



POETRY

GENT — SINT — PIETERS

Alexa Dilworth

I see two lovers
on top of a high mound
by a lake.
A mound so high, so peaked,
it is a mountain.
And the lovers dots,
though highly visible dots
I have identified as lovers.
There is a town staggered
around the lake.
A panorama that from the train
and through the glasses
I seldom wear
looks like a 3-D postcard
or a collapsible,
not very convincing movie set.
From the train it is obvious
that the lovers are exchanging
recipes or swapping insects
from their collections.
When they stop, they will turn
to see a line that is a train
pass in the distance, the sun flashing
off windows in broken rhythm,
and add to their view
of the staggering town
and the very blue lake
an observation that, after all,
they are not lovers,
but simply dots.

THREE VISUAL LIP POEMS

Ernst Jandl, translated by Rosmarie Waldrop

*these poems are dedicated to:
the moustache of daniel jones,
the great english phoneticist*

the visual lip poem is the reverse of the visual paper poem. the speaker is the paper of the visual lip poem. the visual lip poem is spoken without tone. it is written on air by lips. inexperienced readers had best rehearse the visual lip poem in front of a mirror. with experienced readers the motion of the mouth is sufficient to create the visual impression of the poem. he who knows visual lip poems by heart will never go blind. the visual lip poem cures deafness, muteness and deaf-muteness. only a person born blind cannot experience it.

1.

öiua
öiua
öiua
ö
i—i
u
a
a
a

2.

m
w
m
w
m
w
o
m

3.

a
ba
a
ba
f
i
ba
bi
ab

ENIGMA MACHINE

Travis Smith

for Genevieve

Your first inheritance was the name
of whatever hurricane
spun like a roulette wheel
in the sea when you were born.
You just missed "Ferdinand."

And when your grandfather died
around Christmastime,
he willed you his Enigma Machine,
the last one not in museums.
Lunatic typewriter, gobbledygook
black box.

I asked you to write me
as you vacation in Italy,
but what do you do, Genevieve, Genevieve?
You are as cruel as fate.
I will always write you back,
though your each letter comes to me
spy-proof, a crypto mess,
mysterious
as the one white hair
on the nape of your neck.

Wag's Revue

BLUE HYACINTH

stories by Pauline Masurel, coded by Jim Andrews

JUST UNDER A SECOND

in which THE AUTHOR, on a plane, experiences the full arc of the Classical Romantic Tragedy.

Winston Daniels

All three of us, it turns out, have ordered orange juice.

THE AUTHOR (*seat 19D*) lifts his plastic glass and shoots a grin, collegial silliness, to THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG ARGENTINE (*loose inference—dark complexion, accent, the plane's ultimate destination is Buenos Aires*).

YOUNG ARGENTINE (*19F*) smiles back (*cooly?*), then looks to the window. But THE FATHER, A STERN CATHOLIC (*crossed himself repeatedly during takeoff*), intercedes by dint of his position (*19E*).

Wag's Revue

SENT FILM

Jessica Laser

WORD PROBLEM

Tina Celona

When Twiggy Twiggelfly showed up in the stairwell you lost no time in alerting me (I am not making this up). You had just made me a Campari-and-soda and I was trying to enjoy it. I had always enjoyed the vibrant red color of Campari though on one occasion it had been the only drink I had ever had to have replaced at a bar. Although my memory often fails me, I remember it was in New York City and that it occurred during the time when I was alone, after I had left my husband, who is no longer my husband anymore. But my memory is notoriously unreliable and so it is possible that my husband was with me and that he actually was the one who sent the drink back, but I am almost positive that this was not the case, that I was alone and waiting for my sister and her future husband to show up, but how could I have been at such a nice Italian restaurant alone? I could not have been alone, but since I was not with my husband, who was I with? On further reflection it seems that I was with my husband, and that it was the occasion on which he (and I) met my sister's future husband for the first time, or if not for the first time, then early in their relationship. We did not find a seat at that restaurant, where we were waiting (I making an effort to drink a Campari-and-soda, and my husband sending it back). It seems that at some point after returning the drink we crossed the street and ate vegetarian food at a restaurant across the street, where one of us (myself or my husband, if it were he and not someone else) ate a purée of fava beans. I remember this purée of fava beans distinctly as it was disappointing and accompanied by purées of other vegetables, and perhaps some french fries. My husband, who is actually my ex-husband, now that we are divorced, would remember this better than I, but since he no longer speaks to me it is unlikely that the question will ever be settled. It is even doubtful whether I will remember, when you and I have parted ways, how we laughed at Twiggy Twiggelfly's efforts to disguise himself in the stairwell, or how I said I preferred brightly-colored insects to ones that looked like dead leaves. It was good, on such a night, to be alive. There was still much to see and do, and half a glass of Campari-and-soda to drink, if one did not want to appear gauche, or ungrateful.