

ANEMONE SIDECAR

CHAPTER 18  
of  
THE  
ANEMONE SIDECAR

a double issue  
with Chapter 19

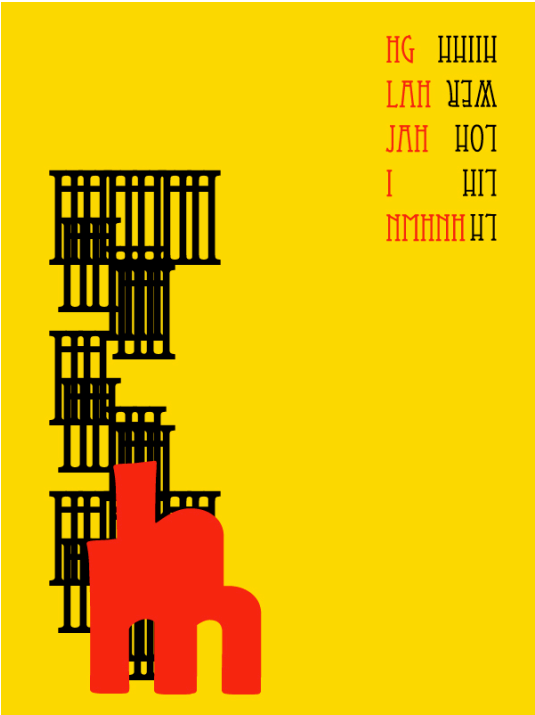
## Introduction

*Two from the series "5 Modes" by bruno neiva*

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bruno neiva: Two from the series *5 Modes*







The Anemone Sidecar, Chapter Eighteen, 2012,  
a double issue in conjunction with Chapter Nineteen  
built on the work of select multitudes.

Cover image by Daniel Boyer.

Maxwell Anthony: *Coalesce and Frame Experience*

a cockerel choked  
a field mouse coughed  
the worms all gladly stared  
at the horizon's skirt  
of up-kicked dirt  
from the suicidal hare

Tracie Morell: two poems

## Deconstruction of *Ars Poetica*

There is a slight possibility —  
if any at all—

you will  
understand what I am

saying to you. Really understand what is being said. I can slave for hours over what looks,

at first glance, as nothing  
more than markings on a page,  
but it

the embodiment of  
a solitary survival  
skill. It's simply  
impossible for me

to convey what  
it is  
I think I convey.



## *"I's" Cheapen the Art*

*Every discourse, even a poetic or oracular sentence, carries  
with it a system of rules for producing analogous things and  
thus an outline of methodology.*

*~Jacques Derrida*

You make it the contrary of easy. Don't  
complicate simple. Perhaps, you should

have a lesson on Deconstruction. Meet Derrida,  
he speaks, with his dead

decayed lips, of the metaphysics  
of presence. His dead decomposed

lips—having been totally deconstructed  
by maggots—could never say  
*there's meaning hidden between words;*

I don't care, because I still want

to have a discourse with

him—despite the fact his long lifeless putrefied ears  
have turned into the earth below

trees—about my thoughts on  
what he's teaching me.  
Is there really an ultimate

truth? I read the bible

once—it spoke some  
of opposition:

good or evil.      Why

do we welcome  
terrible angel? If

every single  
I do

have a binary opposition,  
to me.

show it  
Because “I”

has an infinite      possibility.

Kyle Allan: *Broken Window*

He cut his hands on the glass—and it seemed to him

almost as if shadows were carrying  
across the pane.

It was a dirty window.  
The grey light shone through his cut hands.  
The glass was shattered.

His hands grew in a shadow  
through broken window

in the afternoon.

His hands cut on glass,  
he saw shadows carrying a painful light  
and shattered glass.  
He looked through to the world outside,  
naked, no window dividing him  
from the world, the cut, the distance.

Andrey Gritsman: *In Memory of Bella Akhmadulina*

Time fades when a poet goes.  
People create the era.  
November days are gray and mute.  
Smell of damp sulfur.

Empty matchbox and stubs  
left in an abandoned dacha.  
It gets dark. Stanza's flickering  
dots the way through each

ravine and grove. Tender is her line's line,  
her voice inevitable. Hand's alabaster still.  
Moscow nights dead quiet now  
under a shroud of early snow.

*November 29, 2010*

John J. Trause: *Lark*

A translation from the French

Lark, nice Lark  
Lark, I am going to pluck you.  
I am going to pluck your head  
I am going to pluck your head  
And your head, and your head  
Lark, Lark,  
Oh Lark, nice Lark,  
Lark, I am going to pluck you.

I am going to pluck your eyes  
I am going to pluck your eyes  
And your head, and your head  
Lark, Lark,  
Oh Lark, nice Lark,  
Lark, I am going to pluck you.

I am going to pluck your ears  
I am going to pluck your ears  
And your eyes, and your eyes  
And your head, and your head  
Lark, Lark,  
Oh Lark, nice Lark,  
Lark, I am going to pluck you.

I am going to pluck your nose  
I am going to pluck your nose  
And your ears, and your ears  
And your eyes, and your eyes

And your head, and your head  
Lark, Lark,  
Oh Lark, nice Lark,  
Lark, I am going to pluck you.

I am going to pluck your mouth  
I am going to pluck your mouth  
And your nose, and your nose  
And your ears, and your ears  
And your eyes, and your eyes  
And your head, and your head  
Lark, Lark,  
Oh Lark, nice Lark,  
Lark, I am going to pluck you.

Steve Danziger: *Hans, Hands, Something*

On the subway, a man began yelling, “Pee-pee hands! Pee-pee hands!” Or, maybe not. When I heard ‘pee-pee hands’, I thought of men I’d see in restrooms who didn’t wash their hands after urinating, and made the association to that. It occurs to me now, though, that the man on the subway might have been saying, “P. P. Hands! P. P. Hands!” in recognition of someone on the train with that name. Or perhaps imploring someone named Hans to relieve himself. But he wasn’t indicating anyone in particular, which makes me wonder if he was referring to his own hands, perhaps inadvertently spattered. Because I saw a man just yesterday standing on the sidewalk, facing a corner where Macy’s met the adjoining building. He looked lifeless, propped, with his hands at his sides. I saw that he was urinating, and thought that he was keeping his hands at his sides because of the inevitable splash that might result from his liquid hitting concrete. That is, trying to avoid ‘pee-pee hands’. So, I thought the man on the subway might be referring to that. But then again, he might have been in a public restroom, saw someone who did not wash their hands, and was now blurting out the observation, still unable to resign his disgust. I don’t know.

Blake Lee Pate: *one of my lights is out...*

& i have a really big fear of going to hell

& of all of my thoughts

being one-liners, little cracked yellow &

wooden bureaus.

sometimes i get so hopped up

on tylenol & water i don't know where i am

(the Boney Queen of Nowhere)

there's brainy fluorescent spillage

on the armchair & i don't think i have to think

anymore.

i kiss myself all over the cheeks

& sit in the old window every night

after your brain leaves your body

& when the time runs out in the morning

i leave again to get it.

i imagine my dog is Sherlock Holmes



& it's nice for a minute.

he pulls a syringe from his leather bag

ejects seven-percent solution into his arm

& solves the case

& i don't have to / think anymore.

somewhere a beautiful man is making love to a beautiful me

& i know hell does not exist

Jake Sheff: *two poems*

*Lord Byron to his friend still a-roving*

That country-blues fusion was a suicide pact! –  
I put a dagger in my androgynous rock star youth;  
my purple heart beats. You and I are soldier meat  
with scholar heads; you study geographic variation  
in sirens' songs. Every night my Penelope untwines  
her legs from mine, and happily we sleep like dust.  
You came to me once with sand in your mouth –  
in the desert of your loneliness you'd seen a waterhole.  
Later, you confessed it wasn't for a drink, but a kiss,  
and convalesced in my hammock till it rained olives.  
"The taste of peace! O to pluck it from my own woman!" –  
your postcards; in the checkout line and doctor's office.

## The Bee in my Hand

The bee was like a striped egg split open in my fingers' web;  
boys often mistake breaking the piñata for decapitating Hydra's  
nine heads with one karate chop.

Remembering that day my eighth summer, I feel like the Athenian  
statesmen recounting Socrates' trial to young biographers.

But the hand is from now, my 27th spring, and I am just starting  
to Google "purple trees".

I lug this bust of a bug around and drag my satchel of yearbooks;  
that seems fair. Almost

Sisyphean. The dung beetle rolls its boulder, but – lemons  
to lemonade – it's her egg.

Listen –

the carcass is mute.

I know dialogues have silence for tension, but I can hear  
the other children

on the playground. Reader, plead with it: *Escape*.

Rodney Nelson: two poems

*No Wind's Land for the Moment*

you had to come alone to the country  
of still time or would not get to know it

the breathing of some other in your tent  
would tell it that you were and were not there

you needed to be alone to take up  
the matter of a hedge in russet leaf

and measure what no wind contributed  
to the charge in the dank dirt under you

you had to meet and hold a weather eye  
before you let some other in your tent

there was still time and an evening chance  
that the country of it would indiffer

## *Invention*

May was all over the prairie's edge and rich  
in pothole wood tick and light green awaiting  
the move of Canada gosling on water  
and a conversation I would have had to  
imagine in prose reality

*I did  
not know how to respond  
to everything  
you sent me*

some were written  
about you all  
of them for you

*circumstances were such and  
they are*

we talk easily

*it is hard to  
come up with a word  
to say that would follow*

or argue with silence

not one to end but  
dim in some evident way even here at  
noon in a loud bird marsh with gander and sun  
on watch moving toward a dialogue in  
poetry now I did not have to invent

Nicholas Grider: *Florida*

I'm not as disturbed as you think I am. And anyway I'm leaving now. Leaving. And you can ask Roy, ask Roy say when Frank sets himself to something does he do it for good? And he'll say yes, and you know you can trust Roy because he's not disturbed at all.

I'm sorry I took your knife, and that I did what I did with it. I should've done a lot of rumination on that first.

Goodness knows however I'm not the kind of person to plan things. You should've seen the look on the guy's face. Not Eric, my ex, not him because he was there too but the guy who had the other knife, the smaller one. Smaller guy, smaller knife.

Sometimes these things just happen and it doesn't matter whether you're a disturbed person or not, you know, I mean I know I'm on govt. funds for being who I am but that doesn't mean I'm full of wrong things like you think is the case because it's all everything or nothing with you just like with Eric.

Your borrowed blade never even touched foreign flesh. No red in the room, no red room, nothing.

You should know that I always had the best intentions, and I can tell you this now that I'm leaving, but what I want you to know is that even before they Bakered me, before and after, I'm not on drugs or anything and my thoughts get away from me and turn in tight loops but that's just who I am.

A lot happens in tight loops, especially when the force makes them loosen.

The Baker Act is I don't know if you know this or were told it by Roy or Eugene maybe down at the shop but that's here, that's in the state of Florida the cops can take someone to the hospital if they decide that person, in this case me, is mentally incapacitated. And I'm not all shine and straight lines but I'm not incapacitated, even when I disappear sometimes and can't say where because I can't say.

And it's not as if I wouldn't take everything back if I could. I'm not the kind of person who just puts his hands in his pockets and says well so what. Ask Roy if that's true or not.

I never did anything in my life with anyone's knife, is the real deal. They didn't need to Baker Act me and if you remember it straight that was before the cops came when I was just living in the storage unit by myself and didn't have a shoestring to my name, not a piece of lint, much less a weapon. And of course they had to release me because I'm disturbed we can all agree on that but I'm not disturbed like a nut, like a violent nut.

Tight loops, all the time. Even your dreams.

And you just ask Roy if I'm lying or not lying, he's known me forever and a day and can tell you straight as Roy is straight, a tree branch shaved down until it's a smooth pole. Upstanding. And I've known him forever and sometimes I do disappear but that's different, because I got an opportunity in Tennessee, I got something going on that I can get into that I think is a leg up and

I'm out of here vamoose and you'll never have to worry about me or the knife or the combination ever again.

And the Tennessee deal has nothing to do with the drugs because that was a long time ago, ask Roy, I got enough to worry about just trying to live.

And I was even going to ask you for assistance with moving expenses but I know you're still put out and low-income so I won't but it's all in the past now.

I didn't hurt him at all, whatever his name was.

I don't hurt a soul.

At the hospital they said to me do you hear voices and no I don't hear voices and they asked me do I see things that are not there and of course I don't and they asked me if I ever feel as if I'm not in control of my own body, of myself, and I had to make them define exactly what they meant when they said control. Because that can mean a lot of things.

But you don't ever have to see me again if you don't want to, is the reason I came over, the thing I came over to tell you. We've had our years and our relations but that's done with because of me and what I did and what I might do. Tight loops and Tennessee.

I didn't technically even do anything wrong, in the moral sense. The best defense is a good offense.



Leaving now so that's that and I swear I'm an honest person and I was going to come over here to do it but I can see the look on your face so I'm not even going to ask you whether I can borrow your knife again. Because I might need it. But I know you up and down left and right so I know the answer is probably not.

George McKim: *Ohio*

concentric  
days  
puddle

like  
wrinkled  
trees, or

ohio

## Lisa Sisler: How T.V. Messed Up Her Life

This isn't how he dies—

pouring coffee in the Quick Check  
cleaning up milk I've spilled from impossible  
containers  
check the script

Scene: bathroom—

generic aqua and blue tile, like a bus station or a  
Taco Bell

I'm telling him about some TV show we aren't  
watching

When I come out of the stall he's lying on the  
floor—face up

I lie next to him, seize him, nuzzle my nose in his neck

*That* isn't how he died—

He was face down, in vomit, in the  
liquid death releases

No one to lie next to him

No one to hold him

Directed, I go back into the stall—

A man tries to climb over the top, just like on the  
TV show

I remember: the old man was in the stall, the drug  
addict climbed over

The old man is *supposed* to die, they have it  
wrong—our lives confused

I rush out to tell Michael, they need to reshoot the scene, he is  
gone

\*\*\*

Scene: I am in a strange apartment—

My cats are chasing mice, water is boiling on a  
stove in the bedroom

I am dialing a phone that no one will pick up

Eric Altemus: *Independence*

Ice has suffocated the wireless the men are carrying, so they'll have to do it themselves. Emerging from a soft-target bunker, gagged in sour flannel, they move quickly against the cutting wind. An intelligence-aided salvo of artillery and mortar fire will claim a quarter of the regiment at-ease before the sun streaks blood across the sky, including the fat-faced lieutenant with his trembling hand floating over the trigger. Lightning fear surges through the cursing young men, praying to hasten the work; the scraping of shovels and pickaxes bleeds with filthy boots trampling the earth. Several empty theories dance across the frontal lobe of the damned: the impossible permutations of diving through the underbrush; the Reds' advance a wave of impending machinery and automatic rifle fire; the blackened hands of exposure caressing bare throats. Two kilometers north, geese recalling the autumn will stand at parade rest: the report of a submachine gun will shatter visions of crumbs along the lake, when the trees were made of gold and the water shone like thousands of tiny mirrors on the breath of the morning.

Sara Fitzpatrick Comito: *Florida Dreams of Peru*

Kiln dried mummies, landscape of once were alpacas.  
Now all the wool is farmed in Alva, whose town museum  
opens one day a week. Also: it's very warm here.

The llamas they use to guard the sheep. More vicious than dogs,  
they say, and better insinulators for their unwolvenness. They grind  
rather than tear. The Calusa would be confounded!

Well how appropriate would it be to have camels running around  
under the orange trees, humps bumping all that Spanish fruit?  
Better to leave blankets on the desertification,

those Nazca scars of ash; we have our epiphytic moss, but  
really need less softening. There's a picture of an eagle  
soaring over Peru. Wingspan of my palm.

Everything concentric, windless.

Billy Cancel: *happy shark week*

*happy shark week* i'll be in conversion for the latter  
bit an activist's estimate a metal door away. 8 day  
losing streak was getting stabbed in the knife even in  
the soup crash bang helicopter. south side factory  
side me panning for gum in the fog drip not red zone  
gated babble 2<sup>nd</sup> play scenario jostling at the ramp in  
american sequence. warm bedroom 8x10 vinyl hiss  
orange trees happy together broken kilometers campus  
on lockdown battle 6 final score. how did they default  
in ancient times? 1 caps 2 numeric Changeme01.

David Wolf: two sections from *Vernal*

to keep to the air like a flurry—  
for when belief  
pushes its way home  
cursing through the snow  
why not sneak a cordial into its pocket  
or a truth  
that to the jay seems mere ballyhoo shaken off on the waking wing  
(sole gust through the mind's timber)  
and when noon does arrive, stalling hard in the snow-bent  
branches  
remind me little of the lost wish  
its weak reign  
sure to return

schism of fancy off the ice

~

in seconds you may well know rubble, even pastel rubble of course,  
your favorite advances collapsing

the storied dam

the guided path of a long recitation  
tiring in the mouth

gray light sliding down the pew

my shoes couldn't help but carry in some sand



cloud, hesitant parent to the grass,  
fleeing worker, master,  
grave, tart

repealed sheen of a pawn  
clear about the true end

hands blue as the song the violet chirps  
to the dust, the dead seeds

## Brandon A.M.: *She Says, I Drink*

I had a beer.

She said, "I'm like a cat, ya know?"

"I'll come to you."

But she seemed more like a spider to me.

She sat cross-legged on the bed, exposing the bruised skin around her pussy. I said "okay" even though it felt uncomfortable to say it. I think I wanted to love her, and have her love me, but she made it seem like a shift, like she could only pull so many hours.

She said, "I get bored with people real easy."

She said some other things about herself.

She said, "One week I'll love you, and my heart will stop when you're not around."

"But the next, I won't be able to stand to look at you."

She asked me if I was okay with that a couple times.

I said yes, "okay".

"I can handle it." I said, like a wounded soldier before they take the leg.

She smoked and her little belly just barely hung over her waist when she leaned forward to ash into a box of animal crackers.

I looked at her for a long time after that.

She was tall, slender but her legs were short for her gangly frame. Her painted toe nails, pink and chipping.

I sat in a chair near a wall. I had a beer. It was quick. I got another.

She said, "I get obsessed with people sometimes, and they're all I can think about."

"Sometimes it's not gonna be you."

I think I smiled, and nodded, maybe.

I thought I already knew she would leave, and that when she finally would, that's when I'd want her the most. I thought that's how she'd give it to me: when she'd take it away.

"It usually only lasts a week, I don't know."

And she put it to me like a challenge when she said, "Nobody else could handle it."

Then she said, "I love you, but I tell everybody that."

I started to feel ill.

It was a radiated Thursday in Redondo Beach, the kind when the sun washes out through the plastic blinds like a fine, white powder.

I got up and went into the kitchen.

I stood on the wet spot of the carpet, in front of the fridge. There was some seven dollar, half-gone wine on a stool.

I got a new beer, the kind with the wide mouth. And I brought her the wine.

We fucked. We took a shower.

I was standing in the tub basin with her, dry, waiting for her to finish. I asked if I could wash her hair, she said "fine". I wasn't doing it right, so I stopped.

I reached through the curtain and set a beer on the toilet seat.

Later, we sat on the wooden deck, out back. It was dark, not city dark, but black, beyond-the-perimeter dark. And I only saw slow, golden hazes of her face when her thin lips pulled on a cigarette, and the embers saturated with heat.

She said, "I think anyone can love anyone."

"I think you can pretend to be something, something someone likes."

I said I thought that could be true. I fingered the tab back, breaking the aluminum seal.

She said there were a lot of people she felt bad for, but when I asked her about them she couldn't name any.

She said some other things about herself.

I continued to drink.

