



~PROFOUND EXPERIENCE OF STAYING AT HOME



QUARANZINE
ISSUE 3, APRIL 12, 2020

~PROFOUND EXPERIENCE OF STAYING AT HOME
A QUARANZINE
APRIL 12th 2020
ISSUE 3



Edited by Lucy K Shaw
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April 12th 2020

Cover by Niki Schur Narula
(quarantined in Brooklyn, New York)

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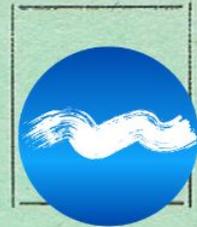
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CONTENTS

- **Meet Me At My Animal Crossing Island**
by Francisca Matos (*quarantined in Lisbon, Portugal*)
- **For Mitzi : An Update** by Kate Shaw
(*quarantined in Yorkshire, England*)
- **Neighborhood Walk In North Redondo**
by Ashton Politanoff (*quarantined in North Redondo, California*)
- **2 Weeks of Everything But Dinner**
by Niki Schur Narula (*quarantined in Brooklyn, New York*)
- **Someday I Will Live Out This Fantasy** by Caroline Rayner
(*quarantined in Northampton, Massachusetts*)
- **_ellia_** by Thany Sanches
(*quarantined in São Paulo, Brazil*)
- **Moments of Adversity That May (Or May Not) Have Prepared Me To Self-Isolate** by Mark Jednaszewski
(*quarantined in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*)
- **Afghan Biscuit Recipe**
by Stacey Teague (*quarantined in Wellington, New Zealand*)
- **Tilt, Reveal, Rupture** by Sonja & Cole Blejić
(*quarantined in Brooklyn, New York*)
- **Lapsed Librarian 3** by Matt Nelson
(*quarantined in Portland, Oregon*)
- **Cabin Fever** by Oscar d'Artois
(*quarantined in Yorkshire*)

CARTE POSTALE



Hi, it's Lucy again.

I hope you're holding it together.

Here is the third issue of ~Profound Experience Of Staying At Home.

I just wanted to say that putting it together every week is really helping me to feel better...

Les Editions C. L. B., Besançon.

Thank you for reading.

& Let me know if you want to contribute in the future.

Stay safe.

Lucy

Meet Me At My Animal Crossing Island



Francisca Matos

back in our childhood bedrooms
we lie under spilling shelves
and bathe in blue screens
lulled by gibberish
spoken by our goat neighbors
practicing yoga together by the town hall

meet me at my animal crossing island
we can touch all the fruit and
leave it on the ground
never miss milestones

clap at every catch

see this house

had so much time i built it myself

filled it with plants that won't die

we can sit on the yellow couch

and swing our legs

our fingers may touch

outside there's nothing but lonely howls at the moon

press A to wish on a shooting star



For Mitzi : An Update

Kate Shaw

In last week's Quaranzine, I told you the story of how I met my friend Mitzi from Marinduque in the Philippines. I told you about how she invited me to stay at her home, after only knowing me for a couple of hours, when I couldn't find a place to stay. I told you about how much fun we had. And I told you about how, five years later, because they cannot work, her community is really struggling to afford food under their CoronaVirus lockdown. I told you all of this and I asked for your help.

But I didn't tell her about that, until Friday...



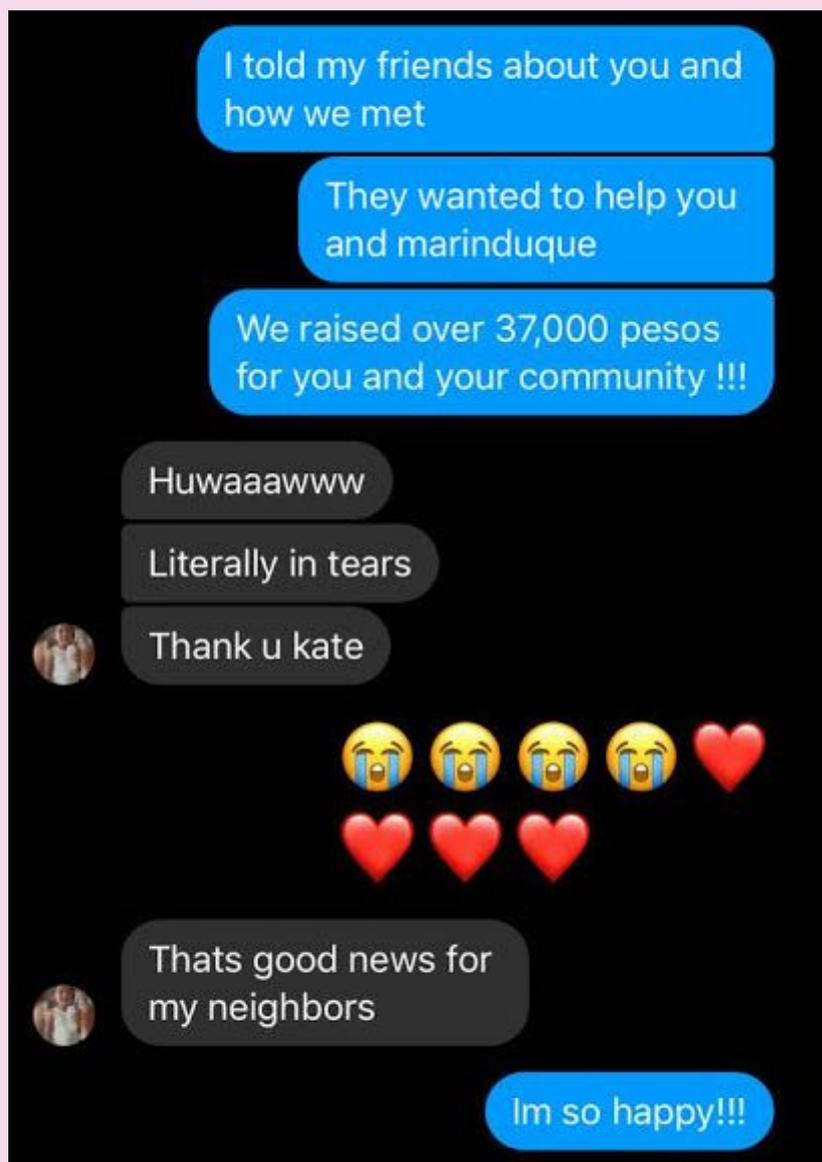
On Friday morning, after six days of fundraising, we not only reached our goal. We surpassed it!!!!



That's \$765 USD...

That's 38,764 Phillipine pesos.

It was time to tell Mitzi.



Ill share it all to them

God bless ypur heart



Im crying

I'm crying too



Thats a lot of rice

And ill be able to buy
canned goods

Our lock down will be
till april30



Thats a lot of help



Thank u so much

People were so generous

You're so welcome 🙏

This makes me cry

A lot

Im so happy

We will be able to reach a lot
of people

So many people

I just want to **thank you so much** for reading this story and for helping out if you could. I am so happy that we have been able to help Mitzi and her community in Marinduque. This is amazing.

I'll send more updates soon :)

Salamat Po! / Thank you.



Neighborhood Walk in North Redondo

April 4th & 5th, 2020

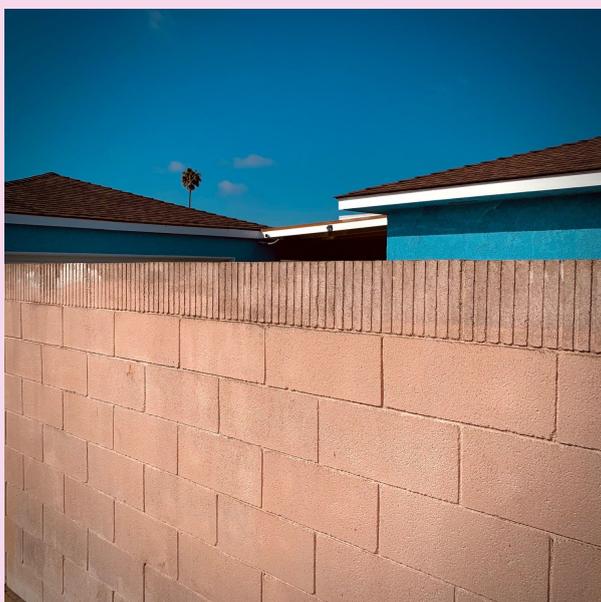
Ashton Politanoff



'66 or '67 Dodge Charger. I like the powder blue car and the powder blue sky and the dirty mint green stucco. The long shadow of the telephone pole is a border I'm afraid to cross.

When I was in Oaxaca once, I was told to not photograph the people. They believe it takes part of their soul.

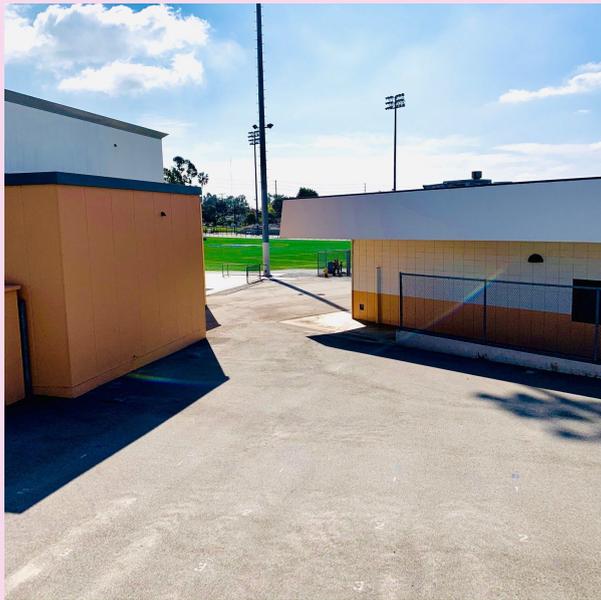
I want to get closer to the blue of the car, the green of the house, the blue of the sky. I'm afraid of being caught, that somehow by photographing the car, I'm stealing something. A masked elderly couple approach behind me on the sidewalk. I hear their soled feet against dirt.



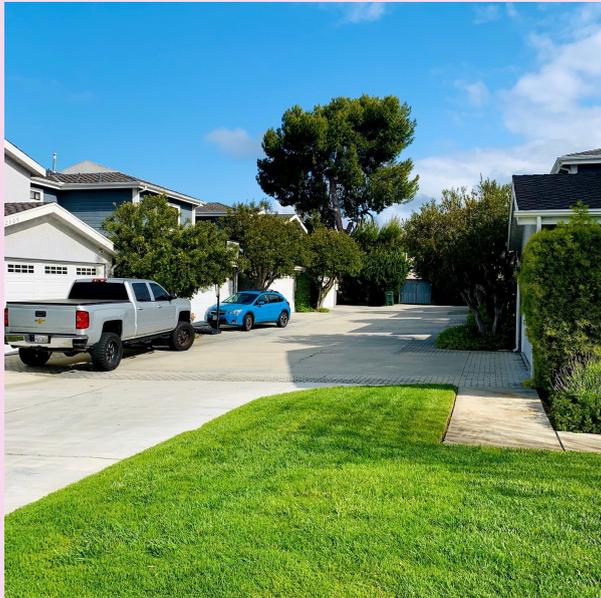
The pink wall and the blue house catch my attention. I view the photo on the screen of my phone and I'm not happy with the composition. I want the pink wall and the blue house to have the same proportions in the frame.

I like the lone palm tree though. At first, it seems to be greeting me, like a seal's head appearing above the ocean's surface. But it's dead still. Not even a wave of leaf, a gesture of any kind.

I raise my phone above the high wall for a better angle, but I stop. I feel watched.



A glimpse of green. I stick my hand between the bars of the fence. It's the closest I can get.



I stop at this big lot. There is something so inviting about this open, shared driveway. The parked cars facing each other give it a real sense of community. There are eight houses on this lot. I text the photo to my wife and my mother-in-law.

“Wow” my wife texts back.

So much potential.



A carousel of potted plants. Are they getting the attention they need?

Then, I remember the forecast: rain the next four days.



I hear children but don't see children.



The lemons are ripe and I want to pluck one. I think a lot about Vitamin C these days. On the veranda, a hanging blackboard sign reads *Be Positive* in yellow and blue chalk. Some loud machinery comes to life behind the garage. In the windows I see light.

1 banana
5 pre-made frozen dumplings
1/2 brownie
1 pita chip

1 banana
5 pre-made dumplings
3/4 apple (green)

1 banana
1 turkey, hummus, spinach sandwich (expired bread)

3/4 quarters avocado (over-ripe)
1/2 brownie
1 chickpea puff
1 frozen burrito (curry flavor)

Small bowl of leftover penne with pesto
1 cup of noodles (tonkatsu)

1 turkey sandwich

3 spoonfuls of Greek yogurt
1 turkey sandwich, w/ pickle
1/2 lemon cookie

1 sesame bread w/ butter
1 small plate leftover chard gratin
20? almond crackers with garlic hummus
1/2 lemon cookie

1 piece leftover mushroom quiche

6 macrobiotic microwaved dumplings
1 apple

1 dank, melty turkey sandwich
1/2 lemon cookie

1 banana
1 tuna sando

1 banana
1 bowl of leftover pasta w/ tomato sauce

1 piece apple spice cake
1 piece reheated cheese pizza

Someday I Will Live Out This Fantasy

On Caroline listening to Katie singing Gillian's
“Look at Miss Ohio”



Caroline Rayner

I was wearing overalls almost just like the ones Katie Crutchfield was wearing when she covered “[Look At Miss Ohio](#).” I want to say I was drinking wine that tastes like the kind of evening in Virginia you could get wasted on just by looking at the trees dissolving against the sky. Sally Mann, the photographer, would call the light radical, and I would call it a mess, and either way, I love it. I want to say I was standing beside Jo and that we were screaming about dying from the feeling of hearing Katie sing, “I want to do right but not right now.” According to Jo, and according to me, we are right on time, but the truth is that I have no idea what it would mean to do right.

I could bring home an old hunting dog and name her after my friend who broke more than one coffee table, or my other friend who was famous for making that weird punch with brandy, or another friend who

hiked to see a frozen waterfall with me the day after Christmas, the same friend who took me swimming in the lake on the farm after we served brunch.

The truth is that I still do my hair like I have somewhere to be. I make it huge, like a storm. I put on my black Levis, or I put on my blue Wranglers, and I tuck in my shirt like I would to go to the restaurant. The only thing I have not done is my eyeliner. I could put on a show, like a fucking witch. Who knows, baby, who fucking knows.

Gillian Welch plays the original version of “Look At Miss Ohio,” by the way. I remember when she played in the park down the road, even though I skipped the show, because at the time, I thought she might be boring, even though I hadn’t actually listened to anything.

How could anyone refer to an artist by anything other than their first name.

The next day, and the day after that, I could not remember how the song went other than, “oh, me, oh my, oh, look at Miss Ohio,” so that’s all I sang, quiet as I could, nervous about my voice, while washing the dishes, washing the radishes, the apples, the beets. More like a warning than like poetry, more like, can you believe who she thinks she is, but still. I love this kind of gossip. How the world melts into the name. Miss this, miss that, either way, a star, with a manner of being that loosens and loosens, clear as a swimming pool, with red lips. I listened again, memorizing, “gonna drive to Atlanta and live out this fantasy,” trying not to romanticize a dream I never had about getting everything I want. Still, what am I supposed to do with this craving I might not satisfy until some weird future arrives, and I can fill the tank with bare hands.

C.D. Wright says, “a phrase is a sensory unit, physical but furthermore felt, not simply syntactic.” When Gillian, or when Katie, sings, “I want to do right, but not right now,” I could draw a map all the way to the edge of the field where my vision goes a little wild. I could show you where I like to run. I could vibrate. The sound gets in my eyes and burns the tops of my legs while I drive in circles.

C.D. also says, “Tell me, what is a long stretch of road for if not to sort out the reasons why we are here and why we do what we do, from why we are not in the other lane doing what others do.” Sure, but no one has a choice. The best I can do is stare out the window, hope the birds sing something I recognize, or something I do not, until the idea I wrote down becomes a little more social, or resembles a jar of lilacs that someone could give me. I know what has been removed from the table, not like that could stop me from throwing on a record and making the world believe I own the place. Someone better teach me how to dance, and I mean really dance, I mean until the lights come on by themselves.

Gillian sings, Katie sings, “I know all about it, so you don’t have to shout it.” The embrace rhymes with the burst as though willed, and I just end up on the same old porch with the same old glass of water.











ellia
Thany Sanches



Moments Of Adversity That May (Or May Not) Have Prepared Me To Self-Isolate:

A Pentptych

Mark Jednaszewski

#87201

I'm grounded again, this time for the remainder of the eighth grade. With sudden inspiration to be productive, I go to the backyard and pick more fruit than I can handle from the lemon tree. The lemons are large as softballs and just as round. I carry them to the kitchen using the loose fabric of my T-shirt. On the bare countertop, I slice each one in half. After juicing each hemisphere, I have enough liquid to fill a half-gallon pitcher. I add sugar to the juice, taste, and repeat—patient for the solution to be just right. The refreshing beverage I'm concocting for my family never reaches the optimal ratio of sweet to tart, so I dump my disappointing creation down the drain. Mom comes in and touches the sticky, sugar-strewn counter. I tell her about the failed lemonade before she can ask questions, but she interrupts me with one anyway: Did you add any water to it?

.....
#191978

I am on a container ship traveling from the United States to a few ports in the North Sea—Felixstowe, Rotterdam, Bremerhaven. My position is unglamorous: the engine cadet, a kind of intern who trains to become an officer. My task for the evening is to clean the scavenging air space of the main engine, a massive cylinder that houses turbocharged combustion air. The space accumulates filthy residues over time and requires attention once a voyage. Because the engineers have abandoned me for the bars ashore, I work alone by the light of a caged, bare light bulb attached to the end of a long extension cord. When I

find mine and I don't want to lose the group, so I follow without it. I help build the A-frame shelter, which is long enough to accommodate the twenty of us. A sheet of plastic is all I have between me and the cold earth. No one asks where my sleeping bag is. No one cares. Three feet apart, nineteen kids snore softly in unison. The plastic beneath me crinkles with my shivers and keeps me awake, forcing me to question whether the sun will ever rise again.



Afghan Biscuit Recipe



Stacey Teague

AFGHANS

Ingredients

- 200g softened butter
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 1/4 cups plain flour
- 1/4 cup cocoa
- 2 cups cornflakes

Chocolate Icing

- 1 Tbsp softened butter
- 1 1/2 cup icing sugar, sifted
- 2 Tbsp boiling water
- 2 Tbsp cocoa, sifted
- 15 walnut halves

Method

1. Preheat oven to 180°C. Line 2 baking trays with baking paper.
2. Cream butter + sugar until light + creamy. Sift flour + cocoa together, add to mixture + stir until combined. Add cornflakes.
3. Roll spoonfuls of mixture into balls + place on tray. Press each ball with a fork. Allow room to spread.
4. Bake for 12-15 mins. Remove from the oven and cool.
5. Make chocolate icing by beating butter, icing sugar + cocoa. Add boiling water slowly so icing is just spreadable. Spread over cooled biscuits + decorate each with a walnut half.

Tilt, Reveal, Rupture



Sonja and Cole Bjelić

a 'contents' page
for our days
what happened externally
i.e. barely
what we have
to evaluate
 'positive space'
to affirm we exist
 my interest pools
'the conditions from which
something comes
are inherent
in that thing'
that is where
my interest pools
 tilt
reveal
 rupture
'the conditions from which
something in that'
the verb
 destabilizes
refuses to sit tight
for uncertainty
 crops
for 'to come'
one must have
 left
in limbo
in spontaneous ritual
 we combust
up to our necks
in days
we built a bridge

over our days
the later
 the surer
to see them
from above
in *Demons*
Kirillov is
 tethered
to an idea
can one return
to the conditions
from which one came
so as to be free
of those conditions?
confined by an idea
devoted
to the Atlantic
 breaking
behind you
mó car
my friend
serpentine
amongst the rocks
two creatures
 circling
in a tidepool
as the bodies wash
each morning
the dog
 bows

In The Plague

Rambert the journalist is convinced
there has been a mistake
that because he is an outsider
he should be free to leave
the gates of the city
have been closed
but Oran is on the sea

I imagine crowns of wrought iron
fanning out into the Mediterranean
to keep infected people from escaping
down the coast
like they fan between balconies, in
Berlin
discouraging burglars
but not the violin player
from the next flat
who heard us playing
and jumped from his balcony
to ours

When Sonja was locked out
she threw one pebble
and said she was positive
I would hear it

When, at seven, New Yorkers
climbed to their roofs
to clamor pots and pans
and blow whistles in appreciation
of our essential workers
she thought it was me
locked out and signaling
from the street

Where, during business hours
the tractor trailers
line up to be loaded
by tiny forklifts
it would be mesmerizing
like the time-lapse videos
of container ships

making rounds in the Baltic
pulling into port
to be taken apart
and put back together
by twitching cranes
the sun rises and sets
every twenty seconds
purple and green
never quite dark
because of the Nordic summer
the tilt of the planet

Except for the sound
glossed over in the videos
by ambient washes
or Philip Glass
in Brooklyn, the engines drone in unison
air brakes hiss and
metronomic beeps overlap at different
pitches and
intervals

A cacophony of essential work
the letters on the warehouse spell
'PROTECTIVE LINING CORP'
and I can't help but think
these trucks are hauling
synthetic materials
to wrap the bodies
in the refrigerated semi-trailers
serving as temporary morgues
outside our hospitals
there has been a mistake



CABIN-FEVER

Sure I'm rolling around
& I foam at the mouth
but it's a relief, too,
to have it for once be so clean
what the Good
& the Right
& Correct thing
to do is



Lapsed Librarian

Matt Nelson

I have yet to receive an email. I feel a little like one of the English teachers at our school, each week asking for student volunteers to write letters to a pen pal school on the other side of the world. Everything feels like the other side of the world. But classes have restarted--somewhat--so I don't even have that much to offer you this go round as we figure out how to be on new sides. I felt bad about my lack, my failure to reach my goal for a while. Like this was my job, to read and then respond with something here to talk about with you. Maybe this is a good reminder that reading shouldn't be seen as a job, or a task, or an assignment someone gives you. I'm guessing some of you remember what it was like in Uni, or college, or high school or even middle school when your teacher gave you a page span or packet or chapter to read and it felt like the WORST FUCKING THING possible. Woe is me; how can I ever get through FIFTEEN PAGES in one night. I want to play my Genesis. I want to be my own genesis. There's life now as always (well...), inside even. There's people to connect to and be with remotely. I love reading because it punches my ticket to connect. I have used books in the past to flop over the river and bridge to someone else. Or to emotions. Or experiences, facts, or images. Maybe I don't know what it's like, but it reminds me of this one book... Forgive me the smallness. Maybe next week I'll read more poetry. Please, please, please (i'll add one each week!), if you'd like to talk about these or any other books please email me at abigwindmattnelson@gmail.com.

This is what I've been reading, with at least one starred line:

Week 3:

Finished	
<p><u>Love Speech</u> by Xiao Xuan/Sherry Huang</p> <p>“In love all I want is the future perfect.//To know that the time between us will have been.”</p> <p>“In the photo my body pivots despite the intensity of the greatest gravity, and in life the difference of just a few angles can give you away. If someone's looking, it can count as hot gossip, like your feet pointing towards the person you like.”</p> <p>“When we agree to behold each other there is no telling how long it will affect me for.”</p> <p>“There are so many ways for energy to transfer. Wearing someone else's clothes is like being with them, feeling what they feel through a mode of back and forth rubbing.”</p>	<p><i>I love you.</i> Three words. Are each of them equally dirty? Can you clean a wound with them? Can the phrasal object object to its own utterance? Do we dance around the ideal when we subject another to these three syllables? Xiaoxuan/Huang's book is beautiful. Metatron Press really treats their authors' visions with care. The type is green. There are risograph (I think??) pictures interspersed. There are footnotes on the majority of the pages filled with queer/social theory and poets of the realm. I love a good scholarly article name drop. Themes include the isolation of technology as we move into more personal devices, gender as genre, the speech act of addressing. But by the end, for me, this book (-long poem) is an ode to how we hold the people we love like a song. Or a reminder that a song we heard when we loved someone can never be dislodged. Or proof that music is a metaphor for love in that we are active in the transmission but can only hear/love in another's presence. There's a couple brief images that linger for me that I want to share. One is the idea of wearing someone else's clothes in order to feel the same static charge that was generated when the other was in possession of the clothing. I've "borrowed" my fair share of clothing. From family and friends and some loves. But to me, clothing has always been about smell, or size and shape. Never about physicality's shadow residue. I liked being shown that. The other</p>

“In music, the room it’s made in is everything.”

“All kinds of light will get wounded by mist”

“An earlobe pressed into the heart kind of knowing.”

“Going to shows is a way to give each other the life we need at night, to face any given day that comes at us when we are all nerve (co-incidentally, an anagram of never -- funny that sensitivity should also exist in a slightly altered form as both infinite and deferring).”

“Right now and always, being kind is an emergency.”

remembrance is a line, “Right now and always, being kind is an emergency.” I feel like right now is a good hard time to be kind. That being kind is an act asking for attention back toward where it is aimed.

Stoner by John Williams

“...he took his pills and felt the pain recede into the darkness, as if it were a cautious animal.”

“Like many others who went through that time, he was gripped by what he could think of only as a numbness, though he knew it was a feeling compounded of emotions so deep and intense that they could not be acknowledged because they could not be lived with.”

“Indeed, all of our past education will in some ways hinder us; for our habits of thinking about the nature of experience have determined our own expectations as radically as the habits of medieval man determined his.”

“...a quiet sadness for the common plight was never far beneath any moment of his living.”

“But William Stoner knew of a world in a way that few of his younger colleagues could understand. Deep in him, beneath his memory, was the knowledge of hardship and hunger and endurance and pain. Though he seldom thought of his early years on the Booneville farm, there was always near his consciousness the blood knowledge of his inheritance, given him by forefathers whose lives were obscure and hard and stoical and whose common ethic was to present to an oppressive world faces that were expressionless and hard and bleak.”

“...the outer world where people walked and spoke, where there was change and continual movement, seemed to them false and unreal.”

“In his forty-third year William Stone learned what others, much younger, had learned before

Are you the type of person to read an introduction before entering the book? I guess it depends, for me. When watching TV as a kid, my dad would always encourage us to cover our eyes and speak in tongues during commercials that were previews for movies we wanted to see. But how would we know what we wanted to see without seeing it, you may ask. Well, I don’t know. Maybe it was word of mouth. Maybe a billboard or a magazine ad or maybe just the first five seconds of the preview before I realized that Wolverine had come to life and I needed to close my eyes forever to forestall the eventual meeting. I liked knowing that I wanted to see something and it was just that desire without anything more driving me forward. I did not read the introduction to this book though I’ve had a vague awareness of its classification of Rare Gem for awhile. TBH, I was even kind of disappointed when I saw it was a NYRB reprint; I wanted the thrill of a “forgotten” classic. For maybe 10, maybe 15 years I’ve been circling this book either from *Best Of* lists or written references or person-to-person recommendations. But...I...I don’t know what birds flew into my mental tree whilst reading, but I just couldn’t connect with Professor Stoner. That is until he was closer rather than farther to the end of his days. This book documents a farmer turned English Lit lover’s life. His observations are informed by his plotted upbringing. The question that seems on the tip of Stoner’s tongue is whether books and their scholarship are really worth their salt, or is the whole edification recipe full of high fructose corn syrup? Especially in light of the fact that he could have had a life where he actually made sustenance. There’s a removed distance, the stoicism of a tiller perhaps, that makes the whole thing feel sad. It wasn’t until he got some love injected into his routine mid-life did I

him: that the person one loves first is not the person one loves at last, and that love is not an end but a process through which one person attempts to know another.”

“At the corner a street light pushed feebly against the darkness that closed around it; from the darkness beyond it the sound of laughter broke abruptly into the silence, lingered and died.”

“They talked till nearly four in the morning; and though they drank more, their talk grew quieter and quieter, until at last no one spoke at all.”

“The awkwardness of his youth had not left him, but the eagerness and straightforwardness that might have made friendship possible had.”

“Within a month he knew that his marriage was a failure; within a year he stopped hoping that it would improve.”

“A war doesn’t kill off a few thousand or a few hundred thousand young men. It kills off something in a people that can never be brought back.”

start to feel for the guy. I mean, for the most part, he just lets *that which will be* be. It was weird to read a book whose dominant charge of adjective was negative, but after reading the introduction, Williams (the author) said that Stoner is not meant to be a sad character. In fact, Stoner is lucky to have loved his job in such a way. This is definitely an English Lit Department at a state University novel, and there’s some familiar feelings of a passion for words unfolding, the electricity created as well as stifled by the classroom. But I don’t know. Like why not care about others a little, even if they’re flawed? Stoner comes from such a hard, individualized place that he has trouble connecting with those around him. The guy’s got like two friends his whole life, a daughter he kind of just gives up on, and his wife, who, well, he doesn't exactly try very hard to know. All said, I read this book to connect with my old friend who, like Stoner, comes from a farming background but gravitated to prose and lyric once he left home. This friend is a poet who knows his apples. It was fun to read with him and text him passages that I thought were poignant. I miss him. I miss a lot of people...

Saga by Brian K. Vaughan and Fiona Staples

“There are two kinds of people left in this world, consumers and destroyers. We used to have creators, but they all ran away.”

“But here’s the secret about most sacrifices...there’s nothing selfless about them at all.”

“This is how an idea becomes real./But ideas are fragile things./ Most don’t live long outside the ether from which they were pulled, kicking and screaming./ That’s why people create with someone else. Two minds can sometimes improve the odds of an idea’s survival.../but there are no guarantees.”

“...but thanks to these two, at least I get to grow old./ Not everybody does.”

“You know, for a pacifist, you sure beg to get stabbed a lot.”

“You’re into politics, which means you’re connected, which means you’re rich, which means you probably don’t buy into all that jingoistic crap you’ve been taught to recite.”

I first started reading this graphic novel when I was cat-sitting for a teacher in 2016. He was going to compensate me with a crystal from his honeymoon in Thailand, but I called reading his comic collection as just compensation. Now, another teacher has given me the Compendium One to use as a doorstop until I give it back. I mean this thing is huge. Over 1300 pages??? Interstellar miscegenation, magic vs. technology, evil vs. not so evil, money vs. love, violence vs. the opposite of violence...I read Vaughan’s earlier graphic, Y: The Last Man, when I worked for the Seattle Public Libraries, on a stool in the 741’s (Dewey Decimal for Life). Although the main character Yorick’s misadventures in a land devastated by a gender-killing virus might be more apt for our current setting, reading this later work is compelling and I can tell Vaughan has grown up (a little). Alana and Marko are wings and horns, respectively, aliens to each other though separated by the slightest atmospheric layers. They are destined to fight each other until the end of the galaxy, or until the guard falls in love with her detainee while reading a book about the everyday and decides to run away. Together the two fugitives represent the harmony and potential union of born-to-hate neighbors. As the two love bird+sheep combo travass the universe trying to keep their daughter and illicit love child hidden and alive, they pick up allies and enemies who hurt and educate as the larger powers that be try to locate and eliminate what this ragtag family represent: an end to the socially constructed di-vision between two types of creatures. I don’t want to say that this book is without it’s, uh, unpleasant hiccups: Marko is pseudo-conservative with his conditional pro-life stance unless the mother is in mortal danger, and his “battle with bloodlust” feels soooooo cliché masculine; Alana is

“Young writers are always looking for ‘blurbs,’ one of the few words that sounds exactly as awful as the crime it’s describing.”

“Would one of you overgrown condom failures kindly remove the dead fucking dragon from my runway?”

“The opposite of war is fucking.”

“But nothing warps time quite like childhood.”

“The whole point of having enemies abroad is getting to ignore the ones back home.”

“In time, the draft was replaced by an all-volunteer force./ Many of those who answered this call did so out of a genuine sense of duty./ Others were merely looking for adventure./ Some were trying to escape a bad situation./ Almost all of them were poor as shit.”

“Dengo believed the Robot Kingdom cared more about helping the wings fight the horns than providing for their own people.”

“It doesn’t matter who started it or what it’s really about...war usually ends up sucking most for women.”

“Every relationship is an education./ Each new person we welcome into our hearts is a chance to evolve into something radically different than we used to be./ But what happens when these people disappear from our lives?”

“There’s no graduating from this kind of education, couples just keep growing and changing until they either break up or die.”

“...anyone who thinks one book has all the answers hasn’t read enough books.”

underwritten beneath her brash exterior of “I don’t give a fuck” and there’s a tossed off substance abuse storyline for a while; there are also two journalists trying to break the case who happen to be closeted from a planet not yet down for some Tom of Finland fun; there are so many “topical” mentions that none of them get the shine they deserve. Take for instance one of the most pressing issues: Landfall, the planet at war with its moon, Wreath, have both outsourced their fight to other planets for so many generations until the whole galaxy is in some way involved and the bloodshed once bedded to their homes has quietly left in the night leaving only the media to remind residents of the two enemy lands of whatever new distant death toll is in their name. Seems relevant.

A Fortune For Your Disaster by Hanif Abdurraquib

This book is very slick. There’s even a poem before the copyright page, that’s how slick it is. The poem’s title is from that Christopher Nolan movie about magic starring

“I was most like the bullet when I viewed the body as a door.”

“...the summer i learned to kiss the air & imagine it blending into a mouth”

“...you have spent your dreaming hours cutting them/ a casket from the tree in their mother’s front yard”

“...Yale kids who walk by dressed in salmon-colored/ windbreakers regardless of whether the wind is present or asking to be broken”

“...everybody wanna make soul but don’t nobody wanna chew a hole through the/ night small enough for a bullet to pass through & pull each of their lovers into it.”

“...all of the relics we have/ to craft the leash used to keep our misery close.”

“Few things are more dangerous than a man// who is capable of dividing himself into several men, each of them with a unique river of desire”

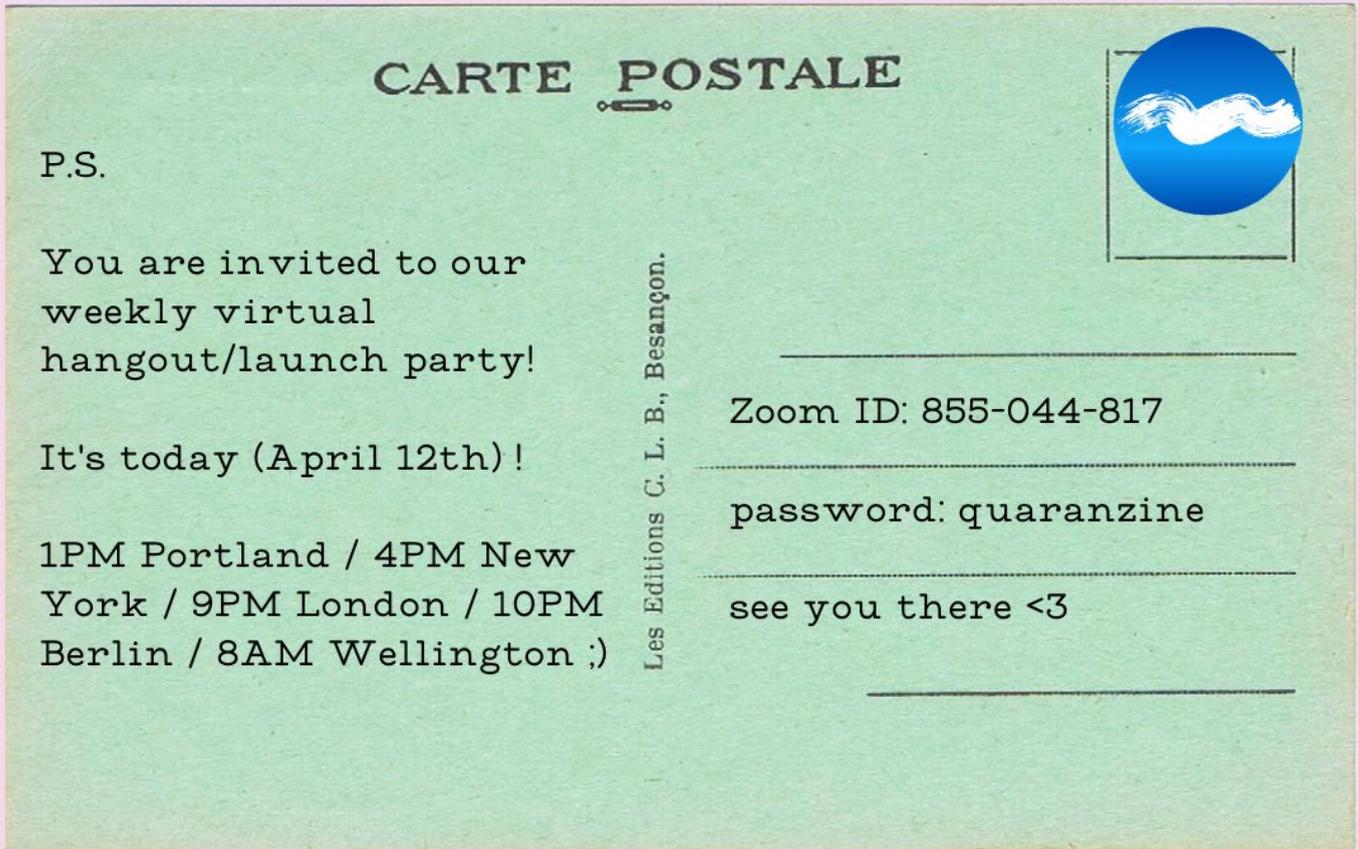
“I too have licked// the blood from a mirror// in an attempt// to see more clearly.”

“...there is an ocean between us the length of my arm & I have built nothing for you that can survive it.”

Wolverine and Batman, but Alfred’s is in it too, so it’s already unfair. One of the greatest tricks an artist can do is give weight to the weightless. *The Prestige* movie, the book title picked from a Fall Out Boy song, Abdurraquib is an artist in the truest sense because he makes you forget the hollow pop culture you first assumed was there and then replaces it with heft. If you’ve read any of his other non-fiction books, you know what I’m talking about. Love is attention and he certainly writes with his love pressed taut. The book is broken into three parts, the Pledge, the Turn, and the Prestige, mimicking the three steps of magic quoted from the book/Nolan movie: look at what is real/here; wait, now it’s unreal/gone; oh wait again, again is the real unreal/back here again. This structure of a how-to comes back to life when Abdurraquib assists it with actual grief. How many people have you lost and wanted to come back? Either through disagreement or death, these poems repeat the sounding joy with poem cycles titled “How Can Black People Write About Flowers At A Time Like This,” “It’s Not Like Nikola Tesla Knew All Of Those People Were Going To Die,” and a set of “The Ghost of Marvin Gay [does this]”. It’s almost like the poet is trying to say, “Yes, fine, I’ll live and love, but look at what has already been lost.” Before all this, because I’ve been reading this book since it dropped, I went out for a pastry one morning with a friend. When I showed him the book he said he couldn’t read more than a few pages before stopping. The lines are just that full of turns and meanings and heart-pumping splendor that it demands the proper time to be celebrated. If an echo found a belt, would it contain itself or find a loop to release? If this book had its way and could counsel on behalf of echo, it would suggest a hot dance on the reflection. Whatever that means. I like this book. The end.

That's all for this week!

Thank you so much for reading!!



We'll be back next Sunday with a new issue.

Don't forget to
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And if you want to contribute something to next week's issue...
Email me: lkshowbiz@gmail.com

Stay safe!!!



