



WRITING

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CONTENTS

DEANNA FERGUSON

Anti- Edith and Enid

CATRIONA STRANG

Garbles, from *Busted*

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

from A Poem of Attitudes.

The title of *Writing* was its own editorial. Material. Self-reflexive. Nonmetaphorical. Over the years there were three editorial periods – all marked by a change in design and editorial content. David McFadden initiated the magazine, Colin Browne took it in another direction, Jeff Derksen and Nancy Shaw did that again. In our "period" we published work that materialized the conjunction of aesthetics and ideology.

JD & NS

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DEANNA FERGUSON

Anti- Edith & Enid

Deep plunges escape.

Light grew cold; indignant took life [flight] [fight].

Terrific! To partake in my dear one's pall, squalid pall, high-ball pall, badge pall, baldric pall, boss pall, shag pall, so said, and flaming in a heart repeating pulp.

To recognize a boil but these stews ulcer (in hoarser gulps).

Pang troops attack. Spears flew in hurled bursts.

Two ones whose birth night barely breathed into — two ones who wait & wait to whet the fear of suffering, whatever's going, terror, death, boding ill — they dart in hissing leaps across the humping darkness undiscerned.

Balmy...

Balmy...

Balmy

Ball park...

Ball point

Ball of wax

Worsted...

Balmacaan

Balm of Gidead's baloney....

Affright!
Twain Plague!
Low-and-away!

With submissive ones I knew the will was mine, but leaned against my will for bolder acts. No need to bow down no law of Fate says so. It's not I sanction strife I swear not by it, good or bad, my theory is to [live] [leave] life yet my practice does defy it.

For all heaven's holy dead why stain the mix with woe the end is reached the chase is closed. A grief so often from thy sweet lip flows has settled into [theory] [marzipan]. All those echoed shouts canned chants maimed threats lopped stems, five rounds they went, some threads for many more, but to raze a town of any size tears weapon from the root, is where we meet on level field? Honestly it bores.

A stand opposed draws the breath of war:

Stag man chases shaft side well round flies. Sound ices arms and backs and your sword brands cars. Hand strokes gaze high doom scales the sky, blood roars in herds of doubt, in wound, I mount chance and skill forms cast from afar. No award being born. Every head waves at delay, delay in waves, signs off exultant joy for retiring dread. Fury let me wreck the car I plunged it down I washed it out

What sharp in death'm? . . .

Still, it makes our limbs and lids go sleep in gaps, if knees blow slack it's earth now, she bears our shapeless foes, grim debaters, stub born redoublers, on her hoary back. In some striving sense swoon is the refuse itself. Don't talk no more — hell's deep but gloom's cheaper.

Steep rock rears her little sons
Soft sloth rose not ore's alloy
Word volts spire in beds of skin
and name walls rule calm give laws
fused with gain of greedy glories gone
Forsworn to feet of the corpse
drawn forth did disfigure

A cut above a nesting place
upon an airy cloud it seems
of screaming birds
Sleepy spells are medicine
for gouges pressing down and down

Way asleep, steeped in
dark the wine barks divine
A good black ship outstrips
the rear of here, to enter in
it set sail, ails the spirit

Refuge found in triple umbrage
rising nine times or thinks so, then,
dropping, tears a cry
from an old throated gasp
familiar at last
lay
worn with care
sunk in slumber deep
deep sleep and sweet, its very image

Not cut so to fallen back
Dew of [wounds] [words] shall catch it
Rumour shares pain by choice
Drank the voice, vanquished
Oracles built anew
Trouble racks up ash
Devours coil of bone
Age-struck to learn the boys
Are named "The Troop"

Years by no laws to mind on
a long table in torrid shade
Many the benches steer
drifting sun; rough is very right
to sink that car
Dupe thou art sprung. And I
perjured it, often
Coarsed such rave of gold
and foam nor left the helm
nor lost the hold [Hand] & [Cuff]
know I smoothed the sheets in
peace. Fixed yolks rank on
their ramparts
Labour crews lay still. And choke a
thousand chains, every when
unwieldy roar chokes its tongue.
Could not find a way. Part to done.
Raised stakes. Fickle trust
stoops under monster fate
the I takes shape
though eyes long to gaze against shine,
and that still holds, despite fear
of what reflects. If you look
lost at sea you see me

Prune them back stalk & glee with vesture rent, speech times nerveless
theft. Back! One crime serves abhorred henceforth all poor intervening
checks subside in breach. Nothing daunt nothing touches race to uproot
the world debarred; shrank not; nay, she fired.

Why skin holds despite *weakness* why rich aren't *pulled from* their cars
and eaten. Diet and Delinquency.
What matter if I die, so says so general, the army is immortal.

Archives seen more success
in leaves fallen
or birds that landward flock
on shelves
high-built tombs
who's history clinging to

A wind just in from Troy today, it smells of blood
and patronage,
or, device's versa

High-and-outside!
Lucky Arsenal!
Gutted kin!

And here we go. Again. Whatever scrapes the waves fling meet with crav-
ing colleague arms. So says, youse, what goal is yours? What rare-strewn
descry, where's home? And would ye be friend or foe? Who's in the car?
What flecked shellac be that? What drives this heap down paths unknown
with quiver brave and shit inlaid with gold all stoked with speeding flam-
ing must no bolt no plot can hold? Blare less friends, hush that flesh. Lay
bare thy dear vice and happier proves thy fate.

Tracking marriage cowl
Cow's horn holy own, stray
To bait of getter [granted]
Straight temper-tost splashed Weep
Weep fain would I die unkept
Stretched splattered order locked
In low port — what cruel
Shun I first?
O strains avail
For Time seizes memory [money]
Or as poppies bend droopy heads
Unloaden, unkempt

Heads receive snow
to hope for peace
Lips carve irony
to ease each pain the
human face invokes
Makes you wanna champ and gnaw a soul
Half-eaten meat, they leave,
and traces foul
long nursed
on mimicry of war

Succor, what sorry fortune
wants you capped, such
hapless work was wrought
to build the race. Am I
deaf? Is service done?
Silence falls, but torches
overcome the night long
addled with living love
bags packed disgarded howls
and rudder lost, moves off
in morning, in exile

CATRIONA STRANG

Garbles

Garble 6.

Its origins lie in far more – a certain beaked charm, the earlier grief, a bout which took possession and was immediately and brilliantly exploited. Nor did a particular, though often hard to explicate, *nonetheless* become part of meaning. For I, taciturn, remained obscure. But time is initially the alp of our lyric theft, a dynamic not fully understood through corruption's candour. It reveals a new layer, entirely new.

Garble 7.

*(A prompt year earlier
on some other stage)*

whose own ease
was quite so far reaching

and faces, none
to write on

still splice-seize yming

and of a middle
class (a class!)

*new and more
efficient
surfaces*

seize-aid
or rife

or inter-

were only rarely read
only with

Garble 8. *The Blow-Back*

assumed hell
or parts before adhere

sword for word, *out loud*
individual smatters of
fact, in wry of was, this
Thea-effect rides

secular license: *her*
 in Europe
 will

in a period of overlaid
(this fifteenth century, this hundred years)

or: *all first*
 the emergence
 of a radical modernist

just as some of a congeal-invention
will

or heir

as scarce and expansive
as was an oral
culture, soon

Garble 9. *of the alphabetic unconscious*

and even that
has yet to occur, just as
the Greeks lived
through several hundred
simultaneous

*informatiated
ural memory*

the rise of a crucial
mark of the overlay
 (years of)
mass-post medieval betic bonktronic

why replacement shuns
or pens the printed *more*
or under-lyric

since many here picture
between the stage
and the hickatry, I
on racy reaches
nudge a sectronic:

*fully
biting
years*

(even more efficient)

for example: car
(be-webbed fect-object)
and even yet to quill
an overlay of series-making
in which our occurs

Garble 10.

Politics and art are never free of lyric poetry

nor never will
whose effect has
conned the cathected
 (rumour's signature – the rut)

the
then relatively new
oft-opted
putting on the printed
and bound
whose webbed emergence
had lent points begun to steel

in speeches, in which the effect
of centuries are enmeshed:

lent

in particular

and turned a light sharper appreciation
(and just as sharp in Greek)
just as technology runs thick
and to and for and back
and slits, in particular, period

(but politics and art are neither free, nor from)

Garble 11.

"can goad of ants as eyes, as nuts as"

The medium is a sin-between, but taken on, as if to have qualities of its own that some language stored. In other words: just as it explores, we do not escape the question or affect conditions of conveyance. The medium and its "pure" contents behold, inert. Nor is the north of our intention constituted, in all theriousness, as a radical moderate. The possibilities for language, for receiving language from a place, cannot be in and of themselves hewn, when and if poetry is the bearer.

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

from: A Poem of Attitudes

Blood strikes in hot freshets the woo
 with its contingencies. Spheroid and
elastic. Spice deduces ethnicity to
 just say "good-bye." It's into the
 light. We had a game of hearts, a june
 bug. It's claustroph-obeosophy
on broadway.
It's quantum forage salad grunge professes
 obliquity, growth, serum ebbitude tangerine,
 preme brand slamming, totemicity alights, a branches
 twenty-finger poesie custom, beard apple neon
 assing ossification, eyelid droop crowded. It's friction.
It's – we looked at her weary traveler.
 Bludgeon the eyes of the "in." It's
 no longer in cornea class, sluices bureaucrat.
 Blue moons. Blunt hammer in masses, fourth
mathematics collated angst-ridden muscles
 trip cafe squadrons
 all in black. Bollingen.
 And her words. We pout; we've eaten
the syllabus. It's political. It's puddles
 of sweat. It's the frightened math of
all children wrestling with the
sandman. It's banefully x's loving bail floaters
 cold now – do kvetching – cautionary opt
 hurt-riddled boat passing, clothes primitive,
 quasigallic. Them so often by the poolside.
Wear out with ec border rubble
 coo coo ear, warmth eternity, you kelly

india carpet gastronomy strategic militia rodent
recovery on ship entry pathfinder
pandora aghast. Then, that you set out
for the wide planes of flavoring sycophants
jellyings monotones churches blitz huh
or diderot returns mundane return refrain
return. Untrained syndicalist
novel fiction
then one appreciates
borders. It's bollocks
pisser somanex delicious rout. Bologna.
And it's rent-controlled. It's just a ruse.

That's before it segues into a
moody outro. That-be.
The album presents
a bodacious now-i-will-confuse-myself
with regrets. Now shackled. Does that
mean more time within narrative? Uncle
Lee said: 26. 35. A blend of electro-shock
heats.

Don't accuse me
of ill-meant cacophony. Don't douse
your blemish in
the mink of a stole.
Stopped. The bad-boy rap covering a
middle-class vacancy. The blending,
the burgeoning
century's customs grimace
down
the two
citizens
have strung on the O of a real good ethnic meal.
Of
of light. A colonialism subsuming in
lampposts lights. The clinical walls
of the intoxicated institution:

i don't want to bargain with the haddock.
Exacerbating rare codes in a recital
of thirties adjustments in the concentration
level that is our capital. Or not even.
Or noticed. Or sheets of wallpaper divvy
(ever thought of that) filled by crimsons.

Fiction hocks
its prognostications.
For hurry for shame
out of rolodex, fidgeting the
star trek hymnal.
Coldly over the
shoulder, ugly as retinal
stuff. A mexico masculine hayside hoodoo.
A parish, first rue stampede, pus
fission,
fission whelming in the cranium. Fist.
Flags in the nostrils. Flecks mesmerized
off those faces. Fleshed out with arena-rock
guitar blasts flicking the insane, where
one greets
the parsing witness. The
kids had to be retrained. The switch.
Flicks a good-natured western libertarianism?
Moon rose behind the Mesh of
the Ancients. Full of herself. Full.

G
– got no satisfaction. Communes. Post-op.
Practices of the tropes dump – afrika
bambaataa and cameo. After that. After
the but-unstifled
preoccupied with the song
that begins: presaging gathers. Gesticulating.
Get real paid, opens with a deterrence.
Pretty and cheap. Prices rising, so that
into the parodying shoots

delicious
solid inky boisenbery philosophies.

The penis is 1760, tching tang opened
the copper mine, made discs
what sounds like alan parsons
with square holes in their middles
being dry-humped by karlheinz stockhausen.

Off the side, gave these to
the people
wherewith they might buy grain, where
there was gin-wracked cousin – glanced
free of affectation. Gloucestering!

And so we chatted.

And that only

he had the right to procreate. And that
a society of mirrors. Then, that curdled
ovoid. Then younger
timorous verity, it to
him. He thought madonna was [put] in
the world, says what
not we touched
each others' arms in the own. There
are nuggets in my sox
waiting to explode
into him. He trails. He wakes to
the sound of the water tap; he's licked
a lot of them
not tigers. There,
still restaurant.

Satellites of the political
times don't thanks me baby. There is
a "us" in his interstitial
moments of mimesis
– he's recently confessed to
becoming a hippie; heat sudden, these
clamness winks. Suffering long to taste

that european democracy or ego. Saw
 what star is at solstice, saw what heat
 sudden these clamness heavenly
 ensconced in star, marks mid the class
 that produced summer you. Says breault.
 Says he likes this – says singer sheridan stewart.
 There's hardly any use for
 the conference on wichita.
 And the herb teas
 have amassed beneath the steps – is
 the now urging. "Hermann Droth,"
 she said. She stands in the braille
 day, in the city of the dark, with
 feelings
 never so smart. She drowning yourself
 in diet pepsi over that legitimate
 attempt at fright. This – how's that?
 Another fence.
 Antipasto.
 Anyone. Anza
 crucifix – this book doesn't howl with
 intelligence. Where the pynchon is.
 Homely. Honest dyslexic synthetic burst,
 Margarita takes me by the telephone
 of plenty hence. Horace declaimed
 to a rapt audience
 this contingency. This
 cotton – this of hormonal
 horse around the free market rioters.
 Hostile. How about? And defecates. Sheep
 shorn wins and polished three villages
 aid diorama covering giacometti –
 how did they get there? How easy. How
 man can genet, no digital a fraught
 chafe, the bit, not succumb its miracle.
 How many forenoons – fatal habit of smoking
 while singing. This freedom

gimme tlooth serum lickety
corrodes. This glass
of sherry swerves into
textualities. This is a boat
long writes tradition
aglow, peter stanching f-verb
calisthenics. A blistering performance.

Gore presumed innocent
until slightly guilty.

This is a cloud-in, feel nietzschean!
My mother would ardently nationalist,
but wavering the sequels suspending,
are in the shape of elvis presley.
This is a private
fasceme. This is a
torment. This joint practicing the way:
how to be in (Hsin).

I'm entrusted
to myself. I'm game, nothing compared
to the eyebags of wharf rats, are the
shrieks. Sign the live, brasilia signs
of the elopement. Sills. Simply confine.
Simply punishing. Simultaneous way.
Sin: paste here. This paragraph fell
from a dilettante. Sin the guidebook.
This stroke is
a privilege and don't
you forget it. Property of cramps. Are
for that – I've taxed full happenstance,
that.
This wallowing is merely tiring, but they poor.

