

SPACE // PLACE

an anthology by THE GARDEN

“SPACE // PLACE” by Dylan Ever

...soul//body
...heart//mind
...if//when

in the *space*, the *soul*, the *heart*,
the *if*, all of the movement is much
more than just movement. stars, sparkling, churning,
giving meaning to feeling without needing to feel the
meaning, because it is, just by being. encapsulated by the
cosmos, the loving all creator. but **we are in the place**. it is small and
yet significant, and we stay here until we feel the embrace of the arms
around us. in the space, we speak without moving our lips. we dance without

moving our
hips. the space
watches the
place and says
*oh, we were
so young and
foolish then;
our souls as
old as children.
so eager
and partaking.
disarrayed and
all mistaking.*
but the space
loves the place
without hesitation
and showers it
with kisses,
saying,

come home soon to your mother's bosom.

you can leave this world and yet still blossom.

you can taste the earth and still be forgotten

but the space remembers you,

not the vehicle, not the suit, not the cage,

but the shape of your *if*

your *heart*, your *soul*,

your space

this is the place: the spot on earth where two feet of mine stand.
in the small scheme of things, i'm an ant on a rock, and a vehicle
with a passenger. i occupy five feet and some change of vertical
height and there's a spot in the ground with my name on it for the
endtime. i carry around limbs and eyes and ears and puppet them
appropriately throughout the day to put fuel in the tank; fire in the
engine; purpose for the movement of the slick suit i wear to keep
my soul in the driver's seat. when the if is still a when, i pilot my self
to through the spots of my life that are most charged with genuine
emotion. the family photo album. the house where i grew up. the
room i made my own. my mother's arms; her favorite beach. his
favorite restaurant, the box of my brother's birthday cards. these are
all places this body knows and this soul associates with its so-called
identity. i could climb in that box. i could live in that restaurant, i
could drown in that beach. all those physical tethers and yet
my own operating suit is just a moving cage.

“FIFTEEN GESTURES: PART IV” by Eric Hollander

IV

We simply focus on the carrot. This depicts our desire to be “noisy”.

And cello knows the role: to reveal the foundation of what was supposedly chaos.

Then we count, and the instructions hopefully take care of themselves. We hope to end where we began: noise now resonant after the initial strike.

Loudness - the first loudness. Together, but without prefabricated facilitation. We must dance to know the gap. And to land so gently atop the prayer over an open string. Finally, it is only squirming. Consolation so long as we avoid synchrony. What a journey, from the top to the bottom of a page, one weather to another season.

“Red Eggs” by Antonio Pérez-Coca (aka Astro Fonda)

Cleopatra and I eat in silence while a voice comes through the tainted glass. Attention flies through superimposed dimensions: green beans and salvation, the frightening faith of a saint and the diffusion of light among the leaves. The urge to plant my feet on the ground, the Earth’s golden qi I open to. A red egg as a symbol I do not know, but feel, and eat. An infinite heart out of which I spring forth. The feast ends and like synchronous ants, a great dance begins. Entropy reversed in pristine silence. I follow monk’s habits. I meet Quin and Bret. Father Bon leads the way. I meet Cupo, an Australian shepherd who takes the lead. I meet Dante, Quentin and Quagmire: three baby goats only days old. They jump high enough to open the gates of joy and it pours down like a soft rain of photons making all the trees blossom at once. I run and they follow me back to my childhood, where I find a dog I once loved. We all meet in the same innocence, and then part in shared gratitude. The path narrows between fireweeds and bleeding-hearts. It ascends and meanders and at the top, a little sanctuary. We sit and accept what the forest has to say:

I come from
Beyond the beyond
Bluebird song

“City of Dreams” by Zilu Wang

0 2 4 6 8

梦之城

我从教室出来
在现代的地铁站里上了车
走到酒店大堂
又走下台阶
她们和他们在圆形的沙发上围坐

蛇从盒子里跑出来
在即将爬到床后时
我将它握起
开始的力、冲突
他在我手中摆动
我一瞬间放松下来
他也跟着变柔和
当放回笼子的那一刻
他张开
变成了内脏

蜗牛拥有这个世界上最长的裙摆
它越是向前
裙摆也就跟着延长

我走到她面前说谎
她向前一步在我耳边低语
我们都知道你不是这么想的
另一个人也走过来
我跟她阐述了我的无助
她们瞬间卸下防备准备帮助我

透明的指甲油上反射手机的光线
粉色和绿色
夏天即将到来
我是指那个每人都想征服或摆脱的夏天
我指向夏天
而它将我的手指反射成了一条柏油马路

0 2 4 6 8 10 12 14 16

梦之城

Mèng Zhī Chéng

Wǒ Cóng Jiào Shì Chū Lái
Zài Xiàn Dài De Dì Tiě Zhàn Lǐ Shàng Le Chē
Zǒu Dào Jiǔ Diàn Dà Táng
Yòu Zǒu Xià Tái Jiē
Tā Men Hé Tā Men Zài Yuán Xíng De Shā Fā Shàng Wéi Zuò

Shé Cóng Hé Zi Lǐ Pǎo Chū Lái
Zài Jī Jiāng Pá Dào Chuáng Hòu Shí
Wǒ Jiāng Tā Wò Qǐ
Kāi Shǐ De Lì , Chōng Tū
Tā Zài Wǒ Shǒu Zhōng Bǎi Dòng
Wǒ Yī Shùn Jiān Fàng Sòng Xià Lái
Tā Yě Gēn Zhe Biàn Róu Hé
Dāng Fàng Huí Lóng Zi De Nà Yī Kè
Tā Zhāng Kāi
Biàn Chéng Le Nèi Zàng

Wǒ Niú Yōng Yǒu Zhè Gè Shì Jiè Shàng Zuì Cháng De Qún Bǎi
Tā Yuè Shì Xiàng Qián
Qún Bǎi Yě Jiù Gēn Zhe Yán Cháng

Wǒ Zǒu Dào Tā Miàn Qián Shuō Huǎng
Tā Xiàng Qián Yī Bù Zài Wǒ Ěr Biān Dī Yǔ
Wǒ Men Dōu Zhī Dào Nǐ Bù Shì Zhè Me Xiǎng De
Lìng Yī Gè Rén Yě Zǒu Guò Lái
Wǒ Gēn Tā Chǎn Shù Le Wǒ De Wú Zhù
Tā Men Shùn Jiān Xiè Xià Fāng Bèi Zhǔn Bèi Bāng Zhù Wǒ

Tòu Míng De Zhǐ Jiǎ Yǒu Shàng Fǎn Shè Shǒu Jī De Guāng Xiàn
Fēn Sè Hé Lǜ Sè
Xià Tiān Jī Jiāng Dào Lái
Wǒ Shì Zhǐ Nà Gè Měi Rén Dōu Xiǎng Zhēng Fú Huò Bǎi Tuō De Xià Tiān
Wǒ Zhǐ Xiàng Xià Tiān
Ěr Tā Jiāng Wǒ De Shǒu Zhǐ Fǎn Shè Chéng Le Yī Tiáo Bǎi Yóu Mǎ Lù

City of Dreams

I came out of the classroom
Got on the train in the modern subway station
Walk to the hotel lobby
Down the steps again
They sit with them on the round couch.

The snake came out of the box
When I was about to crawl behind the bed
I hold it in my hands
The Beginning of Conflict, Conflict
He swings in my hand
I relaxed for a second
And he softened
The moment you put it back in the cage,
He opened
Turned into a gut.

The snail has the longest skirt in the world.
The more forward it goes,
And the skirt lengthens.

I went up to her and lied.
She stepped forward and whispered in my ear
We both know you don't feel that way.
And the other guy came over.
I explained my helplessness to her.
They were ready to help me.

The transparent nail polish reflects the phone's light
Pink and green
Summer is coming
I mean the summer that everyone wants to conquer or get rid of.
I point to summer
And it turned my finger into an asphalt road.

0 2 4 6 8 10 12 1

city of dreams

I come out of the classroom
Getting on the train in a modern subway station
walk to the hotel lobby
down the stairs again
They sit with them on a round sofa

snake running out of the box
when about to crawl behind the bed
i hold it
beginning force, conflict
he swings in my hand
I relax for a moment
He also softened
when put back in the cage
he opened
turned into internal organs

The snail has the longest skirt in the world
the more it moves forward
The skirt will also be extended

I went up to her and lied
She stepped forward and whispered in my ear
we both know you don't think so
another person came
I explained my helplessness to her
They immediately let down their guards and prepared to help me

The light of the mobile phone is reflected on the transparent nail polish
pink and green
summer is coming
I mean that summer that everyone wants to conquer or get rid of
i point to summer
And it reflects my fingers into a tarmac road

and in my chest,
we exist
once again

this place,aberrant
this place
once again,filled

-e.e.mendoza

“Waking Up on this fine Thursday Morning” by Erinn Kim

The Angel of my Dreams

let

me

fall,

AWAKE!

ARISEN

through the Flames of sunbeams,

I'm a Prince with a Thousand Enemies,

Responsibilities,

assignments...

I'd rather be playing in my World of Amber and Coral,
But I must prepare Breakfast.

RISE

my Spiky Towers!

Come to my aid!

Deliver me from Hunger and Pain!

ARGH—

Yet the Evil Messenger of Gmail sends me Missives!!!

Y'know what,

Maybe I do deserve John the Baptist's head on my Silver Platter today,

As a Treat.

“Frogtown Cafe” by Nick Smucker

"one more drink,
one more for the road"

this local's secret that my parents know
nestled between Townships Conestoga and Martic
Frogtown was not much of a Cafe
but a bar instead
the Harleys would park all in a row
along that namesake frog mural
at night in these parts
the sky assumes an ashen hue
and being a bar
Frogtown's open past the last bits of blue
she lived with her mom
down the road a mile
there were instances i was told
of those who had drunk
like it was goin' out of style
and still had to drive a car or Harley
of course they bulleted over
old Frogtown road
one sorry soul became even sorrier
that one night where fender met front door
and nearly entered her boudoir

there's not much but good soil 'round here
at the Southern End
above the Chesapeake
one might even catch the scent of
frog legs
exiting the Cafe
carried by the breeze

“The Dusk Carrier” by Abel Puerta

The last layer of warm light
lays on my forearm.

On a willow’s trunk
light threads twist to the grooveless beat
of the lake’s ripples.

The quiet din that people bring
(even if silent)
settles in the park
just as another tree.

The soft (but insistent) burning
the sun rubs in my cheek
calms down
and the breeze, set loose and tameless,
announces the fresh vibe of the night.

The last sun-stripes glued to grass
peel off
like a meek wave
that takes its time to meet the shore.

The sun returns to its abyss.
Firm-standing, only treetops see
the sunken ball till the end.

As I arrived, so did dusk.
Coming from who knows where
to sit in this park.

“faux real” by Poor Amador

love claims no residency.
it hides on a sleeve just as it does
behind a door, lock and key and all.

it is delicate, and if fed by the wrong hand
one can get lost in the eyes of the apple.

evil is cunning, and often courts
those that cannot look beyond
her crimson grin and soulless windows.

misunderstood—
the perfect pseudonym for a sinner.

i'm for real—
or
i'm faux real.

they're not mutually exclusive.

"Another" by Will Dickinson

(source text: Namwali Serell, "Stranger Faces", New York: Transit Books, 2020)

... this ... our ... connection ...
... to
... other ... faces
... so . . . familiar. ... these ... lookalikes
... allow ... comfort,
almost ...
horrific, unexpected ... All of the ...
... sympathy ... suggest-
ing that they each ...
... face that ...
... intense ... attenu-
ated attachment ... none of which is ...
exact or final ... We might say that the camera ...
... our gaze ...
... sets in motion a continual movement ...
... for the rest ...
... are
... just as lost and ... as in love and
in trouble. The moral of ... doubled faces ...
... that we ought ...
...
... to ...
... promise ...
redemption. ... we are left ... stut-
tering ...
... a ...
... face ... collapses ...

“Job’s Tears” by Marc Monroe

Jobs tears

I hope Job
Cry
For
Me

As I gaze upward
To confide
In the crescent and star
As my guide
To Mecca

Nearly impossible to find
When all roads lead to Rome
If home is where
The hatred is
I rightfully claim
This globe as my abode

I hope Job
Cry
For
Me

So I may catch
More of his tears
To hoard

Need that financial boost
Cuz Pontifex Maximus
Taxin us
From miles and centuries
A far
The Scars worded into
Our family pride

As Suleyman became
Solomon
And Musa to
Moses

He poses as a servant
Of God
While stealing generational
Dignity

I hope Job
 Cry
 For
 Me

Still in need of 7
Droplets
In my pocket
And words of a
Saudi prophet
For hopes of
Divine protection
Against consequences of
Seemingly benign
Transgressions
That gradually drift
My direction

But what difference
Does it make?
When all roads lead
To Rome?

If Hatred made the earth
My home

How do I find Mecca?
When all
 Roads
Wander
 My

Abode

I hope Job
 Cry
 For
 Me