



Ahadada Books

# Chapbook

## Don Quixote Goes To The Moon

*Rane Arroyo*

### **Rane Arroyo**

Rane Arroyo is a poet, playwright and experimental fictionist who is a first-generation Puerto Rican born in Chicago. After years of traveling, he has returned to the Midwest to write and teach in Ohio. You can send him an email at [rrarroyo@aol.com](mailto:rrarroyo@aol.com) or [rane.arroyo@utoledo.edu](mailto:rane.arroyo@utoledo.edu).

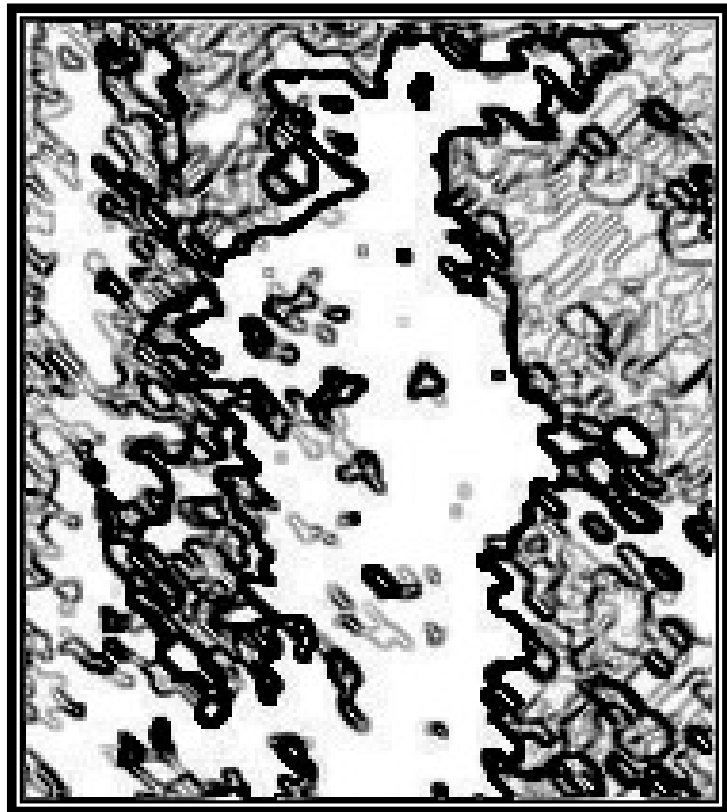


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## DON QUIXOTE GOES TO THE MOON



R A N E A R R O Y O



## Acknowledgment

Several of these poems were previously published in the on-line magazine, *The Muse Apprentice Guild* and in *Many Mountains Moving*, (guest editor, Luis Alberto Urrea).

## Dedication

To Glenn and Little Bee. To the poets I've met over the years for teaching me to reject bitterness as the inevitable and ultimate choice. To Bogdan, Karmann, and all the other ghosts of San Carlos—someone still loves you.

## Introduction

As I begin selecting and writing for my next major project, *Ghost Island: New and Selected Poems*, it's become apparent to me that each new book and chapbook takes me to new frontiers. Two newer projects have changed the course of my writing career: a poetry sequence about solar scientists, *The Sun's Sixteen Lovers* (unpublished); *The Roswell Poems* about that infamous UFO crash in New Mexico (being reviewed). I've gathered poems for *Don Quixote Goes to the Moon* feeling brave and focused, and it's clear that my love and interest in science fiction/fantasy/speculative writing is guiding me towards more poetry in this rather uncharted genre for established poets. I partly blame the brilliant writer Italo Calvino whose agile mind refused easy answers. I also found myself reading newer works by other poets who seem to be imitating themselves. This chapbook is a manifesto about my poetry's newest directions: new subject materials, a variety of forms, and the return to the notion of writing and reading as acts of pleasure (how radical is that?). As a gay Latino writer, I find great liberation in writing about anything as my imagination takes the first steps to establish its colonies in space. The poem "Diary of a Man Never to Leave Earth" is dedicated to my readers who share with me the physical Earth even as our minds traverse the universe. Don Quixote, I finally see that you're right: *hijo, don't slow down for the future.*



Y preguntamos por el eterno amor,  
por el encunetro absoluto

[And we ask for the eternal love,  
for the absolute encounter]

—César Vallejo, Trilce: LXVII



## *The Day The Earth Stood Still*

The 1950's pretend to be innocent times; the Washington Mall is a convenient parking lot for a UFO.

Gawkers obey thin ropes that stop them from touching the glowing pie tin turned upside down. The hatted

are everywhere while the alien, Klaatu, steps out in silver clothes, looking the Disco Ball of the Future.

He's upstaged by his robot, his true master. It's a time to borrow stealth and observe humans close-up.

Klaatu, in civilian clothes, now a Mr. Carpenter, sends a warning by stopping Earth's electricity dead

on its tracks. Stopping doesn't hurt, a surprise. Klaatu is in the elevator with 25-year old Helen

(some names are stuck as myths) and looks the suave courtier. But Mrs. Benson grows afraid when

they're together in a taxi that bears their breaths and an alien language is in her American mouth.

The UFO becomes a target practice for the military. It's up to Helen to be a victim becoming a heroine.

It's time: *Klaatu Barada Nikto!* Now! Gort the Robot carries her in his arms as the debonair alien dares not to.

Klaatu catches up, warns Earth of spies in the heavens and flies away. Paranoia has its day in the black sun.

Helen is freed once she proves that she isn't pregnant, happy ending. Atomic bombs never sleep again.

I think of this film each time we dive under our desks in case of nuclear war. No robot or alien saves me

from being the alien in my birth city. Because I'm a Latino, teachers push vocational skills, but I go to the gift

of the public library and read Sci Fi. It's time: *Klaatu Barada Nikto!* Words stir, hurry to me, and carry me away.



## *Prometheus' Sons*

I was obsessed with The Fantastic Four.  
Now I know why: Johnny Storm—  
The Torch and aching hunk.

Angst always  
finds its own level of fire and flood.

I'd force my bored brother and sister  
to play "Superpowers" and they laughed  
when I said I could read minds, that  
some spectacles are interior

(I always  
spoke like that, as if a 1950's space alien,  
but I was taught English by Hollywood,  
sports buddies, and public library books).

The soap opera of the Four, their love lives,  
was a tall tale telenovela with a big budget.

Heroes' enemies know that the human heart  
is full of ghosts.

The Torch was always  
sorrowful, sexy and sophomoric to  
a fresh man (and he was explicitly blonde).

I wasn't  
dishonest about my desire for him because  
I didn't know what desire was yet, not in  
the literal sense.

It was as if Johnny and I  
spoke the same language: tight pants, crises,  
and red tantrums.

To visit my Johnny (Juan),  
I just had to command:  
*Flame On! Flame On!*

†

My Johnny, my first torch singer, you would be  
at home in my tropics with its omniscient sun.

Imagine if the Caribbean had super heroes too!  
The Blue Ghost, TideRider, La Taína, or  
El Pirata!

But our enemies are bureaucrats,  
nothing visceral.

We don't seek the justice  
simplified by superpowers, but the wham bam  
of Mexican wrestling, the soccer fans screaming  
for an unfettered Cuba, the glitter of gays on nude  
beaches abandoned because of sharks, the wow  
of being alive now—

what costumes we'd wear!



Johnny, you would have to shield your eyes!

It'd be Mardi Gras in the air!

Reggae Armageddon!

We'd be Prometheus' sons with perfect tans!



***A boy and his dog.***

A muchacho and his coyote.  
El Señor and his dog star.

The constellations are  
inconstant above the houses made  
of hope.

A companion and his  
four-legged shadow.

Ghosts  
are being lowered into the Earth.

Abandoned dogs cannot follow  
owners into the lowered coffins.

They become wolves,  
howling in ways that Cathedral  
bells should but cannot.

Another child is born and is soon  
circled,

*choose me, choose me.*

It's the old dog vs. God war in which  
each side's troubadours are targeted.



*Señora Rosa calms her pueblo*

The meteors arrived  
and were kept from our  
Holy Books by a thin  
veil of unimportant clouds.

These sky stones won't  
appear again for another  
century that, to we who  
live now, means not for

an eternity. Previous  
meteors have appeared  
without taking off their  
wedding veils or asking us

for our nakedness. God  
writes signs in living skies.  
This spectacle is spent  
far from our currency,

money stripped of glowing  
numbers. We listen to  
weathermen because they're  
right to only love the Earth.

*Earthbound*

I wanted Superman to carry me  
 in his arms to another planet or better yet  
 to fly on my own,  
 but not like an angel  
 who has to earn his salvation  
 and is stuck

with the duty of  
 guarding Eden  
 against Humans  
 returning.

I must admit that I will not  
 live on Mars, or  
 travel to most of the Earth.  
 I'll be yet another ruin

to simplify with  
 a parenthesis  
 (birth-date and death-date).

Out there:  
 Sputnik was a reverse comet  
 bursting out of our simplicity, a fire that  
 linked us to Prometheus,  
 our real heavenly father:

Why were so many super heroes  
 orphans?

I confess without turning it into a musical:  
 I'm too old for space travel and was at the age of 1  
 My asthma demands too much oxygen and breathing too often will be a crime in space  
 One suitcase? One book for a library?

I come from mountain folks,  
 the mountains of Puerto Rico,  
 perhaps also the Pyrenees,  
 and once in a dream,

I was a monk in Nepal  
 and another monk undressed me  
 and we froze to death together  
 in a blizzard because our love  
 was the wrong love (not the wrong sex) and  
 we were to return to Earth  
 1,000 more times and it was worth it as he and I  
 refused to flinch.

There are too many means to be earthbound: just ask Satan  
 who plunged  
 into the Earth's  
 core, that secret rose, that cauldron of  
 comet blood,  
 liquid apple kept from  
 our myths:

Satan plunged  
 like our space rockets do  
 after missions, after fiscal missionary work—  
 but faster  
 but faster  
 but faster

until the Devil was imprisoned by Earth's gravity:  
 Why is he our role model and not  
 the angels of the Torah?  
 I'm Superman as Clark Kent on a 24-hour basis.





*After Manny realizes he'll never be an astronaut*

he goes on a binge and his friends have to  
break into his apartment to get hock shop  
dinero for bail money.

“I was lied to in 6<sup>th</sup> grade,”  
he says at *Flying Monkeys*, the closest bar  
to county jail.

“I can't do anything I want  
to do,” but his amigos won't lose another  
soldier to the demon, Cynicism.

They tie him up  
on the car roof and drive as fast as they can  
and Manny is screaming until

he sees stars  
calling him to join them. Flying monkeys  
lift him up into the heavens.

His friends  
regret their rescue for now Manny won't  
go drinking with them.

He's too busy ransacking  
psychics and Internet photos of the cosmos.  
Will Aliens find his notes after The Apocalypse?



## Nick Consuelo<sup>1</sup>

Nick Consuelo's first book of poems, *The Bachelor Conquistador*, was a very quiet debut. The collection is autobiographical and included a fair number of sonnets, villanelles and other traditional forms. A serious car accident in the Florida Keys changed Consuelo's focus and writing style forever. The two books that followed—*Soundtrack Without Musicians* and *God's Stunt Double*—emphasize the daily, popular culture and, of course, death. This poem is from Consuelo's new book, *Zorro Had No Superpowers*. He teaches at Delaware Central University.

### *Excerpt from the poem, "The Secret Immigrant"*

—for my internet pueblo amigos

#### *Page 1*

CAP: "A blue planet burns with the red of war, an aerial flood."  
A young man, Andre, runs emerging from a blinded desert towards a glowing city.

CAP: "Priests took their holy books and escaped through sky holes."  
An explosion hits a museum that Andre is about to enter. He falls down.

Two web-dressed women drag him towards a yawning tunnel.  
"Poor niño, poor us," says Anna. "No, God needs us," replies her Laura.

Andre wakes up in a starry hammock hung between two albino statues.  
"I hear footsteps above us. My grave is being dishonored."

Anna and Laura guide Andre to a babbling table offering bread and honey.  
"Now we can leave," says Anna. "Now we can leave this behind," says Laura.

CAP: "And the people prayed until their voices became a feeding frenzy for radars."  
War ships dangle in the tangled air and shoot at any and all echo sources.

#### *Page 2*

Inside a cloaked space ship, the three uncomely heroes look exhausted, like overripe apples.  
"We were waiting for someone else," says Anna. "But we found you first," says Laura.

The women circle the young man and he is hypnotized by their orbit dances.  
"Our memories are yours. This burden won't make you merely a work mule."

#### *Page 3*

CAP: "Andre's therapist wears sea blue socks with green shoes. Important?"  
Andre, on Earth, stares at his therapist who fills up a blind notebook with insights.

The breathy therapist leans forward and Andre looks out of the window at seagulls.  
"What if you don't have past life memories, but seek permission to be selfish?"

Andre walks down Oak Street Beach in Chicago. Kites dangle above him like war ships.

<sup>1</sup> This poem is based on the idea of a persona, Nick Consuelo, being included in an anthology of young writers who mostly follow traditional forms/subjects. Nick writes this work to honor his favorite graphic novels—and demands that critics and readers call it a poem.



He's inside his art studio and stares at his latest huge painting of a weeping desert.  
"Maybe I have future life memories."

CAP: "War's never over until monuments become rabid guard dogs."  
A naked man stares at Gold Coast mannequins. It's El Gaucho. It's El Gaucho.

CAP: "A human soul is always full of magnets."  
Andre is on his rooftop looking at the black spaces between black-milk stars.

## *Page 4*

El Gaucho, now dressed, has wrecked Andre's art studio. He sniffs the air for his prey.  
"Andre is close. Then the forgetting will begin."

Andre is at a bar full of dancing couples in all combinations. An older man stops before him as if he's hit a spiritual brick wall.  
"You're not from here," says the older man. "Are you a therapist?" replies Andre.

Two panels take half of the page:  
El Gaucho rushes through the black-clad bar crowd towards Andre who reads his lifelines by the light of melting ice cubes.  
"You're no mule," says the older man and raises his arms. A black hole's beauty is born.

Andre spins around and sees a black wave rushing towards him. Anna and Laura's spirits laugh as they throw their shadows into the mad mob.  
Andre yells at something, someone: "I hear ancient footsteps, but I'm not dead yet!"

## *Page 5*

CAP: The Chicago Police seeks the Mannequin Killer. Michigan Avenue is strewn with mannequin body parts.

Andre wakes up in the drunk tank, unsure of anything. A praying mantis policeman leans forward through the puny bars.  
"Buddy, I brought you here. Protection." Andre responds, "But from what?"

A yacht full of Alfredo-sauce lawyers is overturned as El Gaucho rises from the depths.  
CAP: "Buddy, from yourself. You were wasted. Chicago is full of wolves."

Flashback: Andre is running again on a blue planet. The desert behind him wears wings.  
Anna calls, "Here, here." Laura says, "Don't you hear us? Hear us!"

Andre's face in the one-cell cell replaces the gossamer landscape.  
"But the war isn't going to happen until one century from now."

## *Page 6*

Full page spread: El Gaucho breaks the jail's walls using alien tools and everyone scatters. Andre and the policeman are thrown into the malleable shadows.



*Page 7*

Andre stops the policeman from attacking and they stare into each other's eyes—not for answers, but for honest questions. “This may be the future trespassing on us,” says Andre. “I’m Santo,” says the policeman.

Andre and Santo join the escaping prisoners’ flash flood. El Gaucho sorts through corpses.

CAP: “A Government secret weapon blamed for panic.”  
Chicagoans are reading the newspaper headlines on their way to prop up capitalism.

Andre has taken Santo to his pendulous art studio and shrugs off the latest destruction. Andre says, “You must have superpowers, please, por favor,” pleas Santo. Andre grins, “OK, the truth? I’m doomed to be a poet.”

El Gaucho turns statues into living rebels waiting for his command.

[More in the next issue....!]



*Prayer*

Let us praise the sun for  
It is our sole nucleus

We are its nuclear children  
In our nuclear families

In the name of St. Einstein  
We wake up our computers

In the name of St. Franklin  
We harness lightning's horses

Hail numbers without end  
Holy is the God Chance

Blessed be the blinding bats  
The loose verbs of the night

We empty out this world  
In search of the Holy Yes

Damned be all the dead  
In their wigs of worms



## *Diary of a Man Never to Leave Earth*

There is a genius  
in our species linking stars  
to form creatures  
as constant constellations  
floating above us, but  
where is the starry mastodon  
or the mustachioed vaquero?  
Is form always about  
the little that we know?

†

And there shall be a bridegroom  
and his name shall be  
Quetzalcoatl  
or Albert Einstein  
or our Flash Gordon.  
An ex-lover took me  
to see Flesh Gordon,  
and the XXX rating was  
false advertising.

†

Poet: Why would it matter to you  
that space aliens exist?

Butcher in Houston: Maybe, then,  
we're at least God's bastards or  
lost sheep. Not apes  
or the Pope's puppets.

†

¿se habla Español? ¿se habla Martian?

but in this dream, I'm a tourist who  
learns Earth was never Earth.

†

And the fire and the tiger  
shall be one. And the fire  
shall have claws. And the tiger  
will burn long after its terror.

†

Which poem isn't an example  
of deus ex machina?  
Space aliens, this is your cue.  
Catwalk in our consciousness.

†

Hit song says:  
*another alien on Broadway.*  
Robbie, which kind?



†

Meanwhile, back in the nuclear nests,  
missiles mock Michelangelo's  
statues small male parts.

†

The era of the pirate is never over.  
There are seas on the moon, ¿no?

†

NASA sends naked figures of  
Adam and Eve into space.  
The etch-a-sketch version of ourselves:  
all the same color?

†

I'd watch *The Jetsons* and  
wondered why the future  
would still need black nannies,  
even if in airbrushed steel.

†

Poet: Why are so few Latinos in  
sci-fi blockbusters like *Star Wars*?  
Juan, the bartender: Ese, who do you think  
catered the cast parties?

†

Tom Swift, I'd read your adventures  
as if they were one-size-fits-all shoes,  
as if a color-blind world was the goal  
of being pals with you and hunky Scott.  
Children's books root in a human's soul.  
I've never bedded an astronaut.

†

Michael Jackson doing the moonwalk  
was more real to me than NASA's PR.

†

I thought that by 2000  
I'd be an adult migrating to Mars.  
How to smuggle a mariachi band  
on a rocket turned burro?

†

Barbarella, you're no Sor Juana.

†

And I would also like to shower with



star troopers, but I'm born too soon,  
and I'm real.

†

We interrupt this poem for a poem:



*Night Without Questions/Noche sin preguntas*

and I have a beard without a future  
the rain doesn't touch us  
under the shadow  
of the house wearing flames

y tengo una barba sin un futuro  
la lluvia no nos toca  
debajo de la sombra  
de la casa vestida en fuego

we're here to forget  
that there is a world without us  
that there are endless worlds  
that stars do not have blood

estamos aqui para olvidar  
que hay un mundo sin nosotros  
que hay mundos sin fin  
que las estrellas no tienen sangre

†

Gifts from Heaven are rarely replenished.  
Planes crash into towers and not  
even a reincarnated Yeats to say  
I-told-you-so. It us and not the sky  
that is falling, falling, falling down.  
This complex planet is a glass cage.

†

Nostradamus, let's play strip tarot.

†

Hey, amigos, locos, this jukebox has  
"La Bamba" by Richie Valens.  
He crashed just a few heartbreaks ago.

†

Asinov, Bradbury and Heinlein seemed like  
chess geniuses who shook hands,  
but drank far from each other's  
rags-to-riches telescopes.

†

Chanticleer, keep your eye on the sky.  
Someone may jump your claim.

†

Poet: My screenplay is about  
space aliens mistaking whales for Gods.  
Julio, drug addict: Poor whales,  
fenced in by the Old Testament.

†

In the dead plane museum, tourists  
are astonished by the tonnage it takes  
to rein the air. Phalluses with wings  
are graffiti in NASA's locker rooms.  
Ezekiel is the patron saint of Ufologists.  
And the sea is not deep enough for  
the human mind. The Hubble Telescope  
is an old sailor who tells of lost lands



he has seen with his one good eye.

†

A priest told me that aliens  
cannot go to Heaven because  
they have no souls or other  
familiar organs.

†

I'm a Trekkie, he said, but only after  
we had undressed and shared exclamation marks.  
Me: "Why the casting of Ricardo Montalban?"

†

Butterflies try the same, generation after generation:  
to drag Earth into the sun.

†

Will the International Space Station  
let us have our Che posters  
on its seamed walls?  
Does space travel require buzzcuts?  
Ziggy Stardust,  
¿did anyone ever offer you tamales  
and a Mexican accordion?

†

Venice sighed in relief when  
it was proven Mars had no canals.  
The tourist dollar must stay on terra firma.

†

Antonio's tattoo:  
the Virgin riding a UFO  
as if a surfboard.  
Prisons may someday  
become honored as art studios.

†

from *The Lost Book of Tomás*  
as told to the prophet Ramundo

My fat gospel  
insists this dead  
tree will bloom  
in a new land.  
What if the apocalypse  
is not about  
destruction, but—forgive me—  
endless creation?

This tree touches sky  
that in turn touches



the balls of angels  
dangling like apples.

†

The Lord speaketh:  
And the airwaves  
are heavy with  
*My Favorite Martian* reruns.

†

NASA requires that  
its space cowboys and cowgirls  
be photogenic.  
We, the ugly, must stay on Earth.



## *Don Quixote goes to The Moon*

It too has long been emptied of  
cantos and crusades. He likes how  
his armor feels like a sigh here.

He hunts the grim ghost called  
*The Man on the Moon*, the king of  
tides and madmen's brain waters,

the thief who adorns himself  
with the sun's fineries. Evil isn't  
confined merely to Spain, Earth

or the human soul. A widow  
offers a crater picnic and he accepts  
as chivalry requires him to do.

A rover flies them to a dull valley  
with views of the Void. His small  
spacesuit is dull, a pliable coffin.

The widow grins and suddenly  
floats away, a winged spy sent from  
cruel constellations! Don Quixote

looks for a horse of any kind, but  
the solar winds will not bear him.  
He must crawl and curse back to

the colony! Satan, he cries out,  
I will keep my eye on Earth's blue  
and know the Savior's triumph

over the desolation of fecund  
nothingness. Don Quixote needs  
his Sancho Panza, so his thin

shadow must do. Loneliness is  
a weapon in the wrong hands.  
He nears the colony when suddenly

a ship hovers above him and sends  
light rays to lift him to their protection.  
He's illegal! And sent back to Earth

to a prayerful Spain trapped in its past.  
He looks up—the Diablo of the Moon  
is grinning, as if the battle is over now.

Don Quixote has a purpose again!  
When you go to the stars, he tells his  
pueblo, know the war with Giants

is an ancient one. He returns to the Moon  
and vanishes—by his own good will?  
Mystery is the food reserved for martyrs.



## *The Founders*

Mars, at first, wasn't mythic:  
airlocks, requisite name rolls,

thuggish scrambles for news of  
the blue eye we abandoned.

Mami's rice and beans became  
the sacrament that got away.

Nations fell off us after our  
untethering from blood lines.

Conquistadors yielded to  
scientists warring with God.

Then, slowly, Mars won us  
over with its hostility turned

into honesty. Death is still  
at hand, ever the harvester.

We've a life without flowers.  
Some dream of trees walking

our naked city. But the blankness  
is beautiful, Eden without puppets.



*Letter To Raúl Of Earth from Alfredo of Mars*

We're so crowded here that nothing  
is a secret: not our bodies, prayers, or

temptations. Few of us are original  
in searches for sin on this stark planet.

Even El Diablo hasn't sent us bribes  
because it takes too long to arrive here.

Sometimes, I'm unsure if I'm scratching  
my legs or someone else's. More and

more rosaries are used as abacuses.  
We've the miracles of tree seeds and

bird DNA. One way or another, we will  
fill our new skies with familiar angels.



## ***Rane Arroyo's other books:***

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- (2005) *The Portable Famine*, BkMk Press/University of Missouri-Kansas City  
(2005) *How To Name A Hurricane*, University of Arizona Press. (fiction)  
(2002) *Home Movies of Narcissus*, University of Arizona Press.  
(1998) *Pale Ramón*. Zoland Books.  
(1996) *The Singing Shark*. Bilingual Press/Arizona State University Press.  
(1993) *Columbus' Orphan*. JVC Press.

## ***Chapbooks***

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- (2005) *Don Quixote Goes To The Moon*. Ahadada Books.  
(2000) *Weekends in Ohio With Ghosts*. Last Minute Press.  
(1997) *The Naked Thief*. Stonewall Books.  
(1993) *The Red Bed*. Sonora Review/University of Arizona.  
(1992) *Television Poems*. Anaconda Press.  
(1990) *Death Cab for Cutie*. New Sins Press.



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### *The Passion of Phineas Gage & Selected Poems (Jesse Glass)*

0-9732233-8-3

*Secret, but Kept it Room* explores the development and stasis over time of self as image—at once real and artificial, subjective and perspectival, engaged in the physical world and torn from it, a self often disappearing into non-self. Mike Gubser treats the art of poetry as, in some sense, the art of experiment and problem-solving by placing the notion of self in various contexts—romance, depression, friendship, travel, memory, isolation—and poetic forms—visual, musical, lyrical modernist, numeric—to see how it reacts.

### *Secret, but Kept it Room (Mike Gubser)*

0-9732233-7-5

*The Passion of Phineas Gage & Selected Poems* presents the best of Glass' experimental writing in a single volume. Glass' ground-breaking work has been hailed by poets as diverse as Jerome Rothenberg, William Bronk and Jim Daniels for its insight into human nature and its exploration of forms. Glass uses the tools of postmodernism: collaging, fragmentation, and Oulipo-like processes along with a keen understanding of poetic forms and traditions that stretches back to Beowulf and beyond. Moreover, Glass finds his subject matter in larger than life figures like Phineas Gage—the man whose life was changed in an instant when an iron bar was sent rocketing through his brain in a freak accident—as well as in ants processing up a wall in time to harpsichord music in order to steal salt crystals from the inner lip of a cowrie shell. The range and ambition of his work sets it apart. The product of over 30 years of engagement with the avant-garde, *Passion of Phineas Gage & Selected Poems* is the work of a mature poet who continues to reinvent himself with every text he produces.

### *At That (Skip Fox)*

0-9732233-6-7

Skip Fox, with the concern of an entomologist, presents passages sprawling and pinned in a shadow box of observations and odd lots. Framed under double glass, the mounting board of *At That* writhes with a cast of freaks: Ezekiel in the streets, a kitty bomb squad, sadists on steroids, the shadow of Cadmus, kingfishers, omen clad apertures of evening with cicada wings, heart attacks of clouds rolling in off the Gulf, a city mouse, spastic proctologists, and so forth, all projecting their "goods" in spate: smatterings, obsolete creeds, mordacious stumps, "furious opinions, exaggerations, fabrications," neo-prophetic stylings, verbal molestations, elegiac mumbblings, the silence above a shallow grave, etc.

### *Ahadada Reader (Alan Halsey, John Byrum, Geraldine Monk)*

0-9732233-3-2

Combines the lively, challenging work of three experimental poets, Alan Halsey, John Byrum, and Geraldine Monk. Halsey's group of poems resurrects past versions of English, turning with peculiar spellings and striking frictions of their grammar. Byrum's work, entitled "Approximations," is a shifting visual text work mainly utilizing the text block, pointing to the form of a word as art itself. The final selection of Monk's work rounds out the book with her varying forms and sharply constructed lines.

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