Brands are what
gods used to be –

categories
with outsized personalities.

Artemis, goddess of virgins,
childbirth, and the hunt.

This makes sense
if you squint

along the shaft.

She might have stood
on the hood

of a sleek car,
but didn’t.

It's true things fall apart.

Still, by thinking
we heat ourselves up.
from THIS MUST BE THE PLACE
Andrew Gorin

...

Kiosk, plinth, stall, booth, field, screen.

...

Marine, arctic, georgic, arboreal, residential, aesthetic.
I thought it over and over.

Last week I thought, “The first memory was of fish in a pail.”
And, instead, thinks now, not a one.
Bittern, jacana, killdeer, stilt,
sandpiper, tern.
In the book of his music. The homes of this island have flooded.
Her legs were like rigid poles. 15 minutes to walk out of doors.
And again I thought, “Not on the trading floor did I forget her.” It was in the screen wiping fluid.
His music for animals.

How to document the loss of dune acreage without killing plovers?
I thought it over and over. All day to repeat the one gesture. Never going home. He had not eaten. Drifting south. It grew thin.
But the shipments were beginning to come together. Samsung Gear, Kodak Pixpro SP, Iphone 7, Giroptic Io, GoPro Hero Session. Forced out after 22 years. Their gestures were being replaced by an algorithm. “I saw my son, but it was not my son. He was in a coma. His face was swollen, his eyes shut.” And I could not speak. A new coffee shop surf shop combination. Rocinha, Kibera, Hidalgo, Khayelitsha, Dharavi, Cité Soleil.

And, instead, no thought, not thinking. 

Not feeling either.
In her limbs a network of arterial conduits for squirrels. *How To Spend It.* Today I thought the landscapes looked good in their frames. Black wings of the pelican. High above 5th avenue, the gilded pseudo-organic lines of Third Empire. Sound of ice fissuring within. Joshua, Baobab, Hemlock, Mangrove, Sequoia, Kokerboom. An old sentence,

a new generic condition.

If temperature fluctuations continue to prevent sintering. Coppiced white birch. But the struggle with a predetermined form will figure the desire not to sit idly. Payoff was respective to each lode. Bleached reefs. So we tried the next parking lot. New York, Hong Kong, Moscow, London, Mumbai, Beijing. Pink calyx on my rubber plant.

The syntax of choosing.


is what falls out of style.

As time pools around the Whole Foods. Chernobyl on fire. One woman becomes another. Bound to the sifting station by his feet. People usually spend about 1-2 hours here. All afternoon to sit and think about what you’ve done. Svalbard, Barrow, Norilsk, Nunavut, Quanaaq, Yakutsk. The actor pointed to a year beyond the concentric rings of the tree. Children walked to school. Influence flowed with the crude. And in the virtual wastes of the suburbs, subtle chimes of Final Fantasy XV. But the origin of the present was to be found

in the figure of the flood.

There was an excess of floss. Oceans were desalinating at a rapid rate, threatening to stall the motor of the Gulf stream. “A rising tide will raise all boats,” was the first shot across the bow of a defunct accelerationism. Foxconn fingered the chain of supply. Blood diamonds and students on strike. But these topiary were beginning to converge. Venice, Fiji, Antigua, the Maldives, Kiribati, Cape Verde. Their noise obstructs an echo-located view. I was often confused. I had thought, “Los Angeles is real.” The former name meant Place of Red Earth. I had wanted to

look up where you are.
TO EACH CAMPFIRE AS IT FILLS
Rachael Guynn Wilson

To each campfire as it fills
with bituminous coal
they dug their fingernails
in and didn’t put down
what she saw in the woods
snakes deer frogs blue heron
loons pheasant boy scouts
not a shopping cart submerged
in a stream not a red solo cup
in the brambles I tore
into the lake as a human without
enough light “in the forest”
should’ve rested empty-headed
as the meteors flashed
and fell as their nature
struck her heel in the whiteness
of camping in a poem’s
exertion that moves as a stream
or storm as they slipped
their feet into the falls wading
into the sound of a skate deck grazing
pavement a slow truck sawing the air
four brown trout fording
the river that cuts the day
in two unequal halves
of what is Saranac and what is
not light enough as the rock
crackling under the rain
cradles her head just a few
drops “in the woods” consulting
the shelter log in looping
hand who cooked the fish
in leek butter brought in from town
it’s beginning to rain again it’s
beginning to be evening as the waters swell
over the tops of beaver dams
cushioning their feet from the mud on t.v.
the news airs reruns while
seated as a rustic she regards
the improbable paths men
carve into constellations as if
wandering a game trail the charm
of litter caught up in currents of green
chatter spasms and fades
i held our sunflower up as we drove
past fields of former sunflowers,
past Margaret’s house & rows
of dead dry stalks quite prone
like summer’s pale accomplishments.
It had had a good life in the yard
& would scatter lavish seeds
beneath the smoke from western fires.
Our flower looked out from the Prius
while i whispered in its ear:

*Where my sunflower wishes to go*
(from Blake)

* & You were never no locomotive*
(from Ginsberg)

Our sunflower looked off-key,
it had a broken stem & wouldn’t
make it to the mountains whole.

But it had captured oxygen in its beaks
& would stretch its golden aura
to the ground. It’s necessary to travel
between realisms.
M & i had discussed how women & plants might do
the work. The flower kept watch on its
last day, guarding every opening & door.

For MR
The Southern Ocean is a sample in any future assessment numbers months.
A community marae and local tangata whenua losing running water. An inch of rain through the winter is a catastrophic drought. Power shortages now.
becoming more common power companies really dragging the chain big vineyards reluctant to make effective change Deny the meteorologists the only warning my daughter running out of her bedroom crying because we were devastated Clean-up replace after the second flood you’ve been through
in the Manawatu Whanganui Fielding-way Wellington ripping the roofs tornados you see in movies

For people who are like ha! Climate change affects water affects kai is the interconnectedness is te ahi ka and he ao wera at grassroots level in our backyard

Sometimes it's a case of joining the dots


marae – open area where greetings and discussions take place; tangata whenua – indigenous people born of the whenua i.e. of the placenta and of the land; kai – food; ahi kā – burning fires of occupation, title to land by a group who are able to trace back to primary ancestors.

We gather here
and feel the weight of the world
on our shoulders.
It does not feel like
we've inherited
commonwealth.
But rather
common problems.

If we are to heed the words of poets
Ben Okri said yesterday,
“We have entered the garden
of nightmares and wonders
the giants have woken
and they are stirring
we need to be roused
from the beauty
of our sleep.”

Indeed, we've entered this
strange garden
in this city,
epicentre of epitaph,
epitome of empire.

The stones in the squares
remind us
that we all died for this.
The war memorials murmur
numbers not names.

We bring our dead with us
and they are already here.

Not just the ones marked by marble.
But our ancestors,
the original inhabitants
of the lands ‘discovered’.
Who lie in the unmarked graves
and unmentioned massacres,
in battles unspoken of
in untaught wars
We carry them like stones
in our bodies.

They too contribute
towards this commonwealth.
They gave more
than they should have.

Commonwealth.

We come with twinned sides
of the same story.
Either trauma or gain.

Both of it pain.
Two sides
of the same coin,
heads or tails,
the head is the same
on most of our money.

The commonwealth.
Some days
it does not feel like riches,
Although we gather
to speak
of fairer futures.

Truth be told,
It is the fear of future
that we most have in common.

I did not come to sing a siren song
on the sinking ship of empire,
I come to sing of sinking islands
in the South Pacific,
on the blue continent
where I come from.

What is at stake,
Is the very land we stand on.
The earth itself rejects us.
It renegs its responsibilities.
It has retreated
back into the deep.
And if the ocean could speak
in that choked overheated throat
gagged with plastic bags
in the way she once spoke to us
and we could listen,
she would say,
too much salt on her tongue,
rising with a surety
that we have never seen before,
She would say,
ENOUGH!

If ever we needed
to wake from our sleep
and hear the call of the commonwealth,
It is now.

The islands of Oceania - Kiribati, Tuvalu, Samoa,
Tonga, Vanuatu,
We are the canaries
in the coal mines of climate change.
Singing and ringing the unruly bells.
Beating the big drums.

And yet,
drowned
out.

So here we gather,
the call of the commonwealth,
but it is the uncommon wealth
that may save us all.

Almost completely silenced,
schooled out of us,
in lost languages
that were beaten
out of the mouths of children.

There. It is there,
There lie the answers
in cultures that hold a
wealth of knowledge,
intergenerational meditations
on what it means to be alive,
what it means to survive
in a certain set of conditions
specific parameters of earth and sea and sky.
Each of us,
holding a long-gestated
piece of the puzzle,
of how to be human and thrive.

It is a precious peopled offering.

It is here, in the ruins of our histories,
in what is left of us, in what we have fought for,
Ka whawhai tonu matou ake ake ake,
alongside our ongoing innovation
there lies the most precious offerings
to the commonwealth.

It is the heart of who we are,
how we see the world to be
our richest offering.
Let us share.

My people have always known,
that we are all relatives,
common ancestors,
the same stardust,
in all of our bones,
the rocks, the trees, the leaves
all of these,
our relatives, all of us,
part of the family of things.

One ancestral word at a time,
we are salvaging what has been savaged.
These backward ways
of being in the world
that may take us forward.

That wake us up
to all that we are dependent upon.
That open our eyes
as the giants sleep.

Science seems to take such a long time
to catch up
Richard Dawkins the evolutionary biologist can confirm,
that the lettuce is our distant cousin.
But the stories we live by
have not changed.
If we were truly to reorient
to life as relatives,
commonwealth
would mean more
than what we might cling to
in the face of a dangerous
and uncertain future.

Let us not
use the word commonwealth
to try and insulate fate
with the soft fur of fine feathered friends.
No,
let us spread our wings
to a much wider vision than that.

It may be the end of the world as we know it
but let us not fear
the remaking of another one.

To the young people I say,
there may be no jobs
but there is plenty of work to be done.

So let us harness our collective wisdoms:
diverse, different and divergent.

Let us create an atmosphere
of kindness and love
for even the air we breathe,
freshwater, trees, people, ocean.

Let us create a dream house,
a great place to raise a family.

For therein lies the fate
of an extraordinary family of relatives.

Where what we have in common
Is all of us.
DISOBEDIENT SUN
Sarah Rara

I

solar rays reached the surface
without meaning

before the sun
lost interest
in all that

moving across the sky constantly
took a little over a year
until the equator dissolved

shifting between vernal
reaching the date point
no one resisted

eyesight failed the southern part
starlight flashed at a glancing angle

ladders and ropes defined her location
on a ball approaching the star

II

when the sun flickers
time abolishes pleasing positions

the heavy sun tethers
to hangers-on

base values
form the temporary equator

disobedient sun
rotate on an unfixed plane

problems in daylight
tune to changes

surface reflectance
detach from exterior
atrium combinations
cool the load

she positions herself
with respect to horizon

she speaks to measure
reads the azimuth and runs

speaking in arcs
a bow illustrates the altitude

observers melt exactly
when the sun rises

bending brutally in morning
sun paths are different this time around

her cylindrical projection
graphs the sun

remember golden red
to appear to change the sun

tilt the ball's axis
swivel on the wrong court

chart and know the days
the sun will disobey

run the edge in increments
coordinates are never enough

peeled off two axis
resting on the intersection point

interpolated lately
she calibrates

her unheavenly colors
desaturate in darkness

the semi-circular dial slides
to produce shade and location

she moves time slowly
seeking isolation data
without the sun
a home is unthinkable

hill with a sky vault
double doors ride the east-west axis

she tries rolling the sun through the opening
but the sun is tipped off and never returns

III

the sun casts a shadow
no object can avoid

the shape must not be permanent

with regard to the shadow
her building will cast
no human knows how to respond
to the magnitude of that

sundials were fine
until the changes occurred

now landmarks of disaster
dials built from two boards
fuse together form a fallen “L”

gnomon was judge of time
until sundials grew exhausted
by constant polar movement

depending on which way she faces
time can be measured up to
seven times faster or slower

artificial heliodons
eliminate the sun

representing solar patterns
rapidly developed

so that isolation effects
can be modeled physically

the building tilts illusions of day
on a hillside where trees
cast simulated shadows
in theory there are only women
the sun is missing
within the hillside she is pregnant

time to obsess
with another star
she has no energy for leaving

despite her advances
she is no predictor
of how a space will perform

charting gives her freedom to try
different kinds of geometry
to know how time moves

it is useful
to fight ignorance
of the sun’s impact
on wasted energy
and missed opportunities

IV
the differences between tropics
are feelings of indifference

sunrise on the heliodon is perfect
at an unknown time of year

behind the hillside bunker
the horizon plane extends
infinitely backwards

the apparent motion of the sun
is the anticlockwise
motion of the earth

the sun rises under a horizon
that can’t be touched
where arguments have no merit
Poets of the diaspora feel so guilty about not being on the island when the hurricane hit that they've been writing non-stop since the day of.

Some Puerto Rican scholars on the island—citing the historical particularities of dispossession and dispersal—refuse to use the term diaspora to refer to their counterparts on the mainland.

I suspect they're making a distinction. Well, who isn't feeling guilty, I mean, for not being here the day of, or not losing as much as those who lost everything.

Poets of the diaspora write about this sentiment all the time now—that feeling like you missed out on having really deep feelings about loss because you didn't really lose anything, still you feel like you should say something about everything that was lost by others as if it were your own.

Is it to the hurricane, or in the hurricane.

Everything is a house or just the roof and the stuff that made up the house inside.

Everything is a job or good luck in finding one.

Everything is a loved one or whatever could be considered lovely at any given time, including oneself.

Everything is having to leave the island on account of everything else.
and becoming a poet of the diaspora
which is something I should say something
about on account of I’m feeling guilty
about the opening stanza and how it could be
interpreted as a commentary against those dispersed
and dispossessed the day or the decades
before the day of the disaster.

The most important thing
about a disaster is how you broach it.
My mother lost her broach.
What, with all the water.

Is it to the hurricane,
or is it too The Hurricane.

My sentiment is that so much scholarship on the island
has focused on what we should call ourselves
depending on where we at and on how
where we at makes us matter more or less
at the end of a such a long history of dispossessions
and dispersals, and not nearly enough on how everything
can be blown and washed away
come hurricane season.

I suspect a distinction has been made.
Well, who’s feeling guilty?

I am
an island poet,
which is to say I was here
the day of, so I didn’t miss out
on anything close to
feeling like—

My mother didn’t lose anything at all.
What.
BLUE-GREEN SUPERFUND ROUNDELAY
Rodrigo Toscano

Perma-Laboro-Centrtrinsic
breaks bread with
Enviro-Mass-Reductio
cautiously
creatively-tense

parvenu
alliance
Verfremdungseffekt
theater
familiarly-alien

effects

trip
the unconverted
crude
oil
derivatives
laity

geist
diesel
ethanol
methanol
fall

on the third day rise
spiffy?

for coal’s sake,
stick to it?

Internal Combustion’s
aesthetic
campaigns

From intake stroke to exhaust stroke
UTILITARIAN
scaffolding

“we can’t just
use it?”
A Questionable Account of Ancient-Future Life

The Works and Days
ascribed to
British Petroleum

pre-classical
paradigms
unstable
about to blow

post-particulate standards
counter-consensus
process

Spirit of Karen Silkwood
infusion

Spirit of comités
populares
tri-national
borders
cleanup

Phantoms of Kyoto Accords
suffusion

solar, wind, hydrogen

--usefully--
COUNTER-UTILITARIAN

syncretic-to-synergetic

concentrates

counter-campaign's
conversions

towards?

A JUST

TRANSITION
from TO EACH HIS CHIMERA
Gabriel Levin

In Camera (1948)

Poking your head out of the window
you catch sight of the porters from Saloniki
directly below, leaning over the bars of their empty
carts, far from home, with nothing to show
for their labors, while the shadows of nameless
passers-by cross the street – it will take
a millisecond for the shutter to slake
its thirst on the anonymous
scene, but the click of the Leica brought
from Berlin pleases you, and you fancy the hooded
lady in black crepe has stepped out of the Grimm
Brothers into sunny Palestine, fraught
with its own grim tales, the uprooted
arriving, and taking leave, as you duck back in.
The face askew in deadpan
dread at its own reflection, eyes
sunk in their sockets, deploying anti-
personnel flechette in a conical
arch where affections once held sway:
at sixty-five you could say attrition

you could say, been there; memory
overtaxed, punch drunk with one déjà
vu after another, fists spoiling
for a fight, oh my confederate, bosom
companion, blood count off
the charts, where do we go from here?
How I love the sound of the Palestine sunbird *chip-chip-chip*, followed by the gargled cooing of unseen doves and the sight of white cabbage butterflies over the wand flowers -- our lives brim over with the commonplace: clods loosened where the pitchfork lies by the wall, nosy bees in the rosemary, and, hey, wouldn't it all be just fine if not for the new breed of mosquitos bloodletting at low altitudes? I flap the covers of Lamentations shut, Smack! Gotcha. *Abroad the sword bereaveth.* What else awaits the avid reader this morning? The Brutality of Fact, and, peaking under the pile, yesterday's ungainly exhibition catalogue: *Let's Have Another War.*

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