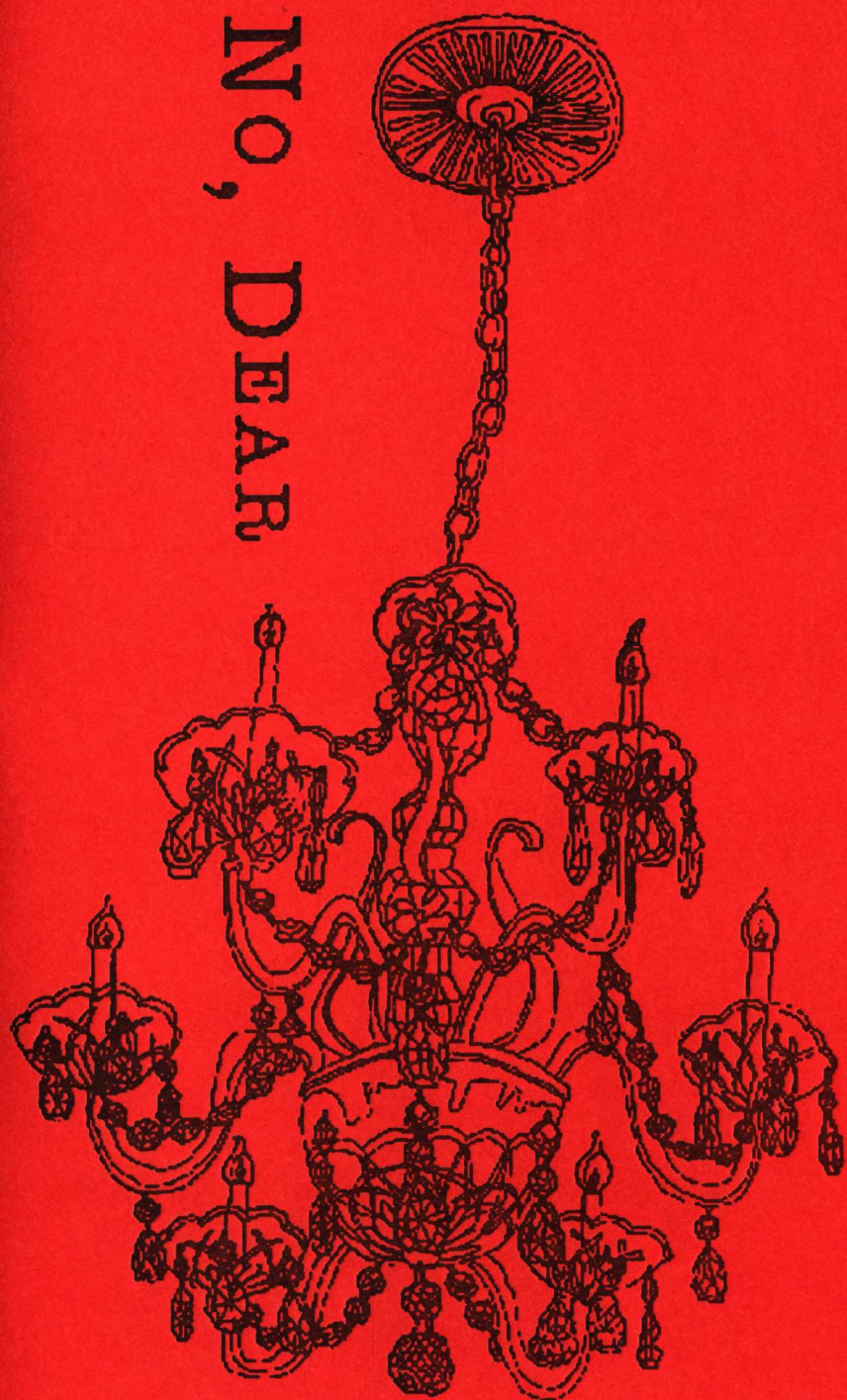


No, DEAR,



#13

No, Dear

Issue 13

DEBRIS

No, Dear
Issue Thirteen
Debris
2014, Brooklyn
Limited Edition: *136* / 150

Issue Editors: Emily Brandt, Alex Cuff & Paige Taggart
Cover Art: Forsyth Harmon

Covers printed by letterpress at The Arm, Williamsburg

Inquiries and submissions:
NoDearMagazine@gmail.com
www.NoDearMagazine.com

No, Dear is a proud member of

[clmp]

Contents

Dan Magers	<i>DAWN OF THE VIDEO ERA</i>
Amy Lawless	<i>The Private Lives of Deer</i>
Dolan Morgan	<i>Everyone Should Live Within His Income</i>
Tyler Flynn Dorholt	<i>THE DREGS</i>
Jordan Scott	<i>Meme</i>
Molly Quinn	<i>REALMS</i>
Stephanie Gray	<i>If all these planets line up and things get really bad,</i>
Leila Ortiz	<i>L & E Forever</i>
Laura Henriksen	<i>Jerome</i>
Becca Klaver	<i>Diamonds (Dash Cam Remix)</i>
Matt Longabucco	<i>The End of the World</i>

Dan Magers

DAWN OF THE VIDEO ERA

Being in a movie theater with a gigantic screen, but only a dozen rows extending from it. And I was in the front listening to music of the 50s and 60s rhythm and blues and mostly hearing the music, not paying attention as much to what was on the screen and really being moved by a song. She was in a row behind me, and I am sort of making a show of myself being moved and crying.

(Car crash on a stretch of California desert
(Car crash on a stretch of California desert highway)
(Car crash on a stretch of California desert highway)
(we are lined up in a row)

Birth of the video era, immaculate sun escape into a point of sleep. Enter into a point of sleep. All the natural elements: trees, grass, mountain, rock, snow, water, air, fire, light. Birth of the video era. Total, total love. Beyond the clouds, immaculate sun escape. Eras enter crescendos. Cared for in all the ways you don't know how to articulate. Total, total love.

Amy Lawless

The Private Lives of Deer

Sometimes a deer and a wolf combine to form a new being—a being I can't pretend to have the authority or the tools to name. *Deolf? See?* That was terrible. Remember when that car was chasing you and trying to run you over? As you tired you turned around almost ready to give up, and you saw that *you were driving the car*. Talk about a mindfuck. Before falling asleep, put a mirror on the ground so that when you're on the ceiling you can see yourself during lucid dreaming. There is no need to be afraid. No need at all. A grandiose idea sounds the same as the bump of a lover falling out of bed in the middle of the night.

Dolan Morgan

Everyone Should Live Within
His Income

The Giant Rabbit (who, by the way, is something of a wag) formed the rapid transit roads over and through certain streets in Brooklyn by shooting arrows into the soil, and there can be no doubt re: the value of this new system (its goodness and moral center) for not until 6 o'clock in the evening did we venture upon the breaking in of the front door, smashing every pane of glass, armed with the iron switchbar, and not until nightfall did we drag their bodies, noses broken and scalps cut, from under the wheel.

WHAT MORE REASON DO
YOU NEED TO GIVE FIVE
STARS?

The fact that there are no arrests is proof satisfactory that the law is not violated, and still eyes will be partially removed to permit a thorough examination, for yes the new management promises to have everything in the finest order, which in time becomes but another and probably an older and truer story or I always wanted something with these wonderful orange calla lilies and now they're mine.

Tyler Flynn Dorholt

THE DREGS

The world does not have to be this or any other way. The world is itself one or two of too many things. It's another. I hear Botswana, I hear Milwaukee. I search for a time break, a stone arrangement in the passing. I believe we all don't know who we are. Firth. Conduit. Inn. A father hiding in a ditch while the tornado throws a cow over his head. When I left college for California I stopped by the Grand Canyon on my way & threw your picture & your picture & your picture down, down there. I treated prayer on a pale horse before my Honda Civic pattered off the course, straight into West Hollywood. I divided my time between caring deeply about saving others & wondering if or how much I could love them. We do this, we're due for this, living above cross streets where at 1:00 or 2:00 in the morning, every day, confrontation breaks out in the bodega. A truck thunders by, windows open, the song lost in the thong beat. A stack of flavored cola dusts. I try sometimes to become more political with the backdrop of language but cannot climax in the finished argument. Though I run for congress it's the old-school coming-together I want, the train where everyone treads in silence & as they chalk back into the streets release the feed together, capable of discussing what happened before this type of now, yet not propelled to press small commentaries into the how. I'm chiming in, climbing out, caught with a woman born in Kildare having left there twenty years ago, helping her find her purse at an Upper East side gallery opening. She's been losing her shit since eight o'clock. At first came weeping, which she perfected in miniature gulps & heaves, rhythmic fissures. Then she cried not only over the contents of but precisely on top of a 15th century text. She slams champagne between crab cakes. She asks a priest in the room out on a date. I leave there, leave her, am leaving where I'm undernourished by absence, standing tastelessly in Brooklyn's downtown turnaround, Hoyt & Schermerhorn, building the coin jar up to tumble my attire, asking not where time goes but where I go, flaunting mirrors in the borough, wanting a thorough understanding of who touched the mannequins last before the taxi crushed the limbs into flitting simulation. Television is on levities, it evils one, is veil tone where even I sit low to behold the high, remembering the party where I watched myself fail at being a public breathing item. I try & explain action to the bodies & faces I've run a long like-string for, asking them about the thing it is they do, if that thing is sill working out

for them, if the poet inside of them is goading on guileful undertones of speak, the couplet that recedes just as the need to retract from rhyme mimes itself a layer over time, to erupt in that senseless duo of summary, or to set the alarm earlier to understand the beginning of the song the birds belong to, wanting to shuck facts from fraction, that you mean everything to the sum, someone, some sun on Jones Beach the morning you come down & up from socking the night from its slick huff, to render enough effulgence for the self to slog formalities of reality back into step, one or two or three of the ways in which you judge the algorithms of the book reading, that you shouldn't be so hard on your selves, themselves, the manyness of arriving one around the others, stoked by the consciousness of the fix & the fear & the failure. Here I slow down. I keep here for you to come nearer, what we all must become before we can admit to the fact that we have two therapists, not one, the second of whom we've spent years tricking into thinking we are someone else, that I am someone else, the man who never sleeps but instead cuts out news clips & burns them by the East River, placating those sleeping by erasing the print & the truth & I stop at Grand Central & toss your picture & your picture & our picture all over the place, at the entrance to all the tracks, arm & choo-choo, choice & voodoo, lodged behind the voice that says Hi, I am here for another transport & I am doing just fine, there is so much left to do right here & anytime.

Meme

Steampunk is over. Seapunk
 is over. Slimepunk is over.
 By the time I finish this poem
 the letter S will be extinct.
 I bought a silk tanktop
 with blue lightning bolts.
 It has a car on the front,
 a Honda, maybe. Everyone
 who sees it thinks I'm real
 blankpunk. Spiderpunk,
 powderpunk. I cut my hair
 into a spaghetti strainer
 and dye my hair the moon.
 Not the color of the moon.
 The moon.

REALMS

my main concern the cliff of a New Realm I will hope
 to save your life your hem in my clutch and daddy

consider my girlhood an alarmingly dissident
 southern boy his adoring duck feathers a solicitous loin

a Realm to Soak this kingdom for no cause this rich
 kid absentia this dauphin with his precocious neglect

my mother and daddy up north their steely god nodding
 here my camp songs or sad bats worrying for hard combs

why do bridges compel me is leaping an alarm to go home
 my mother her Own Realm leading a searchparty

eating inches with estrogen supplements the Night Realm
 was Black Realm the Day Realm was mayonnaise ham

my Best Realm was aqueduct my DNA liting my reason
 for living now drunk white my cry rats my wimple

to vanquish a Realm of a Rose Cloud the conquering
 dry hump and daddy the Realm of His Soft Drink

If all these planets line up and things get really bad,

You can't help but wonder if a train wreck is coming
the kind of wreck in a remote West Texas desert
even here on the Bowery
for a split second it flashes: desert in the Bowery
and vice versa

At times a degree of paranoia is officially sanctioned
twisting the turntable

to your twanged song
I see the same five schoolboys from LaSalle Catholic school
turn the corner at 1st Ave & 2nd Street every morning
where they go to the deli to get a snack at 10:30 am when
I have to be at work

if I pass by them at the black wrought iron gated Marble Cemetery in between
2nd Ave and 1st Ave, I might be late
so the schoolboys become the clock
since my watch has broken
and no one has watches anymore
only cells

I heard the city was sold in 1977
Wasn't that when punk broke

Broke what
It broke around here
On the Bowery
That disappeared club with the four letters and tough soundmen
I pulled that rug out a long time ago

It's all the same ball of wax as far as I'm concerned

They're just picking up slops from the street
It's not a theory

That whole existential torment
The voice reaches all the way to the bottom of its register confounding the soundman:
You know you went into that register, ka-ching, down to the bottom, but you weren't confounded, you
swam across it, it was too cloudy to see any constellations or planets out here, the low voice carried
over high on its low tones, there weren't enough dials on the sound board to take care of its registers,
ka-ching, we looked at the constellations to figure out what to do, they said punk broke kinda around
here, this block on the Bowery. I heard Pearl Jam played a secret show there in 1991, the lead singer
with duct-taped pants, who said it was too late to be Fugazi, when she lived there Blondie said she
stepped over the Bowery men when she left her door, I try to look at this block over and over, in the
right kind of light, the light kind at 11am, the gold kind at 3pm, I'm confounded with the sound man, I'm
stuck in the lower registers, I can't get up the flights of stairs in that pre-war walk up, last time I walked
up one of them, I almost fell through.

L & E Forever

As I lay on his bedroom floor
 he kicked me in the ribcage—
 like he'd seen his father
 do to his mom. She once
 sent me to the store for
 a pack of Pall Malls, unfiltered.
 I remember being small at the counter,
 looking at the squat, red box
 with white lettering as the man
 handed them to me. The boy
 was sharp-boned, his body slight
 beneath his clothes. I tried to fight
 before the wind knocked out of me.
 His mom made the best egg salad—
 pale yellow and soft from too much
 mayonnaise, slathered onto white bread
 and cut down the middle.
 She listened to Johnny Mathis
 and smoked in the un-lit living room.
 I'd walk the narrow
 hall to say hello as grey light
 through the window exposed
 half her face. She'd smile—
hi honey how are you,
 and keep smoking.
 On the day he kicked me
 I was so quiet, maybe
 she didn't hear.

Jerome

With the triangle earrings
 and fleece jacket
 fucked up in the eye region,
 a centennial parade
 whole, in one hallway encounter,
 the whole life of a town
 with the blue crystal
 eyeshadow. Go to where
 they sell tee-shirts and climb
 the ladder over the poolside
 in one mineral store accident.
 Miller, have a good Christmas.
 Strange buzzers while Guns N' Roses
 covers Bob Dylan soft and frozen
 behind a hidden poster.
 Deep in first place, good buddy,
 rising in circles, don't slow
 sky above and earth bellow and young
 dirtball prairie all around.

Diamonds (Dash Cam Remix)

February 15, 2013

I went to see what that flash in the sky was about
and then the window glass shattered,
 bouncing back on me.

My beard was cut open, but not deep.
They patched me up.

 It's OK now.

After the flash, nothing happened
 for about three minutes.
Then we rushed outdoors.

 I was not alone,

 I was there with Katya.

The door was made of glass,
 a shock wave made it hit us.

I opened the window from surprise—
 there was such heat coming in,
as if it were summer in the yard,
and then I watched as the flash flew by
 and turned into a dot
 somewhere over the forest.

I saw a flash in the window, turned toward it
and saw a burning cloud,
 which was surrounded by smoke
 and was going downward.

Then the light went out
 and the trail began to change.

The changes were taking place within it,
 like in the clouds,

 because of the wind.

I saw a light,
it looked like it was from a nuclear explosion,
 like I had seen in documentaries.

It was a light which never happens in life,
it happens probably only in the end of the world.

 I am at home, whole and alive.

I have gathered together my documents and clothes.
 And a carrier for the cats.

The End of the World

for Lilia Perta

If it did come
this poem will never know it,
though it's built to survive,
the way '93's *Groundhog Day*
was meant to live forever on television,
meant to be television, you enter anywhere
the throes of its repetitions, even the commercials
fold into its terror, the terror of going alone.
A disappearance. People pulling away from people.
What binds us—I forget.
Suffering's like weather—
say over the phone, it's raining where I am,
what does your old friend, far end of the line, really understand?
Deep down we think we've become the king-shit wizards
of information, don't we?, yeah we do,
lately a kind of pity for the past has crept into our self-regard,
that it never should have glimpsed the blazing dexterity of our knowing,
when of course we know nothing,
we don't even know that when some nut predicts the end of the world—
the exact date and hour, to the snarking delight of the evening news,
especially when the date passes by, as always—
how in truth on those days the world does end,
it ends for and in the prophet,
or the newscaster, or the friend, or the poet—
is that somehow not enough?
Is each single one so expendable,
can the world only end for *us*? But there is no us.
People pulling away from people.
Scarcely navigable rain.
You could have done a better job responding to that old friend's e-mail.
By responding. I'm just saying. But you'll follow each other.
Staying up all night, trying to forestall the morning,
running your fingers over the spines.
Like Phil Connors tries, but even though he wanders into night's blurred reaches
the looming numbers of the only day's clock still tumble over,
the song that makes light of love's sick possessiveness cranks up,
and what the hell happens in between?
Let us not even speak of that unspeakable montage
in which he first constructs and then watches

come unglued his own baroque fraudulence in the service
of that courtship-unto-freedom.
But neither can we look away. Thus our eye sustains him.
The eye of the continuation of the world as it is,
eye you sometimes feel slipping off of you,
and then for all your shenanigans you cannot court it,
it is a disgusted eye. It smiles on others—yes, they live,
you were right to be jealous of their straining exuberance,
it's precisely as grinding hot between them as you imagine,
though their worlds too will end and they can write
their own poems about it—I can't, or won't.
While in the wake of the eye's desertion,
beneath the deep shadow that falls there,
the end of meaning arrives,
the end of even being able to mean—
yeah, right, exactly, the end of the world,
what the fuck did you think we were talking about here,
floods and volcanoes? No, and not *The Waste Land*,
unless it was titled *No Signal* and was more about
a florid Brooklyn-style freakout in an upstate Tim Horton's,
the faces like sagging dough glazed with fluorescence.
So are we all together now? Still together?
Or are you quietly critiquing? And why do that—
is that what you really want to be doing at the end
of the world? Wishing some other poet had done the job?
Nervous texting outside the venue's a kind of human echolocation.
Why's it so pivotal that Phil buy insurance from Ned?
Easy: how better to accede to the limitlessness of scenario—
i.e. the madness in eternity—than to defuse uptight actuary
through the paradox of embodying all statistics?
Don't forget how Rita, Phil's polestar, the one who waits,
her L'Oréal lashes carved in bluest ice on a pedestal
teetering over the edge of the end of the world,
studied the moment in modern poetry when the self
became a missing person, missing not in space but in time.
Does Phil acknowledge this when he rolls over to retrieve,
in the midst of his botched seduction, a volume of Baudelaire?
Or earlier, when he recites to her in insipid French
what I'd hoped to discover was the dirty dandy himself,

but is actually Jacques Brel:

The girl I will love
is like a fine wine
that gets a little better
every morning.

The claustrophobia of patience. And Litia writes:

as we approach a time of transformation, old patterns or shadows come
back with a vengeance. in a way, they are living beings that you have been
feeding. as you begin to see them and not want them there, begin to
consider not feeding them anymore, they fight hard for their lives.

Picture them—misbegotten stomachs hunched in mean earth.
Our coldness towards the crazy is a lash.
Something flies alongside the letters we send, or e-mails,
you know what I mean, stop thinking the words or world
have moved forward in time or in any other way, in these lines.
The end of a poem is not the end of the world, don't worry.
But I think we've all been in one of those situations, violent
or ridiculous, when the poetry gets sucked right out of everything,
you have to grope back towards it across the tract of scorn
or indifference, and what do people say the whole time:
Relax, it's not the end of the world. Call me, I miss you.
And would you be willing, afterwards, to complete a brief five-minute
survey about this poem? Would you be willing to complete a brief
five-minute survey about the world? About the end of the world?
Do you think you might have found the inevitable end of the world
more unbearably tragic, with one being the least and five being
the most unbearably tragic, if while the world had existed
the mornings hadn't been so mirror-raw?
Faces on the other side.
"You are here to learn, not to suffer,"
writes Litia. But to study in the jaws of decay.
Phil takes piano lessons—
he carries their memory in his fingers through the gauntlet
of the bardo a thousand times a thousand times over.
If I could play music we wouldn't have had to go to all this trouble.

Contributors

Tyler Flynn Dorholt lives in Boerum Hill.

Stephanie Gray lives at the end of the 7.

Laura Henriksen lives in Lefferts Gardens.

Becca Klaver lives in Bed-Stuy.

Amy Lawless lives in the East Village.

Matt Longabucco lives in the East Village.

Dan Magers lives in Bushwick.

Dolan Morgan lives in Greenpoint.

Leila Ortiz lives in Bay Ridge.

Molly Quinn lives in Bushwick.

Jordan Scott lives in Williamsburg.

