

The Woove


Winter 2017



contents

1. Connor Buza “Predator”
Photo by Shanice Aga
2. Penina Hart “Privilege”
Photo by Shanice Aga
3. James Steck “Then Lift”
Photo by Shanice Aga
4. Paul Veracka “This is often
how I get through my day”
Photo by Shanice Aga
5. Aidan Hughes “I Know
Why Van Gogh Cut off his Ear”
Photo by Shanice Aga
6. Harrison Grinnan: Jenny Hval
“Blood Bitch” Album Review
7. Miles Goodall “The Art of Not
Seeing”
Art by Cambria McMillan-Zapf
8. James Steck “Human Particle
Accelerator”
9. Molly Graham “I Can Only
Advance”
10. Forrest Rike “Holiday Meditation”
Photo by Conor Cadra
11. Zachary Williamson “Timber
Soliloquy”
Art by Shanice Aga
12. Back Cover Art by Penina Hart

Predator



Hey man,
Where you goin'
Say man,
I wanna do what you're doin'

Where you goin'
Come over here
I wanna do what you're doin'
You are all you have to fear

Come over here,
And see what I'm doin'
You are all you have to fear,
I'll show you the way

See what I'm doin'
It's nothing you've seen before
I will show you the way
I will save you before it's too late

It's nothing you've seen before
Bury your head in my hands
For I will save you before it's too late
Just breathe and let your anxieties clear

Bury your head here,
And relax man
Breathe and let your anxieties clear,
Just know this is the last voice you'll hear.



Privilege

A powerful game of happenstance,
a round of the game of life in which I am in the lead.

I did not role the dice, they were rolled for me;
I did not deal the cards, they were dealt to me.

My country, my family, my healthy body, my opportunities;
I did not choose this,
I did not work for this.

I do not deserve this any more than anyone else.

Regardless,
this is my reality,
and with this reality comes responsibility.

Responsibility
to work hard,
to be gracious,
to be helpful,

to do good,

to be good.

Then Lift.

(Maxing day—the Bench Press: November)

They tell us to lift the gravity of humans, morbidly obese beasts from our chests. Lay down to strain and brace in self-made corset, unyielding core—ready now to reject.

And sweat salts my mouth, falling from creases in the corners of eyes, from creases in my brain, as different teardrops. Heave from below—*humans saturating oceans with human carnality, billions of years of realign and molecular design*

broken piano key, off melody and a slapped face, dead mothers, dying sons and daughters, cardiac arrest, no war hero with war pain and dying men and sacred ring?

'wish I didn't have this on my finger'

some broken images of mind shattered and yet above all of this within and more fearful we within

the child—orphaned, it crawls, pale blue suffocating, I too will be animal.

mucus dribbles into its mouth, no teeth save for one and

it dangles there as an oral moon—pale friend—while the baby rolls round and round in black

defecation of its own creation—Almost, as the steel presses and bends my rib cage,

concave pressure, I feel its fear. Almost, for once. Then I lift from my chest while my

sternum cracks shattered muscles grind tendons and fibers ripple below the husk of skin

and rip silently palms indent with studded metal stiff exhale pushing this barbell

up and with a purpose heaping vacancy until it is racked with the help of the next one

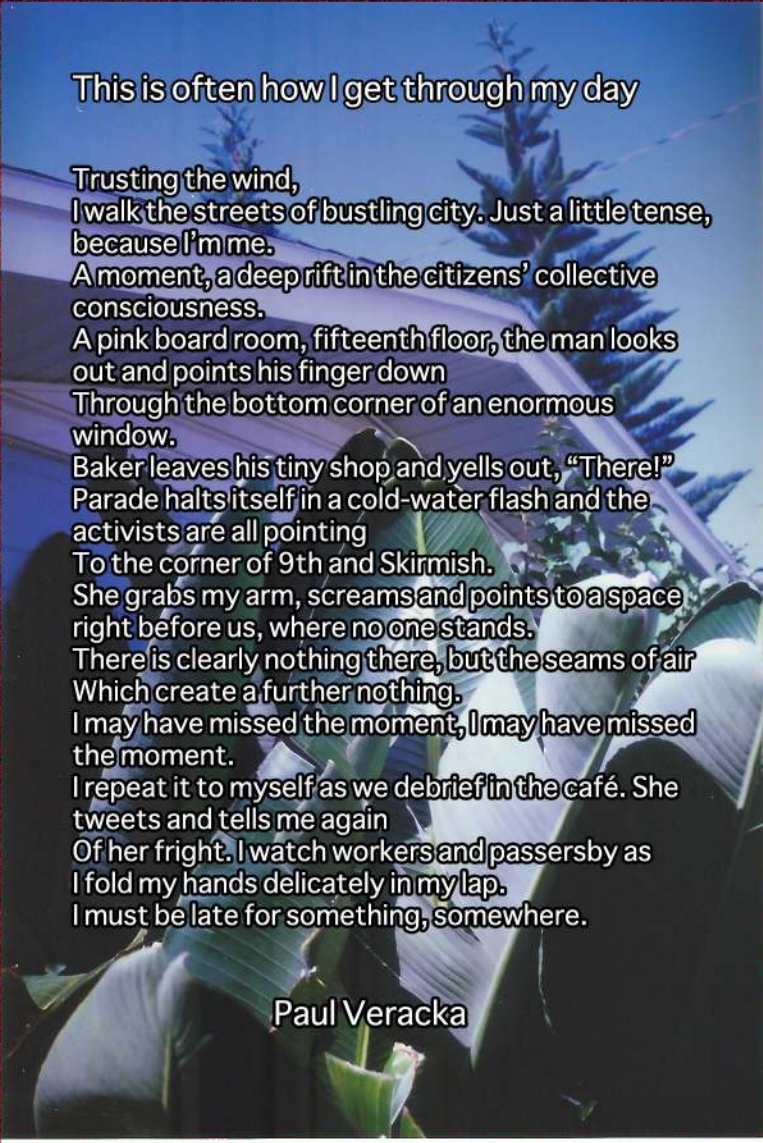
in line to reject; all of them orbiting, screaming triumphant, animals, celestial

bones slapping the skin on my neck and perspiration splashing into the artificial air

floats around us, and I too scream triumphant, for in that moment—nothing—forget the child:

I too will be animal.





This is often how I get through my day

Trusting the wind,
I walk the streets of bustling city. Just a little tense,
because I'm me.

A moment, a deep rift in the citizens' collective
consciousness.

A pink board room, fifteenth floor, the man looks
out and points his finger down

Through the bottom corner of an enormous
window.

Baker leaves his tiny shop and yells out, "There!"

Parade halts itself in a cold-water flash and the
activists are all pointing

To the corner of 9th and Skirmish.

She grabs my arm, screams and points to a space
right before us, where no one stands.

There is clearly nothing there, but the seams of air
Which create a further nothing.

I may have missed the moment, I may have missed
the moment.

I repeat it to myself as we debrief in the café. She
tweets and tells me again

Of her fright. I watch workers and passersby as
I fold my hands delicately in my lap.

I must be late for something, somewhere.

Paul Veracka

I Know Why van Gogh Cut Off His Ear

Aidan Hughes

'Show me your world,'
you whispered

How could you ever know
the star-bell sea of a cloudless night?

What brush could paint
the sun-light swirl
of your living voice?

'I want to see what you have seen,
and hear what you have heard'

Mon amour, tu ne sais pas ce que tu me demandes.

I've toiled for months,
yet these weary hands of mine
cannot keep pace

Capture movement
within a moment -
confine these moments
to a memory -

You look upon each creation
with wonder:
'I wish I saw the world through your eyes,
and heard it with your ears'

J'ai mis mon cœur et mon âme dans mon travail,
et j'ai perdu l'esprit dans le processus.

Desperate, though, desperate
you still don't know -
I still haven't shown -
until

I find the knife unwillingly in hand
Instantaneous, autonomous, already driving forward to pierce -

Voici le travail de ma vie.

Why do you look upon me with such fear?
Isn't this what you asked for?

I have given you a window
to the world you've long desired

We can live here now, together -
can you hear it? Hold it closer, closer -
can you hear it?



JENNY HVAL / BLOOD BITCH

reviewed by Harrison Grinnan

Jenny Hval's latest album explores menstruation, mentioning vampires, romance, and capitalism along the way. It is also an overwhelmingly great album, full of gifts to explore, starting with her voice, at once sensual and didactic. If there are other artists who can sing "abstract romanticism" or "useless algorithms" with the same floating, offhand manner I need to find them. This album is full of ideas and moments in time, each presented in small fragments of speech. In a year where much of the art pop scene leaned towards PC music, vaporwave, and other irony prone developments, Hval is shockingly direct. Over movie-score synths she describes dissecting her period and feelings of loneliness, but at a distance. She maintains a veneer of considered analysis through much of the album, only breaking through the calm voice occasionally, as when screaming "I don't know who I am" on "Period Piece". For me, this album is defined those moments, by the ebb and flow between the harsh and the peaceful tracks, as when the looped panting of "In the Red" fades into the beautiful "Conceptual Romance". When the chorus comes in for the first time it feels like the sun breaking through a cloud. The instrumentals, as always, are as fascinating as they are gorgeous. Art is about provoking thought or emotion, and this album succeeds on both accounts. RIYL: Bjork, Julia Holter, Grouper



The Art of Not Seeing
Miles Goodall

If you've ever walked down
A peopled sidewalk,
Then you know the looks
Or rather, the non-looks

Faces in tunnel vision, expressionless
Neither seeing others nor hearing words
Kindness akin to weakness
Everyone silently consenting to the cold shoulder

For me, this was difficult
This Art of Not Seeing
Because
I'm from a place
With long winded hellos
And faces as open as the porches
Where the highest insult
Is not speaking your peace

I was a bit confused here
With the funny looks
When I nod my head
Or offer a greeting
Was it something I said?
Or something I did?
We share the same language
So why not use it?

This is why
I now walk
With headphones in
Eyes ahead
Don't look at the faces
Don't look at their eyes
And especially,
Don't say hi

HUMAN PARTICLE ACCELERATOR

1. *I know not how I came of you, and
I know not where I go with
you—but I know I came
well, and shall go well*¹

I go from bedside to bedside—I
sleep close with the other
sleepers, each in turn, I dream
in my dream all the dreams of
other dreamers, and I become the
other dreamers²—and we are
driving in the car talking about
the past talking about others
about sex—I take a latex sleeve
unroll it atop arteries
encapsulate heaving organ within
us so blood does not roam so we
save ourselves from site debris
from world construction and
deconstruction from transmutation
human decay fluidity of memories
for now I see I walk again (for
what I hadn't seen) into those
candles quivering the room
pulsating hallucinogenic
reflection atop these sheets a
mirror memory part of me—dancing
as one liquid flame I see us
irreversible primordial mix
flickering layers of shadows on
the wall waiting for the decay of
human invention re-creation
transformation when blood roams
too free—we are in a fleshy
particle accelerator and blood
cells are too large:

¹ Whitman "The Sleepers"

² Whitman "The Sleepers"

3. move within self now and not
small enough further toward
electrical impulses at the ends
of our folds of mind clinging to
ourselves in the traffic of
others' memory in the traffic of
our own streets we glance at each
couplet of eyes of them in their
cities of our cities passing our
bones by entire moving urban
creations of streets from older
towns and layers of skyline
silhouettes blanketed across the
lines of other darker buildings
of other memories and in the gyre
of DNA and below in the space
between rungs we glance into
quiet corners of others' quiet
corners down alleys of self
darkened between genetic
nakedness—images of gone host
bodies—now me gone beneath the
nude mask of myself beneath you
where constantly shaping all
geometry—human architects—my
quantum particles as theirs—yours
are theirs as mine—we two—you me
movements of them—as them—divided
into multitudes—lost in city
grids human collections of
whispering constructs
within—memory—molecular—mutability
and in the car at a red light on
South Main I yearn—product of
memory transmutation recollection
alchemy—dreaming of roaming and
roaming in the traffic of
cityscapes of memories of the
memories of others of memories of
me and of them—of you—of the
quantum human ocean of love and
beauty.

2. streamline human incline hair and soft temple meet while hand dips
toes testing the taste of lines of ocean waves of locks and salty
oils glide across my fingers as hand carves as shells scrape from skin to
hair and i control your roaming ocean conducting a manmade sea hiss as some
gentle mortal engine orchestrating constructing conscious no
who am i to direct an ocean the push and swell of empty space between
touch electrons prevent deconstruct and pull apart i cannot
only to float in the space spinning and gliding atop body's tidal mask
some breakers rush your brow and not because of me as i am some crude
illusion of twilight no grasp on the subtlety of gravitonss o m e
fleshy moon am i you remain untouched by true alluring atomic realm
you remain untouched divided divided sublunar subflesh
particles breathe while i struggle to catch their exhale
electromagnetic repulsion.

I CAN ONLY ADVANCE



Holiday Meditation

Forrest Rike

I came home to

Meditate on

The ways our bodies

Grow old

I am tired of tidy emails

that organize meetings

but make me forget

the ways to reimagine fish

to realize the sunsets

to hope for rain

my lexicon has seen

a capitalist coop

a take over of words like

productive//effective//executive

let's touch base

I approach paper with a method

When I should instead see a space to think

I need to take a shovel to the brain and

Clear all the cover that

Hides the real earth

I want to study my neural pathways again

Like the high school trails

I revisit on break

The kind that have deep grooves

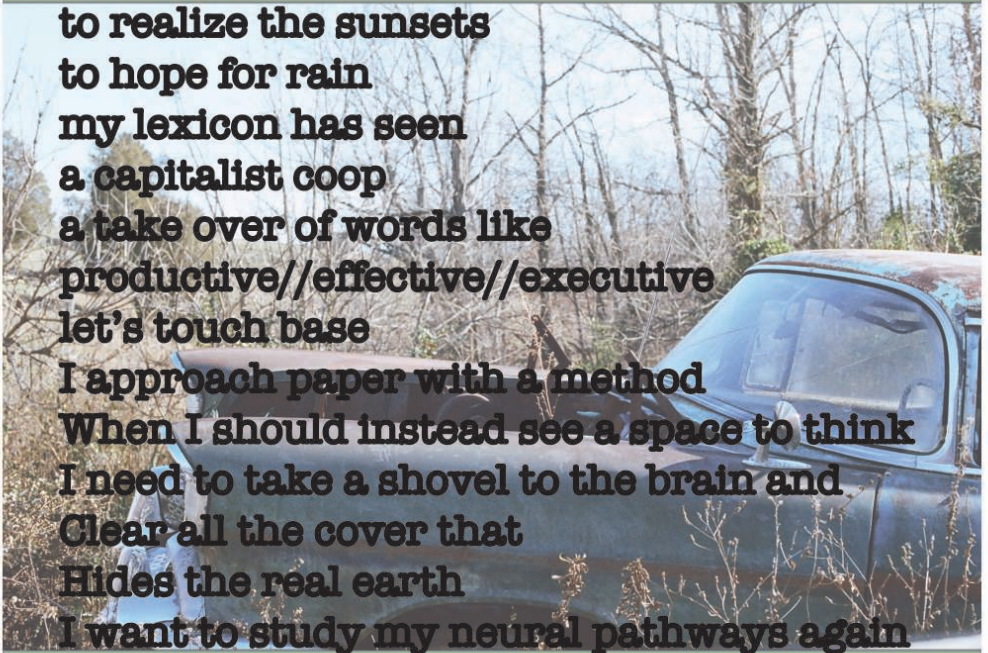
From years of travel

But where I can still find

a new spot

Out in the woods

To go smoke weed

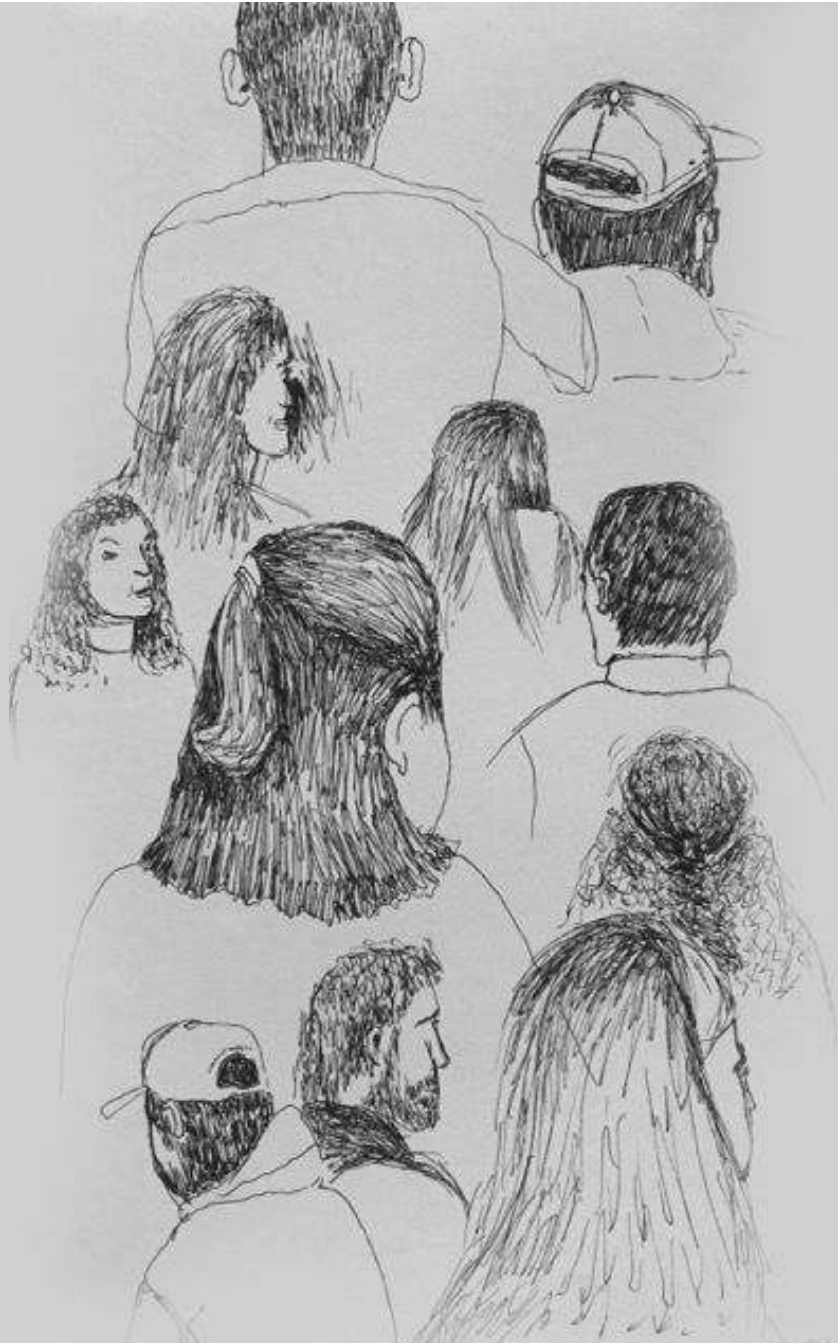


Timber Soliloquy
Zachary Williamson

I have to live in this moment now.
The air was muggy, booming, whipping;
The trees embracing, wailing siren songs.
It was here I sprung from the lowly dust,
Born to beset the sky with calloused hands.
Now, planted here with muddy roots,
I make clouds tremble at my power;
They shower me with their whimpering tears.

As I age, I skirt the truth of my weakness;
I press and press up to the sky.
And as I fall, I cannot conceive
That whence I came I am to crumble.
I grasp the roots that fed my power,
Groaning and gasping as my trunk cracks,
A final thought of a glorious past, flickering,
Extinguished, felled, rotting into dust.





this woove made by

julia lattimer
john battiston
conor cadra
mary desmond

miles goodall
rachel hargrave
virginia ingram
mari thomas
zach williamson