



JULIAN

Julian Talamantez Brolaski

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a call full throaty thru the oaks

a call came full throaty thru the woods
a kid leaned against an oak
eating a banana or a candy bar, I cdnt tell
a food w/ flaps
spider on my table I felt kindly toward it
but wanted it off held out the package of cigarette papers
it jumped obligingly on I was pleased it understood my meaning
but felt a little jumpy myself a jumping
spider's disconcerting giant ant wasp in ara's hair
them too I sent away in a minute I'll turn to see if you're
still writing if you
still want to write or is it time to leave the wildwood find coffee
go to the sea write some more I will let
the sun come into my mind as pure and as pleasantly as a
silver knife into hamburger

butterflies are stupid

a butterfly is an example of an idiotic image
not one to idolatrize
they are former worms I guess, not-worms
I was telling nick yesterday about the dangers of idolatry
I gave the example of a butterfly like
oh I saw a butterfly you saw a butterfly isnt it magical like
making fun of myself
then I gave another example to holi over coffee at the good earth
he 'often' talks about tattoos people shouldn't get
especially if they don't have any tattoos yet
I said yeah like a butterfly on your neck
he said oh weird you say so the lyft driver I had yesterday had a butterfly
tattooed on his neck, here, he indicated the throte
and no other tattoos at all at all
then for some reason I was moved to tell you my own
story about the butterfly landing on me
again and again while I was in a patch of sun and outlifted my limbs
I compared it to the rat-dove and its wing
that literally swept over me touched my head tousled my hair
like baudelaire's wind of the wing of madness
the word he uses is 'l'imbécilitéé' it turns out
the wind of the wing of imbecility or idiocy
but a butterfly is an example of a thing not to idolatrize

—

(wrong [upward arrow emoji])
but you can tell i kind of know it
hypocrite like vernon telling of his vision
flying above all the other little christians at the campfire
just dying in retrospect in his own way to be proved wrong)

the bear and the salmon

it lyked to eat salmon w/ its
fingers like a bear
and then use those fingers
to clean its glasses

amphibian enterprize

I told my therapist Deborah my only recurring dream as a child. A dream daemon down a dark well. Literally holding my breath in its claws. The well is narrow and made of a slippery, porous rock, a mixture between the smooth wet stones of the west coast and the sharp and porous lavarock of the islands. Moss and damp. I am down here, with this creature. It is holding the physical embodiment of my Breath. Its figure is bent and twisted, with limbs like an elongated golem. My own physical position is unclear, I am stuck somewhat below and clinging to the walls of the well, but no sensation. I can see light several feet up above. I am terrified, can't move or breathe or scream. There isn't any narrative movement to the dream, just this hellish state, entrapped in a well with a demon clutching my breath. I can't remember the exact analysis Deborah came up with, but it had something to do with me being gay. Gay and not gay. *À Bout du Souffle*, the Godard film, is usually translated *Breathless*, but it's literally 'at the end of breath,' 'out of breath,' figuratively 'on its last legs.' The word *nightmare*, from Germanic *nacht* and *mare*, a horse that runs through the night. Its first attested meaning in English is in 1300 as 'a spirit or monster supposed to settle on and produce a feeling of suffocation in a sleeping person or animal' (OED). The golem is my mother and not my mother. Everything is. 'You kids are all straight, and you're all gay' the security guard tells the girls of *Broad City*. For this life is not a horse, but a gate crashing through it.

having an elk with you

having an elk with you

having a smoke with you

having an artichoke with you

having a coke by myself

julian

contented mal content
a cat sez hellow to me
sometime I write in a real bastage
I don't know, tongue?
penly I shd love first of all myself
jewlyon julian the telegram which read 'julann darling in what
saloons' love first and last it's shared
it's showed it's shewed medieval julian
of norwich praying for a sickness in every way like death
with all pains bodily and ghostly
with all the dreads and tempests of the fiends except
for the 'outpassing' of the soul
to give her a vision of the passion
julian, ioulos, downy-bearded,
young person with a fuzz on its face,
adjective to describe a tyrant,
the julianists held
the body of xhrist to be incorruptible.
I'm scenting my body w/ myrrh I will not
leave me so unsatisfied
daniel is listening to jazz hijo
so many miles a needle
dropped in my lap just now penna
pens, wings maddie will go into my your house
a clan of romans called the julians who claimed
descent from julus, the mythic son of aeneas
none of this is any nevermind
for the sake of my hide
julian the son of john lennon
homophonous with jew and lion
or jewel and ion
julian, rhymes with cerulean and hooligan
is it a star is it a planet it doesn't wink
now tammy sez
it will sound its owen horn
king horn it is a holly day
rodney ariana erica the air is sweet the chocolate
alan says will be enuf for us both
the mtn air is blue bluâtre the mountain air is come correct
also a calendar, julian, the one we're living under

which guides the computations of astronomers
julian the hospitalier pictured w/ a blue feather
or was it a pen the one who killed all those animals in lust
and whose spirits haunted him forever
st. julian the same julian who carried a leper on his back
across a river to a kind of hut and there he laid his body
lip to lip chest to chest on top of him for warmth

what ys love

what ys love but
a constellation of significances
like-lyke magic

the bear and the salmon

it lyked to eat salmon w/ its
fingers like a bear
and then use those fingers
to clean its glasses
it cried and it looked like a raccoon I believe
it wanted to cultivate this look

fish

I found a bit of fishing wire
fishy is a word for s/t suspicious
and also realness realness to be a woman to be like a woman
it is a sexist term fish the stench of bad pussy
exalted by drag queens n it shd be
fish raised up to satellites
fish most frolicsome along the cables at the bottom of the sea
as they hum from our conversation
I heard a faroff person singing plainly
the fishingwire I twined around my fingers
n it jumped away in the grasses
where the clover sups the bee
starlings n swallows and a single cormorant atop a buoy
what am I a nature poet
you are so like a man
bragging about your giant cock
I think the poem is ready
to come into the pome again

I am so filled w/ posy and plaisance

I am so filled w/ posy and plaisance
to endyte to so fair and tough a knight
atop a mountain devoutly gazed on
a lake where otterys are said to harbor
what in aztec means bathing house temescal
n the cattails last years ghosts not yet ripe
the ducks that turne out to be decoys still
napping together like you said we shd
if we as tender wooden things alyve
on blue water to willo the lotus
dragonfly purpose not t'impede my progress
bad algae chokes the reeds n rainbow trout
bastard slave to my pome n I like it
and now and now I lyke you best of all

spoiler alert!

at the end of paradiso
dante's desire and his will
velle
come together
rhymes w/ stelle
all together in the
stars in the wheel
of Love

this sad little enclave of horses

of all lines of all the subway cars in all of new york city
we walk into the one with a corpse
it just puts everything into prescription for us
as jason stackhouse says

alabaster turning into crystale
nantáa ndé telling me unsaddle yr horse
means to take off your hat

I love it when people use words wrong
like repetoire for rapport, like when
brenda said she had a good repetoire with her students
or cynthia saying she wouldn't spend an exuberant amount of time
or when nick says anything anymore

the elk antlers are blood-brown
if we can find them on this mountain
edith says she has found
skeletons of bucks who had died
antlers entwined together

on the way to JFK you pass
this sad little enclave of horses

there was no way to assess the land, or the landscape
n/t was real about it
perhaps by the sides of the railroads s/times,
a hint of the old ways

the river could be...a source of tension
a jackass painted like a zebra
from the ghost's perspective it's not humid
when bojack horseman vomits up all that cotton candy
long forgotten poisons
smallpox, ricin, the bacteria that causes
the plague

the way that crows remember
the faces of their adversaries

Louise Michell held sick horses in the street
Nietzsche's last act
was to embrace a horse

the taxi driver who hinted
at his dark past in nyc
wiped his hands together in the universal
gesture of sloughing a thing off

when it rains it pours

when it rains it pours
the rain it raineth everyday
pull up the reins, rayned in
by reason, rule, and reverence
if the aim is total abject embarrassment
of shiny looking objects tenderly gathered for the pome's
sunset quinciñera
a star winked at me btwn the apricot and the cypress
2 crows atop them like
a punter on the mizzenmast
u better step up your game, havelok
by what means of studye and devocyoun
what is love but a constellation
of significances
it liked to eat salmon w its fingers like a bear
and then use those
fingers to clean its glasses
it cries and it looks like a wolf I believe it wanted
to cultivate this look

metacomet

if the light was...
a shot to the heart for the horse
illuminated by beetles
heads subjugated to the décor

the descendent of a dueler, a wrestler
whos aspect suddenly made manifest
like dashing through gillyham

even the mere process of turning on the device
caused me to forget my dream

who was it must be admitted a strange looking person
despite or perhaps because of its equinity

could feel its waves interpenetrating
the lights on the monitor prove you're alive

whofel just short of doing magics

younger and queerer

dear Love, I am tired of endings
let love be purposeful, extant, and merry
let it revise its feelings, and yet still
be w/out contradiction
let it transcend deth
let it not gnaw away
at the flesh of lovers
who are trying to love

misfortune—took me in an instant
the big rain down can rain
the big rain, ultimately down can rain
the ships clock ran tru
it had its owen logic
despite, or perhaps because of
the crooked line in the cuban stocking
I put my hand over first my left,
and then my right eye
in order to try to see straight

all sorts of animals

I never noticed that they greet me first
manuelita the turtle of florencia
made its way surprisingly quickly across
the roof and placed its paw, its claw
twice on my heel saying hello hello and yesterday
as we came into breezy point
a wrong turn at fort tilden, I saw some horses we pulled
over, the brown one came straight to me and sort of
nudged me, hello hello, we were all
disturbed by the flies
astrolabe the very mowing of the moon
an obscure reference to 'Lowys my sone'
& the name of the child of abelard
and heloise what happened to him after
they both went to church gaol and abelard was gelded?
the mayan symbol for zero was a tattooed
man in a necklace with his head thrown back
among an array of other symbols
faces, figures, half a flower, snail-shells
other glyphs
a year w/ 4 phantom days
ppl did no work
nor washed nor groomed themselves
every 5 years the king
spectacularly mutilated himself
to keep time circular

I had already shuttered an aspect of my vision

after a string of broken treaties
each more humiliating than the last
geronimo was finally exhibited at the world's fair
alongside an african man
who could escape the
tightly wound chains
but like geronimo was not his own person
and whose keeper took him to the moving pictures
fake images with real thunder
and the pinheads and the other freaks.
despite all that irreality I still clung
to my vision
a horse who could reckon land and water
and dance like a crow among the embers
never wondering why it didn't just fly off toward the sun
undulating like an otter
cracking shellfish on its chest and
just floating on its back, face to the sun
who never knew a saddle
who never knew nothin but sunshine
and this was a creature who could become other creatures
an eagle when it was lofty
a dog when it was lowly
and when it began to dance
it led with the left leg, or flipper, or whatever limb or digit
it happened to embody
which is why humans in imitation
of this gesture start their dances
with the left leg
powow or twostep
tango or conga
they explain it to themselves
that they're following the heart
my vision told me I did not know what I was
nor could I locate myself—when I spoke the subject was obfuscated
so that I was even absent from grammar
the very medium in which I toiled
I said a certain person was doable
but I did not say by whom.
rocketed back to the place of my death,

I inhaled the stench of vomit, rotting fruit, exhaust
I understood what percentage of persons
were killed as they dove into the train
I had shuttered an aspect of my vision
in order to surf an already-ruined ocean
no life now to live
but an ever-retreating set of propositions
each more implausible than the last
a whale in the embrace of an octopus
the lifevest giving life
even as it moldered under the seat
—just a hand—fluttering in the ocean—
precipitated our rescue

this machine kills rapists / julian was shown the entirety

and they are at their old battle again
the little ones who
vie and vie for my attention
perhaps I'd been phoning it in, or not
really doing the thing I was meant to do
I'd been all day
at the library my place of worship I'd told myself
they can't all be zingers I'd mostly
failed to lucid dream I'd spent
the money in my mind months before
it arrived and when I drew
the curtains back on my own attention to reveal
surrounded by books it did not know what to do
fullheaded and unfortunate of wit
someone was practicing their scales on who knew what
instrument perhaps horned perhaps keyed I gave
up speculating I took half earnestly to tweet I made
a sign that said 'this machine impeaches rapists'
and cut the cardboard into the shape of a heart
by my own prayers i wished to pray
by my own prayer I wished to banish the murderous
sentiment I harbored for the rapist my wish for him
to combust the way his face suggests he might ara said
she wanted to cut off his hands and force him to eat them
it is a clever cruelty and apt. in a more direct allusion
to woody guthrie I first imagined writing 'this machine
kills rapists' but I thought it went against my prayer to not
be seduced by hate but what do I do with this wish
for another person to die until he is dead, more than dead
julian of norwich was shown the entirety of the world
in an orb the size of a hazelnut, lying in the palm of
her hand it seemed to her, round as any ball,
the world the blessed world as it might be termed
'in a nutshell' and she fears that it might for littleness
fall to naught but her god shows her
it is all that is
made in 'endlesshead' as it were a thing within a thing
befallen to the gastly or the ghostly eye

the rain it raineth everyday

when it rains it pours
the rain it raineth evryday
pull up the reins, rayned by reason, rule, and reverence

if the aim is total abject embarrassment
of shiny-looking cupolas tenderly gathered for the pome's
sunset quinciñera a star winked at me btwn
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it liked to eat salmon w/ its fingers like a bear
then use those
fingers to clean its glasses
it cried and its eyes looked like a wolf
like left eye lopez I believe
it wanted to cultivate this look

it authorised every word of this text
it (the muse) appeared to it as a many-headed gorgon
tongo described it as
faces or digits or hands or
whole bodies or groups of bodies emerging as imprints thru a screen yes
but where are you I said to both of
them, where are you I said to
conrad in my dream to cedar to bajo to
dante and to the book of his mind
just transcribing everybody answered

abz

who sucks in thir gut
in anticipation of being punched
yokels habituate the opposite
trapped bees and
overwrought racehorses
I never believed
took away the dagger and I seen
the butter

agape

I'm turning the moon on and off,
it's an ideogram for love
for where we stood
agape at the fireworks
 yes fireworks no fireworks
shape of a heart in red thru david's window
I don't want to see my fone ever again
by the moon I didn't mean the real moon
but the crescent on my fone the one that shuts it up
says it's nighttime be quiet
I am writing poetry again
at and thru my fone I say I don't
want to muddy the channel
I meant agape in the english way
to stand with your mouth open dumb
but also agape in the greek way
divine love
voltaire (it was voltaire I looked it up)
talks about how the pagans thot
the xians a little nasty with their kissing
supposedly chaste like this siblingly kiss was allowed
but they, the xians, took it too far w/ their kissing
I don't know if our kiss was chaste, no
I didn't mean it to be I wanted to kiss you for real but I have been
chaste a long while
there were many things, the book of micah
mâshâl in hebrew, 'lament a lament of lamenting'
joying in joy, in the lamentation of joy,
in the joy of lament, in the mighty cable
of scripture M a minor strand

having an elk with you

having an elk w/ you
having a smoke w/ you
having a date w/ you, the fruits,
cold, hot fed by your hand
having an artichoke w/ you
having a coke by myself
having a non-soy jerky w/ you
having a cow omigod little death
holding our noses thru coalinga
having a vision that was not a vision
I came w/ the sun in my eye
you aint no basic ratlike personage
abta be disappeared
but s/t extrahuman maybe abta be raptured
yakuza vapor caves at the base of the rockies
straight out of the annals of satan
hotpot we never found

what is love but
a constellation of
significances
like-lyke magic

future nostalgia

when the pale horse / and his rider goes by
—Hank Williams

just turned in my book for real this time
do I feel flayed or unflayed I don't know
whats my hyde
there are things in there that feel so ancient & recursive
the huts the rats the viol de gamba
mei put all of her long hair over her face the other night she looked
like cousin it
'it' is not unmagical
I don't not believe in it I guess
if 'it' is an alchemical condensation of all these magics or medicines
if it is a force against future nostalgia
the nostalgia we're creating 'right now'
nowcast slightly forward
yesterday was a day for poetry
rodney was a few minutes late to moe's
where we were to meet in the poetry section on his suggestion
and I texted him 'i am in poetry'
(he gave me prynne as an idea of what to read I said I was tired of
self-medicating, I just looked up prynne and this line: 'A waver of
attention at the surface, shews the arch there and
the purpose we really cut' I had already written 'peak of an
arc / cut rubyes')
we walked the cardinal points of berkeley on bloomsday I was like a
guide dog
from telegraph to northside to downtown
finally to lounge in the grass at willard park where I took the
picture I sent to you
not even reading ulysses but the annotations to finnigans wake where
it was revealed
joyce actually cobbled a lot from the dutch
and rodney said he was reading joyce's love letters and that his wife
nora barnacle (!) sd to joyce I will suck you off and you can
'roger me arseways'
and he (rodney) lamented how we cdnt have 19th century desires anymore
since everything is now available to us but I disagreed
brezny said I have a secret name that will be revealed to me very soon

ari was a balm we had a grandpa tea
rooibos with honey and shared my tobacco
he has a pigeon tattooed on his arm he is greek he read me some greek
poetry
he is thinking about translating some greek poet that he thinks is
probably lesbian (I guess in the 'real' not geographical sense like from
Lesbos) where the
addressee's gender is ambiguous altho
this is really impossible in greek
ari said I looked different. my face. he said it looked more open.
in between rodney and ari I saw your face you told me about marronage
to survive in the mountains
when you were telling me how the loa mounts you like a horse it made
me think of spenser, how white, how his descriptions of the mounts the
riders ride in the faerie queene are very emblems of themselves, like
Gluttony rides a pig, Lechery rides a goat, Wrath rides a
lion, etc.,
and the cowboy song I ride an old paint which has the lines
'o when I die take my saddle from the wall
lay it on my pony and lead him from the stall
tie my bones to his back, turn our faces to the west
and we'll ride the prairie we love the best'
and bonny billy sings of the horse that waits for its riders death
and hank williams condenses the horse and rider into one grammar
'when the pale horse / and his rider goes by'
but I said that already all of this is for later

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Julian Talamantez Brolaski is poet and country singer, the author of *Macho Chango* (forthcoming Wave Books 2018), *Of Mongrelitude* (Wave Books 2017), *Advice for Lovers* (City Lights 2012), *gowanus atropolis* (Ugly Duckling Presse 2011), and co-editor of *NO GENDER: Reflections on the Life & Work of kari edwards* (Litmus Press / Belladonna Books 2009). Julian is the lead singer and rhythm guitarist in the bands Juan & the Pines (NYC) and The Western Skyline (Oakland). It currently lives in Santa Barbara, researching and editing a book on the Mescalero Apache initiation ceremony with its grandmother, Inés Talamantez.

Cybele Lyle is a California-based artist whose installation, video and 2D work reconstructs the architecture and natural environment around her into an alternate vision of interior and exterior space. Cybele graduated from Oberlin College with a BA in Environmental Studies, then went on to get a BFA from California College of Arts and Crafts in Printmaking and an MFA in Painting/Combined Media from Hunter College in New York in 2007. She has held residencies at Ox-Bow, Project 387, Atlantic Center for the Arts, the Bemis Center for Contemporary Art and most recently at the Headlands Center for the Arts. Her works have been exhibited across the United States including at the 205 Hudson St Hunter Gallery, New York; Bemis Center, Omaha; Oakland Museum, San Francisco Arts Commission Gallery, Yerba Buena Center for the Arts, San Francisco; Et al. gallery, San Francisco, and most recently in the California-Pacific Triennial at the Orange County Museum of Art. Cybele is a recipient of the Kala Fellowship, the Yozo Hamaguchi Printmaking award, and the Tony Smith Award. Cybele currently has a studio in Los Angeles and is represented by Et al. in San Francisco.

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