

ANEMONE SIDECAR

CHAPTER 19
of
THE
ANEMONE SIDECAR

a double issue
with Chapter 18

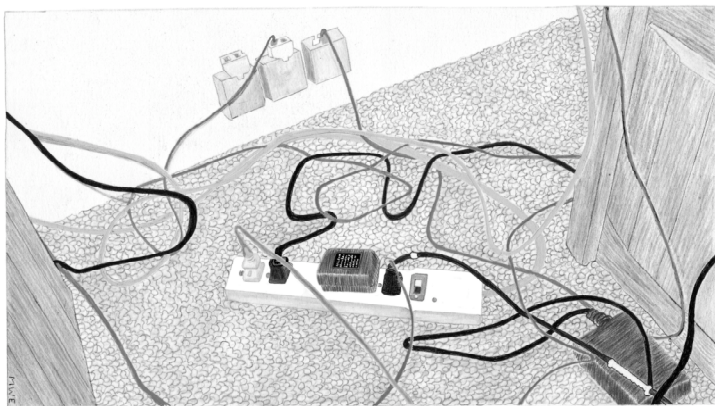
Introduction

“Not A w/ B Disconnects & Propagandas” by Wain Ewing

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*Wain Ewing : Not A w/ B Disconnects &
Propagandas*





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

Cover image by Daniel Boyer.

Neil Leadbeater: *In Albina*

In Albina the white blaze of day troubled your eyes.

A car door opening and closing nearly blinded you.

It was here that you learned to spell by heart

difficult words in the world.

Christine Gosnay: two poems

Thread Count

I hate geology and I don't care about rocks, but
fire opals are very beautiful and rare stones.
Last night was long, she is in pain,
eating some ice on the yellow stone sheets.
Crawled out of the death bed long enough
to go grocery shopping but I
broke a blood vessel in my finger playing air guitar
at the computer desk.
I wish I were her coronary artery so I could be wrapped
around her heart.

Medusa

you went into the sea below the shelf,
flared your dress up into sacs of jelly billowing its cloth around the
yolk of your belly and
far be it from us to see you the other way, the hair
whirling now around your cheeks
the out of control way it is.

We reckoned you look happier anyway with the pink jewel of salt
in your eyes reaching so far into that fish's mouth.

One night, we came back in a spring tide to be near
the shadows the lighthouse casts on the succulents, and those
polyp strands that squelched under our soles
were your body's cast-out shoulders or knees
or temples or your neck, where, before you were mesoglea,
there was a mole that we used to blow raspberries on.

Vladimir Swirynsky: two poems

Ten Umbrellas

It is all Madness, random words,
small details shouting themselves hoarse
on the cover, the poet's name slowly
climbing a ladder to get a peek at the
next world.

In southern California I spoke
with a man who was blessed to have
touched a blue dolphin, who always
kept ten umbrellas in the back seat
for the homeless, who let me drive
up the mountain road to discover
how truly vulnerable we really are.
It was there I smoked my last cigarette
and walked back to the car wearing the one
shoe I didn't throw into the blue eyed lake.
Returning to Ohio I rode my bicycle
in a cold heavy downpour, eyes shut in
elbow to elbow to broken knee traffic,
I felt liberated, waited for an outgrowth
of humility, the chaos of history nothing
more than pennies thrown into
a fountain to become burning books.

Lost Dutchman State Park
You park, look up at the Superstition
Mountains, the leaflet says the trails
are challenging. There is a ghost town
nearby, a few native Apache who still

follow the crosscut trail of their ancestors.
Somewhere here is the fabled
Lost Dutchman mine, people have died
in these mountains, some found with
bullet holes. Already today a jackrabbit
was run over on the road—
Anna struggling to carry it into the bushes.
Pink dress she headed out, I sat on a
flat rock content to watch her climb.
I followed my own map, the white flag
of surrender, old enough to enjoy the view,
yet young enough to be amazed by the
ordinary, the wonder of a women's
curves, how the distance of things
leaves a gate half-opened. What fools
we are to keep searching for something
enduring, more valuable than gold.

*In a secret place, half-buried in our hearts is the last
sunset*

MARCH 25, 1911

From the smoked-filled eighth floor of the Triangle Shirtwaist
Company they jump From windows young women cascade,
spiral downward Dear God! the pavement so inviting
Tonight—the breeze is a patchwork of misery
Slave ships lost in the harbor of our soul
Is there not a star blessed with our sorrows?
A human chain broken, the streets of lower Manhattan filled
with lifeless bodies Brides-to-be, hair on fire, through the
quiet woods they streak, unaware of eternity, they fashion
a eulogy for autumn A tenderness only a few of us will inherit
The world unwilling to watch us die
We are allowed only a moment to be a cloud
Trying to be human, we whisper, my beloved then
shatter like glass Not a day of rain follows
to adore our beauty
The doors locked, horse blankets splitting in two, they
jumped for the ladders, all of them missed
In our loneliness we discover a poem,
the language of loss, the random tear
that reveals to us our own true face

Changming Yuan: two poems

The Crow: A Parallel Poem

The crow you have seen
Has a quasi white soul
That used to dwell in the body
Of one of your closest ancestors

He comes down all the way just to tell you
His little secret, the way he has flown out
Of darkness, the fact both his body and heart
Are filled with shadows, the truth about
Being a dissident, that unwanted color

Hidden in your own heart is there also a crow
Much blacker than his spirits
But less so than his feathers

Snow Beginning to Fall Outside

While he tries to draw a mountain
With an ink-dripping brush
On a wide sheet of rice paper
It begins to snow outside
Paints the whole city with winter white
Dotting his work like a leopard, roaming
Looming along the borderline
Between the city and the season

His strokes getting blurry among falling flakes
All the trees become frozen, retreating to the horizon
Except a black bird still beating its wings
Against the mountain range in front of his eyes
Against the snowfall outside of his home

Josef Fírmage: (kon-fla-**gray**-tion)

I looked conflagration up
in a dictionary. I've seen the word before and supposed
it meant more or less than what I thought,
v. A chaotic mess (of sorts),
ex. "My life is a conflagration
of all the mistakes my faith allows."
No.
It means, fire.
n. "a great and destructive fire."
And I realize I wasn't too far off.
"My life is a conflagration
of all the mistakes my faith allows."

Pius Gone: *Social Notes*

Yesterday on a broken July night Arlene MINK announced she will not participate in the 3rd Annual Holiday Fundraiser Banquet and Silent Auction unless a man propose to her with a ring of flame. MINK specified that she would prefer a “man’s man” but would accept “just about anything at this point.” She then began to regurgitate gold flakes from the night before onto the carpet. Little hope remains for us all.

Jamie RUDLOFF and Christian ZUCKERMAN walked the sidewalk on their knees and asked passers-by to let them feel the holy on their tongues. At the end of the morning they found a handful of cigarette butts and a pacifier in their collection plate.

Jerri BLAZE asked Loraine OBERRY to step into her purse. Ms. BLAZE later apologized for her “ineffable violence toward the statuary”. Ms. OBERRY has yet to officially accept the apology, stop drinking.

Dona GOODLOE and Clayton SHEM swapped glasses, later complained of headaches. Donald Mission, whose thighs rub together, told reporters he saw it coming.

Beth MORA allegedly swept her stairs yesterday evening at 6:45 before her “Man” came home that night. It was observed that the Mr. MAN carried a briefcase and the weight of the world’s woe upon his salty brow into the condo. Witnesses claim they heard him whisper “Fuck” before his foot touched the first step.

Eric BRACKLEY exhumed a corpse at the Williams MacPhaedeen Memorial Garden and Cemetery at eleven o’clock this morning. After the exhumation, Mr. BRACKLEY told his lover, James LAREL, to “hop on in.”

Lance BAPTISTA wants everyone to have a “good fucking time” tonight & every night. Few oblige.

Antonio CONNOR ate one bite of his dinner last night. When asked for a comment, Mrs. CONNOR claimed that her husband has been suffering from indigestion due to a high level of stress at his office and that his flatulence has turned blue, giving her the feeling of walking into a Whistler painting whenever she enters the den.

Marcel KLARE stared at his own reflection in the pond at Corrick Park for an hour. He later announced to the small group of people that had taken to watching him watch himself that he was disgusted by their soullessness and wished to help them. At that time half a dozen Roman Candles were set off and the crowd dispersed, tiptoeing around the sparks.

Mercedes Lawry: *A story, a man*

The heat, the dust, a flat brooding sky,
a riverbed, empty, only the rounded stones
plain and silent. The figure of a man,
slow silhouette, intersects the dun stasis,
his purpose in the clutch of his heart.
He breathes shallow, wets his lips.
A story runs in his head, runs again.
The flies, fretful and constant.

Jakob Hobart: *Strange Apartment*

I live in a strange apartment. Sometimes the living room window, the only window, faces other lonely windows across the parking lot. A very porcelain toilet allows me to do away with human nature. A sink with water that smells strongly of chlorine, burbles into a basin, whenever I turn the handles. My shower is pleasant but there is no bathtub.

When I moved in there was a strong odor of varnish; the floor had just been redone. I slept fitfully those first nights on a leaking air mattress. In the morning I awoke with aching limbs on a hard floor, all the air gone. A hot plate did its job and shortly I had an aromatic cup of jasmine tea. Sitting Indian style in front of my laptop on the floor I checked a litany of sites. Both repelled and attracted I wanted to quit staring into a screen, but had not yet had the discipline to do so.

Laughing, cackling through the walls and underneath. Ear to the wall reveals a situation comedy. Below is sex. Above the sinister creaking at all hours of the day and night. An actor rehearses his lines. A singer sings and strums—his hopeful ballad of commercial success nearly drowned out by closing the window.

Had a dream. I was driving along the ocean highway with a friend from college. A giant wave was coming up the cliff wall towards us. My friend said it wouldn't reach us, but then it did. I awoke feeling like I couldn't breathe. I crouched in child's pose for some time until my breath returned to normal—then got up and opened the blinds to allow cool air to come in. Next I poured myself a nice filtered cup of water from a plastic pitcher I kept in the refrigerator. It was very soothing.

After the coffee shop I return home. The neighbors all speak Spanish now. Some speak Korean. I try to listen to NPR but the nauseating voices annoy me. I turn the radio dial to the classical station. I lie down and watch an ant crawl across the floor to

Brahms. Where is he going? Does he know how small he is, wandering ever ardent across the immense landscape of a cardboard box?

Once I had a story idea I would write someday that one individual ant held the God particle, the very thing that physicists have been desperately trying to find, within his DNA. Now this ant, let's call him Adam, is enlisted in a squadron of ants. The queen has ordered them to find the holy crumbs in Kitchenton. A simpleton by the name of Pie Man opens his fridge, scratches his bulging hirsute belly and grabs a hunk of cheddar. Meanwhile, the squadron of ants are marching one by one across the wall. Pie Man takes cheese from rustling wrapper and cuts cracker sized portions. Peripheral vision: small black shapes—Pie Man spots the ants moving towards his crackers. He wets a sponge, and with one swipe the legion of ants writhe on blue springy synthetic material. Pie Man, obviously washes Adam, whose genetic flaw held the secret to the whole damn universe, down the drain. Satiated on cheese and crackers, Pie Man lays down on his leaking air mattress to listen to Brahms.

While I slept the apartment took flight and landed in another state. There are now palm and eucalyptus where oak and maple had grown before. Latino mothers push niños in strollers towards white lunch trucks that line the streets of pastel adobe buildings. An ice cream truck is heard at seven this evening. But it's November! Someone tells me the ocean is only three traffic jams away from here.

My neighbor is drunk and I believe may be homicidal. He is yelling and throwing things at his television set. Last week another neighbor, who no longer lives here at The Palace Apartments, opened a window, smelled the fresh breeze and jumped. That really cute girl next door, the one with the black licorice colored hair, is singing again. One time I heard her crying through the wall. Another clumsy boy had broken her heart. Time really does stand still sometimes—the way she met me near the dumpster that day as I was tossing my bulging plastic sack into the large green metal

container. I asked if my music was ever too loud for her. She said no and asked me if I had ever heard the neighbors having sex. I can feel the floor vibrate when they go at it. As she says this she is pulling her skimpy skirt up just a little to itch her olive thigh ever so subtly. Her smile is shaped like a question.

The apartment has now moved from basement level to the fourth floor and has a charming view of this elegant city. A mountain in the distance, a red brick fire station, and a historic church with stained glass, all gleam marvelously when it isn't rainy, which isn't very often. Oh! A double rainbow.

Upon opening the door today I noticed a carpet. There is now a brown shag carpet, seventies wood paneling, and an avocado green refrigerator humming a forgotten tune, in my apartment. The neighbor's cat is sunning himself on my extraordinary terrace and I move slyly to pet orange electric fur. The cat purrs the same tune as the refrigerator. The ice cream truck, on the street below, blares a slow, tinny version of "Pop Goes the Weasel," but no children are running. A homeless man dressed in earth tones is urinating on a doorway in the alley.

I have returned from work and there is a woman in my apartment! How did she get in? She is luscious to a degree that is very distracting. She moves gracefully yet humorously to a work out video she has popped in, her red hair gliding over naked, misted, meaty shoulders. I watch her for some time. She sneers at me, daring me, and suddenly I am dancing the work out video with her. She smells so magnificent, she smiles and her eyes grab and yank me, and then we are on my bed. I hope the neighbors don't hear.

Empty beer cans and overflowing ashtrays are the first thing I see when I open my eyes. My apartment is in the basement again. Glass is on the floor. I remember throwing the empty jug of no-more-wine at the television set. I don't remember much else. My head really hurts and I am splendidly sad.

I came home today and found that my bathroom had been removed; it was now down the hall. Several of my neighboring

apartment dwellers are now using my bathroom. They rarely have hygienic standards that fit with my effete expectations. An obese medical student, who plays role-playing games and subsists on boxes of macaroni and cheese, tends to take luxurious twenty-minute showers while humming the theme to Nintendo's *Legend of Zelda*. I enter the hallway and am greeted by the magnanimous fellow, a towel wrapped smartly about his waist, bulging walrus-like floatation device about his stately plump middle, as he waddles and combs his thinning light brown hair. Cheerio, it's all yours he might have said in passing. Later, as I enter the steamy cube, nearly slipping on the wet tile and dashing my brains against the tub, I brush my teeth.

After surfing yesterday I returned from the coffee shop to find that half of my bathroom had been returned—toilet and sink. The shower was still down the hall and is now shared with three performance artists adept at portraying neighbors. As I turned off the lights that night I could hear workers removing my kitchen appliances. In the morning all that was left was a hot plate and a small, dented, stainless-steel pan.

Once, my apartment had contained four rooms; there was a bedroom, a living room, a kitchenette, and a bathroom. Beautifully the walls have disappeared and the dimensions have shrunk. Conveniently everything is in one room now. A mini fridge affords enough space for a jar of peanut butter, a jar of jam, a loaf of bread (it is fridged to protect it from the ants) a jar of spaghetti sauce, several containers of various condiments and a green glowing jar of Spanish olives. A hot plate does what it is supposed to do—it is friendly that way. The light switch for the lamp above the sink has burned out. I should tell Marco the maintenance man, but when I mentioned that my front door didn't bolt from the inside, it was removed and in its place was one of those accordion-like baby gates. The doorway was eventually walled over and I had to egress by walking through my neighbor's bedroom. She yawned and rolled over and mumbled that the rent was due.

Sometimes my apartment is cold. Often it is too hot. Some

time ago a steam radiator had materialized. It hissed and clanked like silverware dancing in a metal drawer. This was during winter and there was a soothing sound of wind and rain against the window. For several months my apartment was the most cozy place in the world.

Anne Hohenstein: two poems

Jump for Boy

“... he is his own nest.”

David Ferry, *The Soldier*

Private, he loses himself in drinking games
and finds himself shining his boots
he averts his eyes
and vomits around the gun in his mouth
recalling a fragrance of pears
in his grandmother's orchards
her cedared attic
sparrows
and music in her barn

Man Coín

Bumping humps in the petite section
I summon a memory
of arm's length sex,
but I might be confusing recollection
with ritual—kissing a bishop's ring
or picking potato bugs off the carpet
as Daddy parks his new car.
I am a writer.
I put stories down on water.

Jessica Jewell: *The Ancient City's Sunflower Farmer*

As the ancients of the city pass away, who will keep the testimony
burning...?

—Shaker Elderess Anna White

My shadow climbs out of the river
onto the path of the dam. A farmer
in his morning industry gazes
at the waking sunflower fields.
His water pup pants next to him,
has been swimming too, all dawn
long, and the evening before chasing
every horned stag and hornless fawn.

He shifts his glance to the glass eye
of the river, where I have curled
in from, but ignores me and every
other sound. The coterie of teenage
drunks lurching out from the club
at the bridge. Slovakian boys
pronouncing last chance invitations
in unverbbed, untensed English
to the Hungarian girls already getting
into cabs, already back in their father's
homes. Mist circles the sunflowers
like a necklace of clouded crystals.

My shadow falls out of the river
and onto the dam path. I run toward
this priest of pastures, but he does
not look at me, nor does he acknowledge
the drag of the Olympic boat crews

on the muddied Tisza, the clomp and breath
of morning riders, the creak of bicycles
carrying outland villagers to market.

He is nearly a century old. Knows
invasions. And I am as early as a flood.
Above me, a sparrowhawk chick cries
in her nest. Her mother has left her
to hunt low in the hedgerow. In the patch
of cabbages, two brown jackrabbits
make hurried love. I pass as sun eases
out from the underland and onto his chest.

He squints, lowers the brim of his newsboy.
He swallows the auburn octagon god.

Christopher Jh Lambert: *Escher*

“Industry comforts us, hard work without respite, provided only that the elements do not rage while we are at work”

— Beehive from *Emblemata*

I startled when I saw a man gazing at Relativity
wearing a shirt that had, big, on the back, Relativity
Escher
you drew me
to this exhibit, and it's been
[insert expletive]
impressive, because I learned:
Vitorchiano nel Cimino
shows a heart's circumstances
Beehive from *Emblemata*
its amaranthine condition
Waterfall
its confidence
Ascending and Descending
its commitment
Verbum
the many potential developmental concatenations
Cycle
innocence...
Day and Night
the chemicals of its psychology
Metamorphosis II
depicts its clockwork existence
Circle Limit I-IV
its a-cultural mythology
Snakes
its universal sublimity

when bared
by an ultrasound
or graphic ritual
ballet or tears
any form of expression

Your Drawing Hands
ruins everything
by confirming the very thing
I refuse to clasp
the strange loop
of the artist

My destiny is Reptiles
to evolve from the eclectic soup
ascending, accumulating form
atop a dodecahedron
I have the felicity
to lift my head and rifle a stream of smoke
Then I die. My work becomes soup, evanesces
and your hands are eternal

Here I met a girl
she stood out like, in Balcony
the balcony
My still life, for a brief conversation
became a street. She wandered off
her high-heeled footsteps on the hardwood
a sonic wake
that rattled the reflected moon
in your Puddle

I wait
under the Tree
for her
so we can go to The Coast

of Amalfi. The distant sea
is still. The buildings a glaring ebony
the hills in which I wait, so gray
are so grey

I don't understand Print Gallery
Probably because self-revelation scares me

I crossed paths with her
She smiled. I began to ask
but I am a flatworm
impotent, speechless
lost in geometrical order
dumb, credulous fascination in my eyes
She moved along, looked
at Depth, then was gone

So I take out my notebook
I want to write about you
Escher, I want to understand
the importance of Print Gallery
and quell me by way of industry
But I don't know where to start
I don't know why to start
Where do your hands start
Show me how a heart starts
Is the formula for infinity in Relativity
Can you escape your own gravity
Then I see this man's shirt

John Phillips: *eyes like broken icicles*

It was a blue night, twilight, a tiger night,
of the many present things; the brightness was her,
with an old voice like leaves falling,
crisp and pretty.

I looked at her, nerves a-clatter, and spoke a better poem than
this—
her answer was a Christmas wind in summer.
Last Christmas, it was—
cold.
I hung up my poem and went inside.

Neil Ellman: *Even Dogs*

Even dogs do it
even elephants

even the moon
on the face of the sun

cats do it too
In the garden of their hormonal dreams

o sweet melancholic girl
I can barely hear you breathe.

Mark Hage: *Keep an Eye Virgil*

Good evenin' Virgil

On time today Eddie

Like I told you man, there was police action on Queens Boulevard
yesterday

Here's the keys, Eddie I didn't see a soul today

I'm here nights Virgil, there's never anybody

I'll bring down the rolling gate on my way out

Don't forget to sign out

Done that, want this magazine man? I looked so much at these
girls, I know who's coming up on the next page.

Yeah, I'll take it, thanks Virgil

Good mornin' Eddie

Mornin' Samuel

Quiet shift?

Yeah man, was quiet

You sign out yet?

Yeah, let me give you the keys, I'll down the gate

Stay well Eddie

Good afternoon Virgil

Sorry I'm late Samuel, there was police action on Queens
Boulevard

No sweat man, I got no hurry, I'll roll the gate

Appreciate it

There's a magazine with women in the drawer, if you want, next to
the keys

Yeah, I'll look at it

Keep an eye Virgil

Take care Samuel

Jessica Beyer: two poems

Lexicology

Female is a name
like Latina
or cardiologist,

runner, bookkeeper,
clotted cream eater,
or Fleet Street,

Helwingia himalaica,
or mandolin, or Mary.
And Mary

can mean queen beheader,
blues singer, wicker maker,
linoleum layer, banjo
player, newspaper stand owner,
girl walking in the snow.
Mary

can be
mind your manners, or
I thought you lived

in Brooklyn now, or I want
to touch your face, in a dream
I saw you stoned.

Or wake,
lighted mother,
latent angel:

when you appear, I will call out
until my own name
shatters in the air.

Rite of Spring

Nothing do I want so purely
as your darkness

In the book of my ancients adoration
calls for consumption
fire
 follows flood

I was taught not
to decline
 the animal laws
but to delight
in lathed shadows
dusking my skin

 the animal loves

It is impossible not to eat
the heart between my hands

Your hinged moon
needs extra howling
 to shimmy out of her clothes

We plant among your mother's
vinca all that is broken and hope
to be broken by what grows

Asha Carroll: *Old Leaves and Lovers*

Russet
Turnip
Turntable
Tableau
Bleu cheese
Chestnut
Rest well.

