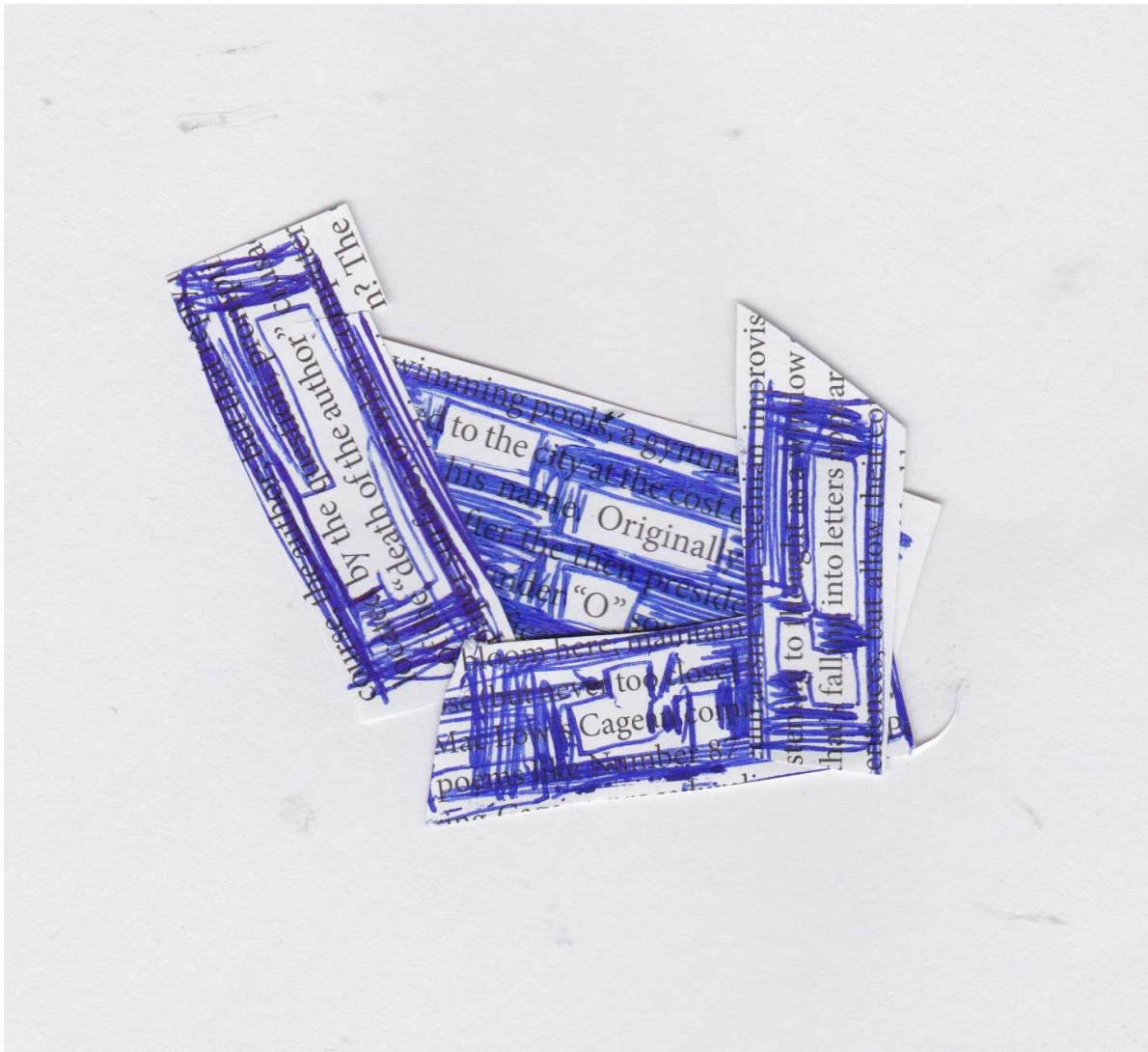
Texas Fontanella

of course
a few
ety seems
of a
that
about
The remnant of normalcy proposed
to capture only a fraction of what is in
experience

It was like driving out of your way to visit a museum
an iron ore mine, a paragon of city planning, its well-spaced
lamps cast small cones of light upon the darkneses of

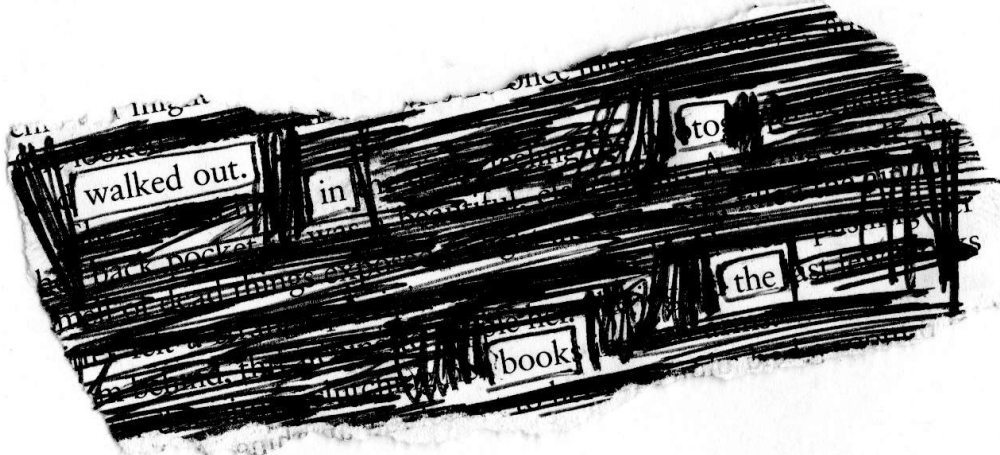
Untitled

Texas Fontanella



Untitled

Texas Fontanella



Untitled

Texas Fontanella

Health Food Stores

Go Vita - Marrickville

Nourish Health Foods - Leichhardt

Healthlands - "

Summer Hill Org. Fruit. market

Real Food Connection - Camperdown

Uber ersham

Ur ua Market? - Marrick

Harmony whole foods

Cruelty Free shop } Glebe

IKU whole food

source bulk foods

DR. Earth - Newtown

Company

Martha McCollough

the river boils
& pops with silver

bodies flooded out of ponds
picked up and dropped by birds
slowly working north

keeping low profiles
in cool weedshadow

until trigger-noise flings
them into alien air
pleased to meet you america

america why u
no like me

meanwhile
in the old meadow
a monster has begun to grow

time to put on the hazmat suit

You have to get it
before it gets you

queen ann's lace from jupiter
our caucasian guest weed
waving fatal umbrels overhead

& here come
fireweed and garlic mustard
The yellow starthistle
closely attended by
the yellow starthistle weevil

everything living
wants to keep
living, right?

a little dust-colored snake
wiggles in the dust

successful adaptation

like yours:
slipping from pond of things
to river of words

no net
fine enough
for you

from above one can see
the burning town's surrounded
by endless forest

soldiers have followed a silver thread
the smell of a handful of smoke

it's snowing
on the other hand it's light

Not Working
Martha McCollough

work is our
punishment

and because I
am not sorry

I mean to do
as little
as possible

eye adrift
like Redon's
ominous balloon

looking
at nothing or the wall
with great intensity

I want to see
what the cat sees

insect ghosts or
jittering molecules

or between dust motes
into some elsewhere

that might be
heaven though

no one here
cares to find out

Buddha's Tooth

Martha McCollough

In sleep a witch
hands me a box of powder
labeled *Against Monstrosity*.

I say, *for me?*
and wake up

at 4:15
a mockingbird also wakes
to put in an hour's hard mocking

I too will soon form
highly effective habits

for instance right now I'm typing as fast as I can

this bird's repertoire
is not large

neither one of us knows
what should come next

bulldozers
digging up the shabby woods
at the end of the street

a far off train a faint
almost imaginary rooster
beyond the reach
of municipal ordinance

there's no mirror over the sink only
a post-it that says *you look fine*

how can I tell if it's safe
to leave the house

today's talisman—choose from:

1. vulture's pinfeather
2. lucky coin
3. buddha's tooth

morning shambles
toward a new condition

boiled down to remedies
for migraine and possession—
where virtue gets you—ask
a medieval scavenger

this box I was given
is it for me
or my neighbor

what is alive though

Philip Elliott

hard to breathe / havent slept at night since the old days

falling and rising with the spin of this forever circle / what is alive

haunting this apartment at night / the past a face peering in the window

stop watching me long for you / vanishing at the tips of outstretched fingers

i know theres air in here i just cant seem to get it / how will i know when i get to nowhere

what is alive though / it was only a matter of time / been dealing with this kind of shit for years /

you
try
to
make
it
work
it
doesnt
work
it
never
works
sometimes
though
almost
you
try
to
make
it
work
it
doesnt
work
it
never
works
sometimes
though
almost
you
try
to
make
it
work

DシRンEプAソMンIズN波G
Sebastian Mejia

dense moyamoya
amongst double-blind taste tests
a sedan sauna

that envelops

the colors of yellow
diamonds catching the sun
and a 102° fever

just as

a fly buzzes by
causing his eyes to edge open and his afternoon
sleep to shed

slowly, like

his hair had
so long
ago

I am not dead yet, my
little friend. Be patient. My time
will come.

Next Step

Bob Carlton

There is no
fit place

to feel
>>>this way>>>

This
Bob Carlton

none taken
nor given
notice

Strong Wind Advisory
Mureall Hebert

A tornado tore apart
the signposts
so I wandered
not knowing
which direction
to grieve

Contributors

KENDRA L. TANACEA, attorney, holds an MFA in writing and literature from Bennington College. Her collection of poetry, *A Filament Burns in Blue Degrees*, was a semifinalist for the Washington Prize and a finalist for the Idaho Prize for Poetry, and will be published by *Lost Horse Press* in early 2017. Kendra's poems have appeared in *5AM*, *Rattle*, *Pearl*, and *Pebble Lake Review*, among others. She has studied with Kazim Ali, Henri Cole, Amy Gerstler, Robert Hass, Juan Felipe Herrera, Ed Ochester, and Sharon Olds. Kendra attended the June 2016 Squaw Valley Community of Writers Poetry Workshop and the Bay Area writing workshops with Kim Addonizio. kendratanacea.com.

R. BREMNER has a long history of publication (*International Poetry Review*, *Poets Online*, *Quarterday*, etc.) of various styles including formal, Beat, and surrealism. He now has ascended into Absurdism, the only poetry that makes sense to him in an absurd world.

AJ CALDEIRA is a student of philosophy, religion, physics, and poetry.

TEXAS FONTANELLA has been publishing poetry for over two years. Their work has appeared various places. More and more they work through the mail. Find them on Facebook to collaborate.

MARTHA MCCOLLOUGH is a writer and video artist living in Chelsea, Massachusetts. Her poems have appeared in *The Baffler*, *Cream City Review*, and *Salamander*, among others. Her videopoems have appeared in *Triquarterly*, *Datableed*, and *Atticus Review*.

PHILIP ELLIOTT is Irish, 23 years old and Editor-in-Chief of *Into the Void Magazine*. His writing can be found in various journals, most recently *Otoliths*, *GFT Press*, *Strands*, and *Subprimal Poetry Art*. Stalk him at philipelliottfiction.com.

SEBASTIAN MEJIA was born and raised in Dallas, Texas by two very Colombian parents. He recently graduated from the University of Texas at Dallas with a degree in Neuroscience and will be attending the Texas A&M University College of Dentistry in the Fall of 2017.

BOB CARLTON lives and works in Leander, TX. bobcarlton3.weebly.com

MUREALL HEBERT is a writer and editor near Seattle, Washington. Her work has appeared in *The Blotter*, *Yellow Chair Review*, *decomp*, and *Bartleby Snopes*, among others. She holds an MFA from the Northwest Institute of Literary Arts. You can find her online at mureallhebert.com and [@mureallhebert](https://twitter.com/mureallhebert)

Epigraph Magazine publishes three times per year. We love experimental poetry. We love poems that make us question what poems are. We love the internet. We love immediacy. We love distance. Guidelines for submissions can be found at epigraphmagazine.com.

Send us your poems.

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