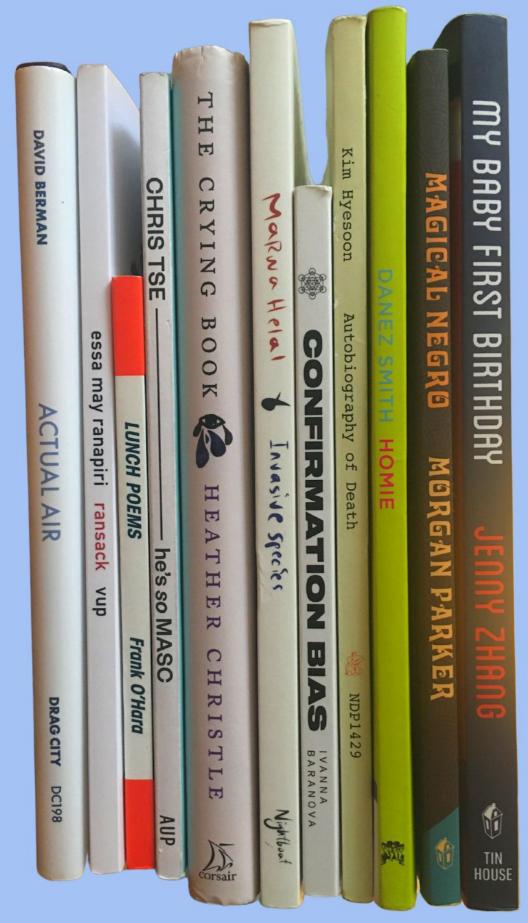
~PROFOUND EXPERIENCE OF POETRY



QUARANZINE, ISSUE 13, DEC 13 2020

~PROFOUND EXPERIENCE OF POETRY A QUARANZINE DECEMBER 13th 2020 ISSUE 13

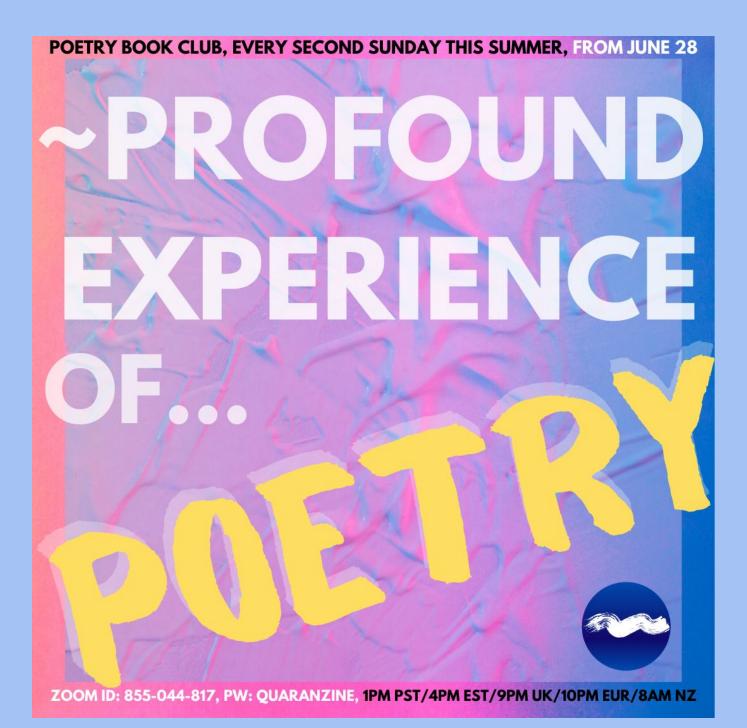


Edited by Lucy K Shaw First Edition December 13th 2020

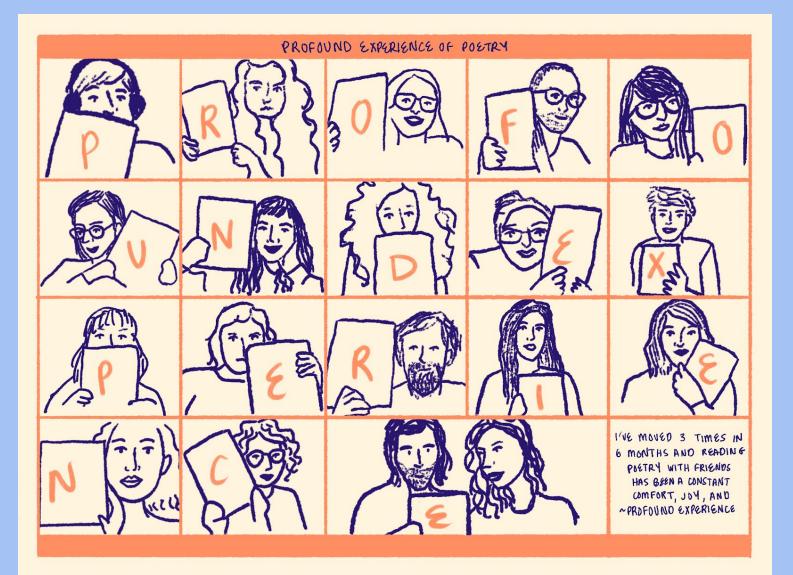
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BEFORE:



AFTER:



Six Months & Eleven Books of Poetry

My Baby First Birthday by Jenny Zhang Magical Negro by Morgan Parker Homie by Danez Smith Autobiography Of Death by Kim Hyesoon Confirmation Bias by Ivanna Baranova Invasive Species by Marwa Helal The Crying Book by Heather Christle he's so MASC by Chris Tse Lunch Poems by Frank O'Hara Ransack by Essa May Ranapiri Actual Air by David Berman



Let's Start At The Beginning...

Lucy's Notes For The Meeting Before The First Real Meeting June 28th 2020

hi everyone, welcome, if you haven't signed up already, the link to the book club is in the chat. if you sign up you can vote for the first book...

thank you for coming!

introduce myself :
my name is lucy
i run this website called ~profound experience
i used to run another literary magazine called shabby doll house
i've written a couple of books of prose
i wouldn't call myself a poet
but i've been publishing poetry for the past 8 years... i've edited a lot of poems,
i feel like my life is poetry adjacent

last year profound experience was a travel writing magazine but this year... you know

in march, i started a quaranzine, called ~profound experience of staying at home, and we published a new magazine every week for 12 weeks, until the beginning of june

if you haven't read it, i recommend it many of you were in it

i feel kind of like i'm just coming down from that... i sort of experienced the whole quarantine period through that lense

throughout those 12 weeks, we had a weekly sunday meeting, which was at the same time as this meeting now... we used to have a quiz every week, it was very fun

i wanted to keep up the meetings because i felt like it was meaningful to see people's faces, while we're all far away

even if we can see people more locally now, i think it may still be a long time until we can see our far away friends...

so i had the idea to start a book club

i feel like after many weeks of producing/curating a contribution to... culture... it would be prudent to engage with some things by other people, things that already exist, to get some different perspectives

and then i thought... maybe a poetry book club would be the way to go

idk about you but i have been struggling to read

though i think it's realistic that we can read a poetry book every 2 weeks and i think that there will be a lot to talk about

so thank you for coming, and thank you for being receptive to this idea!!

please WRITE IN THE CHAT: your name, where you are, what time it is for you, and why you wanted to join this club

raise your hand if your life has been affected by the global pandemic of coronavirus (just testing!)

raise your hand if you have read a poem before

raise your hand if you have read a book of poetry before

raise your hand if you've been in a book club before

raise your hand if you've been in a poetry book club before

raise your hand if you've seen the movie 'book club' before, starring jane fonda, diane keaton, candice bergen and mary steenburgen

raise your hand if you have studied poetry at some point in your life raise your hand if you thought you didn't like poetry for a long time based on what you learned in school raise your hand if you have written a poem before raise your hand if you have published a poem before raise your hand if you have published a poem in shabby doll house or ~profound experience before raise your hand if you have written a book of poetry (raise your hand if you have written more than one book of poetry...) raise your hand if you would identify as a poet

raise your hand if you have struggled to read in the past few months raise your hand if you have read a lot in the past few months raise your hand if you have struggled to write in the past few months raise your hand if you have written a lot in the past few months write in the chat what kind of snacks you would bring to this meeting if we were getting together in real life

raise your hand if you have ever edited someone else's poem before raise your hand if you have ever translated someone else's poem before raise your hand if you have ever published someone else's poem before raise your hand if you have read a poem by someone else in this meeting before raise your hand if you have dated a poet before raise your hand if someone has written a poem about you before raise your hand if someone has written a bad poem about you before in the chat, write a haiku about this moment

raise your hand if you have ever had a profound experience of poetry...





victor @doctorescent · Jul 4

one of the reasons why I'm glad I joined the @profoundxp poetry book club is that I can buy new books AND have the obligation to read them, something i am completely unable to do on my own



July 12th 2020

hi everyone, hope you are all okay. have you voted for the next book yet?? thank you for coming. thank you for coming back!!! please raise your hand: if you are excited for poetry book club please raise your hand: if you are feeling blessed by some coincidence to live at the same time in history as the other members of the poetry book club, in spite of the other obvious challenges we face as a society

please write in the chat: your name, where you are & what time it is for you

please write in the chat: roughly what percentage of your normal life you are currently living?

please write in the chat: what snacks you would bring to this meeting if it were happening in real life

please do a pose: like i am taking a screenshot for instagram



please raise your hand: if you have read at least part of 'my baby first birthday' by jenny zhang

okay cool... so before we get into the discussion i want to make a quick psa:

please remember that everyone processes their thoughts at different paces and some people may find it difficult to speak up in the group while for others it may come naturally. try your best to make space for other people. if you notice that someone isn't being included, try to bring them into the conversation. if you see someone nodding, or shaking their head, ask them what they think. some people will volunteer their responses, i hope! but others may wait to be called upon. let's all try our best to be mindful of this, while also trying not to talk over each other.

i know that some people know each other well irl, some people know each other from online or from their writing, some people don't know each other at all. well it doesn't matter! because we are here to talk about my baby first birthday by jenny zhang and now we all know each other from this.

also, i know that i'm the one who started the group but i'm hoping that i won't have to talk any more than anyone else.

i think that one thing we may have to all learn to deal with is being comfortable with silences... sometimes people will just be thinking and that's fine... let's practice a comfortable silence now....

if you haven't read the book, obviously be quieter than the people who have. but you don't have to be silent either. maybe you have some questions to ask.

let's all use our judgment to make the most of this time we have together.

it's a remarkable thing to be here with you all, so far away, and yet so close.

i think the structure of the discussion should be pretty loose. for this week i'd like to try asking you to write the name of a poem that stood out to you in the chat. maybe we can work our way through the list, read some of them out loud. and talk about them.

please write in the chat: the title of a poem from the book that stood out to you. (if you want to read it for us, put an asterisk too.)

it doesn't have to be a poem that you loved. and in fact i just want to make it clear that if you didn't like this book, or any book, that's fine. obviously. please be very thoughtful and honest about your feelings on whatever we read.

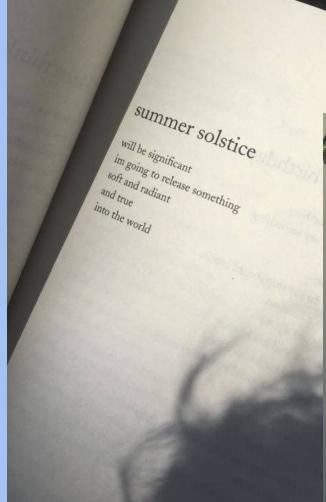


- "life is both impossible and happening at the same time" - writing too ugly for the academy

Stacey's scribbled notes from book club

which pocks stand out for your stories about chinese - Americans could be about absolutely ryph Byrs of poons Jenny T. Meeting Notes, July 12 1 feel like everything American is super American - stacen

Lucy's scribbled notes from book club





portraitofaladyonline

MAGICAL NEGRO

MORGAN PARKER

PA

excited to read these for @profoundexperience poetry book club 3

S.



July 26th

Raise your hand if you're a first timer in the book club! (clap) Welcome!!

Raise your hand if you feel happy and grateful to have the ability to read.

Raise your hand if you might have had a moment of inspiration brought on by engaging with poetry in the last two weeks!

Write in the chat: Your name, where you are and what time it is for you.

- "I began, which is not the same as being uncovered"
- "I get mean. I fall in love. I deny this."
- "In America the ocean isn't rising"

Stacey's scribbled notes from book club



I've played the role of you

Matt Nelson

Note: all these poems have been lyrically transcribed during weekly conversations with Mike Young before Poetry Book Club

Rain is generous depending

You don't really need to be friends with your landlord But it's not hard to feel clearance

I hate speaking my lines even though I wrote them

A drunken baker drunk driving into his own house A band that splits into solo at the bar to get paid A burden to sit like an amp that doesn't light up

Last time I checked I didn't start the hospital Soap operas at lunch When I say cast do you add an E?

An empty bowl of empathy You are trying to poke the telescope grip what I really want to do

Which came first, the verb or the noun?

Collar means necking Root that revolves the head What if we grew in two directions?

When you drink water It sounds like applause I want to applaud your hydration I find I like people who have never been to New York

Plain as oven toast

How do you remember things? My *Best Buy* blue Your sensitivity to time Did you read a lot of silly Oliver? The doctrine policy in fact perhaps brings about ways Sign me up for ridiculousness pointing I'm a strange encounter So many ways to energize

August 9th



-Lucy

first of all, I want to say, it's book three and we're still here! raise your hand if you're impressed!!!

raise your hand if you've been looking forward to this raise your hand if you've been dreading this!!! write in the chat, your name, the time for you & where you are let's say we're ordering delivery to the meeting, what kind of food do you want to order?? raise your hand if you've read at least some of homie by Danez Smith ebook crowd, make some noise!! physical copies represent!!

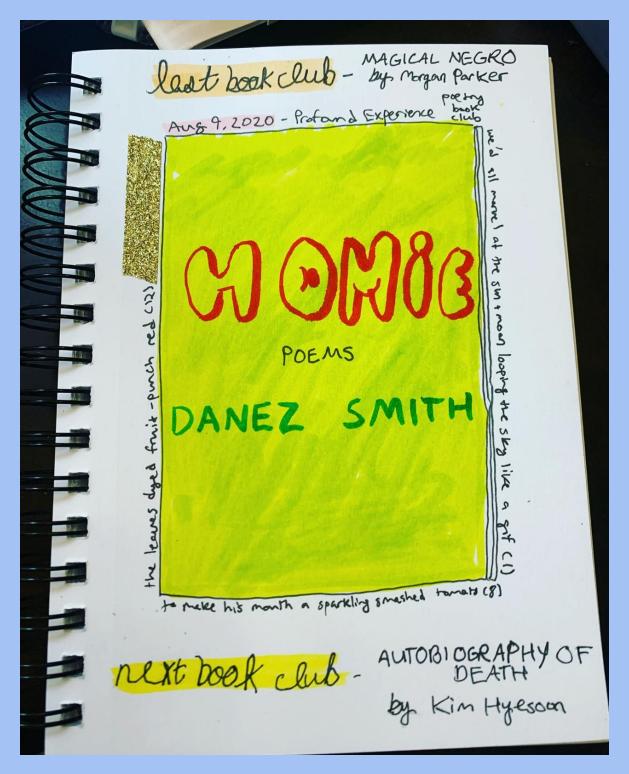




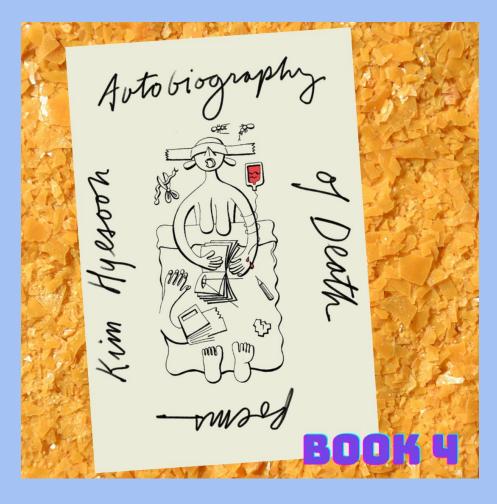
-Emma's girlfriend Kate's weird stuffed animal

- friendship keeping you afloat
- "you have murdered me for centuries and still I fix my mouth to say love is possible. it is. it is?"

Stacey's scribbled notes from book club



-Rachel Hyman



August 23rd

category: not American

do we have any first timers? (clap)

raise your hand, if your summer somehow swept by without you noticing

raise your hand, if you're in the southern hemisphere and it's been winter

raise your hand if you embrace every season

please write in the chat, your name, where you are and what time it is for you

please write in the chat, if we were having this meeting at the venue of your choice, where would we be right now???

raise your hand if you've read at least some of autobiography of death by kim hyesoon

ebook crowd.... physical object team....



- "there is another ground beneath the ground"
- to talk about death so much that we go into it but come out the other side, like when she talks about sending death away by singing it aloud. she wants us to become desensitised to not only the word 'death' but the concept.
- her talking about how she wants nothing to remain by the end of the book, I sort of felt that emptiness or spaciousness as death.

Stacey's scribbled notes from book club

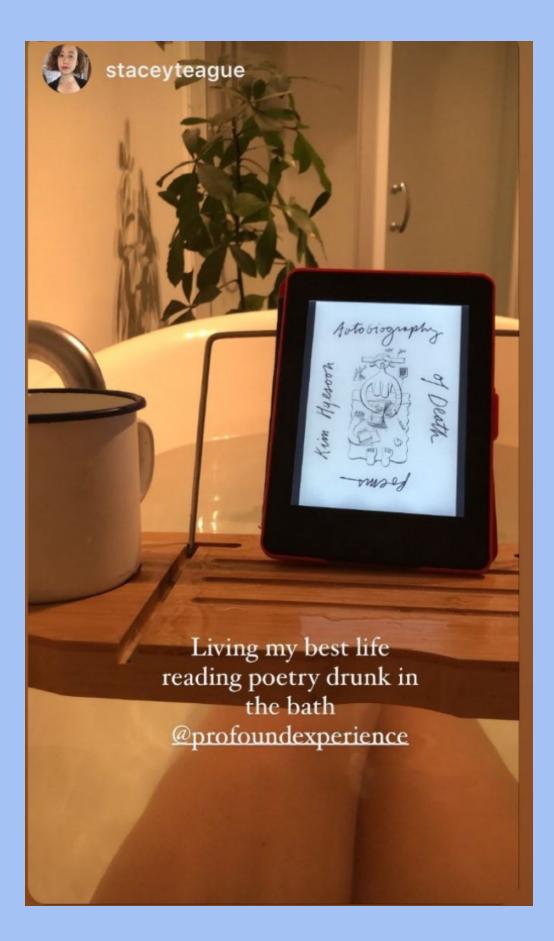
BOOK OPTION Autobiography usoorship of Death usoorship may -vanoed	NS Autobiography of Death by Kim Hyesoon & 9 members voted
I'M OK, I'M PIGI KIM HTENSON JOB	I'm Ok, I'm Pig! by Don Mee Choi Kim Hyesoon & 7 members voted
1	k I'm pig y fav title

	I didn't know about it
	but I looked up her other books and I was like
	damn
	i'm ok i'm pig
	I want to get that tattooed on me loll
	oh there is an exclamation point
	i'm ok i'm pig!
	lol
	Jun 27, 5:42 PN
oll	

Lk • Jun 27, 6:32 PM

Sarah Jean Alexander

-



There's one other yellow walled room

Matt Nelson

Ephemeral is a color
A couple hundred or maybe just a hundred
The range
was left on
On purpose
They're so small it's hard to see through them
Cold gift house
Always going to be going to a better world
What if it was the sale that was used?
My first stop is everywhere
Footrace to the similarity
You will always be building out a van
on someone else's lawn
People with a treasure chest
will lie about their pocket contents
Do people still carry gum?
Warning warning: you do not want to do anything by yourself
Nice guy and NPR are another warning station
four circles below the sky
Reversible implictiness
When was the last time you heard your aunt
playing the Doobie Brothers

with belief

- Veins of minerals
- A book hawk
- A culture awkward
- Music festival fans walk with hay hands
- They never read
- The subtitled struggle
- Cormac McCarthy's fantasy annoyance
- Both things lacking involvement
- Resentment is a game of patience
- Is a swirl a pattern?
- What is your table approach?
- You speak on the delicate side of the barometer
- The main objective is to take the candy
- Without talking to anyone



September 5th

category: debut collection

welcome first timers write in the chat: your name, location and the time where you are write in the chat what comes to mind when you think of the phrase 'my favourite poet' write in the chat what comes to mind when you think of the phrase 'my favourite disney movie' raise your hand if you have read at least some of confirmation bias by ivanna baranova Ebook crowd make some noise Physical book people...



- "hello relentless garden standing in my heart's early window"
- "sometimes / my electric hand / stays clenched in a fist / remembering"
- "I said yes / to not saying no"

Stacey's scribbled notes from book club



i love book club

From CROOK to Everyone: sooo matic

From oscar d'artois to Everyone: Dr. Caroline - Somaticist

From Carmen Brady to Everyone: Meeeee toooooo

From Me to Everyone: somateur

From CROOK to Everyone: somatic! at the disco

From oscar d'artois to Everyone: U made him somatic

-Rachelle Toarmino





- Oscar d'Artois



Even thinking about US immigration usually throws me into a panic but I found it comforting to read the second part of Invasive Species sitting on the sand in late September while Chris walked across the shallow Loire river and a giant egret landed not so far from me and didn't seem to mind that I was there.

Invasive species ~PROFOUND EXPERIENCE OF ETRY BOOK CLUB SELECTION #6

September 20th

our sixth book thanks for being with us do we have any first timers? raise your hand if you're happy to see everyone today raise your hand if you've experienced periods of sadness since we last met raise your hand if reading poetry has given you a sense of connection to something outside of your self providing small moments of relief or at least distraction can I get a woo woo write in the chat: your name, the time for you, and a description of the air quality where you are



I would die for poetry book club (in a chill way) @profoundexperience

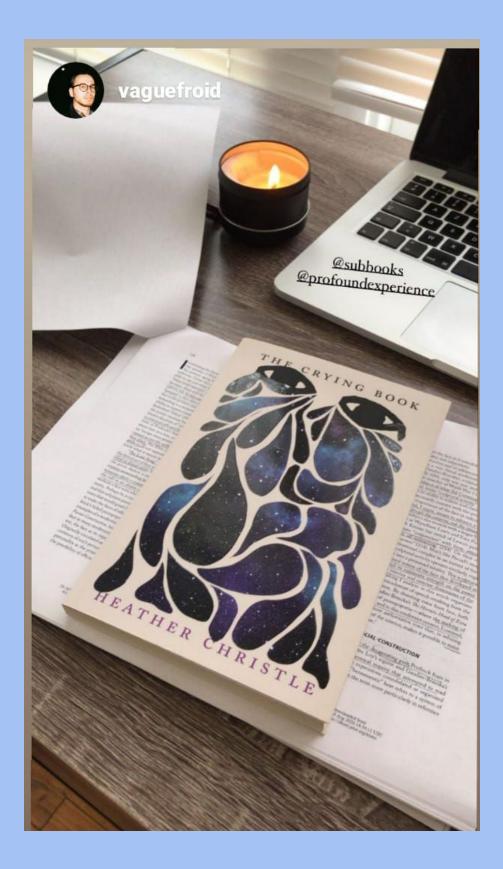




loving the curly hair representation in poetry book club

11:14 PM · Sep 20, 2020 · Twitter Web App

rachelle toarmino @rchlltrmn · Sep 20 Replying to @rahcelscorner same





October 4th

category: hybrid genre

welcome to the profound experience of poetry book club **s** this is the 7th book we've read together and our first meeting in October

I want to say thank you to everyone for being here

and I believe we have some first timers so please everyone welcome (???) [& clap]

I'd like to ask everyone to write in the chat:

your name, what time it is for you, & the first place you want to visit once world travel is possible again as usual I have a few arbitrary questions so:

please raise your hand if you are ready to listen to and learn from some of the best minds of our generation

please raise your hand if you are inspired by some of the other ppl in this club please write in the chat, if you want to: how long ago did you last cry? please raise your hand if you have read at least some of the crying book by heather christle ebook crowd make some noise...

physical book readers represent for the screenshot



why are you crying? pick a subjectpoets live in the fragment

Stacey's scribbled notes from book club



Maps

I barely left my neighbourhood this year. One of the times I did, I ended up in Stockholm for a work trip.

I've been there a few times, and they're usually short trips: no more than a week. This time, since travel seemed so restricted & risky, I decided to go for 2 weeks, hoping to squeeze a year's worth of work visits into a single block.

I brought 2 of our poetry book club books: *Invasive Species* by Marwa Helal, which we'd just finished, and *The Crying Book* by Heather Christle, which we'd just started. I brought *Invasive Species* to give to a friend & collaborator there, who also likes poetry, and who I'd sent some snippets to while I was reading it.

I think she liked it. She stopped the work we were doing the moment I gave it to her, and just read it for the rest of the session, pausing occasionally to mention a line she liked, or ask me why I'd underlined a certain part.

As it happened, we wouldn't end up getting much work done at all. A few days into the trip, we had a falling out, and, after a couple of texts, stopped all contact.

I was due to be working with a couple of other people too, but for various reasons, none of that worked out. Instead, I now had a 10-day involuntary vacation.

What is there to do in Stockholm, you ask?

Well, there's the things I'd already done on previous trips, and then there's the things I wouldn't want to do anyway. This left me with my default activity in any strange city: wandering around for hours & hours.

Fortunately, the "cool, artsy" airbnb I was staying in decided that it was both cool & artsy to not have wifi, and so, with nothing else to distract me, I put my book in my backpack, and started walking.

Each day, I would get up, eat a little breakfast, look up a park or other point of interest on google maps, and then take the longest, most circuitous route there & back — pausing somewhere along the way to read, and maybe eat something.

The first few walks were uneventful: a hilltop observatory of some vague historical importance; and a 2 hour jaunt into the main shopping street to buy a new belt. As yet unclear if the belt will be of historical importance.

On the third day, instead of scrolling south, towards the main mass of the city, I scrolled up & north on my phone, and noticed, to my delight, what friends back home would call a "huge, big, fuck-off park".

I had to zoom out a bit just to see the whole thing on one screen of my phone, and it looked like I could wander around it all day: various small paths & objects of interest were indicated on the map.

So I stepped out into the cold sun.

It was a fair walk to get there, which I didn't mind, but Christ, it was ugly. Somehow, the most efficient route always seems to be the one that has you walking alongside highway off-ramps, through mid-renovation corporate convention centres, and chain-coffee shops that cater to a suburban customer who has not, as yet, arrived in this part of Stockholm.

Slowly, the glowing blue dot of me made progress towards the large green promised land, and after a slight delay, as google guided me deftly through the rear car park of a long-abandoned Skoda dealership, I had just one more road to cross.

I crossed it, entered through the black, wrought-iron gates, and found myself not in a park, but in the largest graveyard I'd ever seen.

Remember how I mentioned falling out with my friend, earlier?

Well I'm not going to get into it really, but all you need to know is that I was sad about it.

A cold, dimming day, in a large graveyard in the north of Stockholm, with nothing in my backpack but a packet of nuts & dried fruits, and *The Crying Book*, by Heather Christle.

This seemed dumb. Very stupid and idiotic, the work of a moron and a fool.

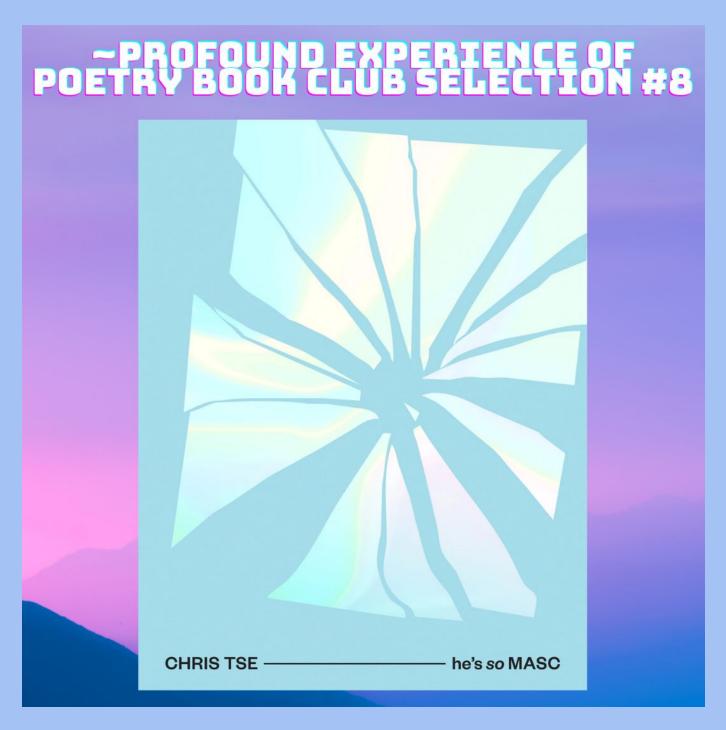
I'm sad, the weather is getting sadder by the minute (here come the first raindrops), I'm in a graveyard, with the saddest food imaginable, and a heavy, well-written book about crying.

Now, before you start feeling too sorry for me: I did see a pretty big rabbit in the graveyard. And some pretty nice trees & mushrooms, too. Those were good.

Beyond that, the thing that stood out most as I wandered around the graves was how tightly packed they were. Not the burial plots themselves — those seemed adequately spaced — but the sheer density of names on those tombstones. I saw one family plot on which I counted 20 names. It made me think about logistics. Were they stacked one on top of another? If we give them 8 feet per coffin, (2ft for the coffin itself, 6 for the dirt) the poor bastard on the bottom was further from the surface than the length of an olympic swimming pool.

So much death, layers upon layers of it, the old dead compressed and compacted by the new; family histories condensing and slowly falling deeper into the earth, just as the rain above me.

I sat for a while on a rotting wooden bench. I pulled the hood of my parka up and over, against the cold, and the eyes of the caretaker. I read my book and ate my snacks, and felt the bench wanting to give way, and the ground below me swelling with the weight of the dead, and the rain diluting and blurring the words on the page, and every passing minute doing the same to our last conversation.



October 18th

category: New Zealand poet

okay so thank you for coming it's great to see you

welcome to our first timers

if everyone could please write in the chat, YOUR NAME, WHERE YOU ARE & WHAT THE WEATHER IS LIKE FOR YOU TODAY :)

raise your hand if you have ever been to new zealand

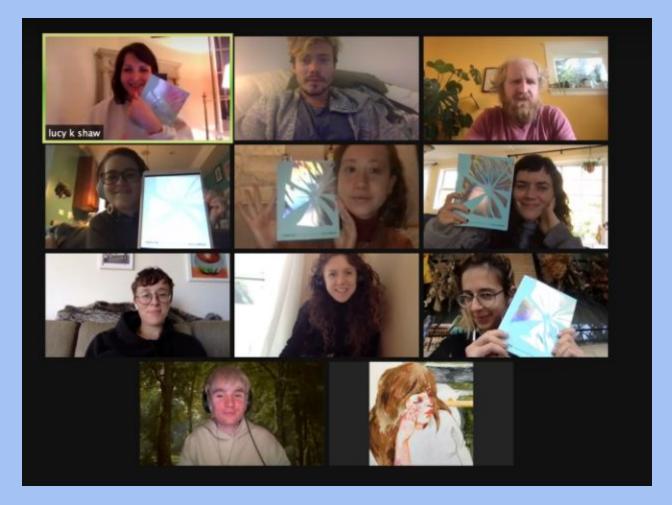
raise your hand if you would like to go to new zealand

write in the chat, what you imagine yourself doing on your first day in new zealand

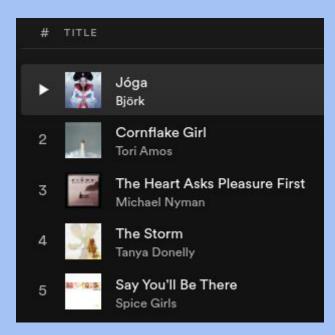
raise your hand if you have read at least some of he's so MASC by Chris Tse

ebook crowd, make yourselves known

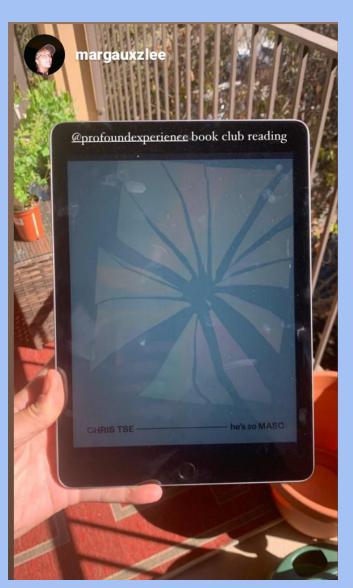
physical book crew, represent for the screenshot :)



Chris Tse And His Imaginary Band, A playlist inspired by He's so MASC, by Jodi,







Photos by Jodi & Maggie

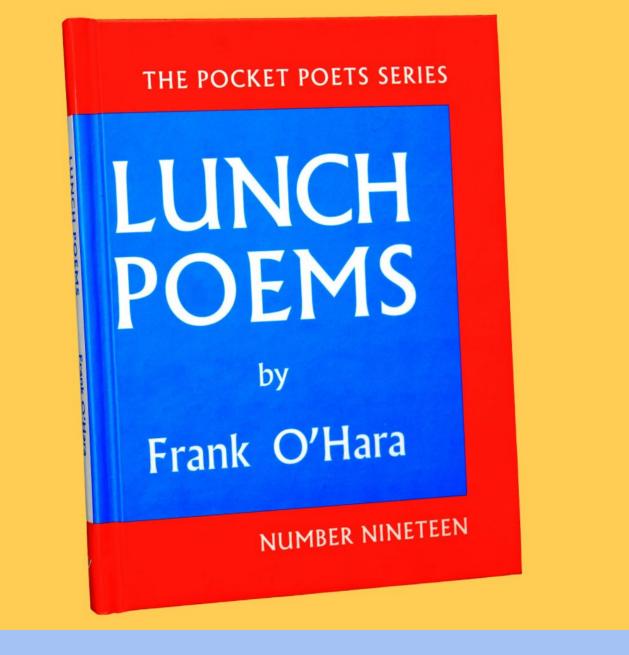
On My Phone

Matt Nelson

As if it wasn't already a hard winter I repeat the years in December Every single day is a wet shoe Holes getting better and more terrible Five years is a long time for a cycle Half stack of a decade I can see your hat here My root is grown from fatalism See-through hypocrisy The literal entity that collects thinking Is instead foisted onto a lot of CBD That's what I call getting high Access to fucking up is a privilege My model is a care loneliness My reward is to watch the powerful get sick Everything's like recycling In that it's soooooo exhausting National chains up against the Curry Calm History's anti-wrinkle cream Although history itself is an advertisement No it's okay I have a mask on He says with his mask down Safeway has never felt more dangerous

Even with their designated habits The aisles going in directions Culturally specific questions about laptop protection A crumbled cookie sheet Why do we give people the opportunity to suck so much To remove the jaw in between civilizations **Connontion Reeves** Symbology just pick one! If it's going to be that way I wish you would agree One time I was in a Russian colony And one of their cars swerved into surprise Appropriate use for chemicals Whatever it is Why don't people just get that The brain isn't invisible

POETRY BOOK CLUB SELECTION #9



November 1st

category: retro optimism

hi everyone, welcome to ~profound experience of poetry book club we have some new people today, so i want to say welcome to them can everyone write in the chat: your name, your location and the time for you can everyone write in the chat what you ate for lunch? raise your hand if you have felt overwhelmed recently

let's all take a deep breath together

let's all smile together

let's all do the macarena together [crook to play music on cue]

okay, so raise your hand if you have read at least some of Lunch Poems by frank o'hara

ebook crowd, make some noise

physical book crew.... represent for the screenshot!



alright, so please write in the chat if there is a poem you want to talk about, and write an asterisk by the title if you are willing to read it to the group...

- "that was love but i kept on traveling"
- "skirting around darker joys"
- "i'm so damn literary and at the same time the waters rushing past remind me of nothing"
- death vibe
- carved out joy!

Stacey's scribbled notes from book club

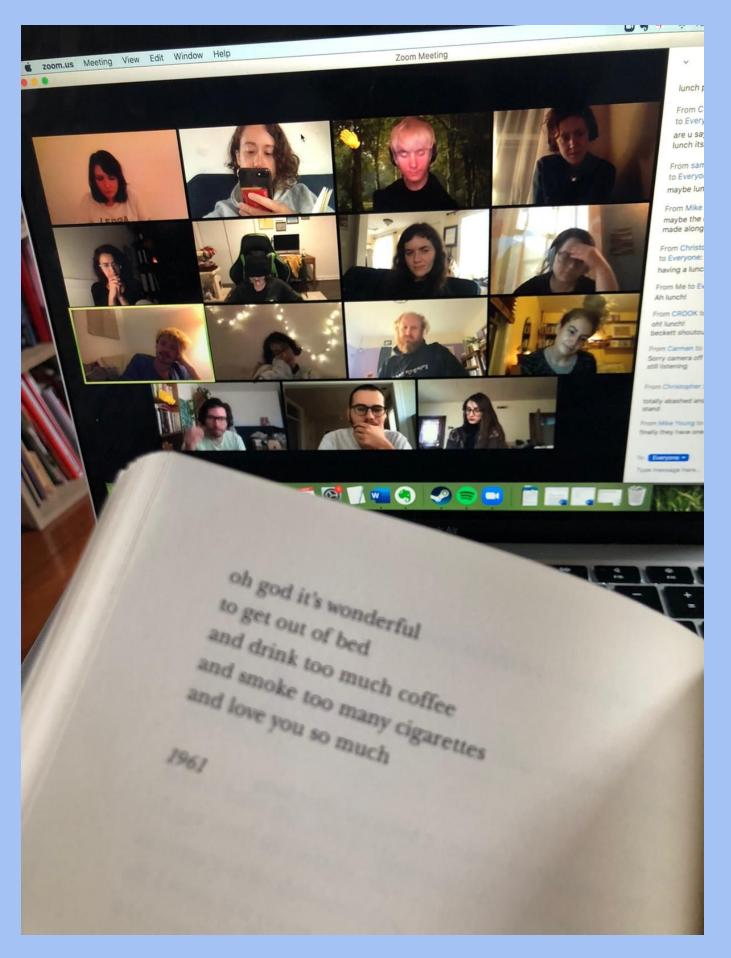


shoutout to poetry book club

12:15 AM · Nov 2, 2020 · Twitter for iPhone



Teihi Ti @staceteague · Nov 2 Replying to @scaroline9 Same



• Stacey

"mu best fime tothe now to jog is little later than usual since there's a rold shap in the air, that'll iron itself aut the way octobers do and anyway I can smell the autumn suppers, see the frantic mothers. in every lit up window and then I what a joy it is the pass the park and see the forgotten sweaters and little toug light cans in the ditchesno one talk to me about an IPA! This isn't that type of town, like Paula likes to say, people mean well " I d andy likes to say other things, and that he can call them hill billies if he calls himself one too, then we let oursetles have a daydream of moving to islands in Alaska (but oh! The effect huns stroll down the street themarm in arm and walk yinto sitters for a coffee, maybe a tea don't they worry they'll be up all might? Maybe they like it enough: it's worth it u to watch the way it Steeps



Poem written in the style of Frank O'Hara & a live book club sketch by Carmen Brady

We Love You Get Up: An Email To A Friend

Erika Fkiaras

dear Kris,

i joined a poetry reading club. hosted by Lucy K Shaw, an author of one of the handful of books i bought while we were in portland.

i've been following her on instagram, and she started something called the Profound Experience <u>https://www.profoundexperienceofearth.com</u>

and hosts bi-monthly poetry reading club that i thought about joining for weeks, before actually rsvping Maybe

and buying the book and reading it and then, 15 mins before it started *almost* convinced myself to play hookey and sleep to best enjoy my sunday

and if i had known how long it would be, i probably would have chosen to stay in bed. but i didnt know, so i attended

and to be honest

Lunch Poems by Frank OHara was easy to read , although i didn't connect to it. and i had hoped this group of strangers would shed some light and help me appreciate it.

i felt like an angsty teen in high school and felt like one again, when she asked us all to write in the chat what our favorite poem was and *most* people had the same favorite. that one hadn't stood out to me at all

But once someone offered to read it aloud, it just hit different. and i hoped that the class would transform me into a person who knew what was favorable in a poem and could pick out a *good one*

And what I found out was most of these people are writers, and have known lucy for years I guess she started something (in 2014?) called Shabby Doll House most of them have their own writing published.

most of my work takes form of thinking and disappears with the next thought

anyway, they're a group of sorta tight knit writers but they're really inclusive, and were welcoming of me no one asked how i found them.

here i am. it feels really good. they even invited me to this group chat on whatsapp that would be annoying if it wasn't so inspiring.

strangely feels good to be part of a group.

anyway, know you got lots going on.

sorta love that i happened upon this on my own,

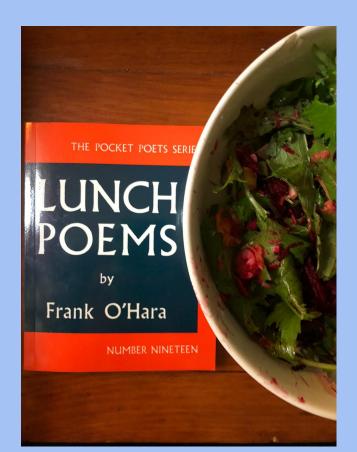
and you're the only person in the world i would consider inviting.

so if you decide you want to join in for a meeting or two, or all of them. you're invited.

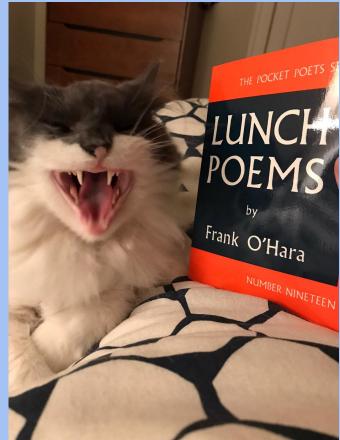
POEM

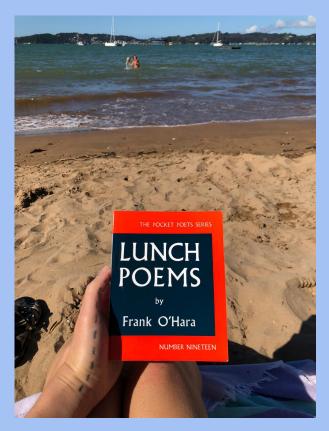
Lana Turner has collapsed! I was trotting along and suddenly it started raining and snowing and you said it was hailing but hailing hits you on the head hard so it was really snowing and raining and I was in such a hurry to meet you but the traffic was acting exactly like the sky and suddenly I see a headline LANA TURNER HAS COLLAPSED! there is no snow in Hollywood there is no rain in California I have been to lots of parties and acted perfectly disgraceful but I never actually collapsed oh Lana Turner we love you get up

1962









Photos by Caroline, Victor, Sarah Jean, Stacey



November 15th

category: indigenous poets

hi everyone, welcome to ~profound experience of poetry book club

we have some new people today, so i want to say welcome...

& i want to start today with a very short video ... What's your name? Learning Maori

can every one write in the chat: my name is $___$ in maori, and also write where you are and the time for you

raise your hand if you're finding being alive in 2020 to be.... a challenge

raise your other hand if, nonetheless, you're feeling happy to be here

okay everyone raise both hands as high as you can

go like this

that was just an experiment,

okay, so raise your hand if you have read at least some of Ransack by Essa May Ranapiri

ebook crowd, make some noise

physical book crew.... represent for the screenshot!



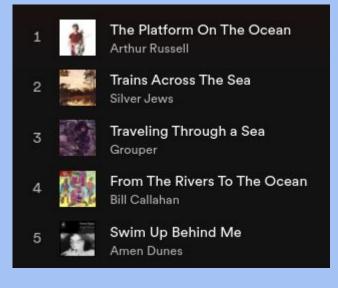
- my tongue as rope
- language isn't big enough
- overly conscious of what is natural and what is not
- destroys something

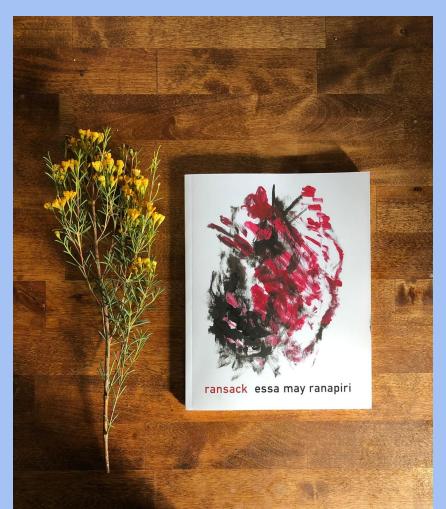
Stacey's scribbled notes from book club

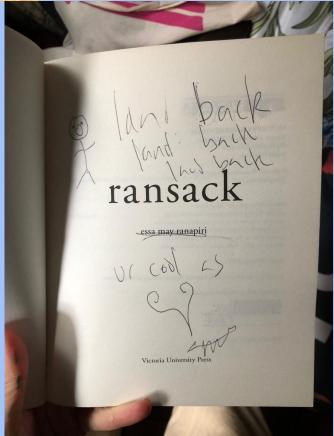
Songs for Sailing

A Playlist of Songs For Our Imagined Voyage to New Zealand,

by Caroline Rayner







- Erika & Stacey

WE'RE WITHIN INCHES OF THE PERFECT DISTANCE FROM THE SUN

Caroline Rayner

I could tell you about the emperor in the morning. The devil, the star. I could tell you that the wine tasted like I brought it in my bag when I drove to meet you in the Catskills, or that it tasted like we lit the fire by ourselves. Heavy in my mouth like that one time in a living room I want to remember being yellow. I could tell you that I ran down the hill past the high school and then back up the hill away from the river. Silver Jews and then Cat Power and then Bonny Doon. I could tell you that I cried again. Usually in the kitchen.

I could also tell you that I would balance my computer on a copy of the Bible that I meant to read and never did. I could also tell you that I had to leave where I was living and now I sit at my desk with a mirror in the background. I could also tell you that when I wave to everyone I want to be walking into an actual room and an actual party. I want to open an actual bottle of wine and pour it into actual jars.

Isn't the truth that this has always been happening? Is it crass to enjoy this version?

Isn't the truth that this is a testament to the way poetry existing on the internet changed our fucking lives?

Now I feel like David Berman, forgetting to mention the moon.

POEMS IN WHICH I SYSTEMATICALLY MENTION A CERTAIN SPHERICAL SATELLITE OF THE EARTH THAT DAVID BERMAN ONCE FORGOT TO MENTION

Oscar d'Artois



my kinda lover

when it comes to the 2 moons that are visible from the old stone bridge

i would take the river moon over the one in the sky

it's just that much more unattainable barely even

a collection of golden shafts rippling thru the black but still classic water

unfortunately no matter how fast u run

when u run at dusk

at the end u do not simply

evaporate into the moon

gazing at the moon out the window whilst kneading bread

what can i say

some of us live the cottagecore they cannot write

others write the cottagecore they dare not realize

somehow in lockdown the days go by almost too fast

a smattering of sunny hrs largely viewed from bed

running

procrastinating

stews

wine

running again

but thru poetry books this time

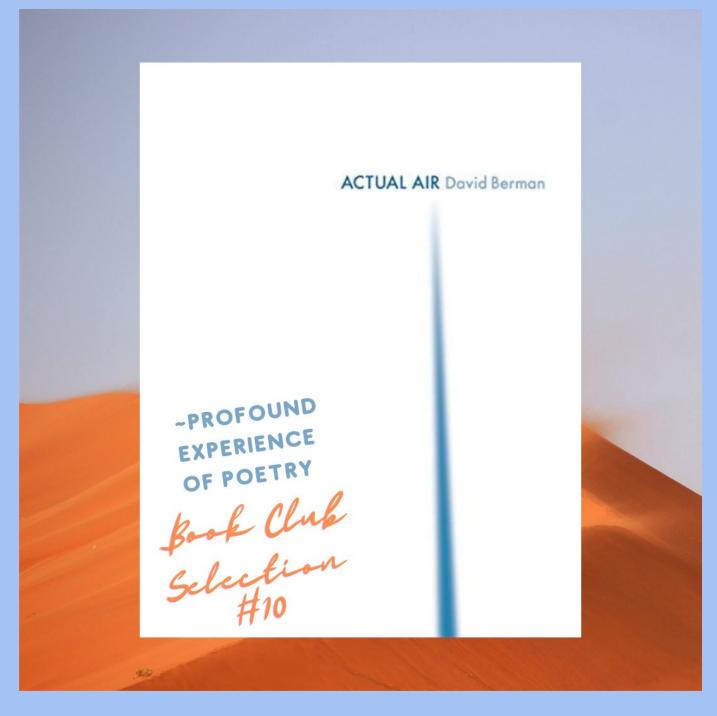
then midnight office hours

& bed again

the memory of the brief outside already frozen in haiku

a heron gliding along the river, rising orange purple moon





November 29th

category: second place runners up

hi everyone, welcome to ~profound experience of poetry book club

welcome back everyone.. and welcome to new people :) (clap)

can everyone write in the chat: your name, where you are and the time for you

raise your hand if you're feeling ready to listen intently while people read poems and talk about them afterwards

raise your hand if you've got some potentially shocking and controversial opinions about the poems that you're not sure if you want to share with the group

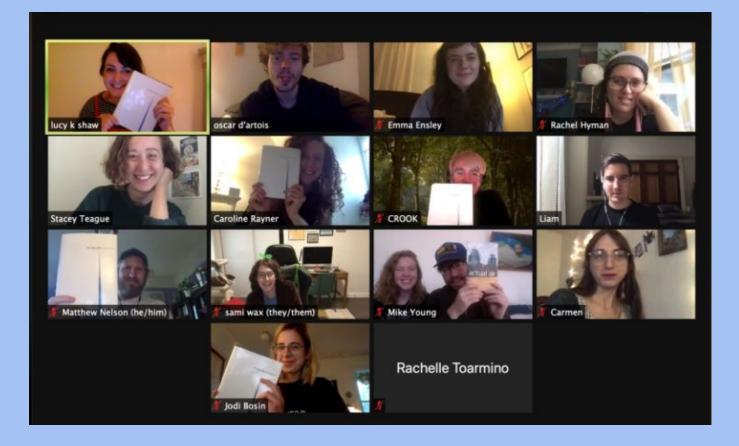
let's all take a deep breath of actual air together

okay, so raise your hand if you have read at least some of actual air by david berman

raise your hand if you had read this book before the past two weeks when we made it our book club selection

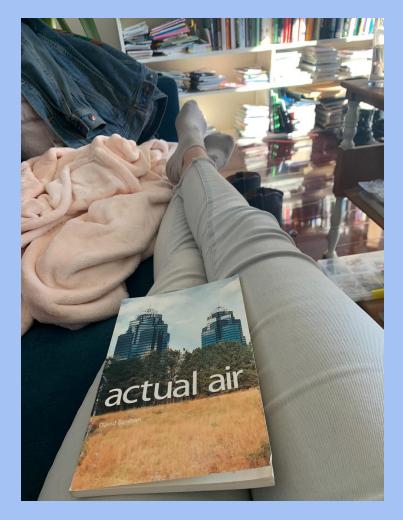
ebook crowd, make some noise

physical book crew.... represent for the screenshot!



- the sea making you feel stupid
- bouncy depression
- all water is american water
- a person who is not in his life anymore
- if i need to remember them i will refer to this
- a dog is the most profound thing to put in a poem
- writing about minutiae and not having to frame it as something more important even though it is
- liminal baby
- "Somewhere in the future I am remembering today"
- hands as emotional structures
- thefuckingmoon

Stacey's scribbled notes from book club



-Gion

LOOKING OUT FOR AND FROM DAVID BERMAN

Mike Young

David Berman's poems and songs have been there winking and sneaking through so many moments with people I grew to feel so close with. Exchanging or bringing up his work has felt so often like the very idea of rhyme itself, but not the easy kind. Like some of us are walking around with "I wrote a letter to..." looking for someone else to whisper ".... a wildflower." Or one of us says "Christmas..." and a million people say the wrong thing until someone else says "... on a submarine."

His work feels like laughing while you're coughing. Or, in the midst of all the dust at the bottom of the Cheez-Its box, you find a Cheez-It in the shape of someone you're scared to love. And you eat it anyway, not because you aren't still scared, but in a fit of herky-jerked and even maybe ill-advised charisma.

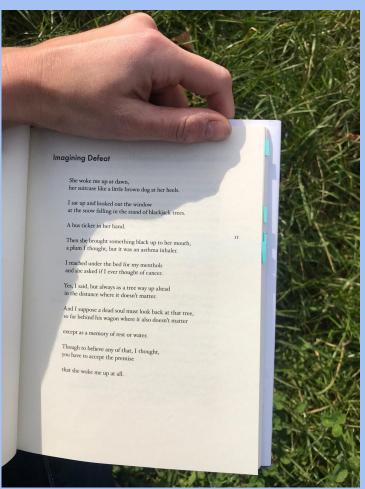
Catching eyes across the widest room, scars that match in funny ways. My left, your right. The sea always there to make us feel stupid.

I think about what Octavio Paz said: "the universe talks to itself, but people talk to people." Then I think about this David Berman line: "I shake a few hands, / never precisely sure when to let go."

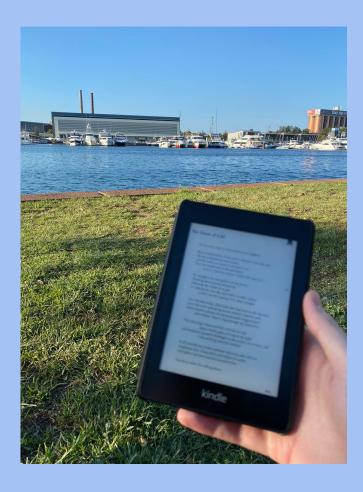
May we all keep asking the taxi driver in Braintree if they've ever thought of a brain in a tree. May we all know together in conspiratorial vulnerability that we are looking out for people from the future.



Photos by Emma, Jodi, Lucy & Liam



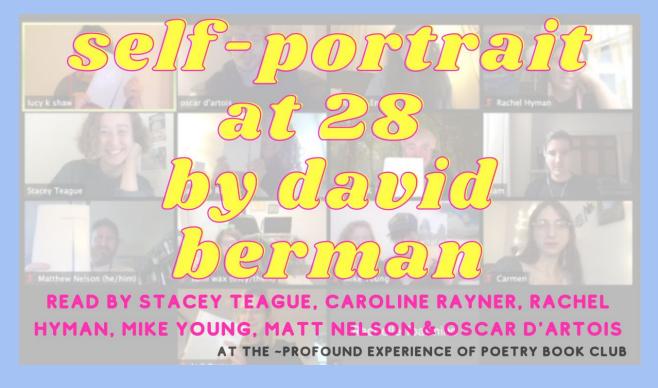




Like two brothers

Matt Nelson

Peeing in the same outdoors
Like two faucets attached to the same basin
One smaller than the other
Because filtered and better
On the throat of the drain
Or the throat of the drinker
Have you ever seen liquid in reverse
Berman said that the roof of a frozen lake
Is like rain in reverse
But I am not a picture
I am not a thousand pictures
Taped together like a VHS
That once held Alf's Holiday Special
But now holds Time's forgotten wallpaper
I am a brother who has peed with my brother
In the great outdoors
Called Honest to God



An Impromptu Reading Of Self Portrait At 28 by David Berman

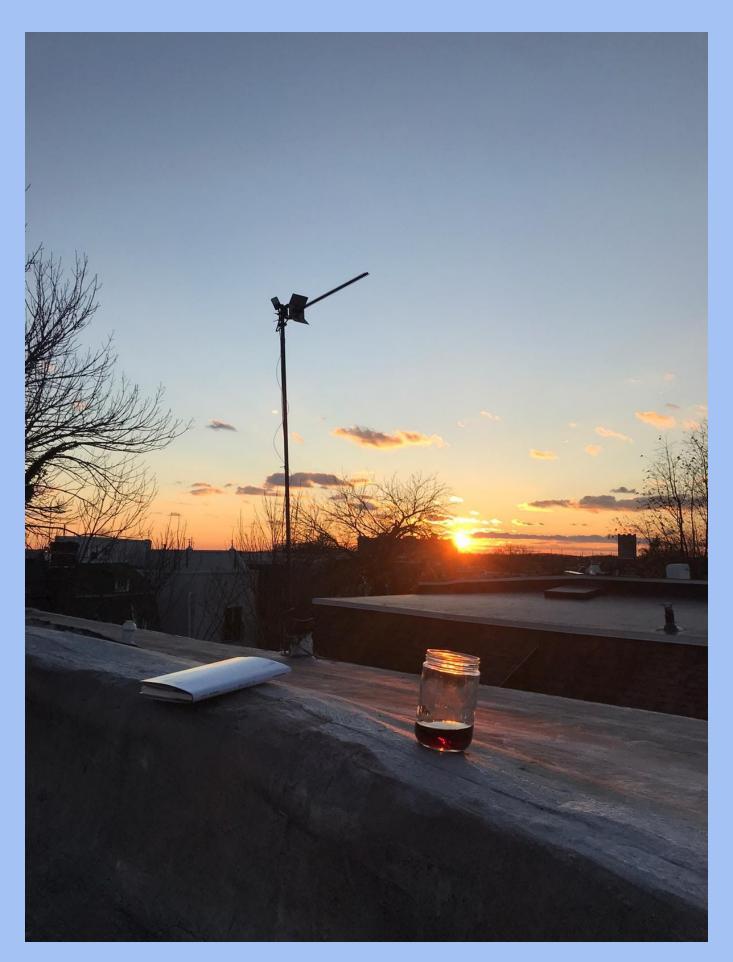
Ode To Poetry Club, If That Isn't Too Cliché (?)

Jodi Bosin

I don't remember how I found the poetry club. Through Instagram, I guess, and the thread ends there. It was September, October maybe. Days getting shorter and the threat of winter barreling over the horizon like that black cloud rhino in James and the Giant Peach. By then I was running out of energy, withdrawing. It was getting too depressing to keep video chatting friends in my own city. I began to bail on weekly zoom commitments, making excuses, even though there were no excuses to be made.

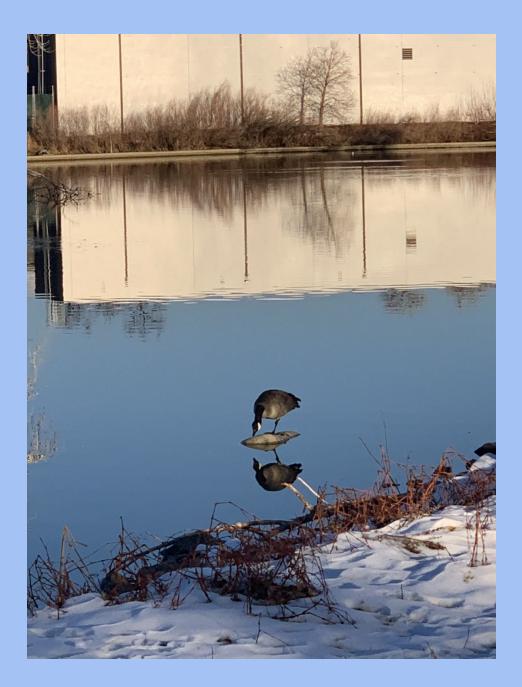
But here was something out of nothing and not the other way around. Not how everything else was heading. These people were far away – comically far, even. Victor made stew in Missouri and in New Zealand Stacey had never heard of Cheez-its. They all knew each other somehow, sometimes would reference a shared past that to me seemed cloudy and mysterious. I later learned we'd all lived in New York City at the same time, in an almost fictional 2016. The thought heads to an abstract, sad place, then dissipates. Everything blends into the ether of "how did I get here" and all that. Into a feeling of being grateful.

There's the books, of course, the poetry. The climbing to ever higher altitudes to read David Berman. The simultaneity. But as everyone knows "the point" of a thing is only just a part of it. A social group becomes a greater shape. The space time continuum somehow allowed this organism to expand, to me. I always feel a brightness when we meet, something warm I cannot quite explain. Something next to my normal life and all its stupid little miseries. Messages that make me laugh, images and tangents and links. In our thread we are preparing for a voyage. This is an ode in the most colloquial sense of the word. This is a place where there is something out of nothing.



Anyone can live

Gion Davis



If you think about the scope of a year. If you think about the trajectory of loneliness in a life. If you think about feeling sorry all the time. If you think about totalization, all or nothing doom speak, perfectionism and the complete handbook of being alive no one has ever received but that everyone tries to complete, you might reach some kind of conclusion that goes a little like hey if I don't repair myself into an ultimately whole human being it won't be worth it. If I don't write the perfect poem to dominate all other perfect poems I won't have done enough and I will be forever remembered as a disappointment or worse I will not be remembered. If I don't do the dishes, if I don't read the right book, if I don't say the right thing every time, if I am not gracious, if I am not, if I am not, if I am not. And you find yourself down in the paralysis of being not, unable to do anything but apologize for what you have not done and hope for forgiveness you don't believe is earned.

It is hard to believe in yourself. But imagine if you did. Would you apologize as much for talking in the group chat? For making a cogent point at the book club? For not reading "enough" poetry to be smart? It's hard to live in a world that demands gate kept hierarchies even among poets. But imagine if you didn't. How free would your poetry be? How delightful and dumb would it feel? How would you rejoice in the not knowing of things? Of being enough for being alive? Of knowing your attempt to document your singular perfectly flawed experience is exactly as it should be?

I've been spending a lot of the year struggling with becoming more than my nots. And that accompanies accepting the nots I can't change such as the fact that being a poet does not make you more exceptional or intelligent than anyone who isn't a poet. I think you can go a long time knowing that in your head and find it to be a whole different animal in real life. My favorite thing about being a poet is being a person. My favorite thing about being a person is other people. My favorite thing about other people is how my perception of the world crumbles at the feel of them every day. That other people know more about themselves and their lives than I ever could. How we can stack the enormity of our experiences on top of one another and come away with something much bigger and more fantastic than ourselves.

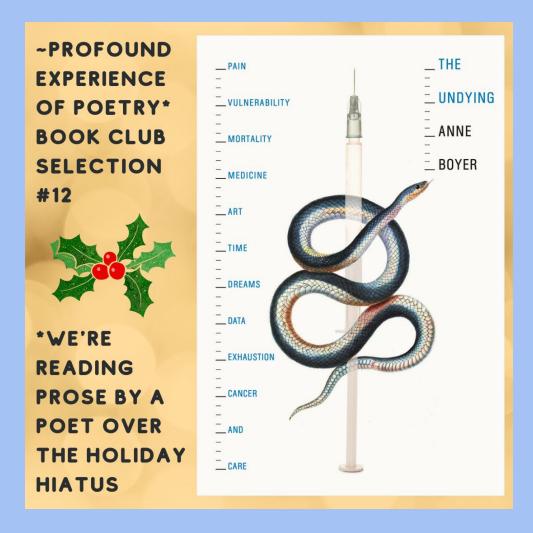
My other favorite part of being a poet is watching other people discover poems, whatever that means to you. The post-reading excitement, the nervousness of reading someone else's poem and how it falls away when the reader realizes what a great poem it is that they're reading and forgets to be nervous. The lending of books and having someone say what a great book it is after reading it, the spark of fundamental recognition when two people love the same poem.

My other thing about being a person is how excited we can be to be alive when we feel like it. And seriously: this winter I have been feeling like it. The tiny excitements of getting take out, a zoom call so enrapturing that you feel lost afterwards, watching Star Trek again, driving to the mountains again, making fun of the geese at the park again, seeing a falcon twice, the other park I walk to by myself and lie on the little hill looking up between the light pole and the tree. In the before time, I wrote "you can't force anyone to live" and that's true, but as Alice Notley wrote: "At night the states / whistle. / Anyone can live. I / can."

That's all for this year.

Thank you so much for reading!

Thank you so much to everybody who contributed :)))



You can sign up to be part of the Poetry Book Club <u>here</u>.

Stay safe! Happy Holidays! Happy New Year!



~PROFOUND EXPERIENCE OF POETRY



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