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flannel...1

Denise Rose Hansen

Broken parenthesis

I turn the minerals of my heart to sand
My vile shovel exhumes so wild and deep
(Dreams bury themselves in beaches)

My lids wear your photograph on the inside
so when I wake you go to sleep and Eric -
I turn the minerals of my heart to sand

In pitch-dark you're packing a suitcase
Lovesick. You wanna be more than rolls of film
(Dreams bury themselves in beaches)

I long to wake and shut-eye in unison
But I'm on salad days and ever short-sighted, so -
I turn the minerals of my heart to sand

I planted landmines below my own feet
silent in sandcastles they wait to destroy
(Dreams bury themselves in beaches)

Parenthesis broken you step into reality
Reaching for my sandy chest it crumbles
I turned the minerals of my heart to sand
Dreams bury themselves in beaches.

Grégoire

I can't believe I lost a city but gained a nation
Ping-Pong, satin curls, you swing like a black kite
My soma raptured - my mind lost in translation.

Like silent films we jettison words and punctuation
When verbal nouns collapse music is the headlight
I can't believe I lost a city but gained a nation.

Ciggies whirl from mouth to mouth, midnight rotation
On damp Trafalgar you came running back for light
My soma raptured - my mind lost in translation.

Naïve in newfound waters I trusted your son's conception
We hurried on, dark mazes, you squeezed my palm tight
I can't believe I lost a city but gained a nation.

My mother tongue burns in non-native elation
Ça va Rose, my sobriquet, I like it in sky-flight
My soma raptured - my mind lost in translation.

Locking lips is avant-garde illumination
From blue to pink skies race, faster than light
I can't believe I lost a city but gained a nation
My soma raptured - my mind lost in translation.

Youth Lagoon

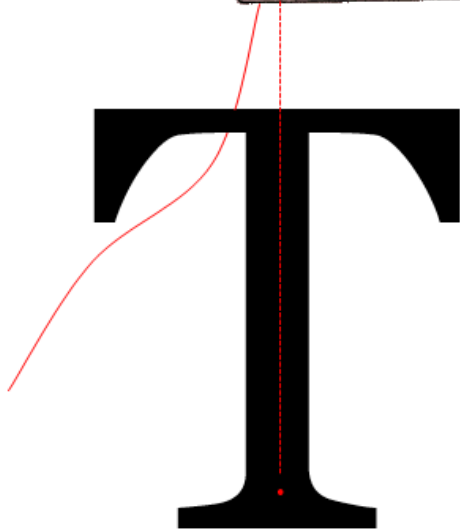
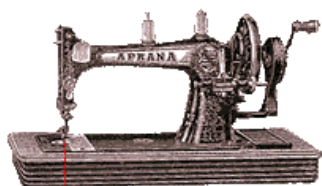
In languor I munch a crisp 20-note
Nude and ebullient you pour red drops in tea mugs
Within our fugacious lagoon reality is remote
A drunken dominion of drugs and hugs.

In Halcyon Central we inhale our dreams
Snow-nosed. Giggly. You play some David Byrne
We float in the offing, no reason to scream
Here labyrinths have neither twists nor turns.

Rusty-boned I awake in my ashes
Cast by daylight your face makes me cry
The heart-shaped castle heavily crashes
I ate all my money. Nowhere to hide.

You, father. The nemesis of my soul
In daylight mazes are but pitch-black holes.

An Invisible Seamstress



Yahia Lababidi

For Rimbaud

Could it be that, from the start
the thing he sought, this demon-angel,
was always just outside the page

That, after swimming the length of the alphabet,
with fine gills and deranging senses, he created
an opening for others, but a trap for himself?

If so, then slipping through those watery bars
was imperative, a chastened mysticism –
and freedom to write in the air, to be human.

Defiant Muse

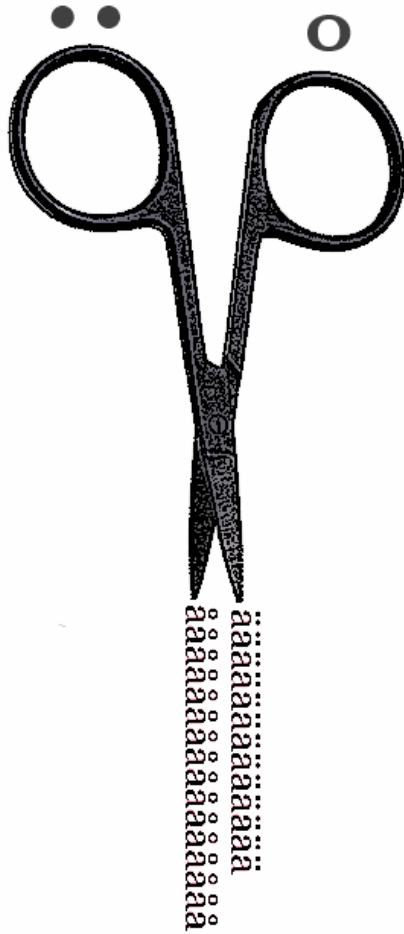
With myth and parable, the defiant muse
reminds us of the art of being present
and then, how to vanish without a trace.

Egypt

You are the deep fissure in my sleep,
that hard reality underneath
a stack of soft-cushioning illusions.
Self-exiled, even after all these years,
I remain your ever-adoring captive

I register as inner tremors
—across oceans and continents -
the flap of your giant wing, struggling
to be free, and know I shall not rest until
your glorious metamorphosis is complete.

Scissors



Farhad Mirza

Power Rock Bottom

Slow me down power rock bottom
Look at the ceiling's face.
What does depravity find in distance?
Grab my shoulders pull-up bar flex
Your back till wings rip through it.
Thumb my earlobe rabbit foot. Arms
Length. Amber light muscle.
Why do you keep your wallet by the lube?

Crème Caramel

The recipe travels in memory (Emirates with me). The sexy
Turkish steward hands me a hot citrus towel. Steam wets his face.
Ramekins left at home then remembered at JFK – You,
On the BQE waiting at the apartment.

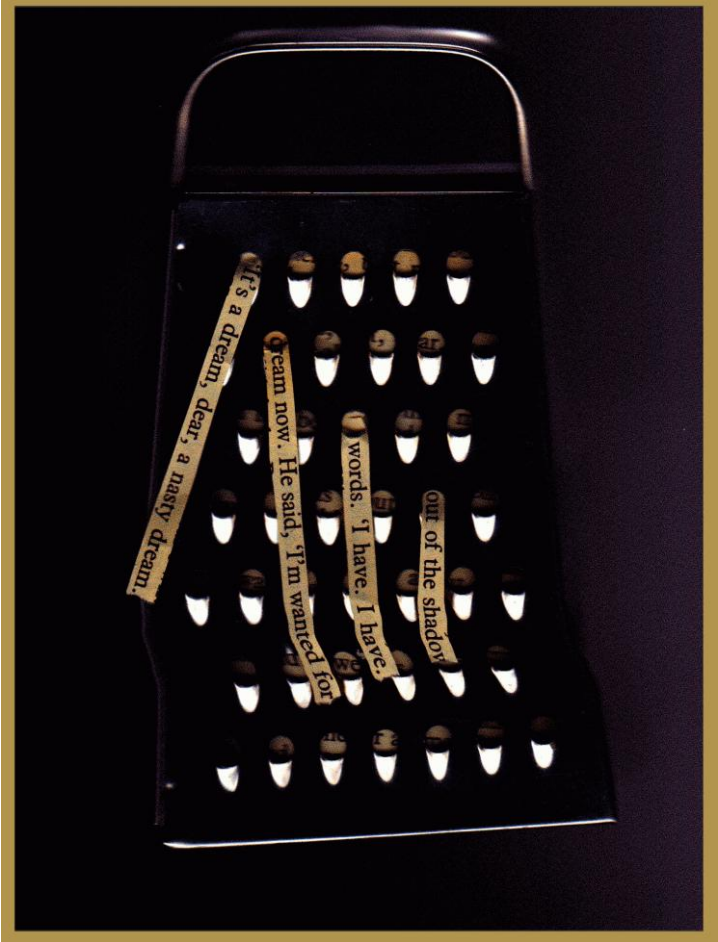
In Vermont, in your doorway, from the city cooled eyes
Said come in arms like soft memory and effort, neck
Like last time like sugar like silence turns pleasantly bitter.
Under watch laps and rolls sentences we attentively,
Excited like wolves like the stove turned off. Hush.

The kitchen is warm with our waiting.

Latent Tuberculosis

I just started treatment for my latent tuberculosis. My American doctor and my Pakistani doctor suspect I contracted it while working at a dialysis clinic in Boston. I had started the course once before, but it meant no alcohol, and no soy. Since I had fused my American visa and its end with my youth (and its end), I tossed the pills and didn't pay my bill. I called my mother and cried. Then I called one of the boys I was fucking. He said to me once, I haven't dated many white guys - I don't do that. He would tell me to feel empowered to do things. And that I was always beautiful. He said I was cute when I was drunk, and that I argued less. When we fought, I'd tell him, I'm not angry with you, I'm angry with America. One day he asked me, why do you wake up at seven in the morning? I didn't reply, but thought of all the drinks I'd bought him because the place we were at didn't take his dad's Platinum American Express card.

Spooky Poems



Jeremy Toombs

Sunset Prose

(for Leslie)

11 am walk to my hilltop point to gaze backwards from where I came seeing tundra lakes like the footsteps of a giant playing hop-scotch; also seeing far away blue to gray horizon of hills changing to golden orange clash on blue sea. I see sunset reflections like lined up oranges. wish you were here to see and listen, listening, listen! cliff swallows song and seagull squawks and receding tide rolling gentle and gentler oceanblue breeze cool on hands as writing outside. sun now gentle burst in last bright flare: a goodbye flash with promises of dawn clear and pink and magnificent to behold and smell air fragrance fresh and clean. flowers now spurting and shouting the sundown blues is blues the wanting you here blues the light bright baby blue skytophalf deep down blues water blue all blue with sunset pink sky/sea icing (get it for your next party) perfect moments are to be recognized during occurrence not in construction (Sartre is wrong) perfect moments make life a joy forever like writing from rockseat the sundown blues (thinking of you)/hearing your voice in my head.

Momentary

How are moments defined?

Shapes:

two dimensions of the printed page

three dimensions of the physical existence

infinite limits of rotating sine curves

forming solids about the axes;

on any given point a touch as slight as a breath (a tangent}

able to throw sine curves to cosine curves.

Everything changes to colours

Colours:

reds yellows blues

only refractions.

In the absence of light the colours are black.

Reds do not exist in darkness.
Yellows do not exist in darkness.
Blues do not exist in darkness.
Darkness does not exist here.
Always, some light slips in even into
closed eyes.

How are moments defined?
shapes and colours: the composition of the physical;
all mutable illusions:
the tangent, the refraction,
a breaking blade of grass,
the instant smoke dissipates or when the last drop falls.
Which to grasp: the last touch or
the next?

Electric Light Buddha Altar/2:20am Hua Hin Station

The bell rings two times.
Our train sits.
It is peaceful.
The touts have gone home to sleep.
No water or rice for sale.
The train engine starts slowly
pulling the cars down the track;
momentum now gaining.
The train passing by
a long unused volleyball court
dark urban ruins
sleeping houses
big silent buildings
red light tipped radio towers
and in someone's back yard
an electric light Buddha altar.

Rust (a process)

rust coloured red railway station roadside rain water

rust coloured

 railway side rainwater

 from the red rocks

 red rocks

 red rocks southern red clay rocks

The rainwater puddles of rust coloured rainwater

rust coloured puddles

the red dirt wet red mud

rust coloured rain water puddles

 beside the railway station

Monsoon rain season turns India green

turns rainwater puddles red

turns my skin and hair wet

clothes wet rocks wet

rainwater shroud falling down mountain side

 fills up rivers filling up

rainwater rushing over rocks

rain even comes down in my train

bags are wet with rain

rain rain it rains

all is wet wet

the clouds just sit

wet like red rust coloured railroadside rainwater puddles

Gone and Unknown

Long these steps spiralling
have been tread
by men long centuries dead.
Who were they? The bells tolled by whom?
Who quick stepped across
the beam spanned o'er the roof
through to another door and to where?
For what?

And higher still
are the bell tower heights
with windblown hard
and a view of Bristol
centuries old and new; who
came here to look? For why?

One can see pinnacle to pinnacle

St. Mary Redcliffe to St. Nicks

Totterdown to Clifton Row.

A history in church towers and architecture, some slave built

and many, many surely killed

the floors filled in with their bones

and the Bible tome no defence

for the meek only inherit the earth by death, dying,

being buried, decomposing back into the soil

but their toil still evident these days;

unappreciated by those with wealth enough to be vaulted in crypts

their names scripted in marble like it means anything

that I know what their bones are called.

I'd rather know those nameless bones

those hands that built, those feet that tread

and when I am dead bury me not, don't scribe my name in marble

but bathe me in the fire

take me to that tower high

let my burnt up bones blow on Bristol

catch up in air currents

settle somewhere nobody knows

for my sympathy lies there among those others unknown

their hands that worked, their feet that tread down the years

unappreciated

but their efforts still tangible and smooth

beneath my hands.

acknowledgements

the 3 poems by Yahia Lababidi appeared first in the Collection, *Barely There* published by Wipf & Stock (2013). Which the full edition can be purchased [here](#)

the 5 poems by Jeremy Toombs appeared first in his debut collection *Ten Thousand Things* published by Burning Eye Books (2013) The full edition can be purchased [here](#)

the 3 Visual poems are by Finnish Poet, Satu Kaikkonen

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