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speCt!



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*"The yeasty surge of the God of Poetry lies
icebound on the strand of my breast.*

*Nor can I make the oar of my tongue play
rightly in the deeps of song."*

—Anonymous, Iceland, Circa 970 A.D.

THE MEADOW

.
. .
. .
. .

I dreamed the dream, I do
remember. was being violent to a meadow.

it did roll on, then bit by bit, we found
ourselves the one and ha ! I thought, so that
was it. and well now so then
that was it ! but what it was, we wandered
on, and then a throng

.
. .
. .
. .
. .

loop berry loop berry loop
berry on, loop berry looking
through the stars has none

a rock, a flight, the stormy wave. this seeking,
this stretching out of hands.

blue phase, red phase.
let them dream, let them
sleep. I am simply.
let them come.

.
. .
. .
. .

THE MANOR

.
. .
. .
. .
being stranded in the manor, yet
how compelling for the flavor,
going wild to the city, corks that
opened on our backs

.
. .

bone receptors of our failures,
wretched failures sat in gardens,
in the grass it was our object,
sleeping lions through the grate

.
. .

wrapped up rabbits for our
blessings, toxic tempers on the
table, crying no more wet by
systems, await our dinner at
dessert

blue phase, red phase. let
them dream, let them
sleep. I am simply.
let them come.

.
. .
. .
. .

P E N A

||- ||
| \ | \

I've heard the sixth generation
has only one name, such as naked,
such as the fish at the edge
of the soft-angled planet
– its only living author – his
output forgotten.
weave the wall. the planter
does not. I've heard there are
beings and lives woven
stranger, yet they are still
in the living, the comb
or the stall. but there is no swell
– so the fish are but colors – are but
lives gently planting
their eagles, their eyes.
I've heard the whole planet
has a sixth generation, and
only one name (naked name
of the fish) – or the fish in his
shallow – gently weaving
his exits. and I've heard that
you don't love your pena, your
pia, your pal. whatever
your name is, you don't
love your Paris.

I've been reading about what you found.

yet still I've heard of the fish.
whether there was a stranger.
I've been away a long time.
my output increasing by God right before me.

BOOK I WILL NOT WRITE

This book would have been written today, as today is the day that would have had to have had to come, as we all knew, though we all knew not|how to bring it about# This a book about the deaths of _____# And this is a poem about the death of John / F. Kennedy. You know ho|w to feel about about. Of all the reasons I will not write this book, BOOK I WILL NOT WHITE is the worst one. For one thing, this cannot be the first book in which I assume a project or engage with materials, especially documents, by way of a procedure or even select them systematically to be about the things they are no matter what I want or how we feel about what I want away from. I'm wondering who I could send this poem to. Immediately I need somebody to tell me it's ok and I definitely shouldn't ask a black person or to forgive me. I changed my mind. This book does some documentary things, whatever, it is new year's eve 2014 and it's time to come up with the form of this book. A year is a thing, the last one, the deaths (accidentally I always add an apostrophe to death's) could be incompletely collected, limits set by profile, by cops. Z___ is becoming a cop. I could tag him on facebook, post this there, include surveillance from facebook in the book, I mean I could print out my facebook feed from each moment that coincides with the moment of one of the death[^s], and then I could kill myself because that is such a shitty idea and facebook does not allow the possibility of reconstruction. As an archive it doesn't exist or achieve whatever stability we expect of an archive insofar as an archive is something we expect we, however changed we may be, can return to without it changing, though it may grow. In an uncorrupt archive the form of what is over doesn't change because of what surrounds it: the archive's record of a discrete moment—and lo though death's discrete—should remain identical to itself each time we visit it. This is wrong and simple but for the purposes of this book a complaint may be lodged against coverage, against a self-corrupting archive, as a bullet may be lodged in a human

without human agency, a weapon discharged. Instead of periods this book uses tiny subscript hashtags. You noticed that already? It's important not to magnify them or my presence in these things. I will literally trade the matter of my life, but I won't, for have I? When _____ was my teacher I was sure he hated me and yet I continued to visit him during office hours, to unask him forgiveness. Shhhh. I can't remember if he called me out for being so high or if he just said I looked tired; well, now I am really tired. The book is also in sections that are 140 characters long; these sections are indicated by... [figure this out later]... I will definitely begin to hate Z___ absolutely even though Opal, my daughter, and David, his son, are really good friends. Or I want them to be because I want Opal to know how to be a really good friend and I think David is a really special kid. Although I will myself hate, should I, I should not teach her to. I don't remember what really happened when that cop hugged me on the West Side Highway on probably Sunday, September 16th 2001. I don't actually remember anything really happening, ever. Everything that happens is lies afterwards. The truth just goes right out of it. But this is a poem about the death of _____ and poetry is an approach to the truth of feeling, M said, and feelings aren't exactly eventual happenings. I guess it's that for an event, an event that cannot unhappen—a singular event but one situated in a series of horrors that it resembles—to be the subject of this book, the book would have to be about history and history is one of those objects that makes its subject into a mirror. So, this history book was a mystery of lies therefore I didn't write it. I remember the cops being really mean to me in the ambulance, but they may have been paramedics and the cops were busy arresting the two men of color on scene when I, a white woman in pajamas whose life those guys they were arresting had saved, od'd. Jacks, is this what it's like to really write about one's life? M-----, is this what it's like to write for one's race, as an American, for the living and of the dead? It isn't either; isn't any, and part of the reason I dn't write this book is b/c i'm a worthless p.o.s. s. ibility so get me away from here ' m dhnks#

TED SAYS IT IS REAL AND ETERNAL AND TRIES TO KEEP IT THAT WAY

In the comment feed beneath the dream of the flesh eating dolphin whose name was -Ation so as to remove it from wherever else it (hesit-) appeared there became an invitation to a new phase which I accepted by going through and just beneath it was trending: world of THE END in a figurative but diminutive alphabet including triangles black widows probably snake eyes that thus configured said millennia are real and life is easier if none of my desires are for me until whatever thought had kept for itself went into an extant room to found a new tense a new way of willing the future's end and then the drums came down from the sky as though not everything were not ok and out of the rend slippery and daylit one washed up on the shore of the bay to vomit that

'suasion dispatched
by the gesture's only
aspiration forgivin' an
irony like I can avoid
by haphazarding it
as a wizard who wills that
I woulded it

BUT IT IS AN INFINITE COMMAND

I manage an image of clay of clay which was what was wanted the obvious grey and thick wisdom Hey, real chaos that gathered non-concept a point that is not a point The *nowhere-existent something or the somewhere-existent nothing is a non-conceptual concept of freedom from opposition...the concept of grey...the grey point of the unreturned world encircled by its wurning terd because of which I am sorry*

///

in that I want to belong to the ocean because of what it looks like to see Money comma the point has no magnitude but is still the inception of a line and the line has no point which is the portion I've hoarded Is swarming

///

the bower made by agitation—

///

every-
thing exactly as incomprehensible as the world
's recollection of the suggestion to manifest—
[Matter est. & *bitcoins*]—because something
about power and the lights of many houses
but also about making actually nothing out of
actually something even if that SOMETHING
IS INVISIBLE BUT FOR ITS EFFECTS
ON THINGS and drained of perfection

///

also animates
what remains to ask how goes the ene-
my? in order to beg what time it is yet time
for problems to turn off to understand
better and arrive at the ocean, muddy, look-
ing sorry at—what I have of that effect
on—I have a *MAYDAY* in restricted—space, too

///

something has happened to my attention, come,
something has happened to my attention, come

to the woods where They live
and remember the pull They
felt while dying I didn't eas-
ily snap nor come to that life
with which I will t' experiment

///

afraid what information will reach me so easily
—easily like the rose’s neurosis but
whose retroaction are these flowers of?—

are they fear or is it time to hurl beneath the
busking sun an upsplashed real that flares to
tell you in confidence that thinking is know-
ing taking no object, the other way around,
though all terms are search, that’s right, terms

but _____ are you working on that book is
it in Their woods what is there still attends
it and surrounds that fern’s furlure as an error
that understands its ground like when I even
though I thought I could live in an actuary
nevertheless I would go on to ULTIMATE
A TRUTH like a future too uninteresting for
a prophet to disclose Can we carry ~~on its way~~
~~ward~~ sun under the sign of which everything
mishappens like history is a mystery because
it rhymes with its opposite not really and

no offense will love what I defend

even unknown

to me I will care for you

///

There will be no
discerning on which side is the twilight like
the one we are in and when I get there can
I help LET IT BE INTRODUCED by the
fanfare in the distance
it isn’t

///

LO, there is a world
that proceeds through discovery rather than
invention to the al—alley alley ocean free,
allye allye outs in free—

///

gorithm

///

Really A MIR-
ROR WITH NOTHING IN FRONT OF
IT RE-FLECTS EVERYTHING

Stupid.

///

Seriously, go. Let especially that return be continually self-critical, like of the tendency to conjure forth the lost and the broken and then think the origin of algebra or whatever will not only or not even restore them but provide the grounds on which they will survive or will have survived to be replaced by what survived them, for after the twilight, whichever one, there is still no sunlight thrown

for here is no reunion no bone-setting so do not spend your attention

///

FOR I WAS USING MY FLOOD VOICE THEN FIRE STROKE TO DETERMINE WHAT FORCE IS BUT IS NOT EXPRESSIVE OF when the order was *make pentagon* and the reception of the order went—through storm—*what do you think I am doing looking at my phone*

HUSH, NUGGET, whilst drummed to the held center, neither horse nor rider, a river underwater runs its course, whose manager's an image thereafter, thereafter I manage only that

so maybe

I'm going to the woods to make a coterie and as a change IT WILL BE SO TOTAL that we will have to call it a form / what precarity's perch hurls when party, beast are hard to be so maybe

///

I'm going to the woods because I can break it down

or show me what doesn't depend (*weather's rush deepened*): I have to go (*earthy bliss imbower'd*): Call me back

...

SHINE SONNET

I have these shapes
haunt lonely and find

when you lose your shadow
inside me unnamed shine

Shine them again with
golden yolk and drum

to wake the ooze Hot pink
tulips warm the air

Secretive house centipede
sits on window-glass

A morning dream with ghosts
to rescue the not-dead woman

SUDDEN SONG SUNG

Sudden song sung (Not this /
Not that) also called "Discernment"

She loved to play and fuse
Justice with Judgment

after the blast of 3 sisters
with rheumy eyes Imagine

an octopus who dies after
eggs hatch : a new many-

limbed cycle Whip the sea
to mourn the lost women

A Passage

The dream
 closet is no longer
 cordoned off.
 It vanishes easily (the active phrase assumes direction)
 Happy as a brain dead heiress,
 the entourage involved forever turning its back,
 unveiling of arrival,
 glimmering beyond a list of books that have disappeared,
 Felix of the Silent Forest is still missing.
 It is one long wait for the elevator.
 My empty mind faces a mirror.
 No objects but audible words formed death metal,
 solid gold and country blues.
 The camera still unannounced.
 Another misfit that would recognize my eyes.
 Mascara marbled sweat
 beyond frightened
 only fierce.
 Uninterested

in story
 only how it's held.
 Calling up receptors of individual visions, clear to the center
 of the gallery,
 Pleasing perfect strangers,
 O song to lift our spirits into tanzanite teacups,
 Take a walk outside.
 A chance meeting as he demanded
 And argued his way through a letter,
 that I was a double of my self
 and owed him money on top of his outrage.
 Sported a glow in the dark moustache
 to throw him off.
 To lock the door behind me
 alone against my charts and untrained voices.
 I read poetry as if from coloring books or paint
 with water
 joining the raised golden dot.
 I must have slept with no way of getting in touch.
 I woke up to my lover then breaking down the door.

Poems for Saints

Who raised his dream forest
Who managed to hand the cross
 to the poets
just before the film burnt up
or the money ran out
* * *

Thrown
As a palm
Of breath
That is found
To be
A mirror
* * *

 I would pluck
A strand, a wire
 to paint your silhouette
 in blazes
 on a snuffbox
* * *

 She was never scared straight
She was a pair of ladies voices combing the cave
* * *

Bury my shoes
Gone to blood red brown
 Hanging down
 Thirsty for fire
* * *

Farther on
 starlight trembles
over the thought
 of the act

east river strings
 turnabout
in a green toned night
* * *

Her greatest works
were fired in gold

A stairway
with a single light
all
the way
up
* * *

Thin
strands
of
music
spike
to
override
all
life
outside
* * *

To boil the marsh tea
Eat carnation mush

Steam a rack of wool
To bend the wooden box

The Wigwam

I join each frame by hand and smooth them myself
Some mornings I have to stop short, if I can't run a comb
through my hair I'm no good to anyone (except for the poets)
Dipping into plans for clear portals, a breath between worlds
I will only know revolution in real life where plans laid are still kept
A big reveal in store as I shift the reading onto legs,
drop my collarbone out front. It's a long-range barrel
particular to hours of tinkering. My morning shed is kept warm
despite when having left. I can draw a cloth over its roof
from the inside pulley. The fog turns to white faking jade determinants
blown clouds, a fat razor wet on its side forms a helmet
in its filthy, stealth manner of light, contented to carve onto
whose dressing screen? Soon junked, later resurfaced
as a delicate carriage house of an uncollected

Shield of Vegetable Energy

Emerson's "infinite of the private man"
"the divine in the house & the barn"
a tarrying nation banded by bloodlines of wealth
and imported labor. New England-style grain
cribs settle into late July greenery, dilapidated
up the 400 to Parry Sound, a long reach
of summer vines choking the dry, paint-peeled wooden slats,
grey, splintered remainders of agrarian pasts.
The cost of running machinery in post-slave
provinces / states; plantations subdivided
for ranch-style homes, quite like
Southern acreages, magnolias, barred owls.
The racket from Ulster came this way:
dead clans, some buried, some butchered, the remains
bog dumped, hung on hooks...
Jump on the earth, cling to it, implore
crop growth, sing, chant, invent
a stiff-backed religion. Like a secret chancellery
secreted in genetic helices, the sun
sinks through alfalfa seed and soy to fatten
livestock and the hands that grasp
leathern hymnals. Shall we gather,
they sang, First Baptist Church, Garland,
Texas, industrialized, twisted through
Carolinas and the damp misery of delta sunlight
in the weed and cottonseed and corn
shucked to sustain the holy seeds
of Heaven. I have seen in my face
many faces, from times far away, that
are so possessed by me, even from
the suburban, parking lot vantage
of modern convenience, fuss, and age.

Those Irish features darken under Commonwealth
airs of Ontario. What is one beyond her face?
A scoured, plosive force,
the scrim of my identity, a spirited mud clan?
Perhaps "there is no screen or ceiling between our heads":
so that liberation runs through soil, rooted
to a shield of vegetable energy.

Field Song

Across groomed fields a radio sadness blurs static signals; car
antenna bent to floorboard muck grass and bugs; a storm of
monarchs pressed and papery in hot grill, red-smudged windshield,
curved Buick hood a summer heat

amateur mud voice registers the zoetic, holy ghostly commune
of flesh field hollers porch music Sunday choral ritual; praise our
bodily fidelity to a self, stomp the fluid mastery, throat thick heave
heavenly breath

in Lagos colonial ghosts invisible hand beat-up dumb boys glassy-
eyed killers; the cabals dine in Zurich London New York gold tooth,
harelip helicoptering professional Klan money bombs cardboard
lean-tos the water a sewer a faith

invisible hand on soft grass, tight pants undone dim signals pulse
birch bark dogwood or listing willows there the Susquehanna should
be clear, Allegany viburnum flowering faith gone pro to shrug it off
the coined, juke-joint songs

where tweet impermeability, toothless void; cane sugar fruit man
dragged to Jasper pulp, the never-ending soullessness and remorse;
there are categories for everything; you will weep a colored clarity in
your racial slurry dream or nightmare turn or wake

Ritual

Joe Lewis and Billy Conn transited

hay, corn, pines

holy fig trees of sweetness

1941 car battery-powered radio

The Rural Electric Association had not then connected

voices to trees

the common dark illumined by coal oil

frogs in flashlights

muddy boots staining trouser cuffs

men in rough cotton listened

as boxers paced across time

zones, the static enthusiasm of crowds

lifting amplified vibrations

to an earthy imagination of prowess, male

exterior dared by blackness

race plain in red clay common white

masonic mastery of the rituals

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