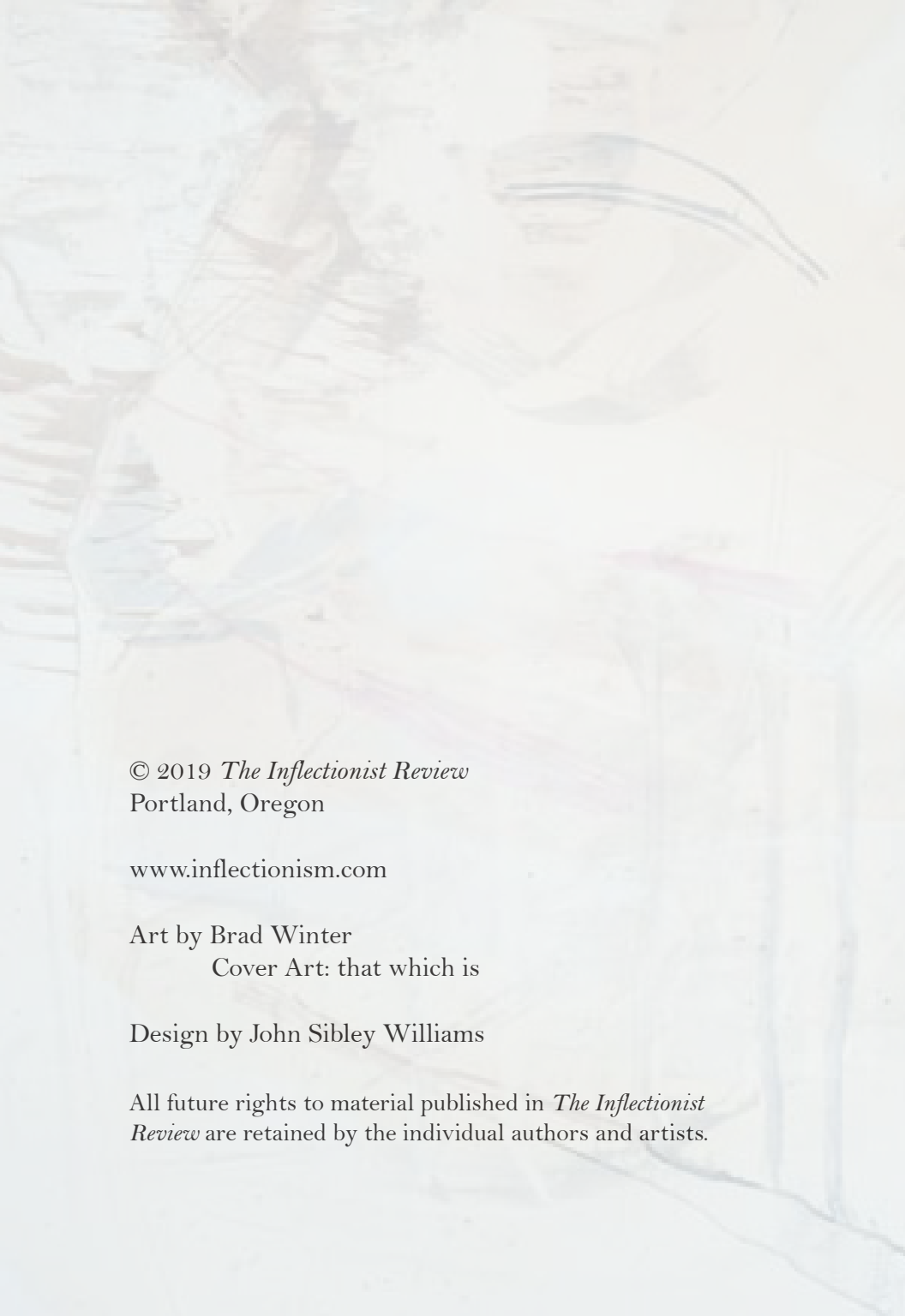


Special Feature: The Liminal Matter Project
Photographs & Poems from the US/Mexican Border



The
In **flexionist**
Review

No. 8



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Portland, Oregon

www.inflectionism.com

Art by Brad Winter
Cover Art: that which is

Design by John Sibley Williams

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The
Infectionist
Review

No. 8

Winter/Spring 2019

Portland, Oregon

mission

The Inflectionist Review is a small press publishing stark and distinctive contemporary poetry that fosters dialog between the reader and writer, between words and their meanings, between ambiguity and concept. Each issue gathers established and emerging voices together toward the shared aim of unique expression that resonates beyond the author's world, beyond the page, and speaks to the universality of human language and experience.

Inflectionism is an artistic movement that was started in 2010 by three Portland, Oregon poets who sought a more organic approach that respected both poet and reader, both words and interpretation. As a creative philosophy, Inflectionism seeks to build upon what has come before and gently bend it to reflect what has and has not changed about the world and the language we use to express it.



editors

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from the editors

*overlooking
floodlights and
barbed wire,*

*a holy man
asks for the names
of those who
have gone
missing.*

Missing. Gone missing. The significance of *gone*, how it changes agency. That someone else has done this. Or something else, sometimes a nation. Scraping together the audacity to cross a river and brave a new life. To never know if you'll be accepted. Or if you'll survive the journey.

And how many have retained their names after vanishing? In death, are we nameless? All of us. Who holds the burden of identification? Or is it a privilege to be trusted with remembering?

The quote from Laura Winter above is achingly relevant in America's current cultural climate.

This issue honors that near-impossible journey and the hope that underlies its suffering, its uncertainty, by showcasing in a special section pairings of poems and photographs that explore the political borderlands along the US/Mexico border.

We are also honored to present the surreal yet utterly human writings of Jon Boisvert in this issue's Distinguished Poet section, alongside the evocative work of Featured Artist Brad Winter.

Each piece in *TIR* thrives within its own created world yet adds to the larger dialogue we hope to foster. We invite you to join the conversation.

— A. Molotkov and John Sibley Williams, The Editors

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Restless Lost Ones

special feature

The Liminal Matter Project



Photographs & Poems from the US/Mexican Border

**photographs by
Terri Warpinski**

**poems by
Laura Winter**

mission statement

The Liminal Matter project consists of two companion volumes: *Fences* and *Traces*. These selections are from *Liminal Matter: Traces*, which was completed in September 2018.

The Liminal Matter volumes are the pairing of photographs that explore the political borderlands along the US/Mexico border with poems written for a story found in each photo. Terri Warpinski's photographs can be viewed purely as stark records of the physical evidence of those political concerns between nations and the impact they have on the natural environment. The addition of Laura Winter's poetry reminds us of the social and psychological impact these borders have on the people who live in their shadows. Thoughtful pairings of poetry and images offer the viewer opportunities to consider the circumstances from multiple perspectives. Together the words and images present a contemplative experience of these imposing physical, political and psychological divides.

The pairings in *Fences* tend to encompass broadly sweeping landscapes, suggesting the futility of political squabbles in relation to the immensity of the natural world. The pairings in *Traces* tend to focus on the border's impact on people and the artifacts left behind through the sacrifice of each individual. Juxtaposed against the natural world of scrubland and big sky, the pairings are a harbinger of hope that the people will rise up against the politics of their leaders.





An Offering



Laura Winter
An Offering

overlooking
floodlights and
barbed wire,

a holy man
asks for the names
of those who
have gone
missing,

known only as
a number,
one of _____,

silence
straddles the
remnants of
families,

bowing in prayer,
he scatters
flowers
across the divide.



Black Eyed Susan



Laura Winter
Black Eyed Susan

no one attempts
to handcuff
water

deport tarantulas.

a living seam of
history -
haven't we figured
out we're
all hostages?

the riverbank
takes a seat
marveling at
everybody's clouds
floating in its lap,

and eye to
eye with
black-eyed susan

joyfully salving
our wounds.



Descubrimientos

Laura Winter
Descubrimientos

How does the night
wind
bear witness
to the beast
residing inside
each one of us?

Every shooting
star,
a bloody
lick of
light.

Green eyes
glow from
scrubby shadows

divines from
saltbush flats

all the warmth
a body has
to give.



Walking Across Water



Laura Winter

Walking Across Water

man's
naked
spread
of debris

finds
lodging in
economic
opportunities
without
allegiance
to country -

a superfund
patina
the color of no skin

who claims
the clogged arteries of
demarcation?



These Spirits Soar Northly



Laura Winter

These Spirits Soar Northly

ghosts
despise rivers.

sometimes you
find them
drowned

looking like
our neighbors
or people we
may have known.

no lasso
drags them back to
breathing -

having dreamt of floating

up

up

and away

Terri Warpinski lives in De Pere, Wisconsin, where she maintains a robust studio practice and is a professor emerita of art with the University of Oregon. Over the course of three decades her photographically based creative practice has been focused on the relationship between personal, cultural and natural histories. A former Fulbright Fellow, Warpinski's work has been featured in exhibitions both nationally and internationally, and is in many public collections.

Laura Winter lives in Portland, Oregon, where she maintains an active writing and performance art practice. She was a Vice President for The Oregon Community Foundation. Her decades of writing, publishing and performing are informed by a love of the natural environment and personal histories. Her love of improvised music and the spaces it creates between sound, words and silence influences how she works across a page. Winter's work has been translated into music and other languages.



This collaboration began in 2011 when the two artists met at Playa at Summer Lake artist residency program. Playa is situated in the high desert of Oregon in the basin and range country beneath Winter Ridge



Peter Grandbois
Into isn't

“I am—yet what I am none cares or knows.”
—John Clare (1793-1864)

There are places that have no name,
Where the wind stops midway through

The untranslatable night,
Static mixes with song,

And sometimes I know you.

Between one language and another,
No one remembers the silence,

And which rain erases which face, or why
The dark stream churns back toward childhood,

Where sometimes you know me.

All our instants thread through the not until
Every thing breaks into isn't

And we wake unhinged from all we knew,
Bodies screaming with stolen light,

The forgotten distances between us
Consumed by fire,

Until every thing is a shining.



Peter Grandbois

There are all sorts of violences

“Mine has been a life of such shame. I can’t even guess myself
what it must be to live the life of a human being.”

—Osamu Dazai (1909-1948)

You do what you can to touch everything
because it’s hard to believe so much sadness

haunts the world, hard to see through the darkening
window that refuses to look back.

Do you remember how you arrived here?
The deep rain that washed away the stranger’s

heart you will never know, the wind that cleaved
the long breath of your broken nights in two,

the light sinking like an itch forever
below the surface of your dying skin.

It’s enough to stay the body’s drowning,
yet you refuse to see our days are made

of frenzied waves hitting the shore,
spread so thin we forget what it’s like

to imagine we exist. As if by
closing our eyes and looking through the glass

of half-remembered childhood we could spy
anything like the spirit close up.

Peter Grandbois

All that remains

“By daily dying, I have come to be.”

—Theodore Roethke (1908-1963)

I work hard to forget myself so I can sleep We live so many deaths it's difficult to see the snow blind as we are by mouths moving At some point we stand inside our own absence Emptiness drawn taut over the horizon like a slow alphabet of broken glass spread across the floor until each shining shard exhausts us, until all the moons of our mistaken lives dissolve into fierce And now here the depthless lake all that remains.

Alexandre Ferrere

Uni/Verse

Atoms
never worn

they out
change;

From stars

to gravel,
from gravel

from you

from me

to me

to you.

to stars

We're never old nor young;
We're always told and sung

throughout
the
land,

no grip
no end
no start

a flow,
thin flow

(no sacred
no profane)
no;

It is blurred because of itself.

Short-lived run

There—

Every exit is an entrance to a false exit. Eternal threshold. Here—

to to an to

an entrance exit an entrance



Alexandre Ferrere
rorriM/Mirror

Reflection of a mir|ror
in a dark
ro|om:

a self

cut

from
—its own—
form.

Alexandre Ferrere

Present Morning, Echoing in the Past

Icicles slowly

racing

times

towards

is

the

crystal

a broken

frozen

clear.

glass,

ground;



Erik Fuhrer

mouths like dark wings

feed off

the world's body

as god just flaps

his skin

and watches death

make fire

from our teeth





Sarah Lao

A Study in Chiaroscuro

In the firelight, mother twists in her edges something dark. Something lost & feral. There's a half opened bottle oxidizing in the spill of her palm, & when she corkscrews the rim, liquid murk swishes & climbs up the curve of the neck. Something viscous, vicious. She is all stringent & brittle, glass blown to a breaking point, a hot iron welding over the cracks. Her hands shake, sweat-slick, crowded over the fire for something like warmth, & outside, the wind is still beating the window & the clock on the mantelpiece is still ticking & the fire is burning something so hot

I feel cold.

Sarah Lao
Seascape

Come spring tide, & in my
mind I'm watching time
roll. Click, snapper shut.
Camera fogs in a stillbreath
& fist of pans down.
I piscator. I calcify.
I blow dart nightfin blue.
At night, every ship
runs hull-less against
the dark, sails fanned to
white flags mouthing
open the sky
for rain. Oh, write me a shipwreck
& narrative where I am both maiden
& the crone, the soft flesh
& the grieved pearl urchin
oyster. I mariner. of
I broken-necked pelican.
I leaky message in a
bottle. Scene cut, flash jump—
hands shaking on screen,
my body sprouts scales
running the spine, sheds
exoskeleton on the scales.
Call me stormbound. Call
me arrow-sprung.
Call me the seaglass
beneath your feet, the

the monsoon squall
lull.
& all of a sudden,
see myself back at
again:
bone-dry
whirling

breaking
sealost,
I the beginning
stardust
in the
brine.

Simon Anton Nino Diego Baena

West Bank

I see smoke spread like plague
 over a row of windows

 and dried wells

that bird on a crumbling minaret

I have long asked for
forgiveness even before
this—

yes the walls do have blood
and yes the door creaks

—I stare at the hole intently



Simon Anton Nino Diego Baena

History

My shack is dark
as the woods outside.

Just the tiny glow
of a lamp once used

by survivors
huddled in the snow.

To feel this moment
like the knife
it is, I open

this old book of scars. In it,
a wolf howls in the ruins,

a child searches
for a relic in Dachau.



Maximilian Heinegg

No. 6

what's left
of disappearance
after the event

horizon
grief pitches
the board clear of
answers I am the rust silver
suffers

on the side
my sight digs into
the tell
for a find grave goods
or a cache but there is no here

here one long
ash seam of absence
in the only
field

where death sets
the edge
time steps beside



Wayne Lee
Order

“Time is a flat circle.”
—Friedrich Nietzsche

I want the grass smoothed over
so the graves won't show.

Don't talk to me of long bones
in short boxes. Fly a flag that instructs

the wind to rage.
Only dust is visible.

I want smoke to disappear from fire
so I can see what is lost.

I want neatness. Sanity. Give me
a blessing on the back of a stone.

What could be more terrible than space?
One day I stood on the edge,

facing the exact opposite of reason.
I want to alphabetize the stars.



David Radavich

Vincent

Your blue eye
swirls like a flower
or a star

reminding us
why this madness
is a gift

best spent
on the future

radiant
ever
burning sun



Cory Hutchinson-Reuss

In Which a Thrown Voice Answers My Question

What draws you out is before blue was a color. What line, what sky. Sea or iris, you want to form a lucid medium, but every image blurs, thickens into a curtain. You walk out into the color spectrum, looking for the hottest part of the flame. Your eyes wine-dark, mollusk, a pearled cradle. You notice how the world bends. On either side of any horizon, you sense an aching largeness ready to collapse. The convex of happiness remains delicate. You think of necks, hourglass or carafe, or bottles smashed to christen a ship. You try to remember a name. The togetherness that rinsed over you, then receded, like a tinted solution revealing a lens.

Cory Hutchinson-Reuss

Dream Extracts [chemical summer]

At a corner, a wash of vague wrongness infuses my systems. A wave out of sync, a soft flux with manageable effects. Taxotere. Cytosan. Body

as a book of labyrinths, all the languages I haven't learned. Turning and turning

to my violet core, a sitting stone, a bee-balm flare in analogous color, in medical weather. In barometric trough and frontier,

who is the deer's wilder brother?

Passing through animals, in the process of retrieval, I want to assure everyone, including myself, that I'm grateful.

The chest constricts. Nail beds slightly discolored and sore. Stomach problems grow less serious with each cycle. I'm grateful like the ouzel, a bird that plunges near the falls to eat.

Is she wild in her repetitions. She knows how to hover and dive. The deer knows how to carry its neck with a caution that's easy to mistake for gracefulness alone.

Awake, my friend is gone, but here he hovers in corners, present but not interactive. Someone asks how he died, and I say he spoke as if underwater. His heart warbled and gurgled. His heart was a gate to another bird.

When lit, the moon is a gate to another moon. It brackets off part of my color with velvet brackets. I am here, broadcasting fractions of sun.

An energetic absence belongs to the antlers on the forest floor. I search. Through a warble in the gate, through a wild color at my core. I am someone's

lost brother. I'm passing from moon to moon, a series of semi-glowing placeholders.



Cory Hutchinson-Reuss

Dream Extracts [dictionary pages]

Concertina wire fence

metallic & thin song / the powers like
its catchy hook / its compressions / coil
upon coil / the edges / silver coins with faces /
pressed out

Crushed petals

lips crack like a section of orange
forgotten on the counter /
the wind gets in / the screen door slams
over & over / grass bears
our imprints

Water

try to catch evening / medium
of all drowning / of dream-swarms / of being
lightning bugs in a jar / or born again in salt /
& smears of Prussian blue

Wolf fur

granules of instinct / the hips'
graceful mechanics / what if
we can't track ourselves / forgotten
choreography

Tulip berry

an arrangement in heaviness / each head
sighs to another / sighs a sky

Blue vein

look / night's pearled eggs /
black & shining / hope in prism /
in quicksilver & next

Rose madder

thicket / loosened & rinsed
like bloody weed / consolation in the arteries /
in the trees a warm trace

Storyteller

membrane & stitches / domestic tissue /
the story is the scar / is the one
who bares it

Fire

wind carries the tongues /
makes you remember / the moon
phases the light / swallowed you
from the very beginning



Cory Hutchinson-Reuss

Dream Extracts [bruise]

Cello refrain in my sternum. Swollen. Like musk and tuber rose. Like Mississippi evening. Like surgeon's bread. Like an argument that needs to be abandoned. Sleep swells, violoncello, I hear the pigeons brood and coo, I hear all the birds lift in a great fluttering. Xiphoid process the meeting place. A congress of wings.

Cory Hutchinson-Reuss

Dream Extracts [*within the vicinity of
another gate*]

i. Synapse

Across the mind's channels, a sudden
pop of color:
bruised coldness of the blood orange
she peeled in the theatre lobby,
holding it out to me, saying,
Is this familiar

My body remembers itself
a segmented radiance

moving in the lulls between trees

In the garden in the dark
in the December nadir

I'm restless and unsure

ii. Metallic scent of night's hinges

The O's close the moon a smear of congealed grease the sky an animal skinned
and freezing I wake like machines dewy and cold zoned to experience myself as
elsewhere

iii. Tremolo

Through a dream-scrim of algae
The smallest vessels

Grass-motion seeds light
Reverberations of sun

bell underground and shake loose
a brain of tiny star-shoots

Rainfall returns me
to the body

Cells multiply and some
may never stop, like a gong

struck too close
to the ear

I have to go closer still
Let the tremor

Let every future expand
the dark matter of its grammar

iv. An older cave, lit with movement

I follow the land's creases
Fold and
remake the backyard
as a collage of dictionary pages

What if the sunken garden
has no sign
on its leaning gate, only the insistence
of corrugated branches,

the cardinal in ink,

the throat in ink,

the throat, lit, the river,
cardiac and subterranean

v. A child becomes an invented creature

A compressed song fills the panes
Waits for an operatic season

Along the pond's edge, ice tiles
 broken and jumbled
You can voice frequencies into them
The water has opened

Under the slanting sun

I see myself
Split and re-fused

What did I want?

Returned by another route

Aortal

Furred in bronze

* Bracketed subtitle is from *Pond* by Claire-Louise Bennett



featured artist

.....

Brad Winter

artist statement

I am originally from Milwaukee, Wisconsin and studied literature and creative writing at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee in the mid-late 1970's. I moved to Portland in 1978 and have lived here ever since with my wife, the poet Laura Winter.

I have been involved in performance/music arts both as a performer and as a presenter of avant/jazz/improv. I was the artistic director of the Creative Music Guild from 1997-2007 and a columnist for Cadence Journal of Jazz and Improvised Music. I have created designs, layouts, photos and liner notes for many compact discs and numerous small press publications. I have recently retired my professional picture framing business and am now engaged in artmaking full time.

My artworks (paintings, collages, drawings, prints) have been featured in a number of solo and group exhibitions including: The Buckley Center Gallery at University of Portland, The Northview Gallery at PCC Sylvania, Portland Center for the Visual Arts, and The Bush Art Barn in Salem. I was included in the Oregon Biennial at the Portland Art Museum (1987 and through 1988 on a subsequent select exhibit tour of several colleges in the Oregon State University system.) More recently I was in a very fine group exhibition (Art On/With Paper) at Roll-Up gallery in 2016 and had a solo show of new drawings at Turn Turn Turn in Portland in August 2017. My latest exhibition was a two-month-long solo show of recent drawings at Roll-Up gallery (THAT WHICH IS: DRAWINGS BY BRAD WINTER) in July/August 2018.

For the past several years I have focused primarily on drawing. These drawings are abstract and immediate, the result of process turned loose in an automatic/free manner creating space/s made new with each successive adventure. While I am not attempting to imply a complete lack of critical attention or direction on my part, I am primarily committed to the journey itself rather than pursuing and arriving at some fixed aesthetic/statement. In my work the successful "finished" pieces must be far more a beginning than an end.



Interested parties may contact me: bradwinterpdx@gmail.com





traveler's tale



Canyonder



Choy-ko



tip'n in



mis-confused



Disorder on the Border



Michael Spring
rock wall

my skull erodes
even as it forms

my heart is in the mouth
of another heart

I can hear thunder
from the river

the compacted snow
continuing to feed it

what draws me
to this wall?

my body
might be all I am



Michael Spring

sonata

a field full of wooden statues –
women and men without faces –
each barely different from another –
their cupped hands filling with snow

I wait for what
will eventually touch the statues
and make them breathe



Michael Spring
in the slow

she remembers how to speak
with her hands

with the underwater
sway of reeds

with the clouds above
swimming with wind

because she stands waist deep
in the river's slow current

her hands stir the song
of the child she used to be



Nathan Hassall

Days Before the Wake

a handful of ash and
we wonder what
to tell the children

we clench our trench coats
close
to our bodies

in the forest
all the trees
are shaved

into semi-colons
they fall on your head
and you wake on the dirt

to cries of
the world
doesn't have

to end
like this
but it does it does it does



Darren Demaree

[if you can not be afraid of your own body]

i told my daughter if you can avoid the fear of your own body then you can be a queen or a king or a witch or a librarian and every time you walk into a new room you will be cheered again or spit on again and it won't matter at all because the knots that develop are almost always a rejection of one's own flesh so if you can drape yourself in the cool blue of i can move this way and that way and it's all flight to me then everyone else can marvel can swallow their thoughts without a sip of water



Darren Demaree

[there is a shifting]

i told my son there is a shifting remoteness that every town feels but since we live in the city every shift shoves a dozen families into the countryside or into the casino luckily i grew up near here so i know which creek-beds lead to actual rivers that will take us to a county where we are not loved but nobody would be willing to shoot us without cause there are reasons we live in the city now you should know there are places where we are not welcome anymore



Robert Carr

Mother's Shell

In the tambour beside my bed
I keep a carved abalone.
Barnacle surface shaved away,
a sailor's hand inscribed the words
Remember Me, to someone on

the shore he loved. The man I love
gave me the shell the May
my mother died. Today, I head
from home, toward my father
with his broken ribs. At ninety,

he curls into the snail of himself.
I drive to a house held up by whale
bone. The rib is longer than my body.
Painted white, it peels in sun.
I have left behind the opal of mother's

Remember Me. The air hangs
hot over warming bones and I miss
her laughter in the motion
of blood, in the movement
of muscle as I hold her to my ear.



Martin Willitts, Jr.

All Possible Futures

our lives are always in the past tense
what we've done is as elusive as smoke
we are never asked permission
to leave what is behind us
we've already entered and exited each day
like a train whistle nearing the bend
before a depot

birds settle in the garden
just passing through
searching for spilt seed and grubs
on their way to other conversations

fingers of sunlight pull through clouds



Sheree La Puma

I Dreamt We Quarreled

To My Daughter

after Edvard Munch's "The Sick Child" 1907

And in that dream, three priests,
blind, each fiddling with the hem,
of your dress. Pleats of anger
morphing into sorrow, soft

in its call to mourning, your eyes,
vacant. Head bowed, trapped
by time, I am forced to admit
the sins of mother. Outside

your scars, in the shadows,
not doorways but openings,
roof lines that point towards
stars, away from head/chest

where love has been tamped.
A child should survive its
mother. I wear a veil
of memory. You talk

about death, too easily.
When nothing remains
but body, I breathe
you in. Exhale your song.

Suddenly, everywhere,
birds.



distinguished poet

.....

Jon Boisvert



the interview

Q: As these poems are all part of a series titled *Los Lunas*, can you tell us about your vision behind this extended sequence? How do you feel the poems communicate with each other? What is their grander metaphorical exploration?

About eight years ago, I received a call from a sheriff in Los Lunas, New Mexico. Someone there had been trying to use my identity to secure a personal loan. Since my father had moved there a few years before, and I didn't know anyone else who'd ever been there, I'd figured it was him.

My dad and I have a no-contact relationship, and as time goes by, I think more about what his end-of-life experience will be like for the both of us. In terms of exploring this via poetry, the idea that someone in a desert is trying to both avoid me and impersonate me at the same time is also quite rich. So the sequence draws on southwestern landscapes, identity changes, and the difficult combination of searching-for and letting-go.

The sequence has less of a vision than a job to do. It's helping me through new feelings about my life, and I suppose I'll be writing Los-Lunas poems for as long I have Los-Lunas questions.

Q: As your recent collection *Born* (Airlie Press, 2017) is composed entirely of prose poems, what draws you to this structure? Do you find inspiration or freedom in its constraints?

I love how childish prose poems are. Writing a block of text that's clearly not a poem, then asking people to join me in pretending that it is, has a liberation in it. And it also has a sense of secrecy, a bond. The writer and reader agree to a kind of code, a shared way of seeing things differently from the rest of the world. It's a great place to start from.

Q: Your work walks a tightrope between intimacy and surrealism. You hold the reader close by employing the first and second person points of view. You repeatedly speak of corporeal things. There are “bodies” everywhere. And they feel like real human bodies. However, the situations in which you place your characters are wholly surreal. Tell us about this juxtaposition: how it comes about in your writing and what impact you feel it has on the reader. And tell us about out-of-body experiences, where the speaker exists in more than one form.

Thank you! I’ve become very interested in the “I” and “you” in poems, and what the reader and writer do to one another. And in things like trauma and dissociation—when we perceive the world as too unpredictable or too dangerous, and sever connection with ourselves in order to survive. My way of getting that phenomenon into poems is often to make it literal, through worlds that don’t make sense and bodies that don’t stay with their owners. The moment between “I can’t believe this is happening” and “I’m going to pretend I’m somewhere else” has become a sort-of creative target for me.

I also try to engage the lighter side of these tenuous worlds and bodies. There can be a lot of hope inside surreal landscapes, and a lot of potential for togetherness and understanding in form-phasing characters. I think I really began writing this way with my chapbook, *EGOCIDES*, which is a collection of poems I wrote when I got married. Now, I’m expanding that approach to other relationships and experiences.

Q: Incisions, spines, dead bodies, fire, storm, steam, the “wet & heavy” howl of a human being desperately trying to connect himself to his environment. You relish darker images, often converting them to beauty. Tell us about violence as it’s portrayed in your poetry.

I believe that life is at least half-dark, and to write an honest poem, the poem should also be half-dark. And in these poems, especially, since they take place in a desert, where life forms are naturally more rugged and harsh, a lot of violence takes place.

It’s been my experience that the beautiful parts of life tend to come after the dark or violent ones, and that order is what tips the scale and makes it all worthwhile in the end. So my poems are often arranged in a similar way, changing from dark to light—surviving themselves, in a way.

Q: What inspires you to write? Where do your unique and resonant images come from?

Good question. Whatever I'm writing, I try to entertain and understand myself in the process. There's a lot of free-association, looking at or thinking about paintings (the block-format prose-poem relates to this).

I grew up surrounded by a lot of strange, dissonant images. My little hometown was once "The Circus Capital of the World," so there were life-size statues of once-famous elephants with the paint chipped off, public trash can lids shaped like clowns' heads, where you put your garbage into their mouths, and just outside of town, where my family lived, little woods dotted with bright-orange hunters just before dawn. So I can't say exactly where my images come from, but I've always lived in a world where unlikely things sat side-by-side, which has helped.

Q: Compared to *Born*, these poems seem to take another step toward abstraction, away from what one might imagine as the speaker's human story. Only one poem, "Autopsy", references pain. Does pain go away, or does it lie deeper in these poems?

That's a good point. I think these first several Los Lunas poems are more focused on world-building than any other poems I've written so far. This project will get more "human" as it goes on, but hopefully, it will also have a more consistent and detailed environment. Of course, finding the pain is important, too, and that is part of the assignment I've given myself here, in a sequence at least partially about my aging, estranged dad.

Q: In your case and in general, is the writer's voice essentially present to begin with, or is it something the writer develops over the years by reading, writing and learning?

I believe that babies are wiser than grown-ups, and that when we say we're "developing" our voice, it really means we're "recovering" it from somewhere lost inside. Years of reading, writing, and learning can be good tools in the search, but they can't do anything to create a writer's voice. Reading books we like can make us feel inspired, but the books we love tend to be the ones that make us feel seen, understood, and free. Those are the books that help us recover our own voice.

**Q: The sun is referenced in several poems. Who's the sun?
come from?**

In the desert, it's like the untouchable thing you ask for answers, the thing you fear, the thing you bow to, the ultimate cause for the way things are. Totally powerful, totally neutral, it's at the center of all decisions and all actions.

.....

Jon Boisvert

Sun

You quietly break into tears in a market, overwhelmed by the problem of which tubs are yogurt, which are cheese. You escape into a bathroom in a café & lock the door. You go inside yourself for answers. You find a dog with golden fur asleep in a sunbeam. You find your body next to it, wrapped in a sheet printed with yellow flowers. You feel the warm love of the sun, who tells you there is no need to eat anymore.





Jon Boisvert

Walk

I step out of the door, into the desert.
The air is hot. The sun tells me I am alive.
The ground is covered in a thin layer of
ancient, perfect shapes. This isn't right,
I say to the mountain in the distance.
But then I remember that I'm you now,
& that you were born in the desert once.
So I wave to the grackles, the reticent
pronghorn deer. I begin to walk, knowing
& not knowing the way.

Jon Boisvert

Microphone

I put a microphone on top of a cactus.
I put another microphone on top of
another cactus. I put microphones on
cactuses all day, until I am sick from heat.
At dusk I turn them on. I hear spines
growing, small creatures returning to life.
I hear the hum of each star as it arrives,
& the deep voice of the moon. I hear
everything except what I am looking for.
Everything but the truth, & my real name.





Jon Boisvert

Autopsy

The coyote makes a Y incision on my body
& pulls out a cactus. The coyote weighs
the cactus without emotion. It weighs the
grackle, the vial of rain, & each thing then
goes up on a shelf. The coyote autopsies
me for hours. The cave becomes so
cluttered & beautiful that I want to stay
forever, but the coyote carries me, empty,
back out into the desert. I watch the birds
fly over; I watch a cloud. I have no more
pain.

Jon Boisvert

Monsoon

I find my old body under a creosote bush.
It is wrinkled & dry, so I shake it out,
causing a monsoon. Trapped in a violent
rain, still naked, holding my old body,
which has grown so heavy & wet, I howl.
& just as quickly the storm moves away.
The sun comes out. My old body turns
into steam, rising & back up into the sky
& disappearing again.





Jon Boisvert

Shape

I find a beautiful shape drawn on the ground & decide to camp inside it for the night. I make a fire & the shape stretches its legs like a cat in the warmth. I make a bed & creosote waves goodnight. Yucca mumbles like an old relative. I dream that you are born inside this shape, right into my strange-looking hands.



Seed/ing



Daniel Edward Moore

Crawling to the Kingdom

Your fingers shout deliverance, the lock said to the key.
Hearing the jailor's violent song, your ear became the shape
of every throat found open.

Tenderness taught your tongue
the holy scrub of pink.
Trauma forced the church in you
to burn a thousand candles.

If praise is how the body drugs the mind with light,
a reflection of the golden cage whose bars are made of bones,
prayer is nothing more than

a deathbed made of words, the way the fear of punishment
blooms through your skin, the way you watch it nightly
on the sad and crippled fly,

crawling to the kingdom
on the crime scene's yellow tape.



Elizabeth Paul

The Ones Who Belong Outside

We've betrayed ourselves at last, caught out as animals in the nature of ourselves. Caught in our resemblances to the food we eat and the tools we use—an uncanny ecology. We make a horizon line and the lilies make a sky, make stars. There is a word. We've forgotten our words. We know we are delicious like a picnic. We are cut open fruit and can't hide our crisp pink flesh.



Pepper Trail

Refugees/The Sirens

In the sea, not
 in the sea
 dead
 dry
 drowned

 fate sealed
in the hold

The boat, overburdened
 with those dreams
these fears
 anchorless and unflagged
buried in the Mediterranean
 by distant consent

We have heard this story

Rome burned
Carthage was sown with salt

The gods change but
 they are never satisfied

The sirens will never cease
 their singing

Shannon K. Winston

In Which Self-Portraits Are Also About Others, or Ilse Bing's Musings with Her Leica Camera

Ilse Bing, *Self-Portrait in Mirrors*, photograph, 1931

Impossible. How can we ever fit
into the same picture if we
stumble forth, awkward and unsure? We
like the way light filters through
through our bodies—
like everyday miracles
let's zoom in.
Let's be the projector and the screen.
Can we see ourselves
in the center of this photograph
one eye pressed into the lens
one eye gazing sidelong
captures it all
—heart, scar
against the static of the dial tone
in these passageways
we try to make ourselves whole
stronger as before

all the pieces of ourselves
are nothing but reflections that
leave only the smallest traces,
escape routes
veins, tiny inlets
trembling before us
Let's see the yet unseen.
Be the camera and the eye.
better now?
I sit with
a telephone receiver
the mirror in the foreground
reflects our image back to us
love, loss—
in the crossings of glass, metal, flesh.
angels brush up against us
again and again
only stranger. Other.

Alice B. Fogel

Driftwood

When they arrive
at the frozen shoreline smooth & white from a sea
that carves & carries them to me
for all I know
they are not trees & they don't come from a forest

I may as well have never heard of a forest
or any other place than here in the world I stand on
the beach & receive

these great boughs
are like seals borne & shaped by the waves the way
snow is livened by wind
& I don't deduce distances or depths only know now

there will be a fire & what drifts
arriving like the sound of a voice saying my name
I came here to listen

& I listen & collect & wood washes in knowing
nothing of fences nothing of nails
& can hold
the cold for a while at bay if I light it
this driftwood burns well & it has no reason not to

Alice B. Fogel

Then rain

came falling as if silence
reinvented a way to unwind the maze
of your turning thoughts & drape
it over the land that body
where I wanted to lay myself down
& be like earth soaked through & out-
line the edges of us the marsh got to
do it take it all in expand contract
with the waterload the weather too
rushes ahead looks back you can hear it
pushing away the other kinds I couldn't
help it I cried all day & night
& couldn't pray while you took off
your shoes closed your eyes what
was I thinking what were you
a wish a wetland another country
& its climate I felt transfused & you
said two things at once you said *rain!*
& *stop raining!* things that doubled
& scattered behind stones & the rain
keeps on coming anyway fog leaves sky
dragged along in its tracks the seeded
cloud in your hands you said
what I'd hoped you'd say then took it away
& left the banks farther apart both sides
of the river drenched in overflow

Alice B. Fogel
Then again

what if to love is to be swept apart by love's own flung
distances & rejoined by its drenching climbs each
falling between falling
& mastering the repetitive task of raising it back up
to heights so it might fall again all of it
lit & sundered into what can't be illumined love
lifted & then lost time after time coming briefly
to rest at the bottom the unbearable
body of it a kind of seal
that breaks away as if forever but not forever & rises
elsewhere & then again love moving
as two seals their weight their density the massive
steeping of their wet bodies poring over each other
coming apart each oceanic each mountainous
simultaneously sweat-salted & sweet
solid & slippery what if light on the surface fell
& threw shadow down light on the sea limited
itself by depths light on the rock made the rock
light all of it at once love the rock
yearning to be free to fall back alone
to rest the arms aching to let it go & the rock
yearning to be carried again the arms aching
to hold the hard heaviness of the burden



Alice B. Fogel

things slip away

things slip away
the moon parts spilled clouds
don't you see it's full now & unapologetic & before the sun
has even finished going down

then all it has to do is stare into space till dawn

things slip out
an argument with harm
a road crossing in the wilderness & the valley
between missing her & being with her
filling up with fog

don't you see
we have to hold the heavy cups in our hands
we have to pour them out in the middle of the day
it can't be done alone


now it's night just like you said & the light falling from the loss
comes closer than the dark that was the losing



James Peake

Colour

It's not white noise but a space
inside which any human voice
can retune, regender, resurrect,
since the dead or the changed
are summoned by wax cylinder
or vinyl as it ingratiates the needle,
pops and clicks, an alive mouth
at my shoulder, there and not there.



Twila Newey
from *Circumfluence*

Each year we learn ocean

a thing always inside us

the tremulous solidity of sand

beneath bare foot

the easy way moving water lifts

a body clean off its feet

twirls and twirls and twirls us

into collective dream of

suspended time



Michelle Tinklepaugh
muscles like fists

the body remembers/what the mind tries to forget/here with you/opening/you are him/you are them/I am closing/I go back/my body follows/muscles like fists/loud music drowns memories/I push/they keep coming/on the bed/I watch myself crawl away/he who is all of them/ yanks her back by the hair/muscles like fists/I remember/ she is me/between her legs is a wound/when you hold me in your arms/ you don't know they are here with us/you ask me if I am okay/I say yes/she looks at me/ I don't want to be there/I want to be here/ I don't want to be her/muscles like fists/wounds turned to scars/she remembers thinking/when her face is in the pillow/he doesn't have to see her eyes/she is her own ghost/her body a house haunted/ her mouth a graveyard of unsaid things



untitled (banner)

contributors

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Robert Carr is the author of *Amaranth*, published in 2016 by Indolent Books and *The Unbuttoned Eye*, a full-length 2019 collection from 3: A Taos Press. Among other publications his poetry appears in the *Bellevue Literary Review*, *Crab Orchard Review*, *Rattle* and *Tar River Poetry*. Robert is poetry editor with Indolent Books and an editor for the anthology *Bodies and Scars*, available through the Ghana Writes Literary Group in West Africa. Additional information can be found at robertcarr.org.

Darren Demaree is the author of eight poetry collections, most recently *Two Towns Over* (March 2018), which was selected as the winner of the Louise Bogan Award by Trio House Press. He is the Managing Editor of the Best of the Net Anthology and Ovenbird Poetry. His poems have appeared, or are scheduled to appear, in numerous magazines, including *Diode*, *Meridian*, *New Letters*, *Diagram*, and the *Colorado Review*.

Alexandre Ferrere is 28 and lives in France. After a Master's degree in Library Sciences and a Master's degree in English Literature, he is now working on a PhD. on American poetry. His essays and poems appeared or are forthcoming in *Beatdom*, *Empty Mirror*, *Rust+Moth*, *Lumin Journal*, *Riggwelter Press*, *Porridge Magazine*, *Barren Magazine*, *armarolla*, *Lucent Dreaming*, and elsewhere. His twitter: <https://twitter.com/bluesfolkjazz>.

Alice B. Fogel is the New Hampshire poet laureate. Her latest book *A Doubtful House. Interval: Poems Based on Bach's "Goldberg Variations"* (2015), won the Nicholas Schaffner Award for Music in Literature and the 2016 NH Literary Award in Poetry. Her third book, *Be That Empty*, was a national poetry bestseller. Nominated for Best of the Web & ten times for the Pushcart, Fogel has been awarded a fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts. Her poems have appeared in many journals & anthologies, including *Best American Poetry*, *Spillway*, *Hotel Amerika*, *DIAGRAM*, and *The Inflectionist Review*.

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Peter Grandbois is the author of nine previous books, most recently *Kissing the Lobster* (Spuyten Duyvil, 2018). His poems, stories, and essays have appeared in over one hundred journals. His plays have been performed in St. Louis, Columbus, Los Angeles, and New York. He is a senior editor at *Boulevard* magazine and teaches at Denison University in Ohio. You can find him at www.petergrandbois.com.

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Sarah Lao is a sophomore at the Westminster Schools in Atlanta, Georgia. She has been recognized by *Zo Magazine's* Teen Media Expo and is forthcoming in the *Eunoia Review*. She currently serves as a first reader at Polyphony HS and as an editor for *Evolutions Magazine*.

Sheree La Puma is an award-winning writer whose personal essays, fiction and poetry appeared in such publications as *Burningword Literary Journal*, *I-70 Review*, *Crack The Spine*, *Mad Swirl*, *The London Review*, *Gravel*, *Foliate Oak*, and *Ginosko Literary Review*, among others. She is featured in the Best of 2018 issue of *Burningword* as well. Sheree received an MFA in Writing from California Institute of the Arts and has taught poetry to former gang members and theater to teen runaways. Born in Los Angeles, she now resides in Valencia, CA with her rescues, Bello cat and Jack, the dog.

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Daniel Edward Moore lives in Washington on Whidbey Island with the poet, Laura Coe Moore. His poems have been in *Spoon River Poetry Review*, *Columbia Journal*, *Cream City Review*, *Western Humanities Review*, *Phoebe*, *Mid-American Review*, *Permafrost*, and others. His work has been nominated for Pushcart Prizes and Best of the Net. His book “Waxing the Dents,” was a finalist for the Brick Road Poetry Prize and will be released in April 2020. His chapbook, “Boys,” is forthcoming from Duck Lake Books and will be released in early 2020. Visit him at www.danieledwardmoore.com.

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James Peake has worked in trade publishing for several years, predominantly for Penguin Random House and Pan Macmillan, as well as leading independents and literary agencies. Recent poems have appeared in numerous anthologies and magazines including *The Next Review*, *The Best New British & Irish Poets 2017*, and *Scintilla*. A full-length collection is scheduled to appear in summer 2019 from Two Rivers Press, England.

David Radavich's recent poetry collections are *America Bound: An Epic for Our Time*, *Middle-East Meze* and *The Countries We Live In*. His plays have been performed across the U.S., including six Off-Off-Broadway, and in Europe. He has served as president of the Thomas Wolfe Society, Charlotte Writers' Club, and North Carolina Poetry Society.

Michael Spring is the author of four poetry books and one children's book. In 2016 he won a Luso-American Fellowship from DISQUIET International. His poems have appeared in the *Atlanta Review*, *Crannog*, *Flyway*, *Gargoyle*, *Midwest Quarterly*, *Spillway*, and others. Michael Spring is a martial art instructor, a poetry

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Martin Willitts Jr has 24 chapbooks including the winner of the Turtle Island Quarterly Editor's Choice Award, *The Wire Fence Holding Back the World* (Flowstone Press, 2017), plus 11 full-length collections including *The Uncertain Lover* (Dos Madres Press, 2018) and *Home Coming Celebration* (FutureCycle Press, 2019).

Shannon K. Winston earned her MFA from Warren Wilson College in 2018. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Pretty Owl Poetry*, *Whale Road Review*, *A-Minor*, *Crab Orchard Review*, *Zone 3*, among others. Her first full-length poetry collection, *Threads Give Way* (Cold Press), was published in 2010. She teaches in Princeton University's Writing Program. Shannon has a longstanding interest in ekphrasis. She enjoys experimenting with different ways to register the visual in her poetry.

Laura Winter lives in Portland, Oregon. The author of six collections, she also organized a number of performance projects. Her book *Coming Here to be Alone* presents her poems in both English and German.

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There are places that have no name

— Peter Grandbois

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