



issue 4 streetcake

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david berrigan

Double Century

1968

Thoughts of Kindergarten made me apprehensive

1969

I painted a full length portrait of my teacher

1970

Kate and I let Dad tickle us

1971

A fugitive from justice lived in our basement

1972

England is a Bitch

1973

Was I too old to be playing Doctor under the ferns in Bolinas?

1974

I write my first novel, it's short and terrible

1975

California suffers from a drought

1976

Pinche Cabron, estudiaba espanol

1977

Sex turns out to be really scary

1978

Love too

1979

My last year with a Prince Valiant haircut

1980

Larry Rinder and I get high on my mom's brownies and laugh with the sloth bears

1981

I was lonely in 1981

1982

Time flies on speed

1983

College graduates can make bad choices

1984

The squash courts in the Philadelphia Athletic Club drip with condensation

1985

Heading West

1986

20 Year old Tequila and the World series: One of them gave me Hepatitis.

1987

I am the master of clutch size in the Mexican Fruit Fly

1988

It was the year of orange hair

1989

Meet the Mormons

1990

The Problem of Insect Body Size

1991

Marriage is a sacrament

1992

Allen impersonally advises me to quit smoking through sex (see 1994)

1993

A Dr. in spite of himself

1994

I quit smoking again, it sticks

1995

Grief

1996

Joy

1997

The land down under

1998

When you are tired of *Drosophila* you are tired of life

1999

Purple Rain is the saddest song I know

2000

Heading East

2001

The problem of Mouse Body Size

2002

I grow accustomed to the aroma of rodent chow

2003

My second Maroon Subaru

2004

The problem of Human Body Size

2005

Little Rock AR or Rockville MD, you choose

2006

Time is accelerating

2007

Drunk

2008

and Sober

O RaT or Raconteur

De volution absolu shun.
Solution of

Revolving versifications

(the fault-line keeps moving)

Conning In-
Cur(tail)ing : cunning reigns
Of pre-serfation, the fearful, the silenced.

Selection by the select few in the election
was a close-d run, the balance tipped off
Tripped off the landslide

(the fault-line keeps moving)

The erection of a rapid power-man
Bombastic fantastic?
Vapid (s)kills in conversation
Steel teeth and smiles of plastic
Man-agement of a state
Re(in)states delegates
Arms and heads and voices
Erasing a race, erasing choices
Racing for prime of place
saving face
The f lag in space

(but the fault-line keeps moving)

Warring Worlds

War by occident an

Error of judgement. Blinding

Bombs scatter us into oblivion

Centripetal collapse, sucked cavity I'm

Falling. Elemental universes shatter

Ripping brother from brother -

Another hatred is born

from a singular

mistake.

giles ford

BREATHASONE (FOR MAGGIE O SULLIVAN)

PUT THE CHAIRS IN THE ROOM IN A CIRCLE.

IF YOU DO NOT HAVE CHAIRS

SIT ON THE GROUND IN A CIRCLE

WITH ENOUGH SPACE BETWEEN EACH OF YOU THAT YOU CAN STRETCH
YOUR ARMS OUT SIDWAYS AND NOT TOUCH EACH OTHER PHYSICALLY.

THERE MUST BE ENOUGH SPACE

FOR THE ENERGY TO RUN THROUGH THE CIRCLE THROUGH FINGERTIP
TO FINGERTIP TO FINGERTIP TO FINGERTIP TO FINGERTIP YOUR
FINGERTIPS FINGERTIP TO FINGERTIP WITHOUT TOUCHING
FINGERTIPS

THE ENERGY MUST FLOW AND JUMP

JUMP AND FLOW

YOU ARE SYNAPTIC YOU ARE NEURONS AND NODULES

YOU MUST BE CLOSE ENOUGH NOT TO BREAK THE FLOW

DO NOT BREAK THE CIRLUIT.

YOU MUST BE ABLE TO HOLD AND CONTAIN WHAT YOU BRING

INTO THE CIRCLE BETWEEN YOU.

NOW CLOSE YOUR EYES,

STRAIGHTERN
YOUR
BACK
AND
STRETCH
UPWARDS
TO
THE

And the Grasshopper Sang

The groove, once easily reached and full of fire, is now hiding under old blankets of sorrows and regrets mixed with a habitual view of the world once wrongfully overestimated as a kitchen cabinet full of honey but no bread.

You sang all summer long, danced like a grasshopper without a single thought of tomorrow other than your mantra, there is no tomorrow, while the ants gathered food for the winter. The grasshopper's life ends when the last summer day turns into dusk.

I told you to stay in bed and you said I didn't need to worry because you knew how serious a concussion is, but in the same breath you said you were going to the lake to listen to the autumn rain. You didn't give a damn about your head. Who am I to argue? You'll have your man with you, the dog boy who can't control his carnal urges and you are too distracted by superficial details of your life to admit that he's using your kindness.

You may ask how I know. I know because the pattern is glowing clear like a neon sign against the night sky of Reno. Needy or not, you kept repeating yourself and occasionally I laughed at your jokes that are always funny even after several years. I knew I kept boring you out of your mind. I apologized. My intention was to keep you company.

So I laughed mindlessly, feeling a tiny sting of guilt, when you told me how you had broken a glass door during your escape from the hospital and how you walked to the railway station wearing a hospital gown and slippers. I laughed when you told the sleepy police officers who caught you that you were in a hurry and didn't need observation.

Next morning when I woke up and you already had left for the lake, I remembered my recurring nightmares about missing classes and the graduation anxiety. This time I finally realized in my dream that I had already graduated more than 25 years ago and didn't give a shit what classes I had missed.

THE NEWS

WEATHER

LOGOS

CORRESPONDEN

GUESTS SAT

ON THE FF

FLASHING GRAPHI
LINE

PLE WORKING

BACKGROUND

TWO

BUT JOLLY PRESENTERS

NEWSFLASH NEWSFLASH NEWSFLASH NEWSFLASH
ACT FILES IN BULLET POINT

scriptorium

mind on higher things
leatherbound books on topmost shelf

**CHECK
STACK**

[ref] *vade mecum*
in this detailed various practices
e.g. skinning of plums with sugar spoon

[*ex libris* Sterne]

the eruption [!] of the trace
indicate in text with appropriate shading


More Colors..

the trace itself does not exist
always EFFACED

~~signifier~~

the universe fail to give us signs
e.g. falling star / comet
pepys saw in 1664
talked of over oysters in coffee house
also my lord sandwich

thif recorded in documents:

t(r)ail
*-----

blazing star again the whale's mouth [O]

interactive:
use for calculations
and / or
marginalia e.g.

MONSTROUS IMAGES
[manticore]
[axehandle hound]

SCRIBBLE PAD

BABOONERY

interlace: another narrative [here]

*she with her darke eyes
just wanting lullabyes*

native intelligence proceeds by accretion
no system just empiricism / SENSE EXPERIENCE

tabula rasa

devouring libraries like cormorants

the burnt taste in my mouth this morning

locke: white paper

illuminated MS:

Boke of Hours

7 penitential psalms:	[1]	6
	[2]	32
	[3]	38
	[4]	51
	[5]	102
	[6]	130
	[7]	143

CHECK
CHAR
MAP

[codex]

◀↑↓▽
 ↘⇒⇨⇩⇧

BONUS BALL

gutenberg:

M V O A B L E T P Y E

anagrams probe IMPLICIT MEMORY
 illusion-of-truth effect
 suggestions whispered in telephone box

SHE TOLD ME TWICE AND I BELIEVED HER

itara

“under glas (s)”

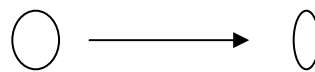
the fragment now no longer a

fragme t

logia:

M V O A B L E F S T A

thif diagram used to calculate eastertide
 free with cornflakes [tokens + pp]



at night the monks

SPIRIT
PHOTO

drift

across the lawn

real | fake

vote [o | o]

the work long and arduous
 written on vellum and hidden in bog
 one day this make me FAMOUS

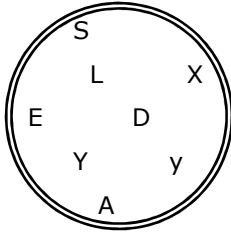
mud N53:24:22

 text W2:18:57

 mud

contingent:

i praise my mistress in alphabetti spaghetti



ode: *her teeth the outposts of a buried empire*
here the shadows fall from the pagoda

[1] *umbra*

count on fingers as *crows* pass over

[2] *penumbra*

>< ><

[3] *antumbra*

><

record in text using new notation

===== level o

[ref]

historia anglicarum

in this accounted miracles

e.g. oswald | horse



[*ex libris* bede]

EHWAZ

illuminated MS:

i draw this picture of you



comment: _ _ _ _ _

**HIS IS
THE
EDGE**

signature [buffering]

[f [r [a] m] e]

dot matrix

```

. . .   . . .   . . .
. . .   . . .   . . .
. . .   . . .   . . .

```

complete sequence

from In the Dirt: of the Post-Lyric

179

like DIRT
like HONEY
 ONEYE
 NEYEN
 EYENO
 YENOH
 ENOHO
 NOHON
 OHONE
 HONEY
 ONEYE
 NEY N
 EY O
 Y H
 E O
 N N
 O E
 H Y
 E
 N
 O
 H

like dirt

like poets

Now suddenly a n_____

Utterly triumphant. The u_____

Moulders away: transitory as m_____

Expect the worst? No, e_____

Nothing but the purity of n_____

Only what lives in & around, o_____

Nature. N_____

and poets too

The Effects of Tannins on the Drinkability and Aging Potential of Wine

I saw you down there
hanging like a bunch of grapes
swinging freely from the vine of
Central America, almost unnoticed. On
my third grade globe, you hung below me
and the disregard that my history books showed
you made you seem beneath me as well. Up high, on
the part of the map that mattered, I couldn't hear your history,
the din of so many voices speaking so many languages. Spanish, English,
Portuguese, indigenous languages I couldn't recognize. Then one day
it dawned on me that I just was not listening. So I made silence into
a room in which I could sit and listen, where I heard descriptions
of the tongueless belligerents who invaded your lands and
your women, silencing your cultures with their semen
and their *enfermas*, the way these strange creatures
strode upon horses and looking upon them for
the first time, you mistook them for cruel,
remorseless gods. I had not known that the
language they imposed upon you
was mute, strong enough to silence
your screams and muffle your death
rattle. *Su historia* became one that
couldn't be recorded. You became
a bunch of grapes pressed
and crushed by the vice
de los conquistadors.
Y ahora, I've learned a
little about *silencio*
myself. I find
mis labios
beginning
to taste new
wine, *palabras*;
mouthing,
grito, el ritmo
from my teeth.
Enough –
Ya basta -
- revolución.

from Night Dreams

The setting appeals

comes closest

to the furniture
to avoid.

To occupy

to forget

to resent

d
e
c
a
d
e
n
t

s divided by partitions
behind

their Will to Power
wound round her long,
thin neck

tracing in Guilt.

Glances seeds
seeds of the possible

Sublimate into feeling slightly put out

Against

Deliberating self-overcoming.

That moment
containing

NOTHING

collapses
very much.

* (*
* *

up
Look

head held at night
invites salt and sky streak
into your iris
stare idle for awhile

satellites scurry with human haste while stars...

just

Hang.

But a point of focus g

r

O

W

S

(((*)))

broke the wind

into pi

ec

essuddenly.

angel wings whip parachute snap and sap

leaked

from the cannulae

(thud)