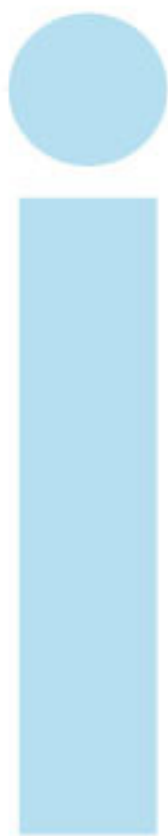




YST: Down to the River



YST:
Down
To
The River



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Cover Photo by Hannah Rae Taylor

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The sea was not a mask. No more was she.

-Wallace Stevens, the Idea of Order at Key West

They're full of wine and riches from far lands....

I wonder what it feels like to be drowned?

-Robert Graves, I wonder what it feels like to be drowned?

mon sun
tues blues
wed bed
thurs embers
fri cry
sat sat
sun done



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Ben Alter

Ziegler Trainers

There were dusk hymns
we could dive into
Just slice
Layer cake of sonar whims

Freestyle with no clamp
Sweats of my damp tile realm
Stretch, for
My breasts are workers

Moisture lingers, air rusts
Share the prune fingers
Bromine
Brings out the tinnitus

There on dry land we
were we, straining, swallowed
Light laughs
Some default number training

Samuel Audino

Αγάπη

A mouth a gape
Leaning towards heaven
Expecting rain, words
A beam of light
a tongue
A gape agape
it stands open, vigilant
trusting
eyes closed
waiting

we wait expecting something
in the rain, the fall of the leaves
as it gets colder, and strings around us
as water thickens like arteries
and becomes frozen
allowing people to walk over
cautiously
never trusting the fall of their steps
never trusting the faulty of their tones
leaving only to chance
to fate
their fate and livelihood
dropped pelvis deep in water, freezing
pushing
desperately trying to save yourself
as the ice lays agape

left only to trek back homeward
pants covered, freezing slowly
freezing

Grace Caizza

Dear Reader

Dear Reader,

By the time you see this I, Grace Caizza, will have already mailed you an unlabeled bottle of water. The water within is both simple and immortal, as is typical of your average water.

In the package will be instructions telling you to put three drops of my water into every normal glass of water that you drink. I am writing to you now in this poetry publication to tell you that it is urgent that you follow these instructions, because the water that I am sending you has healing properties that will cure your mental and physical ailments.

If you go to any doctor and have them see how you are doing they will say that you seem to be doing well. But I'm warning you now that if you go to them with my water and ask them if the water is the reason why you seem to be doing so well they will respond, "This is just normal tap water."

This has been proven in all cases.

I'm warning you now that you will not know that my water is working, but you will certainly hope that it is. And you will keep hoping until the day that you use the last drop of my water, drinking it with one final glass in solitude by your sink, staring out the window. It has probably been at least two months since you first got the bottle.

I'm warning you now that you may feel anxious the next time that you have a glass of water without the drops of my water. I'm warning you that you may go to your sink and take out your pipette and just for comfort try to put three drops of ordinary water into your glass. When you put the drops in, they will simply disappear into the whole of the glass just as mine did. I'm warning you now that this does not mean anything.

All the best,

gc

John Istona

Slip

I'm broke
My water, I mean to say
That a droll drip of mercury could compare
In the glazed eye of my father
that fickle fishmonger
much preferred the dank depths of Lorelei
And her laughter like a lily from the mouth of Monet
Strewn from the banks below
The hallowed harbor
Is it the song you know?
Is it the taste of my broken water
That does wonders for your complexion?
In the womb we had the drowning dream
When your errant tentacle illustrated
The origin of this curse
my meek molecule made to thirst
for the brine and the brogue of
one lucky sailor spitting
and shitting his love
How I wish to peer through
Your faulty periscope
Before the tide sets in
The tadpole that emerges
From Ophelia's sodden gown
Is swimming upstream
The estuary is not my mother's maiden name.
Broken water of my receding delta
That aquaphobic ingénue of
I'm broke
My broken water returns to you.
I'm broke
My water, the world is flat
we float down here and I need not explain
That if in this flooded prism we remain
Then how indelicate indeed the blessing we crave
To have our voodoo city warped and washed away
a tsunami in retrograde
Wet broke wet broke spare some change in the everglade

Caily Herbert

ravine

deep narrow
gorge with
steep sides

I prefer cold
freedom to
luxury, my
body at a
liquid level

the tsunami
expired here,
keeps telling
me to swim
but I am busy

if all at once
everyone gets
up to go, and
I'm here
getting my
hands wet but
not dirty, drink
me like a river

baby was still
smoky blue
before dawn,
river blindness
water smokes
how do rivers
begin? I wanna
know who taught
you how to purr,
ride that ocean

due to fresh
impact I am
now in the
interest of
stemming
the tide

new perfection
birth now and
death et cetera,
nearby young
hot stars driven
on purpose

look, you're a
loose canon, right?

there used to be
a Most Beautiful
Bathing Girl in
America, where
we have made
assaults on the
ocean itself,
this thing at
which you would
quiver, the sublime,
the Bathing is
what makes her
Beautiful but
I drowned in
this wave four
hundred years ago
and have been
rolling it ever since

you have to
get wet to
get satisfied



Brendan Hunt

Collin Pritchard

Throwing Stones

A stone thrown's
a heartbeat rippling,
waves flushing veins,
concentric circles echoing eternity;

momentary disturbances—
surface tension disrupted
by momentary moments
momentarily disrupting
eternity.

On Water, Night

Loose water stars
fold space,
imploding absence

waves embossed
with rivulets,
yellow streamers
deepening into fathoms
that pass as
clouds in night

I feel
from prenatal spring
rising water:
life lived flooding,
only surface tension
preserving life living,
and,

life to live, rain spilling endlessly
vessel to vessel

Tamas Panitz

The Nurse

1.
Beyond life and death
I lick the nurse,
secret flesh of everywhere.

But still
death with its endless advice

voices that would disturb me
kibitz on the mount;

as if the weather could be altered
even as it languaged in the stones
your hand was a stylus

then something I call letters
mother, father
something burning on a hill.

2.
A woman with dyed hair
waiting for the rain

Egyptian after-life of any image
who are you now that I thought you

consciousness does not expand
feeling sails out of sight
and into the mind

there's something ghostly then
in these blonde flowers that made me think of you
he half-lied: these
reclamations, lovers
where still you leave me from every tree.

Olive Carrollhach

Sonnet for Water on Mars

Seventy percent of all composition
you've born every color, form and meaning
with no singularity to your mission.
A massive, passive entity cleaving
pits into hillsides, depth into atmosphere.
Earthly scepter, mother to all, they've found
your finger's furrows Elsewhere, brown ice seared
into crust through red sand dunes.
You bent around
a solid core of dead metal which holds
no charge to deter radiation from
sweeping its kinetics across your cold bodies.
Two sisters red and blue spun asunder
by the grace of your motion ...

Rosalind Franklin

After Rilke's "Primal Sound"

Rilke darted a look at the coronal suture of the skull. He caught himself so, darting- What sense makes me know you're near and this suture near, in form, to the phonographic imprint I made so many years ago? What made me him? Not sight. Nothing of sight requires me to dart glances, whiff out an association. Not desire. Deprived of desire we are (the) nearest nothingness, and take the measure of it. None of those absurd five or six senses they tell us about. This is the science of thought- the touch, smell, taste of thought. The science of thought is the sense of distance. The science of thought is a formal analysis, is its metric. Is the value (function) for all the other senses. Take the others away and there is still nearness, still distance, infinite or ultimate or dear. Short of death there is no deprivation of distance. And certainly not then. You will run into something, or nothing. You are probably on the ground. Why would you care if not for this? Distance, or rather propinquity will never atrophy, so long as you give me a lock of hair, leave a footprint, a coronal suture

Jon Repetti

Untitled

I
The river gurgles some hello
against her stones.
The old, sleepy moan towards
the sea, like a cello swelling
out of tune, in the summer,
to the theme of a single note.
So I ask the river to embrace me.
I beg with the soles
of my feet, white and tender.
I offer my skin to the broken stones,
mud, and small, silver fishes
that dart about and might
be mistaken for flakes of moon.
Now in frenzy about my bones,
now making homes in my body hair,
now settling to sleep
in the groves between my toes,
behind my knees, under my balls.
And then the floor drops away.
For a moment, I stretch my limbs
in all directions, like an exploding star,
before I dissolve into current,
and rhythm, and the curling
B-flat that can never reach its
resolution.

II

I burst from the surface, scattering,
the moon onto the riverbanks.

A heaving gut syncopates
and accentuates the harmonies,
though even this cannot endure,
even this must exhaust and fade,
a gaudy incidental.

Vision returns in waves.

A new shape drifts into view.

Milk-white,

a dead fawn drifts down the river
beside me. His blood
belongs to the sea,
and the rhythm,
and the mouths of the moon-fish.

Caroline Petty

river

trip, the stones are catching. trip the stones, oh are we catching up now.

a trip to lagoon stone isles, catching water beings now. oh quite a catch.

rip a sock, (isle stones are shells as waters are lagoons) trip and catch us.

catch the rip of stones in water now. being an isle is empty as a shell—alone.

lagoons trip alone stones, shells rip a sock being watered down: a catch for us for now.

the isle is made of water stones. do not trip now, or riptides will catch us.

we rip apart shells and stones in tides that catch empty socks. oh now we trip

from isle into lagoon waters. we are alone in being. we are catching up now.

James Volpe

With Dread to Catch

To translate Place out of warp;

upon fact >or fish< Separate, itself,
from me—punctuating the distance
 in being
its invalid, who has been obliged

 immediately[imagined]—
Without use, to Wander
Without ground, to lower enclosed.
At once polar, ensconced of fear

It said: “your lacking”
 of water and “contents”
 singly perceived only but boned

carefully cut trout, wishing
it had gills

flowing crystal, a thicker medium to slow
A loose stone in flight—
in Anchorage—with light always among
 always a gap.

(*Some lines determined with a procedural method that used Proust’s In Search of Lost Time as its source text. The use of Proust as a source is not at all in line with the tenants of chance generation or honesty in general. This being so, the project was scrapped and only few quotes left behind. The same procedure was then used to read through a wikihow article explaining how to bone a trout. The rest of the content arose in conversation with the results of the procedure.)

Lost and Busking at a Fair; Stolid Unmasked

The perfect thing is that—
the weird light I lost,
in the vase I left down there
river
slept, dozing, singly

saturated by my eyes
but also not
another method I thought

I couldn't grasp at stems
or Reeds or Warbles
Like some face in there
Muck.

A faucet for your line
above, become—

To find some valence would
be the case I lost lost
i was thinking;

Yesterday about today
anticipating the collapse of the look
But only as a child
When it fell,

There was a splash
Led me to believe in nothing
But that is that—
Reed rock jolt light lost

Sea-web, muck muck muck
Out of the link and the muck
Mouth quivers like a laugh
Too much water



DANGER
Do not enter


www.que.gov/parks



Duncan Puce

Time Under Water

i fell in the pool at a fourth grade birthday party
or something like that
around that shit age
it doesn't matter third grade
or fourth grade
because either way you're
in the backseat
sucking your thumbs at
cows out windows
figuring about
how it smells like
poo poo
and why
the doo doo
smell like that
so strong and for
minutes of road

i didn't fall in
i jumped in because
they all wanted me to
and that was fine by me
i jumped in off the diving board
i told them i couldn't swim
and they either
didn't care or didn't
believe me
blunt neglect either way
third or fourth graders or second graders
all are like that
bestial eyes refracting
blood lust
satan scum and sperm
boo boos and
who can break their face on the pavement
jumping off the swing at its peak
at its fucking peak
twenty fucking feet
a feat of a three year old mind
that doesn't worry about consequences
about after life
because it still remembers what it was like
before

i anticipated the double doors
feet flopping on slappy slate
slipslap
They stood bold as a taunt
a torero's red wrinkled flag
except they were blue
to match the blue gatorade water
whose fume infests your nasal
burrows into septum
really checks the place out:
New digs
Poolhall echoes offended the body
backed up into its cave
called closely to the core by itself
because this is all so big
and you're so small against
white toxic smell
sterile poolful of children
slippery tile on
shy feet
tipping toes to keep
flats and heels
from fraternizing
with kid scud
brown stains
hair strand puddles

Poolside
beads of clorox water
bleaching pre pubes
and ribbed chests
lanky emaciated and wild
ready to take a beating
Tripe
what they say about
sticks and stones
eye outs
they're just as weak as words

Poolside
they all said i could do it
that i would do it
i agreed
said i could

i would
or i will
rather
the girls are in a corner
discouraging with
nolan's sister alison the cutest
and the boys are
rooting me up the ladder
my body into its cave

i stood there and looked at the water
james smiled and kept saying i'd do it
my body was so warm in its cave and it really
didn't want to come out
besides
outside the hole
was just dirt scud
mud puddles
kid scat clippings
of hair and skin shed
my vision was blurring to save itself
my body dove out the cave
out five feet
over the gatorade
uncle jack told me when you're drowning
it's a bit scary but then you get calm
and it's quiet
he was in the national guard
and he got blasted by lightning
that struck his friend and fried him
he told me they put a volunteer in a tank
to drown them and practice resuscitation
and that he volunteered

i sunk my eyes and nose in the sting
my body floundered for a bit
i was clawing at the panic
and i was breathing in the water
which i knew was wrong
i strained my head out
like a little fetus
looking for something more pitiful than itself
but i couldn't sense through the sting

i tried to say james but
i was choking on water
i went back down
and then up
to try and say james again

but i still couldn't
the lifeguard thought i was joking
james shook his head
and my body
crawled back
out the double doors
into its cave

my uncle was right of course he was
he was in the national guard
and they put him in a tank
and he did this too except
in a tank
a big glass box
he also probably thought
it was weird
how people just watched

Wilberforce Strand

sitting on the bank, basking in the warmth of now

Memory: I wasn't mad at you that night, riding in the backseat, when
(future)

I was quiet. I was crying. You remembered
(only a)

my blubbering perfectly and I remembered
(past)

everything else perfectly. Memory: The way your fingers dripped down
(only a)

my spine. Memory: The way you sparkled in the sunlight and
(future)

hummed along the rocks. Memory: The way you laughed, bubbling.
(and the)

Expectation: The way you trickled down the hill, and into my arms. Memory:
(only a)

The way you became a permanent crash at the base of my cliff.
(the past)

(the only)
(future)

The past is only a memory and the future only expectation.

Samson Weisanger

muridian purse

When you say that

you are the ocean
and are not real

I hear bells over Atlantis

and you become
the image of passivity
and passion; when knowledge becomes
a human vanishing point
and dreaming of the origins

you weep, 3000 tears

that you've swallowed
in yourself.

station

In vats of black honey
cemetery roosters chirp
under the morning stars.
Think of the cane toads
hopping
across dewstruck clovers.
Individual automobiles
create collective drones
and artificial suns.
A bitter-milk bath
on a red leather bench—
Venus in half-shell

Beach Scene

Pastry leaks/

How much oil?/

Watch a man/adult diaper purple/

swim in the air/dancing and fighting/

pigeons coo/waiting for the rains

that are caught in currents/bleeds

a primal blood/in the face of

industrial zeppelins/girls bottle up/

drag a man into shore/coral

in his breast/

Sophie Strand

saturations

A long time ago now. I am still receiving the news. Every Sunday a telegram arrives. His hair was black in life and lake water in the years after.

A bad feeling to know that there is no return to the country of two people with a clean table between them, fresh salmon and gin. I turn on all the faucets in the house trying to recreate his noise. a pointless activity because the bath never fills up, and the chair is still wet from his last visit, empty as it will always be.

Men made of water take a long time to drown. I expect he spent months in the river before breathing in. Then he breathed in. The sea accidentally injected into a freshwater tributary. Who was more surprised – the river, him, or me?

There is, somewhere, an atlas the exact size of a summer sky. This is the country of two people with a clean table between them and spilled across its surface are blue patches. I have been told these are oceans. I know this is untrue. every blue, the atlas, the sky, the patches on the table are the water of a man and the place where he died.

In the cross-hatching of a desert, a steel bruise appears in the months after his passing: the place where the sand opens up, the only gravestone I know. Soon, I will pilgrimage to this place where his rain travelled and fell . Standing on the shore, knowing that while gone, he is still water, still able to look like himself as the weather passes darkly over surfaces of salt.

Finn West

Mare Incognitum

a table covered with graph paper
marked by names and numbers.

vapor rises;

sometimes the mugs are cracked and leaking.

spills read as weather patterns
or converging rivers.

$$P(t) = P_0 e^{rt}$$

is written next to and labeling
a wrinkled orange forward spatter

once liquid in a cup

spilled to the south I think,

like ocean currents I think,

or bogs from an aerial view.

someone should draw a compass

so that this map can be understood.

Max Tzara

A Bosphorus Afternoon

Wondering what water is,
I smudge a tear
on top of my cheek,
the way one would diffuse a blush

Wondering what water is,
I pee on your foot in the snow.

I dip a toe in the bath
but it's already raining
under the eaves

Somewhere outside wet laundry
getting wetter on the clothesline.

It's raining on the Tigris
it's raining on the shadows of wet leaves
water spreads itself on the Earth like silk.

A library of small craft parts the waves
like foam derivatives
and you sail with them
to the richest port of the furthest east.



Eliza Mozer

Elvis N.

Ocean Park

(After Richard Diebenkorn)

I can fall into the softest blues
of kayaks slender body
in Ocean Park
sailors in the marina
sunbathing
on rocks
like in a summer with Monica
rocks like off the coast of Italy
curvaceous rocks
where we have no sun-lotion
so we use olive oil
we ride our bikes
along the ridge line
through the playground
then the perverts
slow down
more than
I do
look Tim has caved in
and rented a cigar box
on the Cape
we're living in Ocean Park
at this time
and have no reason for the ocean
farther from the shore
then ever
I break the sunflower
vase washing dishes
there is no water inside
what water may be in
these breakers
tell me they sketch climate
and always wanted to see
the American West
where there isn't much sea
out there
any how
on the boardwalk leading out of the
city I'm watching
a young girl take notice
of her breasts
first times color Ocean Park

I don't know where
it all comes from
books I have never read
or beach front television
I recommend all the same
to lie on the coast
and even yourself out
in the wild nature
of indigo
when you close your eyes
to the sun
shielding the surf n' turf
in Pollock's
white light there is a figure
of a city escaping
sandwiched between beach front
properties
and all the instruments
playing off this music
to Ocean Parks
chinese mountain range
of sunset people
becoming memories of one another
and the night before
orange rises
bluing the sea
from metallic salts
the friends I mistake
for lovers
in Ocean Park
all the people in theaters
watching tomorrow
wearing sweatshirts and tight jeans
the vogue pallets
of the marina
light house
bringing in your attention
off the foam quell
that swells snow linens
on the clothes lines
between this worlds made up
public housing

I stand in
the window and follow
real collages of color
and am ready
to Gauguin
Ocean Park
back into its painting

Collin Leitch

Lake Song

Many poems were written before we investigated the structures,
when an emptiness stirred within our gestures.
For lunch was abundant in the dripping crepuscule
and the woven pines formed the teeth at the void.

Many poems were made with a wink that November,
when our gestures spun stoic glyphs in the sand
and I marched alone under the banner of water sports.
For snoozing poured forth through a hatch in the gloaming
if I thought no more of my name in the cup.

The text itself girded the perimeter of the cabin
while our gestures stood shivering on the dock
and a single dirge played as I buried the party shirt.
For leisure was numerous across the evening.

Friar Ishmael Karenin

Untitled

Again, words are few in the black vast.

To be constantly distracted by the sky is, in fact, another kind of true progression between two fingers waiting to place the death pill on your tongue guaranteeing a slow perish only to reappear alone in a room before a dark window with nothing to be heard but the sound of yellow fog descending over several years. Is it then the permanence that is understood by a contingent event drawn up and consented to under the shadow of the eclipse, sublime and horizontal? One must not forget its view of silence from an imaginary point coming and going, beset on all sides by water, the same god who, through the medium of a transparent sphere, seeks to establish the quarantine of my thirty-thousand odd landscapes. Thereafter, looking west, the just visible edge of frame and beyond, nothing knows the empty dark window that beacons the light to spill into it from under the vault of heaven. In my eyes, the end should be slow but not silent. In my eyes, the end will turn away from us, ideally, as if looking toward a darkened window where soon, again and again, unable to move to where you hid as a child, that strange place between the larches, simultaneously, a transfer of light from one face to another, will come wiping out all there is in the head, poor thing, till what remains is a black vast that is both known and unknown to those vicissitudes that are, largely, unintelligible.

Charles Swan the Elder

Rip

humans are a container
 invented by water so
that it could walk around
 on legs.

a vast oceanic bruise
 gave us lips.
a reversal in tide gave
 us teeth.

A stray riptide gave
 us genitals.

Our bones only ache
 when there is flesh on
them.

Our rivers only move
 when there is water in
them.

