

## THE ARTEMIS

Rae Armantrout

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.

But I couldn't think about one landscape without thinking about another. "Trade secrets." Even the bears know they're indicators of. Corrugated walls on the shacks served multiple dwellings. Likened to disposable cups. Lead, Sarin, Dioxin, Chlorpyrifos, Mercury, N-Hexane. The difference is when used by the Left. Laborers sing. Rebar spaghetti in exploded concrete filled the square. So I've lost my teaching gig. Sea wrack covers the ceiling fan. Pears grow illegible in a decade. Later Cassandra comes to signify too much. Surplus

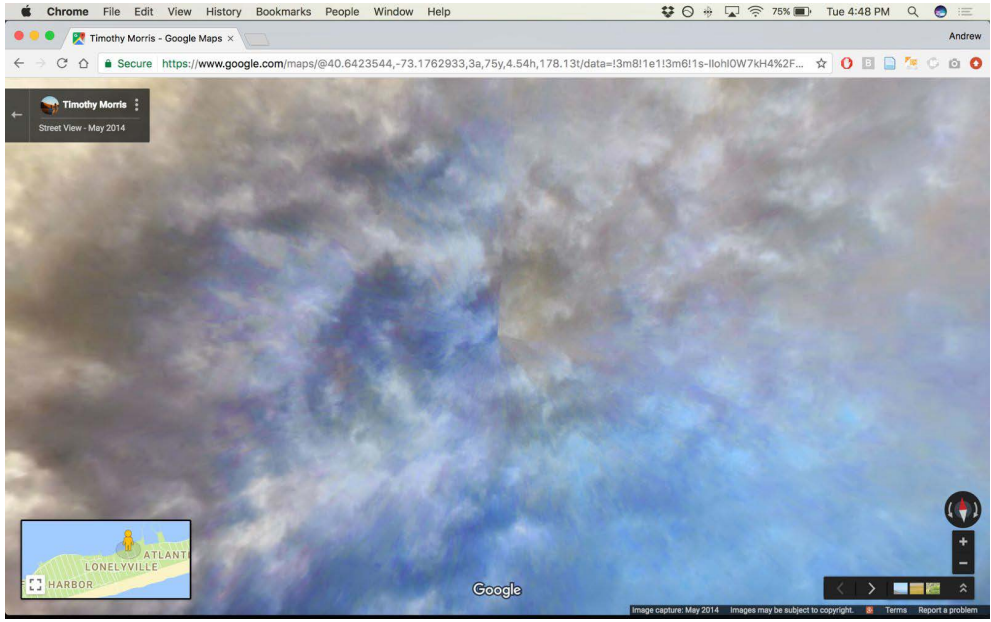
is what falls out of style.

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



TAKING THE SUNFLOWER TO THE MOUNTAINS

Brenda Hillman

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)

o o o o o o

. . . . .  
. . . . . 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*

CALENDAR OF EXTREME WEATHER EVENTS (EWES)

running water Manasiadis

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] The Southern

Ocean [REDACTED] any [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] future [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] assessment [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] numbers [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] months [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

is [REDACTED] a [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] sample [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

a community

marae

and  
local tangata whenua losing running water

An inch of rain through the winter

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

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] in the Manawatu Whanganui Fielding-way Wellington [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] ripping the roofs [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] tornadoes you see in movies  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] For  
people who are like *ha!* Climate change [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] affects water affects kai [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] is the [REDACTED] interconnectedness [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] is te ahi ka aānā [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] he ao wera  
at grassroots level [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] in our backyard [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] Sometimes it's a case of joining the dots

The original source text is an interview on Radio New Zealand with Mike Smith and Hinekaa Mako, makers of the documentary *He Ao Wera: Climate Change in Aotearoa (2009)*. The 2,846 words in this transcript represent the 2,846 days between the date of the interview and the latest costed extreme weather event (04/10/2009 – 22/07/2017). Each unredacted word/date corresponds to a flood/thunderstorm/flood/storm/storm/flood/tornado/flood/tornado/flood/flood/storm/tornado/flood/flood/storm/storm/storm/storm/storm/cyclone/storm/storm/storm/flood/storm/hailstorm/flood/cyclone/storm/tornado/flood/flood/flood/flood/gale/storm/flood/flood/storm/flood/flood/cyclone/cyclone/storm/flood/

Hinekaa Mako and Mike Smith. Interview by Maraea Rakuraku. *Te Ahi Kaa* mo 04 o Whiringa ā nuku. RNZ. Wellington: 4 October 2009. Radio.  
'Cost of Disaster Events in New Zealand'. ICNZ, <http://www.icnz.org.nz/statistics-data/cost-of-disaster-events-in-new-zealand/>. Accessed 30 August 2017.

*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.

Māori Dictionary, <http://maoridictionary.co.nz/>. Accessed 9 November 2017.

POEM FOR THE COMMONWEALTH 2018

Karlo Mila

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

## THE MOST IMPORTANT THING ABOUT A DISASTER

Guillermo Rebollo Gil

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-Centric  
breaks bread with  
Enviro-Mass-Reductio  
cautiously  
creatively-tense

parvenu  
alliance  
Verfremdungseffekt  
theater  
familiarily-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.

## BODY POLITIC

The face askew in deadpan  
dread at its own reflection, eyes  
sunk in their sockets, deploying anti-  
personnel flechettes 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?

## PASTORAL

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, peeking under the pile, yesterday's ungainly  
exhibition catalogue: Let's Have Another War.

July, August 2014, Jerusalem