



OccuPoetry

Issue 3

November 2013

© OccuPoetry, 2012 Davis, CA; Morgantown, WV

ISSN 2167-1672

www.occupypoetry.org

Editors: Phillip Barron | Katy Ryan

This journal is free to download. However, if you wish to share it with others, please direct them to our website to download their own, free copy in the format of their choice. This book may not be reproduced, copied or distributed for commercial or non-commercial purposes, in part or in whole, without express permission. Thank you for your support.

All rights reserved by individual copyright holders.

No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted without prior written permission of the copyright holder. *OccuPoetry* cannot grant permission for use of copyrighted works without permission of their owner.

Table of Contents

Douglas Nordfors	October 24, 1929	4
Margery Parsons	Bars	6
Martin H. Levinson	Leaves of Grass Updated	8
Clint Inman	Lightless	10
Damien Shuck	Employee Orientation: You and your Machine	11
Scott T. Starbuck	Deep in the Old Growth Forest	15
David Kerr	Space and Fences	16
Frederick Pollack	Romney at CPAC	17
Steven D. Stark	Lockdown	19
Peter Branson	The Haditha Massacre	21
henry 7 reneau, jr.	/protest/	23
Ivars Balkits	Invisible Hand Chant	24
Sean Mahoney	In the Country	26
Luisa A. Igloria	Dis-Orient	27
Joe Wenderoth	All That Really Happens	29
	Pretty Girl	30
Aram Wool	Benevolent Clouds	31
Steven Ray Smith	The Change Machine	33
	Kick Line	34
Christopher Woods	To Everything	35
Claude McKay	Birds of Prey	36
Robert McKay	Lead type	37
Paco Marquez	Silver-Green Ladybug on Pine Bark	39
Patty Kinney	At the Ballard Food Bank	42
	The "H" Word	43
Kevin Simmonds	Dose	44
Kate Padilla	One-Percent Persecution	45
Michael Camden	Dumpster Diving	46
	Broke	48
	In the Tub	49

Scott T. Starbuck	San Diego Swap Meet	50
	Listening to a Banker	51
	Talk About Losing	
	(Only) Two Billion Dollars as	
	Schools Are Closed	
Ken Burch	Occupoem	52
Robert Cooperman	Bank Foreclosure	57
Joan Annsfire	Event Horizon	59
David Allen Sullivan	La Frontera	62
Ric Vrana	Occupy: Lessons, Fall 2001	64
Howard J. Kogan	Gleaning	66
Marietta Calvanico	Outrage leads us to break our	68
	silence	
William Haas	Gunpowder Like Graphite	69
	Foreclosure	70
Kierstin Bridger	You Occupy the Field	71
Contributors		72

Douglas Nordfors

October 24, 1929

It's said a murmuring
rose from the crowds of men
both outside and inside
the Stock Exchange, a mur-
muring like subdued fire
crackling just like cows
moaning or slaughtering
their own horror, trying
to... indescribable,
the way money is
and isn't life, the way
higher, even higher
speculative bubbles
burst before and after
turning all the way back
into descending jelly-
fish pumping, churning years
of water in vain, salt
in men's veins, leading to
bread and lines, better
than blood after and
before out of mouths
it rose, murmuring
something about savings
and lives of yellow fields
and red and yellow roses
(not even close),

murmuring in unison
a day before the brief
bank bailout, five whole
days before Black
Tuesday began, for lack
of another word, mur-
muring like both burnt
and unused coal both inside
and outside the earth.

Margery Parsons

Bars

Bars of sunlight stripe rooms.
Outside trees teem
with birds
and the hum of insects
on streets
graceful and quiet.

Bars of music rise from computers,
boxed Pandoras
safe to open
with arms full of songs
and symphonies
waiting to be chosen.

Bells on the handlebars of bicycles
tinkle like clinking wineglasses,
gleam like jewels of sound
up and down lake paths,
past boats moored in snug harbors,
picnicking and laughter.

Across town and far away
a bar and party store
anchor a forlorn corner,
blocks of abandoned houses, doors ajar,
with backyards
full of old and broken cars.

The few homes that remain
have bars on the windows,
barricaded
against poverty and pain.
Every family has a father or a son
behind bars and gone.

People here are barred from dreaming
anything will ever change
But bar none are seething
especially the young
with rage
barely contained.

Martin H. Levinson

Leaves of Grass Updated

I hear America singing, the varied verses I
hear,

Those of stockbrokers, each one singing buy
low, sell high,

The attorney, chanting in Latin as he clogs
up the court system with ludicrous litigation to
accrue gargantuan fees,

The medical insurance companies, singing as
they raise their premiums and deny your claims,

The politician, howling his pleas to the
public to provide him one more chance after
being indicted for a money/sex scandal,

The avaricious tune of the CEO, singing I
deserve my bonus even though the company
went bust,

The rapacious real estate agent, singing
housing is back and now is the time to jump on
a really good deal,

The siren song of the public relations agent,
singing the praises of deficient and defective
consumer goods and services,

The carefully modulated refrain of the
accountant, singing and signing on the dotted
line after a desultory glance at invented figures,

The banker, singing all way to the bank that
has been bailed out with taxpayer funding,

The used car salesman, warbling how
wonderful that shiny-looking preowned vehicle
that will conk out right after you purchase it is,
and you can buy it for a song,

The borrowed verse of credit card
companies, singing take on debt you can't
afford and don't pay now, pay later at usurious
rates of interest,

Each singing what belongs to him or her
and to none else,

Each singing for their supper, and for your
meal, too.

Clint Inman

Lightless

Each year the light is less.
We can barely see it now,
The faint necklace of
The Milky Way.

The old ones were wrong,
You know with their waxed fingers
Pointing up like abandoned adobe.

Yet you know better in your cubical gardens
And half moth-eaten moons,
You have arrived in
Handcuffs.

Damien Shuck

Employee Orientation: You and your Machine

- The machine must be serviced every day.
 - You will turn on the machine at six o'clock every morning, seven days a week.
 - You will turn off the machine at eleven o'clock every night, seven days a week.
 - You will service the machine every day of the year.
 - You will be responsible for servicing the machine on holidays.
 - You will have to arrange any days off or sick days with other employees assigned to service the machine.*
 - You will hurry.
 - You will be back in time for your normal work hours.
 - You will not allow your duties to the machine to interfere with your normal work hours.
 *You are the only employee currently assigned to service the machine.
-
- You will drive miles out of your way to reach the machine.
 - You will furnish your own car.
 - You will furnish you own car insurance.
 - You will have the opportunity to attend a safe driving course.*

*The safe driving course will be mandatory.

- When you are not at work or servicing the machine you will be on-call to service the machine should an error occur.
- You will be responsible for repairing any errors the machine has.
- Any errors can be fixed by reading the manual.*
 - *You do not have the authority to read the manual.**
 - **You may submit a written request to see the manual.***
 - ***Per article seven, section eight of the manual, “All requests to see the manual will be denied.”
- You may apply to be reimbursed for fifteen percent of the total cost of the safe driving course.*
- You will receive no additional monetary reimbursement for your commute.
- You will not be paid for the time spent on your commute.
- You will only be paid for the time you actually work on the machine.
- You will receive no additional monetary compensation for working on holidays.
- You will receive no additional monetary reimbursement for being on call.

- You will receive no additional monetary reimbursement for the time you work on the machine.
- You will receive an additional 3-4 hours of work at your normal pay grade for the time actually spent working on the machine which should amount to no more than twenty-one additional dollars per week.
- Any time spent on the machine totaling more than twenty-one dollars a week will be deducted from your normal work hours.

*Reimbursement is contingent upon an audit by the oversight management committee determining adequate availability of funds.**

**The oversight management committee has determined there are no available funds.

- Failure to attend or pass the safe driving course may result in immediate termination.
- Any failure to meet your normal work hours for the week may result in immediate termination.
- Any failure to furnish a replacement from the available pool of employees currently assigned to service the machine may result in immediate termination.
- Any requests for days off or sick days must be requested at least six days in advance in order to receive approval from the oversight management committee.

- Failure to receive approval may result in immediate termination
- As per article eight, section seven, of the manual, “Any request to see the manual may be viewed as a sign of incompetence on the part of the employee and may result in immediate termination.”
- Any failure in the performance of any of your normally assigned duties or any duties relating to the machine or any failings of the machine in your absence may result in a probation hearing with the oversight management committee which will result in immediate termination.

Scott T. Starbuck
Deep in the Old Growth
Forest

sunlight through cascading pools
says getting mad at politicians
who sell their souls
for women or money
is like getting mad
at an insane dog
who bites your hand
or a big tree
the wind pushes over.

David Kerr

Space and Fences

When volcanoes spew
sulphur, meteorites lace
the earth with holes,
and oceans begin to bubble,
will the lawyers care
that a fence bestows
proprietary rights
that soar to outer space?

Frederick Pollack

Romney at CPAC

Before I enter history (whose work
is that of an intern, vaguely patronized),
I want to say I'm sorry
for disappointing you, and to express what I've
learned.

I thought that in my tense delivery,
its desperation so impacted
for so long that it seems, to me,
ease, you would recognize
a shared yearning of the soul: to hold
the foe down, then praise oneself for hurting him
as much as necessary but less than one could.
Admittedly my jokes, etc.,
failed; but isn't every attempt
to be a regular guy, a white man,
just that, an attempt? Requiring lenience
from those who somehow benefit from it?

I would have spoken had I been allowed,
until my voice was gone, about my faith.
It's like yours, but more so. To the Father, Son,
and other free-weights of the mind, it adds
a lurid epic, and a peculiarly resolute
denial of death. Trained thus,
I could espouse wholeheartedly whatever
you wished, kiss unborn babies, eat your food.
Because faith, I thought, was faith: your faith

that you in essence are as rich as I
though temporarily embarrassed; the faith
we share, that the wealth
of one is that of all; and mine,
that the barbed wire around factories
I buy in China is there for safety.
Surely, I felt, my faith had earned some slack.

But finally we let each other down.
A parody resents a parody
of itself, as well as the real thing.
Black fascist muslim communist jewish
bankers on welfare are coming
for your guns and other talismans of freedom;
you knew this but I didn't. Or rather
I do, but we both know I'm safe from them,
and so they don't exist for me
except as a convenience, like yourselves.
I wish you leaders who can feel your fear.
With them you may, as Kafka once foresaw,
march arm-in-arm, invincible, reclaiming
the cities from the unproductive, singing
full-throatedly while at each other's throats.
For man is a wolf to man, but howls in chorus.

Steven D. Stark

Lockdown

It's utterly impossible,
(the police captain said)
to safeguard a city
without locking it down.
When even a shoplifter
(not to mention a bomber)
can stroll through the streets
or grab some green groceries
or leave gum on the sidewalk,
the war against evil
will never be won.
Imagine if you can
an alleged suspect
(we typically use jargon)
riding public transportation
because he doesn't own
(nor has stolen)
a jeep or a Chevy
or an old Buick sedan
that says "POLICE" on the side
(like my motor vehicle).
Yet somehow we're expected
to approach "persons of interest"
and at least ask them some questions
with no show of force.
I heard the chief say,
"A good metropolis is an empty metropolis,"

neutron-beaten to a standstill,
like Hiroshima in Japan
August 7 '45.
Or maybe back in
Afghanistan
where the law is the law
and you just do
what you have to do
in peace
and relative quiet.

Peter Branson

The Haditha Massacre

For Woody Guthrie

*Haditha, Iraq, where 14 men, 3 women &
7 children were killed, Nov 19th, 2005.*

Come all fair-minded people,
pray listen to my song,
You police a foreign country,
How things go badly wrong.

Small town down by the river,
no special claim to fame,
Till US troops were ambushed
And one of them was slain.

A passing car got peppered
Beneath a blazing sun.
Five bodies were recovered
But not one single gun.

They stormed the nearby houses
And heard their sergeant say
“Fire first, ask questions later,”
For someone had to pay.

Bad apples in a barrel,
The warning signs ignored,
Each time we turn a blind eye
Means bigger trouble stored.

Three women, seven children
And fourteen men lay dead.
The youngest still a toddler,
Aged one, the locals said.

It's hard to find excuses
when so much blood was shed.
Yet no one has been punished,
No justice for the dead.

They shot some at close quarters,
A bullet in the brain.
An old man in a wheelchair
Was numbered with those slain.

I don't know why we came here,
I've no idea at all,
'less it's for the money men
Who buy and sell our oil.

henry 7. reneau, jr.

/protest/

n.

1.) a recurring thought, beautiful as the
temptation of sin, like an animal thought dead
suddenly scrabbling to its feet 2.) the sound of
unforgettable pain, breathing underwater, like
shoes without owners strung from power lines
3.) a hole fallen into, like debt, burying our lives
by inches of longing for status & things 4.) a
waning moon drawing last breath above cold
steel lines, a rail-bed frozen with ice, but the
train engine in the distance keeping good time
as in, even old men with broken teeth need
love 5.) resistance we are shaped against, as in, a
strength that cannot be measured

Ivars Balkits

Invisible Hand Chant

The Invisible Hand is hitchhiking out of the country.
The Invisible Hand is burying its coins in the sand of
offshore Cays.
The Invisible Hand is waving to us from above the
heads of its slaves.

The Invisible Hand: I can see right through it.

The Invisible Hand has left oily fingerprints at war
crime scenes
in... (dot-dot-dot)
The Invisible Hand is armed and dangerous. Known
for concealed-carry.
Back away from the Hand!
The Invisible Hand needs to be handcuffed and led
away

The Invisible Hand, where is it hiding? In your face.
What does it want? Its morality is of numbers,
worship of entities
that lack sentience, that have been awarded
citizenship, that can buy
government, icons, and ideas.

Humble the Hand. Make it show what's in its Pockets.

Is the Invisible Hand not there?

Here it is.

Invisible Hand Chant

The Invisible Hand has goosed us in the wallet.
The Invisible Hand has performed a sleight-of-hand
with our laws and economy.
The Invisible Hand pinches our pennies while
floating the currency.

The Invisible Hand closes the hospital door and
opens the prison door.
Wall St.: Take responsibility for the suffering you have
caused the
world and the planet. Bail out the working poor.
Empathy now!
Corporations are no more people than furniture in
my house.

The Invisible Hand has no face, no heart, and no
morality.

The Invisible Hand is a superstition. The Invisible
Hand is an
hallucination. The Invisible Hand weaves
fantastic charades.

Sean Mahoney

In the Country

for Larry Levis

My country greased civility.

My country embraces meme
and wraps superficial round
its skinning shoulders.
My country cannot see straight
for it's triggers and magazines.
And that is aspic. And tongue.
And a lark. My country lives
in detours and is no longer
ours, no longer what my love
and I invented.

At the table we weep for our country
that it may one day grow to love
itself, its characters and wilds.
Our country believes in collections
rather than birds and smoke.
Our country cannot see crumbling
streets for the buildings of neon
wrap my country's bones in
dizzying light.

My love and I watch the foolish hand
stir the collective and change the topic.

My love and I hunch together
wondering how we lost it.

Luisa A. Igloria

Dis-Orient

(in response to Billy Collins' "Orient")

No, I will not dwell on landscapes
colored with pretty prayer flags and
dragon-decorated temples, or villages
eternally shrouded in mist, the kinds
so easily conjured in armchair travel
fantasies, because hello, have you read
the news lately? There is a building boom
in China and the national bird is now
the construction crane. In Changsha,
they built a 30-story hotel in two weeks,
and have plans for several more. In October,
thousands of factory workers doing piece-
work on the shiny new iPhone 5 went on strike
in Zhengzhou and in Taiyuan. Around these
factories, they've built metal nets to catch
the bodies of would-be suicides: overworked,
undertrained, poorly paid (we know the concept
here as liability). I do not bow from the fulcrum
of my waist and my talents do not include
"cultural dancing" or being able to cut your toenails
while giving you a blow job. The sound of my voice
is not soft like a bell or like a little saxophone: it is
nothing diminutive, and my children will tell you
that years ago, when their father spent the household
money on a used car someone had conned him into
buying

sight unseen, I threw pots and pans against the wall
and told him to go to hell. And yes, I have another
side,
I have many sides, but they are all grounded in
history,
bristling with context and all the languages in which
I dream. If you dug a hole in one of these worlds and
fell
headlong into it, you would think you'd discovered
a new country; you would wonder how long it would
take
before a band of beautiful, half-naked women would
appear
to bear you away in a hammock and make you their
king.

Joe Wenderoth

All That Really Happens

My whole family has died.
There is a song about it.
I can't remember the sun on my skin.
Not remembering is a house.
There are no rooms in this house.
There are so many animals.
I would like to gather up one by one
the animals in my bed.
I would like to sleep with them,
in the sleep that comes after the house.
My whole family is dead.
There is a song about it.
The animals would sing the song.
Each animals thinks
about singing
and then sleeps
upon a tiny word-
colored plot of sun.
Each owes on its plot,
owes more than it could possibly pay.
This owing is all that really happens.

Joe Wenderoth

Pretty Girl

We shall overcome.
The country we are dying for
dies before us.
These rooms are occupied
by forces we do not love
or understand.
Constant futile action makes sense.

Aram Wool

Benevolent Clouds

when the bank would default on its loan, we dined on
bowls of snow
and no,
it wasn't cocaine, but, rather, the seasonal stuff,
which falls from the clouds

we'd send out the little ones to go scoop it up by the
road
"mind the traffic," we'd say, "and come back in before
your fingers are cold."

sulkily, they would gather their winter clothing
and, with a syrupy slowness,
lead each limb through the appropriate insulated
sleeve
exaggerating the arduousness of the task
regarding us, from time to time, with contemptuous
glares,

bundled at last, they would face the door
and, with eyes sullen,
the eldest would push it open

the rest of us then would sit still waiting
round the table with faces silent and sad
our stomachs would churn and groan and yowl
launching into an empty, hungry chorus

when back they came
each carried a high dome of cold white water
and these they portioned out to us all
combining the excess into a large bowl at the center
for anyone who might want a second helping

they joined us at the table

we all leaned a bit forward in our seats
peering into our bowls with a restrained eagerness
submerging a cupped hand
to be withdrawn supporting a workable quantity
lifting the frozen crystals into our mouths
reducing the temperature of our oral cavities
crunching the stuff
until our tongues were numb
chilling the gums
until the ice resisted melting for a good while

Steven Ray Smith

The Change Machine

That night they made up beer ballads, made cocksure
passes at women they'd always ignored, ignored
the law about the bar closing at four
and met the bus stop, both madcap and restored.

The weary, stubbled lawyers had barely glanced
sidewise at the TV when he stepped
onto the screen to say goodbye. They'd danced
with tube-dressed strangers, become oddly adept

at dancing, talking. Yet the uneasy
whispers from those barstools months before,
the cautious crawl toward insurgency,
resumed among them when the hydraulic door

opened to still air. The rattling whip
of copper chinks was gone. The change machine
was off, and none would take the gratis trip.
It was something they had never seen.

Steven Ray Smith

Kick Line

There is a boy in the kick line. Look!
Among thirty girls, a boy
kicking!

The stands wonder what licked him
so hard as to scare his deuce into the kick line. A boy's
legs are the deuce. A girl's are quads.
Will he become a man in a kick line still
trying to multiply his deuce by two?

The stands expect his face to show the deuce
and his kicks to look like dodging a licking
for an impertinent smile.
But his face is that of someone pleasantly considering
his biology mid-term as he re-organizes his locker.
The quads don't fag him out.
Each kicks reaches higher than the one before it and
beside it.

The gym floor claps
in shoe-four time. Raps
woofer over the thrashing
bewilderment of stands.

What used to be a girl is now a man.

Christopher Woods
To Everything



*To everything there is a fee,
and a fee for every purpose under heaven.*

Woods

Claude McKay

Birds of Prey

Their shadow dims the sunshine of our day,
As they go lumbering across the sky,
Squawking in joy of feeling safe on high,
Beating their heavy wings of owlish gray.
They scare the singing birds of earth away
As, greed-impelled, they circle threateningly,
Watching the toilers with malignant eye,
From their exclusive haven birds of prey.
They swoop down for the spoil in certain might,
And fasten in our bleeding flesh their claws.
They beat us to surrender weak with fright,
And tugging and tearing without let or pause,
They flap their hideous wings in grim delight,
And stuff our gory hearts into their maws.

Robert McKay

Lead type

“An expired subscription to silence...”

- *Major Jackson*

Like teeth. Like teeth that gnaw through
the tasteless fibre of silence. Like
the teeth of a ruminant, whose stomachs
(As many as there are points on the compass)
convert silence, this endless page from sea to
shining

into not fullness,
not usefulness fulfilling waste space,
but space, a chamber for sound.
The teeth of the type chew through, convert
solid stacks of cellulosic silence into an empty
room of sound.

A room secured with minimal wooden
furniture, locked across all doors.
The furniture is flesh, is the ephemeral grove
of poets growing here around the press, waving
their leafy hands,
and the type is the clearing, the empty center of
the room, the sounding chamber, gouged, the
forest
becomes a violin
& the wooden fibres of silence
& the mute furniture
become a wooden stockade

around an occupation that may seem to be
made of metal teeth,
but is really an occupation of air, an air fort,
occupied by the black words rising like a flock

rising where?

Like smoke?

Or like an army

Paco Marquez
Silver-Green Ladybug on
Pine Bark

*you who are powerful... Of all evil I deem you
capable: therefore I want the good from you*
— Friedrich Nietzsche

The kings and queens of the world have departed,
meandered high path woods of power
by royal instinct. The low-income abandoned
to leaky roofs, un-relations, sidewalk pillows.
Aloof, the good kings fight entrapped in the mind.

The wise, tattooed illiterate is not the best fit
for this workplace. At the door,
résumé flapping in hand, he's sad and hopeful
murdered to the 10th degree by mere abandonment.

Martin Luther King spoke of an evil spirit present
in America. Carl Jung writes of mental epidemics
that surge through society. Ohiyesa expresses shock
at encountering vagrants upon entering his first city
and bewilderment at seeing his first world map
laid upon a table, like the sky and the stars.
Kind Bodhisattvas healthily worry
for suffering beings. Contractors, soldiers, corporate
bosses care for their kin and look up, look up.

The kings look down as is their suit
but through newspapers, screens, briefings, phone
calls.

Their iron hearts blind to seek for lost Joseph.
Corner of Folsom Avenue and 10th
three, mallet and bat in hand, beat one.
Jet streaming in their blue sky, king Obama flies by.
What can he do? What can we do?

Get off the fucking plane. Dismantle
the program to colonize outer space.
In this earth, this body bleeds.
Mr. President, by mere title
your power and satisfaction's too grand,
thousands others could hold the founding father's self
sustaining structure now over 300 million strong.
Kings and Queens abound scattered at the top,
within any 1000, isolated, one will always rise to the
throne.

Fragment and multiply the structure a billion times,
even if over a thousand years. Raze the maximum
reach
of seats of thrones to within each one's visible world,
not to a blind beyond. Yes, some may die,
but those same some are now dying.

The body in mind and flesh will cry a meaning then,
within interconnected mental-air kingdoms of
techno-crafts,

breath-simple deaths and vitality-infused yieldings to
nature.

A billion different flags shimmering in lucidity and
gravity.

Older than the nations, witnesses to memory
in wind silence the pines await listening intently.

Patty Kinney

At The Ballard Food Bank

If you are lucky enough
There are fresh cut flowers
Only 109 numbers separate me
From the belly of the bank grocery heaven.

Female client, hair hue, texture and touch of a Brillo
pad
Bent over green Narcotics Anonymous workbook
Has the shakes, mouth gacking, a rubber band
snapping.

Last week, ladies in the “Hygiene Closet” gifted me
#680 Lancôme’ black widow lush mascara.
I’ve sported spider-like lashes since
and hope.

I am the only one in the room not wearing a coat.
B.O.C. black petal sandals, diagonal kiwi Baggallini
The hash mark across my chest
editing me from this story.

Patty Kinney

The “H” Word

When I tell people we are homeless
they don't know what pocket to put it in.
A game of hot potato
both parties scrambling to suspend the spud.

I've learned to tango away
turn my cheek toward la la la.
The “H” word does not take up space in
Webster's New World Dictionary featuring
2,000 new entries and a lovely lime green cover.

It did mention that home, noun,
is the place where one lives?
There are entries for homeboy, homepage, and
homeland (as in security).

After I throw the kiwi-colored dictionary in
the trash next to Seattle's Best coffee grounds,
I go to my Merlin, Dictionary.Com.
Adjective. Without a home.
Noun. A person who lacks permanent housing.

A quote by Ralph Waldo Emerson
is an exclamation mark on the screen.
I cannot forgive a scholar his homeless despondency.
Despondent: The depression of spirits
from loss of hope, confidence, or courage;
dejection.

Kevin Simmonds

Dose

eliminate automatic doors
give that electricity
to the poor

you are not the poor
do you know
how they are

holes in their stomachs
daily swallowing
the aspirin of capital

the police are not
the police
for everyone

& sleep is not sleep
for everyone
ask the poor

Kate Padilla

One-Percent Persecution

United by hOpe in Zuccotti park
against Corporations
against Corruption
Bloomberg deals Ultimatum against liberty
in riot gear Police move utopia
protestors Yell: We are the 99 percent.

Michael Camden

Dumpster Diving

The padlock slackens
rats could scatter at the sound
across the asphalt,
banging of dumpsters blackened by trees.

Night for swimming in plastic
Beams from flashlights clenched in our teeth
cut the orange glow
our fingers break the tension of packaged food.

Food wrapped in plastic
Food wrapped in slime
now streaked across our jeans and noses
slime to bunch the filmy wrappers
skinned off moon pies into awkward hunches
on our dashboard and counter.

We lay fingers on ears of corn clutched by the bagful
stacks of cheeses
chanced upon sacks of breads
peppered with heads of lettuce
all bagged, light toeing the wrinkles
stretched across its surface.

Across the asphalt
dumpsters bang, blackened by hills
of bags slung over our shoulders.

We count each street lamp arcing the sky
against the blue flickering corners of rooms
balls of sweat on our cheeks
streaks of slime across our noses
the smell of food laid across the tile.

From room, from stairway
setting down phones and combs
turning away from their computers
Dwellers emerge to circle the mound:
what she likes, she keeps.

What is reconsidered under the kitchen light
What has too much of the garbage grease
What is a pie too many to stack in the fridge
is left, bagged, for raccoons or worms to eat.

Michael Camden

Broke

Somewhere on a subway platform
some wooly suit singing
my loan performs virelai wrings
while cutting apple skins
onto plates for green and red coins

Somewhere under a green light
red as the bony hands stroking bronze hoofs
with some reasoned incantation to start the flood,

faces
against the cheeseburgers caparisoned over buses
behind the side blinded gaze of riot trotters
row of faces wet with spit and sweat
lips licked with curses

Somewhere on a subway platform
some smiling drifter singing
my loan performs rondeau grifter wrings
while hands touch for empty hands

and the shadow of a drunken bear
comes shrinking over the tunnel rails.

Michael Camden

In the Tub

He watched his mother drag out the tub
and fill it with water from the stove.
He watched his brothers strip and shiver.
First she would dunk the baby.
Then, in age order, they lowered themselves into the
bath.
He clutched his belt loops, shirtless and waiting.

Leaning in the doorway,
he heard his father's throat clearing
his brothers' shrieking laughter
as a slick hand made wet loops over their backs.
In the cold they kept their eyes closed,
and let the steam hit their faces.

And when men came to repossess the stove,
he was ordered to shovel out the coal
so they could heave it out of its spot.
For this he was awarded the first bath of the night.
He lowered himself into the frigid water,
letting the bath draw his heat.

Scott T. Starbuck

San Diego Swap Meet

All Elvis on one table,
antique fishing reels on another,
blazing turquoise,
brass buckles,
knives,
old-time photos,
but it is the people
who interest me,
trying to make a few dollars
sitting all day
in a Sports Arena lot,
kind,
patient,
smiling,
petting small dogs,
eternally ready for conversation
about anything
so unlike bankers
I heard testify
before Congress.

Scott T. Starbuck
Listening to a Banker Talk
About Losing [Only] Two
Billion Dollars as Schools
Are Closed

“Yes, JPMorgan Chase lost \$2 billion in late April-early May trading. But last year, this bank earned \$17.45 billion.” – Rich Smith, The Motley Fool, posted at Daily Finance on 5/16/12

It was a fish with the head of a lion
or maybe it was a goat's head
or maybe it was the head of a rhinoceros.
It's hard to say.
But it had fins, I'm sure of that.
So on Tuesday it was a fish.
By Wednesday, maybe it wasn't a fish.
These fish are like that.
Maybe by then, it only looked like a fish.
Like maybe, I only look like a banker.
Maybe I'm something else entirely.
Maybe.

Ken Burch

Occupoem

This
was
A manger,
Humble place of birth
On a midnight
More rainy
Than clear
Of the new culture;
Culture of hope;
Culture of life;
Culture of RESISTANCE.
Born
In the first cry of an infant
Conceived in our minds,
By people.
By these people
By we, the People
Who are rising
To keep from falling
People who refuse to accept that
that
which is
is all
that can be.
Those people
These people
And that IS the threat

The TRUE threat
That we posed,
And STILL pose.
The closures
were not about
“sanitation”,
“safety”,
Or “crime”.
They were about
Us
People
joining
with
people,
people
whom had not met before
might never have met
might not see each other again.
Joined, in this moment,
In glowing
Glowing,
Gargantuan gatherings.
Gathered
To say
We will live

We will defy
The orders
Given each day,
To drive each other
Into the grave..
The more of us

And longer we remain
The more we show
That those
Who seek to live
Not just to hand
Undeserved splendor
To those
Without life.
Those
Who try to rule
Our souls
Those
Who will never see us
Those
We will never see-.
Will find out
despite the
smirks,
sneers,
scorn,
of the 24 hour hate channels,
that WE
were never alone
were never a tiny few
were never outnumbered,
that WE
if anything,

Vastly outnumber
Outlive
Out-breath
Out-love

Out-dream
Those who pay
And
Those who are paid
to assassinate the world's soul.
With
Semiautomatic rounds
of
lies and spite-

That WE
Who are caring for
The infant
nation of spirit
born in the cold,
the rain,
the darkness,
the tents of the night,
swaddled in the warmth
of our will
Will show,
through anger,
rage,
magic,
joy.
That we,
the discarded
disregarded,
disrespected
Majority
of the living
and the dying

Can remove the walls,
smash the barricades,
cross the borders,
within ourselves
and without ourselves.
And then
We will live
Finally
For our own sake,
And
For the sake of life,
And for the song
We can fill this life with-
And we will finally allow
This ancient
Yet always newborn
world
to sing its true song.

Robert Cooperman

Bank Foreclosure

Dear Mr. Copleman,

It has come to our attention
that although you have paid off
your mortgage, there were fees
we forgot to inform you of
and which you have neglected to pay,

and therefore, your ownership
of the said property is null and void,
as you were in arrears to the amount
of \$7.32, compounded, which means
you owe our institution \$1,256,085.22.

Thus, we have begun foreclosure proceedings.
You have thirty days to vacate;
your furniture and wedding dinner service
will be confiscated, as will any and all
bank accounts, IRAs, and stocks and bonds,
as well as all electronics, jewelry, and clothing;
you may keep your book collection.
If you have any questions, you may
contact our automated Customer Service Hotline
or visit us online at the e-location
listed below, but customers have experienced
difficulties and delays getting through.

Have a nice day, and we hope
to serve you again in the future,
with all your banking and borrowing needs.

This poem originally appeared in Main Street Rag.

Joan Annsfire

Event Horizon

Gathered at the threshold of the possible
we speak out, exchange ideas,
our call and response reverberates
with the acoustic harmony of resistance:

Whose streets? Our streets!

Whose city? Our city!

Assembled against despair,
reconciliation, surrender,
we have arrived to collect
on a promise denied, a promise long overdue,
we have been waiting for this moment
since the floor began slipping
down and away beneath our feet
like the amusement park ride
that depends solely on centrifugal force
to keep bodies splayed up against the walls
until the motion stops.

Then, everyone slides down
into the slowing center,
some breaking the falls of others,
all without a foothold
descending into a closed circle,
marking the end
of a wild ride.

The carnage is real,
collateral damage,
the inevitable consequence of undeclared war;
greed, dishonesty, speculation,
weapons of mass destruction:
a crisis, a travesty,
a legacy of lies.

A gaping black hole
breathes its dark whirling breath
inches from our eyelashes:
it is a maelstrom in waiting,
growing, expanding, disappearing
into a vortex of unlimited capacity
where all matter is consumed and transformed
into pure energy.

Inertia is no longer an option,
stasis has become impossible;
we are hurled by unstoppable trajectory
into a future young, inchoate,
awaiting definition.

Poised and ready,
we are standing on the event horizon,
the dawn of insight, a threshold
where imagination meets and merges
with vision.

Once we were scattered like
stars across the night sky
now we become a beam of light
able to penetrate deep into dark places.

We link arms,
step beyond hesitation, united;
just one paycheck from the street
and one moment
from destiny.

David Allen Sullivan

La Frontera

Metal pylons were
rammed into hard desert clay
for a border fence.

Reverberations
agitated owls and drove
jackrabbits deeper.

Now, scrap wood ladders
are hidden beneath mesquite,
there for the next group.

Flags of torn ribbon
adorn the barb wire cordon.
Plastic water jugs line trails.

Cast-off clothing
fills arroyos, illegals
shed them so they don't

look like they've trekked miles
they have. They hope the coyote
knows what he's doing,

that the weather holds,
that there is an end. Panties,
stretched from branch to branch

above the drop point
are stained: others have been here,
others paid the price.

Ric Vrana

Occupy: Lessons, Fall 2011

Look around you and see
private homes and cars
public streets and buildings
everything mortgaged.
Debt abstractions, bought and sold
beyond our control.

When the banks own our homes
 we dwell at their pleasure as surfs.
When the banks own our pensions
 our future is being their dependents.
When the banks own our communications media
 all speech is corporate speech.
When the banks own our schools
 what they believe is considered knowledge.
When the banks own our farmers
 we are the foie gras of capital.
When the banks own the armaments
 the guns are pointed at the organizers.
When the banks own medical care
 our sickness makes them rich.
When the banks own the politicians
 we cannot vote our conscience.
When the banks own the day
 sunlight belongs to the wealthy.

When the banks own the night
we tremble in bed with the terror of mice.

When corporations are started
they are chartered to achieve some social purpose.
When they don't function to achieve that social
purpose
they must be disbanded.
When they are disbanded
their accumulated wealth is to be seized and
redistributed.

An occupying army is despicable.
We resist and work to subvert;
we are always, the insurrection.

A people's occupation is democracy.
We seize and hold the commonwealth;
we are the moment of decision.

We shake the spell and rise.
Challenge the absolute right of capital.
Conceive another political economy.
Occupy the square, the market, the city.
These things were are now considering.
It is time
very soon,
to do this.

Howard J. Kogan

Gleaning

Growing up in the 1940s I would get summer pocket
money
gleaning the area under the bleachers at the baseball
field.
A half-hour of crawling around would yield enough 2
cent deposits
for a candy bar or my own bottle of soda. If I got the
soda,
the 2-cent deposit on the bottle could be used for two
penny candies.

I think about those times whenever I see pennies
lying in the street
as if, of no value. I still pick up every one I see.

Our town has a “Transfer Station,” that’s the official
name,
for the place we bring all our garbage and recyclables.
Most of us, who lived here when we had a real
garbage dump,
one that burned most days and smoked all the time,
still call it the dumps.

On my last visit to the dumps I saw an elderly couple
working
their way through the huge containers where the glass
and cans

are dumped. The man had a small lawn rake with a
long handle
and he was standing on a milk crate leaning through
the plastic portal doors churning the cans and bottles.
His wife was at the opposite portal and when he'd
spot
a two-cent deposit he'd work the rake under it and
flip it to her.

His wife had the one good side. Her left arm bore the
clenched fist
and rigor that is the mark of a stroke. Her left leg,
though less affected, was still used the way she might
have used a wooden leg to hold her up as she stepped
out
with her right foot, then dragged the left even,
before stepping out again with the right.
She dropped the cans and bottles she caught in a
Macy's
shopping bag hanging from her frozen arm.

They stepped back while I dumped my recyclables.
I knew them Bob and Audrey. She was friendly
asked after the family, Bob looked away.
It's harder for men. I know that, I looked away too.
I finished and they went back to work.
Bob pitching Audrey catching old timers
teammates
doing the best they can.

Marietta Calvanico

Outrage leads us to break our silence

Outrage was an early trademark
of my generation,
It punctuated the pace
of our forward progress,
Maybe when we hit that disco wall,
those fat bass beats
dulled the edges of our discontent.

We disappeared behind the smokescreen
of our ambitions,
forgetting the well-meaning promises
we loudly made
to the underdogs,
to the children we didn't have yet,
to the planet.

Now we seem to have stepped
through a strange looking-glass,
where black is white
and a co-opted God is adding footnotes
to the Constitution,
The ridiculous and the dangerous smile fearlessly,
goading us to break our silence.

William Haas

Gunpowder Like Graphite

Gunpowder
like graphite on fingertips

precedes
the rudderless bloodletting.

Ruthless
men rule

Cities
of corpses strung from

Electric
wires where blackbirds

Perch
before ripping the air like

Newsprint,
torn by trembling

Hands
black beneath the nails.

Words
are magic incantations;

Newspapers,
blankets or kindling.

William Haas

Foreclosure

Blood-orange poppies fill the flower bed where
a plastic sign reads FOR SALE BY BANK.
Falling in fistfuls, rain washes windows. I nudge
my face to the dusty pane. The furniture has
been cleared out. Drywall remains as crumbs
on the carpet. Electrical wiring is stripped. Post
boards mark the outlines of rooms. Two saw
horses stand in a shaft of light. On the plank in
between sits a plastic toy. Past the empty rooms,
plywood and fiberglass insulation spill through
the shack's broken window, expelled like
herniated intestines. Outside, a crow clutches a
foil wrapper between talons and electric wire.
The black bird's beak nurses nutrients from
smudges of corn syrup and traces of oats.

Kierstin Bridger

You Occupy the Field

You with the tiny forward slash scar
marking your mustache
You with your camera stare like
an aspen eye

You with your
contrarian countenance squarely set
in highgloss portrait
a Bakken plain man profile
captured grit in megapixel rudd

unlike the old west miners, gaunt with damp and
dark
ungrinned for the turn of the century smoke lens

You the root of all western destiny, manifest in hazel
glare
Rough neck, stubble muzzle,
chemical dust, oil soaked brim

Oppugn the plight of the jobless, not you sir.
You follow the work, angle the consequence
later, smug in the now.

Contributors

Joan Annsfire is a poet, writer, longtime political activist and retired librarian. She lives in Berkeley, California. Her poetry has appeared online in *CounterPunch*, in *Lavender Review*, *The SoMa Literary Review*; in print journals such as *The Harrington Lesbian Literary Quarterly*, *Sinister Wisdom*: (many issues), *The 13th Moon*, *Bridges*, *The Evergreen Chronicles*; and in anthologies such as *The Other side of the Postcard* edited by devorah major, *The Queer Collection*, 2007, edited by Gregory Kompes, *The Cancer Poetry Project Anthology* edited by Karin Miller, *The Venomed Kiss*, edited by Anita M. Barnard and Michelle Rhea and *Milk and Honey*, edited by Julie Enszer. Her memoir pieces and short stories have appeared in *Identity Envy*, edited by Jim Van Buskirk and Jim Tushinski, and online in www.readtheselips.com edited by Evecho and was one of the guest contributors to *A Simple Revolution* sponsored by Aunt Lute Books.

Ivars Balkits has most recently had poems and prose published on the web sites for *ditch*, *Silenced Press*, *Merge Poetry Journal*, and *Countere.xample Poetics*. He was recipient of a 1999 Individual Artist Fellowship from the Ohio Arts Council. Ivars invites all Occupiers to add to the chant and use it at demonstration mic checks. Christopher Ridgway produced the audio recording.

Peter Branson's poetry has been published by journals in Britain, USA, Canada, Ireland, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, including *Acumen*, *Agenda*, *Ambit*, *Anon*, *Envoi*,

The London Magazine, The Warwick Review, Iota, Frogmore Papers, The Interpreter's House, Magma, Poetry Nottingham, South, The New Writer, Crannog, The Raintown Review, The Columbia Review, The Huston Poetry Review, Barnwood, The Able Muse and Other Poetry. His first collection, *The Accidental Tourist*, was published in May 2008. A second collection was published at the beginning of last year by Caparison Press for *The Recusant*. More recently a pamphlet has been issued by Silkworms Ink. He has won prizes and been placed in a number of competitions over recent years, including a 'highly commended' in the 'Petra Kenny International', first prizes in the 'Grace Dieu' and the 'Envoi International' and a special commendation in the 2012 Wigtown. His latest book, *Red Hill: Selected poems, 2000-2012*, by Lapwing Press, Ireland, is due later this year.

Kierstin Bridger was the 2011 winner of the Mark Fischer Poetry Prize. You can find her additional award-winning poetry in the 2012 issue of *Memoir*, due out in June. Kierstin's work can be found at *Nail Polish Stories*, a tiny and *Colorful Literary Journal*, *Stripped: A Collection of Anonymous Flash Fiction* from PS Books; a division of Philadelphia Stories, Smith Magazine's *6 Words about Work*, the *Porter Gulch Review*, *Telluride Inside . . . and Out*, and *Bricolage*. Bridger has forthcoming work in the May 2012 issue of *Thrush Poetry Journal* and the May issue of the *Mountain Gazette*. She is currently pursuing her MFA at Pacific University.

Born on the Oregon coast, **Ken Burch** has lived and worked mostly in Southeast Alaska, in a family of blood, a family through marriage, and the larger family we all share. Have a

nice cup of coffee, world. Ron Ecklund produced and engineered the audio recording.

Marietta Calvanico lives in Staten Island, NY. After spending a bit more than two decades in advertising/marketing, she now works with her architect husband and has been able to devote more time to writing and music. Her poetry has appeared in *Bare Root Review*, *damselfly press*, *Poem2day*, *Word Salad Poetry Magazine*, *fourpaperletters* and others.

Michael Camden lives near Philadelphia, where he has featured and read at open mics. He studied literature at Boston University. His work appears in *MOLT Journal* and *Amethyst Arsenic*. In September, he will begin graduate school in teaching and literature at University of Massachusetts Boston. He is currently writing a novel.

Robert Cooperman's latest collection of poetry is *The Lily of the West* (Wind Publications). Forthcoming is *Little Timothy in Heaven* (March Street Press). His work has appeared in *Blue Collar Review* and *Home Planet News*.

William Haas lives in Portland, Oregon, and teaches at Western Oregon University. His writing has appeared in *River Teeth*, *Fiddleblack*, *Dark Mountain*, *The Portland Occupier*, and elsewhere.

Luisa A. Igloria (<http://www.luisaigloria.com>) is a poet and professor, and the author of *The Saints of Streets* (forthcoming from the University of Santo Tomas Press, 2013), *Juan Luna's Revolver* (University of Notre Dame Press, 2009) Ernest

Sandeen Prize), *Trill & Mordent* (WordTech Editions, 2005), and 8 other books. Luisa has degrees from the University of the Philippines, Ateneo de Manila University, and the University of Illinois at Chicago, where she was a Fulbright Fellow from 1992-1995. She teaches on the faculty of Old Dominion University, where she currently directs the MFA Creative Writing Program. Since November 20, 2010, she has been writing (at least) a poem a day at Dave Bonta's Via Negativa site.

Clint Inman was born in Walton-on-Thames, England in 1945, grew up in North Carolina, graduated from San Diego State University in 1977, and teaches high school in Tampa Bay. He lives in Sun City Center, Florida with his wife, Elba.

David Kerr, has lived most of his life in Africa (working at universities in Malawi, Zambia, and, at present, Botswana). He is a practitioner of theatre and media for transformation and human rights, about which he has written widely, including a prize-winning book, *African Popular Theatre*. His collection of verse, *Tangled Tongues*, was published by Flambard Press (www.flambardpress.co.uk) in 2003. His novel, *Passages* (written under the pseudonym Derrick Zgambo) was reissued in 2008 by Brown Turtle Press (www.brownturtlepress.com), USA.

In May of 2012, while training to be a volunteer advocate for the homeless in her hometown of Olympia, Washington, poet **Patty Kinney** became homeless. She and the youngest of her six sons, spent 55 days navigating shelters, couches and cots. Kinney holds an MFA in Creative Writing from Antioch

University Los Angeles. The poet is working on a chapbook and enjoys being referred to as an “immersion poet” while navigating bastard power bills, mental illness, food banks and the writing life.

Howard J. Kogan is a psychotherapist and poet who lives in the Taconic Mountains of East Central New York State. His book of poems, *Indian Summer*, was published in 2011.

Martin Levinson is a member of the Authors Guild, National Book Critics Circle, Academy of American Poets, and is the book review editor for *ETC: A Review of General Semantics*. He has published eight books and numerous articles and poems in various publications. He holds a PhD from NYU and lives in Forest Hills, New York.

Sean Mahoney lives with his wife, her parents, three dogs, and an Uglydoll in Santa Ana, CA. They have been there a year now. The palateras frequent their street and ring their bells. They ring their bells quite often. With the help of aspirin and water Sean recovers. Sean works in geophysics after studying literature and poetry in school. Go figure.

Originally from Mexico, **Paco Marquez** studied Philosophy at UC Berkeley. He is a board member of the Sacramento Poetry Center, a member of Escritores del Nuevo Sol, and a Squaw Valley Community of Writers alumnus.

Born in Jamaica, **Claude McKay** (1889-1948) played a key role in the Harlem Renaissance, publishing poetry that was both reflective of the pastoral scenes of his Caribbean youth and

sharply critical critical of white racism in the United States. “Birds of Prey” appeared in *Harlem Shadows*, published in 1922.

Robert McKay is from Burlington, Vermont. His first collection is *Cities of Rain* (Honeybee Press, 2012). Robert has recent poems in *Siren*, *Measure*, and others, and criticism in *Visions of Joanna Newsom* (Roan Press, 2009) and *The Occupied Oakland Tribune*. He is associate editor of *The Salon*, a letterpress journal.

Douglas Nordfors received an MFA from the University of Virginia, and has been publishing poems off and on since the late '80s in journals such as *Poet Lore*, *Poetry Northwest*, *The Iowa Review*, and *Quarterly West*, and in online journals such as *Stickman Review*, and *The Monarch Review*. He published a book of poetry, *Auras*, in 2008, and another poetry book, *The Fate Motif*, is forthcoming this fall, both from Plain View Press.

New Mexican **Kate Padilla** is a former public lands manager who now devotes her time writing poetry, reviewing books for Authorlink.com and *Audiofile Magazine*, and creating Book Art and binding. Her work focuses on her Hispanic heritage, challenges she encountered living in conservative Wyoming and social conditions observed during frequent international travels. Her poems appear in *Pudding Magazine*, *Adobe Walls*, and *Fix and Free* anthologies, and the group-produced *Weavin'* chapbook.

Margery Parsons is an activist and poet who lives in Chicago and works in the arts. Parsons' writing has most recently been published in *Poetry Pacific* and the *Rag Blog*. She is a passionate music and film lover, and feels strongly about the role of art as part of the struggle to change the world.

Frederick Pollack is the author of two book-length narrative poems, *The Adventure and Happiness*, both published by Story Line Press. His work has appeared in *Hudson Review*, *Salmagundi*, *Poetry Salzburg Review*, *Die Gazette* (Munich), *The Fish Anthology* (Ireland), *Representations*, *Magma* (UK), *Bateau*, *Chiron Review*, etc. His poems have appeared online in *Big Bridge*, *Hamilton Stone Review*, *DIAGRAM*, *BlazeVox*, *The New Hampshire Review*, and *Mudlark* among others. Recent Web publications in *Faircloth Review*, *Camel Saloon*, *Kalkion*. Pollack is an adjunct professor of creative writing at George Washington University.

henry 7. reneau, jr. writes words in fire to wake the world ablaze, & illuminated by courage, that empathizes with all the awful moments: a freight train bearing down with warning that blazes from the heart, like a chambered bullet exploding inadvertently.

Damien Shuck received a BA from the University of Colorado and an MFA in Creative Writing from the Stonecoast program at the University of Southern Maine. His poetry has previously appeared in the *Cider Press Review* and he is the winner of the 2012 New American Poetry Prize. His first book of poetry is forthcoming from New American Press.

Kevin Simmonds is the author of *Mad for Meat* and editor of *Collective Brightness: LGBTIQ Poets on Faith Religion & Spirituality* and *Ota Benga Under My Mother's Roof*. He wrote the music for the Emmy Award-winning documentary *Hope: Living & Loving with HIV in Jamaica* and *Voices of Haiti*, both commissioned by the Pulitzer Center on Crisis Reporting. His genre-defying films include *feti(sh)ame* and *Singing Whitman*. He led the first-ever poetry workshops at Singapore's Changi Prison and founded Tono International Arts Association, an arts presenter in northern Japan. He's based in San Francisco. kevinsimmonds.com

Steven Ray Smith's poems have appeared in *The Kenyon Review*, *The Raintown Review*, *Garbanzo*, *Prick of the Spindle*, *Bayou*, *The Broken Plate*, *Poetry South*, *Skidrow Penthouse*, *Meat for Tea*, *Stepaway Magazine*, *Dogs Singing – A Tribute Anthology*, and others. New work is forthcoming in *GRAIN*, *American Athenaeum*, *The Lindenwood Review*, *The Conium Review*, *Common Ground Review*, *The Cape Rock*, *Big Muddy*, *Writer's Bloc*, *Slant*, and *riverrun*. He is the president of a culinary school and lives in Austin with his wife and children.

Scott T. Starbuck's newest chapbook, *The Other History: Unreported and Underreported Issues, Scenes, and Events of the 19th, 20th, and 21st Centuries*, is forthcoming in Fall 2013 from FutureCycle Press in Georgia. He has a humorous/subversive teaching poem at *Work Literary Magazine*, and an anti-nuclear clay-poem "Napali" which appeared in the Oregon chapter of Physicians for Social Responsibility (PSR) *Particles on the Wall Exhibit* (May and June 2013) about the "lasting

impacts of the Hanford Nuclear Reservation and the nuclear age.” He was a 2013 Artsmith Fellow on Orcas Island.

Steven D Stark’s fiction and poetry have recently been published (or will be) in *3AM*, *Litn’Image*, *Mudlark*, *McSweeney’s*, *The Cafe Review*, *HOOT*, *Otoliths*, *Mobius*, *fleeing*, and, among others, *Clapboard House*, where he won the short story prize.

David Sullivan’s first book, *Strong-Armed Angels*, was published by Hummingbird Press, and two of its poems were read by Garrison Keillor on *The Writer’s Almanac*. *Every Seed of the Pomegranate*, a multi-voiced manuscript about the war in Iraq, is forthcoming in June, 2012 from Telbot Bach. He teaches at Cabrillo College, where he edits the *Porter Gulch Review*, and lives in Santa Cruz with his love, the historian Cherie Barkey, and their two children, Jules and Mina Barivan.

Ric Vrana is a Portland poet, active in the local literary scene as a featured reader and p\open mic participant. He has published three chapbooks and has appeared in a number of anthologies. He has a day job and a half and considers himself to be among those who can offer his kids a less comfortable world than was offered to him.

Joe Wenderoth has published books you can get pretty easily, if you have the internet and a credit card. He teaches “creative writing” at UC Davis.

Christopher Woods is a writer, teacher and photographer who lives in Houston and Chappell Hill, Texas. His published works include a prose collection, *Under a Riverbed Sky*, and a book of stage monologues for actors, *Heart Speak*. His photographs have appeared in many journals, with photo essays published in *Glasgow Review*, *Public Republic*, *Deep South*, and *Narrative Magazine*, among others.

Aram Wool is a member of the five-piece rock cadre *Thought Trade*. In his spare time, he pursues a graduate degree in electrical & computer engineering. His work has appeared in *EOTU*, *Pachinko!*, and Binghamton University's journal *Ellipsis*. His introspective musings are cataloged at *Escape Validity*. Aram lives in New England.