

# New Poetry by Paweł Grajner: “Michigan”

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# New Poetry by Corbett Buchly: “Messages from Below”



SWAM AMONG STARS / *image by*  
*Amalie Flynn*

## messages from below

the radio signals emanated from the depths  
commuters puzzled over the whistles and squawks  
that cut through their favorite programs  
cryptologists went to work

but the waves soon turned to beams  
tunnels of coded energy  
aimed not at humans  
but at a point somewhere near Wolf 359

first assumed to be a submarine human colony  
but scans showed no excess carbon emissions  
so dolphins were next guessed to be the cause  
no one suspected the humpbacks

as the oceans acidified and the air warmed  
the whales were busy  
at last their solar ships rose from the sea  
and the whales ascended

as if rungs laddered from deep to deep  
born of the sea they swam among stars

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## New Poetry from D.A. Gray: “Our Backyard Apocalypse”

We set small bowls of sugar water  
on the garden's edge. Bees were scarce  
since the freeze which had almost finished  
what the pesticides had started. Still,  
some survived.

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# Poetry from Eric Chandler: “Hetch Hetchy”



THERE'S A DROUGHT / *image by*  
*Amalie Flynn*

## Hetch Hetchy

There are two signs on  
The towel rack.  
One says, “cozy” and explains that  
The towel rack  
Heats your towels.

It's next to the switch  
That fires up  
The electricity to the towel rack.  
That fires up  
The coal fired power plant.

The power plant  
Sends up the gas.

Is the drought because the power plant  
Sends up the gas?  
Either way, there's a drought.

I looked down through that gas at the  
Hetch Hetchy reservoir.  
White bathtub rings surround the low  
Hetch Hetchy reservoir  
Because of the drought.

The second sign on  
The towel rack  
Says they won't launder what's on  
The towel rack.  
Only what they find on the floor.

All the water in the city comes from  
The Hetch Hetchy.  
They're conserving water from  
The Hetch Hetchy.  
They hope you won't mind.

Enjoy your hot towels.

*"Hetch Hetchy" previously appeared in Eric Chandler's book  
Hugging This Rock*

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## **New Poetry from Lisa Stice: "Water Cycle"**

No matter where we are, the oceans  
meet us in some form.

I am small  
and my daughter (who is only eight) –  
is even smaller  
and still, our dog is smaller  
yet, then there are those microscopic zoe-  
and phytoplankton  
and the not so micro  
fish that eat them and so on

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## **New Poetry from Ben Weakley: “Beatitudes I,” Beatitudes II,” “Beatitudes III,” “Beatitudes IV”**



**Beatitudes I.**

The Lord blessed us with knowledge. Twin curses, good and evil.

Why else plant the luscious tree there, where we were bound to find the fruit? The purple and shivering flesh never lacks in spirit. The ache and growl of our naked bellies are the price

for the moment's delight. So, we gorge and the juice drips sticky down our chins. Let angels have the eternal heaviness of paradise; ours is the moment. The act, willful and with intent.

Advised of the penalties. Done poorly. Knowing this kingdom cannot last. Looking beyond the gardens for a more convincing view of heaven.

**Beatitudes II.**

Are we not also blessed, we who praise  
the clear night and its silence?

Betrayed by the absence of stars, we mourn  
a billion-years' light no longer burning.

We whimper at the withered grass burning,  
the breathing forest burning, the one  
great and living ocean boiling and burning.

You who created time, who is before all things, who will remain after the ruin,  
will you be waiting for us in the cool garden?

Will we lie down with you in the dew-damp grass?  
Will we be comforted?

### **Beatitudes III.**

Are the meek blessed tonight in their bundled and stinking  
shelters

beneath frozen bridges? Are they blessed with patience in  
their waiting  
for the Lord of compassion? For the Lord that *suffers with*?

They suffer together. Their children will inherit the  
suffering

of generations,  
the split lip of submission, the broken skin of the earth.

### **Beatitudes IV.**

*Blessed.* From a word that meant *blood*.

Latin for *praise*. Blood and praise to the hungry; they are  
weak.

Blood and praise for the thirsty. For those who bathe  
in fetid water.

What are words  
to those who hunger in a gluttonous world?  
To those who thirst beside the brackish rivers,  
choking on garbage? We say, wait for righteousness  
to come from above. But they have starved  
in their flesh so that our spirits could be filled.

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**Poetry by Amalie Flynn +**

# Images by Pamela Flynn: “#150,” “#151,” “#152,” “#153”



Flow #150

## **SPIDER / 150**

Thick in Louisiana swamps

Atchafalaya Basin

Hot cypress shooting out

Stretching in that bayou

Where pipelines

Pumping black gold oil

Cross across the swamp

Like spider veins.

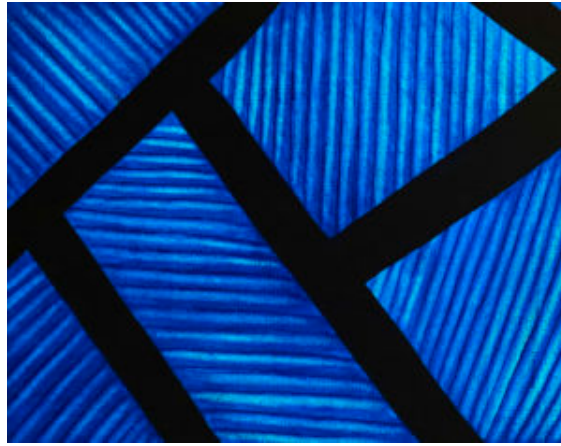




Flow #151

## TRACKS / 151

How I find tiny cuts  
The skin of my inner  
Thighs outer lip my  
Labia  
Cuts from his finger  
Nails small bloody  
Crescents  
Like beetle tracks.



Flow #152

## **SPOIL / 152**

Or deep in a swamp

How oil companies

Create canals

Push earth into piles

Push mud into banks

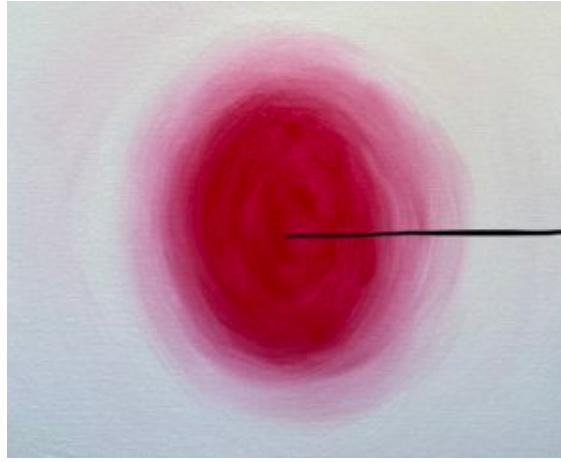
These spoil banks or

Dams

That block blocking

Water so it cannot

Flow.



Flow #153

**CLAM / 153**

The sky is full of trees

Now after

After he hits me over

The head

With a pipe metal pipe

Hard on

The crown of my skull

Bone and

Suture cracking like a

Clam shell.

*[Pattern of Consumption](#) is a year long project featuring 365 poems by Amalie Flynn and 365 images by Pamela Flynn. The poetry and images focus on the assault on women and water.*

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# **New Poetry by Mary Ann Dimand: “Earth Appreciation” and “Lusting, Stinting”**

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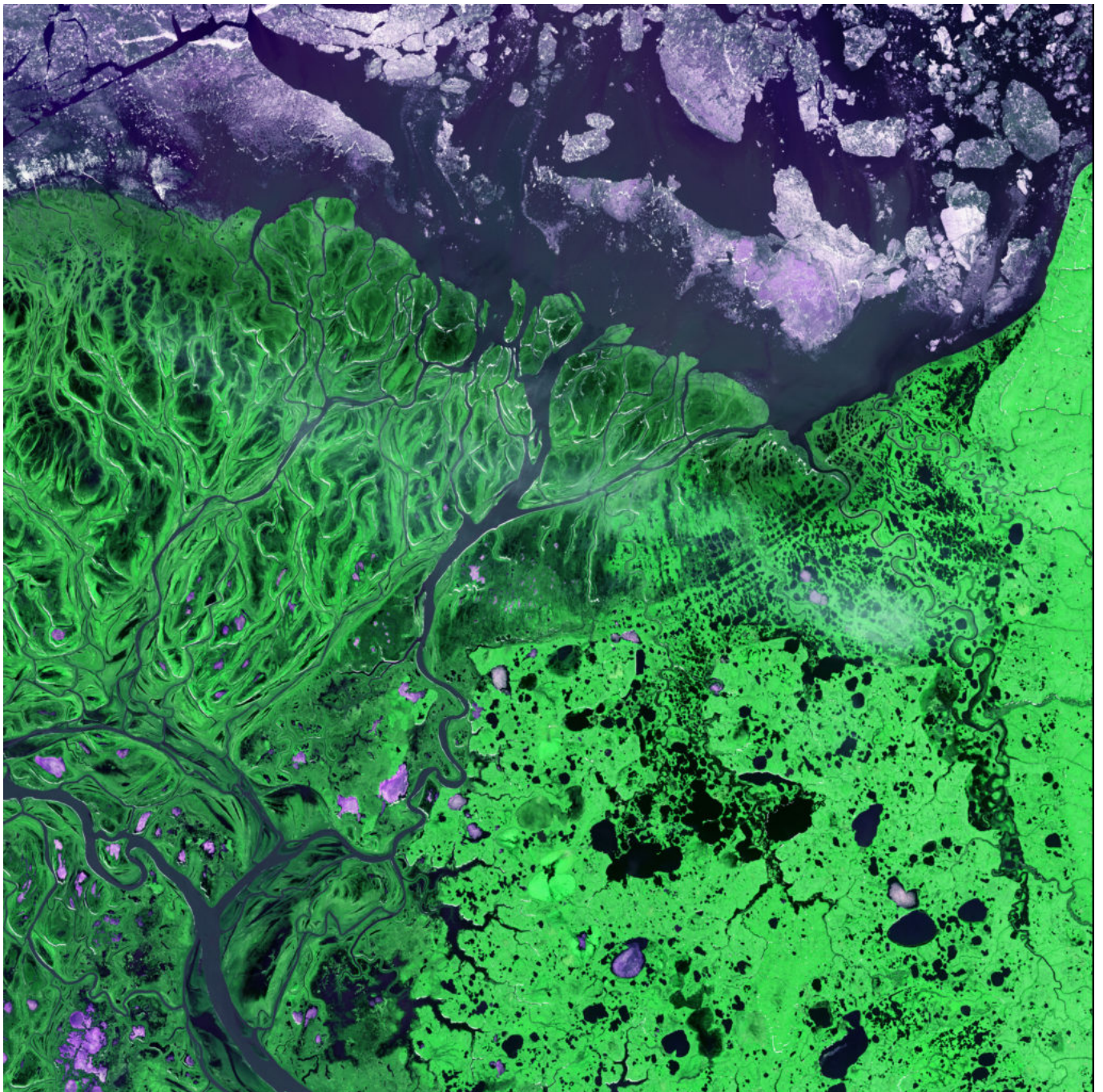
# **New Poetry from Shana Youngdahl**

**After the Maine Tin Min Company Prospectus, 1880**

The earth has veins we can  
open with our hammers.  
Follow the cassiterite crystals  
down where the iron dark  
is picked by the swings  
of men who name minerals  
by the feel of them on damp  
fingers, the bands of elvan  
quartzite like the rough  
footprints of mythical  
man, or the smooth track  
Of native silver, or gold  
Ore floating in the salty  
Rubbish of St. Just. Imagine  
Fellow capitalists, what



Enterprise can find  
Rose colored mica, purple  
Fluor spar, tourmaline,  
And a thin river of  
Tin Ore imbedded among  
calc spar crystals, follow  
that river, I say, crack  
the vein open.



## To Find the Center of a Circle from a Part of the Circumference

Which is all I am really after, the path to the midpoint  
and how to get there from this little arch  
of my hand I'm told to *span the dividers any distance*  
and with *one foot on the circumference*  
*describe the semi-circumferences:* today pollen and blue sky,  
book bound in navy cloth and draped with black  
velvet. The ache in my wrist, throat and head dull  
like the birdsong we stop hearing weeks ago.

I'm trying to find the center: the point I can cut from.  
I pencil out two indefinite lines and lean  
under this dome into the illuminated center.  
Someone a very long time ago, told me to call *point P*.  
There is comfort in such specifics, but still I feel  
like all the unwound clocks that fill old buildings;  
there is something I am supposed to do, but  
in the fog I am unfocused, turn my head  
to another arch and am led away.

—

1.

**First or only?**

My child is three—  
wakes three times

a night  
has no room

I would know. Wouldn't I?

Piling her piss-soaked  
blankets on the wood floor  
I leave them to fume,

wait for the calendar or the swelling.

8.

I know  
and don't. I'm half-open  
hungry, two days  
from late.

I dreamt my name wrong.  
I dreamt a boy laughing,  
my girl pulling his

baby boots on, spelling  
her own name that I  
could read by water.

37.

Find  
a stone to fit the palm,  
our last iris, photographs of daughter's wet curls, half-  
burned  
and broken candles, recall when sister  
believed the rainbow alive.  
Collect your pebbles.

38.

I leak  
dying larkspur and the strain  
of mileage.

It's a glass night,  
with clean towel,  
and midwives in  
the basement room  
where spills won't  
wet spines and this damp  
brings the cool harness  
of crying.

39.

We set out walking  
the child grabs a stick  
points at clicking marmots  
shakes the trees and piñon



bleeds into her fingers  
she twists it into her hair.  
She is pitched  
and dust rises like fire  
billowing between sisters.

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# **New Poetry by Amalie Flynn for the WWI Centennial**

*Zone Rouge*

*(for the centennial)*



photo by Amalie Flynn

1.  
When the land was.
2.  
Full of bodies dead. And twisted.
3.  
When the fighting was.
4.  
Sustained.
5.  
With bodies. Dead. Twisted on a riverbank.

6.

Wrist bent. Hand hovers. Over water.

7.

Dead bodies with fingers. Like feathers.

8.

Stretched feathers or the calamus.

9.

Attaching to bird skin.

10.

These are bodies. Bodies of war.

11.

Dead with. Feathered fingers.

12.

Wing of a bird.

13.

300 days of shelling.

14.

The shells were 240 mm. Full of shrapnel.

15.

Mustard gas.

16.

Hitting men and hitting ground.

17.

Making holes. Upon impact.

18.

Shrapnel bursting.

19.

Bloom and rip.

20.

Ripping through dirt and faces.

21.

Ripped skin. Ripping off tissue.

22.

A nose.

23.

Hole in the center of an ear.

24.

Exposing canal and bone.

25.

Missing teeth. One lower jaw is.

26.

Gone. A set of lips.

27.

The chunk of a chin.

28.

And the shells. Shells from Verdun.

29.

Are still there.

30.

Unexploded ordnance. Sunk.

31.

Into dirt pockets. Like seeds.

32.

This blooming. Metal war.

33.

Shrapnel that looks like rocks or.

34.

Smooth egg of a bird.

35.

Soil made of mud and men and metal.

36.

How. Metal leaches and clings.

37.

This soil of war.

38.

Chlorine and lead and mercury and arsenic.

39.

Where every tree and every plant and every animal.

40.

Each blade of grass.

41.

Where 99% of everything died.

42.

Ground stripped raw.

43.

Stripped earth tissue or how this is.

44.

What war also.

45.

Also does.

46.

*Damage to properties: 100%*

47.

*Damage to agriculture: 100%*

48.

*Impossible to clean.*

49.

*Human life impossible.*

50.

The government declared it *uninhabitable*.

51.

*A no-go zone.*

52.

Broken skeletons of villages.

53.

And the craters that bombs make.

54.

Deep and round holes.

55.

How the bomb craters filled with water.

56.

Making. War ponds.

57.

This is a place.

58.

Where almost everything died.

59.

But the land.

60.

The land was still alive.

61.

Grass stretching again and.

62.

Grafting itself over the bone.

63.

Bone of what happened.

64.

Stretching over trenches and scars.

65.

Like new skin.

66.

And plants and trees and vines.

67.

Rodents and snails and voles and mice.

68.

Deer. Wildcats with metal stomachs.

69.

*Still living* I say. To my husband.

70.

Who went to war.

71.

War that he did not want.

72.

Afghanistan.

73.

How he came home with hands and feet.

74.

Covered in blisters. *Lesions* the doctor said.

75.

Skin burning. Waking up to him crouched.

76.

On the floor and scratching. Saying *I don't know*.

77.

And I know.

78.

That this is how war is.

79.

Or later. I will lay in the darkness.

80.

And think about burn pits in Iraq.

81.

Black smoke and jet fuel and fumes.

82.

About Vietnam sprayed. The bare mudflats after.

83.

Defoliation of trees. And birds. Missing mangroves.

84.

How dioxin poisons wind. Sleeps. In a river or sediment.

85.

The fatty tissue of a fish. Atomic blasts in Hiroshima and.

86.

Nagasaki. The incineration of bodies and land.

87.

Tearing skin off people. Tearing trees out of ground.

88.

Tearing everything.

89.

Away.



90.

How black rain fell. Radioactive bomb debris.

91.

Into mouths. Of people and rivers.

92.

How radiation lives. In grass and soil. The intestine of a cow.

93.

About the GWOT. Blood soaked years and streets and.

94.

How many miles of land. Where we left bombs.

95.

Unexploded or forever.

96.

I will think about Zone Rouge.

97.

Trenches like scars.

98.

My husband gardening. The tendons in his arms.

99.

Moving like trees.

100.

Or how war never goes away.

*Amalie Flynn*

*October 2018*

