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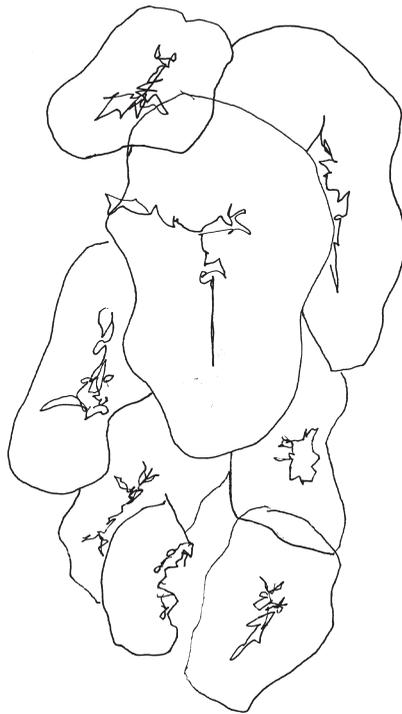
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YST X



YST

experimental poetry collective



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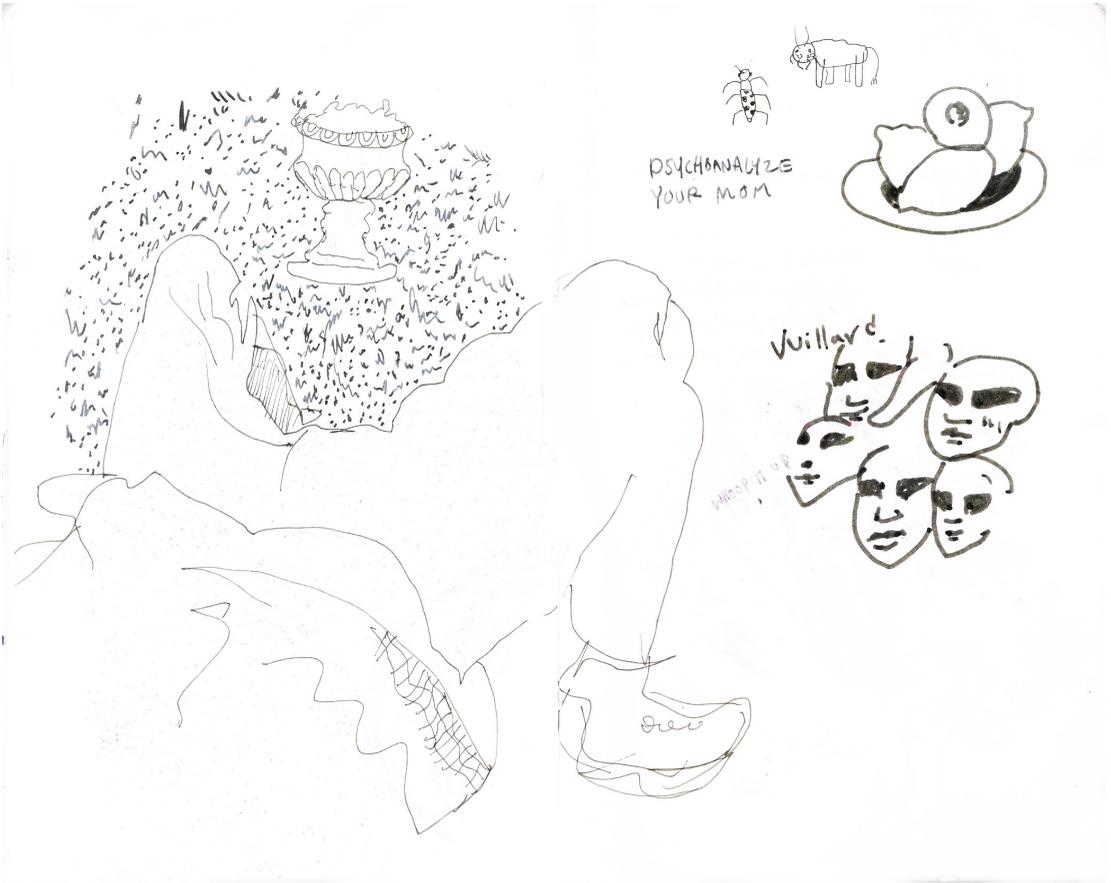
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Score

Henry Birdsey's sheet-music for his live score of Stan Brakhage's Dog Star Man is included on pages 18-19, and below is a link to watch the film online accompanied by his score:





Suki Sekula
Whoop it up

Justin Gomez

___ on the inside

The sunlight white
hit the walls with
a pallid slump and
the air stiffed expectantly.
Then, senses and eyes throbbed.
Underneath
counted a heart the seconds—
waiting out midday's fever.
The air around
shook invisibly in position.
Then the windows were opened.

Lafe Cantrall

On Botanica

Ailanthus altissima-- my woman of poisonous, dark hair. Wooed by men but cooed by another in the gray slip of pre-dawn, with the mourning dove the only other passenger, seamlessly cloaked in its allotted time to feed, and observing the emptying-out of light, who holds it in her matronly breast as if nothing at all remarkable had occurred this morning, or any morning. Here, our skin is no longer semi-porous, no longer opaque. We are shifting volatiles, two entities that can never fully embrace except by the lingering touch of received sound. As the sun approaches, you dress yourself as a sumac; you invade wherever the light touches. They call you 'tree of heaven.'

On Dream Stones

I dreamt that I kept a jaguar on a leash so that he could not eat me. Every day I fed him nuts and berries; he was the envy of all the birds. As the jaguar grew thinner I counted his ribs as they emerged. When the jaguar was too weak to stand I knew he no longer had the strength to eat me. I released the jaguar, then, and he turned into a man. Towhead, rib of Adam. He left without speaking. I went to a magic store and asked for dream stones. Stones of lava. Stones with a center of air. Milk white and rust colored. The palm reader behind the counter told me I would lose every stone I bought from her. She had the eyes of a cat.

Maggie Berke

Three Poems

1.

A child has not been born for a century.

Instead, the line graph is charging forward,

full steam ahead and

women everywhere are giving birth to their employers.

Small men in suits come out, screaming through the wire of umbilici.

2.

The shaman gave her a collective myth

but

I've been here forever.

Putting it another way,

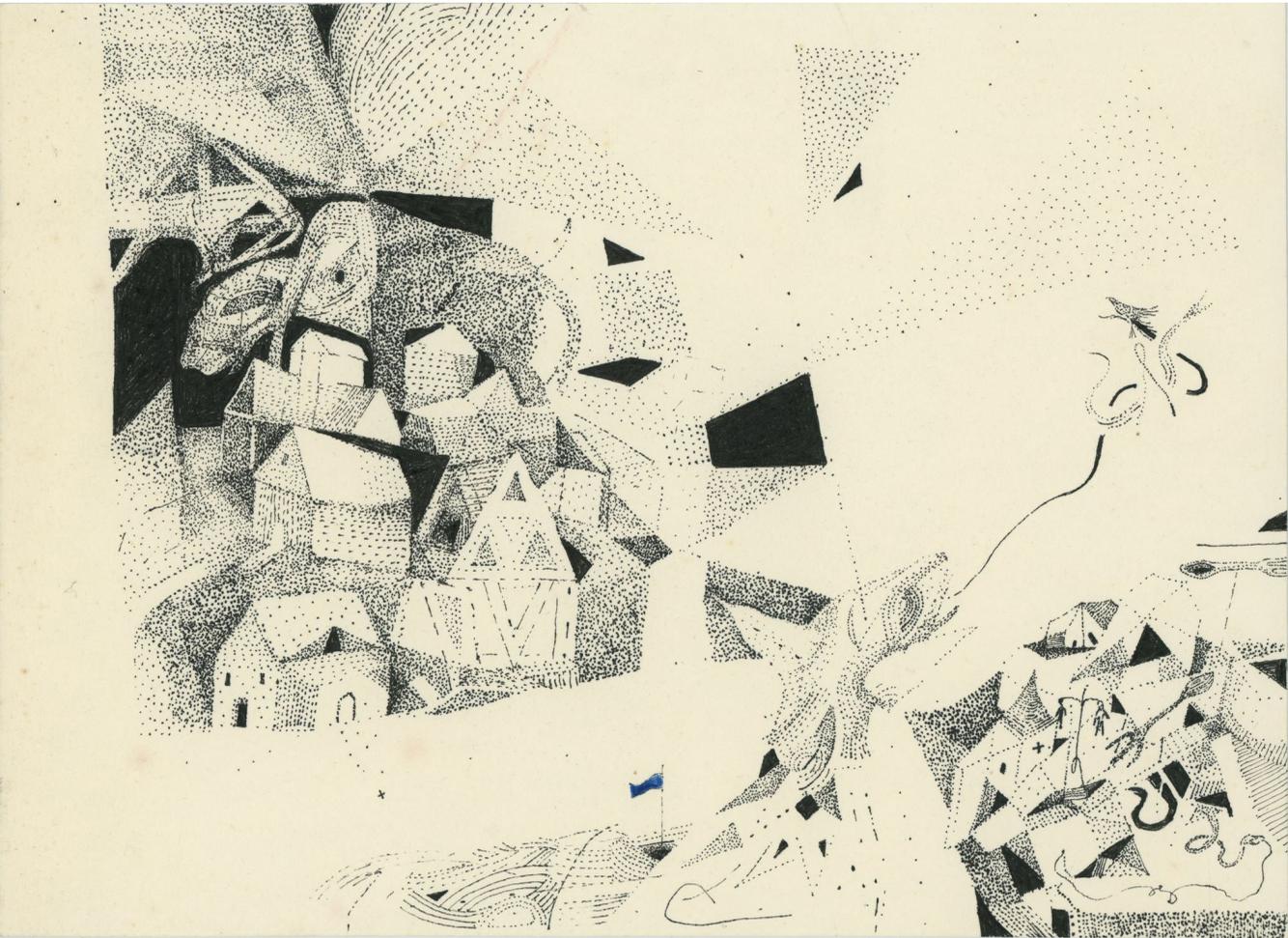
all this mourning rises slowly and without a center.

3..

Solomon is said to have written a history of all things green, from cedar to moss
And the bile, or
Mar-a-lago.

He can't even begin to imagine how many books women are allowed to own today
Or all of the green things that are allowed to exist
Like the look when it all ends way too quickly and
A dozen scissors on the wind gust rips her right out, small green thing in the distance.

Some of the old men believe that they speak with the tongues of angel's,
I think they've gotten too close to the moss that was
Never meant for them.



David Sater

the unnamed third

Wilberforce Strand

mannequin in a shop window in a crimson vest
stares at me

He is looking smirking He is Aryan I want to punch him in his smug mouth "You are not alive!" He is cold He is not listening to my thoughts He is plastic He is wearing khakis He is smirking at me He is saying "You are garbage You are rotten" He is true garbage I am livid He is not living I am shaking "You are PLASTIC" I look around He is plastic smirking People are staring I am laughing at myself. I feel myself down the street. I am smiling. He is plastic I am sorry for him I am smiling.

your family and the future

in a bank your father sits with his back to the door. he does not see the men enter with guns but he hears them when they yell 'Get on the ground! This is a stick up!' so he gets on the ground. he hears gunshots, then nothing. after minutes of silence he lifts his head. he is not in a bank, but in his own bedroom. he is cowering on the floor in his own bedroom. the words were deafening and he is sure that he heard the shots.

your mother is walking into the supermarket. as she walks through the sliding doors she suddenly realizes that she is falling into a vast pit. her left hip breaks. your mother curses her devotion to her hungry family, among other things.

at the library, you pick a book off the shelf. you flip it open and all of the pages are blank. you pull off two other books and they are blank. you start pulling books willy-nilly from the shelves, checking each one before throwing it to the ground. you laugh paranoiacally and skip through the aisles until the librarian asks you to leave.

better save your fear for later. this is a new world. a New World Symphony for airhorn. burn down the library. if you are who you say you are, you have a lot of destroying to do. there could be another flood. there could be a cleansing fire. or there could just be the acid rain of truth, real truth, cascading down from the heavens to remind us. take your father outside to try to catch a few drops on your tongues. it only gets worse from here.

9

after hearing the fire alarm, your little sister runs out of her school in fear. she is grabbed by the line of riot police who triggered the alarm. 'This is a riot now!' they say. 'Better start taking prisoners!'

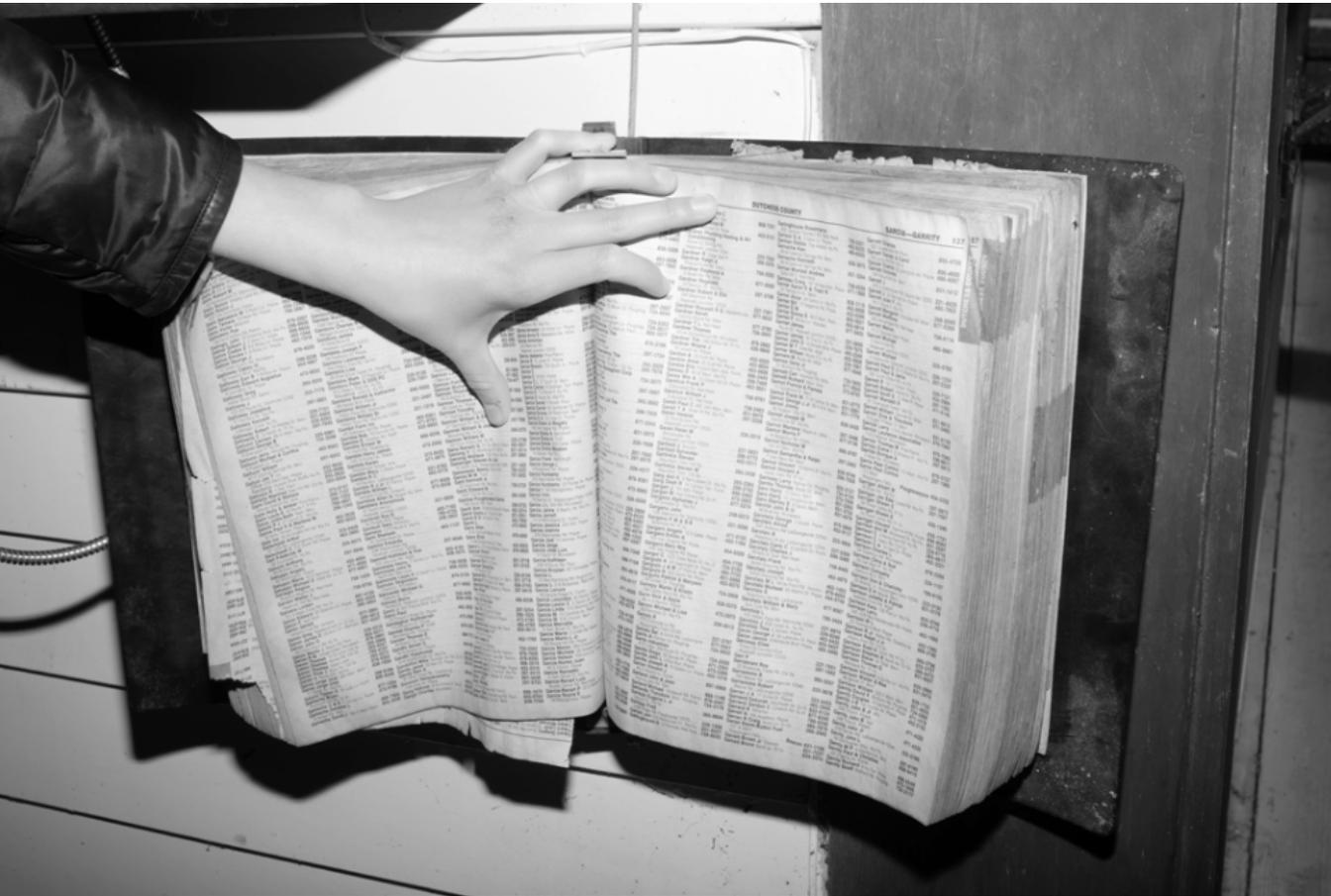
Collin Pritchard

razor

{from an incomplete bathroom study}

it's ritual now my
late morning scraping
sloughing of stubble and
skin my instrument the five
-fold razor-edged silvers the act
to cleave across chin and cheekbone
to lift from blue-tinged streaks full with
amber flecks the head layering foam's perforated
white in butterfly-split pillars marbled with my cuttings
and blood my cheek severe after each ritual self-effaced
red-webbed and raw and ready for another day if
face to the razor were anything but ritual I
will abandon it but it's my manner of
casual compulsive masochism a
sensitivity I can't regret my
face always softer than
before and at the
beginning of
the day

I would always rather razor burn
than razor burn growing bristles



provisional

did your step across the grate grab at your aglets, did they unlace your shoes?
on the desk's headboard she tacked deer ticks sealed between twin strips of scotch tape
taken from the hair on her thighs, shorn tooth taken from a hole in her thigh
were there two blueberries in a black sink in the wrong bathroom?
a weighted glance in time in the dining room, a purse of black lips and
a blood vessel between two panes of glass?
a dint of sun in your pupil
was there was a woman there? a red pear ripe,
dripping between your turned, peeled-banana-yellow teeth?

dancing song

sinew's slough a haloed glyph-hinge
happening, sinewed halo's burst return
and hinge-glyph's limb returns a burst halo
the slough-hinge happening as limb-glyph
to return sinew's halo's sloughed return
a happening haloes hinge-limb's happening
watch, sloughing sinew bursts halo's hinge
as a glyph-slough returns sinew's happening

Peregrine Chase

Fantasy I

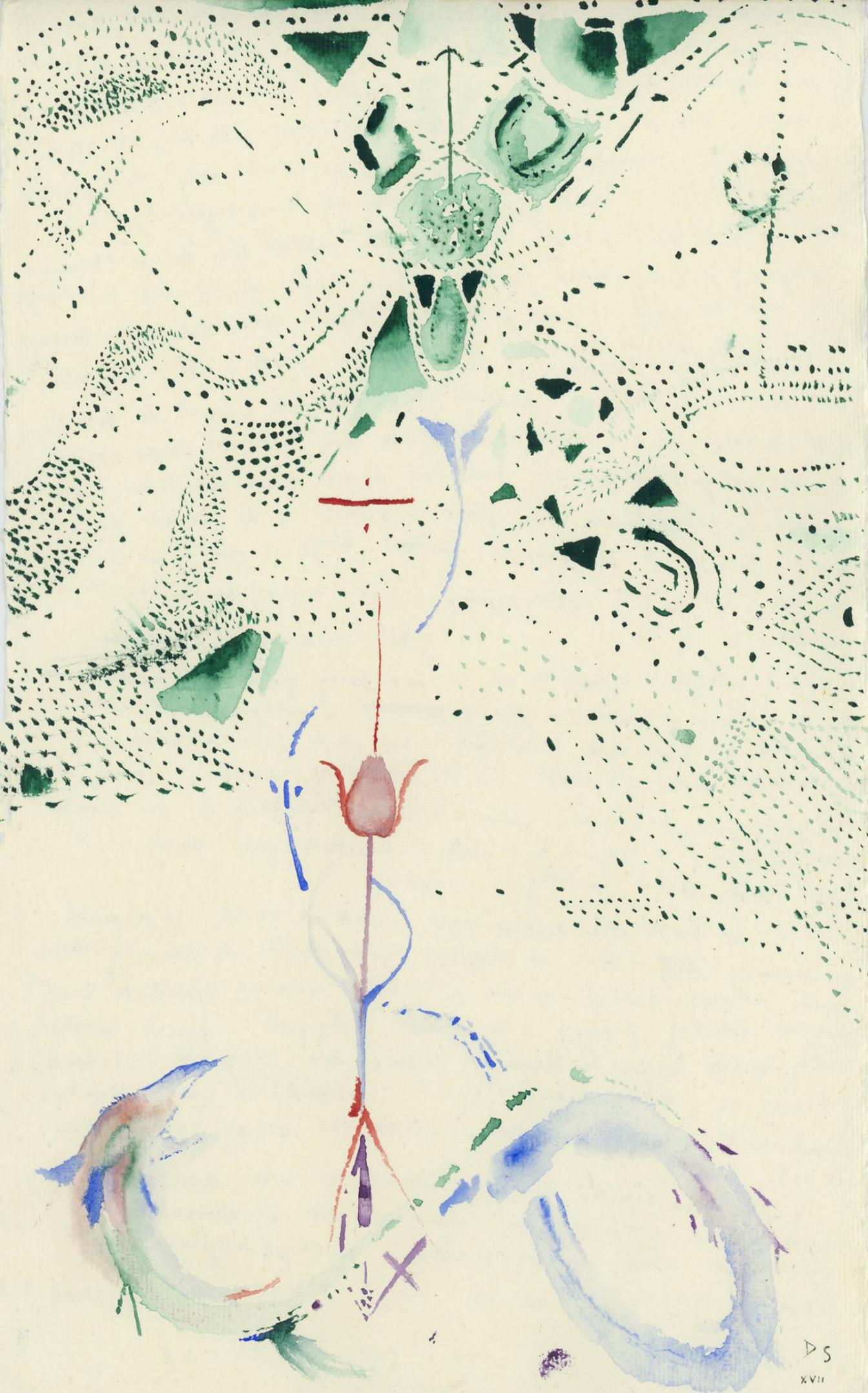
I dozed enough to dream:

I pulled three discs from your spine,
to put over my eyes.

My forehead is round in my hand,

My leg is drifting





Lila Dunlap

Art History

I came here because I like looking at American paintings.
I can't remember anything
except a dream where Thomas Cole
was caressing me, pressing
something hard in his pants against me.
We were lying in a field. It was Easter.
Next to a stream where classes of ships
gather and bless one another,
each no bigger than a child, or a bobcat,
for which Catskill was named.

I want to get to a point where I can kiss
his walls of foliage with my face.
Built up roots clinging to each other,
green hands wringing a wall,
a stalk, the stem of a cup.
How strange, to show the result
composed of distinct individuals.

Production has cooled. We're doing well.
Summer melons dropped in a stream
and fished out miles later, crisp flesh
extracted with your hand or a spoon
cracked and fragrant from the shell.

17

David Sater

mercury/materia

Henry Birdsey

Score for Dog Star Man

BRARHAGE - DOG STAR MAN - LIVE SCORE

3/15/1

PRELUDE
0'14" - 24'30"

E-t... @ 1'17"

4'20" - ~~HAUSDENAVKAN~~
E → C# +30

Def... further / MUTE

- D TI leaning
- B... brass... at
2.1 feet

Use link of bar
for harness

Use... brass / 1st slide
off... foot

~~St...~~

~~ALUMINUM PLATE~~

PART I
25'10" - 55'28"

127'35"
f.k. REAL STEEL off. 1

I² - II⁺
thine

- f... REVERD +
SLIDE
12th foot oscillate
out of TI

FADE @ 32'30"

RETURN
TO DESS.

(Beating p...)

g...
ring
See p...
sh... but
"BLOODY"

PART II
55'34" - 1'00'44"

METAL PLATES
OVER BR pickup

light percussive
p...
St... changes in
timbre

St... / 51... →

fl...
W...

PART III
1'00'49" - 1'08'56"

P...
not long...
1/1 ---- m2 -40c

6
0
7
8
5
0

|||||
|||||

Regular p... and...

"Beats"

PART IV
1'08'48" - 1'14'41"

R... f... p...
THEME

B... p... →

(CONSONANT
VOWEL
THEME

Bring brass
back
...
...

DOUBLE STEPS →
TO DENSE CLOUDS

(Slight)

Terrence Arjoon

area denial services

being born is like this:
on a journey to the west
my dream goes wandering
over withered fields.
each flower and each blade
of grass is violently torn into
life and behind my feet flowers
grow where before there were none.
I know I am a journey to find something,
a flower perhaps, or a relic,
but I will not remember.
the sun lies low over the mountains
like a cherry blossom, glistening.

grapefruit panic (for Maggie)

mellow radiation lulls into rosemary.
We lay by the cold tendrils of wine-dark river.
I am a woman or man over ten feet tall,
midnight green, crossing an endless river or meadow.
I hope for rain, if only to take shelter in the shade
of the great cottonwoods by the river, with you.
You had previously bathed in the vast tears
of the grapefruit, lightly boiling your vegetables
and praying to the sun on the East River
at lunch time. After the rain we will find
your face, together, at the base of a lonely tree.
I have never seen you pick mushrooms, but they have sprouted
everywhere, and I know you will clip them in a gesture
beginning at tender, and ending at violent. These, also, lightly
boiled. Should we hide the ointment from the truth?
You need the mushrooms for your reliquary, tracking
every time you remembered anything, or were remembered,
and we will eat rose hips in the dusky twilight behind the lighthouse.

i did i would

---I did pull the ace of spades,
recently,

Which means I'm alone
and death,

or something supernatural
is near.

I would.

Surrounded by lights,
with the longest of eyelashes,
in my crow's nest

I don't know what's tickling my chest beneath the sternum!
I don't,
otherwise I would talk to it!

I live in a building
over dead bodies,
My grandmother
behind my right,
or left shoulder.

23

In a white bathrobe
identical to my father's,
Tied the same way
as my father's,

A crossover with one loop.

I don't *know* what's shivering in my throat!

I'm afraid to be honest.

Mack Kristofco

it is clear from the dormer

he was no good
he stood by the apparatus of sunflowers
out there where it was all yellow
he walked into the foreground hand outstretched
bleating lambs to follow
far from the path imagined
he could only make it to the mountain grove
left once he found an intaglio nailed to a tree
tear up the image & throw it to the sky
watch us float
not before a glimpse of the eyes is squandered
to the horizon, any occurrence is
the hollow sound of a bell
back in the field where you are eating flowers
where you begin to look like this view from my window

startled by the roar

there are the precious sacraments
to think out from the bleeding this is hard
hear the syllables of your breath
the unstressed beat of a step
collect the haulms & scatter them in the yard
soil piles up in the driveway
an ambulance sounds from the road
under the lurid hugh of the sky
so we pray for the moon to rise
unveil a face to light
the lapidation of its opening
a human who is precious
who walks to the watering hole
look up & drink with me.

Terrence Arjoon+ David Sater

BOAR

Boar of pestilence descending the hill, leaving a blustery birthpassage behind it
passes hundreds of hidden eyes scoring the world-halves
(leaves a mark, between them), divvied divided

wool of the sky's brain clouds-tangle ' could spit soup !

moonblanched, wisdom-tusk barrs one's entry (sight as non-boars might call it)

hiding as it does in hoary intonations, hymns & tomes (etc.)

flame for oblation

turning with tusks i fork up the glazed earth, grass varnished, roiling.

reveals :

what the glaciers did, who they pursued let loose
from cold memory of the softening earth

glacier's hold long grudges, & longer, the memories of playmates that escaped them unrecognized - could not catch

solstice!

tiny ghee-pods of who *did* notice! lives long past now.

26

The dissident covered in ash for his paen-ury
irridulent horsemen still to come will gather round the site of my death staying
a second or 2 to take notice of tusk and hymn. readers ! i call um

who is it will attend the sacrifice ?

3 dogboys with dogheads who would not leave alone
a heart of water

breath stolen from a temple

9 beetles, the type which make caves out of names (collapsing)

a lost child with a garland of snakes in her hair

further ingredients : healing powders in an alto carafe

1 marigold-foot-brace, a bread of night-terror, 1 famine-glove,

many shy rivers and raInS will enter the home

as night makes a house of famine. Fever seeks you through the trees. gods' willing.

there is another one rushing ahead of me now I cannot see

it's face is like thundersmoke a fast-moving plume of news resurrects a deed
from my floor for 90 acres of clouds (and all of the wheel-spokes, lost)

floor of this grass house, swaying companioned by mayflies tindering /siping in the dark
an eye is erased

my boar's body, its haunches, slew through the sedge i hear the sound of an arrow
barreling like the uncatching sight of an eagle towards me through the woods

arrow slick with duck fat (in a moment) slips past my brow into the breast of
a squinkling bird, thuds / thushes fleshily

by a private goddess by a privacious lemon-squirt

deaf hushes the trees fowl cry clamped back in a second under the wynd

hurts me in the dirt before me a little

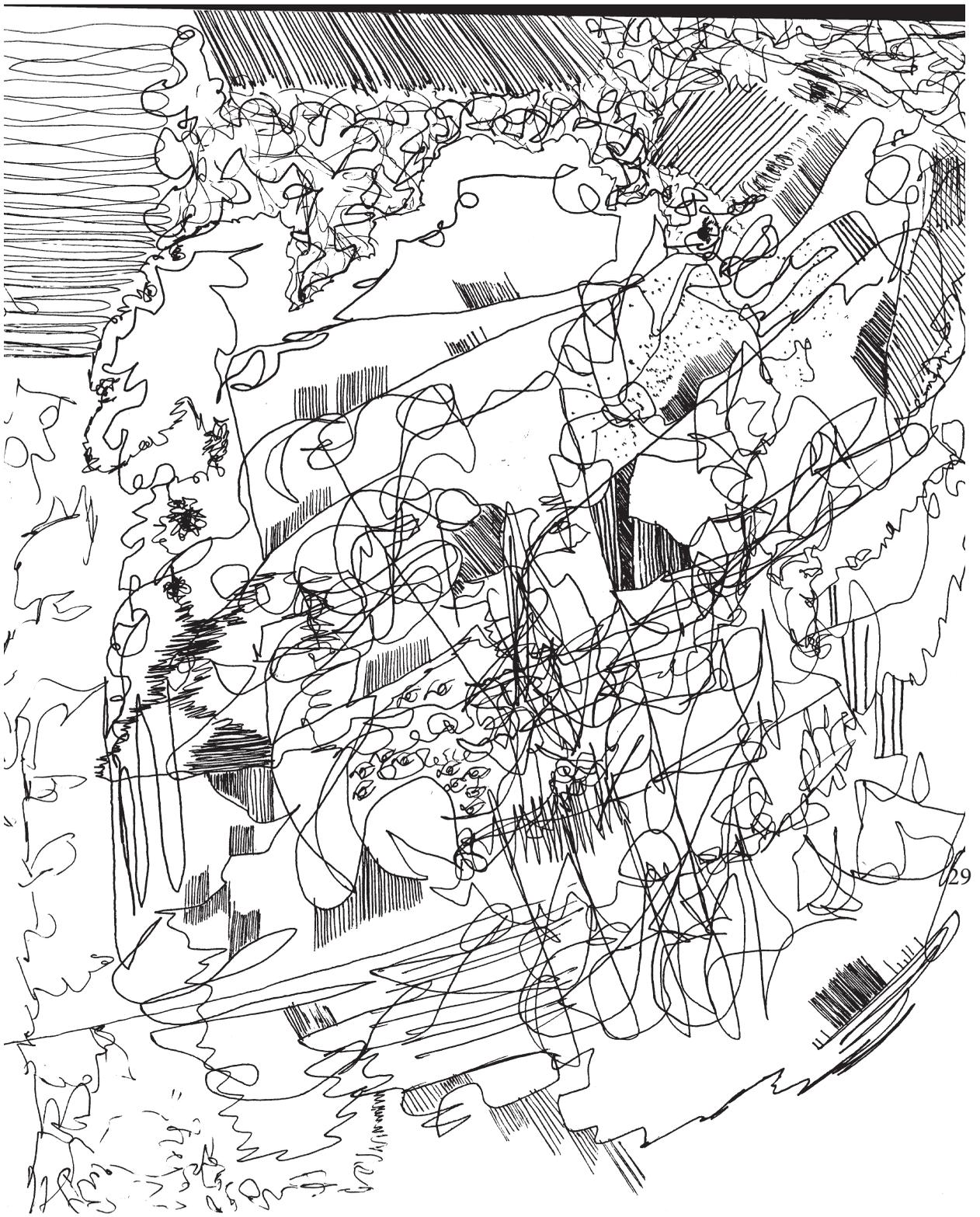
I am to know this

what it shows me in the opening between the tree's sigh.

cells hum, my coalbodied hairs, a thin drip

the cleave

do not ask me i will not steal my own head.



Jane Vick



YST is a poetry collective founded at Bard College in the fall of 2013 in order to create a community around poetics, sound-text, and public performance. In doing so, we hope to educate rising poets and work alongside more experienced ones in developing methods to experience and exhibit poetry. Alongside frequent live readings, performances, and events, YST also produces YST Magazine, a quarterly which focuses on exploring experimental methods of print. Send us your work at ystpublications@gmail.com, and visit our website, ystpublications.com

