



swap/concessions

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ISSN 1938-0135

[3 WRITERS ; 3 WORKS ; 3 DOLLARS]

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first issue ; october 2007

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foreword

swap/concessions

is a semi-annual journal publishing works from writers in a colloquial space. think of it as a small gallery rather than an exhibition hall. this responds to the many other journals in print today which list a dozen or more writers per issue. often, one voice goes unheard among the many contributors, the way a work of art goes unseen amid a crowded exhibit wall; but here, 3 writers converse with 3 works each, and all at the affordable price of 3 dollars. this first issue features poems.

bedouin books

brandon arthur

unnamed self-portrait
12

rooms shrink w/ my body
shortening into another
Thursday or shadow
that grows over me,
from & behind my seat
leaning in w/ the walls

suns rake the white
from naves & in dirt-littered glass
finches bathe regularly
between the water spots
of the window

my steps lengthen
between sink & door
floors swelling under heels
from an expired prescription
& as the lipstick fades
framed on a bookshelf the
morning is a sudden
monument of shirt that looks
too long in the mirror
& becomes what
it sees

unnamed self-portrait

9

where the sky is a heel coming down

I

put the things down & count my money

...how this has been lifting or this taken,
skin bitten & seeds cleaned...feet
lifting from a rock...

winnowing falls
into recovery

the skin scabbed
away so this will grow,
so the door will have a brain

& where the door is only peephole

I

lost the card that was a key

wood nailed together
into an intersection

this is the rotten taste
of too much taste

as the soil of a pore dries

I

shrink w/ winter oaks
when the only connectors
are pressure cracks

& bodies are dipped in water
& sitting becomes waiting

my tongue cloys w/ words

the page seeping into the next
flattening globes to maps

I

drip into them plot by plot

where faults below seed absorb
& bones of fallen worms mulch

cut w/ all processes displayed

I

sort grains from a pail
& stuff limbs w/ the remains

roped where nails can't suspend

& what I've forgotten is what sinks me

unnamed self-portrait 6

then a hum receded into evening
birds

& the horizon was sewn into
thickets

dead limbs reached arcs over
lawns

& locked houses under their
bowers

there were only scraps of
remembering
& the certainty of an emptying
pocket

lineal seeds were already broke in dry
cribs
& what was due was heritage spelling out
letters

the messages of names become
interred
& debt was not invested only by
pulpits

blood was the circuit & close of
vision
& years were rolled in its pupils'
spreading

within all splotches was the opening
world

where the frame was the only
successor



amy lynn hess

love poem

If you had
come first (or I?)
I would kiss your breath and calm coagulate
breath and
calm together touch is so much
more inclusive I'll say touch instead
of kiss

All lovers kiss

Although you did not (nor I.)
come first I will still
lay with you naked touching only in
one or maybe two
places and calmly breath and lie
commingle inclusive and if

If all lovers kiss

If you ask me this can
happen and you can
talk time will pass

time spent with you

disposing of

you like

something

hard

I've picked from my nose (swift
and uncalculated) as

you've

written me
into your life with

the
of a

pink

dust

pencil-top

e - ras r.

mommy poems

1. Clock

what is a floodgate? I think
I think what
is a floodgate?

who is flaccid? who
will notice who who
who is reading this when
when what's missing in me
when who's missing
in me how who what
when there isn't
who will notice
what isn't there to see

what is a floodgate?
I think
I think
what
is a floodgate?

2. Frame

shoes in the
refrigerator door
closed, there is no
one
no one else
to blame
when the last
of the

dental

floss

no soccer
balls or armless dolls

another pediatrician
waits

a picture that came
in the frame

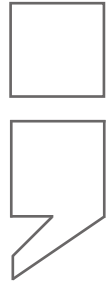
the bells the bells the bells
the school bell's
a dry tub

fingerless gloves
holy afghan cement
angels with one
wing a square
lead ring

3. Tea

Adelaide. Apple, Eve's / Adam. Atoms.
Adjusted. Abnormal. Androgyny.
Aunt. Alone. Answer. Always. Agave.
Angelica. Ache. Ascorbic Acid.
Brenda. Broken / Biased. Broken. Bandage.
Beyond. Breath. Breathe. Broken. Barren. Bleeding,
vaginal. Biology. Bearing. Be,

glory. Career. Cathy. Cry. Cold. Candid,
complain. Cancer / Cervix. Clock. Cycle. Creed.
Duty. Dulcet. Darlene. Diapers. Daucus,
carota. Damiana. Ester. Egg.
Every, woman. Embryo. Expel / Egg.
Fanny. Family. Fear. Failure. Fetal.
Formula. Feverfew. Father, our. Grow.
Gretel, Hansel. Grandmother, great. Groan. Go,
recover. Happy. Henrietta. Hang.
Hourglass. Hurt. Hemorrhage. Incomplete. Irene.
Imagine. Institute. Infertile. I.
Jane, Dick. Joanna. Joy. Kicking. Katy.
Lydia . Martha, madness. Medea,
murder. Mary Magdalene. Mother. Mom.
Motherwort. Mary, hail. Ma. Mere. Mer, la.
Money. Mistletoe. Mommy. Mammary.
Mary, hail. Mary, hail. Mary, hail. No.
Nancy . Never. Nervous. Ovulation.
Ophelia. Osha. Proceed. Pretend. Plan.
Portia. Prod. Position, fetal. Primrose,
evening. Pennyroyal. Peyote. Quit.
Queensley. Question. Quiet. Quai, dong. Raise. Rue.
Rose. Removal. Recover / Recover.
Remember. Selfish. Sheba / Sylvia,
oven. Spark / Smile, life. Sorrel, wood. Sweet, flag.
Seed, papaya. Seed / Sperm. Theresa. Time /
Ticking, pillow. Tissue. Tea, parsley. Two.
Trillium. Trimester. Uma. Undone.
Unknown. Unborn. Unfit. Understand, stand.
Unmade, made / Unmake. Vashti. Vitamin
C. Vulgare, tanacetum. Vulgar.
Vulgaris, artemisia. Wendy,
make-believe. Woman, every. Womb. Wash. Will.
Xylia. Yanna. Zipporah. Zygote.
Zingiber, officinale. Ziggurat.



m.d'alessandro

o'farrell street

i can't look
o'farrell street
in the face

even though
i live
under its nose
i avert my eyes

every corner
asks my name
every corner
loiters continuous
wants me to pay
attention to its animus

i march knees
on concrete
uneven garbage
in standing water
days after rain

some soul makes
a vortex
to bisect

another pleads
to survive
and

survives continuous

then a sun-baked
corner dresses
him in mortar
lighting glass tubes

his bliss
extemporaneous

i march shedding
unable to engage
every corner

one a.m.
not looking
o'farrell street
in the face.

i'm unenthusiastic

chianti under
appreciated but
olive oil is
good fat good
ascension to
better happiness

my coat is on the coat rack
my umbrella next to a potted plant
the bread crust
is worth buttering
but i'm unenthusiastic

thought of today's limp
hours pass unnoticed
black clothes
grey skies
the highlight of the day
was a song i haven't
heard for 20 years

the mist sprays
like from a crack in a garden hose
and everyone raises
a common hood
to cover their head

i stood on the corner of mason and sutter
for fifteen minutes and watched traffic
thought of aristotle
and simplicity's favor
to stop and stand
and feel the hard ground

and not feel
and have thought dissolve
and not think
and not see

no. 8

to start with, there is no non
entity: in symmetrical time
in universe supreme
in love divine

just cycle in this path
in infinite direction
in infinite circumference
remind the section

to cross the past
at every significance
in only that moment
and the moment will last

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thanks Junior Burke, Amy Catanzano and Todd McCarty of the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics at Naropa University, for the use of the Harry Smith Printshop to letterpress the cover for this journal.

also thanks to The San Francisco Center for the Book for the use of their printing facilities in the letterpressing of the announcement card for issue 2.

special thanks to the contributors and readers.

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amy lynn hess

originally from Smiths Creek, MI, is a poet, painter and dramaturg. She holds a BS in Theatre and Interpretation, MA in Theatre History and Criticism, and is a graduate of the MFA program in Creative Writing from the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics.

m.d'alessandro

currently lives in Hawaii where he can balance the ph in 15,000 gallons of water. When he's not there he can be found at Patty's Warren in San Francisco. The last three copies of his only published poetry *Book of Prophecy* are on sale at City Lights Books, also in San Francisco; the rest of the copies are listed missing in the mail from his publisher. He is the editor of this semi-annual journal, and the founder of **bedouin books**.

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set in Garamond, Futura and Courier.
designed by m.d'alessandro

printed on 20# recycled bond
and bound by hand

bedouin books ISSN 1938-0135

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