

A detailed line drawing of a forest scene. The background is filled with numerous trees of varying heights and thicknesses, their branches and leaves creating a complex, layered pattern. The ground is covered with various types of plants, including small flowers and leafy ground cover. In the lower center of the image, a large, flat rock sits on the ground. On the rock, the words "NO, DEAR" are written in a bold, red, serif font. The overall style is that of a classic children's book illustration, with fine lines and a monochromatic green color scheme for the background and foreground elements.

NO, DEAR

No, Dear

Issue 7
Pattern

No, Dear
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Pattern
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#501

People like things to happen
in a linear progression, one by one.
But I am not a person.
I am some kind of excavator
of the miniature sharks
that have lodged themselves
within my soul-space.
When approached I turn away
to adjust my nocturnes
to their dreamy threads.
I examine the bush
with laser-like care.
Very careful preening.
The tenderest of gums.

Elizabeth Clark Wessel

The Social Contract

In that they will not understand you
or that in trying to understand them you will

question understanding in that they will not know
the proper way to behave in that and in

their terrible silences in that they will walk away
when you approach in that you will love them

hopelessly for years in that they will refuse to answer
their phones in that they will have falsified all

documents proving their existence in that
they will stink of failure and other

abstractions in that the blankness of their
faces will give nothing away in that

you will be the other type of two types
of people

Amy Lawless

Privatized Civilization

My eyes fall on thy faded name brand hat; filth issued sweat marks forth from
thy balding head.
You slept downstairs and in the morning I brought you a paper, which I'd
already read.

The diminutive cultists sleep-walked long enough to suck thy dick
(pronounced: DEEK).
I sneezed; the width of my hose created an angle, which was, unfortunately,
oblique.

Thy games make narrow the hips of these bored gal-children. I want to work
with people.
Here is the church. Here is the steeple.

There was a very, very public crucifixion in the year thirty-three A.D.
To get my sister's goat, I'd refer to her as Kree.

Kree is a Native American boy who believes in Jesus Christ.
Making a goat noise reminds certain people that Satan has them priced

to sell. I'd like to buy you the amount of Spice (synthetic THC) that you need.
The poem moves forward "irregardless" of my word choice.

Here is a pack of vanity gum that is virtually worthless.
Here is my nude and purse-less.

Sot Nostyre Peren for Thomas

He hath furriness
 every arch is of it
 each proof set for
 dna aerobaticacy
 u supey rococo bed
 lossles trellis
 creosoty pandela
 oat den iron tonic
 rehywn rust on ant
 agorien pie dangl
 tiny solitary coy
 esi tenety codex o
 sot nostyre peren

H	e	h	a	t	h	f	u	r	r	i	n	e	s	s
e	v	e	r	y	a	r	c	h	i	s	o	f	i	t
e	a	c	h	p	r	o	o	f	s	e	t	f	o	r
d	n	a	a	e	r	o	b	a	t	i	c	a	c	y
u	s	u	p	e	y	r	o	c	o	c	o	b	e	d
l	o	s	s	l	e	s	s	t	r	e	l	l	i	s
c	r	e	o	s	o	t	y	p	a	n	d	e	l	a
o	a	t	d	e	n	i	r	o	n	t	o	n	i	c
r	e	h	y	w	n	r	u	s	t	o	n	a	n	t
a	g	o	r	i	e	n	p	i	e	d	a	n	g	l
t	i	n	y	s	o	l	i	t	a	r	y	c	o	y
e	s	i	t	e	n	e	t	y	c	o	d	e	x	o
s	o	t	n	o	s	t	y	r	e	p	e	r	e	n

He edulcorates
 Evans or aegis o
 he causeth on it
 a rhapsody rytn
 type elsewise o
 harry eon neons
 fro or stirn let
 u cob o syrupity
 rh fact posityr
 ristorante ace
 i seicento drop
 not cold on ayde
 effable nancer
 sio ceiling oxe
 stryds actly on

Umbrella

If you open an umbrella at night and leave it outside, in the morning you will have an umbrella garden. The umbrella garden will manifest in one of two ways. 1. A garden will grow on the umbrella. 2. Umbrellas will sprout from the ground.

let's make doll furniture

and get in our trains like everything happened
 we are coming to a sip in the meal and you must decide what size, what color liquid
 for: I was never qualified

let's get up it is morning and we are waking in increments of three
 one, two, three and it's back to sleep we are sucked back in too late
 the sea with all its debris you haul noise back inside of you

with imagination and the simplest of materials we can make a place to live
 we've been saving for this all our lives *isn't much work involved in making a bookcase*
 we fasten the structure to a wall with wire your fragrances slide off like the worst words
 embarrassing names of childhood pets crash all around us
Weened. Buttier. Poopst!
 even Kevin

everything smells like three inches below a garden heirloom potentiality
 it's better this way we've dissolved the obvious
 in a new bowl complexity, the angry infant, takes its place in the furniture
 we worry about the layout we carry little paintbrushes to constantly adjust the structure



every time you say something stupid I shove a tack in the back of my hand
 and now there are these gold trails coming out of my red holes
 thanks for that I'm spinning
hanging our pictures with it I'm hoarding all these little balls. I love

give me something to hold like an infinitesimal bun it's never an island,
 always the parking lot never the whole
 never a pasture, always the goat never the house,
 meal, always just the chicken sandwich always the house with the plastic cups with the doggies on them

let's make great cats in the the sinking feeling of double-booking your life, only it's a house
 I am writing a book and throwing it in a pond no I am writing a book and therefore
 inseparable from space
 this space we create and return to waves reach back waves reach back waves
 the neighbors close their door fabric's stretched glorious floor-to-ceiling walls

SECONDARY CONSUMER

Of the four seasons, my favorite is boiled ham.
And, through the silent node we swallowed on
To pierce the yolk sac and enjoy ourselves. I am,
At the first site of blood, tripped but come
To relish in the pain of others as they expire.

Click the nerve. Another station. He pulled
Over as I waved, and entering, his genitals
Perfumed the air. Please don't die he said
Closing the window and turning up the air.
No other cab driver has recognized me since.

BULB

His objective was to make their lives difficult. So as he could,
He did nothing and made no arrangements whatsoever
Ignoring the initial signs of wear. Alone, feasting on sadness
He knew the car would roll up the driveway and they would
Speak to him about his life until he died from it.

The sled pulled by mules seldom stopped there anymore.
There was no fruit in the wagon and the snow kept him
Through winter, filling the windows with paper.
All the collectible dolls were marked as such, in storage
Their faces wrapped in towels.

Click to Respawn

We were with you
until we realized
you weren't talking about Heathcliff
the cat. We decided to switch
once every two deaths
or when the twenty moons
that grace the body sink past
the anticipated horizon
and the unpolished jade
settles among the crumbling
chaff between fossilized
wood and Bud Light
sea glass. Shrug off replacing
the desk of bankers boxes
with one of waferboard,
the thirteen gas station
surge protectors train-
carred from one end
of the room to your mother.
Aside the tobacco house
that brought me so often
to a standstill, solar panels:
when you explained how to rev
the chain gun without firing
I knew we had come as close
as we ever would to a
discussion on the indecency
of suffering, switch to
the shotgun to increase
mobility, reload before
you enter the tunnel.

PULLING NIGHT DUTY OFF THE COAST OF SEWARD

His autonomy is done for. — Walter Benjamin

this boat its whitened wood

I tell you

that water slipping in & out

I tell you

of itself that water

I tell you

slapping this boat softened wood

paint chipping & cracking off

into I tell you that water

every star I tell you attends

tonight's meeting

lonesome reverberating

muffling this book

I tell you its blue stitched cover

swerving I tell you a rocking chair

this boat that water all of us

choking on these months & months

I tell you

of nothing but constellations

ATLAS

Someone eats the heat right out of my
hand. Thus the winter populates us. I'm still
reeling from Christmas, my mother behind her divider; a sudden
synthetic tree unfolding; laying with my high school Rand McNally atlas
trying to reanimate the ordinary, which does not move
from its historical limitations. There's a strange restlessness in it.
Trying to navigate. Watching the undulating mountains
as your first-person-shooter while holding
our love with a pair of tweezers over a blue flame.
Blue is only a perception evoked by light. A spectrum
dominated by energy with a wavelength the size of a few nanometers—
which is how I want to touch everything now, like a color;
a virtual librarian saying: *Startle me with your diluted variants of a pure
black—*

We all have a certain mania for finding likenesses.
Already so poised, so Giorgionesque, the city
uncovers itself from the snow. I'm not fabricating
only slightly fusing the ghost blurbs on our holiday card,
all poinsettias and script. I'm standing in my own apartment
thinking I am lieutenant of this fleet of lamps
and we're moving at the speed of antique light.

Reasons to Like William Powell (as Nick Charles)

1. Very fine mustache.
 - a. I have tried to duplicate and failed, citing an inability to trim with precision.
2. Drinks:
 - a. in the car
 - i. and this seems okay
 - b. when woken in the middle of the night
 - i. martini shaker on night stand
 - c. after walking his child on a bungee leash
 - d. when the case is getting hot
 - e. at bars
 - i. teaches bartenders how to improve their mix
 1. manhattan: always shaken to a fox trot
 2. dry martini: always shaken in waltz time
 - f. when the case is getting hot
 - g. first thing in the morning
 - i. "Would you fix me a drink?"
 - ii. "You should have some breakfast."
 - iii. "It's too early for breakfast."
3. Has managed to toe the line between alcoholic, loving father, and expert sleuth.
4. Says "mommy" a lot.
 - a. a catch phrase I tried for a week and was met with
 - i. raised eyebrows
 - ii. vacant stares, jalapeño eyes
 - iii. disappointment in my line-delivering capabilities
5. Could have played Jimmy Stewart's role in *Philadelphia Story* better than Jimmy Stewart.
 - a. would have nailed the drunken delivery of:
 - i. "Hurry on back to the party before you turn into a pumpkin and six white mice."
 - ii. or other lines that made me laugh
6. His dog is a frequently occurring clue in crossword puzzles.
7. Married the woman he loves, who also happens to be rich.
 - a. the woman I love is not rich
8. Everywhere he goes he is recognized.
 - a. recognition and admiration seem to be the same thing everywhere he goes
 - i. Nick and Nora is a Halloween costume that no one recognizes
9. The surreal way in which the sleuth understands the human condition, the drive for self-preservation, the motivation of *self*
 - a. you realize you think about no one but yourself and (though you once believed you did) you know nothing about the human condition, or what this means

Richard Scheiwe

Anne Carson & Robert Currie

Pulse, Or If Tree Is Tree

a song of Pygmalion

The object is solitude as in experience.

Disrobed, the poppies droop their heads (soaked by dust).

I shake all over, without my pajamas. Softer

and the pressure of my two fingers against your pulse,

and blush, your reciprocity rooted by that law.

THE CITY

96 ft
390 "
36,000 "
3,300,000 "
480 "

34.7222222 each
200.79 "

1 ft
a king's foot

**

Clouds pile their cities above the city.
We are leaving it again.
Branches as bright as hay.
Today they have remembered how to stand forth, it is that day.
We will leave and drive and find our same old shores
in the other place (Cavafy –
"don't bother to hope...for somewhere else; they don't exist").
Trees rise from standing pools along the highway,
the line where a trunk breaks the water
like kings, as stillness,
a king's wrist.

Rest.

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