

FIGROOT PRESS

Logan February
Stephanie Williams
Birger Bosbach
Julian Connors
Katrina Majkut
Michael Neal Morris
Linda M. Crate
Joel Dietz
d.v.l.

Susannah Jordan
Marianne Szlyk
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L. Francis
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J.R. Gerow

Issue Four

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Logan February

Logan February is a happy-ish Nigerian owl who likes pizza & typewriters. His work has appeared in Vagabond City, Barking Sycamores, Emboss Magazine, and more. His book, Yellow Soul (April Gloaming Publishing) & a currently untitled chapbook (Indolent Books) is forthcoming in 2017. Say hello on Instagram & Twitter @loganfebruary.

Self-Portrait As A Child Who Isn't Yours

In a dream I am eight days old and
my mother has not tasted salt since I was born.
There is a custom of looking at the house
before giving a name to the child.

My father is a rooted man, my mother,
made of water; my siblings little mud huts
looking at a baby they do not yet know
is an outsider. They pin a word to my body
that translates into

this is what God wanted to happen

and they are wrong in a way that is tragic.
I am the brother who is made of air -
they are cradling a homeless child.

I wake to a clenched fist asking
if my hand is a remedy
or a wither waiting to cascade

does my name translate to
{grief} or {abomination}

am I an antonym for what God wanted
to happen am I the opposite of what

my family named me & am I the one
to blame for their unknowing

When I say I am not
a citizen of dreams,
what I mean is:

the only other dream I have is the one
in which my mother now calls me
that dreadful boy.

Months Spent In A Mirror

some people are
more haunted than doves
wearing pale feathers

how do you lie
in the embrace of wisteria
looking at despair
calling it peace

as the pilgrims arrive in
boxes of bubble wrap
to search for something
inside of you that is absent

the way back to your motherland
is a wool blanket strewn with
empty wine glasses
and potato crisps

unopened absolution jeweled eyes
fingers laced with forgiveness
and limbs tangled in bodies
that are staring at the sky at night

never understanding
that the stars are watching you
more than you are
watching them

Stephanie Williams

Stephanie is a writer from Delaware who has a strong passion for the human condition, philosophy, knowledge, and spirituality. Her writing aims to intersect the schisms between light and dark, and to reconcile the dichotomy between transcendent and immanent realms of reality. Her main work includes a poetry collection with eLectio, and she has also been featured in some poetry magazines such as White Ash and Convergence. She hopes to one day fulfill her dream of being both an evangelist and teacher of writing. Her favorite color is scarlet and her favorite subject of interest is anything magical or fairy.

untitled poem

you wrap your tangerine mouth
around me like a wicked
torch – screeching named
this unreality, that threatens,
fiercely by the hour

anticlimactic shrouds brood
thin slang as though they
feel each tender slit, famished,
prepared;
wordless stillbirths that exist
merely to tease me, all in pain

her Underworld once soothed
this artful blood of mine
slacken tears that fall, whilst
we breed order, more than a song
or plastic charade

candles leave their incense,
chanting, by this morbid
sting of mine, while you gaze with
naught but pure longing into
me, a flawed performer

favorable legions cleanse me
of this cruel world's cyst
stuttering foolish, gravely more
than what lies beyond her.

Birger Bosbach

Hi, my name is Birger and I am a young english student from germany, who is relatively new to writing poetry, but who has enjoyed writing for the longer part of his life. When I'm not writing I'm probably making mediocre music or reading classic literature.

I think I write because I like to explain myself a lot to others and to explore how I think. It has also given me more appreciation for others' works and a generally different view on everyday occurrences.

I mainly write for and post daily on my personal blog: birgerbosbach.tumblr.com

This is a long drive for someone with nothing to think about

they played a song about the end of
dramamine was it
was it now

they said it scared them,
the end it wasn't dramamine
was it

they laughed a bit, about what i had
the ending of dramamine
scares me

i'd like to find a word for how i'm feeling
just to start working on a meaning

those weren't my word
i just dimly remember them
i stared through the stupidly curved glass into the desert
you drove us to that place you found
that place where we could be alone again, finally
naturally you didn't say a thing

i don't hate myself
i tolerate myself

you drove further up north
we hadn't stopped in forever and you pulled over
turned to me asked if there was a god
put your foot on the gas and went on
i asked for some matches
you had none
i just needed something to do
something that wasn't thinking

can you hear me now
am i alone in my futile efforts

you pulled in under the neon lights
you told me about nowhere it sounded like a place i'd like to go
you drove off again, into the night
i never saw the stars as i saw them that day
and you told me about what happened
back when i met you sitting on the sidewalk
drunk and crying you had turned to me
and i carried you through the night
through the paleness of streets flooded with artificial moonlight

i think about myself
i care about myself, i only

tell me about nowhere again
tell me about mice and men, the rabbits you kept your eyes on the horizon
i felt like sleep
and never woke up
i think

so where are we now that you're not here, now that nowhere is nowhere to be seen,
now that i can finally rest easy again

Julian Connors

I feel like these lines are useless-, if this ends up being read you have learnt more from me in my shoddy lines of poetry rather than these choppy lines of text. To say a few brief things however, and to not beat around the bush, I'm a young writer, or I'd like to think so, my name is Julian, from Canada, where the cold is my comfort and my home. If I could communicate something in my writings is that we don't want the truth half the time, we want a lie. Poetry should be more closely affiliated with lying rather than the truth.

untitled poem

skeletal trees tapping on
my window panes like
the fingers of a desperate priest,

the sky behind them
is unnervingly quiet,
it looks as if it
holds the deaf gods
of the 21st century,

a milky grey-white shade
smoothed over by the entrance
of winter and
the sudden death of fall,

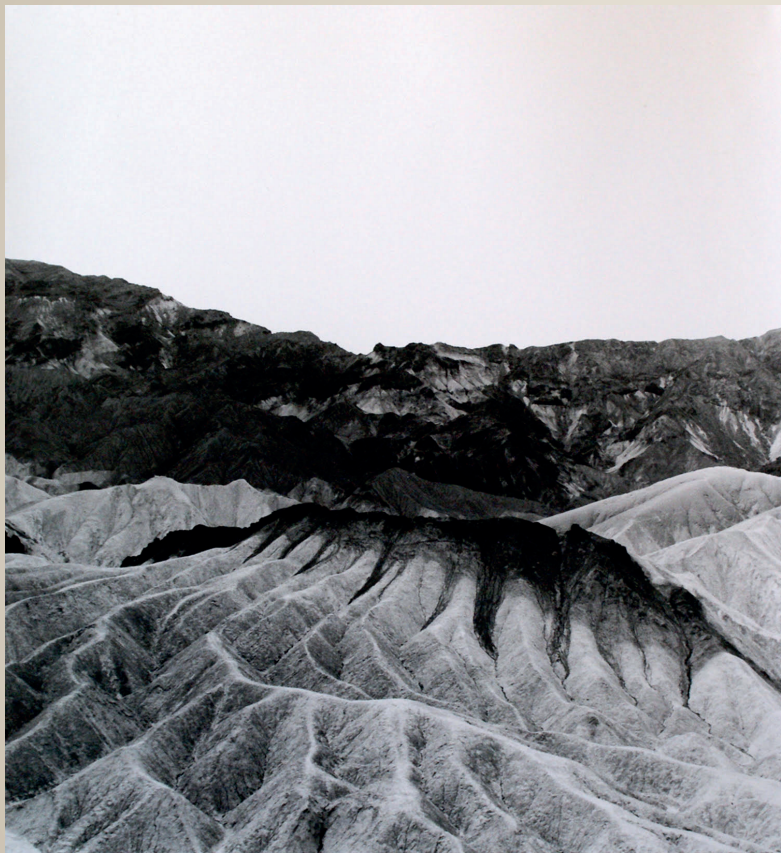
//the killing: two brothers,
fall and winter, drunk with no
inhibitions, what began
as a playful fight
turned malicious, a body fell,
head hit the glass table
and like my crystal eye,
his skull and consciousness
shattered.

thus comes the winter
outside my window

Katrina Majkut

Katrina Majkut (My'kut) is a visual artist and writer living in Brooklyn, New York. She is dedicated to understanding and exploring feminine narratives and civil rights in aesthetics and social practices within mediums such as embroidery, painting and writing. She recently exhibited at Babson College, the Mint Museum, N.C. and was an Artist in Residence at MASS MoCA. In the spring of 2018, her work will be shown at CUNY: College of Staten Island exhibit, Don't Touch My Papaya. Majkut was featured in VICE Communication's Broadly, listed as one of four international artists starting a new chapter in feminist art by Mic Media in 2014, highlighted as a must-see artist in the Gowanus Open Studios by Hyperallergic (2014/15/16). She's been a featured online artist at the Museum of Contraception and Abortion in Vienna, Austria and the International Museum of Women's "#EqualityIs" media project. Her art catalogues are in several library collections including the National Museum of Women in the Arts, D.C. Majkut also specializes in Western marriage and wedding traditions as examined through her writing with humor and honesty at her website, TheFeministBride.com and various publications from Bustle.com, Bust.com to Bitch Media. Majkut holds a B.S. in Business Administration from Babson College, and a post-baccalaureate certificate and a Master of Fine Arts degree from the School of the Museum of Fine Arts at Tufts University.

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Michael Neal Morris

*Michael Neal Morris has published short stories, poems, and essays in a number of print and online venues. He most recent books are *naked* and *Recital Notes, Volume I*. Collections of his work are listed at *Smashwords* and *Amazon*. He earned his Bachelor's and Master's Degrees from East Texas State University (now Texas A&M in Commerce). He lives with his family just outside the Dallas area, and teaches at Eastfield College.*

Monk Notes:

<http://mnmwrite.blogspot.com>

Walking It Off:

<http://mnmwalking.blogspot.com>

This Blue Monk:

<http://bluemonkwrites.tumblr.com>

kenosis

1.
late before the sun
over cast iron
reflections
oh God i can't
intellectualize you
but breath
(so shallow now mine)
seems two grasps
beyond unpink lungs
2.
asbestos colored salmon
clouds
electric morning begins
powered by white mice
3.
taillights leave trails
red fading swishes
like lipstick on a muffler
4.
dull cursing cataract
5.
remember when you saved
lake walking peter
now about those of us
who got tossed in

6.
now mutes & atheists
speaking in tongues

7.
eraser scuffed sky
horns lullaby the sun
platonic particles
autumn delayed

8.
disreappointment
i missed my calling
but is time a relative
slurring paranoia

9.
teach me to not give
a fuck about being fucked
teach me how to give
when i am empty

10.
until no matter matters
until memory is forgotten
until atmosphere has lost vastness
resurrect breath and fill

Between

In the north a block of dark
clouds sit leaning like buildings
waiting to crumble. I park
and watch the sun's lingering
between treetops and pock-marked
earth. Behind me grey machines
buzz and wheeze. Men moan and work.

Soon night is full. Alone I
listen to jazz from a small
box. A singer heaves a sigh
against losses that are all
too familiar now. We cry
through smiles and stay till last call.
Then sleep. Or at least I try.

Linda M. Crate

Linda M. Crate is a Pennsylvanian native born in Pittsburgh yet raised in the rural town of Conneautville. Her poetry, short stories, articles, and reviews have been published in a myriad of magazines both online and in print. She has three published chapbooks: A Mermaid Crashing Into Dawn (Fowlpox Press - June 2013) and Less Than A Man (The Camel Saloon - January 2014), and If Tomorrow Never Comes (Scars Publications, August 2016). Her fantasy novel Blood & Magic was published in March 2015. The second novel of this series Dragons & Magic was published in October 2015. Her third novel Centaurs & Magic was published November 2016.

broken winged butterflies

the little butterfly tries to
escape with his
broken wing,
and i pity him;
so i help him over to a flower and make sure
no birds are watching—
the field of corn
grows ever higher
like my dreams towards the sun,
and no one believes in me
in this moment
other than
myself;
i have nothing to prove but i want to make
them all eat crow—
the crows always ‘caw’ at me,
but they never hurt me
perhaps they relate to my cynicism or sarcasm
or how i try to be kind to others but
sometimes fail because i cannot stand stupidity
and ignorance;
a clover is covered with bees,
and i wonder if to earth we are just like these
creatures or legions she wants to be cured of—
or maybe we’re just her broken winged
butterflies
needing some help to fly.

Joel Dietz

Joel Dietz's poetic journey started at a young age as he contemplated the winds and the trees. The winds blew him to many different countries as he took on his study of ancient civilizations and esoteric civilizations. In the end it blew him to California where he setup an arts center that combines his interests in the visual arts, music, poetry, and innovative new technology.

Towards/Away

Towards : Intense and radical commitment to truth-telling and truth tellers

Away : Exaggeration, marketing speak, ill-considered words

Towards : Commitment to engagements that are based on energetic reciprocity.

Away : Vampirism or extractive mindsets.

Towards : Radical honesty and reciprocity between sexes

Away : Inherited templates or “battle” mentality

Towards : Beautiful objects with elegance and fine craftsmanship

Away : Fake things, things made to break, stuff with shiny exterior but no substance.

Towards : Exaltation of the human form in its highest manifestation, c.f. Michelangelo

Away : clothes, trappings, weight, tension, knots.

Towards : Abundant systems integrated with robust ecosystems

Away : Begging, stealing, hand-to-mouth, puff of smoke.

Towards : Cultivation of ecstatic states of raised energy channelled into focused goals .

Away : angst, paranoia, complaining, in-action, dissipation, sloth, grinding, wankery.

Towards : full integration of heart, body, mind, soul, feet, genitals, belly, fingers, eyes, etc.

Away : exclusive focus on one part, lack of integration.

Towards : Adulthood, seeing in full.

Away : Childhood, seeing as though in a mirror.

Jerusalem I

(To Yehuda Amichai)

Other is form and formless.
I am wearing a hat.
I walk down Rabbi Kook street carrying a bed.

I was alone between her legs.
Alone alone
with the Almighty,
ever obedient.

Desire desire.
A choke hold.
A broken hand.

I believed. And was broken.
I do not believe and now I see
the brokenness,
the sea, the surroundings, the foam.

Who is this god
who hangs from a tree?
Whole god-like race
pursues its end.
A species which returns to dust
forever
unless
a prayer
a refrain

d.v.l.

d.v.l. spends her free time obsessing over words and those obscure emotions that don't quite have names. she often finds herself writing poetry on her homework, and has gotten some very nice feedback from her biology professor.

*girls as idols**holy holy holy*

and the lord's name is again taken in vain
 bitten out into cold frost air /
 the daughters of the sons of god
 sneak out of their houses to play
 hide-and-seek / with their tongues
 in each other's mouths.

holy holy holy

and they climb the tree of life /
 to shotgun smoke at the tip-top /
 where they have the best view of the stars
 (lord our god, ruler of the universe, tell me,
 why do i fear the thunder?)

holy holy holy

and the girl is god now /
 her blessed mouth spilling forth
 all the damned verses /
 "praised are you, lord our god" /
 they chant / but they're talking to her

holy holy holy

and they're sitting on the roof /
 blowing laughter into the wind /
 all the world is at their fingertips
 and the only thing to do is
 pray / (it's 6:13 and they kneel
 side-by-side, feet and souls pressed
 together)

self as wolf

i. tell me about the scarlet beast inside your chest / with the matted fur and bloody teeth

ii. tell me about the hunt / the chase, the capture / tell me how you run across freeways like skipping stones / and fall flying from rooftops

iii. tell me about the kill / about the taste of iron on your tongue / the wild eyes / tell me how you crumble / with the need for more

Susannah Jordan

Susannah Jordan earned an MFA in Creative Nonfiction from Queens University of Charlotte, where she served as Nonfiction Editorial Assistant for Qu, the school's literary magazine. Her flash fiction and poetry have appeared in Apocrypha and Abstractions, The Story Shack, 50-Word Stories, Twisted Sister, and Eskimo Pie. Her artwork and photography have appeared in Short, Fast, and Deadly, gravel, The Tishman Review, and Oxford Magazine.





Marianne Szlyk

Marianne Szlyk is the editor of The Song Is... , an associate poetry editor at Potomac Review, and a professor of English at Montgomery College. Her second chapbook, I Dream of Empathy, was published by Flutter Press. Her poems have appeared in a variety of online and print venues, including Contemporary American Voices, Truck, Cactifur, Ofwith, bird's thumb, Solidago, South Florida Poetry Review, and the San Pedro River Review. Her first chapbook is available through Kind of a Hurricane Press. She hopes that you will consider sending work to her magazine. For more information about it, see this link: <http://thesongis.blogspot.com/>

Before the Last Days

She saw the mackerel sky
as shards clinging to blue.
Clouds gouged out her eyes.

The snow that could fall
burned like acid. She took
the path of least resistance

past the Viennese pastry shops
and travel agents with posters
in Hebrew, miles away from

the Rolling Stones' Manhattan. This
was Queens. "Shattered," the song
of old men, cycled through

her mind as she tore
into a bitter chocolate croissant.
The boss thought she waddled.

She marched down the subway
stairs into the smell of
excrement and money. Everyone else

was riding into Manhattan. She
was retreating further into Queens'
twilight on the tenth floor

where she waddled, short skirt
riding up her thighs. Longing
for the last days' burning,

she waited for the F-train.
Only three miles away,
the Hasidic ambulance pulled in.

She did not know that
the last days were already
here.

Under the Sign of Ash

Just past solstice, we walk out
on Rock Creek Trail. Thin, brittle
ash trees crowd low mounds away
from both the path and water.

I recognize this tree. Its leaves
littered the pool even in summer.
Its branches shattered in spring breezes.
Fall purples and yellows muddied still,
warm waters.

On Rock Creek Trail, green dots
mark each trunk infested with ash
borers. These trees will be cut
down soon.

I imagine this trail without shade
in high summer. Together we watch
the thin creek flow. White bubbles,
the ghosts of leaves, float past.

I recall my Celtic astrology. Ash
lives long, rises high, is grounded
by extensive roots. It shelters children.
Its wood becomes cradles. This is
not that world.

Anna Kennedy

I am an amateur poet and recent graduate, who moved from Sydney to London for the weather and the wildlife, writing poetry and non-fiction pieces for university magazines, the Fauna Quarterly and the ARNA Journal, as well as on tumblr.

gnomon

the meridian swings faster, here,
in the mean time
the scope of light and dark carves in nervous oscillations
first one way, then the next,
seasons beating down,
in quickening twilight
or pacing out along the yardarm
of an endless dawn,
and I hang between the hemispheres
pressed against the pulsing of the year,
seek its heartbeat

siege

the long bare silhouettes of trees
in morning, and the heat wavering
sun-cut and clean grey
as the sailed wings of great herons
swept among the grass

Stanley Winn

Stanley Winn is an American writer who lives in Berlin, Germany. He was born in the early 1970s, and, since then, he has worked at various times as a musician, a schoolteacher, and a professor. His poems have recently appeared in RoguePoetry Review, and in The Elgin Muse Anthology of Local Verse. He is currently working on a collection of poetry, as well as his first science fiction novel. His public blog can be found at: <http://shouting-underwater.tumblr.com/about>.

pre-war, with balcony

century's shell,
open to inward swell
of season's breath—

empty, once,

now full

of trees and seas,
of plains, the bombings—
these, and distant peaks:

currently unknown,

but fast recalled.

Shabbona, Spring in Illinois

Here—
where haunted bone of forest
past & ocean floor still linger
in cold muck,

Await the ready smells
of future desert
—pungent, reedy;

Ice flows flew,
now cold rain lashes,
fit to freeze anew.

These few remaining trees
do tend to cluster: islands,
lost in endless seas of plain—

Revealing tides
of distant weathers,
seen at each horizon.

Seated at a sawn-log table
(its rusted iron limbs),

Hear the teapot treachery:
the stovetop whistle-fights
of songbirds—wakened, early,
from their shortened sleep.

L. Francis

*L. E. Francis writes poetry and fiction. Her
website is nocturnal.com*

Heroin

I regret that revelation is required for resistance —
the idea that I must offer some inch of flesh to
steep the shadows of my intentions,
to bloom into something more perfect
smooth, fully articulated
like the tea that cools
on my desk.

The bend of my nose, the blue of my eye,
the crisscross of marks obtained
through hysterical experiences;
these required testaments
to the validity
of my femininity
I contain...

Depressive episodes and yellow-tinted memories;
childhood fears that sleep in bare cots;
broken-hearted verse carried
on currents that sweep
oceans deeply sleeping
waiting on the sun.

Unstable heights that look down upon the
cliffs Hopkins rolled agonies upon
and shake there asking again
for comfort, for the wind
to calm the spasm
that disarms these
bottomless lungs.

Mirror-eyed riverside calm, channeling the mountains
through their tributaries as if I was
calm between these shoulders
that bracket in an
inconsistent and
runaway heart

I regret that I cannot keep to myself the definitions
of these contradictions, nor own the enigmatic
sigh of the conventional heroine.
This is an age of nakedness
and I am a product of
words other artists
abandoned to live
relevant lives.

Dede Cummings

Dede Cummings is a writer and commentator for Vermont Public Radio. At Middlebury College, she was the recipient of the Mary Dunning Thwing Award, attended the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, and studied with Hayden Carruth at Bennington. Her poetry has been published in Mademoiselle, The Lake, Inquire, Vending Machine Press, Kentucky Review, Figroot Press, MomEgg Review, Connotation Press, and Bloodroot Literary Magazine. She was a Discover/The Nation poetry semi-finalist and was awarded a partial fellowship from the Vermont Studio Center. Dede won the 4th annual Homebound Publications Poetry Prize for her collection To Look Out From (April 2017).

Marriage

I am not the cause of your misery
I am peepers in springtime in the dark pond
I am footsteps and shadow approaching on the dark road
I watch for salamanders but none of them are crossing on this dry
night.

I measure my steps, and I count my dreams:
I am driven home by drizzle, by children.

A small vase of crocus blossoms
you left on the cutting board this morning
reminds me of what we once had.

The Bath

A mother untangles her daughter's hair.
In the bathroom the light is soft, but cold
New York City chamber of light on a cloudy day.
This is one of those moments the mother wishes
the accident had never happened; that it did,

lies deep under the pores of her daughter's gleaming skin.

And they both dread the next step:
the ukiyo-e bath, the ritual rinse and spray
of heat from the shower. Hands share a tattered
facecloth, rubbing the drying skin that flakes off,
and is born away through a thousand drains.

Vasilina Orlova

Vasilina Orlova is currently working on her PhD in anthropology from the University of Texas at Austin. She holds a PhD in philosophy from Moscow State University. She has published a number of books of prose and poetry in Russian, including Mificheskaya Geographia (Mythical Geography, Voimega, Moscow, 2016), Kvartet (Quartet, Vagrius, Moscow, 2009), Pustinya (The Wilderness, Zebra E, Moscow, 2008). Her writings have appeared in prominent Russian literary journals such as Noviy Mir and Druzhba Narodov. She has received several Russian literary awards.

Born in the settlement of Dunay in the Russian Far East in 1979, Orlova has lived in Moscow, London, and is now based in Austin, Texas. Her first book of poetry in English, Contemporary Bestiary, was published in 2014 by Gutenberg Printing Press Independent Group, Austin. Composer Matthew Manchillas wrote a series of songs for soprano, flute, Bb clarinet, and piano, inspired by several poems from Contemporary Bestiary, and gave his collection the same title. Orlova's second poetry book in English, Holy Robots, came out in 2017. Her writings in English have appeared in different collected volumes and journals, including Figroot Press, The End of Austin, Blue Bonnet Review, Bloodstone Review, Visions International, and Cultural Anthropology.

*sand**clock*

sand clock. I did hear voices. it is not all the t
ime that my inner monologue is a cacophony of a multitude
of seemingly independent ent ities, and hearing voices is n
ot generally pleasant, for that reason that they are as a rule extremely
aggressive or deceptive and seek to a ssault you or to ingratiate thems
elves w ith you (which might very well be the sa me); such an unfort
unfortunate mental state is also calle d vocal (sonic?) hallucinations,a
nightmarish experience indeed, but even now that I write, I marve
l at the subliminal, lunar existence of these nonexistent voices; I
am amused sincerely (and good-naturedly), as if I read abo
ut them in some book or other, which indeed I did.
if there is something strange about hearin
g voices is that inevitably not only you
could hear them, but they, you–
it is a communication
a communion
there is a c
ommona
lity b
et
w

e
e
n
y
o

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d

t
h
em,
t h e m–
a f t e r a l l
y ou are their host and
are t he y are your assailants; you
their victim and you are the abuser it is a majestic

instrument, an orchestra, a discordant symphony of sound, making heard what
others said mostly, a combination of happened events in patterns and clusters
they never combined before. sand clock, an hourglass, turns into a cloud of sm
oke, vapor, a ziggurate of letters, a redemption, a stream of sand, water, smok
e (again), fog, and possibly lentil (pulse) alike, a sentence that makes itself kno
wn, a flow gradually widening and then narrowing in its turn, not unlike the uni
verse in Plotinus's *Enneades* (nines); well, he was not the one to give this title t
o his work, as is often the case with philosophers, particularly in the ancient tim
es–his pupil Porphyry selected the title. it sounds nice at least. enigmatic, attra
ctive. a word processor and a computer game. my time is over.

hologram and flamingo,
An excerpt from *superimposed*

Yuan Changming

Yuan Changming, nine-time Pushcart and one-time Best of Net nominee, published monographs on translation before moving out of China. With a Canadian PhD in English, Changming currently edits Poetry Pacific with Allen Yuan in Vancouver; credits include Best Canadian Poetry, Best-NewPoemsOnline, Threepenny Review and 1279 others across 38 countries.

Towards Inspiration

With a storm
With a gull
With your breath

Goes the thought
With a vague vision
Beyond the bogland

With your heart
Hawking aloud in the wild
With dripping blood

An unformed concept
A shoal of consciousness
Bubbling with feeling

With a photon
With a quantum
With your mind concentrated
On a twisted other

J.R. Gerow

J.R. Gerow lives in the Bronx.

At the end of the world, there is a girl

At the end of the world, there is a girl:
Toes up-arched, density of birdbone.
She is pregnant, blueskinned and taut,
And must turn out the lights for the last time
From a control room above the sprawling metropolis,
Chittering, resurgent with animals in the dusk.
The world overtaken by mice,
Wasps nattering in the ceiling,
And that piece of man that man
Cannot see or touch – that directs his will
And is only apparent when its agent departs,
The extended phenotype of the species –
Is everywhere, like a residue, in the ash and windchatter.

To her, the scene of Tokyo or Bangkok
Or New York or London is barely familiar,
The meanings of billboards, script indecipherable,
Smiling creatures with their toothpaste, sedans, prophylactics,
Architecture only suggestive of purposes
She might imagine were the world
A vastly different place. There is no sadness
For her because there is nothing to miss.
She throws the switch perfunctorily,
Neither stoic nor broken,
Barely curious, watching the dark ripple out.

The child turned inside her is not a dirge.
She is immune to our insistence that this is a world to mourn,
To wail after.
Doesn't care for the plays of Shakespeare,
Monet's Water Lilies, pop songs, or the Fourth of July.
She chews a grass strand in her teeth and strategizes her egress.
The fetus in her turns
Without our narratives, without our wants:
Just a hopeful question,
Same as ever and always will be.

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