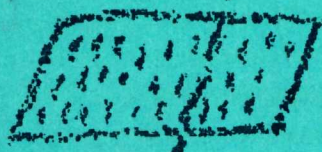
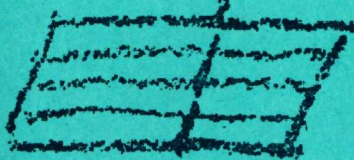


Incorporeal
UNIVERSALS

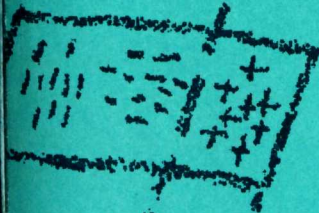
No, Dear



BONES



A-bjectifying
Activity



Indeterminate
Coersion

Schizoid
Repetition

HOMOSEXUAL as
clinical entity

No, Dear

Issue 15

VIOLENCE

No, Dear
Issue Fifteen
Violence
2015, Brooklyn
Limited Edition: 37 / 150

Issue Editors: Emily Brandt, Alex Cuff & Caitie Moore
Cover Art: Felipe Meres

Covers printed by letterpress at The Arm, Williamsburg

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No, Dear is a proud member of

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Saretta Morgan

fact #7

post-siege to sit with our
bodies requires grasping the
serrated edges of sounds or
denying their enclosure or
denying water & everyone who
runs understands that*

* or even the bodies not taken
from us are taken from us

Telegramour

This is the part where it arrived dead in the water. Stop.

Six months time errors with errata torn from the book and cast into the basin tiny peppers peppering floating like confetti on the surface along with gnats and dragonflies. Stop.

These dragons we share are brilliant: colored, possessed, determined. Stop.

They are also dangerous: once upon a time instead of guarding the castle they plotted and conspired, stole puddings and mincemeat sweets from the kitchen and finished off the midnight snack by roasting the royals – including the cook – a homicidal kebab of generations, gone from this earth forever. Stop.

This means to say that these beasts we bear are not without blood: we have brought them into this house and here in the presence of the queen have allowed them to hold us hostage. Stop.

This opera between us is a Frankenstein – we fight for it because there is secret pride that though it was once stillborn we somehow managed to resurrect it. Stop.

It is mutinous, devoid of loyalty and would have been better strangled and hung high, smoked and packaged in plastic, placed in the freezer to return to cryogenically when the cure for lust has been found. Stop.

The course of history is striped with streamers, late-leaving party guests, bodies struggling to be remembered for glitter or greatness, to not get lost along the way, cast into the mountains of bones that came before. Stop.

Perhaps that is what this is, what these are – bones – and having been sucked clean of flesh during this carnival there will be nothing left as evidence that this was once ours except for the guilt of cannibals who, closeted, admit to themselves that they have chosen to be belly-full, instead of truly loved. Stop.

HABIT

If I destroy
you without wanting
to: forgive me
it's in my nature.

The drives send us
away
but later we are
kissing
up against a
tree, motherfucker.

Nature is in
my nature, & also
against it.

What I want to know is
where is the part
of you that hates
the part of you that loves
a tree so easily.

Where is the part
that hates even
what is most alive
in you & wants
to destroy that too
in solidarity
with machines.

Jennifer MacKenzie

Breaking Ariel

Sad is me
the orphan code for gun
for goad. four limbs plus
rutted in by masters

glass zones of your stupidity
and their profitable laughter
your fucking heartcrest rhyming
bird with turd. glee with kneed

o pretty cool glade of poets
equals unequals equals we
swallowed the colony stone
and it tolled us

none and it ground us
dumb and it drowned us
corpsed am drum swollen
with probable fart cause. And you

prig dictionary clenched bitty
pressed flowery fear of smell
Everything in me has been pruned
to bleeding perp bone. The gums of no

most of all mostofall mostval
whose monsters are they
coeval with yr guts
in the picture of wrong

Who drew it doesn't know me
my long black legs and mention too
my ha ha perhaps white arms waving
from the sink washing me down

Language is a master in me
swallowing pawns. Putting a flashlight
up my asshole and laughing
at the brilliant assonance. Genial, man

I want to talk wrong and I can't
I want to talk straight at the rapist
as I toss him off a bridge and watch him
twinkle down. Pleasure like spring

throwing away a scubbed wool coat
I place my hands spread on the bridge
and they're mine
and no one can pillage their feeling

The bridge is a mama sea monster arched
frozen above drifting scum and garbage
I pet her warm or cold I lullabye us nightly huge
and waking all this is inside me alarming

a dream or spell I didn't make but am
all meaning of. Sparkle, cocksucker
at the word love. Your fake horizon
is choking me on my own tongue

Amber Atiya

overheard 3 am on guy brewer blvd

GRRL: muthafucka i TOLD you bout HITTIN me.

MUTHAFUCKA: so you had tuh STAB me, son? in fronta yuh FAMILY?
yuh MOMS, son?

GRRL: what i'm POSED tuh do? jus letchu FUCK-UP
my body?

Harmony Holiday

The Black Entertainer's Fast Pleasure Blues

Do you keep your past in your present all the time then?

But I think my love will overcome that

And we were beating on one another so fiercely because we were so happy, we
were so happy

I am

I am remembering something from a vantage point that seems slightly taller than my actual physical point of view. I am writing to see what comes in. I am imagining that bell hooks tells me that I am ok. I am continuing. I am aware of my hands now. I am looking at my closet as I write to see what comes in and it is full of the wrong skins. I am never parting with old shoes. I am thinking about force and how it suddenly makes sound inaudible. I am thinking about the time he pinned me to that wall and I became someone else. I am surrounded by walls right now. I am thinking about how the wall assisted his hands in driving a wedge between a body and a self I was still working to claim. I am implicating the wall. I am wondering why. I am thinking about how young I was. I am accepting that there is no answer. I am interrupted by violence. I am wishing that Virginia Woolf would tell me that I am ok. I am not wanting to be seen. I am what I do. I am telling my father in law that I do not want to have an affair. I am listening to his persistence. I am a wife. I am thinking about war and wishing you would go. I am not blaming myself as much now. I am remembering the gun from a vantage point that seems slightly taller than my actual physical point of view. I am feeling restrained. I am saying no. I am getting no response. I am being raped. I am aware of the relationship between blood and pain. I am accused. I am not allowed. I am secretly wishing you would hit me so I could see how I feel. I am searching for a reason to live. I am answering for it. I am not sure what is wrong with me. I am dying from my injury for a long time. I am a ghost image. I am missing her. I am desperate for Sylvia Plath to tell me that I am ok. I am finding it hard to write this now. I am allowed. I am realizing that I write in fragments because they are sharper. I am leaving my flesh on everything I touch. I am wanting to cut you. I am peeling potatoes. I am affected. I am cutting out the bad spots as I find them. I am throwing away the skins one at a time. I am acknowledging that I might be ok. I am wearing clothes that were given to me and performing them. I am not a good performer. I am asleep. I am waking up separated. I am on the ceiling and the floor. I am asking why again. I am thinking about how old he is. I am hearing a train cross the road and drop back into being. I am considering jumping out the window but I am a boxer. I am getting away. I am listening to him tell me that this is what I want. I am sure this is not what I want. I am insistent. I am not enough proof. I am going home and rearranging my furniture so I can start over again. I am not understanding what is wanted from me. I am cutting off all of my hair. I am on the phone and you tell me you don't like it. I am not asking if you like it.

I am realizing you are following me. I am slow. I am a soft target. I am not feeling anything these days. I am feeling it now. I am replacing the hinges on my door after you try to get in. I am not sleeping. I am wishing you would leave me alone but I am not sure what action to take. I am not a crime. I am wondering where you are now. I am learning about the scar you gave me then. I am holding my breath only to let it go so I can move again. I am thinking about compression. I am forcing air through a passage to make a sound. I am saying the word tongue and trying to pronounce the silent u. I am lying on Memory Foam so I can be more comfortable. I am standing up so it forgets. I am thinking that forgetting seems desperate. I am constructing boundaries out of scraps. I am building a box now and it doesn't go together the way it is expected to. I am interested in how it sounds. I am slightly out of breath and there is passion in this. I am in your way and will not apologize. I am never told I am beautiful. I am the good daughter. I am pretty sure that Hélène Cixous and Marguerite Duras would tell me that I am ok. I am thinking about why I stayed again and I am not coming up with any answers right now. I am tired of cleaning up the mess. I am coming into focus but the paper isn't ready to receive my image. I am digging a rock out of the ground with my fingers. I am wrestling my own breath. I am laying claim to an island. I am supposed to be here now. I am telling myself I am ok. I am told that I am beautiful so I am sometimes believing it. I am not sure what silence is but I am working on it by writing to see what comes in. I am rereading it now. I am at yesterday's reunion. I am considering being the subject. I am trying to remain solid. I am thinking about the importance of relics and white socks. I am reading a note to myself that says, where there is misunderstanding there is voice. I am plugging in my computer so it doesn't die. I am watching the keys light up. I am letting the words carve their own existence. I am changing things and it is hard. I am hard. I am hard for others. I am being told that no one gives a fuck about me. I am saying that is not true and meaning it. I am making a wedge that bites. I am thinking Chris Kraus would tell me to get it together already so I blow her a kiss. I am understanding what I contain and that it is not my fault. I am not the one who put it there. I am not wanting to remember sometimes because it takes over. I am a hashtag and this is somehow comforting. I am reading one now and it is telling me I am ok. I am orienting myself to the sky. I am contemplating his use of the phrase I can love you better. I am reading the description. I am thinking about wanting. I am making him the face of what I desire. I am unwanted but not left alone. I am louder inside his silence. I am unlucky. I am feeling so.

Joe Mullen

NOTE TO MY FRIEND 1

I get on the train, the same man is staring, I sit down in
between two men, I'm sitting down because my legs
don't work today, it's 25 more minutes, they're
looking still, a year ago, I'm doing the same thing,
I'm in the backseat of the van, I'm on the train
looking at the same photograph of a man drinking a
soda, and of a man who is a doctor, the man from a
technical college, I am looking at everyone's shoes,
I am looking at the cuffs of my jeans and I fix them,
a woman next to me sings a song pitched down,
vibrating, kissing one of her fingers, watching a 6
second video on her phone, everyone here is going
to die, and then! I got so lucky wow, they are
wearing ironed clothes and smiling at me, they are
behind plastic laminate, they are curved around the
pole, I am so lucky I am crying

Ali Power

Mistranslation XXXIII
or Ultraviolence

If you don't get it, then forget it
So I don't have to fucking explain it
--Lana del Rey

Hyperextending
My mess
Luminescent
Galaxies of garbage

Turkey jerky
A smoking gun
Spectators, a colosseum
Helmets

Remember gladiators?
Ultraviolence
Nine-to-five

Stiff hips--
This masculine way of moving
Isn't working

from *BIONIC COMMUNALITY*

Ok by you
consensus lending
agreement foil superimposed affirmative
K-hole
where we all go can't go go
K-hole no hole the dolly zoom the jaw shot
at once there with no space no universe no landscape
a vivid screen shot an oppositional relationship to
to witness to whatness
what the fake!
what happened to my fur
(mine) (landmine)
synthesis fight-ness fitness
spare no expense to kill the shark
shark represents fitness fight-ness
beachgoer of the K-hole no hole

all the "it" in "witness"—all the "ess, the missing "t"

IN THE HOLE

THE K-HOLE

ALL DISAMBIGUATION

power is coy
they want you
not at all in the way you want them
who is them your want
indemnify wantedness

metaphor like a handrail
get down on the ground now
this is no publicity stunt
this is the state of affairs
forces
drugged privatized drive
dragging provisional mouthpiece

Blood coughed across the sky,

If you are
not the bullet,
then you have
no right
to speak
like
gunpowder.

Resume the position:
chalk outline,
outline,
out-
line.
Something must die.

Why not you?

How else
will the maggots hear
god's gospel, if you
ain't a funeral?

A funeral, a fu ner al,
a few-naw-all, a fun fer' all.

America never killed you.
But
you lived
longer than
emancipation ever intended.

— Title taken from the Langston Hughes poem: "Caribbean Sunset"

Matt L. Rohrer

I Can See Half My Life in Your Face

Dad kicked down the door to give me a hug
I turned off my computer and let him do it

That sad feeling after Thanksgiving
Like you can't find words

I tried on different shirts
Shaved my face when I didn't need to

Sliced the living room into two equal halves

I appreciated the way the morning light
Sat on the house across the street
Then ate pie filling for breakfast

Plucked buds from the end of the jade plant
So it would explode the next time I watered it

Driving that night I imagine crashing into a wall
The van crumbling into pieces

I would hit eject
Jump the divider and land softly in the canal

Completely unscathed
Like a red and white bobber
Suspended over a worm

I'd watch the highway flicker
As I drifted towards the delta

I can see half my life in your face

Dad like the Kool-Aid man
Bursting through the paper

He broke my walking stick over his knee
But next week replaced it with a 3" thick dowel

But dad this stick would kill you
But dad this stick I didn't find on the hill

When I left forever
Little Aaron got loud

Mom was a wanderer
The hallway was her highway

She dressed like all middle class white women in the 80's
Shoulder pads and a fluffy perm

And she shed a solitary tear when we went to war

Desert Storm sounded like a video game
And acne scars looked tough and cool

Me and Chris would steal silver valve caps off tires
I'd go back at night to return them

I can see half my life
In golden grass and crystal

When Chris handed me his Leatherman
And I snapped the barbed wire atop the wall

So we could escape from the old railroad officer
The Feather River running through our minds

Beer bottle blue
The pine trees and valleys and endless ballast

After baseball practice
We biked home in the dark
The TVs were flickering

The drainage ditch was empty
So we climbed the fence and sat in it

Harmony Holiday

Recognition Scene/ Little Chromatic Solutions

I couldn't stop googling mugshots : Prince, Madonna, Mama's calm dome /
billy/club (up) on a Monday plot locked in Aristotelian logic/got it... like in
Clockers, moving picture in a box / runner addicted to malted chocolate /rocks
and Papa / Papa the pills /our pills toppling into sold songs and mammies on
the tv dinner tray in wrong aprons/ imma run again/ on —

And what it's all leading up to is the longingest reunion, hundreds of us on one
stage like it was our ships again... I mean all of us, Malcolm and Miles the lulls
in will and nervous nirvana millions and Nina and Etheridge and them, backs
turned the audience chanting a fantastic silence into the expectation kind
of maple hunger where we hung becomes anger/funny and a sun in my heart
the nights we spend watching jazz and porn together until we lose track of the
difference... unprecedented even prison is romantic on this stage and heaven is
dumb and is there anyone who isn't sold into some songs from one or the other
or wondering at the slave hunter for his turn, my turn

Morgan Vo

city hat

nothing be with not to try
our comfort stays as usual thanks
everything that could not be seen not seen
the only way for more is with a candor like rain
outlived amongst dispossession no sky, nor day
no separate eyes that arrest us, or get stoned downtown
the whole in free possession body, but no one to us,
everyone up!
everyone up!

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Amber Atiya lives in South Jamaica.

Rico Frederick lives in East Harlem.

Harmony Holiday lives in Morningside Heights.

Brenda Iijima lives in Prospect Heights.

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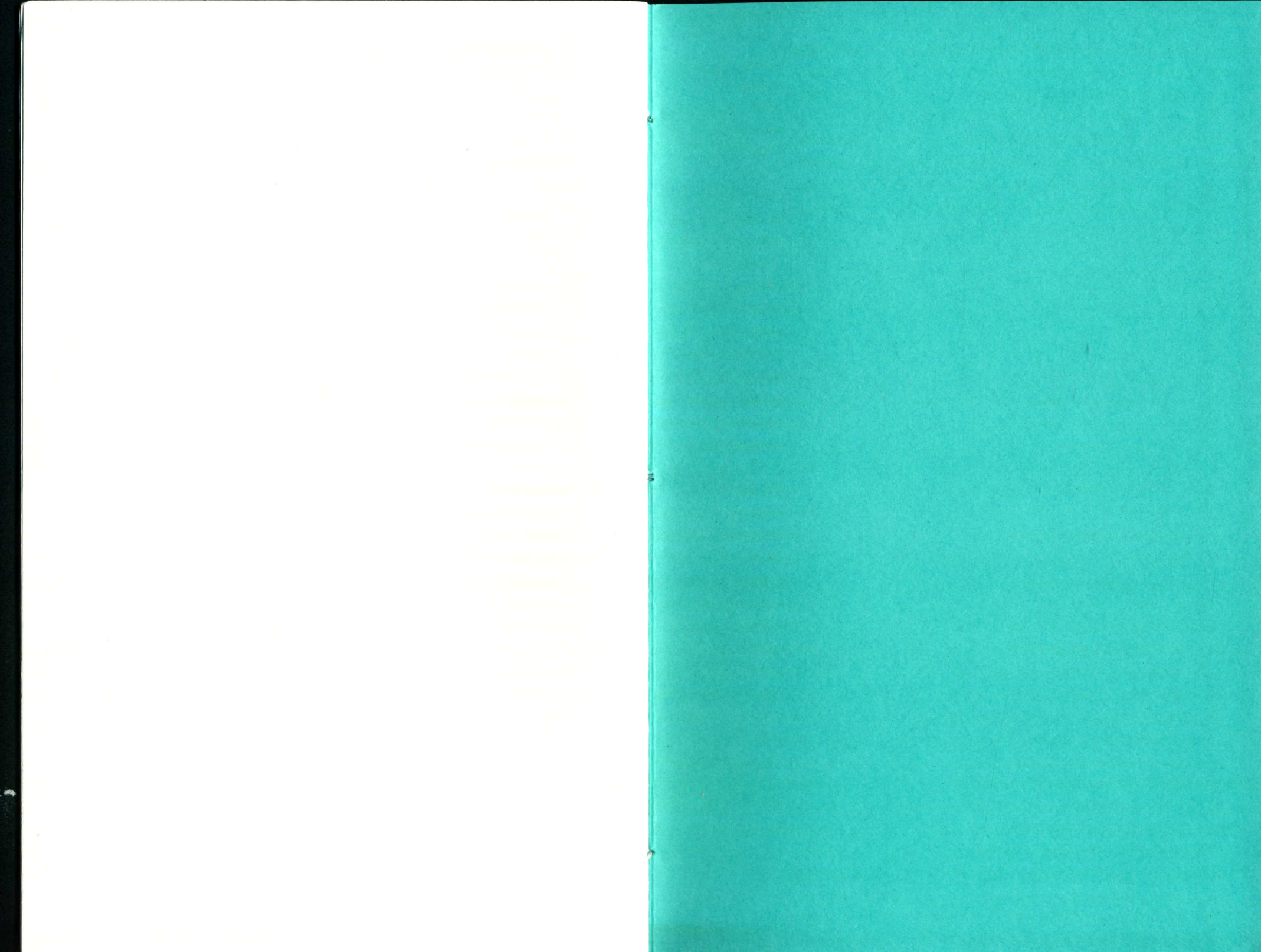
Ali Power lives in Williamsburg.

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Morgan Vo lives in Bushwick.



to implode the

speaking I?



Angle of
Impotent

Signification

