



quire

Neo-Mimeo Editions
Poetry Anthology

Featuring poetry by
Pat Nolan, Mark Young, Joel Daily,
Steven Lavoie, Andrei Codrescu,
Alex Benedict, Gail King,
Alexandre Fererre, Ann Erickson,
Simon Schuchat, Jim McCrary,
Norman Fischer, Jim Hanson,
Scott Reid, Joe Saffdie, Jamey Jones,
Richard Bruns, Carol Ciavonne,
Rick Henry, Daniel Coshnear,
Norman Schaefer, Suzanne Maxson

QUIRE

Neo-Mimeo Editions

Poetry Anthology

Featuring poetry by
Pat Nolan. Mark Young, Joel Dailey,
Steven Lavoie, Andrei Codrescu,
Alex Benedict, Gail King,
Alexandre Ferrere, Ann Erickson,
Simon Schuchat, Jim McCrary,
Norman Fischer, Jim Hanson,
Scott Reid, Joe Safdie, Jamey Jones,
Richard Bruns, Carol Ciavonne,
Rick Henry, Daniel Coshnear,
Norman Schaefer, Suzanne Maxson

Neo-Mimeo Editions: 2025

Copyright (c) by the individual authors 2025

Packages of 24 mimeograph stencils are sold as quires. Neo-Mimeo Editions has posted 24 chap books since the beginning of 2025. Quire is a little anthology collecting a poem or a representative page from each of the editions published in the same format, as a slideshow and printable pdf file. Many thanks to the authors for participating in this project.

Neo-Mimeo Editions

Nualláin House, Publishers

Digital Press Project

Inquire at

nuallainhousepublishers@gmail.com

from The Secret Of Poetry by Pat Nolan

NEW YEAR'S WIND

Even roadside litter
sparkles with ice crystals
this new year's morning

heat wrinkles the air
around the chimney
fading silver rooftops

wind and tiny birds grip
the bare branches before
letting go to surf the gusts
with daredevil maneuvers

drift of smoke
flags blown ragged

what I see is how I see
not yet words
but soon the why
not of the how come

impressed by events
into the fabric of history
I ride the swift currents of time

the future always has one more
possibility than the past

from Closed Environment by Mark Young

THE ORIGINS OF FORM

Fish school when the moon
is out. Before. Separate. At

various levels with disparate
meanings. States of grace.

Waiting for the cast of light
across the surface of the

water. On appearance drawn
to it. Coalesce, luminescent. In

the fine mesh of the right net
they might become a poem.

from Must Fill Horse by Joel Daily

FOR PARTS UNKNOWN

Confusion say
Loose connection
Need not apply
Nor abrogate
This life insular
Unshaven unseen
So directional
V sectional
Nothing furbished
No pre-supposing
A palpable hit
Minus the ennobling
Life changes
Its one polo shirt
Doffs windward
The day is ours
The field taken
Then marginalized
To a tiny dot

from Salvage by Steven Lavoie

STRIPPED

When slick is cool ---

means we're all reaching down
with no identity.

The spirit has no sheen,
rather it glimmers

in bursts of spring that flood
the fields with the hope

with which the buds keep blooming
confident that rain will come.

This takes no digging down deep,
beneath a high-gloss glaze.

No disguises, rather
feelings felt, the garden fragrance

a catapult ride beyond the loathing
out into the gleam,
far beyond the finish.

from How To Live Under Fascism

by Andrei Codrescu

tzara fondane celan

my dear anthologies
of gifts and misfortune
birth dates emigration dates
urgent breaks between wars
what is the plural of hiatus
illusions of freedom within
where the holes of culture used to be
now overgrown by words
tzara's good timing
the radical temperament of youth
your fucking bourgeois hypocrisy must die
fondane's bad timing
longing for summer pastures
i do mistake the pastoral for culture
these are my sheep
celan in the silence
after the apocalypse
translates the murmur
of the murdered mother tongue

from What Is Your Dangerous Career

by Alex Benedict

Writing from the steel mills of Ohio
and the organized cowardice
of another World War,
Kenneth Patchen says of himself:

I am the world-crier;
and this is my dangerous career.

Yes, the world cannot cry,
but no career can be as dangerous
as this lie
because we only cry for each other
and when we cry for ourselves
we are crying *with* the world.

This is not my work,
but I have many dangerous careers:

I am the sparrows flattening
themselves against the lakeshore
and this is the beginning
of my dangerous career.

I am the mail carrier
and this was nearly
my career of necessity.

I am the watcher
and when you fail to surface
I will dive.

I am the moth sleeping
in the warehouse of paper
and, yes, this is another
of my dangerous careers.

from Take Your War and Go To Hell by Gail King

as if the kettle might boil
another evening by the fire
brass lamps and copper kettle
new cast iron stove
turns on with a click

we no longer work for a living
now forced to live for a living
still tend a little garden
try to tidy when someone might notice
on my own none of this would matter much

all in a day's work used to mean a lot of work
now work is how one entertains the day
later on it could mean just getting out of a
chair

plan ahead they say
make sure your money lasts

handy to have money
but sometimes it also gets in the way
holding on I do little
credit myself for removing things
from my refrigerator door

somehow again the miraculous overlooked
like the copper pot that reflects the light
well used it asks us to forget the present
for now there is no intent to boil
but to hold space and be beautiful

from Damnatio Memoriae by Alexandre Ferrere

& the Birds & the Birds

In the map-mind,
electricity runs along the creases:
)crisis(

 \sim

the scars
I chose to see as my own.

I had to sit;
regarder les passants passer
passés passé.

Soon it's my turn to go
where I'm not.

from 2 Geese In High Wind by Ann Erickson

our thoughts are like dogs

our thoughts are like dogs

on leashes in city parks

under cloudy skies

4/3/2022

from Baltimore Sun by Simon Schuchat

THE PILGRIM

I visited the grave of Pablo Neruda
Like I went to the house where Borges was born
And the street where Kafka lived
The spot where Verlaine shot little Arthur
And the graves of Yeats and F. Scott Fitzgerald
Du Fu's thatched hut
And Kawabata's onsen
And the graves of Oscar Wilde and Ezra Pound
The room where Mayakovsky shot himself
And Pasternak's country home
The bar where Robert Benchley held court
And the place where Spicer drank himself to
death
And the trees in the churchyard
Honoring Berrigan, O'Hara and Auden

from Seasonal by Jim McCrary

Like a lot of people, I list the stuff
I did today and I look kinda awful
And just because it is over doesn't
Mean it is different.

What the point
I can't catch up with is
People
No matter how hard
I try
I am not used to this
Catching up with what is new

I do not know how to get out of this.

from Shuffy's Poem by Norman Fischer

2-6-24

Rows of trees
Trees in picture
Always the sound
Of the machinery
Mechanisms
That rule the world
Athwart the silences
A double murder
By mistake
An absent intention
To wander the
Holy Land looking for
Answers to questions
That do not arise
Till you meet a
Man with a book

—

Brightest just
Before you fade

—

If I wanted
A word
It would find me

from Interrogations by Pat Nolan

the quantum of the word vibrates
at the edge of meaning suggesting
multiple possibilities whose
result is singular to its context

how does a heart break for someone else
subtle telepathy of empathy makes us
human in a world of monstrous cruelty

faint signs that fly under the radar
to want to think only the best of others
and then blindsided by the obvious

bridges come and go rivers flow and flow
observation patience reflection repeat

the heaviness of shapes
held in place by their weight
furnishings of a past tense
verging on antique cheap and
dulled by the dust of body ash
the pitiless smoke of breathing
no one else will understand
puzzle of the anachronism's
irrepressibleness out of time
comes chaos out of chaos comes
order out of order comes time in
seeming certain entropic cycling

still bugs bite and break concentration
born of boredom source of all great art
the irk that launched a thousand irritants sits
just below the surface waiting to be ticked off

from WHERE DO WE COME FROM? WHAT ARE WE? WHERE
ARE WE GOING? By Jim Hanson
WHAT ARE WE?

Not
who
but
what,

you
notice.

What

are

we?

We
are

mortal,

for

sure.

We live, we die: that's our
context,

temporary
like flowers.

That might make us seem
insignificant,
but it is

our mortality that lets us be
noble, or
heroic.

A life
is the most
we can
sacrifice.

from Haiku and Tanka by Scott Reid

Emptying themselves
of any further opinions
summer trees

I forget numbers
right away
names even sooner

from Organized Innocence by Joe Safdie

Organized Innocence

the soul of sweet delight
can never be defil'd

the middle stage
between the spiritual and the physical
is what Blake calls Beulah

the married land his Muses
are daughters of Beulah
not daughters of memory

but this garden of Eden
can get a little too passive
"gratifications of appetite

that do not build up a creative life
become destructive and in such passivity
there is deadly danger" (Frye)

so we always have a choice
a descent into Generation
(sex the driving power

of all natural life)
or creation in Paradise
which never ends

an eternal conflict
between self gratification
and the beginning of the poem

from dimensions, doorstops, sidewalks
by Jamey Jones

blind contour
for Rachael

wired, weird, cautiously
confused unsure of
used bubble gum family
frequency but I am
you you me see
giggle light deep
in the delta floor heater
footstools bursting
into smiles
squinch-lipped
wall light space
face goes inward
put it together
with smiles
not glue
it's true
this beat
me and you
architectural head lights
in love before
morning

from Slices of a Life Unfinished
by Richard Bruns

Schrödinger's Door

The front door is closed
awaiting a knock,
a knock-knock without.
No time has passed
yet the ending is near.
Open the box.
Don't open the box.
It does not matter.
The box itself is the matter
and it has already been seen
to be open and to be not open.
Like the front door
for which there is no knock.
If you walk in the woods,
if you walk alone in the woods,
if you listen carefully
you can hear it now,
the knock and
the not knock.

From The Littoral and the Imaginary
by Carol Ciavonne

Littoral 2

and feathers
even feathers
which have no origin here

but drifting down

must be considered
part of the province

I only know about love
and how it gathers
flotsam onto a misfit island.

from Hesitations or moments between actions
by rick henry

2

multiple people scattered about, each has a long
stick with either a different mustache or a
different set of lips, and have, or about to
have, or have just had the mustache or lips to
their faces

from Professional Poems by Daniel Coshnear

VALETS and BELLHOPS

rarely go to ballets
nor operas
nor Broadway shows
nor special exhibits
at the Guggenheim.

They live on tips
and gossip
and get real
with the cost of tickets
how could they ever
find the time.

Way Out West, Sierra Nevada Selections
by Norman Schaefer

In Ionian Basin

My mother always worried
when I went to the mountains,

saying call when you come back,
not before you go.

In an amphitheater of moonlit lakes and peaks
I lie awake thinking of her.

Short of breath her final days,
barely able to walk.

Now a ghost
she tramples the sky.

from KINTSUGI by Suzanne Maxson

HURTLING

Hurtling through the frozen air
in a glittering vessel
should require complete concentration
by everyone on board. Instead we retreat
to sleep or screens or reading but once
closing my eyes to lie down in the luxury
of three seats across, listening
to Eno's Music for Airports
I did confront the truth of jet flight
which is as strange, as inconceivable
as the cruelty we humans so casually
inflict on one another every day
and then in brief sleep dreamed
a message from the captain
to the cabin that elation
and horror are companions

from As A Matter Of Thought by Pat Nolan

THE FOREVER STREAM

Poetry is the stream (of language) of which we all (as poets) partake, ritually. Some want to get it all in one gulp, others are satisfied with a sampling (one can never sample the same stream twice). The stream continues unaffected. Some will keep what they have taken and save it to analyze and distill (separate hydrogen from oxygen) and return it to the stream without ingesting it. Others swallow every sip confident that it will be returned somehow. We can all partake according to our own manner. There's room for everyone along the shore. It's the forever stream.

Neo-Mimeo Editions has posted 24 chapbooks since the beginning of 2025. Packages of 24 mimeograph stencils are sold as quires. Quire is a little anthology collecting a poem or a representative page from each of the editions published in the same format, as a slideshow, and as a printable pdf file. Many thanks to the authors for participating in this ongoing project.

Featuring poetry by

Pat Nolan. Mark Young, Joel Dailey,
Steven Lavoie, Andrei Codrescu,
Alex Benedict, Gail King,
Alexandre Ferrere, Ann Erickson,
Simon Schuchat, Jim McCrary,
Norman Fischer, Jim Hanson,
Scott Reid, Joe Safdie, Jamey Jones,
Richard Bruns, Carol Ciavonne,
Rick Henry, Daniel Coshnear,
Norman Schaefer, Suzanne Maxson