

No, Dear

No. Dear

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Issue 6

*Pit*

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Issue Six  
*Pit*  
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Tyler Weston

Harvest

Uncle Henry tells me  
with conviction  
that Plato was a faggot

like the rest of those  
pederast cocksuckers

I stay silent  
and assume

as the moon rises  
that its bald face is mocking me

He has the ice of God in him  
aunt Ruth tells me  
slicing a vine-ripe

Oh Ruth  
Oh Lord

let me out of this contortion  
I promise

I will eat my meals slowly  
and cut the grass every week

and offer my dirt-caked neck  
to the river



Damnation Gully

Say the world is run with so many gullies & it is  
No difference how many but that the world-  
Gully is presumed to be formed of two sides  
& the domain of this relation of gullies

Is this side of a given gully this brainmirror  
Which reflects that side the material side of our gully  
Which itself is another mirror though constructed alluvially  
So we may say the cognitive side of this gullymirror

Is the converse domain of the relation between  
The class of all sedimentary gullymirrors seen  
The class of all cognitive internalmirrors by sensation  
Received is reflected in correlation to material gullyorder

There are none no observed negative gullies in this  
Our domain erodes the class of mirror relations

Maybird Gulch

THE BEATOUT: I am the domain of these profane correlations  
I am a line I describe a segment of an irregular plane  
Of rock by which I erode my ordered reflection  
Unknown geometries describe this conglomerate

I don't petition the unfixed sky the indifferent clods  
I can't see the world run with thousands of other gulches  
I have no heels to dig in though I variably clutch this  
Infinite talus a slope of crumbling nodes

Of the way out I am certain: scree slops down  
I spit the sole sound & it rattles an echo  
If change comes which it does  
Whatever comes covers me over immersion

THE AUTHOR: I too am a domain of profane correlations  
& I see the world run with untold thousands

Adult/Child

What is the exact time like  
when the ocean is neither  
encroaching nor retracting?  
How long is its duration  
and what feelings does it  
push on swimmers?  
The foxtail in your sock  
buried equally and visible  
by touch. Rubbing always  
on the softest spot  
behind knobs of bone.  
If this were a metaphor  
for anything besides an  
annoying seed I would  
blush.

How much would you  
say this water weighs?  
Holding up his  
radio in official stillness  
looking through mirrored  
glass down the beach,  
he reports.  
Huge rip opened up,  
five man rescue.  
Visualizing this  
current scares me but I  
find it necessary, and  
somewhat similar to the  
political view from an  
airplane.

Katie Clemente

thingstotuckaway

A man makes run-on lowercase beats like damniolegsisfirmlikeaham  
and whygottadrivemycarthroughcamdenshit and  
hotcakesstraightfromzimbabwe he tells me "I'm the coolest black guy  
here" which is probably true but I haven't gotten to know many people  
lately, what with fluorescent lights and cost-per-points and tiny metal  
jaws of staple removers passing through my hands daily, hourly I finger  
magazine edges and look at log cabins which seem so appealing though  
I've never been camping I make myself a note to go to Oregon someday  
which seems hilarious since my backyard was always made of concrete  
and suspicious jagged-tar pebbles and ashy honeysuckle in the summer  
and tiny gardens that shriveled up after grandpa died I was positive that  
everyone covered up their fig tree with a garbage pail to shield it from  
the frost but I think that's just a Brooklyn thing, a family thing, a thing  
that's already lost in mortgage clutter and college debt and when-are-we-  
moving-to-Florida I don't know.

Chris Caldemeyer

Cedar Hill Cemetery, Hartford, Connecticut

The bell-tower combusted,  
*there is light coming through all that  
darkness if it ever gets down*

making the dogwood ministries quit  
the heart, tonguing their way through the overtures.

The trees part at the side and landscape  
centers between cult and personality.

A symmetry  
was rising from the dead, a muscular  
waltz.

The burning of leaves meant we could  
forgive the ancestors that

walked in surveying circles around  
the start. Slow, bent to the left,

while the shoe gave way to ground.

Jared White

La Cucaracha

Calabash it's called and it grows here and out of the pulp and the fruit  
I made a mélange that was auto-corrected. It was all whites in this egg.  
Under the cover of the smoke, half an uncovered leg twitched to rest  
But the most poisonous objects are usually invisible. Calabash  
Attracts the tsetse of my imagination I no longer persevere I offer  
Shoulders, which is to say, male breasts. They can be legally shown  
Even to children. I would have fit inside my shoe. Those stair holes  
Are scary, hole inside hole, you look at the skin and think to yourself  
How wormy is it possible to be Calabash. One hand from the gullet to  
Calabash. Not even a single one of us knows where it came from or  
How to get rid of it. I watched the erection from my faraway balcony  
But before I arrived to slow the operation as if you cannot stop it  
You can slow it down it had already become critical in the environs  
It was imbricated. I watched as this starchy little ivy tendril curled  
Up its crack. Calabash swayed, the curling and the swaying calabash.  
I had nothing to say even to the most wonderful people in the world,  
Including Sue, Steve, Cynthia, Franz, McDoo, Peanut, Emily, Portia.  
I felt like a not not not not not not not not acceptable. A calabash  
Myself. This one time we moved the trampoline into the driveway  
Revealing an unseemly circle of the dirt where the grass had died

But it came back right away. These wonderful oversized tomatoes,  
Radiation gourds. In the structure a metaphor for being bigger than  
Ages ago. Ages ages. God dust. With rubber gloves I handled this  
New pupate, saying, I am your parentage. A two times Calabash  
With memory erased and re-recorded, a three times Calabash  
Regulated by socialism, a four at the office, five with picnic lunch.  
We really thought this Calabash was going places. Ma'am said  
The moon. At night we tucked it in to wake up in the morning  
It had taken us all the way to adulthood to discover the moonrise.  
Sadly, the experiment was defunded and this pampered eggplant  
Ended up in the circus on the ringmaster's desk, like a paperweight.  
I had trusted the wrong executors with my business investments.  
I had tested my boringness and badness and felt sort of uncomfortable,  
Like a showdown between Wordsworths. This was a grapefruit knife,  
And a tutorial in how to eat a grapefruit. Persimmons are complex  
Calabash a mere complication. I retained my skill despite an allergy  
To extended activities in the wishbone dimension among locals,  
Calabash fathers. That was a lie but I'd have to live with it and so  
I kiss em in the shadow of Chichen Itza. Then I descend the pyramid  
Everyone else is going up and halfway down my sacrifice escapes!



Jen Hyde

Winning at Pit

I followed bear and traded corn  
in those days learning more  
about your granary than your horn;  
I followed bear and traded corn.

I held my granary and I was flaxed  
then flaxing soybeans while the bull  
followed bear—he traded, he feasted—  
until my bear growled, *full*

Andrew Reynolds

THE ICEMAN

Constellating  
his various  
devices,

the dogwood shafts  
and fungal  
tinder,

his copper axe  
ensnared in his  
fingers,

the Iceman alters  
setting snow.

~.:~

Because he can smelt copper,  
forge a blade and mount it crosswise,

Because the Schnalskamm pass is perilous,

Because he carries medicinal roots,

Because his arthritic joints are dotted  
with carbon tattoos,

Because ice above the timber line doesn't melt,

Because the copper mine has given out,

Because his dominion hangs like a mantle,  
a bear-skin cloak,

Because the fungi strung on the leather are marvelous,

Because the last of the chamois is hung and dry,  
because he commands the copper axe

it is almost certain he should die. Because his mouth  
is discovered open, because his joints are frozen,



Andrew Reynolds

Because death to him comes  
perhaps the way stone is sharpened,

Because the man is Similaun, hands torn to bone—  
that is to say he protects the copper mine.

~::~~

Because middle passage is forever.

Toward the peak there begins the cap,  
a margin parallel to the ancient road.  
Where the sky is breached the sun glances  
across mirrors of the ice sheet.

Fledged, the arrow flies right—  
a sandstorm blown in from Africa  
depositing enough to reveal a figure,  
stubborn skin to mask the grinning skull.

Son frames father in the ice, deposes an axe,  
watches beyond an ability to wield it.  
His mind assumes the shape of jutting shoulders,  
morning's anxiety mold of unconscious dreams—  
arrested decomposition of the body.

It is not enough to simply forge a new blade.

~::~~

*Turning back to regain our path we found a man,  
or the body of a man, or it seemed that the deadness  
was vibrant about him, or that the excitement of his dying  
had settled and froze with him in the snow. For a long time  
we stood there and the air was thin, our ears ringing  
and the man making his clumsy trajectory out of the ice.*

*Ears ringing and the sun below the horizon, in the east,*

*alpenglow, the backscatter twofold about the ice and ancient figure,  
it was agreed discussion on the matter would be adjourned to the  
following day.*

*After a rather solemn dismantling of camp in the morning,  
it was discovered that many of us had suffered atypical dreams.*

~::~~

Bleeding out  
into wet  
snow

and clutching  
a copper  
hatchet,

the shaman  
torques his  
shoulder,

fixes an angle's  
awkward  
embrace.

Building/Unbuilding

Suzie, slip on your hero shoes. There's a banner out front

with your name on it/a paddle and some floaties to  
keep your head above water. There may be a siren rolling

inside of your belly, the urge to duck out while the lights  
are still dim. But mama and them are watching and

it'd be a shame to let them down. It'd be a shame cause

they're erecting a sculpture of you, right in the heart of town, something

grand and made of limestone or carved marble. And everyone knows that  
after sculptures come parades and holidays in your honor. But,

a fallen hero like me can tell you from experience that if you decide  
not to water the garden/  
decide not to

collect that heap of mail or bake the cookies,  
it'll all be just  
fine.

They've convinced you of the fall, but I'm telling you,  
they're wrong.

\*\*\*

When you build a fort, you need a variety of chairs. Perhaps a tall  
wooden stool, an ottoman, a rocker. Nothing too fancy, just something  
that'll allow the linen to drape. Place the chairs in a circle, or a  
geometrical shape of your choice. The preferred shape needn't be  
equilateral or equiangular (I know these words, though I received a D in  
high school geometry). Leave enough space inside for yourself (and  
another person, if you choose) to lay down. When you head to the linen  
closet, reach for the darkest sheets and blankets. The less that you can  
see, the more you'll enjoy your fort experience. Drape the sheets over  
the chairs. Let the cloth fall. Let it hang.

When you choose to leave your fort, don't break it down. Sit outside of it  
and watch as the linens are mussed by the whirl of the ceiling fan. Watch  
it fall down all  
on its own.

So Many Olympic Exertions #6

(Questions asked during press conference with John Isner on July 24,  
2010, after longest tennis match in history)

So what kind of night did you spend last night? Could you sleep?  
Nightmares? How out of sorts were you? The match had its own  
internal logic or rhythm. Sometimes it was a little crazy or surreal. Did  
you feel almost a different kind of space out there? Can you talk about  
your feelings as the match went on and on and on? You were throwing  
up your hands as if to say, What can I do? Do you think you can keep  
winning? How far do you think you can go? Do you think the quality of  
the play will be remembered or do you think the match will be  
remembered just for its length? Can you estimate roughly how many  
bananas you ate? How many bottles of water you got through? How  
many times did you change your shirt? What time did you actually go  
to bed? Is there something that keeps you patient and mentally  
fastened on what's going on, some sort of magic word? In the finish,  
was it the will to win or fear of failure that got you across the line?  
Was there ever a point yesterday when you felt like you might have to  
retire out of exhaustion? Does it stick in your mind? Is it still there?

So Many Olympic Exertions #8

scientists want to know

do you ever wonder  
how a friend feels  
in x or y situation?

the nyt declares  
young adults less  
sympathetic

the writer of the article  
her tone seems slightly  
"alarmed"

but i am so scared

empathy: does that mean  
you have no idea  
what other people think

because what if  
they think nothing

Joseph Calavenna

x

today I imagine you with your own room  
you are sitting cross-legged in the middle

it is the prettiest each wall is colored yellow  
one has a big map

x

a bag of red marbles arrived from Paris  
the note said *hello* in French

I asked you to translate  
then poured the marbles on the floor

x

when you get to your room I will already be there  
the map will be of Italy

you will find marbles on the floor for weeks  
just before you leave you will find one under your pillow and put it in  
your pocket

x

when I think of pockets I imagine looking through your glasses  
you said sometimes you take them off to wear masks

sometimes my legs grow when I'm sleeping  
you said yours do too sometimes

x

today when I look at you I think of primrose  
two months ago when I looked at you

you were in a big green chair  
controlling the whole room



## Contributors

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Joseph Calavenna has a chapbook entitled *Milksop Machines* and his work has been published in *West 10th* and *Semicolon*.

Chris Caldemeyer lives in Park Slope, Brooklyn.

Anelise Chen is writing a series about sports and jocks. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Gigantic*, *Hot Metal Bridge*, *The Dirty Pond*, *Dogzplot*, and other places. She is an MFA student at NYU.

Katie Clemente was born in, raised in, and can't seem to leave Brooklyn, New York. She received her B.S. from New York University and spends too much time watching trashy Vh1 shows.

Jen Hyde is a poet, book artist and the founding editor of Small Anchor Press. Previously her poems have appeared in *La Fovea* and *Unpleasant Event Schedule*. She lives in Brooklyn.

Curtis Jensen is an MFA candidate in the Creative Writing Program at Brooklyn College. His work is published in *The Bridge* and forthcoming in the *Sugar House Review*, *Precipitate* and *The Equalizer*. He is the author of 5 chapbooks, and he curates the Prospect literary series. Previous to Brooklyn, he has lived and worked in Utah, Wyoming, and Ukraine. He maintains a blog at [theendofwaste.blogspot.com](http://theendofwaste.blogspot.com).

Lauren Nicole Nixon is a teaching artist, choreographer and poet. Nixon received her M.A. in Arts Politics from NYU's Tisch School of the Arts. Her poetry has been published in *What You Do*, *Eat a Peach*, *RELEASE* and *Hail, Muse, Etc.* Her choreography has been presented at Dance Theater Workshop's College Partnership Program and the Triskelion Arts Collaborations in Dance Festival. She resides in Brooklyn.

Eric Pitra is an electronic musician who writes and performs under the name Nature Program. You've never heard of him.

Andrew Reynolds has recently been published in *Pembroke Magazine*, *The Bridge*, and *The Brooklyn Review*. He recently completed his MFA at Brooklyn College, where he now teaches English.

Tyler Weston is a native of the Catskill Mountains of upstate New York, and currently lives in Brooklyn.

Jared White lives in Brooklyn. His chapbook *Yellowcake* was included in the anthology *Narwhal* from Cannibal Books in 2009. He's recently published poems in *Action Yes*, *Coconut*, *Harp & Altar*, *Laurel Review*, *Modern Review*, and *Horse Less Review*. His essays have appeared in *Open Letters* and *Harp & Altar*. He co-directs Yardmeter Editions event series in Brooklyn and blogs occasionally at [jaredwhite.blogspot.com](http://jaredwhite.blogspot.com).



