

Bone Bouquet

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Editor | Krystal Languell

From the Editor:

Bone Bouquet is now headquartered in Brooklyn, New York. We've printed lovely promotional postcards and acquired a new web address. This issue will be viewable online both as a single .pdf download and as a conventional online magazine, with poets' work posted on separate pages of the site.

As we continue to develop *Bone Bouquet's* breadth, it is important to remember our most immediate purpose: drawing attention to the work of female poets. In the following pages, you will find chapbook and full-length book authors, contest winners, reading series curators, teachers and professors. These are accomplished women who have generously shared their work with us; as a new magazine looking to establish a reputation for excellence, we've been blessed with enthusiastic and gifted contributors. We intend to repay that energy by promoting the work by all available means!

Meanwhile, enjoy these poems. I did.

Yours,

Krystal Languell, *Editor in Chief*

In future issues, we are interested in featuring interviews, reviews, and essays on poetry and publishing culture. Submissions should be sent via our online submission manager. For additional guidelines and information, please view our website:

<http://www.bonebouquet.org>

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Contents

Rachel Mallino

On Being an Aquarist, 1

Ruth Williams

Sisters, He Has Proved a Little Nearer, 2

Sarah Mangold

Two Poems, 4

Kate Schapira

City of Medicine, 7

Kristy Bowen

What Monster, 10

Kate Dougherty

Two Poems, 11

Anna Aquilar-Amat and Francesc Parserisas

translated by Elizabeth Hildreth

Chocolate Cigarettes, 13

Erica Goss

Fire Season, 15

Rachel Moritz

Paternal, 16

Nava Fader

Two Poems, 18

Jac Jemc

excerpt from this disturbed evening, 20

Carol Guess

Two Poems, 21

Sandra Doller

Two Poems, 23

Contributors' Notes, 27

Rachel Mallino

On Being an Aquarist

Get rid of the television, it speaks with too many mouths.
We are one mouth, a water bowl of reef debris, invertebrate
and spine. To be gilled and guiltless, the gift god took back—
something for us to recreate in our living rooms:
the only true microcosm. The only truth if you believe
in diagnoses. We are maters for life, leave it up to the fishes—
gender-shifters more brilliant than the best of us simple people.
We've been duped into the stock of couches and a button
that blows the earth to smithereens. Watch the sea go on eating
and fucking with the most admirable precision.

Ruth Williams

Sisters, He Has Proved a Little Nearer

Opening: The maraschino feel,
the thigh middling blush. We passage
to the night's firebrand, freed bits of dust.

Some hand did not digit us
because there is a transcendence on us
of touch.

Even in dream's didgeridoo
of flung felts,
we did not give it up. Still,

there is lust's mealtable,
the lips spread to. Joker,

we have felt green hair and there is a bet
not one of us will sell ourselves
for money.

Ah, we keep, we keep.
The burden of the heart hanging
like a neck brace crimped to a beat.

Sing with your slam dance
throat well.

So low, they say, go solo.
It's okay, there goes
love. Offing.

O, but how to go-go,
to give up
being an accordion
in the hands?

Sarah Mangold
Wrestle and Whip-Lovers not Avoided

After that the boy puzzled

roughly parallel lines
flipped switches

That's what you saw

I am trapped in this body
different beside it

As any young naval officer
a world that had somehow failed

The left was the devil's hand

Her ability to transform
how your own ancestors grew up

just who the enemy was

We have people for that
picks and shovels

pioneers

surround the captive unicorn
white puffy chunks of crab

“Dickinson had written hundreds of poems, kept hidden in sewn bundles, when she approached Thomas Wentworth Higginson...”

Dickinson wrote to a stranger.

Dickinson to approach.

Dickinson's poetry.

Dickinson was a spinster.

Dickinson came to.

Dickinson 1974.

Dickinson didn't know who and what she was.

Dickinson the dormouse.

Dickinson's letter.

Dickinson stayed in touch.

Dickinson's death.

Dickinson's syntax.

Dickinson acquired.

Dickinson's Federal manor.

Dickinson was part.

Dickinson and.

Dickinson in.

Dickinson's experience.

Dickinson that.

Dickinson into focus.

Dickinson landed.

Dickinson's poems.

Dickinson she once blurted out “Oh why do the insane so cling to you!”

Dickinson would.

Dickinsons Emily.

Dickinson resisted.

Dickinson's life has a before and an after.

Dickinson's life.
Dickinson's father.
Dickinson the loss.
Dickinson loved.
Dickinson cultivated.
Dickinson was.
Dickinson never ceased hoping.
Dickinson's case.
Dickinson's biography.
Dickinson's story.
Dickinson at least.
Dickinson told him.
Dickinson's final.
Dickinson describing the wind.
Dickinson's poetry its suspense.

Source text: Judith Thurman, "Her Own Society: A new reading of Emily Dickinson," *The New Yorker*, August 4, 2008

Kate Schapira
City of Medicine

CAUTION

You fought to be a grown-up and
then you fought to be a child. Then
fought to be a grown-up with a potty mouth
and a sense of wonder. No one
can touch you, and if they do,
they are bad. You are a nice person,
condoling with technology, hating big
and little the politics we claim
to endear to. Your first time caught without
an umbrella in a long while changes
your ink to watercolor.

PEOPLE

The most cheerful man, the narrowest girl,
the terrestrial exalted, *Fire and Water*,
Cleanup and Restoration, red and white
umbrella blown into roadside incline
underbrush. You pay for this with nothing.
You grew up never having to know that Agent
Orange worked through overgrowth. Lake
and cell tower, narrows and street names,
in the clean clean gas
station bathroom at the wondering weaselface
intersection you pray
for that rat intelligence. You pay to be
meaner, prisoner behind the green
door *below* the cemetery and

the sign for Chinese food and the sign
for Depot Road. To be deposited
among helplessly welcoming strangers.

WORKING

All the things that happened that
we all know happened happened.
Nothing But Taxes. Bundle of Joy
Learning Center. Fear-biters claim diminished
responsibility and that is your job.
All the potable water we throw away
as ice, in the form of contrails in
warm sunshine throughout the backyard, busy,
important in its therapeutic coma
gathering bramble bundles, fiddling
property lines. The water clock drips down
your sides and determines you. Bears you
into the yard family. Takes you out years
later. All night in the city we work
to understand why this happens and,
if possible, to collect it.

ABOVE

You're thinking about walking
around at night, which we can't do here.
In fact, you don't know if you've ever done it.
You think of it now. Would it be the brief
night glimpse as you bring your laundry in?
The orange-brown city sky, stars going gray?
You leave this as it is. But are you kidding
yourself about what's up there? You

can grow up. You can overgrow. Between
gray-dark shapes like Air
Force planes but taller and more
complete, taller than you, bigger in every
way than you, white trees white trees
white trees burn into the family of things
you see; the long time during which everything
wrong has belonged to somebody else.
You knew, you thought, what
they, like trees, were like.

Kristy Bowen
what monster

In the end, I told one lie, then another.
It was easy, the babies kept hatching
but the surface resisted.
In the backyard, in the breakfront.
I chewed the hearts from paper dolls one by one.
Took one, then another by their slender throats,
rendered them useless, their pretty napes sodden in my mouth.
All that sugar beneath skin. We spent hours watching women
draped over midcentury chairs like sweaters. It was my ailment,
my misgiving. Counting rabbits and ranunculus.
I took a lot of baths to stop the blood.
I read one magazine, then another.
My heart was a burnt-out movie theatre, a darkened drugstore
or some other poetic thing, ridiculous and aimless as wings.
I forgot about the war while rearranging the plates.
We wanted to understand what science was, that big blue
hope bursting through our door.
I begged you to stop, but you never did.
I took one train, then another.

Kate Dougherty
We Don't Avoid Digging Her Here

A project is the antidote.

You wear a beater
and can't stop dreaming for ill.
Everything here is dusty. Dogs die
on my lawn. I've only eaten an egg

and my feet can identify the yellow line
in the highway.

How do we feel glad in this place?
I wasn't sweaty though the work was hard
and the papers we've buried.

While there was anything positive remaining
we saved it. Oh beautiful why even touch my finish?

What do they write in this part.
What descriptions are important. What surface
is the most appropriate. It soaked thru plenty.

It soaked through so my grandmother could see it,
old bee, old garbage can, old lost and found
while we play.

Her Spine Is Dried and Cracked

I've typed up the letter and it tells the entire story.

It's got holes. If it wants to be lacy.

Well, she was a pretty lady to the people.

The sailors think it's a salubrious platter,
this ripening interest that won't go away.

Don't go away.

We've supposed so little of the desk. She just knows
we're damaging our eyes and won't feel inclined to quit it.

If we don't put them right next to each other,
we'll never be sure they belong together. We want to hang treasures
like that, like shelves and photos, friends and a piece broken
for the underachievement.

Am I the shut-up kid? Am I supposed to sit in the back seat
with bubble gum stuck in my hair? Earrings pinching my lobes.
Am I supposed to fold linen napkins into a goblet fan?
Invite my estranged grandmother to the grandevent?

We string the pearls while she wanders the halls.
If you rewrite it, leave her out.

All the space and the hand can keep.

Anna Aquilar-Amat and Francesc Parcerisas
Chocolate Cigarettes

Translated from the Catalan by Elizabeth Hildreth

Here we have them wrapped in a dream
of coins, bottles of champagne and other adult habits—
true things that are small pieces of cellophane
stuck to the tongue, bitter years
to be melted with sugar, and those that still must pass
before I am not a child anymore
and finally come to know you: you who will be
a see-through sweet thing, a nearly invisible nothing.

Cigarrets De Xocolata

Heus-los aquí embolcallats en un somni
de monedes, ampolles de cava i altres costums dels grans—
realitats que són trossets de cel-lofana
que s'enganxen a la llengua, anys amargs
per desfer amb sucre, i anys que em manquen
per deixar de ser un nen
i finalment conèixer-te: tu que seràs
laminadura transparent, no-res gairebé invisible.

Erica Goss
Fire Season

Whatever we were
looking for is gone:

the door we saw in a dream,
instructions for time travel,

poles tacked with posters
of the missing.

The aroma of houses dying
two hundred miles away
rises into the troposphere,

as television screens explode,
ending a million cop shows.

Call it summer if you must
but I know its true name,
caramel skies and edgy refrain

and strange delicacies:
marrow forced from split bones,

fog billowing through
silent trees like a last hope,

and when the sky clears
the whittled neighborhoods: row
after row of chimneys.

Rachel Moritz
Paternal

Though it wasn't prairie, a family picnic. Wasps butted the open air. Women and children sat something voiceless beside slab tables overlooking a ravine, and men talked in the 70's because it was that era.

*

The way of feral boys and girls. We ran up the hillside where magazines were discarded with palm leaves as covers. Did the body shame come after? Women were slim enough to plant in the earth and eat. After all, the wild dogs hunted there before they were taken away, and we hadn't any strays to find after their exit.

*

Was this an immanent or transcendent experience? In what manner did conception believe? The event on the page longed for its likeness, after trudging through snow to Walgreens for body salts and ice packs, our car parked by the chiropractor waiting for your emergence. We hadn't hoped for any more pain, his death ambushed.

*

A paternal character grows, like a robin, his red breast emboldened with color.

*

All the months grew longer. The Chaplain's ascendancy to an armchair he liked to rest in, by the fireplace on the day you flung our phone across

the room. A testament to naivete, I came to see my paper suitor as a person I could engage with, while surely the language of ghosts would be enough. Here, for example, is the impact of air on wasps who believe it absent.

Nava Fader
Canto 8

And so like chickens, dithering and chasing,
pie into fossils at the foot of her, earth,
flailing arms will not sustain us in her pools.

Through baleen teeth she sees,
our guts turn to porridge
what rendered our lungless calls?

Io enjoyed her cud immensely.
All in focus.
Cheese from fennel.

The handyman, shy of the girl,
can she discern hope
under the spaghetti?

Cora won't pine for old sashes.
Clatter mary janes run tun hallways,
long as the ocean is deep.

Aqueous wishes flow nightly,
now arrived, now gone,
under guidance of a single pilot.

Canto 9

Jilted furies piss dappled
vegetable matter in tornadoes to the duke
of pasta.

Fermented and buried in ash,
smallest bubbles are lungfulls,
and will carry you from snow to folk story.

Corvine signs may revive you:
overripe feather offered
late in the garden.

And we have recomposed
recompense to recollect
and begin different.

It's not the demon with your name and no digits
perched there, trunk of a scarecrow
forsaken by sentient melon.

Conch soup for your sadness.
Climb that steep grade.
Bring the balloon sun with you for hope.

Jac Jemc

excerpt from *this disturbed evening*

20.

con that thing impossible

21.

all she cares to know are foes: like malfeasance and morning

22.

she

inebriate of molten convulsion

glazing upon the drunken strain

topping the warm extremity

she labors a single screw
upon his tender nerve
for the sake of compound anguish

and simulates
the strange frame of hurt

23.

she pities his quick blood

Carol Guess
Suburbiana

In a faux colonial next to a bungalow my neighbors sing meth and air-brush their lawn. I tiptoe past runoff. The broken house bolsters with cardboard and tarp. Out back there's a box as big as a truck, so many swingsets and a stolen car. Double backyard, timeout forever. A girl in a box talking back to her hands. I'm in love with the beautiful spec homes of Outlands, three cars and counting, porch swings and fronds. Pale orange curtains, like push-up popsicles. Everything sherbet in the sky room at once. I'd like to be alone all day, except for an hour in a cerulean foyer with people being kind, unfeigned. Playing the same song over and over, buttering my bread on both sides of the burn.

Scare Quotes, With Crow

Crows sift through castoffs beneath the chiropractor's neon spine. Look what spring dragged in this year. There are women in the walls all over town. On Cornwall, catty-corner churches trumpet warring signage: *Resisting Temptation* and *Learn To Say Yes*. Baby in a box, boy in an apartment: everyone's abducted or held at gunpoint. The safe house hands over its girl to a mare. After years in a tent, to ride off on a horse. Girl with harness, girl with crop. Downtown's a mess of zombie buildings. *Need A Faith Lift?* Need a "lift"?

Sandra Doller
Thumbs up

I can't help my hair
the sticks
attitude of a lake

not to be in Russia
to be grown

the verbs have it
birdy

I can only for so long
my hair
sheer on the floor
my head
everywhere else

possum-talk to me:
on the sailboat—
sailboat fingers

cold cost
a simple
much-heard
phone trick

In nature
the statue
it bums

until the warmer movement marathon
rip the hill
down

in the middle of the ripped hill
pilled a river
call it this one
standing here

call it
with-her-clothes-on
river

Yellow chair hiding from me
come out
please close the window
to the wind

the river ate my sweater
sports it
happy river

Princess vacation
the sparkly water came today
give me a lap!

everything fast + blue
+ canoeing

life with town
boats appearing

appealing
on the lake

This is what it's like to be in
the poetry of of
the poverty of
how do I do

In cellularity
people like things to not
to change

There goes the boat
by
the other boats

the heat on my neck
hut hut

I cam across
the hot land

when we landed
changed

and that was killy.

Love is a salad

Corn. Can't say cloud anymore
Clod. I've been African-German-drumming
Nigel the dog has 14 paws
today. The highway's roof
wet frequency each bite gets
duckly. And under the oil ...
And under the Canadian ...
Wake by lake—a jaw jaws
back longer, let's lariat it.

Contributors

Anna Aguilar-Amat was recently awarded three prizes for Catalan poetry: the Jocs Florals of the city of Barcelona for *Petrolier! Teatre (Oil and Theater)*; the Carles Riba award for *Trànsit entre dos vols (Transit between two flights)*; and the Màrius Torres award for *La música I L'escorbut (Music and Scurvy)*. Her fourth book of poems is *Jocs d'loca (The Goose Game)*. Aguilar-Amat is president of QUARKpoesia (Aula de Poesia de la Universitat Autònoma) with the aim to promote poetry translation of less translated languages. In 2006 she started the poetry imprint Refractions (Refraccions) with the aim to publish mostly bilingual or trilingual poetry books. She has a Ph.D. from the Universitat Autònoma de Barcelona where she now teaches Terminology as a faculty member in the Translation department. She can be contacted at: anna.aguilar-amat@uab.cat.

Kristy Bowen is the author of *in the bird museum* (Dusie Press, 2008) and *the fever almanac* (Ghost Road Press, 2006). She is the editor of the online zine, *wicked alice*, and runs dancing girl press, which publishes an annual series of chapbooks by emerging women poets.

Sandra Doller's second book, *Chora*, is freshly out from Ahsahta Press in 2010. These pieces are from an even newer manuscript called *Man Years*. The founder & editrice of *1913 a journal of forms/1913 Press* (www.journal1913.org), Doller is Assistant Professor of Literature, Writing, Film, & Women Studies at Cal State University. She lives all over with her man and their pups, possibly in a town near you. She can be contacted at sanjdoller@gmail.com.

Kate Dougherty earned her M.F.A. from Columbia College Chicago. Her chapbook, *We Trundle We Ignite*, is forthcoming from Scantly Clad Press. Other poems appear or are forthcoming in *Used Cat*, *Cannibal*, *The Carolina Quarterly*, and *Court Green*. She can be contacted at katedoc@gmail.com.

Nava Fader received her Master's in Poetics from SUNY at Buffalo, writing her thesis on Adrienne Rich. Her chapbooks are *The Plath Poems (Dancing Girl)*, *stonesoup (Slack Buddha)*, and *Drowned Goddesses* (forthcoming from

Scantly Clad Press). Her book *All the Jawing Jackdaw* (BlazeVox), as most of her work, is massively derivative: most poems begin with a line by somebody else. Currently, she is working on a book of false translations from Dante's *Inferno*. Visit her website: www.myspace.com/navafader.

Erica Goss's poems, reviews and essays have appeared in many literary journals, most recently *Pearl*, *Ekphrasis*, *Main Street Rag*, *Café Review*, *Perigee*, *Dash Literary Journal*, *Caveat Lector*, and *Innisfree Poetry Journal*. She was nominated for a 2010 Pushcart Prize and received the first Edwin Markham Prize for poetry, judged by California Poet Laureate Al Young. A former editor of *Caesura*, Erica writes and teaches in Los Gatos, California.

Carol Guess is the author of six books of poetry and prose, including *Tinderbox Lawn* and *Switch*. Her forthcoming poetry collection, *Doll Studies: Forensics*, will be published by Black Lawrence Press in 2012. She can be contacted at carolannguess@gmail.com. Visit her website: carolguess.blogspot.com.

Elizabeth Hildreth recently translated Anna Aguilar-Amat and Francesc Parcerisas' collaborative book of poems *Coses Petites (Little Things)* from Catalan into English. This book was originally published in 2002 in a run of 200 copies with illustrations by Catalonian printmaker Miquel Plana. She is a regular contributor to *Bookslut* and lives in Chicago. She can be contacted at: hildrethabed@gmail.com.

Jac Jemc lives in Chicago. She has a chapbook coming out later this year, *This Stranger She'd Invited In* (Greying Ghost Press), and a novel coming out in 2012, *My Only Wife* (Dzanc Books). She blogs her rejections at jacjemc.wordpress.com. She can be contacted at jacjemc@gmail.com.

Rachel Mallino lives in North Carolina with her husband, daughter and various lovable animals. Her work has appeared in various journals such as *42 Opus*, *Memorious*, *Best of the Net*, *Boxcar Poetry Review*, *Stirring*, *Weave*, *Wicked Alice*, and others. She is the author of *Inside Bone There's Always Marrow* (Maverick Duck Press, 2009) and the forthcoming *309.81* (Dancing Girl Press). She is the founding editor for Tilt Press and the dysfunctional e-journal *Slant*. You can find her blogging here: www.rachelmallino.wordpress.com.

Sarah Mangold is the author of *Household Mechanics* (New Issues), and the chapbooks *Parlor* (Dusie Kollektiv), *Picture of the Basket* (Dusie Kollektiv), *Boxer Rebellion* (g o n g), and *Blood Substitutes* (Potes & Poets). From 2000-2009 she edited *Bird Dog*, a journal of innovative writing and art. With Maryrose Larkin, she co-edits *FLASH + CARD*, a chapbook and ephemera press.

Rachel Moritz is the author of *Night-Sea* (2008) and *The Winchester Monologues* (2005), both from New Michigan Press. Her poetry has been published in *American Letters and Commentary*, *Colorado Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Hayden's Ferry Review*, *TYPO*, 26, and other journals. She edits poetry for *Konundrum Engine Literary Review* and also publishes the WinteRed Press chaplet series: www.winteredpress.blogspot.com.

Francesc Parcerisas is a poet, translator and critic. Since his first book, *Vint poemes civils* (*Twenty Civil Poems*, 1966), he has published a number of collections of poetry and literary criticism and has regularly contributed to Catalan newspapers and magazines. His collected poems, *Triomf del present* (*Triumph of the Present*), includes his poetry up until 1992. *Natura Norta amb Nens* (*Still Life with Children*, 2000) is his latest collection. Parcerisas has worked as Director of the Institute of Catalan Literature at the Catalan Ministry of Culture in Barcelona since 1998. He has also translated a number of works from Spanish, Italian, and English into Catalan, including *El Senyor dels Anells* (*The Lord of the Rings*) by J.R.R. Tolkien. He can be contacted at francesc.parcerisas@uab.cat.

Kate Schapira is the author of *Town* (Factory School, Heretical Texts, 2010) and several chapbooks from Flying Guillotine Press, Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs, Cy Gist Press, Rope-A-Dope Press, and horse less press. She co-curates the Publicly Complex Reading Series in Providence, Rhode Island. Her second book, *The Bounty: Four Addresses*, is forthcoming in 2011 from Noemi Press.

Ruth Williams is pursuing her Ph.D. in English Literature and Creative Writing at the University of Cincinnati. Her work has previously appeared in *H_ngm_n*, *Bateau, jubilat*, *42 Opus*, *Redactions*, *Barrelhouse*, and is forthcoming in *No Tell Motel*.