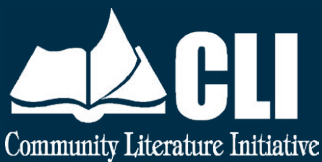


# CLI AUTHOR BOOK PRODUCTION SAMPLES CATALOG



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This catalog is designed to be used when applying for the Community Literature Initiative (CLI) [Spring 2024 Book Production](#).

Authors will select from the design samples for the following:

- Cover Layout Samples
- Back Cover Layout Samples
- Spine Layout Samples
- Interior Samples
- Poem Layout Samples

If Authors have additional samples they'd like their CLI Designer(s) to consider for inspiration, they can upload files in the application when prompted.

A sample selection could be:

**COVER LAYOUT**

Art on Top + Text on Bottom

**BACK COVER LAYOUT**

Solid Color Background(s) + Text

**SPINE LAYOUT**

Art + Vertical Text

**MANUSCRIPT STRUCTURE**

Includes sections

**TABLE OF CONTENTS FORMAT**

Page numbers on left

**PAGE NUMBER PLACEMENT**

Bottom centered

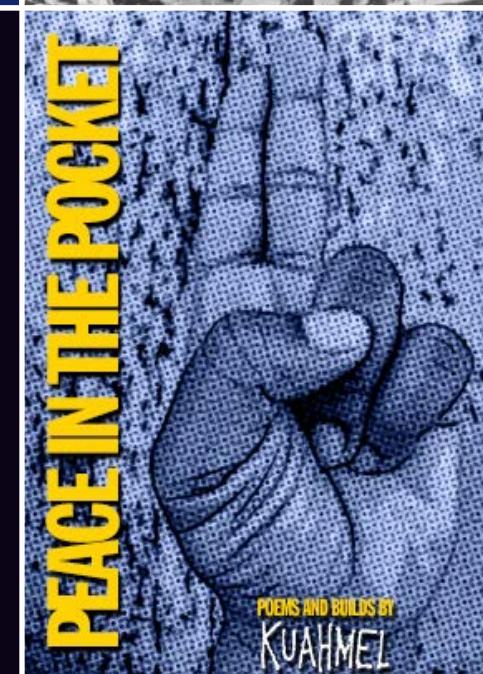
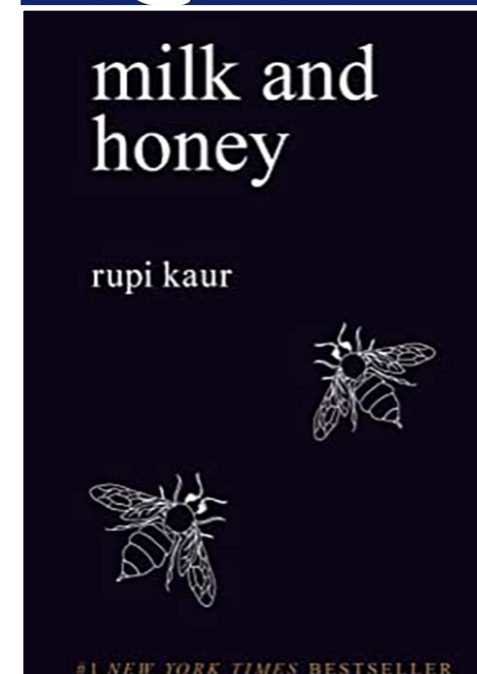
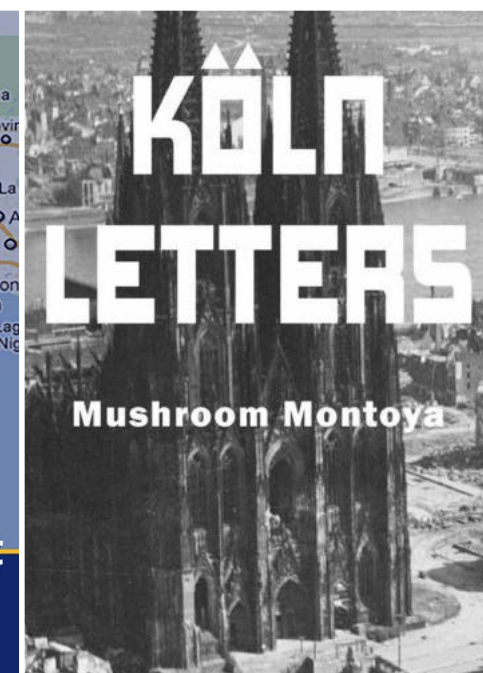
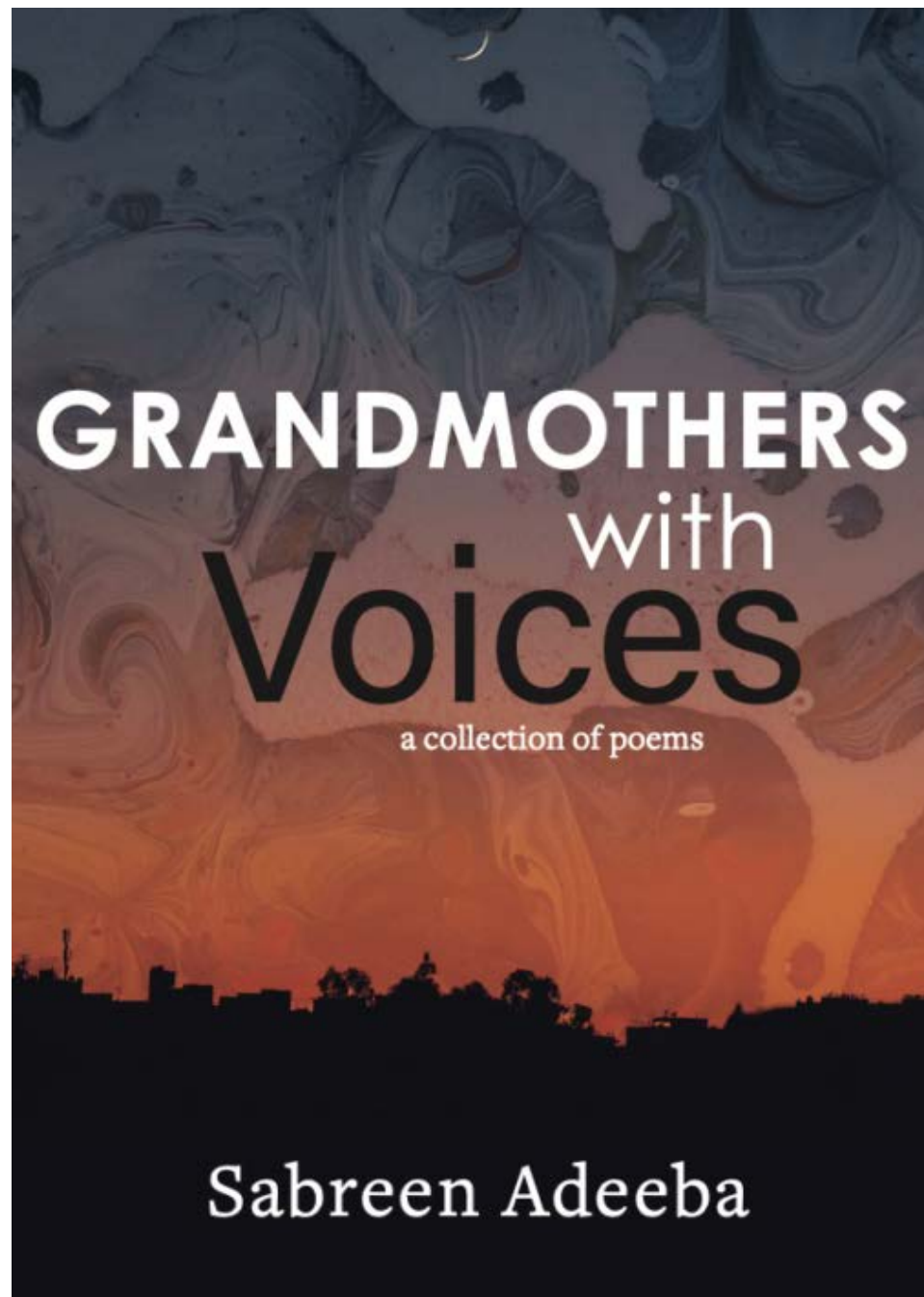
**HEADER CONTENTS**

No Header

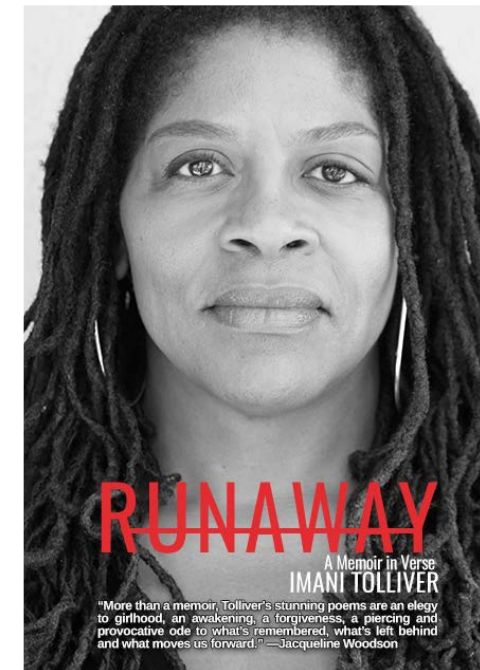
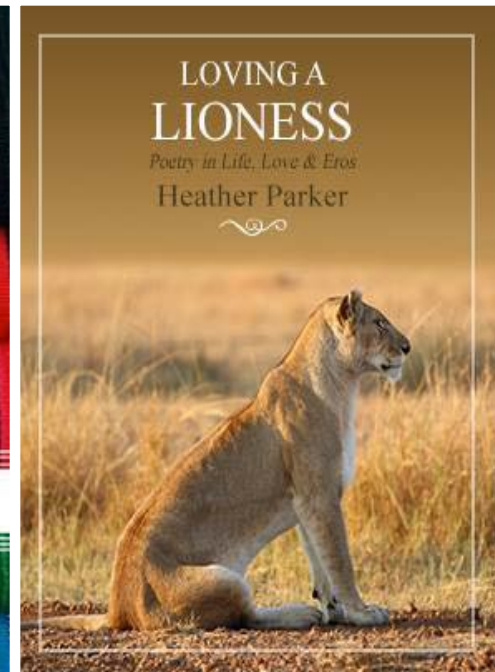
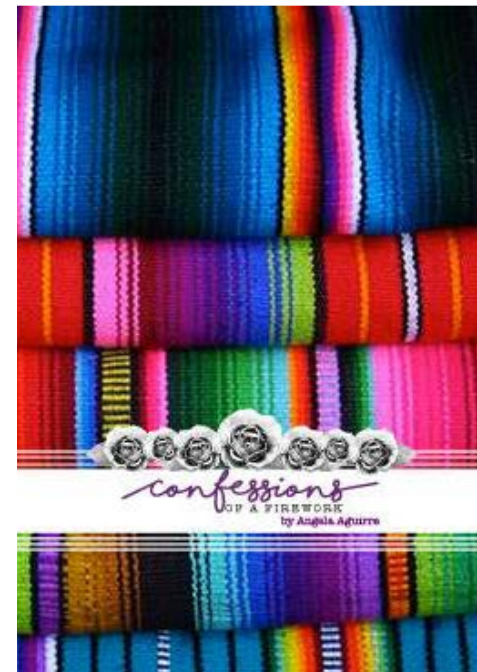
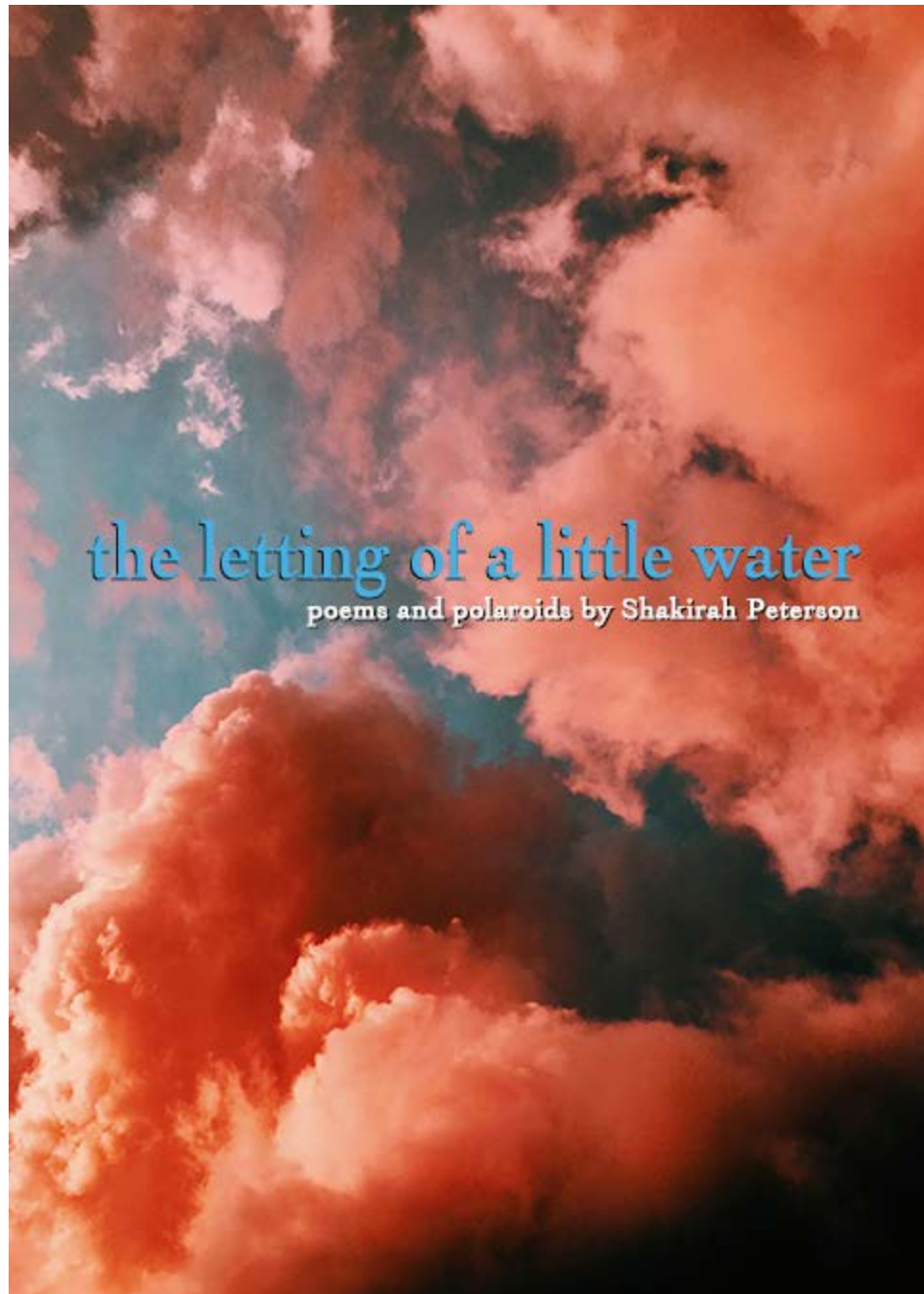
**POEM LAYOUT (SELECT ALL THAT APPLY)**

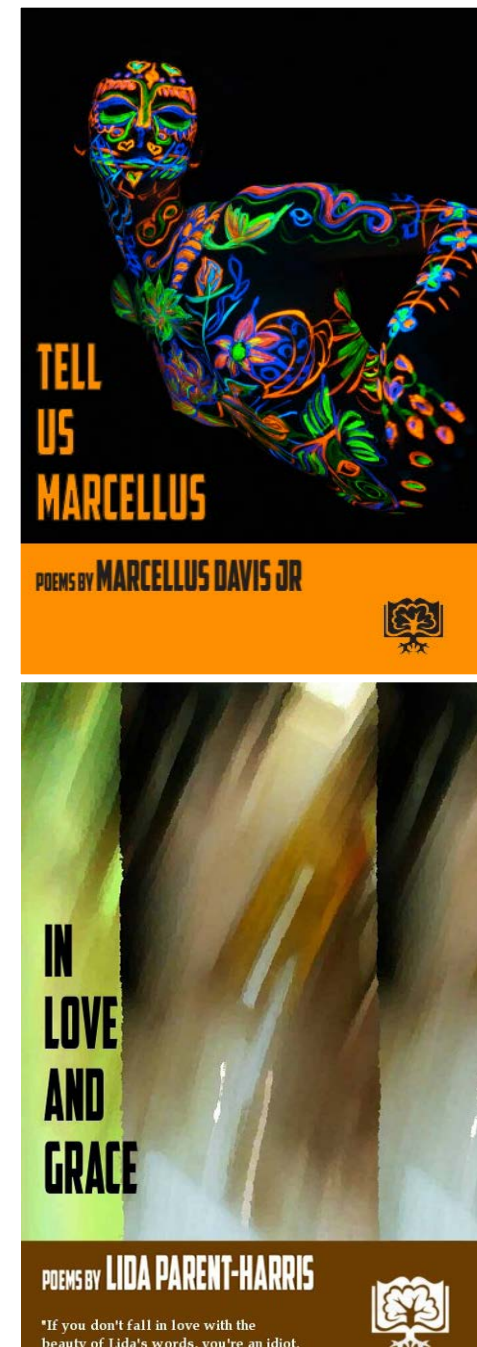
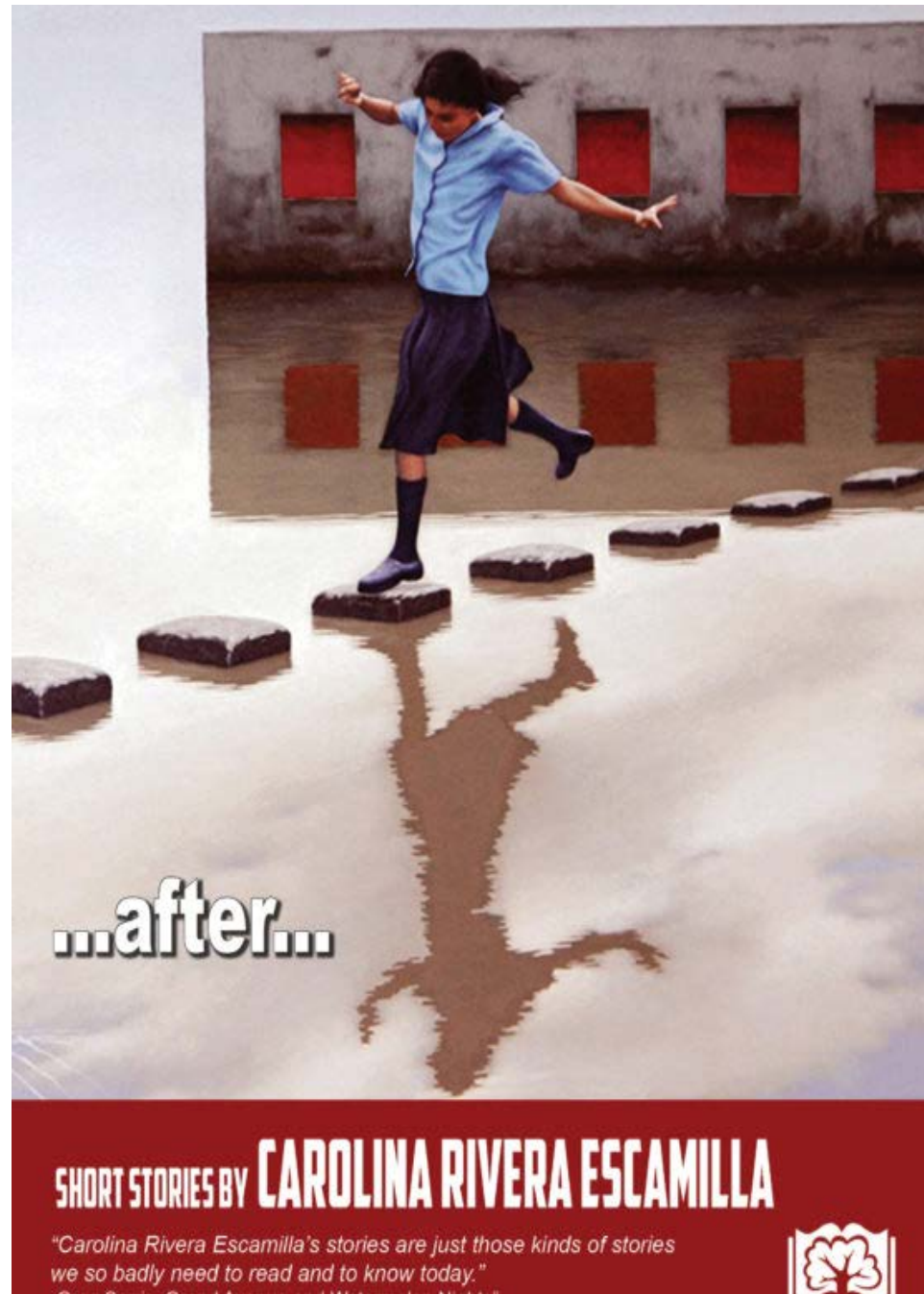
- Text Only
- Text + Art
- Intentional Spacing

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**COVER SAMPLES**

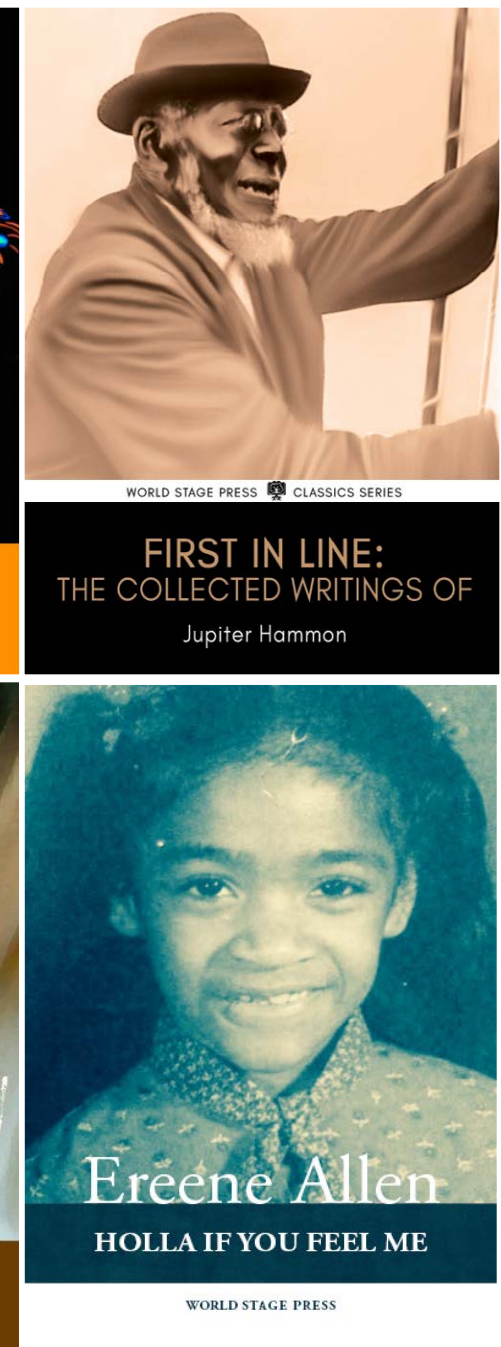


PHOTOGRAPH + TEXT OVERLAY

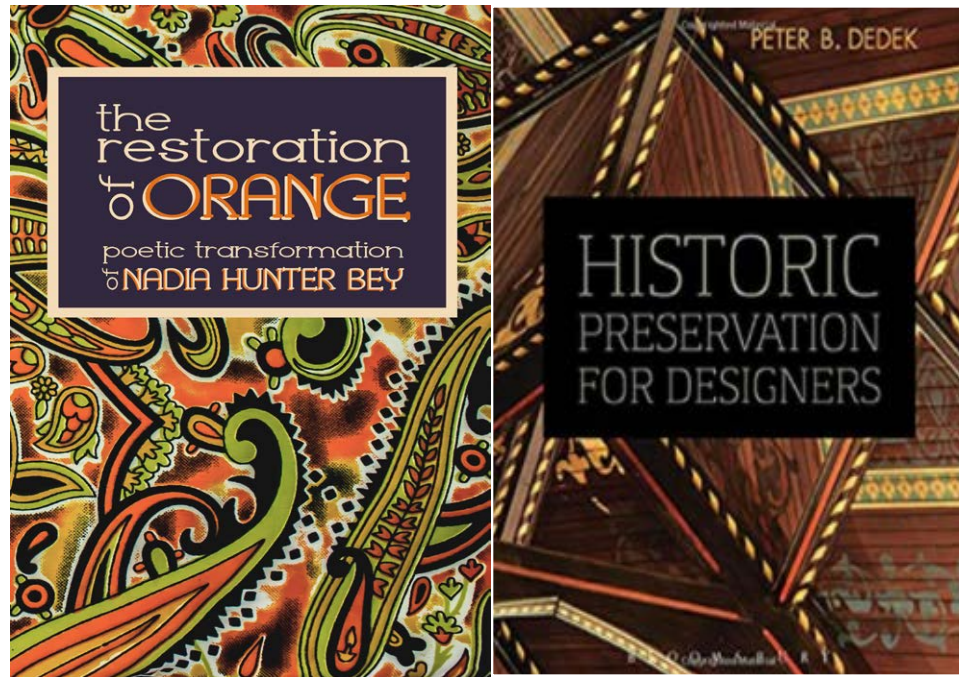




*"If you don't fall in love with the beauty of Lida's words, you're an idiot."*

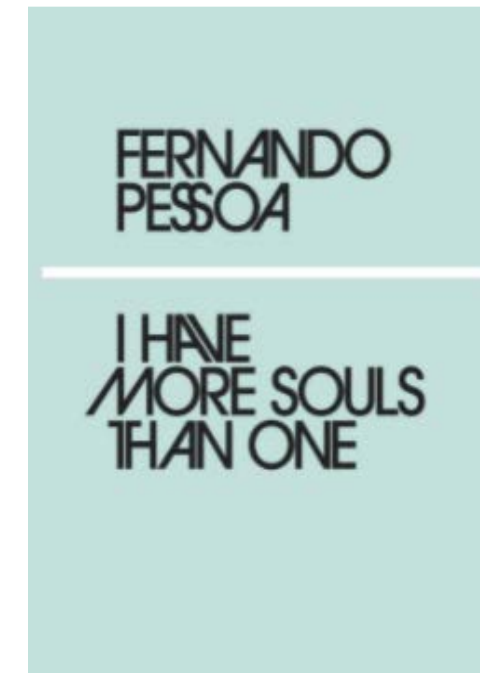


ART + TEXT BOX OVER ART



TEXT ONLY WITH DESIGN

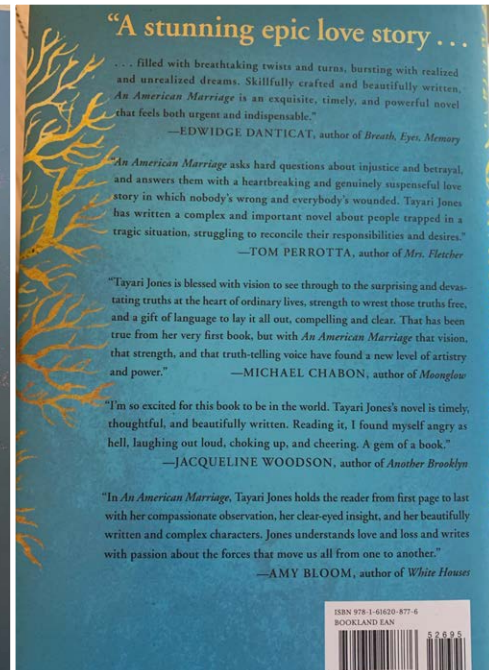
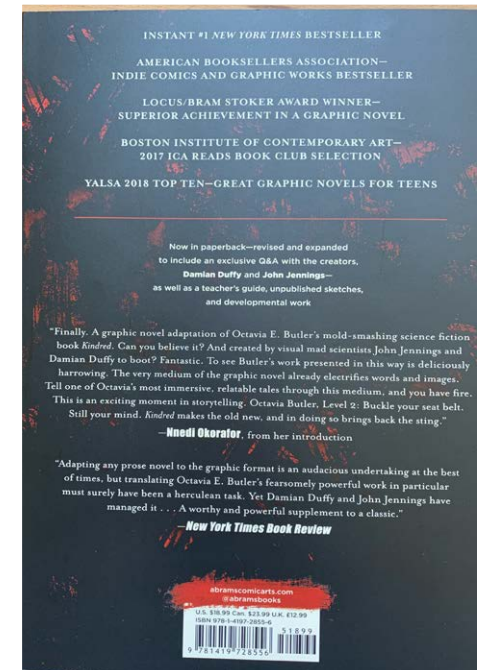
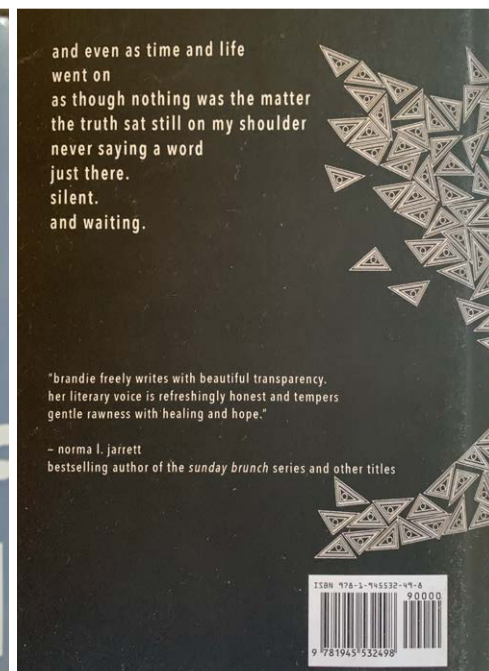
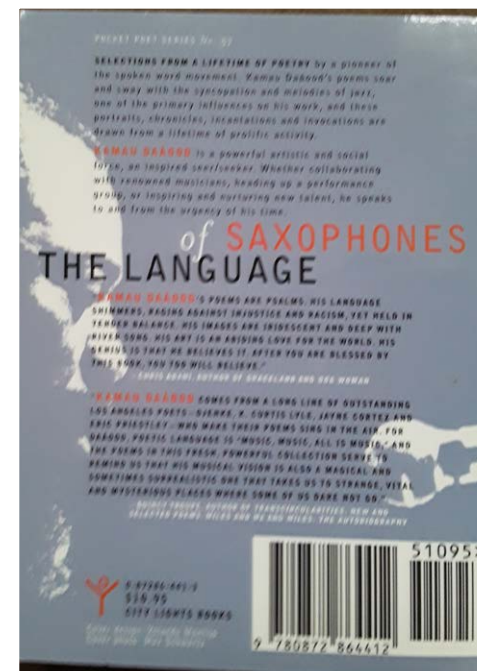
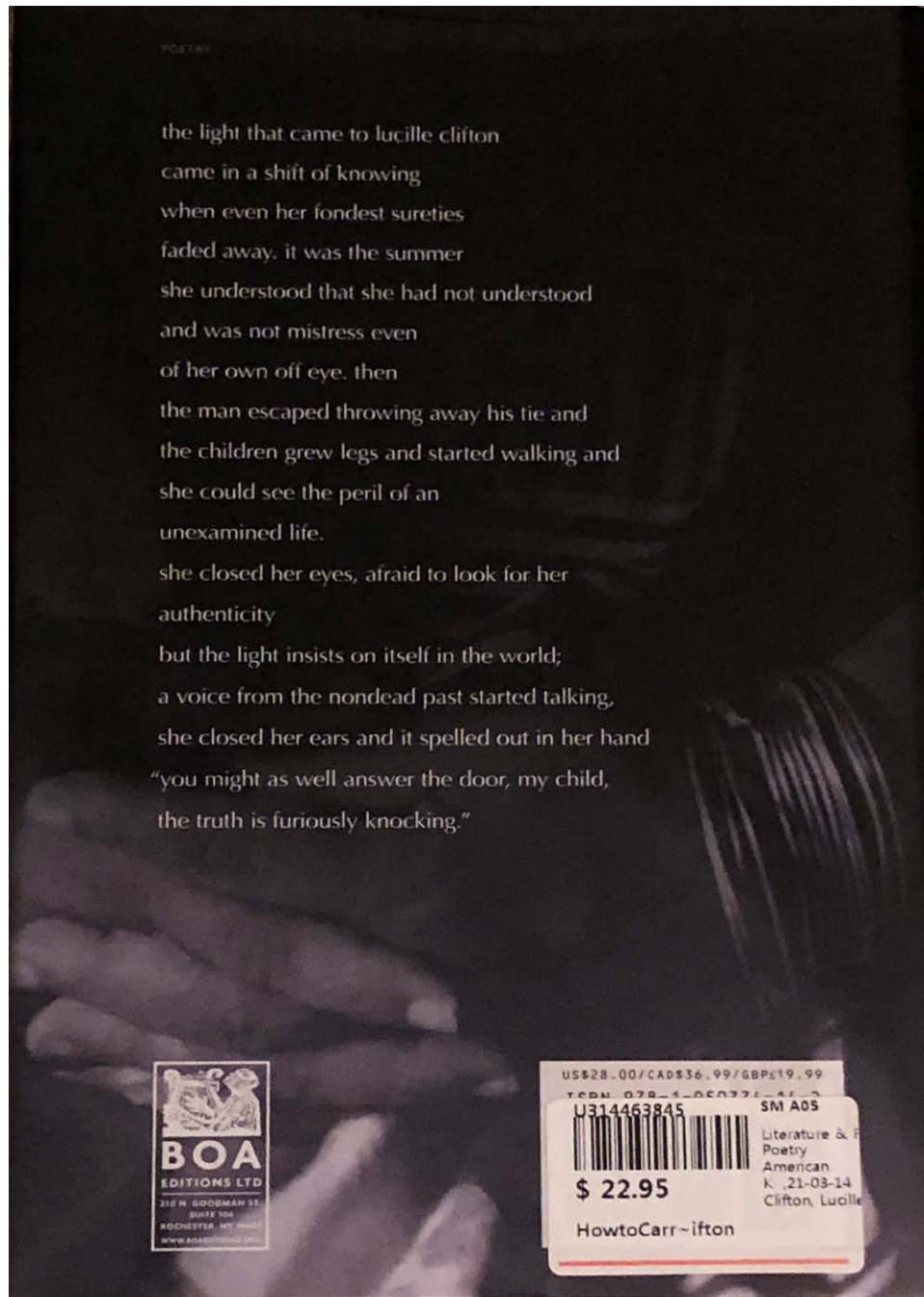
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AO  
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**PART TWO**  
**BACK COVER SAMPLES**





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—John Dinsmore, author of *30/30/30*

Natasha's words flow together in symmetry. They are sacred geometry with a mathematical exactness.  
—Yamila Hassore Bustola Hayemi A.A.

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15 Deep

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—DAVID ST. JOHN, author of *The Face, A Novella in Verse*

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—Dr. JAMES BILLINGTON, Librarian of Congress

NATASHA TRETWEWEY was the poet laureate of the United States from 2012 to 2014. *Native Guard*, her third collection of poetry, received the 2007 Pulitzer Prize. She is the Robert W. Woodruff Professor of English and Creative Writing at Emory University.

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—Lambda Literary

"*The BreakBeat Poets* offers a thrilling vortex of diverse voices... an enthralling and necessary overview of an often overlooked vein of contemporary poetry."  
—Foreword Reviews

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In these pages, I define most hymns to be a man that loves you or at least likes you a "whole" lot. Because the line between the sacred and the profane is fine (and that life plays no favorites). I draw no borders, so passports are of no need. We don't have to like all the hymns in the book to know that they are sung/written on our behalf. For that I am grateful. Every hymn wants to be beautiful, to be remembered. To the ones I can't stand, that's another book, but my father always told me, "baby, it's all good..." and I still believe "Hymn."

"V. Kall is a force of nature. Her work and it's sensibilities are organically formed, connecting the dots on all the observed humanity and moments of harsh cruelty that have passed through her prism. But having passed through her, the world is made more relevant, beautiful, and connected. If you care about your heart, you must read V. Kall."

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"If heaven had a laundry room where women worked or sang hymns, these poems would be heard among the rising water."

"Mama V's words, like her touch, hold us. They rock us beyond ourselves, beyond this small earth, closer to the Divine. A place more whole. When we exit her song, we all Amen."

"V. Kall is a sage of the community. Those of us who have been fortunate enough to hear the Healer Woman know that her poetry is a dialogue between the ancestors. She speaks to rage, hope, love, pain and resilience. Her lines carry the intensity with which we are pushed out into this world, and the tenderness with which we are sustained. Here is not speaking truth to power, here is the power of truth."

-Jerry Quickley  
-Peter J. Harris  
-Pam Ward  
-Ruth Forman  
-Jorge Monterrosa

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Switches, Hot Wheel Tracks + Extension Cords is a soundtrack to growing up in a black house hold through the 80's & 90's. Switches aren't just tree branches, hot wheel tracks is not just a toy and extension cords just provide power at a further distance. These soulful tools parents used for rearing their children. Tommy Domino used these tools to guide through his life experiences. You will have an exciting trip going down memory lane with how he braids the switches, connect the tracks and plug you into his power.

-A *Kold Piece of Work*, author of *The Weather Report*

Tommy Domino stands out from today's pack of writers as a man's poet. You sense Pasadena, Long Beach, and Black America seeping from what he writes and speaks. Coming to this practice to fill a cathartic need, Tommy has since humbly emerged as a craft talent like no other from Southern California. Pick up this lyrical whoopin' he dishes to the rest of the world of poetry and you will be an inspired fan the way I am.

-Kuahmel, author of *Peace In The Pocket*

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WENDELL BERRY is the author of more than fifty books of poetry, fiction, and essays. For more than fifty years he has lived and farmed with his wife, Tanya Berry, in Kentucky.

"Berry's poems shine with a gentle wisdom of a craftsman who has thought deeply about the paradoxical strangeness and wonder of life."  
—The Christian Science Monitor

"Wendell Berry is one of those rare individuals who speaks to us always of responsibility, of the individual cultivation of an active and aware participation in the arts of life; he may be thought of as a poet, preparing a hill for planting, raising a family, working for the good of oneself and one's neighbors, loving."  
—The Bloomington Review

This book contains all the poems from previous compilations Mr. Berry wishes to collect, except no selections have been made from his ongoing sequence published in *The Sabbath Poem*.

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You may write me down in history  
With your bitter, twisted lies,  
You may tread me in the very dirt  
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Out of the huts of history's shame  
I rise  
Up from a past that's rooted in pain  
I rise  
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,  
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

—from "Still I Rise"

ISBN 978-0-394-10212-4  
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Steve Harvey flunked out of college. He was fired from his job. He was homeless and lived in his car. In his most inspiring book to date—now revised and updated throughout with practical information—the #1 *New York Times* bestselling author reveals how he survived these trials and thrived despite them by taking a jump—a leap of faith.

Steve first introduced the concept of *Jump* at a taping of his syndicated hit show *Family Feud*. The Emmy Award-winning host spontaneously delivered passionate advice on the secrets of his success. The video immediately went viral and has been seen by sixty-four million viewers (and counting) worldwide.

Steve's message is at once uplifting and hopeful. Motivating readers by letting them into his life, he reveals both the vulnerable and triumphant leaps he's taken, leaving a stable job to pursue his dream of being on television, starting a boys' mentoring camp without any support, and revealing the behind-the-scenes mishap during the Miss Universe pageant. Most important, Steve explains the core principles that will help you to continuously challenge yourself and take the necessary leap to bring you the success and fulfillment you deserve.

STEVE HARVEY's success as a stand-up comedian led to the WB's hit *The Steve Harvey Show*, which has won multiple NAACP Image Awards. In addition to his nationally syndicated *Steve Harvey Morning Show*, Steve hosts a daily talk show on NBC, is the host for the game shows *Family Feud*, *Celebrity Family Feud*, and, most recently, *Little Big Shots*. He is the founder of the Steve and Marjorie Harvey Foundation, and is the author of the #1 *New York Times* bestsellers *Act Like a Success*, *Think Like a Success*, *Act Like a Lady*, *Think Like a Man*, and *Straight Talk, No Chaser*.

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**PART THREE**  
**SPINE SAMPLES**



COLOR BACKGROUND + VERTICAL TEXT



HORIZONTAL TEXT





**PART FOUR**  
**INTERIOR SAMPLES**

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xi

Upper outside corner

CLARK COOLIDGE ] 30

High Pitched Whale

left from                      gay behind private  
    it is it                      of hip it  
 in have made                      two one shifts  
    driv el agony                      also over  
 belief health over                      remember  
    him                      riders of there                      color whole is  
    but is it in the are also awkward  
 going of face                      put kind on  
    the out the                      walls touch  
    it out it in                      does flowers  
    get with a grain                      the was the  
    faintly color                      out out clear                      sense  
 image                      as a in office                      position prints  
 image

   beautiful as own  
 last than                      go dear  
 straps                      screen her where here  
    main chin this                      overpapers  
 the as car                      flowers work  
    sect to photo                      soft whole sifts  
    but  
 out go subtle                      limp funny orange  
    in been men                      impulse to basis  
 color thing out                      star shown?  
 to as                      go is a two                      to by in a the  
    and are if is a                      the this                      the the is it

Bottom outside corner

**An LA Freeway Songbook**

**LA's Emerald Jewelry**  
 It's never more clear than after weeks of rain that LA's a city thrown down  
 Into the bowls made by mountains. As I drive the freeways that thread the hills  
 My eyes thrill to the emerald green that rises behind buildings and presses  
    the clouds.

**Jam-Up on the Cat-Oh-Five**  
 We live in the city of traffic jams on the 405 and other freeways.  
 This morning we had three cats bunched up on the patio outside our cat door  
 Competing for a lane. Elise's traffic report: "It's a jam-up on the cat-oh-five!"

**Rearview Mirror Tableau, 5 Freeway South**  
 She's passenger. He's driving.  
 Her face is angry and she speaks quickly.  
 She leans away from him. He leans toward her.

**Homunculus Highway Brain Burrito**  
 This 110 freeway with its tight lane miles I've driven so often, its gentle arc pass  
    into downtown  
 Through high-cut banks and herky-jerky flow, must surely be wrapped in a myelin  
    tortilla  
 In my brain—a well-traveled, intra-skull, neuronal network homunculus highway.

**Rough Beauty**  
 Hills driving north from LA on the 5 freeway display a rough beauty:  
 Mustard yellow, splotted with tufts of scraggly live oaks,  
 Hunched against drifty white clouds, skinned shoulders rust-veined.

**On the Braided River**  
 Up this ramp I join the braided river, its woven flow, currents and snags. Off right  
    freeway bank  
 Mountains rise snow-robed. Ahead, deep pink in great daubs across a lowering  
    blue horizon.  
 Souls by the millions for miles upon miles by wordless agreements we carve  
    this channel.

15

Bottom centered

**MILD ENEMY LOTION**

do not sleep bundle unfurled  
    sleep  
    less sleep less paint fire on car drive long as miles last  
    tension envelops us no more

we stopped taking more than needed was the  
 Science of Love sleep less sew flags for imagi-  
 nary nations much more human in our listening  
 RADAR ATTENTIVE DRIVING  
 INTO AMERICA fresh fire painted at state  
 line smell pictures of flowers eyes can smell them  
 sleep less we are lessons bird knows coming up  
 into air bird knows every ray we examine is more  
 vantage than the next these impressions of hope  
 give us total immersion sleep less everyone is two  
 places here and in memory hold porches to their  
 light vantage ourselves at garment awareness  
 sleep less hold breath open let us keep our hours

17

In vertical outside margin

**PIEROGI ART GALLERY**  
 BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, NY, SEPTEMBER 12, 2002<sup>99</sup>

I don't know about you  
 but for me it was very hard  
 to come here  
 because of yesterday  
 and today.

I tried to go to the subway  
 and I see all the papers  
 displayed in the newstands  
 this image of a key hole  
 and all the people inside  
 the key hole  
 what are they doing  
 crying inside the key hole?

may be may be  
 their pain  
 inside the key hole  
 will let them see  
 into other pains  
 other sorrows  
 in the other September 11s  
 of the world  
 the forgotten September 11s  
 of the world.

but no,  
 today at 8:00, perhaps

99. This is Vicuña's reconstruction of her performance notes, and of how the notes might have been performed. There is no recording.

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**PART FIVE**  
**POEM LAYOUT SAMPLES**

### THE PASSED AROUND CHILD

A passed around child never knows hugs or peppermint kisses fostered in misty tears abandoned before leaving her crib.

No pink beads to adorn new braids just a dark scary room "how long will I be here?" She ponders "a week month year?"

Defiled de-camped tagged government check a meal ticket treated with scorn

Court room arena from pillow to post a toy box filled with fear

Coping skills reborn surviving nightmares where Boogey men wait at your door

There is little mercy for a passed around child love bears harsh illusions

Corrupt institutions soil innocence dimming hope in trusting souls  
Stones tossed souls broken

GRANDMOTHERS  
WITH VOICES

### A MOTHERS WAR

Mothers war son's story pain that wrought little glory  
Another man-child snatched from a mother's arms fear took flight courage was born

Freedom and justice a new found mission faith plus truth her ammunition  
A mother's war a tragic plight once she stood for another's rights choice to grow become a man freedom to excel best he can

Young cub demeaned his mother scorned no shame or grief was ever earned  
Stripped of innocence locked in a cage injustice bred a blinding rage  
Universal test to save all sons my war won't cease until it's done

20

### PRISONIA

July 4, 1991

Dear Copper,

I ran away from that foster home, again. He keeps hurting me. Where were you? I wish I was big and strong so I could fight. Instead I just lay there and dream. In my dream, I lay flat on my back in a wide-open field full of calla lilies, sunflowers, and pisonia trees. All of a sudden, my body was lifted, way up high. I touched the clouds and it was beautiful. The air felt cool and fresh, and as I lay upon the cloud, everything bad seeped out of me. The cloud absorbed it all.

I enjoyed my state of bliss. Then I was jolted. I dropped with such a hard impact that my body crashed upon the earth. But I did not fall to the same peaceful field that I was in before. This time, I landed in a backyard full of dirt, broken furniture, and rusty car parts. A barbwire fence, covered with locks, enclosed the yard. Wild dogs barked violently at me from a neighboring lot. I saw this for a few seconds, then my body began to sink deep into the earth. I dug my fingers into the dirt as I struggled to stay above ground.

I cried for help, but no one came. I wanted to float back up, into the clouds, but whatever was pulling me was too powerful. I sank low and deep into the dirt, far beneath the surface of the earth. This is where I remain. I hate it. Copper I want to be like you. I want to be free.

IDEATIONS

21

### WHAT MAGIC?

woke up this morning feeling so low  
feeling like there's nowhere to go

tried to get dressed, my movement was slow  
tried to put on a smile just for show


thought twice as I headed out the door  
I should stay in, hide some more  
there's nothing worth going out for

dig a hole in the living room floor  
bury myself, then start to explore  
what's on the other side of this life chore

maybe I'll find the space I'm looking for  
maybe I'll find a space where I am adored  
I'll find a world that has so much more

wedge myself deep in the earth's core  
back to the womb full of dirt, blood, and ore  
so warm and dark, I'll stay there forevermore

take all my magic with me  
the stuff you choose to ignore



Lois Elbermany  
Illustration, 2021

### Hurricane

The grief comes in waves and tonight I'm drowning.  
Dragged under by eyes-closed memories, flooding dull senses.

Salt-water tears burn trails down to quivering  
jawline before joining their surroundings.

Jagged regrets, long overdue for disturbing, jab into puckered feet.

Murky anger floods cease-fire lungs, suppressing silent apologies.

This wealth of emotions threatens to overflow,  
consume every aspect of my entire being.

The depths of these waters, connected to ancestors,  
cycles, every shift and tide of Luna;

They overwhelm me.

Algae memories impossibly tangle themselves between  
flailing toes, and fights to grip slippery ankles.

Getting tugged into undertow, icy tendrils wrap  
themselves around me, pulling slowly but steadily.

Dragging me further and further underneath.  
To deafening silence...  
Incredibly deep, powerful isolation.

I alone need to confront these entities.  
Each emotion, each question. Each revelation a  
reflection of internal dialogue, battle of wills, histories  
of my family trauma that can only be resolved by

*Listening.*


the sun and her flowers

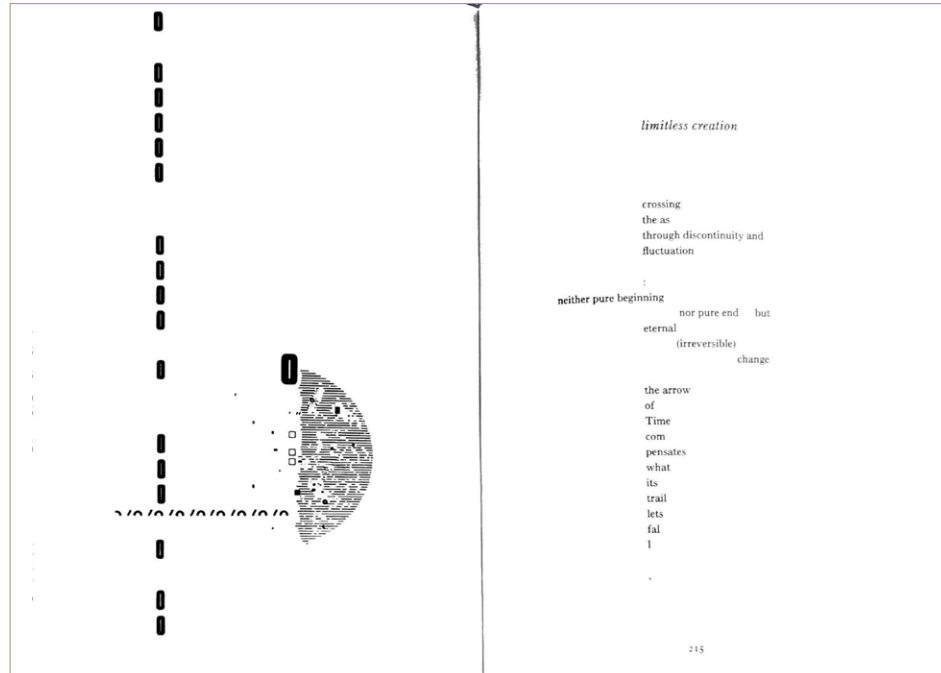
i think my body knew you would not stay

ropi kaur

i long  
for you  
but you long  
for someone else  
i deny the one  
who wants me  
cause i want someone else

- the human condition





*limitless creation*

crossing  
the as  
through discontinuity and  
fluctuation  
:  
neither pure beginning  
nor pure end but  
eternal  
(irreversible)  
change  
  
the arrow  
of  
Time  
com  
pensates  
what  
its  
trail  
lets  
fal  
l

215

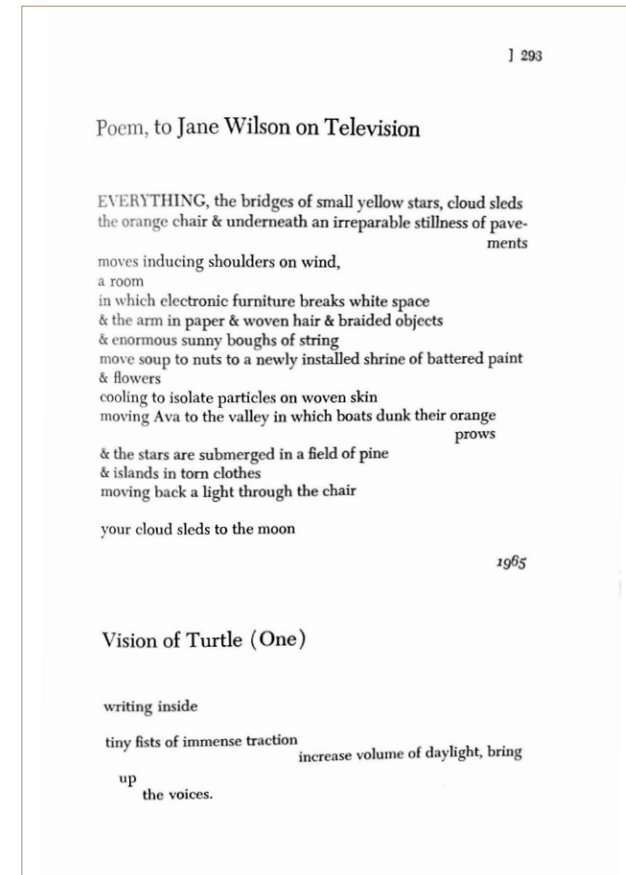
**STAIN**

I write to leave a blemish, to remind the future that I once existed.  
My bones will one day be dust and my insides rusted.  
But my pen produces a stain that will outlast me.  
My genesis woven in a single drop, my legacy knitted in a similar clothe.  
My DNA will populate beyond this millennia and travel new planets.  
I write to leave a stain, to be remembered.



**FAME**

Fame is an awful thing to pursue sometimes.  
It is the most addictive drug once it reaches your veins.  
Like Lady Justice, she is blind with a wavering scale.  
Those who come in contact with her know  
it is easier to grasp a handful of water  
than to keep a firm grip on fame.  
She is the ultimate bachelorette.  
Cradle, caress her and whisper sweet promises  
in her ear, at the threshold of matrimony.  
Two blocks away, another is restless for her attention,  
hungry to taste her fruits.  
His passion lures him to the doorsteps of the chapel;  
he tramples you and snatches her from your  
clutching hands.  
This cycle repeats itself over and over again.



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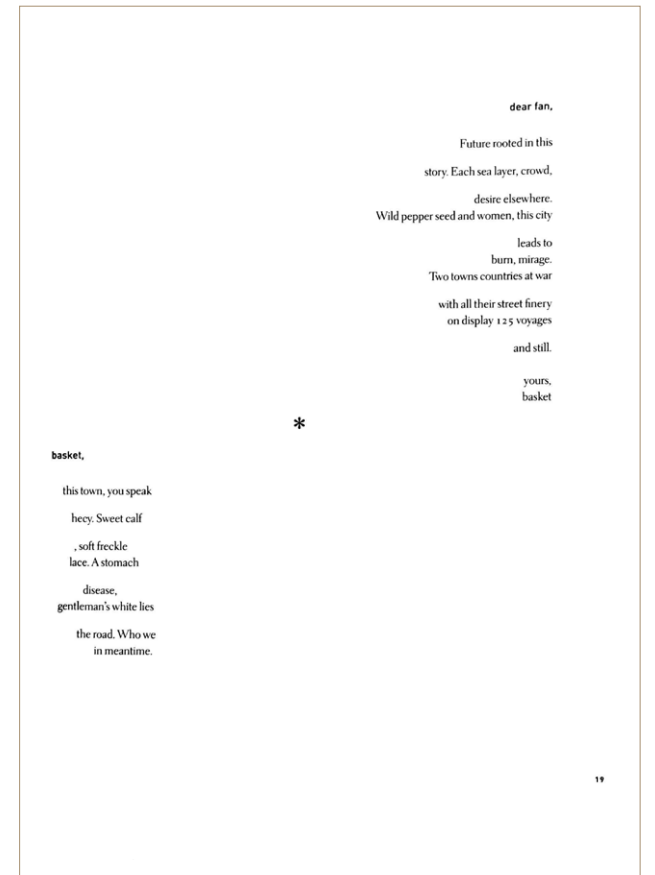
Poem, to Jane Wilson on Television

EVERYTHING, the bridges of small yellow stars, cloud sleds  
the orange chair & underneath an irreparable stillness of pave-  
ments  
moves inducing shoulders on wind,  
a room  
in which electronic furniture breaks white space  
& the arm in paper & woven hair & braided objects  
& enormous sunny boughs of string  
move soup to nuts to a newly installed shrine of battered paint  
& flowers  
cooling to isolate particles on woven skin  
moving Ava to the valley in which boats dunk their orange  
prows  
  
& the stars are submerged in a field of pine  
& islands in torn clothes  
moving back a light through the chair  
  
your cloud sleds to the moon

1965

Vision of Turtle (One)

writing inside  
tiny fists of immense traction  
increase volume of daylight, bring  
up  
the voices.



dear fan,

Future rooted in this  
story. Each sea layer, crowd,  
desire elsewhere.  
Wild pepper seed and women, this city  
leads to  
burn, mirage.  
Two towns countries at war  
with all their street finery  
on display 125 voyages  
and still.  
yours,  
basket



basket,

this town, you speak  
hey. Sweet calf  
. soft freckle  
lace. A stomach  
disease,  
gentleman's white lies  
the road. Who we  
in meantime.

19

**DEAR BRAIN BULLET**

Because of you, we danger into feralness,

open our mouths wide—  
speak to the dead.

We think Bullet

might be calling our name, we might

also belong to the dead. How else do we speak

so clearly to them?

Bullet, because of you we clean—

the blood from porch,  
Brother's copper red scent. We clean and clean,

but can't rid ourselves of the taste

of metal to tongue. Still—we try to patch the gape

in the door, fill it

with density. Memory becomes

archeology. We search for lost

city because of you, always moving, wandering

**WE SPEND MONEY TO BECOME  
LESS OF WHO WE ARE.**

brushing it away twice a day,  
combing it off,  
covering these heartbeats  
with brand-named cloth -

It was easier to become less human  
when there was a service for that.

One to help you think  
One to eat,

one to sleep, dream and believe.

A false-life made accessible  
with bills:

Movement automotive,  
escape folded into books  
homes bent into depots  
to store drained bodies --

freedom becomes the tourist.

and slavery its employee.

his back bent, raking  
over the keyboard:

correspondencecorrespondencecorrespondence.

staring as we smile,  
As we swipe our lives

to make credit  
for not having one.

"Have a good day" we say, "same  
to you" we say,

They gave us human  
and took the being

being, n. a living thing  
Merriam Webster. 2019. Merriam Webster  
<https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/being>

I. DEFINITION:

I. DEFINITION:

*I'm TOO Lazy for this World*

I went to the very  
Real bank with  
A gun for the  
Fiction of  
Money  
A beautiful poem should  
Help you rob a bank  
That's its job  
Everything has a job  
Can we get  
through this without yelling wait

WAIT you are already  
Angry it's too much  
you must get as tired  
as I do

I'm never using the gun again  
I'm too lazy for your wars  
we could cancel this back from the basement  
no more rifle no more M16 last  
time flesh split in dreams for  
months muscles rip heat that  
muscle rip it's too much heat's a  
glass of water let's get through  
this okay maybe not maybe it's  
time to admit we can't do it  
millions of years slashing into  
one another

my gentle living  
against what is meant to perform  
I'm too lazy to kill  
three children a day  
Lieutenant Sergeant  
US MARINE CORPS YES SIR  
my Buddhist friend tries calming  
his urge to butcher it's possible  
some days it seems possible  
what about today how do we feel  
about not snuffing animals and  
other people today what about  
today one day without killing it  
feels possible but

I'm new at problem  
solving without the  
gallows what do you  
say I mean there are

so many I would LOVE to see  
swinging by their necks they  
deserve it they do they really do I  
see them I see them I see them  
swinging swinging SWINGING  
some days I want to be nice I  
really do but so many are  
swinging by their necks in these  
dreams some days I would tie the  
noose myself JUST TO PROVE  
they deserve it I don't care I DO  
NOT care but sometimes I do  
care I do I do care I do want to





The Monster

(after David St. John's *The Face*)

The monster. The dreamer, the eater. The eater monster. You the monster, I the monster. All of us the monster. The monster in us, the monster in you. The monster in all of us. Us the monster, the cheater, the weaver. The monster the cheater of life, the cheater of death, the monster of the woman, the monster of her servant. The monster the cheater, the monster of the tears, the tears of the monster. The monster and the flesh, the monster with the flesh, the flesh of the monster. The monster the eater, the monster the cheater, the monster the servant, the monster the monster. The monster of these walls, the walls within the monster. The monster in you, the monster in me, the monster in us. The lover. The monster the lover, the monster the monk. The monk and the flesh of the monster, the flesh of the monk with the monster. The monster the eater, the monster the cheater, the monster the servant the monster in you. The monster in here, the monster in Sesame Street. The monster of the children, the children in the monster, the child in the monster. The monster of money, the monster of disease, the disease of the monster of the flesh of the monk. The monk. The monster. The monster the eater the monster the cheater the monster the servant the monster in you the monster in the monk the monster the child of the child of the monster. The monster in all of us. The monster in water, the monster of this liposuction, the monster in LA. The monster of LA. The monster of the flesh of LA, the monster of the child in LA, the monster of the servant of LA. The monster. The dreamer, the weaver. The monster in Hollywood, the monster of Hollywood, Hollywood and the monster. A love affair. The monster and the love affair. The monster and the flesh of the monster in a love affair. The monster in you on Venice Beach, the monster in Culver City, the monster in here, right now.

53. Church Poets

IT MIGHT BETRAY something about my religiosity that when I saw the announcement on the church's marquee (somehow I think *marquee* is the wrong word) FORBIDDEN FRUIT CREATES MANY JAMS, I did not for even half a second consider jam meaning problem, jam meaning blockage, jam meaning trouble (nor did I immediately consider jam meaning party or celebration). I thought they were having a jam sale fundraiser. Which, in retrospect, I've never seen, though it's a good idea.

(Mar. 11)

© 2019 Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill

HALLWALLS CONTEMPORARY ART CENTER  
BUFFALO, NY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1998<sup>40</sup>

150 |

In the center of the screen, suspended in darkness, appears a bodiless white arm, perhaps a prosthetic or the plastic limb of a very large doll. This image goes in and out of focus as high-pitched singing or a kind of lament—*aaa eebb A YAA YAA YAA*—is heard somewhere in the distance, but getting ever closer. There is a shifting, a left-to-right adjustment of the videographer's gaze, an apparent search for the origin of these sounds, this song. The image first goes black, then white, refocusing on a single white thread seemingly tied to an imperceptible cloud in the distance. The camera follows the thread to find the silhouette of a petite woman doing slow, dance-like movements towards the stage. Her back to the lens, she is slowly wrapping the thread around her right hand, as if coiling herself toward the center of the room, or towards an off-screen universe. As she approaches the stage, she moves out of frame and can't be seen until she reaches what can now be clearly identified as the podium. And what once seemed like an amputated body part is in fact a microphone wrapped with a large, cascading piece of white, unspun wool. Behind the podium she tensions the white thread around both hands, creating a long blank between her fingers, and continues to sing.

She then greets the audience in a soft, whisper-like voice:

*Buenas noches*

*By the time I get here it seems like a whole day has gone by, no?*

*Buenas noches  
buenos días*

<sup>40</sup> The transcription and description of the performance are derived from a video recording of the performance provided by Hallwalls.

Eephus Pitch\*

*We obey the coaxings of our end*  
WALLACE STEVENS

when gaps are looming ahead and the wrong hand floats up, oily, a widespread profile knocking and pinging; when people begin to say, "this is a jam, a dead weighbridge, a balk," the catch is that the end distills meaning from a jealous move, from the nature of the pitch (the Eephus pitch.) It is not so much that you can't see the lob or that

a jubilant fanning smothers the utterance, the gnawing and its indelible reasons; it is the harmony of the parts that interferes, the rust and the lift-off of a variant: and the borders of the center, and the dampened view at once discoloring and exonerating. I admit to having lifted

\* The original title of this poem was "Alla Puskás". It alluded to a trick-style kick made famous by the Hungarian soccer player in the fifties. The "Eephus pitch", a blooper pitch developed by baseball player Rip Sewell in the forties has been chosen as a cultural equivalent [tr. note]

**11:59.**

she knew what she had to do  
and as the clock counted down  
the new year would stare her  
right in the face  
urging and pleading for her  
to make the necessary changes  
to bring forth the love  
she desired and deserved

182

**5/23/67**  
**R.I.P.**

The house that is on fire  
pieces all across the sky  
make the moon look like  
a yellow man in a veil  
watching the troubled people  
running and crying  
Oh who gone remember now like it was,  
Langston gone.

3

**XII**

No one  
wants to be the person  
who drives slow past a flower shop  
on valentine's day  
while their lover sleeps  
even if I know the flower petals  
will fold in on themselves  
and turn to rust  
before they expand  
into the sun  
beautiful things die  
every day and we  
still stare while they  
are living or set them  
in the middle of a  
wooden table passed  
down from a wilting  
grandmother who only  
remembers your face  
on tuesdays  
it makes sense to  
declare love with  
something that makes no promises  
about how long it will stay living  
something that we know  
will be dead in a week  
I tell myself that  
while gently pressing my  
fingers into the dark  
leather of another pair of sneakers  
while all of the other men  
scramble for chocolate  
I try on another beautiful thing that  
may live to see me  
forgiven for walking  
through the door

67

**ONE**

LEAF PRESSED IN **NEGATIVITY**  
BY JOCELYN SAIDENBERG

need to find a  
hinge on something  
anything need to  
feel its hinge exertions  
(closed eyes feel closer)

**TWO**

LEAF PRESSED IN **SOME NOTES ON MY**  
**PROGRAMMING** BY ANSELM BERRIGAN

the history of art  
is not the future (what a relief)  
this is private property they say  
so is this middle finger I say naked in  
a bucket of water digesting the room

I know there will come a day,  
if I'm here to see, when  
you'll have been lost from my life  
longer than you were ever in it.

And I know there will come a day,  
I'm unlikely to see, when  
you will have been dead longer  
than you were ever living.

How dare the Earth turn without your morning hellos.  
How dare the Earth burn without you holding the bellows.

I know there will come a day,  
the one everyone sees, when,  
there will no longer be a me  
to grieve the missing you.

My pain will be forgotten,  
my flame will lay and rot.  
And the Earth will dare to turn.  
And the Earth will dare to burn.

The Rules of Linear Time Apply

What emerges on the pages  
is a figment of a transpacific imagination,  
a dimly remembered dream of translingual consciousness  
born in the strange half-light of cross-linguistic procreation.

Regardless of whether you are an English speaker,  
a Chinese speaker (or both),  
it is my hope that you will wake up  
from this dream of reading  
with the dim memory of having spoken in another's language.

12

### 一、序言

曾经，我花了一个早上，  
在长椅上弯着腰，  
或是来回踱步，  
学生们在高声朗读课本里的英语

我已经记不起他们在读些什么  
我关注的不是他们朗读的意义  
而是声音的频率——  
汉语语音的振动使汉语呈现奇特的开放性  
这种开放性超越了每一个英语字母的表面

他们说汉语的音节  
然后重新组合成英语  
语法  
和  
用语  
于是汉语在英语里找到了自己的归宿

13

**FAHr DGJ**

yate' qah ya'un falagu      throw your net and run,

chunge'-ku, hokka my seedlings      sweet fair stem      pick  
from the earth, my eyes too  
pa, tupu malago'-hu      pa, sugarcane is what I want  
adahi hao, my nest is weak      be careful

54

**U@T DGJ**

what pain my mother must have had      g@gi i painin nau,

five mosquitoes bit      when lalima namu akka'  
her cheeks purple      turning fusu'na lila  
octopus afraid      ink like gamson ma'a'nao  
octopus taste good      forgive me, mange'i gamson

55

A MATÉRIA O MATERIAL

*3 estudos de som, para ritmo*

arco  
artefato  
vivo  
auriverde  
sirv  
o  
a  
fé  
(ri?)  
da fa  
da, moça  
in  
feliz:

40

MATTER MATERIAL

*3 studies in sound, for rhythm*

arch  
artifact  
living  
greengold  
i ser  
ve  
the  
faith  
(laugh?)  
of the fair  
y, un  
happy  
lady:

41

nel tredicesimo libro  
della Luce dei Tantra

perché Abhinavagupta nel tredice  
simo libro de lla Luce dei  
Tantra (T antrāloka)  
avrebbe p otuto dir  
e: quan do il ca  
mpo magn etico il  
campo gr avitazio  
nale e il campo cre  
ativo coin cidono all  
ora anche coi ncidono lo st  
ato e il moto l'essere e il divenire

78

in the thirteenth book  
of the Light of Tantra

since Abhinavagupta in the thirtee  
nth book of th e Light of Tan  
tra (Tantrā loka) could  
have said: when the m  
agnetic f ield the  
gravitati onal fiel  
d and th e creativ  
e field co incide th  
en there is also coinci  
dence between stasis and mov  
ement between being and becoming

79

## RESOURCES

# COMPLETE APPLICATION

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