

YST





# YST VII



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## Ben Alter

### *untitled*

bison may have sipped  
from that view  
as other ungulate  
ornaments purchased  
at the reservation  
tongue the plateau  
where fog breeds  
between the controlled burns    the medians  
aren't enough    are plumes  
for Dakota's face winking  
turbines survey  
this gape    humbles even the  
scavenger as it beantoos  
the cement    edges past  
pairs of buckled knees  
offers the north rim  
invariably below him    his cultivation  
is a stampede  
broken over a trunk

# Kaylee Lockett

## *Roma*

When on this  
Eternal path  
submit. There  
is a river

everywhere.  
In the spring  
it flows  
dirty over

marble,  
and early poppies  
well  
like blood

in gutters.  
Still, they conquer.  
Who wrought  
these great

springs? All  
the olive trees  
know  
in thirsty bitter

years. Let's sleep  
in their shade  
this early  
brutal

noontime.  
On this path  
there should be  
olive trees

everywhere.  
Let's wake  
and kiss  
like early

poppies.  
What  
matters as one  
in this world?



## Tessa Menatian

### *Two Poems*

#### *Closer Rain*

This is not a true memory

the trunks of trees darkened by rain  
the dreams of others we cannot inhabit  
in a forest of stone illuminated by indigo light  
the trees will not share their dreams  
they are silent in their refuge like forgotten moons  
the dreams derive from their absence  
from patient lagoons  
from journeys toward the sun  
and translucent sound  
from dreaming and  
waking in darkness  
to find another world

#### *Nocturne III*

Your poems arrive in the dark

we are not even whole but  
the trees have memories  
that can outlast a vacancy of  
breath stifled in frozen air  
how can we be so sure of  
the proximity of a limp  
a tongue the accounts of  
your journey are green &  
intangible I lie in the dark  
on the cusp of understanding  
here is the outline of another  
world entwined in dust  
somewhere the moon is  
falling & you are nearly home

Rosa Shwartzburg

*We are the girls who eat coal.*

We are the girls who eat coal. We pick  
and we nip  
at the crumbling black, soft and smooth  
between our fingertips.  
We pinch bit by bit off with our nails,  
licking it,  
swishing it  
through our teeth to create a  
thin  
black  
mouth-sludge.  
The coal trickles down, into our bellies,  
where it waits  
to shellac our stomachs with layer after  
layer  
of syrup.  
A saccharine candy  
spun crystals  
or juice-soaked ice  
a nibble here or a nibble there  
like caustic fruit  
burning its way through our insides till  
they're  
dense and dark and  
in a strange way  
sweet as necrotic flesh.  
We are filled up,  
finally,  
excitingly,  
with something other than the  
thin  
eking  
anxiety of pubescence (putrescence).

We sit at lunch tables together  
yet alone  
picking at reduced-fat string cheese

stranding it off into so many disparate bits piling up into  
little nests on our lunch trays.

And together we walk  
from class  
to bus  
to home  
to home  
to store  
to practice  
to inside each others' soft arms, as we lie in grass and  
experience our own girlhood.  
We are the girls who run and run  
towards something, from something.  
We are big and we are little  
We are young, and yet somehow endure the age, the  
endless pressure of a legacy stretching back before our  
time  
At it is  
this atomic force  
This gravity's draw  
That pulls the drying blackness deep within  
Condensing it  
carbon stacking upon carbon  
drawing a black  
unbroken chain of inter-linking and inter-inking histo-  
ries.  
a  
Have you not heard of the fasting saints  
the Marys and the Catherines and the Angelicas  
with their beautiful, beautiful  
anorexia mirabilis?

They sat in their

white dresses on their  
white beds with its  
white bedding in their  
white rooms with  
white air and  
white water  
condensing along the moldy, sloping Portuguese or  
Argentine ceilings,  
dark, black eyes staring out from their  
white white faces.  
a  
They sat, waiting, for people to come and view them  
Like a doll made of porcelain  
or perhaps bone  
in a bed  
that a child forget for stretches at a time  
until she is reminded that she must be  
overcome with  
(an idea of)  
affection  
perfection  
confection.  
They were the mystics  
the oracles  
who grew swollen in power  
and magic  
while their flesh  
pilled away from their insides.  
A eucharist  
(flesh)  
the wine  
(blood)  
growing and swelling inside the stomach like so much  
malignency;  
and in this way  
they remained  
bloodless.

We are the girls who squeeze and who clench  
Who pinch  
ourbodies  
ourideas  
ourselves  
into a tight tight space.  
No matter our size  
Who delight in our own compression  
feel the world pressing in around us  
stunting our growth  
(like coffee, or television)  
preventing the painful  
ripping  
growing up  
and out  
like breath into the world.  
We are the girls who feel the eyes upon their thighs  
upon their breasts  
their stomachs  
buttocks  
And so pick and pick pick at the sweet slick slop  
of a block  
of coal  
Layering and layering like an oyster does a pearl  
Till carbon etches its way into every vein  
every capillary  
every little nook of muscle, tendon, adipose  
turning clear and hard and refractory  
diamond.

## General David Petraeus

### *street meat/Drone Repair Shop*

OBJ Lethal was haymaked two days ago  
damage control module of STREET EAGLE  
username: seroquil

we need a new password

it seems like this service model is infected with a language virus  
making making (fuCk) sustained kinetic effects to deny deny AQ

•be advised that these models do come with volume control

sorry this drone is projecting a formally complex representation of cultural brain damage

I have drone-induced anxiety

What are you qualifications?

“at space camp they called me radiant node”

What time is it?

this is not being measured in real time the geo-location of information is being used to zone  
potential chronologies for future documentation.

Can we stop adding letters?

We would but the Americans have appropriated a lumber yard as an outpost and we are low on ink

Max Tzara

*Moon Folios (Untitled Section)*

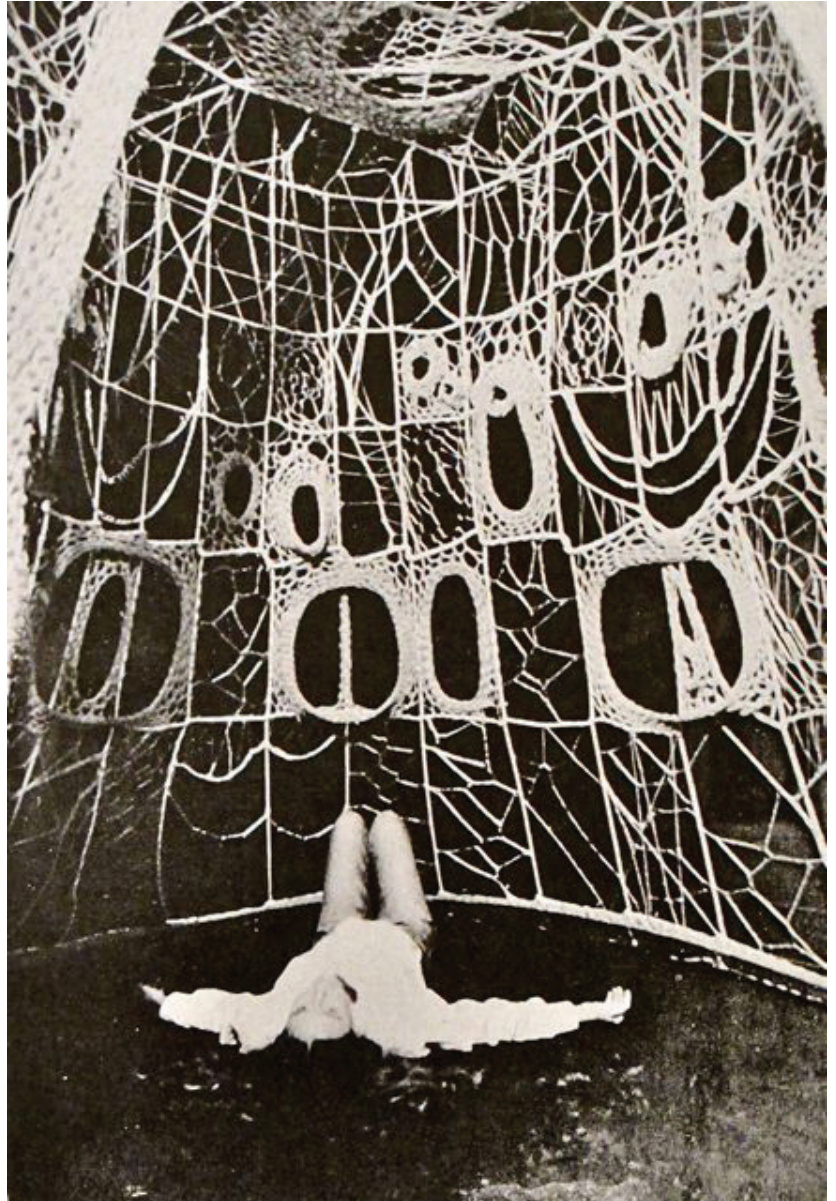
The Age of Aquarius ended in zerogravity conditions. Not only did the countercultural infatuation systems keep catching the Real, it is probably not hyperbole to assert Romanticism as part and parcel of the hard logic of up for either belief system.

The late-'60s were a heady time. Given a strong, television-validated playhouse, anyone could understand energy. Covered structures showed the shiny coin of astrology to a magpie. Any roof could create a gazebo, as if egression, often present on the roof, and visible from the vision of hippie utopianism, itself landed on the moon in July when man walked on the moon.

One could let natural lighting darkrooms, the bones of extravehicular life, support a currency. Really not one but many periods of fine dry coin, a walk in a state location or an earth site. As sociologists noted, the Apollo 11 mission culminated in an antidote of applied astronomy, but also millions of gazebos. Their project was on the edge of the Earth. From our pergolas and nocturnal viewing parties, a whole Earth emerged.

Nevertheless, plant growth may be simply encroaching technocracy in 1969, marking a turn away for kids who had not signed for these houses of the hatch. They did not catch the back-to-basics movement that elevated the pastoral.

They were totally convinced, complex and technical.



*Crocheted Environment, Faith Wilding, 1972*

Caroline Petty

*distract me, i'd really rather not now*

Would you bring me something sweet to drink?

There is thirst in motherlessness

and this funeral reminds me how dry I am.

Then you can

    sip my honey.

The people in pews cry

through singer's gaudy crooning

and their faces are silent ghosts:

    shapeless open shadows,

        salty and wet.

Praise and prayer fall out of the congregation's mouths

like drool, they are tiny skeletons turning into pearls

writhing under the damp reality of mortality

and the salivating priest's programmed promise.

    See how smooth?

        I could fit you in my eye socket,

                                or suck on you.

This is just my fear of purpling skin

and light that turns fingernails lilac

even when the walls

    are electric blankets

        and we breathe together like radiators

                                drenched in summer rain;

  isn't it sweet

  how we stick?

Are you afraid of the ground

or is it the memory of her now blood-clot colored hands

that before brought me a fish head

brought me a cookie

cannot feel us turned new and beautiful from sand and spit

and thirsty?

    Quench me now.

        I am dry and remembering

                                so hollow, rasping

  "fill me

  until I leak  
  and steam"

Lila Dunlap  
*Turning of Mi Corazon*

I only read purple books.  
I only fuck green men  
I pull out of northern rivers  
Half-drowned with moss in his mouth  
Pebbles fall out  
Of his eyes when they open.

\*

mi Corazon rolled off the bookshelf  
dusty but ready, well-read, & wide-awake  
even when I'm asleep  
he's holding the reins of the sun  
& his wax skin always is molten.

he's a bullet given a body in the air  
he holds a triangle in his hands  
which is constantly changing shape  
as he changes shapes, burning them  
one by one out of the sky.

\*

The farm hand the field the lass  
Dashes thru before supper.  
That is you. I'm the boy  
Sixteen years old, smoking  
Daddy's cigars under the house.  
Who's dream was that?  
Blue-shirted, quick at night  
Or was it just cold in the wrinkles  
Of the city, hands in pockets  
Of each other's gardens  
Of faces

Suki Sekula  
*The Brilliant Art of Children*

I remember you comparing yourself to soggy leaves  
or  
maybe it was me noting similarities in coloring  
but  
I couldn't express to you in that moment what it is that you are  
which is  
a piece of steak treating the world as it's marination  
and  
an investment banker  
wanting ,  
no ,  
needing to invest in everything.  
You are the correct amount of indulgence  
and  
I couldn't articulate this in the moment  
but  
you are a microscope  
and  
i'm lying in a bacteria-infested solution on a glass plate  
and  
I didn't think i'd  
flourish under inspection  
but I did.  
In fact , I  
mutated and thrived beyond comprehension.  
You are  
not a trampled leaf burdened by the weight and ignorant  
lack of consideration of humanity.  
You are the brilliant art of four-year-old children  
and I want to watch you color outside the lines



Sketchbook, New Haven



THE WAITOR OFFERED HER METH, SHE SAYS

BABY YOU KNOW THAT I MISS YOU I WANT TO GET WITH YOU BUT I CAN'T RIGHT NOW AND THAT'S THE ISSUE

Sketch from Sunlighting Cafeteria Hopper

LOST HER FACE IN THE LIGHT

SHAKINESS, MAN I AINT GOT NO TIME FOR THAT.

CITY TOO TURNT UP I'LL TAKE A FINE FOR THAT.

WESTERN MOTEL EDWARD HOPPER

TINY HANDS

"DRUGS ON THE BEACH"

HALF? NO. HALF OF A HALF? NO.

"HE SAID NO." - WAITOR INTERJ...

HATE THU

James Volpe  
*Another Home*

We began, in history,  
when texts survived.

Much more so  
than—the image—of  
a horse-drawn carriage,

man is antiquated. We  
have no houses for our  
newspapers, nor baskets  
for our threads.

nor for our images. We  
cannot shelter each other.

By the time of Confucius.  
in the 6th century B.C.,

the term “Spring and Autumns”  
had come to mean  
a year.

1200 B.C. My mother tells me a story.

Always the same story and she  
always forgets the order  
Of events:  
“These are  
the oracle bones,” she says,  
“dug up by  
an antique dealer, still digging. Homeless,  
after a period of political instability.”

2010. I am on Wikipedia.  
The dilemma of the order is solved:  
the “Statement” being  
only  
a unit of account.

Zoe Morgan-Weinman  
*Attention Deficit*

information download  
esophageal shove  
if I don't learn my ABC's  
principal gets my goat  
whiner got her ears boxed  
with ribbon left from Christmas  
left us on a greyhound  
the dogs get all the gifts  
American sparkle tantrum  
fresh take on the lashes  
if all you learn is science  
you'll blast off all alone  
my guts could  
erupt from my body onto  
the guest lecturer who'd really  
have to teach us something then

## Elijah Jackson

### *El Dorado*

Your liver flows gold and we course the fluid through it. Ten years spent picking out the water from the clouds and it's finally come back down, rich, amber water, we took you and we melted you down to burn you into ingots of the finest gold, gold paved roads to El Dorado, we made them with you, made the stuff of legends out of you.

Rumors passed about the lenses of your eyes and we knew we had to bring to them to the king for his ransom reward. This part of the world's always held a cracked old countenance of soil, tumbleweed dimples like a dry-back-of-the-gas-station-dumpster-cigar-store-indian. What a privilege to see like you during the summer months when the colors wither away with the passing of the water.

Church's roof was leaking and the last drop of a foretold storm fell on the prince's head— raised cain and we had to fix it for our lives, took twenty-three years before we came to the agreement that no black bucket hardware store tar could plug a hole predestined by prophecy. Went out in search of you again for a bottle full of your magic epoxy mouth-leak, peel back your fangs and pressed your mouth into a jar like a rat'ler, even got a drop stuck on me and stuck my hands together like super glue. Fixed the shingles fixed the cross fixed the prince, then now the king.

Indigo was the queen's crop until we learned the color that we could press you into and we sent fourteen thousand wheels across the unpaved desert just to catch a glimpse— orders said unharmed, and followed them the paths we took back to bring you home. The corridor seemed a mile, even in the sedan chair, and royalty was pleased by the look of you. Pulled you up by the scruff of the neck and threw you down just to see the color of your veins— a beautiful sight.

Brought you back after you ran away— always trying to git before the ritual's finished and you're done singing your song. Echoed all the way 'cross canyons and brought down upon us the deluge, *après toi, le deluge*, new river course courses like a shot to the heart, and down the river paddles laid-off Charons lookin for new work, but not for long; river only flows in the winter months, dries up until next fall when we can find you again, persuade you into another serenade.



## Thomas Gelfars

### *Two Poems*

#### *White Stars*

Hunged mid air  
the expurgated spermatozoon  
preserved in soterial sacs and moors of hair  
evacuates its engorged pontoon  
ascendant attaining with chronometres  
celestial heights and azimuths  
where mad raving starry astronomers  
cast stones tooth and dials for truths—

#### *Pnh*

“Torpide with fear their bodies [...]”; “Him got roseate glow a green taste o’ photosyncretissum in his germinal flower beds and vegetabal potentials nowhatyemean [...]”; “Got watching telemuskular on stretched televisions Try our regimen exercise Requiring extreme mutabilitie We stretch internetwork across belly Band stripping relative object [...]”; “Sum ornament of overgrown lung or metastatic tizzue Deposit Injections of quicksilver molt direct into bloodstream an uhm Aggravated spurt of noble gas strict issue from veine iussee [...]”; “Got talking some like rotational spheres and uh complete opposite law of Abiding, ha—ha [...]”; “No make eternal compromise get talking some such way as in No more frustrate the decision make [,] Get talking as In some way which is Got talked to as in to get some how Kept getting got to get going Getting to get caught getting hot in gaol [...]”; “Infirm folding film of forcep force feeds formless figure fin”.

## Olive Kuhn

### *For Juana*

#### For Juana

Written in dialogue with Sor Juana, a biography by Octavio Paz of Juana Ines de la Cruz, a 17th Century Mexican poetess and nun.

#### La Merienda

They say we ought to find a new planet.  
That's what Juana did.  
Running home, the Beauty Nun drips salt  
and words burning in time.  
God has different faces;  
none care for mine.  
Juana kept God's eyes steeped in a teapot.  
Juana chose to look away.  
I think that's why I chase her.

#### La Cena

Sketch of New Spain, says Paz as I imagine him. Cigarette in teeth, forest of stubble, he fades into the world which is his body. Sometimes this is all there is: smoke and trees fighting for air. But now we are hungry and go indoors. She is near now. We go inside.

In history's bathroom, Juana hides her face with a veil in the shape of Spain. Paz is a spurned lover at the door shouting with the candor of his fists. WOMEN, the door shouts back as the room spins in light, marriage, and secret words. I am somewhere in this restaurant serving soup to thirsty men.

We have to trust her, says Paz,  
running through worlds with his hands in his hair.

#### La sobremesa

Beneath graffiti clouds, Juana weaves her body  
through traffic quick as stripes on a flag.  
In case you have never seen a dog laugh,  
this is Juana's smile.

Across the calle, Paz grips the seam of her shadow.  
;Do you love me? We are kicking up stones in the river-street.  
Look at the time. Paz points to the highway.  
hot shining metal that will kill us moving sideways.

Across the street,  
Juana kisses a stranger's cheek.

### Comida de la calle

They tell us not to eat the street food.  
I say, that's what I am here.  
In Oaxaca, the clubs play Blondie.  
My walk is a statement of liberty purchased in dollars,  
seventeen shining pesos. The bartender asks,  
What are you doing tomorrow?  
Lo siento. Tengo que be a gringo. Mi clase visitara a  
the ruins of the buildings we ate.  
  
(across the highway, Juana brushes dust from her habit).

### Hambre

Thought and hunger hold hands in the stairwell.  
I forget  
I have  
a body.  
Recuerdoing her place, Juana scrapes the words from her hands.  
God is waiting.  
So am I.

### Desmanada

Dear Juana,  
in the long madrugadas, I trace your shadow  
on the wall where my mirror hangs between wars  
each army led by a half of Paz's head.  
I am writing to tell you that nothing has changed.  
Drunk men sing and snap at my window.  
This beautiful world is not for us.

Olive Carrollhach  
*Imperialist Curse*

Blight on my land.  
On their land, not mine.  
Out the window, below the ample belly of this aircraft  
there are squares and circles mowed into the grasslands,  
furled beneath the mountain ranges.  
Even from this altitude  
the trees look gangly, sparse.  
This year, their dry, blackened limbs were shorn by beetles  
and razed by fire.  
Trade winds do not bring communion.  
O captain, announce our descent  
into the landlocked state  
Where my grandparents will live and die  
in one of four corners of parceled land.  
Where their tiny, arthritic dogs cannot venture  
into the gated yard unsupervised  
lest the native creatures carry them off  
in talons or jaws.  
Where my grandmother stands guard of her pets,  
in her fuchsia gardening clogs  
opposing the forces of hunger and wildness  
from her patio.  
Hunger does not bring communion.  
The carnivores wait  
in the cramped confines of the tundra  
abbutted by housing developments,  
crouched on their haunches  
at the bases of those thunderstruck trees-  
lifeless, leafless, listing,  
encircled by the shiny carcasses of the dead beetles  
responsible for their decrepitude.  
Nobody is sorry for the crunch of their black bodies underfoot.  
The beetle's foremothers spawned here just months ago,  
hapless passengers on airplanes, perhaps.  
They triumphed by reproducing  
faster than they could perish.



Noah Zanella

*On The Subject Of Doing:*

Doing,  
Lifeblood of America,  
Where we ask at first, “what do you do?”  
And later, passing on the street,  
“How do you do?”  
Before hurrying off to do more doing.  
I want to ask, “How be you be?”  
What kind of person are you  
when you are alone?  
Tell me what thoughts settle  
on twilight hours  
When the machinery quiets.  
In bed, only the sound  
of yourself in you.

Wilberforce Strand

*Two Poems*

*Sleeping*

sleeping

< ^ >      < ^ >      < ^ >

restraint as worthy    resume if aging    regards to handle

~ ~ ~ ~                      ~~~~~                      ~ ~                      ~

tracing the winter of kingsandblackenedfrogs cold    as                      coal

o o o o o o                      ]]]]]]                      - - - - -

wishing sameness,    waters,    tomb's tune warbling,    wandering,    beside sensation

∴                      ∴∴∴∴∴∴∴                      ∴

sleeping    andthestarsandspeckledeggsare    sleeping    and

\|/                      \|/    \|/                      \|/

thrusting                      trusting    fucking                      sliding

\_\_\_\_\_

just right

*She Does Not Move His Hand (Missed Opportunities)*

Tell me about her. Does she look like me?  
Tell me, in what other place,  
With the heaviness upon her lips,  
Could she act out?  
I was enchanted, I touched another star last night.  
Your body drifting across the white, my mouth agape.  
It is the Arctic under the sheets &  
Ripples are beautiful.  
Wasn't I the victim of dynamite  
Self-blame and innocence?  
I was drinking a chalk-white landscape, a distant  
Symbolism as the party face of paranoia.  
This is a very strange me.  
You and your smile  
And the moon rises, so beautiful it  
Narrows to this window above.  
I'm not supposed to fuck up.  
He slowly lifts her chin.

Joy Risk  
*The Cliff*

We stood on the dirt  
My toes knew so well  
Calloused and cruel  
Stoned and unafraid  
Your words reflected like  
White clouds in midnight water  
Years passed on this clandestine cliff  
Mesmerized by flashing lights and screeching tires  
Moonlit martyrdom of  
Trophy moms in Maseratis  
All when she sat  
Where you stand now  
Broken words  
Spoken through sobs  
I say I Love You Too  
I say it like it was  
Counting nights in  
Ceiling stars  
Before I grew up and  
Learned how to frown  
Happiness hijacked by  
Bitter tastes of adolescence  
From peach fuzz  
To lipstick kisses  
She, the woman in my life  
You, my pre-pubescent playmate  
I told her I loved her  
Like I loved myself  
Until I moved my lips  
And her words followed  
With my last drag  
Of her cigarette  
I found a new place  
To call home  
She left me  
like I left you  
She didn't want to cut herself  
On the shards of a broken person  
I wonder if I  
Made you bleed too

Mack Kristocfo

*Spring Poems Again: Anagnorisis*

“it’s wonderful outside,  
you smell the earth being good?”

\*\*\*

all you remember:  
marigold seeds creating ellipses on bricks,  
but creating less suspense than your mom’s phone-call inside.  
for now:  
it’s spring train sounds, flavor-ices and the back hill speckled with the little purple blossoms.

\*\*\*

new message from somebody (kind?):  
to the effect of “hath put the spirit of youth in everything”  
this age isn’t that old after all.  
new message.

\*\*\*

train tracks that lay a mile away,  
that have been there since you can first  
recall the comfort of its far-off phantasmic cry,  
are set to stop running trains  
three years from now.  
you will be twenty years removed from beginning  
and the original sound will truly be:  
phantasmic.

\*\*\*

It is the irrepressible suspension of vernal air that holds you up as you descend the basement steps. It is like every year lived filling the nose and twisting into the throat, surfacing into and, then, submerging the entire respiratory system; inhale as though drowning in a substance you forgot the word for as a child, exhale. Each stair descended is another blow of the scent to your nostrils flow to brain. The baptismal scent sheds the winter lining of the throat, as it cracks and falls away with each step-and-breath. The basement captures the smell like a balloon reminds you there is air. It’s a box sunken into the earth, which is audibly draining, a sponge released from the snow and reforming. The smell is invisibly fuming from this earthen release. The scent is understood. It is a primordial understanding that links you and that chicken out the basement window and that spider on the sill. The usual distinctions are filled-in with spring’s aeration. You stand on the basement firmly after the last step and the body numbs away to the full engulfment of that which is the closest physical sensation to nostalgia. The perfection of a physical sensation abstraction being the complete collapse of a single moment’s awareness. Every time where it’s ever smelled this way is sort of melted and running together, still on course in the brain-to-respiratory enigma of breath and memory. There is not enough smell to smell and so you stand there, doff the moments to-do and inhale. Exhale into the basements trapping of the wet mud turned saturated air.

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there's a capture of a tulip on a computer monitor  
next to a capture of a field of cattails and queen-anne's lace through a window.  
the two are the perpetual anagnorisis of spring,  
they're both in the vernal scent of wonderment.  
before exiting outside you check a message facing the tulip,  
to find: trains stopped running on those phantasmic tracks, officially.  
it only takes you a moment to understand  
the earth being good.

Thatcher Snyder

*An Encounter with a Friend, Refracted Through Keats' Famous Ode*

Beauty is, of course, not truth.  
Nor is truth beauty. Nor was Keats  
being entirely serious. Though, perhaps  
neither was the urn. And, recognizing  
beauty in the shard of an old friend,  
seven years gone,  
having become blacked-out,  
leather-footed, breathtaking.  
A phoenix, cordial and judgmental,  
and I smile, and we exchange  
our old lives, earlier than cheekbones,  
and the aleatory gap of pubescence.

When I had my first kiss,  
when my parents divorced, when I lost  
my virginity in a tent, she lodged on the city's  
gray island, chasing a vision of the woman  
she now believes herself to be.  
What confidence! What full-breasted  
loveliness!

And myself, though I don't suppose I can call  
These past years a "decade of torture,"  
I do sit on the stoop of a  
psychiatric hospital—and I did call at her like  
an old drunk, convinced that he was  
seeing something.

I was learning, coming from group  
therapy, a circle in a heated room,  
dull lives throbbing with a candle's pulse,  
flickering, that my pain is mine,  
yours yours—"that is all ye know on Earth."

I just want to say it right.

My friend is right here; where has my friend gone?

Caily Herbert

*Flexion*

Re-reading some sexts, or in the throes of another holy fit, I paused to ask myself how many tigers there are at-large in Florida right now. Thwarted. You're still stuck refusing to apologize for your prowess. Unholy in timbre, but it's safe to say this was never a concern. New look, old thrills. Last midnight we spoke tongues on top of an iceberg. This point has been called the Pole of Inaccessibility. Are you with me? Tight squeeze. As long as you can see the tiger. Then wait for it to turn, and take one step away.



Collin Pritchard

*lapsed*

airliners like crucifixes cleaving airless clouds  
aluminum martyrs leaving ribs to strobing stigmata  
reflecting a vestigial body, emaciated in metal  
and machine's motionless continuity, carrying  
into distant shades of dusk brassy wings  
and the vague impression of wounds  
throbbing, gently exceeded  
by frameless sky

Ivan Ditmars  
*Summer Sequence*

1.

I bet that  
all the other birds  
find the hummingbirds  
awfully eccentric.

2.

“To sleep well and deep,  
Like a deep, dark  
wishing well,”

We drop a gold  
coin and it falls  
still and it falls still.

3.

I cannot tell you what it is  
which we, unburied, lie about.

4.

The four elemental fountain-heads collide,  
and mingle bruised in the bed of your brown eyes.

5.

For me she has not faults but foibles.  
Embraces she with arms, not coils.

6.

Ms. You,

Like morning missing  
evening  
like noon needing  
midnight

I and you orbit. To occur  
seem dreams to thoughts,  
thoughts to dreams.

“What time is it?” Love  
asks us, Monday: we,  
two poles

withupon  
which  
earth’s  
spun.

“Time’s a flying circle,”  
I rehash.

“Time is always bread,  
new and warm,” you have said.

Samson Wienerger

*Hands fall off the moon sometimes*

Poems don't need nonsense/nonsense  
can float around

the male nipple  
in a pool of papilla.

Everytime you turn on Reality TV

by opening your eyes  
like a stone skipping (in time)  
across the ocean of an endless horizon

Each ripple is an impact,  
is telecommunications,  
is bottled and sold

but the energy  
had already been conceived.

Why discuss the process of a paper flower  
when I can speak of those

I've seen or dreamt or reorganized?

Like the organ or motion or a gray sheet  
or the dreaded ticket butcher, nude  
and touching the hooks.

Completely unconscious  
it is drifting in the stream.

Amelia Walsh

*Two Poems*

*Weaving out the Window*

There are the ones that are sad and therefore ascribe names to things

beauty: the grand canyon

beauty: serendipity and suicide

niceness: boring

kindness: jesus and other figures

a border collie gets filmed in preparation for a youtube upload

a polar bear scratches his balls on a diminishing ice-thing

a Japanese businessman towels off after a steamy and lonely shower

a leaf falls from a tree branch in brazil, but you can't hear it

over the sound of other leaves falling

an infant is sacrificed for nothing,

an infant is sacrificed for something

the writer pours his coffee on the ground

the singer chews gum on the subway

a blue jay swoops and strikes at his enemy's egg

Shakespeare dodges lasers in a third grade play

David wears a beret in the privacy of his own bathroom

a cricket is bored while the roller is stuck in Margerie's hair

tattoo needles buzz as the radio plays black sabbath

eggs sizzle and bake and scramble

a unified hum as all voices sing

a girl with gold teeth sits and spits on ants

"i'm going to tell you something pal, you already live in a temple"

Terrence types his delusional pornographic nonsense

some sheets are made of silk, some sheets are made of t-shirt,

rice as a staple, cross as a symbol,

potatoes that grow alien roots in long forgotten drawers

a child in India explores the cupboards

Muhamad's gash scabs as him and Qiraat become blood brothers

Jeremy squeaks as he gets his ear pierced at Claire's

a dolphin kills a shark

a clown fish is placed in a bowl

destined to Sisyphus his life away  
blood is very important  
Lila took a boat to hop a train and read James Joyce's Ulysses

Stephin Merritt had a chihuahua named Irving, and they both only dressed in brown  
Ryan's record is available in Ameoba; it's called Dakota and it's about the plain life  
a golden eagle summits a mountain and calls out  
beard scratches leg as lovers fondle  
frogs sing

mosquitos are beautiful when they are born,  
rising from the water like a briefly submerged buoy  
outside the corner store, two scrapper bikes are chained to a stop sign  
a professor deconstructs the isms of disney  
notebooks flap their pages

the waves roll in, the waves roll out  
a cloud intercepts earth's sunlight  
Vivian packs in a cardboard box

Destiny flips off her teacher  
A cat named Mirror rolls in the mud

a hikikomori reaches for his dried ramen  
a German child sells a drunk man a pretzel for ten euros  
salamanders sip spilled punch on a Kentucky patio  
steve jobs is rotting in the ground  
the women weave









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](mailto:ystpublications@gmail.com), and visit our website, [ystpublications.com](http://ystpublications.com)



*Bea Tabbachi, Mother Visits Daughter*  
*Oil on paper*  
2015