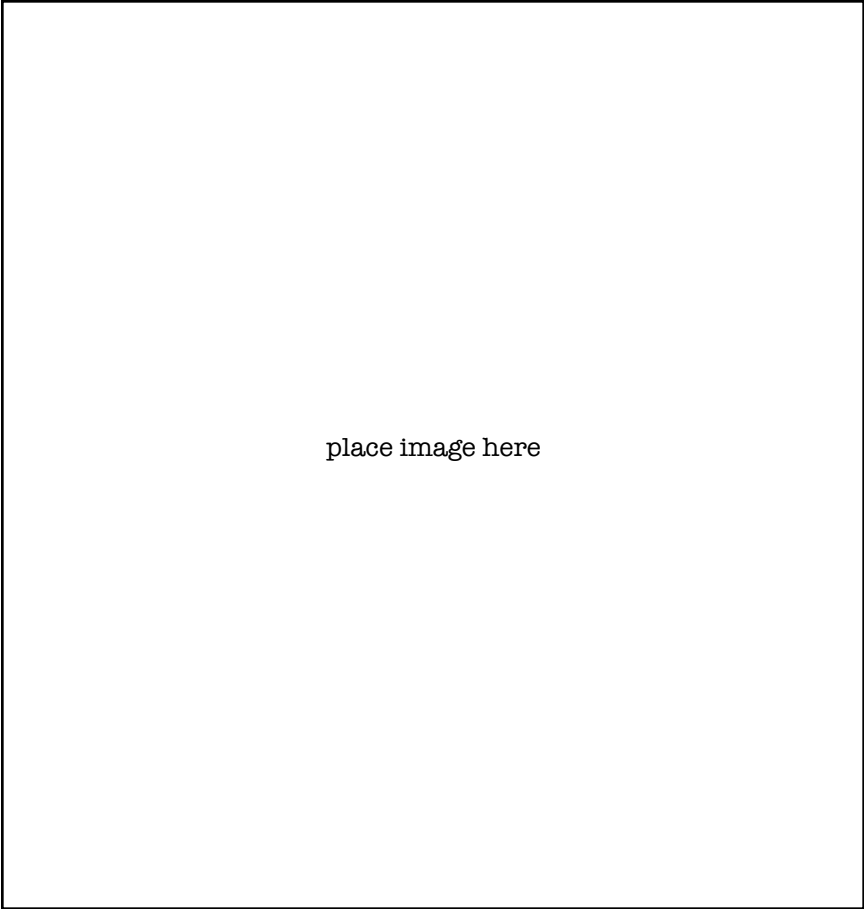


# WOTW

Anonymous Issue



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**Contributors**

anonymous

**Wards of the Wards**

A monthly experiment  
in writing, art, and  
ideas about place.

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**Inquiries**

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*Cover image: the reader*

**when all the days are the same**

when all the days are the same  
or fifteen years ago again it's tomorrow  
and the piano keys can not plunk out a melody

I let myself be lead by my senses  
past the sweet fern, past split rock  
past the september stragler blueberries

to a place I know but do not know  
and lay on the granite to look at the stars

not because some great thing will happen  
but because for today it is enough

## onions

with so much of my fortitude in the years behind me  
there's neither a taste nor or a sample  
or a way to buckle back against my errors  
deep forthright patterns have riven through the  
sediment  
and drawn a resting bitch face  
and other fastidious personae over my manifestation  
in origame utterances  
a nest replete with downy guano  
a forest of mistakes and lost moments  
while an undulating umpire jokes and prods  
at the purple forest anthracite under my eyelids  
grifting more than a mountain of grief in smatters  
over all the empirical things that would placate my  
sensibilities  
to make me dream of other pastes of fasts held true of  
onions frying in butter over an open flame



There's so much pressure  
Reals of Keadilly  
Asmat are Andy made m  
day with honest storie  
of his fate between the



## To James Cook of York

The empty building is a bass player  
And everywhere I go I remind people that summer is  
ending just by my being there.

Jamie Moore is gardening at night  
And scared of the man walking by,  
"I'll still be taking care of him when  
I'm fifty years old. It pisses me off."

Jim Sweeney is sensible, uses the crosswalk,  
Takes public transportation, drinks  
Exactly three pints, learns a new  
Constellation every night, changes  
Tires seasonally.



## zanate mayor

Seven stolen songs  
in Chihuahuan Desert towns  
blow-ins that ride on the edges of hurricanes  
from the Gulf of Mexico and from the north, drafting  
tractor trailers  
to set down hungry and travel-torn much as I did in  
'91  
some settle for land fills and reservoirs, river  
banks and levies  
some for the steady stream of daily human dander

I was hungry for another chance  
after having lost my way for a time.  
in '39, Peterson descried great-tailed grackles  
He was surprised to see them breeding in New Mexico.  
I lived with them until my departure in '95  
they were a fixture in Las Cruces  
a nuisance and a pleasure  
they plundered the parking lots and parched lawns  
'cack' ed and billowed iridescence at breeding time  
they shit on my paintings in the courtyard

Before the conquistadores  
Emperor Auitzotl commanded them to Mexico  
to eat lizards and snakes.  
The Aztecs called them teotzanatl  
rare bird, precious tzanatl:  
Because they are not natural to this land.

Now the land is not natural  
there are no sea turtles  
from which to pluck the the outcries of passion  
and the zanate is no longer teo, but mayor.



## anon

She gave me the jar                   such that its new contents  
upon a recent visit.                   be observed,  
A plastic jar                   measured,                   This is how it goes,  
with a white lid,                   unobstructed.                   it'll take some doing, but eventually,  
filled with a clear liquid,           Given a deliberate whirl with the wrist.   you'll get the hang of things.  
a multicolored layer of beads,   the contents show such . . .           The clouds  
sequins,                   build,  
and glitter                   I sit.                   in the distance  
settled on the bottom,           alone in the cyclone,           as trees ready themselves,  
the label,                   for once the man in his time,           ready certain leaves  
now, fastidiously           the man, the glitter, the spin,           for the sun's downing.  
absent,                   the incalculable dance of it.           I, in my dream.

Estranged,	centuries of days abandoned	doom.
the windows wake,	to selfishness, to fear,	Your doom and all her thieves,
The windows of the street call out for washing,	to forgetting.	have nothing on what catastrophe
for tearing every sash aside	Oh then self.	life in her living has to bring.
as day star	Oh then moon,	Let every harbored comfort,
twists the lid on her goodbyes,	contract	every dream,
the moon to come,	this slumber into flame, and	burst like fruit
pulling at our hidden tides.	wake.	upon the ground
In rest,	Oh wake, sleeper,	of its
in our oceanic rest,	in the moonlight,	coming.
a longing for,	wake and sing,	
to sing for	your life awaits,	

## Poem For Nunu

Again and again  
it is like trusting the kitten  
and the white stripe  
and finding yourself cold in the bathtub learning  
the word skunk at the sharp scrub of your mother,  
learning the word,  
careful,  
and then learning the oppressive excess  
of talcum powder,  
so when your fingers slide over your own arms  
they cannot catch  
skin to skin,  
so this is not your body  
so when you are older and the cat,  
a real cat,  
talks to you with its claws,  
it always disapproves.  
You decide this:  
you are careful.  
But when the claws caught you once  
caught a vein in your hand  
it bled  
and you tasted it and you thought:  
I was always clean.  
I was always clean.

## permutations

Armature Andy made my day  
with honest stories  
of his fake-believe things  
There's so much pressure  
peals of Piccadilly

Drastic idiosyncratic  
impish, ugly one-offs  
spritely mortise worlds undone  
rested, fortold  
word paste moorings  
dressing-wounds

working on slow fortitude  
atop my forlorn internal cairns  
I haven't spent too many nights  
with my back against terror  
but to some  
not being available is abhorrent  
it's worse in a way

Practice misspellings.  
Place your... talking to myself...  
thoughts well, Trace your actions  
to Folly Cove where the bluefish  
and the horseshoe crabs commingle.

The mola mola  
flipped its pectoral fin into the air  
flippantly.  
giant, pale body visible from a hundred yards  
belying 700 pounds of lazy awkward fish  
off Andrew's point  
oh, and a harbor seal cruising by

no fish here

a notable exception to words losing their way  
it is

deep nothing forgetinados. That's  
not a word, but I don't care anymore  
the Salvages of my heart have  
tendrils seeking a deeper connection





to this place  
I'm alive with the chances  
A fish in a book. A tired friend giving me a glimpse  
into it  
Impracticable, but happy.

A dream, a deep recess  
more than I can take  
please release me

nothing dark  
we're writing the palace tasks together  
make short & main salads abide  
by the thing we call home  
a portmanteau of place

tease me  
I'll give you tender responses.

