

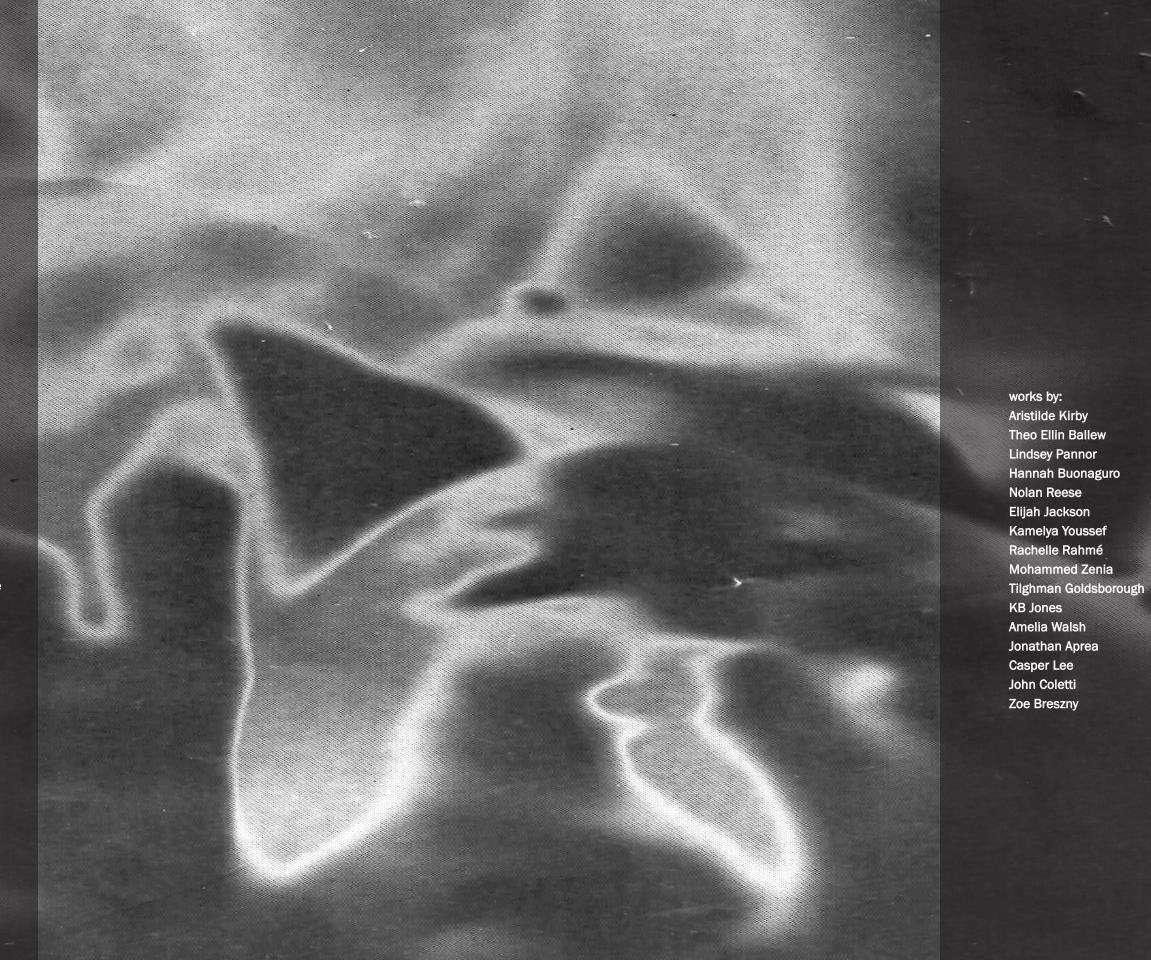
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Thanks to all those who contributed along the way.

Wherever else these poems have previously appeared or will apear we awknowledge their movements.

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MY NEIGHBOR'S ROOM

You guide me into the room with no walls that requires a stack of permeable screens to be carried out and installed in its window openings, which permit

the ocean air to come in in the summer and inspire you and go out like a breath. You tell me about your late wife's voice, how it issues from her sun-lit

pictures, speaking to us in the radio's songs. Your heart beats, embedded with an inimical plaque. The art

of a life is maybe to be repetitive, to ascertain meaning out of invisible air. To capitulate to the wry smell of ocean life that has died in order to reappear

as other things. When we are done, we are contained by the positioned screens. The birds in your yard try to be instruments. It is the sixth month of the year.

Jonathan Aprea