

AGENDA

BROADSHEET 5

Welcome to **Broadsheet 5** which records mainly young American voices, showing the depth, breadth, variety and promising talent of these voices.



Catherine McIntosh (née Sutton), 31, is half Irish and half Swedish. She studied art and art history at Edinburgh University. She is married and lives with her husband and son in Nelson, British Columbia.

J. Marcus Weekley will graduate in May with his PhD in English from Texas Tech University. His writing has appeared or is forthcoming in *Poetry Salzburg*, *The Iowa Review*, and other periodicals. He was a recipient of a 2005 Summer Dissertation Fellowship from Texas Tech University and he is also a photographer.

Translating Water

After Roethke

I

Why the seed? A melon bursts.
When the birth? November sky.
Are young sparrows silent? Do we, how do we know?

Wind undulates among clean laundry;
tiger cubs linger at the village edge;
another evening ends.

Brother the unknown. How many whispers have grave-robbers?
Two elephants juggle gnats. While dragonflies
carry emerald secrets, quiet me, lust.
Dream me, king, and we will not sing spring melodies.

Thunder tightens. Erica unfastens her bra. Mosquitoes entice my fingers.
Flesh, release me. I also want the center of black.
Wail at still toms.

Before syllable seconds, the mountains are weak.
A cock celebrates atop a grave.
Sister, sister, retreat into my kitchen of freedom.

Many tongues spew fire. Bushes, bushes, do not leave me.
No field is warm. Welcome, ugly bird.
No leaves cool with silence.

II

Will you take off your clothes
And hide your woes?
There are many black rings
In these jigs, these Things,
My twist of Why.

Eternal, the dough woman. You forget this speaker
of inexactitudes and calisthenic rice,
hardening in the hips, unvariegated wonder.
Goodbye, goodbye. Your spleen questions me, hussy.
Why do I leave your light?
Today I wake over many breasts.

Three dull butterflies clutter your ordinary keys;
You learn fast spontaneous definitions without queenly soprano wranglers.
Below black furnaces you hide, without the lotuses and lizards of new springs,
A one-legged tom ignores the worn evenings of sighs.
Earth dulls you without its beauty;
No one asks:

Agony in air
Offers fair,
Obstinately enlightens
Easy women?

Where, devious, exits
To unwinding hexes
And flees lose teeth,
Take less than me;

Mustn't put on shoes
To still like a log
Under head and toes
Of the stinking frog.

Why open the field?
Father of mud, my silence oozes out of your eyes.
Kill the darkness, saintly.

III

Lilacs hurry
 The center will imbibe the edge.
Potatoes darken.
 The wilderness asks much of the dove.
Mouths retreat into the sky.
 The arrival of the spirit isn't short.
Carnations swirl most.
 The enemy leaves a light desert.

IV

Night-time beast, lead me closer
Into this whaling microcosm of sea-weed and valleys,
After sting-rays stop below black businesses,
And gigantic orcas blunder from dull caverns.
After the moon for me hid the centers of planets,
And your actions squeezed into stems after their last sigh.
That thunder and tin: without the empty fall question:
The shaved twigs from the ocean and none of the papaya;
The furious rooster on the grave, and the molding mumbling
'Life is.' You died in a complex fit:
Feet and tongue leaving a vision of dying oaks.
Fires bittered the hill and the serpent did not ask;
The weeds stood alone, the weeds outside fields;
And hate, hate-mourned distance.

V

Without fire –
The dim, the empty moon
Fleeing to coral reefs,
The masses stalling quickly,
A quick blade-falling solidity;
To die away from the corpse
Slumbering quickly into its bed,
Jittery as an old man in his last romance;
To touch inverted skin, dimming in late moonlight,
And rain tumbling from the yellowed dogwoods;
To glimpse from the before-dark, the dullness born from the sky's depths,
After the moon rises in front of a barren ocean;
To lead tides clinging to a buried ship.



Catherine McIntosh

Tess Taylor was raised in El Cerrito, California and attended Amherst College in Massachusetts. A former teacher of hers is Glyn Maxwell. Her chapbook, *The Misremembered World*, was selected by Eavan Boland as a winner of the inaugural New York Chapbook Fellowship Competition in 2003 and has been brought out by the Poetry Society of America. She has had poems in the TLS and lives in New York.

Farmland Aerial

Mondrian might have admired
the broken grid down there.
Some recent snow has melted
except at places where

must run roads, or fences.
In almost symmetry,
the snow-white edges chalk
loose squares across the prairie:

The squares stretch on for miles.
Like some repeat attempt
to sketch a golden mean,
all larger plots contain

smaller squares within.
These are then subdivided
into three or four rectangles.
Against dun-colored grasses, the borders glisten.

Do fences make them colder?
Or just less trod upon?
White and tan, white and tan:
A frozen logic puzzles over the vast span.

Song for the Crocus Planting

I will put you to sleep
in the cold ground
in the far corner
of the bare yard.

Small wrinkled nub
now I abandon
you to dark nights
and your own slumber.

Above, the long calls
of dark birds wing south.
In the gray sky,
dry branches rustle.

Rest well. Do not rot.
I will watch from my window.
You will know when to wake.
The sun will come fetch you.



Catherine McIntosh

Visiting Manalpan

Florida. Great flatness, open sky.
Loose blocks ended in cul de sacs.
Coral colored bungalows
eyed lazy streets through shuttered windows.
Sea grapes clambered over railroad tracks.

You and I drove east then south
along Old Dixie, where the swaths
of boxy malls and wicker shops
lay low beneath the dragon shapes
the clouds kept piling up.

The boulevards rolled on, relentless
as if on to the Infinite,
while on the few construction sites
stray cocoplum and willow ficus
tossed with a kind of restlessness

I think we felt, driving, looking for
the place beyond the place we were:
the paradise in some brochure.
What there was, was light, its qualities
of glint on gates and retail stores.

Among them, white, delicate,
slim improbable egrets pecked
grasses on the well-mown lawns
along the highway's watery burms,
and once in a sudden glinting flock

they circled up and flew away
flashing against a steel-gray sky
which burst and dropped
sudden hard rain on the parking lots
and flat miles blocked in traffic lights.

The downpour ended in a yellow gleam.
The roads were wet, and shimmering,
and oil-stained puddles formed
while the gutters rushed along to sing
their watery, gurgling falling songs,

and almost too easily, almost kitsch
not one but two full rainbows reared
above some distant supermarts.
As we drove towards the glittering arch,
it receded and receded, and then disappeared.

Sravana Reddy is a 19 year old student at Brandeis University in Waltham, USA.
Her poems have appeared in journals in the US and internationally.

Erode

I would like to spell it backwards as you say the Elizabethans did God.
Call it evol and make it part of 'evolution' or 'revolt'...

Lawrence Durrell, *The Alexandria Quartet*

The Styx shoots diamond-tipped
arrows of time. It is so cold
this afternoon, I can feel the ice
of the mountain in the room, why
are you going outside?

My great-granddaddy wrote songs by the fire,
some January nights. I am a ship,
I splash into the mouth of the river,
I heave the algae into oblivion,

my might cruises into the past and beyond,
Etc. etc.

On the bridge we will stand, the ice
slushing under our thighs, cooling black liquid stones below

Or, we will stand on the grass,
allow limestone and gypsum to form under our heels,
steam to bubble in and out of lava,
ferns to be fossilled.

Or, we will stay
by the fireplace
and watch Delphinus move closer to ground.

He sang as he coughed blood on the bed: My death
goes back on and on.
In Hades, I ferried
Adam and Eve and drench me –
I am hot I am steam I am a tiny protostar.

Crystals fuse, danced around bones.
Carbon glaciers roll on wood.
It is summer. There are many stories
and little memory. The brook outside
ceased to flow and slide. The dog is thirsty.



Sarah McNulty, 26, is currently pursuing her MFA in painting at the Slade School of Fine Art in London. She comes from the South West US and received her BA at Georgetown University, Washington D.C. in 2002. Since then, she has been living in New York City where she has been working and doing coursework at the School of Visual Arts.

Glow

She did not show me the sketches
at once, let me look instead at the horses,
hundreds of them. I had begun to sense
the lime moments after sitting on the electric
blue bedspread. Her nails that missed

my eye all evening, her green eyes gleaming
yellow in the poor light. And suddenly
it was all over our lives, pages of the sketchbook
racing faster than the horses, the lime
faces the transparent lips the straight lines
of hair. I wondered as I looked at her alls,
where the more shocking had been honored,

what the cold would do to the sketches,
what the snow would do to the heat. She curled
up near the foot of the bed, I sat on the pillow
and watched the heat glow turn yellow
(like the invisible eyeballs), then orange (yes,
the sun that set minutes before/ that will
open with her lids

then red like the spilt nail color on the table.
I dipped my fingertips in its dryness, a draught
caught a man's face, the paint shone.

Brandon A. Wyant is a 26 year old student of Sharon Olds, a Master of Fine Arts candidate at New York University – and is originally from Los Angeles.

Onrush of London

(The last 3 parts of a 5-part sequence
recording the awful events at Russell Square)

The Whispering Gallery

As much as you want, the world
does not end – our world is com-
posed of slabs of stone, whether
of Russell Square or St Paul's –
dark or pale, the helictical pour-
ing you lean to rest against. Say
nothing, love, for they will hear you

and I am not opposed to you.

I hate elevators, I hate places
people hear you speak and my res-
inous voice carries, but I would
rather scabble up stairs than
walk on board and detonate. The
far Norwegians glance.

I do not want to skirt a-
round and whisper for you to
lay against me because this is in-
timate this close, because to
stand at the other side of the dia-
meter is to seduce you, is to
meet you in a café, take you
home to your unexpected bed,
naked, then dress and go..

In middle school, we had el-
ocution lessons, where we stood
at opposite room corners and
whispered gently to each other:
which, witch, witch, which, weather,
witch, whether, whether, whether
until we could tell the difference.

The Stone Gallery

*I was squashed in by chairs and dead
bodies as we searched for anyone alive. I
could not help standing on things but I
had to carry on and do my job.*

I was soon to be squashed in
by my ascent, but you won't come
because air courses you down,
you stop to rest and tell me to keep
on, the cathedral is burst open. You
would swoon if you were that kind
of girl. You'll stay here amongst the
bricks, because you know how
shapes hold or how they pull away.
You could tell me how the energy
of the bombs is channelled.

You've felt me prickle when
the first breeze floats to the platform.
You know I imagine cut stones
grinding across a plain of unending
bedrock, varying gaps filled when

the right stone slides in place and
some cycle is finished.

You know I imagine the displaced
air is a stone I cannot see and the
spiral is a wick that keeps drawing
me to the Golden Gallery.

If we ever reach the station,
well, this city will ease open before
us. This city will never be aband-
oned.

In eight days, I will be twenty-six.
Two years ago on my birthday, there
was a record temperature and I heard
the streets were writhing but full,
and I was alone in a restaurant in
Bordeaux, but I met a girl. I met a
girl and at some point I faded back
into the throng, I abandoned her
before she could abandon me.

The glittering dome billows be-
low you, the dome inside the cone
inside the dome – the press of all
that rolls down the side to where
the planes converge. There is a hole
of gold.

This is the point of self-inflicted
purgatory. To stay or go.

I've heard the bombers carried
their bombs in satchels, that they
would be the center of light. I have
also heard that shrapnel would not
kill those next to them, but the
energy surely would.

The radiation of gold, the pastel
figures and white squares that
here become architecture and
windows and statues, the blue sky
and blue accents.

We are beyond heaven, but I'm
going higher.

whether, weather

The Golden Gallery

Nothing is the center of light.

I am alone in the structure
of steel and stone, the gold and
statuary and devotions are a yawn-
ing curved gaping beauty beginning
below me.

I climb through air on metal
scaffolds, ascending eighty meters
above London. I am scrambling
back to rock, hunched down,
crawling on fours, there is no gold,
this contained world is devoid, it is
the transition between stone
and gold, reversed: there is no
access between me and the dome,
there is no gold here.

If you were with me, you'd feel
the pressure release and the light
of Russell Square Station curv-
ing toward us. Then the burst
of air, the spreading out people,
and I am circling slowly above
the city. If you were with me, you
could probably tell me if I'd
have always been able to see
buildings hurdling away. The gates
would suck our tickets and we'd
step onto Bernard. I might
ask you now if this was part of
the original settlement, if, when
whomever followed Claudius
chose the square mile, we'd be
contained, or not: I'd tell you
this is dizzying and you'd know
it had nothing to do with height.
The Golden Gallery, Russell Square,
though both ungilded, are finally the
overwhelming onrush of London.
And you followed after me.

London is here, radiated before
us. Londinium overrun, London.



Sarah McNulty

Stephen Sturgeon is 24 years old and these two poems are his first to be published. He is a doctoral candidate at Boston University's Editorial Institute where he is editing *Tarr*, Wyndham Lewis's first novel. He received an MA in British Renaissance Literature from University College, London. He lives just outside Boston and takes care of seven cats.

The Breakfast

We are people you find living up in trees,
people who melt the snow for drink.
I want to tell you
So much how it is with me. Just how it goes.
I stood on a rock in the yard and sang like a piano
in the leaf-changing air.

At the centers of the terrestrial poles,
in the reflection of a city on the river,
you find unrivalled equality.
The beat of goose wings,
the shadow of the second hand
spanning and returning on a watchface
make for company. Make for friends.

My friend who lives in the river watches you.

We are people you find living in pantries,
and on floors, sleeping on a child's mattress,
people who have no lovers.
The winter I assure you is cold
and the most splendid time of the year,
when cautious deer enter the yard
to strip the bark from berry bushes.
Listen closely in the mornings:
someone plays a theremin beyond the ridge.

Over breakfast my love and I
would throw toast at the radio,
set fire to the wall.
Now I live alone I
get some eating done at meals.
Over breakfast I act our pledges
for sacrifice's stoppage
and say through chews how well the day will pass
and patting pocket for keys leave through the door.

I see in Perugino the keys
pass conspicuously and are never released.
The Basilica's dome is a bowl inverted
concealing the splendor of God.

We are people who need homes,
who need the knowledge the dead know,
the true words breathed in pain
and other truths uninspired.

Who of anyone says what they mean,
what they want.

My friend who lives in the river watches you.

Imperative to Joy

Kiss your daughter
 in laughing fun
 and your son
drinking a cracking ice water

after

with shards of shield
 (yours)
 reflecting blaze
 on heated days
they've cropped the bronze-old field

and the land you know
 settles and wakes
 as one beast slakes
as one chirps live from its hollow.

Kimberly Hannah is 33 and a student at New York University where she is taking a workshop with Sharon Olds.

Two People Trying to See

That light has left – a gold, unfocussed thing – a moon.
'That was the moon to me,' I think.
How small it keeps me.

I watched it descend with you.
You turned out the light and together
we knelt on the bed, peering out the window.

'Keep that...keep still,' we whisper...
How this is like people – some people –
this line of light, slow and unnoticed...
and I am feeling the smallness of childhood
and the bed is my parent's dresser
and the city is a line of wild palms
and I am alone.

But you are here. Yes. I'm glad of that.
And we've gone as high as we can.
The moon's disappeared behind the city.

My knees unsteady on the soft bed.
What's left us? What's left to us?
Traveled downward. No – travelled inside,

all that emptiness of sky remains.
It doesn't wait for anything.

We do. We wait. All this must be built again.
We'll build up the darkness of the room.
We'll close the curtains, shut the doors
and the resulting pitch is new and strange.

It's ours. We made it, we say.
We have filled it.



Sarah McNulty

Finding What Remains

Here is a box of vanished things:
vanished things like people, which are
ghosts or photographs,
the features of other faces. And trees,
now charred trunks, severed trunks
or roots. Or stars which are starlight.

A box of unseen vanishings
where something's disappeared inside
unnoticed; insect-eaten trees
bearing no leaves. An eye
can be like that. Taking a season
for its emptiness to manifest.

Silences now voices, rustlings,
breath or hard construction. Then, too,
voices which vanish into silence.

Empty seeming, these boxes.
It's only when I put my hand inside
that I can feel, if my eyes keep closed,
what I now know is missing
when it isn't there beneath my fingers.
Whatever light's holding this place open
dies out into a shadow where my head
bends across the box lid in thought.
This thought a vanished thing.
And I, a vanished thing.
I cannot sit across from you to say this.

Brian Carr, age 32, lives in New York City. He received his degrees in Classical Philology, after which he taught Latin and Classical Literature to university students for some years. He edits an online journal of Philosophy, *Pankalon*, and is writing a play about Yukio Mishima.

Tango Club

I am the attentive observer at the docks when the sun,
like a disk melting into a blue potpourri of cloud shapes,
ratifies the age of the limned wood below

Its slight warpage stages seven couples twirling
to efficiently piped sounds of bandoneon, guitar,
soft beats carried far and away from Andalusia

An obsessive toe-tapping power guides smug
slow swoops and curls of legs in an innocent
passion: the Tango now seems so timeless

An enchanted disembodied beast knitting casual embraces
of sometime strangers nearby the South Street Seaport's
cradled ships: there is a carnival of taught calf muscles

Face to face, eschappe right foot, left foot raise, now down,
the right foot propels the dancers, graceful circles, small steps,
a swatch of tart piano marks time, a cool breeze is counterpoint

A single evening before the start of New York City's summer

Smiles born at the music's pause die at the music's start
their glee serious as I watch separate souls learn to anticipate
outside bodies: sometimes intangibility needs hip swirls

A dip here and there, one body taking flight in stronger
arms to launch the angelic soar of devilish impulses
granted benignity by dance

Daniel Harris is a 23 year old student, recently graduated from Hofstra University and currently pursuing an MFA in Poetry at Warren Wilson College. His work has never been published until now, but his poem 'Beast' received the Nancy P. Schnader Poetry Prize from the Academy of American Poets.

Beast

Chains are not sufficient to contain
the soldier who stalks your nightmares.
Might let you breathe a while but you know he's there,
cloaked in leaves, bayonet in hand, waiting
you out. The beast is no different.
It will lie in wait, blithe and patient.
Its crystal hide blends in. Strands of oil
connect its fangs. Its breath corrupts the air
with the taste of salty flesh. You think you're safe
cleaning your car, listening to Bon Jovi,
eating a croissant. You think if you chafe
your skin, dip yourself in Vaseline,
hold your breath, it won't smell you in the dark.
But it's like this: clean the tank, risk the shark.

HAV2XLR8

License plate of a guy who cut me off

there's a dead tree in the middle of the road
its roots are covered with matted dirt its trunk
is split with rot its dreams stopped years ago

your eclipse runs over the trunk tearing bark

like leather spraying ants and moss
from the dead tree in the middle of the road

what is it you dream of man-who-hurries
do you ever sleep early in the neon hum
or did your dreams stop years ago

do you tire of this need to fuck like I do
do you crush your own erections
like the dead tree in the middle of the road

or do you value breasts like smokers value tar
it's there with what else you need inseparable
and the taste stopped years ago

you're afraid to think of her strained smile
her taut dry hair her eyes exhausted
like the dead tree in the middle of the road
and your smile rotted off years ago

Laura Cherry's work has been published in a number of American journals and in anthologies. Her chapbook, *What We Planted*, received the 2002 Philbrick Poetry Award from the Providence Athenaeum. In 2001 she received an MFA from Warren Wilson College. She lives in Boston where she works as a technical writer.

Ice-Encrusted Firefighter Cradles a Cup of Coffee

- *photo-caption, Boston Globe*

Somewhere across unimaginable distance, birds
call, a low repeating note; bodies unlock
in the slow light, desire unwinding loop by loop
like a spool of ribbon; evening catches
the release of jasmine. Here the wall of fire
slams into the ceiling of cold, building
the infernal house we work all night to wreck.
Like miners we chip away, like miners we are blackened
inside and out. For days we will spit soot.
We swim in a sea of Gore-Tex and sweat
that will freeze us if we stop. Twenty below,
then ten; at last there is a sun, so that we know
we are not underground, just in the shambles
of a mechanical passion, our nameless fear hardening
the way snow turns to rain and then to ice.
Love doesn't enter it by a long shot.

It is trouble to love our families after this.
In the white sunrise someone brings me
this godforsaken cup of coffee, the AP photographer
steps out of his car for a few fast frames.
The air melts and runs like glass.

I look up and split my face open at the mouth.

Gibson Faye-LeBlanc received a Teaching Fellowship in 2003-2005 while studying in the MFA Program at Columbia University where Glyn Maxwell has been his tutor.

Flamenca

Lost in click and clap and strum,
ruffles, folds, cries of *olé*,

the castanets' small music of bones
pushing her to the edge of it.

Guitar, jaleo, palmas and feet
In a whirl; hips to knees, a piston.

She is heart of the throat.
Body conjured by song.
Frames of heat, fan and air.

We are her pulse, friction,
script of hands.

Between heels and tile,
our gasp, her laugh.

She pulls back at last, heaving
at how near she was.

The sound of shadow,
scent of bass strings.



Sarah McNulty

Caravaggio's Peter

Burn your doctrine.

Memorize how firelight reveals
darkness in a woman's eyes,
how a soldier may be all shadow,
helmet and stance, mustache and hand.

Read each furrow and taut
line in Peter's face:
clench of eyes, rock
liquefying in the corners.

You want to forgive him.

The soft hands around his throat: fear.
How often, later, will he think
Sanctified, keys to the gates,
a nickname, my own basilica.

The center of everything
is the mouth, silent, open,
saying what cannot be unsaid,

burning two words
into two pairs of vocal chords,
false and true:
Not me.