



No, Dear
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PROUD MEMBER
[clmp] THE WRITING ON THE WALL

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A B Me D E F G, H I am tired J K. Let Me Not Pullapoemoutmyass Quote Run Sin
Tincanheart U V We X Y and Zeeeeee

Achoo means someone is thinking of you — at least that's what my mother always said
But she'd follow it with (rough translation), "if it is for good, may God pay it to them;
if it is for bad, they can fuck their mothers."

No hair on her tongue,
maybe

'Cuz she herself felt fucked over

Do ask me why — I love fabricating stories

Eavesdropping on hushed bloodlines to take a trauma inventory

For every slap on my ass there was an equal and opposite locked bathroom door she'd cry behind

Garbled love, I can't hear what you're saying, mama

Heinous hysteria turned humdrum hullahaloo

I love that at the door, we take off our shoes

Just one less trailing of dirt to sweep up in my windpipes and heart valves

Knotted tongue dipped in pulque and Dominican rum

Look how I dance for you look how I kiss the moon look how I

Make do with the crooked and cracked lineage we were handed

No is a word I don't have lungs for

Paradox me up, fuckmeup, wind-up toy that dawdles in circles telling myself I need space and that is okay even

though deep down I

Quietly crave. To try (yet) again. Again. Queue up a moment basking in the sun, browning like sugar, and
globbing up in the rain —

Rhetorical question: will my footprints get washed away in the rain?

Sing to me, like you know no other mouthings

Tell that open bottle and broken mirror to stop shouting

Undo; take a running start at the peace that is overdue

Vow to bathe in lavender and not to scrub as if you could remove the scars

When I pour glue and glitter on them, I'll be ready to hatch an egg, even become a

Xenolith — one inside one and part of another while still my own

Yes

Zoom in on my shoulder blades as they move in the Universe's name, with grace, in Yes

What do we feel? When do we fake it?

When the profiles announce a shared
passion for the mundane
nobody is surprised, because nothing
is what normal people do.

More surprising are the windows.
They walk out wanting
to pull it all back. Greater numbers
of notches on my wall means
my howls weren't in vain.
My shadow at the diner
becomes a doubt. I ask my manufacturer
when the shutters will open.

But then the subway goes over
the bridge and I begin a new chapter.
I begin to turn every letter on its side
to see what's underneath
before ivy can climb again.

While I am thinking this thought
a flash goes off. Everyone says
be yourself. We want to play polka
and open the dolls. We want
the security to live wildly.
After the evening hid the seams
we were all stitched together.

Come Now, Come Undone

What came along was kasha made of oats, what came was a sunrise so
long it never left. What came next was a word play, a word giant, a giant of
words we couldn't see round the back of. What came came slowly and
it stayed.

It was a stalemate. What came made allies of trivialities, made
trials of weak whims, gusts of wind and a long sea wall.

An earth dam
of rocks and sea. We sat by the sea among the rocks and the others, we ate
sausage and cucumbers, drank tea or didn't, maybe *nastojka*, probably.

What stayed with us then never left.

We came to the sea wall, the rocks, and a long strip of cloth between. What
came was the cloth that couldn't bind.

We watched sunrises and ravens and varieties of pine. We watched the long
low slanted light of a near arctic evening.

We stripped and swam by the best *mys'* in town, not in town but anyway,

What came next were forget-me-nots and they came later, by the same sea
but in a different field, of a different forest.

What came never came and it stayed.

We stayed wrapped on the cloth, on the strip of mud and in sunlight,
and in sunlight.

Phantom Li/mb

Bisabuela arrives in the city without an arm. Fresh off the boat, one of the only few survivors who didn't succumb to the diseases and who survived the men without wives, the tides and the homesickness. She arrives in Santa Marta although she wanted to go to Bogotá (but how does a woman without a destiny begin to bargain with fate?) bisabuela, after the boat, will never be the same. Which means, we will never meet the real her. We just know who she is without an arm: bitter, and quick to anger. More than willing to strike us with the arm and the hand she has left.

Abuela arrives to the world whole, complete. A beautiful brown baby with black shiny hair and small hazel eyes. Abuela is perfect until she grows and falls in love. Then, with the man comes marriage. Away from home, and then home, with bisabuela, when they run out of money. The man doesn't give Abuela much but a battered eye—a battered eye that is so much and so often—it becomes swollen inflamed monstrous big until it rots from the inside and doesn't allow Abuela to see. This means that Abuela until the end of her days only sees half of us. We say it is better this way: what Abuela can't see, can't haunt her.

Mami goes to the capital. An independent woman, a historian of her family and the low protein foods she grew up eating (arroz con huevo, pan con tomate, tortilla con papa y cebolla) the good cook, the scholar, the good daughter. She goes to Bogotá to be a lawyer but she falls in love. Papi doesn't leave her blind, but gives her the cold shoulder after I am born. Papi casts her aside, makes her consume herself with worry. Papi leaves Mami blank and worried, worried and blank until she's no longer a person who can recognize herself. Mami fears the sea, and fists, and women, and the outside and her own body. Mami's body isn't disjointed but her mind betrays her until she realizes that it is better if all of herself becomes quiet at once.

I was born without much, all the women in my family are incomplete. Unholy. Cast away. A bad example of what will happen to you if you dream too much, or too far, if you don't listen, if you listen too much, if you kiss strangers, if you don't kiss strangers, if you go to places you've never thought possible, if you stay close.

To keep me whole the women in my family:

1. Pray for me often (they don't pray to god but to each other)
2. Talk about me, even when I'm the room (a conversation that often goes something like: if she's a woman, she'll know eventually, if she's a woman, something will get her...if she's a woman, the family curse, the darkness, the empty hole, the forgotten land, the body that leaves, the body that stays whole, that betrays, that shifts, that drops, that sinks.)
3. In order to keep me whole, the women in my family learn to speak in a different language. They turn to each other, rather to the old cold world outside.

At first, their words feel foreign, too heavy to be washed by the currents of pleasantries. Their words float and linger until we let them go and they sink in the thick soup that is family memories.

In order to keep me whole, the women in my family make room. They say, our bodies have to forgive one of us, sometime.

The Foresaken American Dream

Ain't no starry skies in Brownsville
 Ain't no parents two by two
 Painting the picketed fence white
 The American Dream lives here not

Here?

We rot.

And stare at the walls until they blur into
 Confining jails of cheap plaster

Ain't no starry skies in Brownsville
 Ain't no crisp air to breathe in
 The air here is good for suffocating the
 American Dream that was supposed to be
 Here years ago
 Years
 Ago.

Here?

We rot.

The people sit hopeless
 Stare at the black sky
 Weep a lot.

Because we know not why the caged bird sings.
 The song of the bird is a recording.
 A scratched record.
 And we've heard it too many damn times.

A Bloody Tree

The branch is cracking
 sounds like falling egg shells
 and the leaves
 are coming down
 in a tornado rhythm

The air is moist

Sitting on a rusted branch
 is Maya's caged bird, singing
 the Harriet Tubman railroad blues
 understanding no freedom bell
 ever truly rung

Roots of this tree
 wrap the globe
 like a child wrapped
 with an umbilical cord
 as her skin flushes
 in a cocoon that never
 releases the substantial

It grew from red and mudded rivers
 With streaks of glittered oil
 Mankind's richest soil
 of man who never face liberation
 till the calling of womankind
 then becomes integration
 Between them and nature

Limbs hanging, off tree limbs
 skeletons of these deranged and strange fruits
 with strong braided brown stem
 contrived by envy

This fruit has rotten
 and never will be forgotten

Train

I said what I said. The dirt
 was stony and the memory
 a contortionist's trick.
 Language almost gets bored with itself. Tonight
 I've tripped
 the dry slat.
 A cat,
 the sprawl.
 To have an image of it all on the condition
 that it's lost forever. Your shape
 laying itself down.
 The tracks by the dead lot
 I will never finish walking.
 Further, further.
 See the cement rest.
 See the cold cement rest.
 In the after-hell I saw
 my soul, my mother's soul,
 a guardian angel,
 a cloud of data
 floating above my bed.
 And when I looked in the mirror
 I saw myself at every age.
 We all looked pretty much the same.
 There are white spiders in floodlights.
 A woman, lips like a leaf.
 Kids hoot out their window,
 bang pots and pans.
 Where did the time go?
 Sacked in a word somewhere.
 I would knot all the rope,
 bowline, overhand, or reef.
 They call them hitches.

From Navy Blue to State Green

With danger looming on your horizons,
You were founded by the word of Almighty God.
Oath taken to defend and protect,
My youth I gave to serve.

With primp and preen you shaped me to be.
Guidon and Arms on hands, I stood my watch.
When you called upon me, I roger up and
Anchor's aweigh in foreign ports I sang.

Following the darkness of your conquest,
The rites of your vain supremacy I guarded.
And when the terror of the oppressor came in the distance,
As a foreboding hum that grew into
An ominous earth rattling din, bear my Arms I did.

Rain, snow or shine I muster up.
And down on my knees I asked God,
"Lord, Almighty God, deliver us from his hand
And give us the strength to bear the pain of the families
of those who have fallen instead."

Where would we find room to bury them all?
Maybe in our hearts and souls.
I raised my voice and lifted my eyes in pride, to see our unselfish sacrifice.

To be shot and downed with a broken heart
By profanity written in your guidelines.
Shameful and confused, I now here sit, wearing my State Greens,
Wondering if you ever have my Six.

the seat left empty for elijah

microscopic banter in a windchime reduced to another

[coming home ?]

televised sympathy with

orchestral design; *rosewater* spells

a supple thorn tearing at the throat in

time has smell. please

don't invert another bedtime

story this winter, blend lengths of soft vinegar

paste redactions in their place

return to maternal yarn

the point on the map at which the corners become

didactic bowls of broth and revive your favorite

ventricle. at least you remember

[coming home ?]

Full Picture

Settles low on you like sticky damp after August rain —
 wet must in the corner of your ears
 whispers sepia rumors so clear
 you feel Granny's hand on the back of your neck.
 You judge like ya mama judge &
 nothing feels as good to the immature ear
 as grown folks gossip.
 The silver gelatin won't actualize for decades.
 You grudge like ya auntie grudge.
 Family over context
 has no meaning at all, when you're nine
 & auntie say her mama ain't got no home training
 & her daughter fast. Developed
 faster than the full picture.
 & AIN'T NOBODY BEEN TO THERAPY so
 who's to blame really?
 Granny gonna be how Granny is.
Go outside and get me a switch —
 Settle it on you low like dawn dew,
 for listening in & watching closely.

Criatura Dos

every morning
 the creature that eats my mourning
 insists on coooing certain words to me

she is a pigeon
 she roosts, preciosa

she coos the things you coo -ed

	te		ter	
ternura		te		
	amo			te
traño			me	hac
es		lo		
	ca		sua	
ve			lo	
	que			te

into my belly
 in the morning

in mourning I could
 swell
 with her stupid cooing

every mourn
 ing I could give
 this pigeon

a fat mute

kiss

if a creature is an animal &

una criatura is something precious

am I tender toward my own anger
or angry toward my own tenderness?

bes

ito

bes

ito

Bondage Clip

Your face is angelic but it's kind of funny,
He said. You'll do. And then he bound me to
This cross. Lame fuck-furniture. The torture
Goes nowhere, of course. Viewers, sure to be
Let down, will be horny for this pain to kill me.
Briefly Sebastian sports his ouch garland
Of arrows, then he shakes them off, millions
Of him, in ink, in oil, in wood, in stone,
Lovestruck, ripe, wounded and unwounded,
A chance to study, safely, a naked man.
For eternity I ride the dead pleasure,
Refusing to spill, then I do, on command,
My spunk recorded for others' comfort
Like a saint's hot blood in a crystal vial.

- SIMULATING
- INTUITION
- PLAYFUL
- DEVINE
- OVER-POWERING
- GARDEN
- DREAM
- VISBLE
- INTANGIBLE
- THINKABLE
- CONTRADICTORY
- RIVALANCE
- UNGOVERNABLE
- LAWLESS
- UNGRUPLY

Spurious Emissions

The building grates above us
A voice box grinding back and forth

Sound ricochets bags of breaking
glass down the garbage chute

It's not the scurrying that wakes
but the pounding on metal doors

A ghost whiplashes my body
Footsteps that follow and stop

Ever bracing for a door to burst open
and throw back the sheets

Pulling out all the false starts
Best be better off disembodied

Sooner I suss out the colour sucked
Cornered by a shadow sirocco

My peripheral vision flickers
coaxing a noise that doesn't tend

GOLDEN _____ SHOWERS

WHEN I USE PUBLIC RESTROOMS I DON'T WASH MY HANDS BECAUSE WHAT
IF SOMEONE IS WAITING OUTSIDE AND THE LINE IS GETTING LONGER
WHAT DID I DO TO MAKE YOU DRINK
I ASK MYSELF AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN
YOU'RE LAWLESS IMAGINATION IS

FANTASY	OF SEX
TRANSFORMATION	OF MY GENDER
CREATION	OF UTOPIA
KNOWLEDGE	SO, SAPHOSEXUAL
RECONSTRUCTION	OF MY TITS
INVISIBLE	MY FEELINGS
WONDER	FUL
PHILOSOPHY	????????????????
MADNESS	VS. CHAOS
PERCEPTION	DRUG-ALTERED
STIMULATING	YR CLIT
SIMULATING	YOUNG LOVE
INTUITION	GREAT GAYDAR
PLAYFUL	IN THE SHEETS
DIVINE	ON THE STREETS
OVER-POWERING	TECHO BEATS
GOLDEN	SHOWERS
DREAM	OF FUCKING
VISIBLE	BRUISES
INTANGIBLE	ELECTORAL POLITICAL ACTION
TANGIBLE	FIRE TO THE PRECINCTS
CONTRADICTORY	RELIGION
BIVALENCE	BINARIES
UNGOVERNABLE	FOREVER
LAWLESS	FOREVER
UNRULY	FOREVER

Body Dysmorphia in the Bathroom at Bossa Nova Civic Club, 3:21a.m.

isn't there antifreeze in fireball? ethylene glycol, whatever.
is that a Lyme bite? don't ticks have antifreeze proteins in their hearts?

wish i had a protein bar heartbeats along the bass,
 one dj from berlin two sticky limbs, dance floor wish i brought
deodorant. aren't there carcinogens in antiperspirant? whatever

puke, neon, fun house mirror, capillaries.
vinyl, fog, door knocks, nose bleed.

old habits live forever.

acid poem

i remember thinking the trees
 looked like they were doing it
branches writhing the trunks (toppled
 from snowstorms or sandy)
 squirmed
 on their backs

everything leaveless limbs exalting —need
 i go on?

days prior maggie told me acid
was a good way to commune with an animal
 yeah, *that's* what i was doing; the dog
at my side, on the couch

 hands running
 through the now-
 lenticular makeup of her fur
it was hard to tell if she was as freaked as i was
 by the sudden attention of
little accidents in the wallpaper
 or when

outside, the remaining green
 turned a shade...
 anticipatory

(Here, home like a drug
 where everything holds
 tight to
 the textures of a prepping;

 dirt washed eager
 the ground, obvious-
 ly still frozen)

i'd watch the sun (!)
watch aircraft tighten
 then disappear
i'd grabbed for the remote but

everyone on TV is a scab

i remember staring at the brushstrokes of a family-friend's landscape
wondering if Haring got the idea for his figures
upon observing the network of harsh-angled
holographic lines that seem to run, as skeleton
under all traditionally "fine" works like
secret messages inscribed on the backs of cereal boxes
; a small lens
taped beside the bag of balanced breakfast, revealing
through special vision, whatever's hidden

beyond the jumble

or crossword

or spoon-wielding mascot

who gestures toward the maze's entrance—
then i stopped; more likely i was seeing things

(: Haring, the sun, etc.) cuz
i already knew his work &
that prior exposure keyed
the decoder of my gaze, not
the other way around

i reenter the room sometime around my parents
explaining the coming climate catastrophe
to grandma;

they use phrases like
"in *their* lifetime"
& point to me while
grandma expresses her relief
she lives in the middle
of the country

(the earth was dying; the drugs
sat on top of me
still as water
rising annually)

at dinner—mom is crumpling up a poem

she sings it, a little, with us
at the table. my smile is this
phantom blanket ;
an arc in the middle, an edge
toward the altar like
seat belts holding your eyes

i like the dog cuz i can tell

what she's thinking

by her tail. by now

i'm passed expecting her to say anything

There's chatter in the music

i hadn't heard before but

it's nothing i can make out

i keep reminding myself not to go into
these sorts of things

looking for answers the house'd be better off

as it is : soundless walls

dancing by trick

of light or

firing synapse

a mirror showing nothing except

what i place in front The dog barks

Twice, i take her out

to do her business

we step in the cold

around the whole yard

but both times

she just

won't

go

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