

Dear Captive Audience, ***The Cartographer Electric!*** has gone invective! Don't worry. You shan't catch a disease.

Tarry not, however, upon such droll things as this introduction when a whole broadsheet of poetry lies before you! Remember to keep submitting and coming to our readings. We have appreciated your support thus far. Remember: 1. www.CartographerElectric.com, 2. CartographerElectric@gmail.com. *Regards*, EDITORS

Drunk without a Plan by Deborah Poe

by my own obsession
i swore last weekend
something besides classic
it's all horns and pop
the deep voices
perhaps later was tomorrow
unrecognized a world
all balk and pool and drool
orange toothpick eyed
and with that i light
cut your losses you
plaid privileged shirt
i was hoping for something
cap on a cellular phone
her name which no doubt sounds
this morning winter remains
do you wanna drink to void
a woman excited says "she's crazy"
sexy baby all here
but we burn the candle
waiting for her under
waiting for her under
and suddenly everything
rainbow rainbow

dada and blahblah
there was a dj
rock but tonight
and snatch but still
scratching at the door
the bartender remains
at large boys walk in
fuck this clockwork
classic bitch rock
my cigg more fully
son of a bitch
i was hoping for a talk
other than boy baseball
i was hoping to call
like that loud bird singing
coors light cinnamon smoocher
eagle eagle, all deserve to fly
no one is connected
of course you don't want this down by the sea music
waiting for her
waiting for her under
ask not the boardwalk
seems louder
let us ask about the rain.

Cartographers by Curtis Moyer

Inflammable. Map this, prying electricians!
Connect
the lines and wires that lead to some numeric
styling of myself. Binary wishes it could be
this electric and cynical! But what do you know,
insidious cartographers, curving the distance
from where I currently am to where I've come?
Nothing, not a thing. Because my muscles are
in your mouths. Not enough sand or schematics
to silence them.

The Super as the God of Love by Joe Weil

He will come when you neither expect him (nor need him)
come like the Ns in the first line of this poem:
Nasally, high up in the sinuses, like a song from Appalachia

He will come singing of women who disguise themselves as men
who go out on the fields of battle
to fetch their wounded lovers.

And what love is not wounded
and in need of disguise?

His wrenches, and pliers, and hammer, and levels,
his beautiful world: plumb
will all be with him,
and he will fix nothing
and you will be glad
that the damage is constant
and must be dealt with
by "an ongoing application of temporary measures."

His hands on your thighs
disclosing their width,
and his breath on your throat
leaving the calibrations of longing,

and you will offer him coffee
or a good tea that he is too polite to refuse,
and the old Victrola's needle will hump
against the record and the record will
skip long after he's taken his tools away,
and it will sing: "Oh, Donna," a thousand times
until you gently lift its arms and pray
for nothing in particular,
for the broken thing
that is permanent and longing
not so much to be repaired
as "looked after" and "attended to."
The wound for which love is even now
disguising itself as stripped threads, and leaks
as towels and buckets,
as a young, beardless boy
moving fearlessly through
a camp full of amputations,
through groans and death rattles
to say one name
for which he has endured.

Blood Work by Matt Siegel

(previously published in *Paterson Literary Review*)

The white sky is a gauze pad pressed
over my vein as the needle slips out.

The woman who draws from me smiles, she always
remembers me, no matter how skinny I might get.

No matter how dark the circles under my eyes become,
she remembers me and how easy my veins are

so visible, so thick that she doesn't even have to tie my
arm,
but she does, and takes the smaller one

the bigger one too easy. I don't tell her
the best to take my blood was a different woman

who used to take blood from animals,
part the fur, find their blue tap and drain.

She lets me play with the test tubes of my blood
can you feel how warm they are? That's how warm you are inside

and I nod, think about condoms, tissues,
all the things that contain us but cannot.

A Snowing Morn by Liu Dingguang, translated by Jonathan Wei

The morning when the snow came was tranquil, as if prepared.
The trees were leafless, the bird chirpings resounding, the houses seemed
to be shot off.

The snowflakes falling outside windows, looked like flowing glass.

The sun-shines were broken,
moistening our eyes. The yester-tale was faded by snow.

The thin-coasted white dropped on roofs, they were not shy
as if the eyes of a maiden surviving hurt .I walked in the pit on muddy feet.

To avoid sentiment I imagined the morn into green, like apple or pepper
whose kernel was hard as sharp razors

or blush face, it was a cut tangerine
the juice overflowed the morn, in flying color, permeating the nostalgia.

1/ Anyway (C++) by Deborah Poe

2/
any who
3/
operations include
4/
search
(find, count)
stamen and pistol
the sum difference of men
5/
sort
(merge, partition, permutate,
reverse, rotate, shuffle, sort)
oh oh
collapse
inside your woman
6/
the wooden hair
the wooden hair
deletion/substitution
(remove, replace, swap, unique)
new york
replaced
mouthful of position subjected
7/
copy, relational
(*anyway, page 2, begin new stanza*)
(equal, min, max, includes)
this includes you
removed
8/
weave you
from cavernous wooden hair
9/
generate
(fill for-each, transform)
generate
as mental masturbation
generate
fairy tale
lost, fair, coat
coat memory
in hungry shellac

(continued on back)

in the cross word

ere is the word for begin

puzzled
mangling
what it is
to speak

set

(union, intersection, difference)

10/

heap the difference

(make, sort, pop, push)

love, love

what the hands thrust

(*anyway, page 3, begin new stanza*)

lost in the dark word
is a light

attempt alas

Miles More by Racquel Goodison

“I think I’ll kill myself or drop out. I don’t want to go back there.” We were on our way home after the sisters had sent me away because I was sickening. I was still anorexic, still anemic, still wearing my dad’s blazer over my uniform to keep warm when everyone else was bursting to undo their buttons in the heat.

“Let me tell you something.” He had pulled to a stop at the light and started to talk me off the ledge. I heard his voice and looked out the window. Even with the crowds spilling into the street from the edge of the sidewalk, it all seemed sleepy. I hated downtown Halfway Tree. It was all motion with no apparent movement to anywhere.

“Let me tell you a story”, he continued as my mind wandered. “I dropped out of school when I was younger, just a little older than you. I wanted to be a professional cyclist and wanted nothing to do with school.”

This story was already old. Dad was a school teacher now and so I know that he must have gone back, done well, made something of his life. His story was old. My crisis was new.

I stayed staring out the window.

On the news, Barry G announced that the first successful heart transplant was performed in Utah. A place miles away. A place on a salt lake. A salt lake city. I pictured a sea of white, salt for miles, oceans of grains tasting like tears.

My father went on.

“I’d sit on the gully banks dreaming of riding down the hills, speeding to the finish...”

I stared blankly at the outside, but now I was seeing dad on his bicycle, young and free. Skyralking on the gully banks. Miles from me now. Nowhere near understanding.

More news from America: “...the haunting Vietnam War Memorial, designed by Maya Lin is dedicated in Washington D.C.” More miles. Now names spilled endlessly across an interminable tombstone.

It seemed like limitless miles of salty years sat between us. I swallowed hard and sighed.

“I don’t care about your story, Dad.” My voice surprised me. It was deep and hoarse. “I’m never going back there.”

The car shifted forward as the light gave way. Dad fell into silence. I returned to staring out.

The silence kept until we reached the edge of our town, Duhaney Park. I started my usual internal pronunciations of the street signs leading to home. Wright Crescent. Shakespeare Lane. Bronte Way. And, finally, our place on Faulkner Avenue. Writers everywhere and my story still felt unspeakable.

“Let me tell you just this,” he continued as if there had never been a break, pulling the Morris Oxford into the waiting carport. “You are like a red balloon in the ocean. I’ve been watching you. I know. No matter how far life pulls you down, you’ll pop to the surface the first chance you get.”

My dad, the philosopher, was full of strange metaphors. Now my mind was fixed on that red balloon. Sinking. Sinking deeper into an ocean so blue it was purple, so purple it bled red, so red the balloon disappeared. Now all I saw was red. And all I wanted was to find myself back in the garden, the hibiscus garden way back when I was young enough to be half-naked in broad daylight. I’d pick the red flowers with their broad red petals and distended stamens and suck their juice, their nectar. There was never enough in one flower. So I’d pick one after the other until I was sick or tired or out of flowers.

The garden was small and in the front of the house, but it was so sunny and warm. I was never cold out there. Never felt that stubborn chill from the inside out. And even though it was out front, it was secreted by high hedges all around its edges. People walking by couldn’t see me sitting on the carpet grass, sucking the hibiscus dry, topless in broad daylight. When I was done, I would lay down flat on my back and feel the prick and tickle of each blade of grass against my skin, smell the stain of sticky sweet flowers on my lips and stare at the sparkling sun shining through the high green hedges standing guard over me.

In Love is Forgetting How to Touch Myself by Dana J(aye) Cadman

In love is a rain dance, is hips boneless gnashing like pterodactyl wings beat, like chameleon tongues snap one and a half times the length of the body.

In love is a fork's scrape on the roof of my mouth, it's swelling ridges.

In love is children, reciting bedtime stories before they can read. It's pet-stores at holiday season: old women in the aisles, they're hugging merchandise, they can't wait they can't wait, to give kitty his presents.

In love is that everyone you slept with before me is my muse, a cigarette burning between our pressed forearms, a song I've never heard but keep humming.

In love is maps in gas stations of towns

I've been lost in on my way elsewhere.

It's the recorded tale of my great grandfather's migration, six cassette tapes long and never listened to.

In love is the movie my dad gave up trying to watch because chemo kept him sleeping.

In love is this poem ending now because it hurts to keep reading.

The Family Secret by Jan Becker

Once, I was in the basement of the old house with my cousin. He pointed at a small tin sitting on the edge of the old coal furnace, which was cracked won the middle glowing angry red. And he said, “Do you know the family secret?”

“Your brother is gay.

My parents are third cousins.

Grandma is an alcoholic,

and Grandpa didn’t die in a hunting accident, he shot himself.”

“Nope” He said. “It is way heavier than all that.” He handed me the tin.

Inside I found hair.

Red hair,

black hair,

blonde hair,

brunette hair,

and a whole rat’s nest of silver hairs.

“For the last seven generations,” he told me, “every time a male member of this family seduces a lady, he is honor bound to pluck a pube and return it to this tin.”

I combed through the tin with an old broken matchstick looking at thousands of hairs.

I wonder if every family has a pubic hair collection in their basement.

When did the men in my family develop the ingenuity to launch this massive reconnaissance mission?

These disembodied hairs haunt the basement.

My foremother’s bodies, laid down for pleasure, then plucked, like chickens.

But what I wonder most, is what kind of woman would sleep with these men?

The Crowley Man by Micah Towery

The Crowley man’s idea of his body is theorized upon when he begins his route at 2:00 AM—

he knows what worm the early bird gets: the world as a vacant theatre before the show, in which he plies

his nascent tenor vibrato and prepares fruit baskets for when truer luminaries arrive, then bow—*thank you*. Until then,

stagehands do what they like: sprint runway aisles, expose themselves on stage, put gum under set tables.

The Crowley man wants to sing in the show but knows his body is a horse and not a violin, even though

his tendons stretch and pluck. But he sees the world as is when nobody sees: a cat

moving through the dark. He hears the radio and nobody is listening, a clandestine broadcast shining into his sleeping heart.