

WINDOW



ISSUE 2 - "BLINDS" - 2016

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IF YOU WANT TO SEE STARS THAT BURN SOFTLY

*For Isaac Newton in a darkened room
sleeping off another one of his experiments.*

Look away.

Let your eye slide like a passed glass in July followed by the ghost
float of concentric condensation blurring on the table
like the stories being told above the wet wood.

What is carved in the table: LARRY.

What was behind that absent mind?

The brain demands us to claim, claim, claim.

To bury our names where they might depressurize through graffiti.

A little air out, or is it, like Hemingway says,

white elephant in the distance,

let the air in?

We are one art that must break apart like flung stars

strapped to ceiling chairs like rebels of turbulence

sticky with attendants insisting

on the importance of staying put.

There is a term in astronomy for dimensions perceived by blurring through

averted vision we see blinking nebulas

resist eye contact like someone telling you a lie.

Shift from interrogative squint to gaseous glance,

you will find them, the thin second layer

in your fingertips that feels wetness

when you're wearing rubber gloves.

KINESICS

Why all the birds take off at the same time like ink moving in a
smoke out of the vampire
squid, obscuring itself like a reflection of a knife in the blade of
another knife. The alphabet is
eyebrows. I sat in Manny's bar once writing postcards with the
wrong date. There was always
some band there playing a cover of Wagon Wheel by Old Crow
Medicine Show. Written by Bob
Dylan. That day was no exception. I looked up and locked eyes
with the man singing, he was
staring at me. The song ended, their set ended, and I lowered my
eyes to the table, anticipating
introductions. I heard the icicle hurry, toenails against the wood
floor. I looked up. As his
seeing eye dog went to meet him.

ASTROPHYSICIST WALKS INTO A BAR

Bartender says

What do you know about black holes?

Some unturned stones reveal no teeming beneath them,
no surface, no limit, like the fork or toilet paper.

Guns.

Laws reverse the same way love finds itself
fitting where one could previously fit none,
a double tooth.

Shark boy.

Octopuses smell the ocean from their tanks,
they chart their course across aquarium linoleum like bush-babies,
pupils on each others' backs.

One way. Upstream.

Bartender tells her he's been waiting in lines.

Lines for what kinds of things?

What they descend towards.

Oh, just anything I see people getting lined up for, if I have time, I'll join them.

We descend towards stars from very similar looking stars.

I wait now, that's what I've been doing.















A MESSAGE FROM DENVER

Dropped to earth straight into snow
no tracks to or from the woods.

You want me to spill something else in there?
The man asks, sliding me coffee.
Your pilot's already had three.
No, I say, no, though I want to
speak spin with him,
or anyone
to enter a mutual shedding of clarity,
but I do not want to shake
like a picture framed above a piano,
ever again.

The blizzard here is operating on our brains.
It makes me think of the kind of touching allowed
when beds get shared in an emergency.
Sensual but not erotic, rest transcending conversation
like music, like the floating eyes of the ghost crab hover above itself.

I read a newspaper article about the dreams of dying people,
what hospice workers allocate and analyze
they are trying to get back to, compartmentalize
their friends and failings, why their patients
dream connect their disconnected children,
squish them in a car together, adult knees knocking
to fly over the grand canyon they never went to.

Analyzing dreams of the dying for the living
who buy newspapers in the passing assertion of aliveness?
To participate in decay passively as pillows
like your arms are crossed holding the coats
while a roller coaster roars above you.

A woman sits down next to me,
Are you finished with that paper?
Almost, I say, scanning an article about Venus Fly traps.
What about with that article about dying, she asks
pointing to it, messy on the ground
like a child scolded too much
selected from the crowd by a magician.



"LIFE IS PARALLEL
TO HELL BUT
I MUST MAINTAIN
AND BE PROSPEROUS,
THOUGH WE LIVE
DANGEROUS."

- NAS

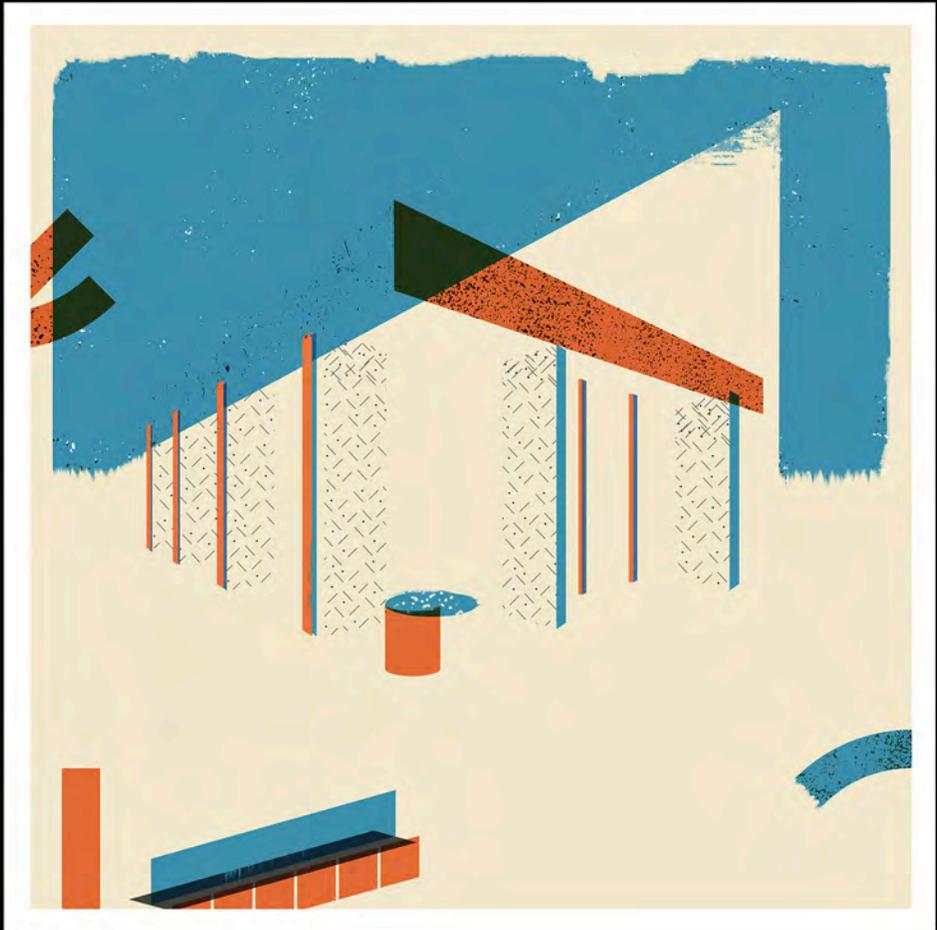




" SUMMER FRIENDS,
SUMMER FRIENDS DON'T
STAY... "

- CHANCE
THE
RAPPER





(GIRL COMMODITY)

In a light that blinks
my person out

I search for only half
of the clothes I came with.

Call it a birth rite:

unlaced chest too showy
like wet cardboard's

collapsed side is a slow
-receiving jab.

Perishable offering,
draped over up-turned

hands, to cloud of smoke
cries out, My bloom!

My bloom! My bloom!
How to keep pressure

that might give form
to a vacated resolution

between my body
and what my body was

mean't by when mother said
I would empty in pieces.

(BEVY OF SWANS)

Being a woman of multiple bags, I may not have anything. When portability really means lack of

capacity and regional distance circulates to sex – but the guy enters scene headless and I

remember myself differently – I want this gathering of late night commuters to have a name like nearing

the edge of earth before it was round. I forget things I travel with on benches. Spread over cities

like the clicking end of a film reel.

(CENTO OF THREE POETS)

We stand in no era;
January's long mandible dream
like vocals slid empty,
carries us into ash work: bees
in the hold of your memory,
hammering the hums of this room
into mute lords. Somedays your voice is
the house. Somedays your voice
is failed cloud hung on my bones
and the night in its stages, the day all at once.
and this poem no more mine
is the upholsterer's moon rivering
through my wrist blood.

SISTER-IN-LAW

bell curves soft in the sunlight

was it beauty?
or did it remind you of our tiny little failures

did it make you miss me?
or just sad I couldn't get right

did she wear it up or let it fall?
thinking of her golden mane...

i bet you cried when you toasted to young love growing old

i think i felt it,
over here in our old apartment
overlooking the parking lot of the funeral home
where the woman leapt to the pavement from her rooftop
the day we gave up on each other

did she miss me?
()
did she find a different sister?
()

i would have looked up photos
but i blocked your family
from my facebook feed.

POUGHKEEPSIE STATION

you and me
we're not so different

letters next to numbers
pouring coffee cups
of coffee
for strangers
and returning acquaintances

the rain comes down,
like pellets
in the foreground
of newly budded forest

the wood is old here
the lights are dim
the food, microwaved



THE WINDOWS AT MUSEO REINA SOFIA

present themselves
as surreal translucent quadrangles stretching on approach
to reveal a sharp blue world.

Not that of the old classroom globe
that wobbles as it spins and blurs
the borders of colored tessellations
cluttered with letters, each strip
like a postage stamp glued
longitudinally over the metal sphere
but nevertheless overlapping in odd
places sending here and there a sharp
peninsula jutting rudely
and triangular into water.

No, even more subtle, as with the Mercator
projection's earthen hues and clean edges
(though curled and swaying at the bottom)
but with the unfamiliar
distances between continents stretched like the deer-forms
of deer skins hung to dry,
the powder blue plane that radiates towards the white frame
beyond the opposing positions of Alaska and Russia,
the Orient and the West.

This window here,
among Miros and Picassos,
is similarly jarring.

The serene windshield tint
of blue over a half sky,
terracotta, and tangled branches,
vertical as Rothko might have
arranged them, is interrupted

by a sudden orange gash beyond the frame,
cast long across the white alcove by a hidden sun.

Pangea that sunburnt pile is peeling itself into space.

It grows complicated even moreso
than that ponytailed man over there
photographing a Stieglitz.

Earth warps, extends its fingerless vapors
into the folds of reality, neither source nor subject.

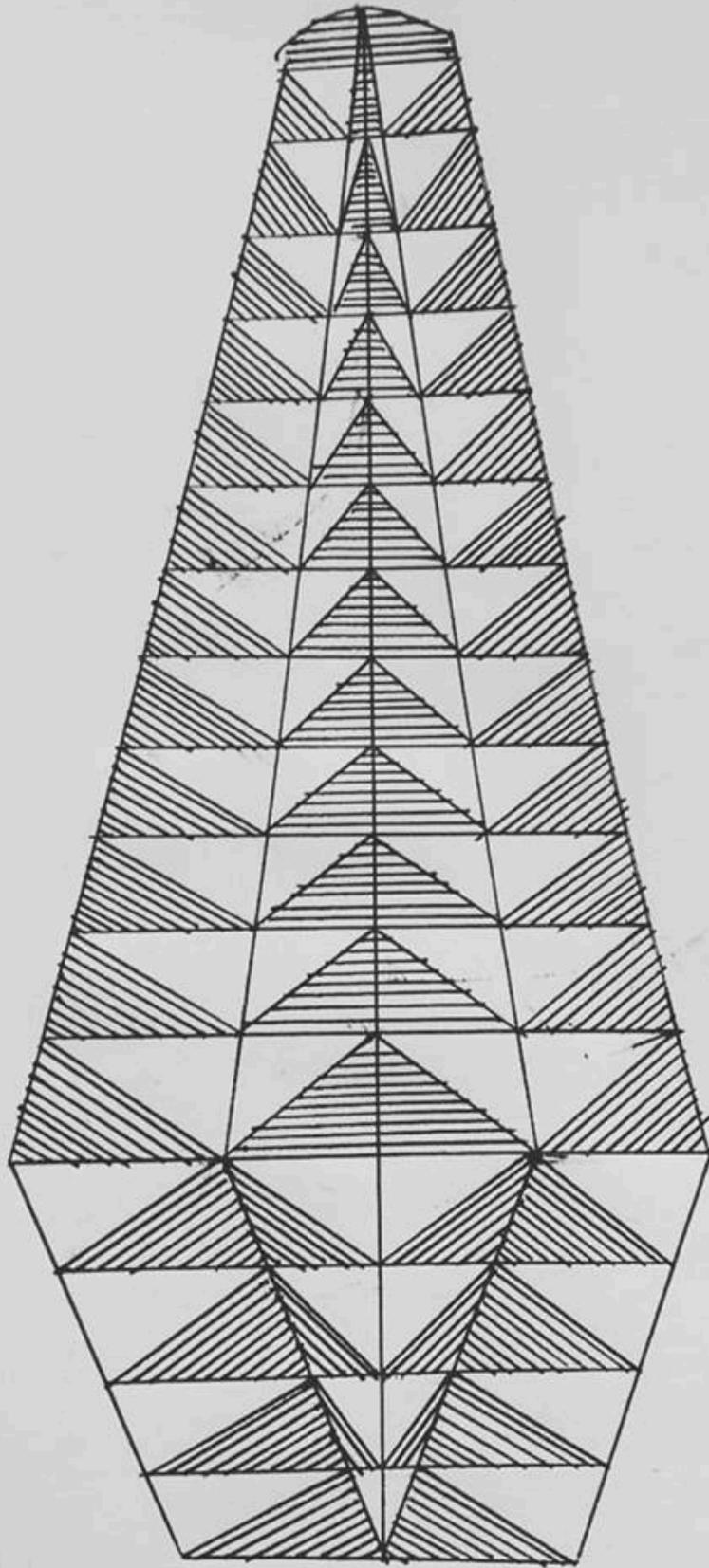
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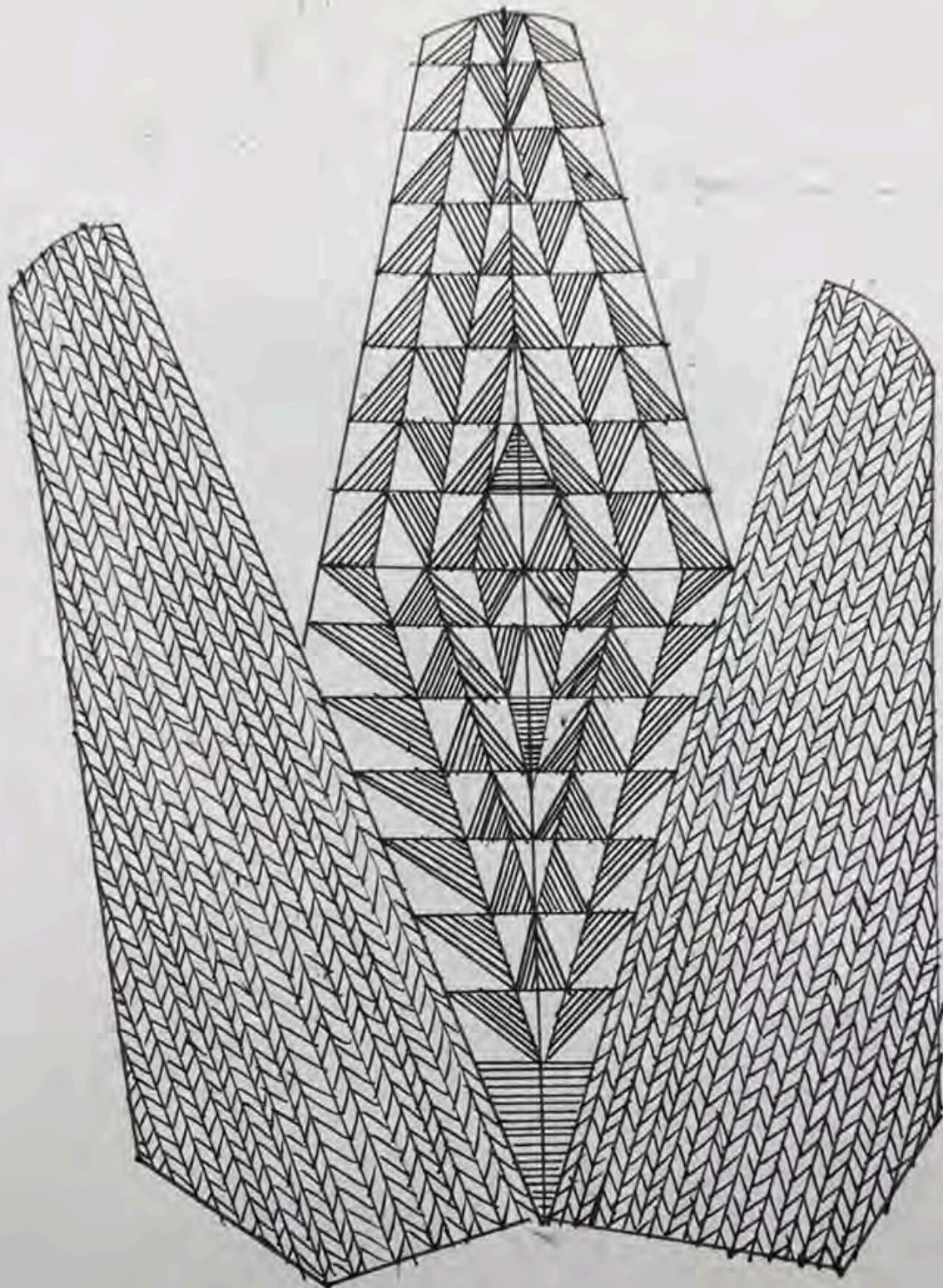
Today those funny May seedpuffs like galaxies are wandering down
from the leaves
and across rooftops, gathering by curbs, gallivanting down the street,
and shooting
past the windshield and suddenly you're driving around Upstate at
light speed.

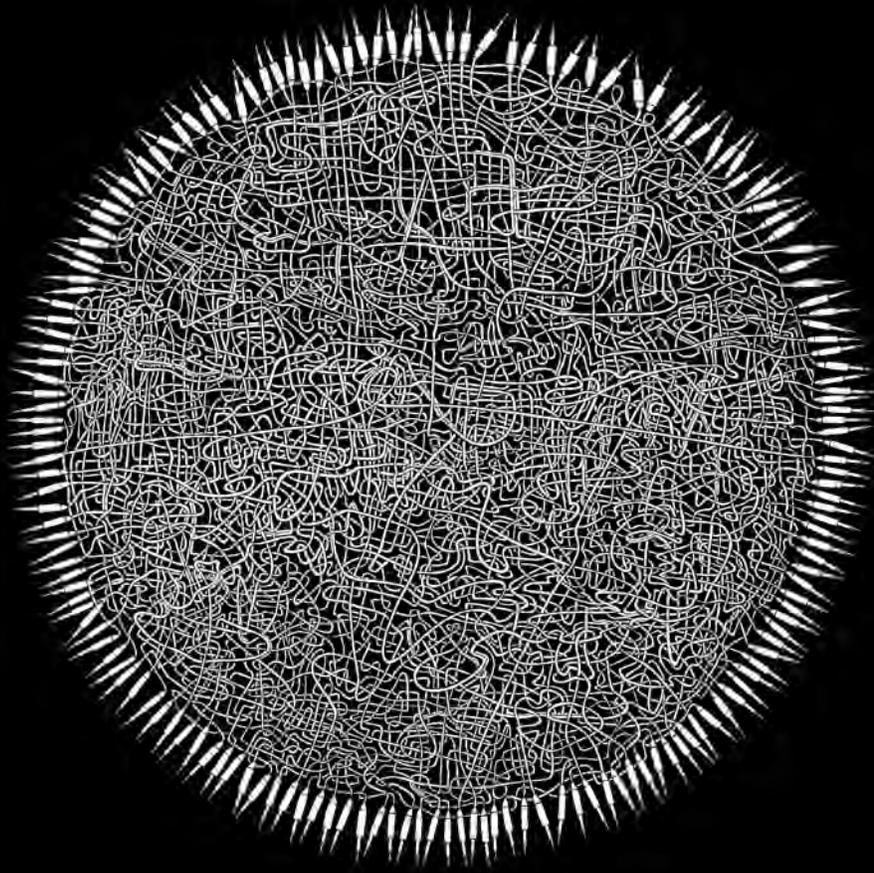
Two boys play catch in a yard
their faces begin to stretch into soft pink ribbons, rigid and bold,
extending into the years.
The baseball and its stitching smudge out across the cool surface of
time.

You feel the entropy of Spring. So far, things acquiesce in nebulous
motions,
form swollen spools that unravel endlessly from the present.
You imagine it failing, that the trees might fall apart as a sandwich so
easily falls apart.

But you are the loom; pull straight the warp ends.
Your pedals click out increments of blurred grass stains hurtling
across a plane,
place beads of sweat among the blond hairs of the boy's upper lip,
and those fragile seeds puffed with self-worth and carried
downwind still hang.







BACCHANALIA

we fell hard and long
to know the feeling of ground would be

to lift a snowy sheet
off the body

seeing sacrifice in skin and eyes so empty

we speak violence and flames

but choose lips carefully

despite the poisonous tongue, we are sweet
in our cruelty

we dance light

or is there a certain heaviness
in the executioner's step

a hood over our eyes
would be

too simple and too soft

QUEEN ANT

thirty years i presided
over this humid hill
and for thirty more i will sit
swollen and pretty
as a russet moon

/

taking flight amidst
a roar of
twelve generations at once

/

a calling to be
simultaneously feared
and a trembling
virgin ruler

/

thousands will grow wings
and thousands more will become
barren to do my bidding

/

failure is a known outcome
for daughters of mine

without crowns
who are we and what

/

can be done
once the drops
start to fall and the flood
washes away
every mound and cavern

I AM GOING POSTAL

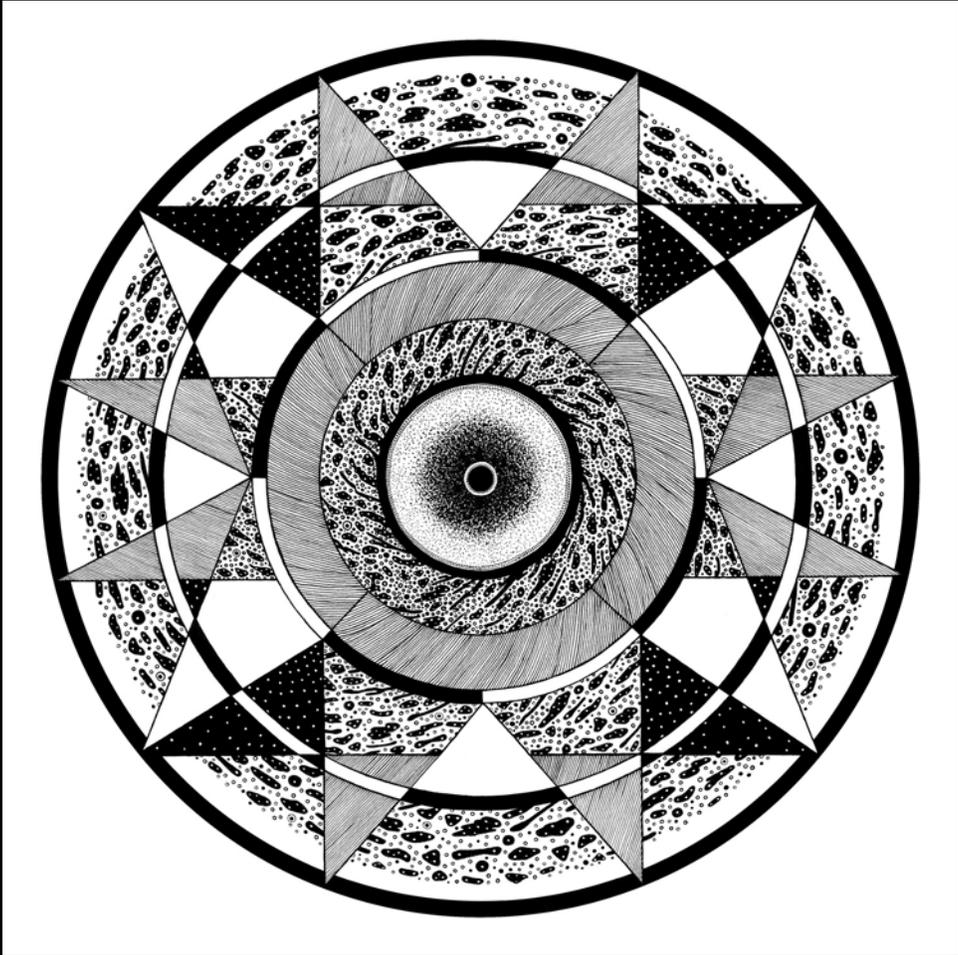
going loony
save me a soft-cornered bed
and all the pretty metal plates
between teeth to blind

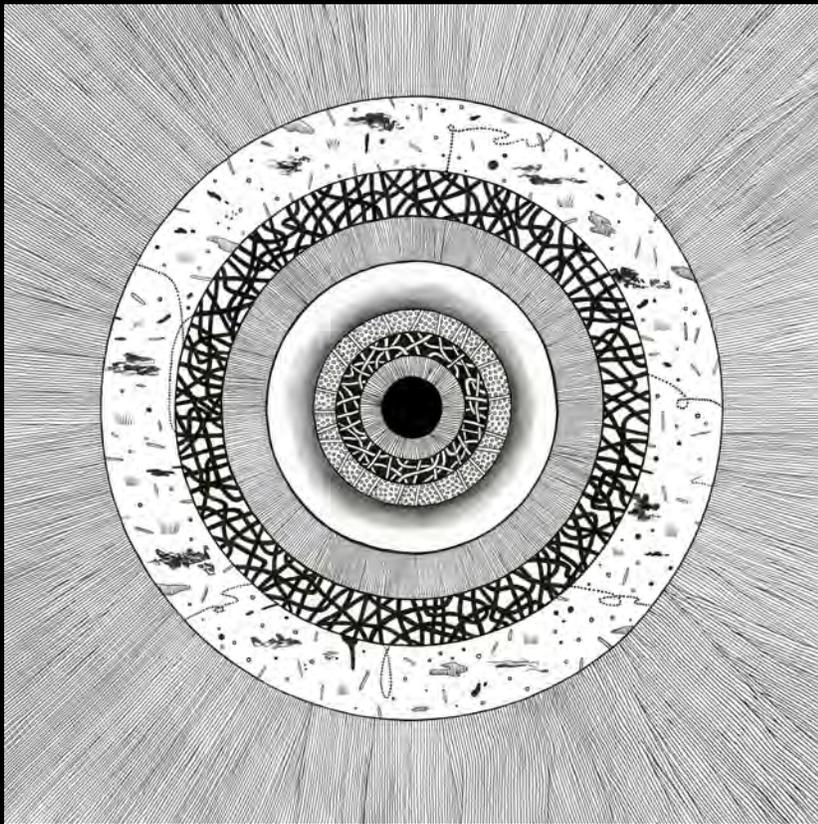
I am your piece of science
your commodity, black hole
bearer
exchanged for a sharper model
more edge, less rounded
less
“I can make pillows out of your tits”

this is what happens to continents
after a takeover
I am conquered,
hating every second

my worth is your business
fit the collar
and ask me why I'm tired
I dare you to look into my
raccoon eyes

spoon feed me honesty
tell me
was my back always ripe
for this?





WILL I DRINK YOUR WORDS

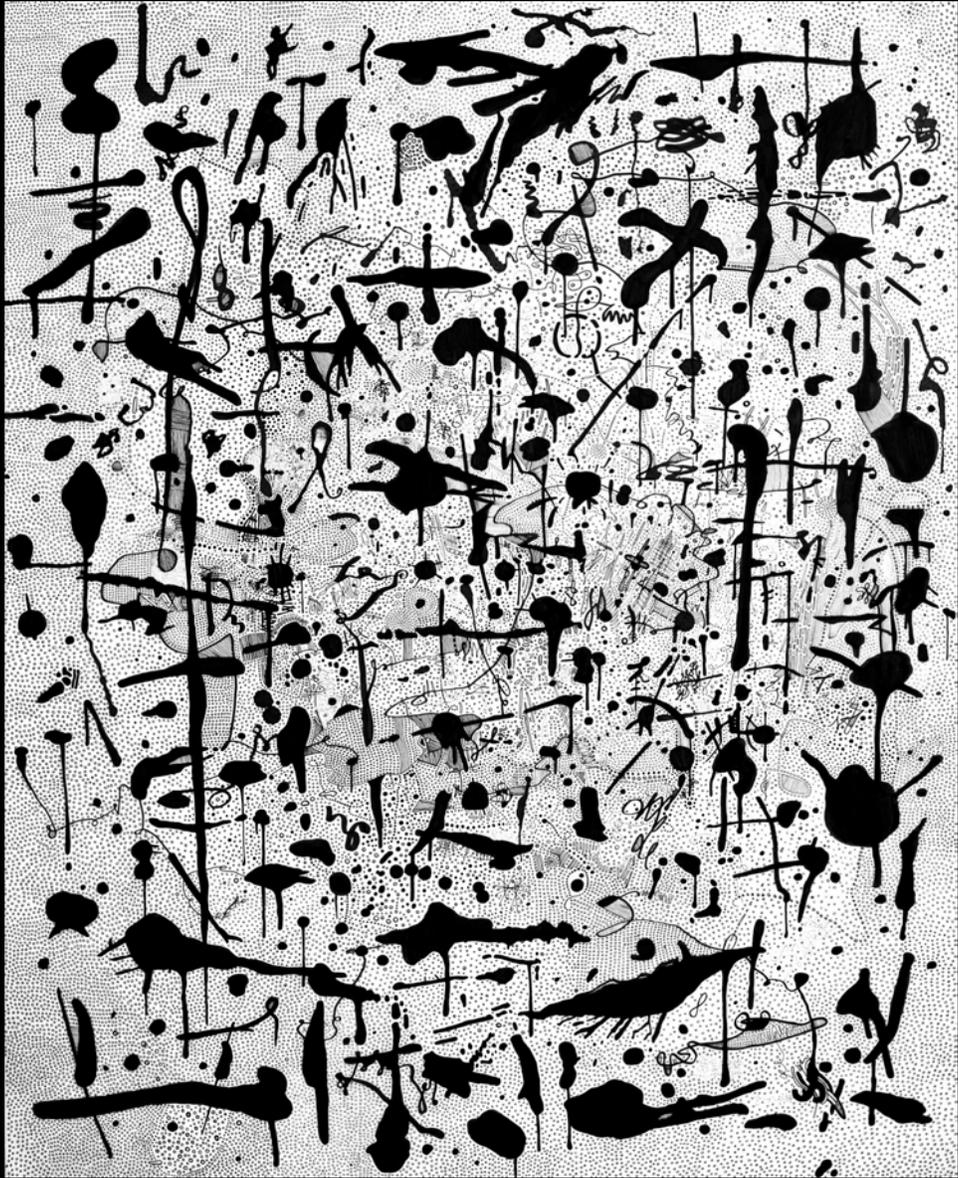
AS THEY RAIN

dare I
hope to taste something of myself
to disjoint and to divide how badly do I want
more than I want to coil
a leg around your body are we
talking or are we *talking*
the difference in roots and in rain
clouds will form when you speak
I will shape an origin story with my tongue
can you
end this the right way, the earthquake way
create a chasm push me over
tremble the earth
with your shame as I fall

MANY VENUES

c o l
l i
d e
d

Horses taut leather pipe
tuft



CURATORIAL LUNCHEON IN THE SPANISH COLONIAL GALLERY

i. The Guard

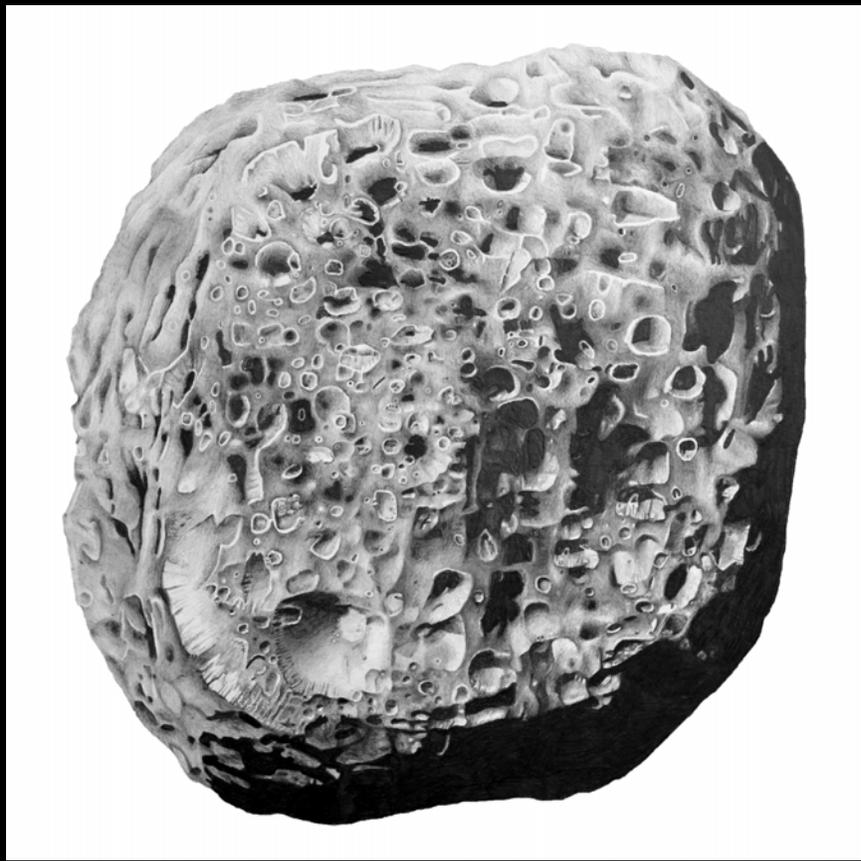
When no one looks, the Sun God eats up the man on his polychrome vase. Sunlight might stalk through the empty gallery. It might creep into the curator's office and shatter the projector light, but for a moment. It might charm him / take a scone / from the platter / plunge / its long, white / snout into coffee. It does not observe. It is the opposite: abundance. The blood of dawn might flow out into the other Jaguar jars in the display, and someone else, somewhere in time, might be allowed the bounty of his harvest. The Priest King pries his scepter loose from the stele, raises it to the light: the metates forging, again, golden maize.

ii. The Curator

There's someone who always looks from the slave-mined silver across the gallery: a Virgin, weeping for all the little things eaten. Glory be to the sacrificed, she cries, may they turn over dirt in fields of gold and jade. A guard / too / a spine / a crescent moon / under her feet. Whom does not look up. Whom caresses the knucklebones, ready to deny communion those who might seek grace. While someone watches from a camera, from an office, a powdered foreman with jeweled cufflinks, into a pupil contracting in terror. Someone on the other side of all glass whom, alone, reaps.

iii. The Virgin

And the other side of all buffets, where flies and no guts rot. She, among platters cut from Ecuadorian silver, in a habit opaque and untouched as hunger, passing out porcelain plates. She / a vessel / still / cradles, until / at last / a slice of bread, doughy and illustrious, to ripen Heaven into the Earth / Earth into the mouth of the Sun / she lays it down to the men gathered around the table in the conference room. We will take this, all of us, and grow a plantation of bones where even gods must toil. But, it was meant for everyone, she laments, placing a finger to her lips, where hunger shrieks are hushed for a moment. She might reach down and brush the hair from his face, and with a last tender stroke, the sun might shine from the edges of her palm. An ancient cycle will consume itself again. Someone somewhere might eat.



WHITE IS THE COLOR OF

1. Contrition. Reflected in the pond water of cloud's rippling leaf-blower
the recompense of forgiving clout. The sky is opening its mouth for
the prayers of the sinners of the wild-tempered times, it is spinning.
The whipped cream is sweet and spinning hurricane.
[It opens its mouth and with it the semblance of your soul.]

Impressions: Como Conocí al Doctor Blanco

2. Not quite its identity.] That when sketched on blank slate of whitewater
pages, swelling with the phases of moon, is immanentized in
anagrams entangled in your twine, in tongue, faster that we can
pronounce them, their wasted waning, the fruit of erasure.
It will heal you. It will tame you if you let it blame you.
3. Because you will it be the year of the medic, so have spun the annals.
This time the doctor is a mantis, in bleaches the habit of his inner
monk. I lent him the keys to the control room, after dark.

The Duke of Lumens

4. When winter paid the protracted hot white metal awnings, it was the
term of incorruptible spring that woke the lumens from sleep. "Bring
the sun," she said. And the lumens perked up, their heads propped up
over the parapets of their inverted peep-holes, and arranged
themselves in single file line to parade the return of their deity of light.
5. The lumens, a small and mischievous race, are invisible when
embedded in the margins of your facial pages of your racial rages.

From the Bottom of a Hotel Pool

6. If we've paid back our millions, why should we gaze into the hearts of
the expressionless hotel room, reflected and subdivided, sutured and
saturated in the blood of mirrored categories, the walls and window
mirrors? If only to find our eyes' washed-over sclera summed up in the
whiteness of its walls, we muse that:

[The color white may have been chosen for a variety of reasons. On the one hand, its symbolic significance, carried over innumerable cultural traditions until the present day, or perhaps to a degree simply ingrained in the human consciousness, is the sense of purity. Why purity? Perhaps because it is unsullied. This specific quality may itself be the reason why this color—or form of lack thereof—was chosen. Perhaps the hotel proprietors wished to emphatically convey that their rooms are clean, as any mark of contamination would be readily exposed. However, the purity may be metaphorical, a representation

of the management's commitment to transparency with its valued customers.

But none of this do we appreciate. All that we can see is not purity, honesty, nor even admirable sanitation, but complete and utter emptiness.

But even further, more we think, from an innermost part of our minds we cannot yet quite access, that perhaps these two qualities are not simply not mutually exclusive but entirely one and the same: emptiness as purity, purity as holiness.

Emptiness, in other words, as the terrestrial whiteness forms of eternal bliss.]

Quagga

7. Vying via television for imperialist control, there are twelve material ridges he must tamper, he must coalesce: into a grey, else zebraic, or political dichotomy which is that which is elsewhere.
8. "Not everything is black and white," he said she said.
"But battles of social firmament are mythic, not a myth."
"A not a mythic myth? An un-zebraic zebra?"
"The water isn't wet; the sky which is under us."
9. Stomp! Stomp!
The ground is listening! To your Morse computer coding tapped keys that penetrate through the chains of our plastic paper doors a ways away, we say:

How She Bleached Hallelujah! Expounded

10. We welcome you to ours, She Bleached Hallelujah!

Your name rings through our halls,
your backyard honey hymns like
the white doves of our releases.

You mix milk into the vowels of your calcium-rich alchemy,
you bleached the virgin hosts of your polar-colored calls:

"Oh heal! Oh heal!"
11. When the timer is up, those prayers pour out from the tumbling drum of dryer, quietly drained of their mercy, of her bleached hallelujahs. Wringing them out and their pinning, up where they face the duress of her space, of her judgements, of her long laundry lists of appeals.

Roly-Poly Grail

12. White is a collusion of hybrids. A werewolf cries to the moon because it is his ultimate form of fulfilment. Round, faultlessly

whole like a holy host is he wishes his holy ghost. But perfection requires more than two halves, because a one (1) is not a single but a mutant chimeric all.

13. More than half a man, half a dog, it is only when together:
Half a cat, half a goat, half a demon, half a boat,
Half a jinx, half a lock, half a peanut, half a coat,
Half a blizzard, half a glance, half an ingot, half pure,
Half a lock, half a puppet, half a genie, half a note,
Half a cup half empty, half a mannequin dissolved,
Half a blizzard, half a crayon, half a kite, half white.

14. Half white?

Half white, half white, half white.

You can't be half white. Half white is a white is tainted.
White can't be tainted. By definition it is pure.

15. (Half a person, half a man, half a woman, half a child,
Half Colombian, half a spic, half a monkey, half a dick...)
[He curls up bicep for free press and barbell twirl.]

Violence: The Official Soundtrack

16. White is everything when the absence of anything is.
When we said goodbye at the airport the bleached-white plains were unfolded like dehydrated loads of laundry, these tautly white knuckles hung out like knolls of wintry northwestern pastoral pavement, where the showy snowy borough burrow of lumens' Duke of omens, of the maladjusted circadian diagnoses that tarry to track the writing on the walls, on the half-white, halfforeign-looking-bastardized wonting of the halls half a spic, half a dick, half a sparrow, all caramelized in white chocolate spill of full moon.
17. "Goodbye, white. Goodbye."
18. "We will meet again in darkness, under cover of the night."

MYSELF AT THE AGE OF TEN WHEN I WAS THE GRASSHOPPER CHILD

as you know quite well, that and which you were you knew so too, that is, so that even when not knowing about that time, that crimson time you faked and flexed your palled and priestly super-ordination like lead barrels of gunning perpendicular across your mantel, back behind the palm hut blending by the weeds like a wooden insect paralyzed in a web of nightmarish gaudy, don't you know?

and me: not we so, never saw we those pest boys again, quite, scurrying before me through a microscope aimed at the past.

and thee: well we'll not look down that well, see, the devil is in the details and your mother is in cloud.

yes, yes, well sir i remember at the age of ten i heard my first joke about flies and what i saw before my eyes was the outline of her casket and a long wide cobweb like the length of my wings was tied about my fingers sticky like webbed hands and we wrapped wholly by the silk in cocoon, she with slender prickly pincers flattened us supine, who shoved under the bed on a mattress full of rubble, she stepping forth with her eight long legs, oh here the sinful widower comes!

in fact, this is how it all started:

in the beginning, you were the enraptured mulatto, while the doppelgänger crows spawned black marbles about your nose: because the ranger saw it fit you be delivered to the masses, and if you were ever a subsidy it was in virtue of loaves and fish.

but you were never piscine, only ever its hunter black bird running from the field, moth-wing slipped between the cracks of the coffee grinder, down and downer boy into the deep dark of Maria Arabidopsis. where she says: "fly, black bird, fly!"

but which is which is that which you are placed before or after each? where in the middle did they pluck his praying mantis arms bent in missionary position with his Bible glued to slippery claws by way of barb that splinters his Gospels?

if we knew then not, for otherwise he would be in a tenuous position of monk, whereas no blackbird mulatto was ever an ascetic, much less in position of convert low-kneeling, or in priestly position lesser still, fingers still petrified like Simon reborn as a still life grape vine begotten still made still birth still still.

and there, its green barbed, red slashed wings pinned heroically to the frame, is where eventually they found her, whose death he was too ashamed to barter, then claim. not then nor not ever, in fact.

i'm sorry i'm sorry, he said, but i can't can't not not do, what to do? well i suppose the only answer is that that we found in the cracks in the ground they pooled into rivers far and away by the sour-smelling trees where the african wasps they would sting into terror the swelling suck of

her nurse's nubile neighbors.

and the next day, when the rain fell:

the black yellow, basking balloons they would rise to the skies and spar with the sad soaking kites, for yes, he would be the bee, and then the black bird in a swallow ingest he would snatch he'd digest every last shard of their exoskeletons.

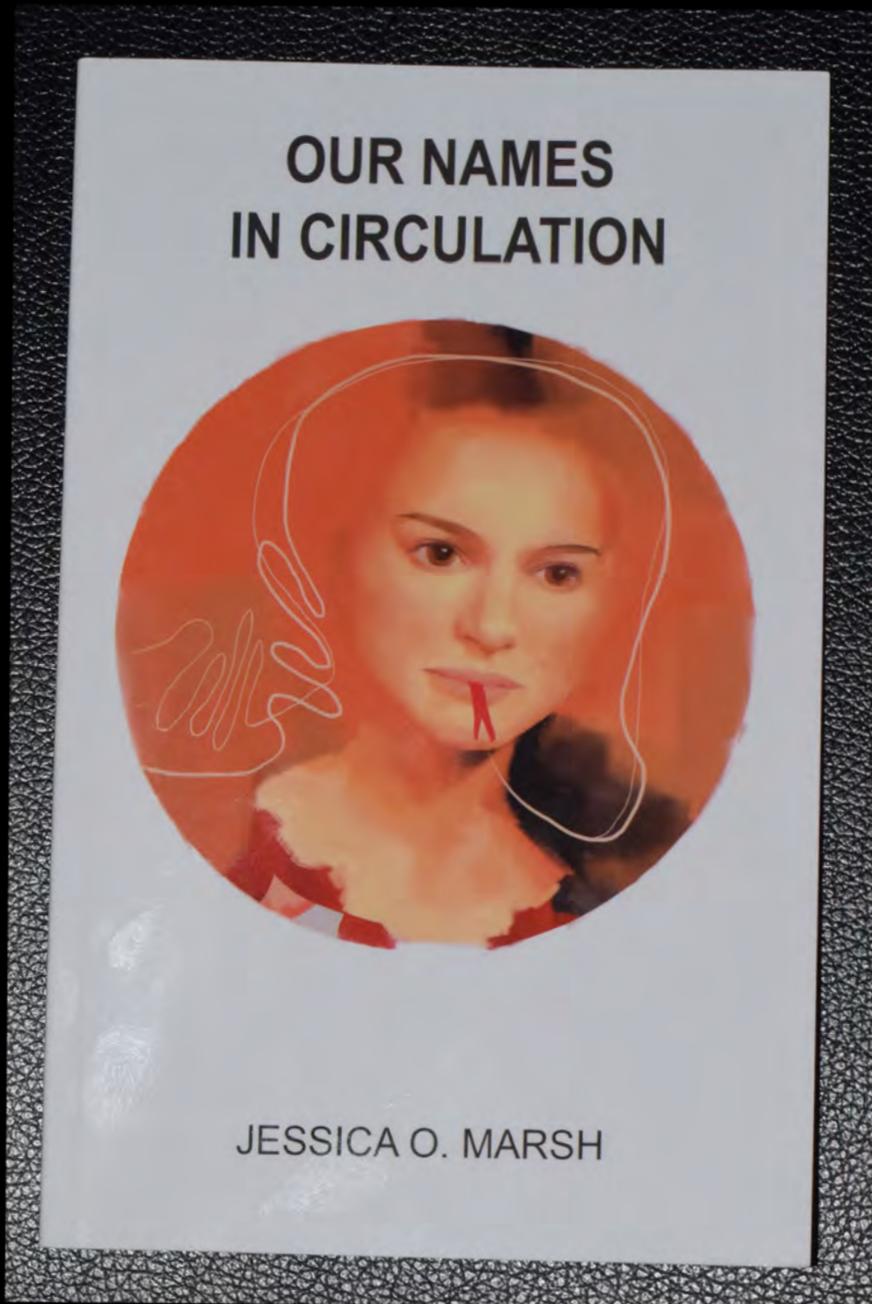
and several days later, when they recovered his body:

he had a colony of pill bugs draining from his nails, as when you hold out your hand at a forty-five degree angle, its holy waters following the valleys in your veins. this is how we knew that the dry banana leaves were a wick lit red limerick from his nape to his palm.

"fine then," he spake, unplugging the insects from their crucifixion. their cabled notions tangled in their twines, breeding a whole new species of violent man-eating vegetation,

or so the good book says.

NEW: FROM PATIENT PRESSES -- "OUR NAMES IN CIRCULATION"



THIS FIRST CHAPBOOK BY JESSICA O. MARSH FEELS DEEPLY PERSONAL, YET REACHES TO UNIVERSAL CIRCUMFERENCES. CIRCLES ARE DRAWN AND WORLDS INTERSECT. THE POEMS OSCILLATE BETWEEN A CHAMBER OF IMMEDIATE CIRCUMSTANCES - YARDS, ROOMS, INCHES, TOUCH'S VICINITY - AND THAT OF A POPULATED WHOLE, RIDDLED WITH HOLES. NAMES HEARD, REMEMBERED, FORGOTTEN, RECALLED. THE BODY, HERE, TRANSFORMS. MARSH IS AWARE OF HOW THE BODY IS CONSTANTLY MADE AND UNMADE BY CONDITION. IT IS BOTH THE OBJECT AND SUBJECT. THE THING THAT BECOMES AND MAKES. THE MOUTH AND ITS ECHO. THE CIRCLE WHICH DRAWS ITSELF, AND AROUND ITSELF TRIES TO DRAW ITS LIMIT. WHEN WE ARE CALLED, WHAT WE WILL WE BE CALLED, AND BY WHOSE HOW?

POEMS BY JESSICA O. MARSH

COVER ART BY NATHAN O. MARSH

EDITION OF 200

OTHER PATIENT PRESSES TITLES AVAILABLE:

KYLIE MCLAUGHLIN - BODIES FOUND
MICHAEL BUSSMAN - APRIL, 1888

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