



*~ Profound Experience
Of Staying At Home*

Quaranzine Issue 8 May 17, 2020

~PROFOUND EXPERIENCE OF STAYING AT HOME
A QUARANZINE
MAY 17th 2020
ISSUE 8



Edited by Lucy K Shaw
& Sarah Jean Alexander
First Edition
May 17th 2020

Cover by Charles Trueheart
(quarantined in Paris, France)

This is not just for you and your personal use.
Please share with whoever you want to.

profoundexperienceofearth.com

+

twitter.com/profoundxp

[instagram.com/_profoundexperience](https://www.instagram.com/_profoundexperience)

CONTENTS

- **Barb** by Ida Skovmand
(*quarantined in Paris, France*)
- **My Fish** by Colleen Louise Barry
(*quarantined in Los Angeles, California*)
- **You Should Be Alone With Your Thoughts In New York**
by Kimberly Lambright (*quarantined in Brooklyn, New York*)
- **Running Jokes** by Lucy K Shaw
(*quarantined in Yorkshire, England*)
- **Mighty Bangs** by Jacob Perkins
(*quarantined in Portland, Oregon*)
- **Urban Garden** by Mark Jednaszewski & Jenn Hwang
(*quarantined in International Waters & Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*)
- **No One Needs To Hear What I Have To Say**
by Gion Davis (*quarantined in Santa Fe, New Mexico*)
- **Alt Kit** by Rachelle Toarmino
(*quarantined in Buffalo, New York*)
- **Thoughts on survival (with loose leaf)** by Vanessa Walters
(*quarantined in London, England*)
- **Lapsed Librarian 8** by Matt Nelson
(*quarantined in Portland, Oregon*)
- **You May Once Again Visit Areas Of Outstanding Natural Beauty**
by Oscar d'Artois (*quarantined in Yorkshire, England*)

Hey everyone,

Hope you've had an [insert appropriate adjective] week.

Depending on where you are, maybe things are slowly starting to head towards a 'new normal' ...

Or I guess... that's always happening everywhere, in fact...
Sometimes we can just feel it more than others.

Like, for example, right now.

I'm so happy to be sharing another issue of the Quaranzine with you today. It's so crazy how much can happen in a week!...

And I really can't imagine what the past eight would have been like for me if it weren't for this...

So thank you so much for reading and being a part of it.

I hope you enjoy this one!!

Stay safe! And see you next Sunday,

Lucy





Making Friends

“Barb”

May 2020

Glue (made from water + flour - sorry sourdough bakers), layers of museum brochures, paint.

Ida Skovmand

MY FISH

Colleen Louise Barry



I was lonely so I bought a fish

I was so lonely

In the night I don't know what my fish thought

I dreamed of water only

My fish moved like the shadow of a hand

hoping to look like something else

a wolf or a swan

The kind of show that's only good once

I put my hand on the glass of the world

of my fish that I had built

"I can't talk to you," I said to my fish

He felt the same

We were both so lonely

I bought a second fish

My first fish was velvet
My second fish was steel

Together they were slick and glinted
I told them they could name each other
as a kind of response

In the night my second fish ate
my first fish whole



PURPOSE

I can feel the wind
but it can't feel me

The tiny white trumpet
flowers tremble to show the shape

The wind moves them
but it can't move me



The Paris confinement, day by day, door to door.
Eight weeks of walks inside a 1-kilometer perimeter.

Charles Trueheart



You Should Be Alone With Your Thoughts In New York

Kimberly Lambright



Rooftops like the tops of cakes.

He's good to argue with, while you stand
on a log, if you want.

Afternoons of black jeans and coffee.
In a white bra, worried.

Here I am again, making perfect things.

You're like, Come quarantine on my houseboat,
a college girl will make us steak.

Sky overload.

The trouble of safety.

I'm running this game,
my hair smells like lake.

Decided to appreciate disaster.

Vines around the moon.

You never made sense here, get out.

Say your interior life has hardened.

Say the bravery it took
has made wanting feel weak.

The indoor world is the new haunting.

Ground turkey, red sauce, pasta, Elton John,
dark beer, when you say things you are just saying come here.

Evenings of cocoa and linen.

Of breaking my life.

I reminded you that objectivity is a mood.

I reminded you that you're not the only one
who has a sense of society as an oppressive environment.

Who knows happiness is a form of fraud.

It's a relief

to be inside

by myself.

His mind was boring

so I made him leave

which is harder than leaving

but you wouldn't know that.

When you kiss me I feel honest.
In a pile of leaves in your yard.
I feel as honest as the leaves.

The ocean, god the ocean. Make it stop.

Clove of garlic and rose gold necklace, I'm suffering
again.

The dishes are sink-calm. Unmoving. Like all filth.

You sent me a video of baby geese. In the video you said,
"Come, geese." I sent back a video of Fort Greene Park,
its fabric and numb mouth.

High on this moan
of yours. Is it
seducing you to say
I'm seducing you?

The wooden floor of my apartment
and all the hard ways I am on it.

I give you blueberry muffins and pretend
I haven't already seen the movies you want to watch with me.

Unpredictability isn't cruelty.
All these comebacks and discoveries.
Mustard light of late afternoon, you kiss
my ear during your six-hour nap.

It's winter in May, chromatic on my sheets.
I don't mind
the florals of you gone wild in me.

My legs are wet, nothing feels like garbage.
I add mushrooms to the stove idea.
You walk like a drug around the room.

The radio and its film of saliva
going out the window. Tell me I belong to you.

White cup
and a loaf of potato bread.
My shoulders have freckled
in the late severity of the weekend.

And yes your stomach, how I press your shirt
and feel your muscles.
You give me the tobacco papers and then take them
back and then give them to me again.

You leave many times
but aren't gone. You press
my hip bones during a rainstorm.
The sun sets like a drenched peach.

Prismatic prick, even remote
is now remote. I end
every sentence with *of course not*.

Your teeth like pearls of coconut.
I didn't ask permission to make art
from the dark green garment of your eyes.
When you said *I have concerns*
I knew you were mine.



Mighty Bangs

Jacob Perkins



The plant behind the sofa
has been trying to get away from us
so I drove off with a sleeping bag
and left all the cats
even though your dad is dying

Many miles away in the only valley
big enough to hold my scream
That night

I traipsed around after dark in the brush
just sobbing blindly
barely noting its edges
Moaning later at the sky
and my dumb fire

You're always getting put up to the biggest work

There's a note now on the fridge
I'm always deciding how to look at
The cats have maybe noticed
you are gone. Maybe just hungry
though

You must know
You are the bow on Our World's Big Bangs
Brooke
All big licks, all big pains and arms and
hair and bones you flew across
to guide your father
from this life to another
and carrying their last big answer
in your hand

You Mighty Bellow
You Moon

You are holding a bunch of other stuff
too
that is mine

Your leggings look good on me though
and I've been telling you all my secrets
We did the right thing that time!
It's true about waiting!
Horses can have nice shoulders?
(I never said that, but it's not wrong)

You were receptive when I said

Maybe space is all that keeps us
from knowing

We know more than we think, I think

The Building Supply guy
treated me like Hm? and I
gave him my most Liberal Look

It is wretched that anyone must hide

The whole construction site leered
as I let down my window and blasted
what I fear in my chest but fight
and one of the guys in the back nodded
because there could be no other way
no other world
without Joanna Newsom

I still do my hair
still fix my shoes enough
A song will come on
a bird angling toward the windshield
There are plums on the hood
They shit without knowing
I really want to know my tenderness
I really want
more time



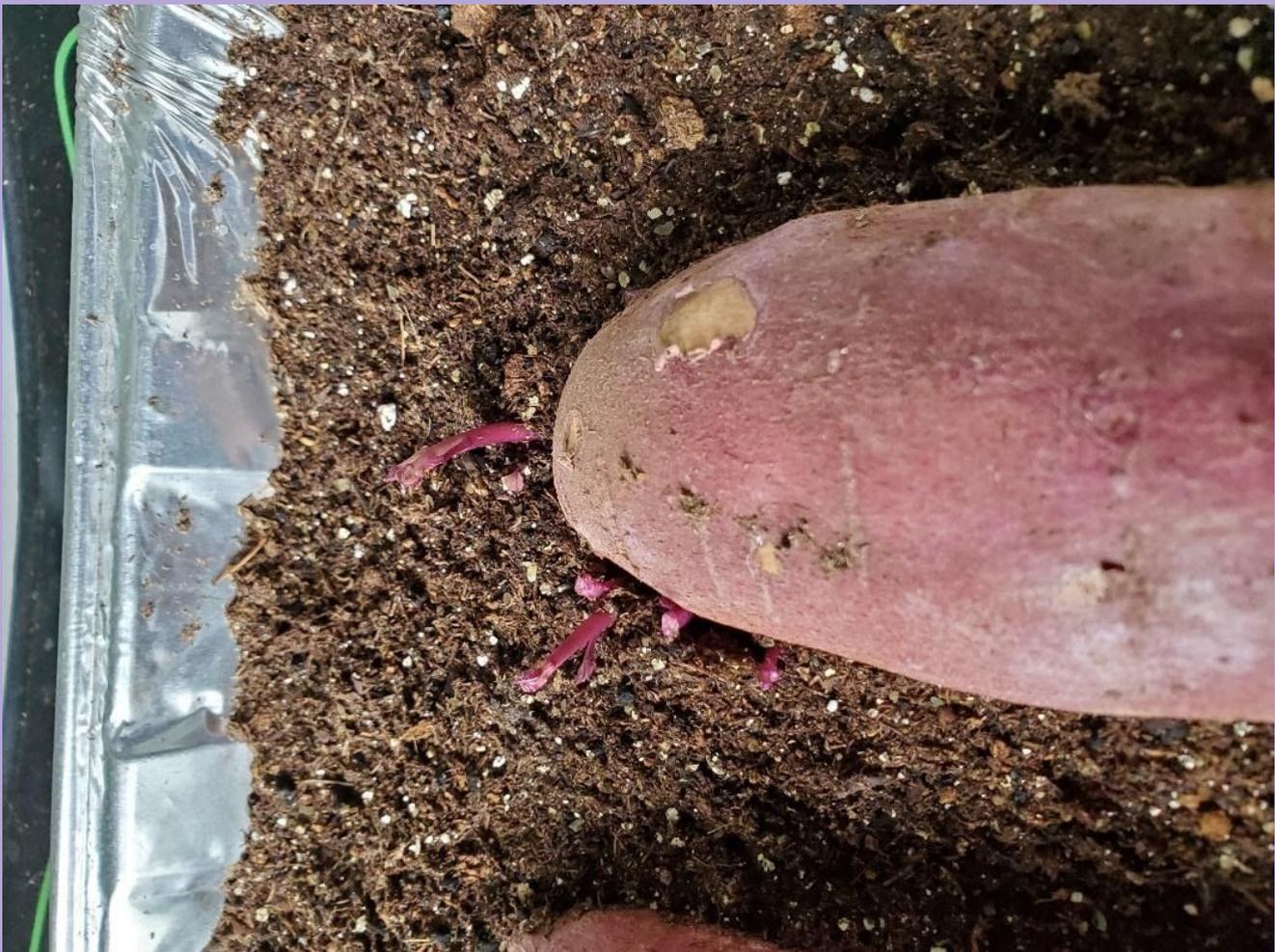
Urban Garden

Mark Jednaszewski & Jennifer Hwang

What does a sesame seed grow into? I don't know, we never gave them a chance! What the fuck is a sesame? It's a street... It's a way to open shit!

-Mitch Hedberg

Okay, so we did try to do Mitch a solid and grow a white sesame *and* a black sesame plant from sprouts we found at a native plant sale, and they both failed. Sorry, we gave them both a chance. Surprisingly, these two plants are the only failures we've experienced in our urban garden. But let's start from the beginning. In 2018, Jenn and I decided we would become amateur urban farmers. On top of our rowhome in center city Philadelphia, we have a roof deck painted with too many shades of gray—we wanted some pops of color. The obvious solution: grow things. The first season was going to be an experiment, nothing more. Jenn arrived at a conclusion that we would plant goguma—Korean sweet potatoes! They are a superior sweet potato and I'll fight you if you think otherwise.



Jenn spearheaded the attempt to create many things from a few. The first step was creating slips, which is when you trick a sweet potato into growing a shoot from its own body. The first attempt at slips looked like a middle school science experiment: toothpicks suspending the sweet potatoes in pint glasses filled with water. When nothing happened, Jenn googled, “Why aren’t my sweet potato slips growing?” A heat pad beneath a cake tin full of damp soil was the solution.

After this tiny shoot appeared, it seemed to multiply in size overnight—we moved the slips from the soil to pint glasses full of water to grow some more, then transferred them to the roof deck from the nursery of our guest bedroom, in case anyone destroyed our crop before planting.



We buried the slips in a storage bin filled with soil, covered in straw. After a few days of soaking the bin with plenty of water, it did not take long for vines to creep, so they were tied to a trellis we installed behind the bin. The ties kept the vines supported, but we had no idea how robust this group of plants was going to be.



The leaves were like little solar panels for the future sweet potatoes which supposedly grew beneath the soil. More water and more sunshine helped our goguma machine sprout even more solar panels. We knew there was activity hidden inside the bin—we could feel lumps on the surface from the vegetables swelling underneath. We also read that the leaves were edible. Pick them, wash them, stir-fry them with some oil and salt: you now have yourself a tasty snack. I can't remember if we tried this, but I feel guilty if we had—those leaves might have fueled a sweet potato that never got a chance to exist, like those sesame plants—whatever they are.

Before we knew it:



In October, I was out to sea. Jenn said it was time for harvest, which means tearing out the greens and tipping the contents of the bin onto a tarp. You dig through the dirt for sweet potatoes like you made it to the final round of Double Dare and a couple dozen irregular shapes are waiting for you.

During the first year of growing, Jenn noticed weeds growing in our backyard. She could tell by the shape of the leaves that they were tomatoes! We did not plant them, but there they were. Turns out these are called volunteer tomatoes. Some jerk of a bird decided to eat from someone's tomato plant across town, and when flying our way, he deposited a seed into our backyard. Nature!



We picked them when they were ripe—yellow cherry tomatoes. This got us thinking. If tomatoes can persist so easily that they grow like weeds in our backyard, then how hard could it be if we grew them on purpose? Jenn did the research and decided “determinate” tomato plants were what we wanted to grow. They, unlike our volunteer in the backyard, do not grow out of control. We planted four varieties: black seaman, bushsteak, banana leg, and jelly bean.





We had tomatoes coming out of our ears.





I wanted to buy a concord grape vine, because it was only \$16, and what was the worst that could happen? It was a scraggly thing barely clinging to a bamboo stick for life. We put it up on the roof deck and magic started to happen. Vines grew from the twig and we erected a trellis. The vines spread on the trellis and little buds appeared.



Soon those buds expanded until, one day, they were clusters of little green spheres.



We had a new batch of sweet potatoes planted and I was about to go back to sea. I didn't have to leave before enjoying what I never expected from this little grape vine.

The new sweet potato crop began to stretch up the trellis with its vines. We would enjoy another goguma harvest. The slips grew easily, as Jenn had become a pro after last year.

I was at sea again for the harvest, leaving everyone behind for the ocean.



I had big plans this year to bake a traditional sweet potato casserole for Thanksgiving, using our own goguma instead of the inferior orange sweet potatoes that are normally used in the dish. A month before I came home, Jenn told me there was a mistake with the sweet potatoes.

That the inside of this...



...was not the creamy yellow we had expected.

IT WAS A PURPLE YAM!



We don't know how this happened, but we went along with it anyway, roasting them in the oven until sugary goo seeped from the fork holes. We scooped the starch with a spoon, impatient for them to cool. They were not as sweet as goguma, but still good. We still had to buy real goguma for my casserole. It was a big hit Thanksgiving night, impressing Jenn's aunt and uncle almost as much as the time I repaired their AC when I first met them on the Fourth of July. Turns out all I had to do to impress them was eat the way I eat. Nothing impresses Koreans more than a good eater.

This year we are growing the black seaman and bushsteak tomatoes again, but we are mixing it up with tomatillos and baby boomer cherry tomatoes.



Look how quickly they grow! (goguma slips in the cups):



We are also expecting raspberries this year:



But what we are most excited for is this grape vine and the dozens of tiny bunches that will hopefully be waiting for me when I get back from sea in the summer!



No One Needs To Hear What I Have To Say

Gion Davis



even though I know
the right Springsteen songs
like the city that decides
when to have a river
& the enormous spider
on your birthday.
Let me start over.
I'm frightened

& it's beautiful.
Couples holding
each other on the picnic
tables at the park,
lilacs turning grey
against golden
hour, the delicate
intelligence
of the dirt
colored finch,
I sob into a sink
full of dishes
for the spit
in your mustache,
my little victory,
& the internet says here
nobody died today.



Contact:
Rachelle Toarmino
Director of Hey It's Edible
Founder of Alt Kit
[@rchlltrmn](#) [@heyitsedible](#)



FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Award-Winning Food Blogger Finds “Alt Kit”

(ONLINE, May 17, 2020)—Rachelle Toarmino, director of the award-winning food blog Hey It's Edible, has announced the official founding of “Alt Kit,” a culinary movement that brings together chefs of varying skill levels, interests, and eating habits to celebrate the alternative and often subversive products and practices of their kitchens.

“I’m excited to use my platform to uplift other emerging foodies who until now haven’t seen their tastes represented in mainstream media,” Toarmino said.

Alt Kit represents a group of chefs from across the country who reject traditional and gatekept expectations of the meal, focusing instead on pushing gastronomic boundaries by redefining the recipe in terms that the individual decides for themselves.

“My hope for Alt Kit is that it will free all chefs from elitist notions of ‘good taste’ and give them permission to find the feasts that lie waiting in their fridges.”

This announcement comes in the wake of Toarmino’s recent victory in the Hey It's Edible vs. Food Time Jakob Cookoff, in which she battled against known culinary rival Jakob “Food Time Jakob” Maier for the important albeit vague honor of “better.”

According to Toarmino, the challenge began when Maier mocked her journey of learning to prepare her dead grandmother’s meatball recipe, which, she argued on the Hey It's Edible Instagram story, makes her “a Wife.”



Image: Jakob “Food Time Jakob” Maier mocks Toarmino’s culinary journey.

Shortly after, Toarmino challenged Maier to settle their differences by means of a cookoff. The terms maintained that each contestant would select one dish for the other to prepare: Toarmino was to bake a loaf of bread, and Maier to make “salad pizza,” a fan favorite off of the Hey It’s Edible menu.

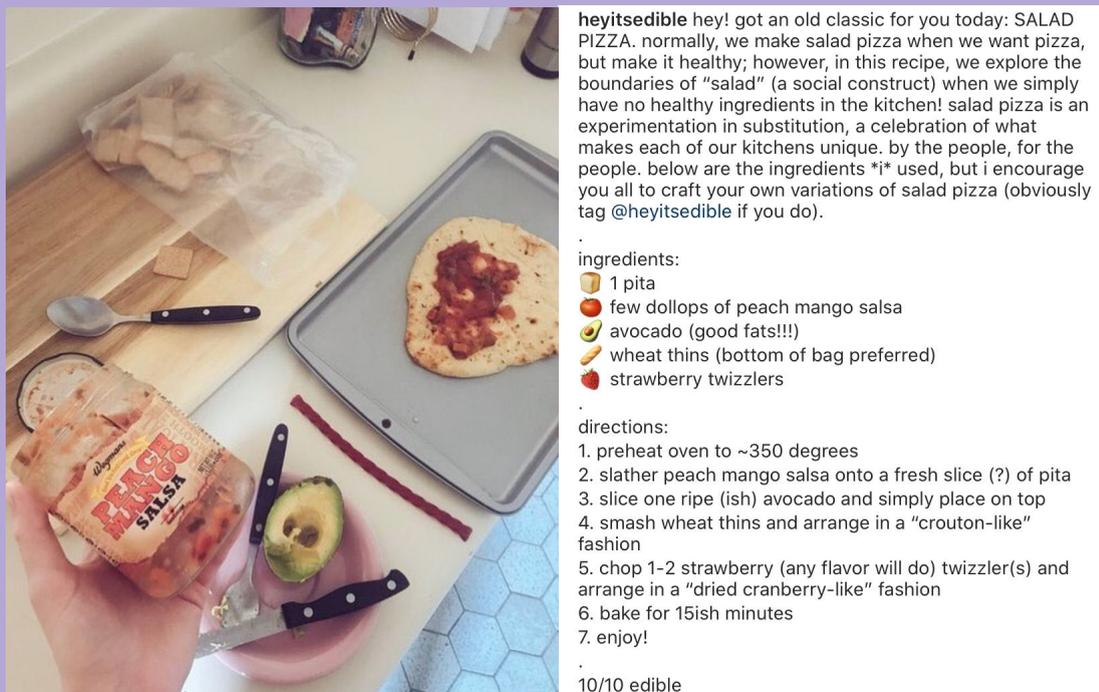


Image: The Hey It’s Edible recipe for salad pizza.

But when the pair realized that they had failed to set criteria for judging the competition prior to its completion, they agreed to involve a selection of their peers to serve as mostly unbiased, good vibes, and able-to-hang judges.

“As you know, Jakob and Rachelle have very different cooking missions,” referee of the competition D. Arthur wrote in the invitation to judges Marty Cain, Rax King, and Dan McKeon. “Food Time Jakob, in

one corner, creates delicious meals for those he loves—mostly his roommates and cat, as he has no gf. Hey It's Edible, in the other, does not endeavor to create delicious meals, but instead strives to create postmodernist recipes that make us question not 'what even is a text' but 'what even is food.' Therefore, we cannot simply measure 'success' for this contest by which recipe came out 'better,' but need to take into consideration the respective ways each contestant measures success."

Opposing arguments were heard from Toarmino and Maier in front of a live Zoom audience, equal parts disturbed and enraptured. Finally, after a harsh Q&A and deliberation, two of the three judges voted with resounding support for Hey It's Edible.

"Rachelle really 'wowed' me—in her culinary presentation, ingenuity, and willingness to stick it to the gastronomic Man," said Cain, Ivy League scholar and author of many books of poetry. "Rachelle's use of unconventional ingredients in her cooking—Twizzler's, for example—foregrounds the inherent contradictions of 'quality' culinary practice within a late capitalist context."

"At the end of the day, it wasn't about whose food looked or tasted like something I'd want to eat," said King, the James Beard-nominated essayist, e-girl, and author of *Tacky* (forthcoming from Vintage, deadass). "Rachelle proved to all of us that, yes, it really *is* edible—and maybe that's enough."

Even McKeon, who voted for Maier, noted that Hey It's Edible is "a 'gram with a cause—a brave and quite good one at that."

"I'm very proud of her," said Ross Toarmino, Toarmino's 67-year-old father.

Maier declined to comment.

In the days following her victory, Toarmino reported that several chefs from across the country and around the world sent her photos and videos of their own idiosyncratic meal-planning techniques, with one even commenting that their recipe was "inspired by the food blog."

"I saw some things that really surprised me, things that I personally wouldn't eat," Toarmino said. "But that's what Alt Kit is all about: coming together to reclaim self-sustenance."

Toarmino reports that her own battle for reclamation stems from myriad male exes mocking her style of meal prep post-breakup.

"I'm not interested in learning to cook in the traditional sense, which has historically been my Achilles' heel in relationships with men," Toarmino said. "I've long understood Hey It's Edible to be not just a rebellion against effort: it's an inherently anti-patriarchal act—a deconstruction of gendered expectations."



Image: Toarmino's ex mocks her style of meal prep at 4:44 AM nearly two years after she broke up with him.

Toarmino's exes aren't the only haters of Hey It's Edible. She reports that even her very best friends—ones she'd go so far as to call family—frequently give her grief about the project.

“Do you think Isaac Newton's friends thought he was okay when he first argued that some law ruled over the entire universe? I find solace knowing I come from a long lineage of great thinkers, artists, and entrepreneurs who faced similar obstacles from their communities.”



Image: Toarmino's friend mocks her food blog.



rachelle toarmino @rchlltrmn · Apr 15

everyone wants you to express yourself until you go and make a food blog

3

1

37



Queen Of Oakwood Heights

@AScaredWhale

Replying to @rchlltrmn

Sure but you dont have a food blog, you have a cry for help

12:23 PM · Apr 15, 2020 · Twitter for Android

Image: Toarmino's friend mocks her food blog.



rachelle toarmino @rchlltrmn · Apr 15

someday, when all of this is over, i will invite every last one of you over for a dinner party. and i will serve salad pizza. dropping the recipe today @ heyitsedible on IG.



4



19



Julianne Neely

@juleneely

Replying to @rchlltrmn

I'm shocked

10:56 AM · Apr 15, 2020 · Twitter for iPhone

Image: Toarmino's friend mocks her recipe for salad pizza.

10:39 AM

Replied to your story



rachelle.

yes liz



that avocado doesn't look ok :(

how can i tell :(i want to learn :)



lmao

Image: Toarmino's friend gatekeeps the secret to improving avocado quality.



Big Lucks
@Big_Lucks



This is Rachelle's fridge, which mostly contains:
face masks, ketchup, eggs, & a forty ounce of rosé



Image: Toarmino's publisher mocks her selection of ingredients.

“As an underdog, it’s tempting to view my victory against Food Time Jakob and the outpouring of support from Alt Kit chefs as my redemptive moment,” Toarmino said. “But I’m choosing instead to hold space for these friends. I’m the protagonist in my own life story.”

Hey It’s Edible is an Instagram-based food blog that showcases “recipes that are Not good but Will keep you alive.” For questions, interviews, and any other forms of attention, Rachelle can be reached in the DMs of [@heyitsedible](#).

###



Thoughts On Survival (with loose leaf)

Vanessa Walters



Surviving is
still living by the end
But what if survival was just time
and what if all time was the same.
I have missed that smell when the floral notes
of camomile hit my nostrils before I sip it

I have since learnt to play '*Claire de Lune*'
by and large on the piano
and I realised that
Surviving is
just living, until when
a new song has entered your head
or it's cooler to unroll your jeans

and perhaps this is what we've been missing
all along, though
jasmine green will always be my favourite,

I will not be a survivor
if the middle part is grey.



Lapsed Librarian

Matt Nelson

There's a scene in the graphic novel The Hard Tomorrow where the main character is waiting for a text from her friend. You can see in the panel a closeup of the most recent texts in the thread, all from the sender, with an increase in the shortness and joviality as the days go by. "Hey Gabolino! /ty for going mushroom hunting w/me 🍄🍄💛 // [Mon 3:02 PM] How's my Gabby? 🐱 // [11:58 AM] Hey Gabs, is something wrong?"

Does anyone else feel like a similar thing is happening right now?

In nonviolent communication, you cannot change how someone talks to you. This includes the frequency. I was talking to my therapist this week about how, if I haven't heard from someone, I start to make up a story about how they must not like me or want to talk to me. The opposite happens at work sometimes, when a boss *wants* to talk, I immediately think: Welp, it was a good run, but looks like I'm done. My therapist told me that he is having trouble responding to people during this time. There's such extremes of communication buzzing now that the surge can happen at any time, turning off the lights. But trust that the breakers will work, and the flips will all be flipped back. At least that's the story I'm trying to tell myself. abigwindmattnelson@gmail.com.

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

Week 8:

Finished	
<p><u>Shadowboxing</u> by Joseph Rios</p> <p>"In the face of erasure, it's all we can do: Write our souls, our lives, our hoods, our dead cars, and our grandmothers into life."</p> <p>"Unfortunately, the progression of this art form has left some people behind, families of people, neighborhoods, communities, street corners."</p> <p>"Damn, man. Are you serious? First of all, if Nabokov decides to use French or Russian in his English work, we are all supposed to fall in line and either A: Skip over what we don't know</p>	<p>There's a fighter on the cover, sitting in his corner with a trainer or the referee leaning over him, asking if he can keep going or if he wants to call it. No skin lost. No shame in the recognition of an edge. What would happen if that same scene played out without the man leaning over? How far can you go on your own? How far can you extend? Are you the type of person who needs another to push you? There's something about being around people that pushes some other people further than they thought possible. This book has a lot of voices, sometimes multiple () and [] within the same poem swinging the POV head light. Italicized dialogue, dialogue tags straight from a script, the multiplied voice of different languages. The combos just keep coming. There's also my favorite form of talking within books: intertextual. My favorite poem is "To: Dona Serros From: Bespectacled Joven," because it's a direct ode to</p>

or B: Learn French and Russian.
But the second a brotha like
myself decides to use slang, in
Spanish or English or both, I
gotta follow up and tell you what
I *really* mean--gotta hold a
motha fucka's hand and shit."

"This spontaneous manipulation
of a manipulation is the sort of
linguistic magic that happens on
the street everyday."

*"Still, even when they laughed,
they laughed in Spanish."*

"Powder sifts gently/ onto
eyebrows/ wrists and shoelaces."

"When we/ Remove saddles/
From backs// And say first/ and
irrevocably/ We belong here,
dammit."

"you can hear Abuelo's cracked
head/ swell up and pop like
chewing gum."

"Arthritic and crippled, abuelas
still die/ of lung diseases
language refused to
impersonate."

"an ode to whispers fishing
laughs/ from bellies"

"That moon/ over 24th Street
just as loud/ as gold shoes in the
mud,/ loud as wide-laced hats"

"Do you remember how/ the
moon came to see/ you off?"

*"This light?/ This light jumps
fences."*

"So there she was, still in her
night clothes just before noon,
greeting/ her gardener's son in
slippers stained with Enrique's
week old shit./ You're older now.
Almost two decades have gone by

the author Michele Serros from a fan who appreciates her stories and her struggles. I didn't know Michele Serros before Rios. I didn't know Andres Montoya or Alma Luz Villanueva or Alfred Arteaga or Martin Espada or Jose Montoya or Mario Savio or Mark Arax or Victor Martinez or Oscar Zeta Acosta. I knew the Rocky characters, though. I know the masculine feint of an emotional cover-up, the following clinch to inflate intimacy thereby continuing to hide the pain. I know the feeling of being inadequate and wanting to do almost anything to feel that notch go away like a side-ache you have to run through to get past. But there is lots I don't know in these poems. I don't know the Central Valley like Rios does. I don't know cars or boxing or Chicano/Xicano/Latinx poetry or history like Rios does. I don't know much about death, or guns. But I know about the revolution of friends. The collection of words. The absolute aim of destruction by 40 oz. Seeing a man in a movie and basing your whole philosophy of gait on his smile. In the poem I mentioned, Michele Serros is skateboarding parallel the 101. Or maybe that's what she left. A ghost hand bending down to feel the air of the ground. How we travel on and through. There's this other poem, "Little Anthony on the Outside, on the Outside," about how an old radio DJ fixes to get the classic doo-wop requests into different prisons and state pens across California. In it is a refrain connecting narrator to DJ about working the stereo only to "discover I can bend the moonlight/ by turning the dial on this radio." The producer of the radio show basically mocks the DJ for wasting his time spinning the songs because there's no way the guys inside are going to hear. The word *intercession* is used, meaning a call to prayer, making a call, on behalf of someone else. It makes me think of Serros, and maybe how the reverse of a prayer is an act of gratitude. A lot of these poems thank life. And if not explicitly, then through the careful depiction of life's exploding shit. My third and final favorite poem is a series called "Baldemar's Jale," which is what led me to this collection. Actually, that's a lie. I just looked but I found Rios through José Olivarez's insta, and there's this poem called "Fellowship Application" by Rios that's peeled back from The Breakbeat Poets Vol. 4: LatiNext, and I highly encourage you to find it. But one in the series of "Baldemar's Jale" depicts the hero and his partner, driving through a

<p>since that morning/ and you can think of no other moment that offered you such satisfaction.”</p> <p>“He will do what/ you want for a square fifteen an hour.”</p> <p>“Cardboard is more than a sagging plea/ bent against warped walls of grease stained plywood/ and cheap stud held tight with splintered twine”</p> <p>“when Lorca got back, he had/ the look, you know what I’m saying? He had the look of a/ man who no longer feared death.”</p>	<p>town at night, collecting cardboard. Baldemar has just gotten his partner a set of gloves. She moves them on her lap. “Folding them, she replaced one on top of the other till/ she knew each glove and could call them by name.” There are gloves to keep you warm, gloves to keep you dry. Gloves that soften the blow of your fists when they connect with someone’s chest. All these are called gloves and yet, in a different mouth, they may have a different name.</p>
<p><u>The Hard Tomorrow</u> by Eleanor Davis</p> <p>/indicates a new speech bubble, same character</p> <p>//indicates a new speech bubble, different character</p> <p>“This is my favorite part of you, your eyelashes when the light hits them like that.”</p> <p>“Next time, promise me, you’ll ask me to cut your hair, sweetheart.”</p> <p>“Oh Des, on May Day I had a sign on thick cardboard like this and a cop took it./He said I could fold it up and beat someone with it, I guess?//All right, well, I’m deeply committed to non-violence, so i’ll make a new sign./ My new sign will be made out of gossamer tissue paper and silk.../For ink i’ll use moonlight and dew”</p> <p>“Oh shit, a cop made her laugh./ She’s going to get kicked out of ANTIFA.”</p>	<p>Can I start by saying how much I love Drawn+Quarterly? It makes me want to go to Montreal. Many things make me want to go to Montreal. But I’d love to go visit this store/publisher of beauty. I’ve been out of the comix world for a minute, but looking through their catalog it’s clear that they’re not messing around (why is that a term? I’m not looking for an answer, and I’ve definitely used its opposite, as in “I’m just messing around,” but even that is usually in defense of a misaligned impact to intent ratio, sooooo): Lynda Barry, Lars Jansson, Seth, Peter Bagge, Michael DeForge, Craig Thompson, Adrian Tomine, Daniel Clowes, Gilbert Hernandez, Chester Brown all have graphic novels that look beautiful put out by D+Q. Eleanor Davis’s latest starts with a bang. Sorry. But it’s true. Just read it to find the pun. Hannah is a by day home-care provider, by afternoon, a key part of the HAAV movement, Humans Against All Violence, and by night the partner to Johnny. All three aspects of Hannah’s life in Louisville, Kentucky, intertwine and influence the others. Hannah’s partner is tasked with building them a house but is slightly jealous of Hannah’s friend Gabby, another member of HAAV, who is slightly in love with Hannah who jauntily stays just on this edge of romance until a rally forces the two of them into their respective futures, a future that sees Hannah with less and less people. That’s actually one of my favorite scenes, the one where Hannah is saying goodbye to Gabby who spent the night crying in bed next to a sleeping Hannah. Gabby is standing outside her</p>

“A “cool cop.”/ That’s cool. I like funny fascists./ It lightens the mood while they’re oppressing the marginalized.”

“What do you think everybody’s been fighting so hard for?// For a peaceful future, Gabby! For the future!”

“I used to be so relieved when I got my period, and now it makes me want to cry.”

“Don’t fuck it up, okay man? It’s a Dewalt”

“You’ve been getting fed those blue pills like fucking fruit loops, Johnny.”

“I, uh, I’m officially quitting, and I’ll be making a statement against radicalism and all that.”

“I can fucking cry if I want to!”

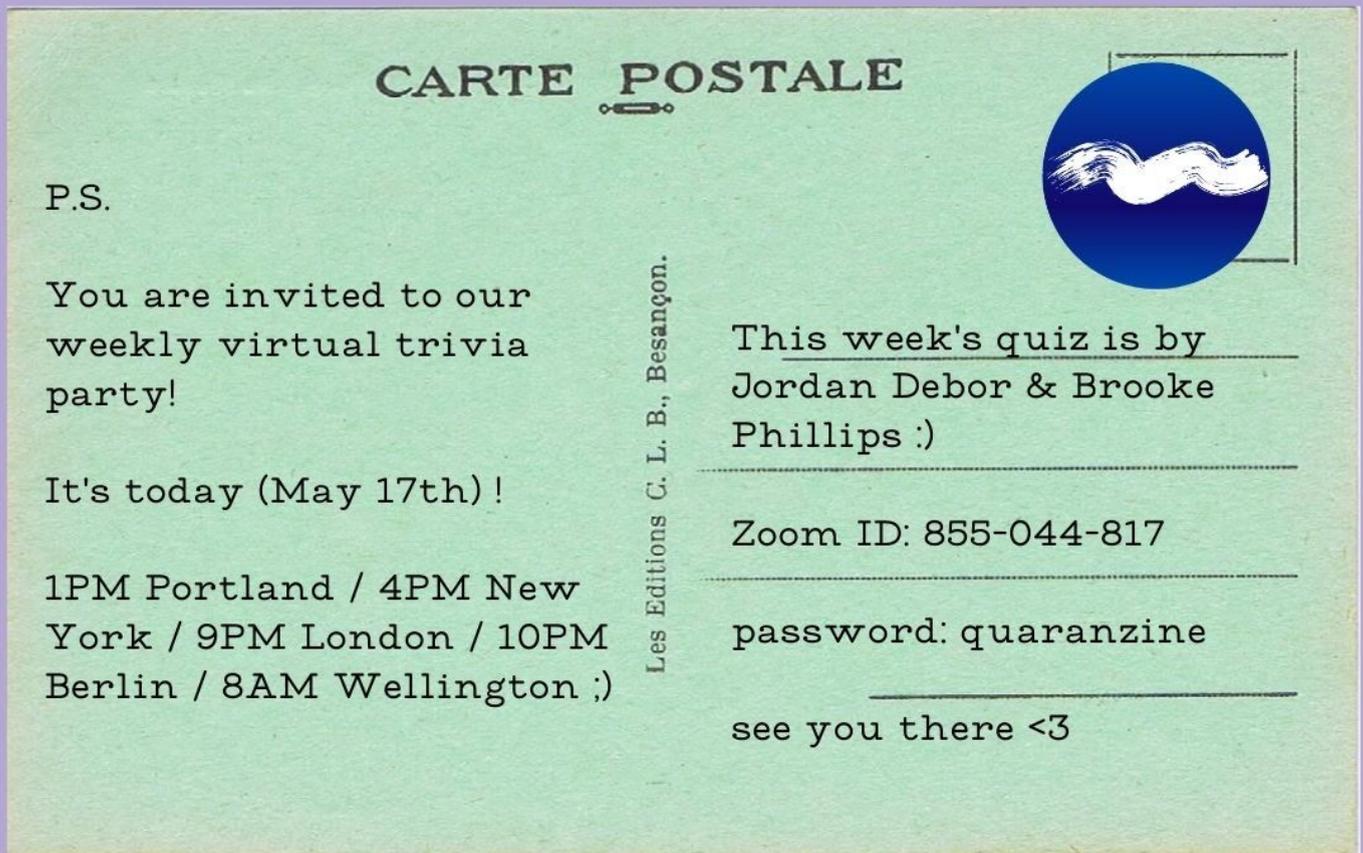
house in the walkway to the sidewalk where Hannah stands ready to leave. The page is set up in a 2-row, 1-row, 2-row panel. The second on the top row is Hannah saying I love you and smiling. Then, in the middle, there’s a close up of Gabby saying, “I love you, Hannah,” her face open but obviously saying something more than a friendly goodbye. On the final row, the first panel is Hannah saying, “Not as much as I love you!” The next panel is Gabby looking away. The next page is a 3x1 set up. The first goes back to the profile of Gabby, her face turned now, with one speech bubble on the left saying, “Hannah,” and the other saying, “I can’t be friends with you anymore.” The middle panel is zoomed back out to both of them, on different parts of the walk, but details of Gabby’s house and yard and Hannah’s car are erased. The erasure continues in the final panel leaving just the two friends and a few lines. Do you ever have those moments when you know life will be changed? Like, everything will be different from now on? Maybe not the entirety of your life or your personality, but some small to medium thing is irrevocably turned now. There are other themes and topics that play a part in this book: the different streams of technology (when Hannah looks through Twitter to see if anything is trending regarding their protest, she sees Superbowl articles and dessert recipes); the concept of new life being brought into a wrecked world (this might actually be the biggest plot device or at least the one with the largest circumference since throughout the book, Hannah and Johnny are trying to get pregnant); or it could be about how to carry on a movement when you lose your comrades or when your comrades abandon ship (which reminds me of W.E.B. Du Bois’s life and how he had to dissolve the PIC because of the FBI indictment, which the NAACP distanced themselves from through silence). But I like the disappearing scene. The way a future can slowly fade away like how a memory does. And how that erasure can make the new present even brighter.



You May Now Once Again Visit Areas Of Outstanding Natural Beauty
(it is intolerable / it is fine)
Oscar d'Artois

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
[follow us on instagram](#)
if you want to!

And if you want to contribute something to a forthcoming issue...
Email us: profoundexperience@gmail.com

Stay safe!!!





~Profound Experience
of Staying At Home

Quarantine Issue 8 May 17, 2020