



Nevertheless,

#ShePersisted

NUMBER 2

BARBARA JANE REYES, EDITOR



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ROSEBUD BEN-ONI

Matarose Tags G-Dragon On the 7

—after BIGBANG's "Fantastic Baby"

Matarose never comes home
She's hungry like a wolf
She's rosa de mota in lacroix
all the girls hail on queens boulevard
All the views she's killed
in the name of iman
& yasmin le bon
Mata's quite meta
Mata means kill
Rose a curve
from the real meat of it all
She's part my little pony
into bronies she has loved & loved not
by astro-pony
compatibility chart
She's the queerest part of me
What's left after the clubs close
& has yet to go
home she never goes when
she writes I always write
in bed just woofed down
a 3 musketeers mata's on
a mission which is to say I'm
my most queer my most mata-

rose when she
& I don't need all the girls
in the yard

don't need

all the girls in the yard
by which I mean
the one

who's not the one whose blocked
texts & torn up wish you wells
flicker still That riddle
get you killed kind
of a woman for whom
matarose almost cut off a foot
Went to the end of twobuck
ghosting rails
My man is a little afraid
of mata he accepts her tho
Lets her come & go
because I stay I am always
with him because mata
just wants every 7 train
to dissolve into g-dragon
sound wants you to howl

boom mata mata

boom mata mata

wow

g-mata dragonrose

The most pony of them all

g-mata7 dragontrainrose

Don't wait up

Never last stop never comes

boom mata mata

boom mata mata home

ROSEBUD BEN-ONI

Self-Portrait as Golem

I don't go around leaving red curtains in ex-windows
If I wanna fight about it then only the secret rooms
Where I don't leave fingerprints I no longer have
Fingerprints I've left no trace

Behind those red curtains of rented rooms
I've cleared the cia customs and homeland
My hands no longer my hands but hummingbird
& faberge I've stolen the sunrise of monet

Pinned red feathers to the red chambers doors of thomas crown
And christian grey I have no feelings no lullabies to sing
When I poison them
Traded a nice pair of legs

For no blood no dna if I still had a heart
It would beat the beats of earthquakes
These days I don't need
To make a sound I'm pandemic

Appear as the red curtains that won't let you sleep

Weave knots into your back with songs of seabirds
Driving you into the sea it is not revenge
For the times you swore a blood oath
Under red moon & smoky redwood trees

& wished killer clowns from outer space on me
& all the lost souls & critters & trolls
Who I seized in my manos hands of fate

My many many wives I do not keep
Keep a picture of me above an altar of red wine &
Burning effigy the ashes not my ashes they chew in ecstasy

When the moon is full & werewolves
Cannot imprint on me I have cleared
Entire forests & doctor's orders & her majesty's
Secret service not even james bond can track me
Not the old red papers I do not collect

Worlds not enough where tomorrow will die
Waking on the red-eye
There by the wing all those nights you lost going
Back in time I am
All of them the eyes of steel bird
The red matter in the sky

DANIELLE PAFUNDA

In bed with your book the news the news just gapes

Hand up the block. I am the chop. I am the perfect
gentleman butcher, I wrap you in sick pink paper
I wrap the block the lawyers at the judges' box I block
the box I know what kills / you went around the block
to unfather yourself you went where I went / shrug
I had a daddy he talked to me friends walked up I was never
again his daughter, I was in the future where my mother
wouldn't die she bloated my face I wasn't old, I was I was
inside someone who hated me / from the time I was inside
inside her, before, I'd been around the block, too mean
in the streets I dragged the sheets I proved all the red
all the red parts were from the knife and not the shaft.

At or near the time of birth, something blooms in me
other than those people who

fucked me into place, you know?

I held your hand and looked away and walked away without
my hand I looked away from it so you could know privately
how privately I loved

EMMY PÉREZ

Before the Winter Solstice, on the Eve of the Electoral College Vote

Make pumpkin cookies, not more border walls. Make more oxytocin, not cortisol. Make ensalada and tamales. Valley lemon limonada. Plant yourself like native trees even though sometimes you want to bolt. Roots like bolts.

For those too old for Legos who need más muros, stack sugar cubes that can dissolve when you're gone, without a civil war or wrecking balls.

Pipeline oxytocin. Path love above la tierra de nuestras familias. We're not dead or hormigas. Not yet.

If you need extra credit to participate, think points in heaven. Think wooly coat in afterlife tundra. Your specks of dust shall gather with other specks on this bigbang/star dust planet and each former body and water may have no choice in the matter. How's that for cultural Catholic guilt? If energy cannot be created or destroyed, make frijoles de la olla. Postre dulce, sin azucar.

If only it were easy to take Masa de Maíz 101 and learn how to grow and grind the corn, minus GMOs. Too almost middle class to molcajete. One of my abuelas had to hide her tacos in California elementaries. We knew not to take even one, though by then, most of us were brown. It garners saying

sometimes we withhold the most ordinary—I want more tortillas de maíz, y a veces, de harina, in these poems. En la frontera, during homecoming, one set of fans threw tortillas on the field at the other local team. How people can take your daily bread and make you eat shit instead. Because you are good and your food is good—they even love it more than they love you, though they want you to make it for them. We all know how bullies-in-chief cut their teeth on sibling rivalries, and sick their protégés on scapegoats.

And to think of all the allies-in-chief instructing us since forever to speak in codes or not at all to protect their eardrums, not insult their ally-ship, the all-inclusive cruise liner heading for a beach, a compound that promises not to reveal the locals in back rooms washing stains from sheets, nor the children attending school without pencils, but the lightest-skinned smiling good morning in good English behind the front desk—

despite the world's noise bouncing in brown and black bodies, and for many, in ancestral traumas tattooed in the matrices of our DNA.

And so I will return home from the Tejas border to California for the holidays a month before the wealthiest man moves into the whitest house. It's the eve of the Electoral College vote, and surprises in our favor are few and far between. The EC, charged with ignoring our country's popular, tries to make each sibling state feel as tall, regardless of regional biases rooted in the legacies of slavery and/or white supremacy. I erased racisms. He's the president of all the isms after all.

I appreciate how my family, though we all don't have the same politics, talks well and often about food, even when we're not eating. Like Charles Simic's friend, I believe enjoying food is evidence of the soul.

Make songs, make songs. Toast seeds and shake them with a little salt. I won't lie—who has time after long workdays. More petitions too need to be written, signed, and delivered. More phone calls And yet, stopping to make dinner for my small children feels like the most radical and the best thing I can do right now.

EMMY PÉREZ

Recuerdo, Resistencia, y Recreación

The regime is academia, restraining rainbows. The word resistance now becoming chic, though we felt it in our bones since children. No, it's not a pain contest or a party clown, it's not a dozen straws filling water balloons with one manguera fell swoop into the thinnest skin that will pop. It's resistance to what we don't want to do, don't want to bow down to, don't want to Virgen. Resistance to the reign of angry facial expressions, from men, resistance to depression, to dread, to I wish mom were home instead. Resistance to the boy knocking on the front door, looking for a date in fourth grade, resistance to girly clothes, resisting not wanting girly clothes. Resisting the essay assignment by a teacher who frowns your name. Resisting every novel and poem assigned to read, boring. Slacker. Dumber. Underachiever. Resistance was being proud to have learned one thing in Economics: Good enough is best. Resisting the boy who always insisted kissing in the halls. You see, resisting often begins akin to giving in. Feel *no* to the coach's *tsk tsk tsk* and *while you were shoving your tongues down each other's throats*. She was one of only two women of color teachers. The other one, your biggest and only fan because she did not work all day at the school that hated you, policed you, didn't care to know anything about you except tally your absences, stare at your bare legs in a short skirt, and gossip in the teachers' and vice principals' lounge. Resistance is in the soul—it does not always have a voice. Resistance runs far away, states away, to the land of Anzaldúa's Prieta and Prietita, finds Francisco X. Alarcón's bad-ass tattoo poems on YouTube, and his retelling of Rivera's *Recuerdo, Resistencia, Recreación*. This is not where resistencia begins in you, but it welcomes you home in the borderlands where walls arrive as fast as your children have arrived, as fast as you loved the land and river, as fast as *the institution is not human, but human beings work at the institution* arrived.

I want to give in to these softest colinas of sand, two hours away, not knowing the whitest Mardi Gras parade drives in the parking lot beside these Gulf waves. Bring me back to on the cusp of what felt like spitting everything into a mic, into the humid air, across the river to México, unrestrained. Bring me back to white-tailed deer and sand blowing in late February wind. Bring me out of this state, Coaticue, to snow in April, to marvel at lagartos in ordinary refugios with skin and eyes and patience older than god.

SASHA PIMENTEL

For Want of Water

an ant will drown himself, his body submerging
into ease, his mandibles, head, antennae, baptized. How lovely
to lose your senses to the cup of your want. A boy
drags his mother's body across the desert, her fluids rising
to heaven in order to quench her skin. How divine
her body must have looked, clutched at the ankles, her
arms reaching out in exultation, her head stippled in rings
of sand and blood as he walked with her, slowly, her fallen
and moving shape the fork of a divining rod, her body shaking
with each of his steps, and for water, shaking to find
that deep and secret tributary. I have dreams of letting go
of water, of waking my lover to a bed of my urine
as my brother did to me, his thin limbs shaking to discover
the shame of his inside self. And what did we know that to have
an inside wet enough to free was luxury? The boy
walks with his mother—he is only thirteen—the age I learned
to stroke on the toilet the blood off my fingers, and he cannot
cry, because to cry would mean the waste of his own
wetness, to cry would mean to stop, to think, to differentiate
the liquids moving down his face, to cry would mean
to cry, so he goes on, and—this is a common story, the boy
is not a boy now but every boy we have ever known—people
find him, they help him to lift his mother onto their hands,
their necks, they lift her to their own dark and desperate
dryness, and they make it, yes, when they make it over the border
to a mall parking lot, they lay her down, they fall with her
body as a clump of bodies behind a city
dumpster, and people make calls from behind windows, not
to the immigrants with the dying core, but to the police, who come
with their handcuffs and call her *dead*. No. To call
would be to give her life a name. Roundness to where there are
now only angles. To call would be to remember all
the other times that he has called for her, and the boy plugs his
ears, shakes his head, doesn't know that he cannot physically
produce tears anymore—such thirst can rid us of these symbols—
only that now there are mouths around him calling other names
as men run and other men give chase, because how much do you need
to give up in order to stay? a boy? a mother? your land and inner
land? Nothing. Nothing can be given, and he will remember
nothing as he sits in a cell waiting for his sister to come to release
him from his cellular pain. He will only remember water, that want
for the clouds to let go their rain, and how seeing
them dropping, he kept pulling forward, their bodies steady towards that dark, uneven line.

SASHA PIMENTEL

Displaced Women's Blues

Expelling a groan to siphon pain, women cry softly
in toilet stalls, lengthening their emptying. The body erupts
to loosen what it cannot contain, like a mother bleeding
from her ear to call her daughter home. The phone clicks its uneven

whine, lengthens its emptying. Bodies erupt
in earthquakes, bagyos, tsunamis. We call our old countries, flattening
our ears to strain up our lost homes. The phone clicks our uneven
survivors out. And mothers slip children their first bacteria, pulsing

nipples to gumming mouths. In bagyos, tsunamis, we call for our old countries flattening
to concrete. A mother drops an ocean from where
her daughter survives, and mothers slip children their first bacteria,
milk microbed for another soil. A child's tooth breaks

on concrete. Mother drops an ocean. From our
lips, longing weaves a chainmail of ghosts,
microbes netting the soil. A child's tooth breaks through,
white signaling separation. We bury the native language with Mother's

puffed lips, longing and weaving, but a mail chain of ghosts
comes, red and blue, via international post. We smudge the white letters
signaling separation, bury the native language. Into our mother
-bodies, our sons burrow their dark wet heads, though women's regrets

come, red and blue, via international post. We smudge the letters
of our names. The sky sings in sudden summer hail.
Our sons burrow their dark wet heads. Women's regrets
grow on hoary ankles, black as pansies, secretive

as Spanish names. The sky sings in summer hail
as a woman moans in a tiled public space,
sound the residence of her throat. We fountain
black pansies, cotton compressing our ankles.

Women moan in tiled public spaces
to loosen what we cannot contain. We bleed,
sounding our residenceless throats. Our bodies fountain,
and we cry softly, expelling a groan to siphon the pain.

BARBARA JANE REYES

FAQ

1. *Are you fluent in your mother tongue? What is your mother tongue?*

I am fluent in the language of la luz, ang lakbay, el cruzamiento. My mother tongue is criollo y kimera; it is also mongrel and bastard. The tongue is not déficit but prisma, and light (in)forms its root and offshoot. It is sometimes called refraction. Ang aking gramatika, un arco iris.

Madre mía migrante, señora, doña. Lenguaje ay wikang casa, wikang esposa, wikang ciudad, wikang trabajo, y wikang mundo. Yes, I am fluent in my mother's tongue.

2. *Don't you worry that other people might not understand you?*

People will come to understand what they want to understand. Those who know una significado es ilusyon (o delusyon), ang intindi ay simaron, they know liminaridad. The ones who demand understanding en una lengua, the ones who demand una kortada ng dila, the ones who request una violencia de la media lengua, intolerante. They really want obediencia. Di ba? They want me to be their mono. Mga suplado. Reklamo-reklamo. Xenófobo. Ako po ay sigurado.

3. *Why are you so angry? Don't you ever smile?*

Why aren't you angry? Why does my outrage inconvenience you? Why is my resting bitch face your concern? Are you afraid of me?

Who told you that a lady should always smile, and for whose benefit and pleasure would that be? Why did you believe them? Why do you believe them still?

4. *Why can't you just write about beautiful things?*

Voz is beautiful. Home is beautiful. Lenguaje is beautiful. Grit is beautiful. Orasyon is beautiful. Daughter is beautiful. Kuwento is beautiful. Safety is beautiful.

Do you see the woman fighting for air? Do you see the woman guarding her kin? Do you see the woman learning to speak? Do you see the woman resisting being broken?

If you do not see the beauty in these, then I am sorry for you.

5. *Why don't you just say what you mean?*

That's what I do. Siempre and siyempre.

LEE ANN RORIPAUGH

Femanint

My mother continually drills into my head the obligatory importance of being *fem-a-nint*. She pronounces it like it rhymes with *Velamint*.

Somehow, *fem-a-nint*, with its crisp, consonant ending, with its sinister connotations of an unattainable and vaguely creepy state of minty freshness (like a Massengil/Scope commercial) sounds much more Draconian, militaristic, and, frankly—*scary*—than the regular *feminine* ending.

Fem-a-nint sounds a lot like *government*. *Fem-a-nint* makes explicit the *governing* of a transgressive female body into compliance.

Fem-a-nint is a policed vigilance over the *hyper-feminine* performance my mother insists upon.

Fem-a-nint is the strict drag of the *über-femme*: a corseted binding together of rigid mid-century standards for American and Japanese femininity.

My mother's full of anxiety-provoking dicta:

A lady should have *kissable elbows*.
Only *truckers* get suntans.
Your neck needs to grow long like a *swan*.
Blowing up like a *balloon* is the worst possible dee-aster.
Girls with *catbacks* will become *hunchbacks*.
High heels make *daikon legs* longer.

(Don't jiggle your foot, don't touch your face, don't touch your hair, don't make the *drug abuser's salute*, fold your hands *nicely* in your lap, don't walk with *flatfeet so loud* on the floor, walk on *tiptoe*, don't talk so *kinky-voice loud*, don't laugh so *hysterical sounding loud*, don't say *you know*, *don't talk back*.)

I'm not allowed to leave the house during the summer months unless I wear a sunbonnet. One day, tourists ask to take my picture as a bit of quaint local color outside the Safeway. It's impossible for me to be any more bashful.

In grade school I'm so homely that, unless I'm wearing a dress, I'm mistaken for a particularly ugly boy.

My father dresses me in safety orange and takes me hunting. Disguised as a boy, I'm mistaken for one.

In grade school I'm so homely I'm renowned for my ugliness. I'm so homely my classmates bark at me. Sometimes they also beat me up for being half Japanese.

When I get my period, my mother's horrified. She wants to know what's wrong with me. She says she didn't get her period until she was eighteen. She wasn't even able to use tampons until childbirth. But I can't miss any more swim-team practice. She says only women who are *mucktrucks* use tampons. I don't know what she means. Later, I realize she's been calling my vagina a *Mack Truck*. She bursts into tears. *You too young to have baby!* she yells at me.

The summer before I get my first period, the doctor's son who lives across the street blocks off my banana-seat bicycle with his ten-speed. He grabs my handlebars and won't let go. He is seventeen. Maybe eighteen. I am eight years old. I am the homely, dog-faced/boy-shaped girl in a sunbonnet.

(My strangeness makes me a moving target.)

He tells me he has a gun. His hand is in his windbreaker pocket. There's a gun-shaped something inside that he points at me through nylon. He says he'll shoot me unless I do what he says. He forces me down into the shadow of the porch steps fronting a nearby house. He makes me pull down my pants. The things he does to me I have no names for yet.

When he finally lets me go, I come home crying. My parents drag me across the street to the doctor's house. I have to sit in living room with the doctor's son and the doctor. My parents force me to repeat the things that were done to me that I have no names for yet. The doctor's son says he has no idea what I'm talking about.

The doctor recommends a psychiatrist. They force me to visit her and repeat the things the doctor's son did to me that I have no names for. I describe the doctor's son down to the color and placement of the stripes on his windbreaker, the shape of his bike's pedals. The psychiatrist says I'm obviously very bright, but am nevertheless *confused* about the doctor's son. I am not *confused*. In two more years I'll begin taking college classes at the university. I'm perfectly capable of identifying the boy who lives across the street from me.

My mother tells me I was stupid. She says I should have made him take the gun out of his windbreaker pocket and *show* it to me first.

My father says I should have *known* how to properly identify a gun.

(The doctor's son continues to live across the street from me.)

I chew my nails to the quick. I peel off my hangnails and cuticles in slivers and strips. I would peel myself into a raw throbbing grape if I could. I don't know why, but I can't help it. Afterward, I wrap my fingers in makeshift Kleenex bandages to stop the bleeding. The sting and throb of it shifts the anxiety off to the side for a while, and I slip into a little anaesthetized haze.

When the numbness, the haze, wears off I feel ashamed, with a terrible sense of impending doom, because the one thing my father won't stand for is self-mutilation. He yells this in capital letters. Sometimes he's so angry he throws things: TV tray, books, and papers hurtling across the living room. Then I receive a *walloping* for disobeying orders. I have, after all, been told in no uncertain terms: SELF-MUTILATION WILL NOT BE STOOD FOR. And yet? I do it anyway.

(The doctor's son continues to live across the street from me.)

And so my father thwacks away at me, old-school style, in the basement with a paint paddle. (Does he get them from Sherwin Williams? Or Fortman's Paint & Glass?) When one paddle splinters into pieces and breaks, he pulls out another one and keeps right on going. And yet? I do it anyway.

My father knows I'm morbidly *obsessed* with amputation. He tells me if I continue to self-mutilate, my fingers will become infected and he'll be forced to take me to the hospital to have them amputated. I am training to become a concert pianist. And yet? I do it anyway.

(I am tired of this missile silo's shadow, of hiding in this rickety anachronistic bomb shelter, of the slow leak of radioactive contamination. I'm tired of how this post-Atomic Age, nuclear family dee-aster is both too awful, yet not even remotely close to being awful *enough*, to render into narrative. And yet? I do it anyway.)

I've become what my mother calls a *psychopathical liar*. I try to hide: my peeled fingers, empty boxes of cake mix under the bed, the raw and sore and scary spots. When what I try to hide gets caught, I lie. I lie, so I don't get walloped in the basement. The more I'm walloped in the basement, the more in thrall I become to my own unraveling. The more I unravel, the more of an open wound I become.

The more of an open wound I become, the more I try to hide.

(In fact, how do you know that I'm not being a *psychopathical liar* right now? In fact, how do you know that I'm not, right at this very moment, *psychopathically lying*?)

My mother says that if someone accuses me of murder and I try to convince her I didn't do it, she won't know whether or not to believe me and won't be able to come to my defense. *Do you want to go to jail for murder?* she asks me.

I know exactly who I want to die.

Rewind/Replay: My parents chase me down the hallway. I have temporarily broken free from a wallop. Something in me has fractured open, like a chocolate orange. I slam my head against the hallway wall, over and over, as hard as I can. I think if I knock my head hard enough against the wall I can break open my skull and kill myself.

(My parents used to say the doctor's son who continues to live across the street from us was a bad seed. But now it seems I'm the one who's become the bad seed hidden in the neighborhood, about to fracture open into blossom.)

At the end of the summer, before I go back to school to start the third grade, my mother tells me I must never ever tell anyone what happened. She says girls are like submarines. When a girl becomes a "sunk submarine" all the boys will talk about how her sub has been sunk.

Anxiety clarifies and blooms into the cool elegant iris of ideation. Shotgun blast in the attic. Forgotten prescriptions pollinating the medicine cabinet. Smash open the glass picture frame where I'm trapped inside—dressed as a still, pale doll in Japanese kimono, obi, and geta shoes—slice my wrist veins open with broken glass.

Obligatory Gender Rules in the Unlikely Event of a Lee-Aster:

Never, ever corner me.

Do you have holes? I will never trust you unless I know where they are.

You will probably never really understand me unless you, yourself, are a little bit unseaworthy.

I repeat. Never, ever back me into a corner.

Will you insist on remaining impenetrable? If so, how will I ever be able to fuck you?

Will you let me inside your wholes? I can't ever really love you unless you do

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Rosebud Ben-Oni: "Matarose Tags G-Dragon the 7," previously appeared in *POETRY*. "Self-Portrait as Golem," previously appeared in *The Volta*.

Emmy Perez: "Before the Winter Solstice on the Eve of the Electoral College Vote," previously appeared in *Resist Much/Obey Little: Poems to the Inauguration*.

Sasha Pimentel: "For Want of Water" previously appeared in *American Poetry Review*. Both of Pimentel's poems are featured in her forthcoming collection, *For Want of Water* (Beacon Press, 2017).

Barbara Jane Reyes; "FAQ," previously appeared in *Imaninan: Poets Writing in the Anzaldúan Borderlands* (Aunt Lute Books, 2016).

Lee Ann Roripaugh: "Femanint," previously appeared in *Dandarians* (Milkweed Editions, 2014).



Locofo Chaps

2017

Eileen Tabios – *To Be An Empire Is To Burn*

Charles Perrone – *A CAPacious Act*

Francesco Levato – *A Continuum of Force*

Joel Chace – *America's Tin*

John Goodman – *Twenty Moments that Changed the World*

Donna Kuhn – *Don't Say His Name*

Eileen Tabios (ed.) – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry*

Gabriel Gudding – *Bed From Government*

mLEKAL aND – *Manifesto of the Moment*

Garin Cycholl – *Country Musics 20/20*

Mary Kasimor – *The Prometheus Collage*

Iars palm – *case*

Reijo Valta – *Truth and Truthmp*

Andrew Peterson – *The Big Game is Every Night*

Romeo Alcala Cruz – *Archaeoteryx*

John Lowther – *18 of 555*

Jorge Sánchez – *Now Sing*

Alex Gildzen — *Disco Naps & Odd Nods*

Barbara Janes Reyes – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry, vol. 2*

Luisa A. Igloria – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry, vol. 3*

Tom Bamford – *The Gag Reel*

Melinda Luisa de Jesús – *Humpty Drumpfty and Other Poems*

Allen Bramhall – *Bleak Like Me*

Kristian Carlsson – *The United World of War*

Roy Bentley – *Men, Death, Lies*

Travis Macdonald – *How to Zing the Government*

Kristian Carlsson – *Dhaka Poems*

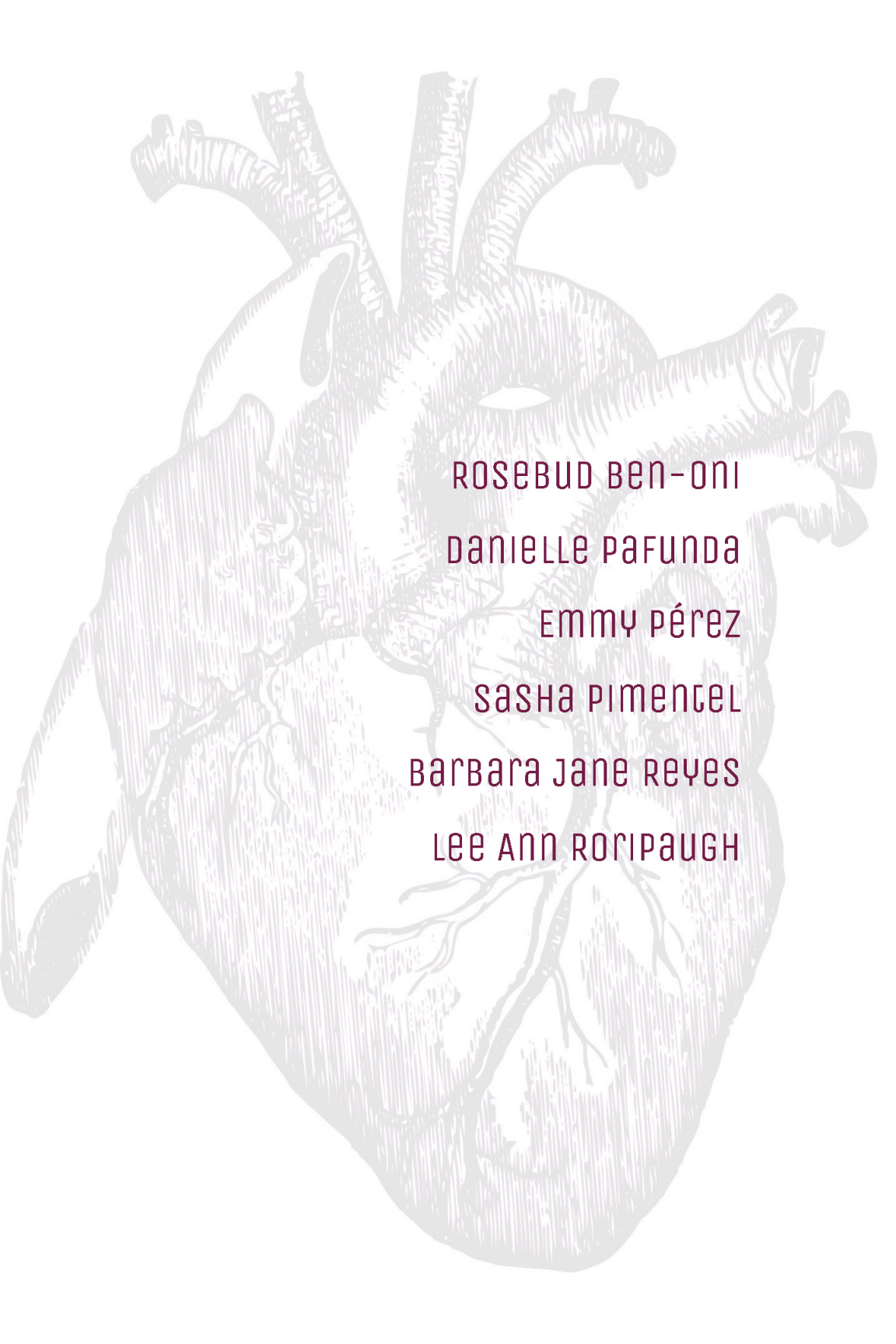
Barbara Jane Reyes – *Nevertheless, #She Persisted*

Martha Deed – *We Should Have Seen This Coming*
Matt Hill – *Yet Another Blunted Ascent*
Patricia Roth Schwartz – *Know Better*
Melinda Luisa de Jesús – *Petty Poetry for SCROTUS' Girls,*
with poems for Elizabeth Warren and Michelle Obama
Freke Rähä – *Explanation model for 'Virus'*
Eileen R. Tabios – *Immigrant*
Ronald Mars Lintz – *Orange Crust & Light*
John Bloomberg-Rissman – *In These Days of Rage*
Colin Dardis – *Post-Truth Blues*
Leah Mueller – *Political Apnea*
Naomi Buck Palagi – *Imagine Renaissance*
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Mark Young – *the veil drops*
Christine Stoddard — *Chica/Mujer*
Aileen Ibardaloza, Paul Cassinetta, and Wesley St. Jo – *No*
Names
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Mark Young – *The Waitstaff of Mar-a-Largo*
Howard Yosha – *Stop Armageddon*
Andrew and Donora Rihn – *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*
Reshmi Dutt-Ballerstadt – *Extreme Vetting*
Michael Dickel – *Breakfast at the End of Capitalism*
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Michael Vander Does – *We Are Not Going Away*
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Ali Znaidi – *Austere Lights*

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Jackie Oh – *Fahrenhate*
Gary Lundy – *at / with*
Haley Lasché – *Blood and Survivor*
Wendy Taylor Carlisle – *They Went to the Beach to Play*
Melinda Luisa de Jesús – *James Brown's Wig and Other
Poems*
Tom Hibbard – *Memories of Nothing*
Kath Abela Wilson – *Driftwood Monster*
Barbara Jane Reyes – *Nevertheless, #She Persisted, Number
3*
Maria Damon, Adeena Karasick, Alan Sondheim –
Intersyllabic Weft
Barbara Jane Reyes – *Nevertheless, #She Persisted, Number
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