



NO, DEAR



No, Dear

Issue 9

NINE

No, Dear
Issue Nine
Nine
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Tyler Flynn Dorholt

NINE ANAGRAMS FOR THAT THING YOU JUST SAID

Jumping in rain puddles in search of strawberries

just cradle in pins—pin in—& wear brush. I'm red gears of
strewn dice & sing. Pun harries bump of snide jar, rail—
indices ring, hew, no dire pearls—a jab, strum, furs pin
& I sleep firm, iris rapt—grown barn hands juice dunes
& gin ferries in pain on raw russet birch. Jump! Saddle!
I punch prime jeans—a raw sun first addles or I bring
eerie bears' lunch, ring & stamp jaws for risin' puddin'—
a ripe wind: chairs bring or dump in fear unless jest—
we ride prim & jubilant fins—are sun's daring porches—

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CASTAWAY SONG

after Elizabeth Bishop

Nine times I retell the story. The volcanic island empty of any seabird.
Of large craters there are nine, of iguanas and crabs nine times nine times
nine times nine and I pick the meat out, suck clean the legs.

Heart, heart, so many hearts, I see a heart in the sand, I hallucinate a
house
with windows.

Nine is our lucky number.

Nine days I floated on a busted keel and forgot the story.

Hynoptized by the sound of water I think of bodies and more bodies,
scores of bodies I must have known. The horizon line blares out infinity.
Nine seals are barking. I lied listless with you in a hotel, I remember
small details.

I told you nine times so many times that life in a glass-walled isolation
room is not something to aspire to. The doors seal shut with a rush of air
and the world just cuts out, your plot of land a lazaretto.

I forgot the story on a busted keel and I floated for nine days.

Abandoned nests and feathers blowing like weather. In my nine lucid
dreams
I am light and agile, I can fly, I am capable of greatness.

I retell the story nine times.

I am on the wrong side of the glass. I am on the island nine years and nine
times nine I move my lips. I mime the motions now, like I'm really touching
you. How does that feel? And this, does this feel good? I do it over and over
again. I do it nine times.

You stain the hospital pillowcases with your dirty hair. Nine days without
a shower. White isn't your best color. You look an orphan in that gown.

Nine times I walk to the house with windows.

I press my hands, face, breasts against the glass to leave an oily imprint,
however indistinct. I do this once, so as not to smudge the body's outline,
the clouded shapes saying *I was here*.

Loveboat and Sailorwife

a play in 3 acts

"Iowa is bread for war." "Some trees look like mountains
across the field." "And suddenly I'm living in Montana."
"I'm living in a stack of index cards." "I don't understand
your prefabricated dances." "Do they close the windows
for a reason?" "Do they develop accents on the page?"
"For example, are you a former farmer?"

"I am a former constitution. I'll help you mitigate
that section of land next to the ocean." "Okay." "I am
a furnished living room." "That's fine." "I am a door
that leads to eighteen other doors." "I am combing
through adverbs to see you." "I am nearly there, Sailor,
and nothing is too triangle for these seas."

"You are stronger than a desk chair sailing through
the square." "Moving objects from one column
to the next; placing receipts on pharmacist's land."
"Maybe you like the way flurries sway," we said.
It was getting cold, and the afternoon was turning
a shade of 9 we'd never seen before.

Franklin Bruno

PARANYMPH

Psych.: A disorder characterized
by systematic delusions or,
less commonly, by some deviant
ideation unaccompanied
by imagery, as in the current
instance. A devilish clever way
to lose three husbands: two nails halfway
up a staircase, a mandolin string
stretched between them. Owls are the new deer.

MRB Chelko

from *September Stories*

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The Great Zero
Jonathon Walter

The unending dust. Theirs. The dead
farm. A black tarantula cursing
the newness of everything. What? Cradling
its head. *Like me*, he thought
insanely. Such a creature. Alive. He saw a
mountain. Black it approached. And glanced
down. He was allowed to sit
quietly and listen. It was his job
to understand. Why? They hadn't had
rain for two months. And he was not
water. No. And not man. The mountain
walked toward him. Like a woman
from her car. He covered his mouth.
He had seen spiders. Descend into dust
and never return.

Nine of Cups

For this ounce of language you will remember me into a thimble
I suppose, where a man becomes circumspect as he packs away

his outrage like a cup, stuffing his mind with tissue, tinder, tissue.

Yes that's what. You will remember I am everywhere, pigment like a foam
brimming your fortunes—how did you do anyway? The cards laid out
on the carpet, your need for analysis by way of chance shuffle. There.

If you can remember me not as the woman who lay eyes stagnant
on the shelf collecting her worth of dust, not as the woman stuck

inside her sweater fearing the bloat of her belly, but as a woman
a standing of gold, silk spilling off her like the boast of melancholy.



There. How you worked my image into your skull one card at a time
until my skin turned onyx hips turned sideways the devil yellow

in my hair won't you remember. And you nodded your head as you
considered me lion-eyed in my mound of panic attacks, how pretty

soon the dyspnea could save me the trouble of actual death. There.

And then later you chewed your beef dinner into a quiet state, the patchouli
rising on your shoulders still, the quiet chewing. You will remember the body
as a fish hanging dry from a window, where man is that great moment

of thrashing, a trout say chaste of hooks and peonies. At your plate
a knife and your lucky days. When strangers wait at your door, let them.

Dora is a system, generalizing complaints.
Localized, too, the slight pleasure
bladder leaks release.

The convenience of the loss of voice.
This loss and cough
now-familiar. Girlish aphonia, direct application.

Dora, undressed by father for the doctor,
ties then gown, sits Dora basin-footed, magnetic.
Toeing the coils, knees open.

Doctor's electrical palming, wetted
forehead of sleepy Dora,
who closes eyes after temples.

Little lightning bolt.

Doctor fathering Dora's abdomen.
Perhaps-cured Dora asleep dripping
with him into the hospital shower.

Knead Dora to Dora's knees.
Pry-mouth Dora drooling,
pissed on, allowed to towel only.

Grinding Dora, converting,
swallowing beads,
Little lightning bolt.

Did the Others Witness?

"We didn't"—"see"—"I mean"—"the water was murky"—
"we didn't"—"know"—"that is to say"—"we were"
—"swimming"—"nearby"—"I suppose"—
"but"—"the pilot fish"—"they were friends"
—"with him, you know"—"those pilot fish!"—
"they were swimming ahead"—"scouting"—"they say"
—"that rumour"—"they have a special"—"relationship"—
"with Great Whites"—"but we didn't"—"see"—"such shoals"
—"couldn't see much"—"saw nothing, in fact"—"shoaling"

the blue haze"—"and the wrasses"—"and their cleaning stations"—
"then"—"when the blue fin come"—"they obscure everything"
—"oh,"—"had my suspicions"—"couldn't be proved,
though"—"we"—"of course, I"—"remember"—"vaguely"
—"I said to you at the time"—"you wouldn't"—"listen"—
"couldn't disabuse you"—"of it"—"but nothing can be proven"—
"I stopped you"—"you seemed"—"tousled"—"flushed"—
"flustered"—"I looked you in the eye"—"as if looking for"—
"evidence"—"maybe"—"I mean, I sometimes thought"—"he was"

—"a rough educator"—"But"—"procedures"—"put in place"—
"all reasonable"—"measures, you know"—"the wrasses"—
"were attending the groupers"—"queuing up"—"amongst the kelp"
—"the hammerheads were approaching"—"such a blue haze"
—"couldn't really know"—"what was happening"—
"anyway, a rogue element"—"how could I?"—
—"we were schooling"—"not as if you could"—
"hold us responsible"—"the seaweed forest"
—"made it hard to see"—

Barry Denny

Dear wife of my dead friend

Fifty years have flown
since on the phone I screamed,
Zeb you're a turd,
to me you're dead.
We were handball kings
in the Bronx.
No matter what came next,
my words were out,
raw as horseradish,
free as disease in Dickens.
A corpse can't hear
what memories you share.
Forgiveness erupts not
in the moment — but is history
salted, simmered, sipped.
Oh, wife of my dead friend,
in Mississippi your husband received nine stitches
above his femur bone,
came home and fucked my girl friend Joan.

Michelle Kern

ODE TO MY NINE COCKS

Bona Dea!

Mali!

Henri!

Jupiter!

My five nameless!

See, it *is* natural

you aren't happy; the flock

of more than forty-five hens have become lonesome, twelve.

When you shadow your weight,

like a train,

atop Sappho or Flora I do not blame—

each running quickly the other way.

from *Portraits of the Artists as Their Own Subjects*

There's the grace of a man on wire
how he swings his legs in an s-curve

over the sidewalk talking shit

grace of crows' feet real birds
of abandonment: sink. Sink, Matthew then

curve // It's hard / doing the bidding / of your
tongue // and hand

that intricate devil leaving his name on paper

your walk straight if you say it

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All night long I keep drawing
the charred straw out of your mutest O.

In the name of all the unplanned birds
and the poor soul caught between 2 and 3.

In the name of the stranger I became to her,
lost keychain in the snow, tiny wooden heart.

In the name of her with the deaden(e)d voice
and cords cut, tides and ebullitions inside her,
bound to drown in ebb and argument.

Tide of starfished bodies, torn limb
from limbO, island that always remains
just 99 storms away.

Contributors

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