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EXECUTIVE PRODUCER CHRIS CARTER
POEMS SLASH SCIENCE FICTION

Peter Milne Greiner

the trouble with bartleby
in collaboration with
the operating system

SERIES TWO

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FHLOSTON PARADISE

Put to rest real
and this body,
repurposed and reliquary
Raise the frail luxurious disc
behind them
That which does not advance advances
Song, prophesy, finite regress
Discrepant Day observed every calendar fleeting moment
I've taught you to expect Hard Science
Well here it is asshole

LITTLE BROWN BOTTLE

Call heat the conceit
strung between my mustache
and fundament or an axon
or a velvet rope
I love my new finite options
and the spontaneous urge to understand
my nervous system
as much as my phone
which is made out of rare earths and monitors
the most common one
I use them to get around
and send signals
They are my wandering
conduits and I'm still the thing
in my brain that
science can't find
The margin of comprehension
between us is itself
incomprehensible but I'm not a mystic
I like artifacts but not talismans
I'm into peristalsis but not power

The act of awe is something big,
admittedly That's why when
I unscrew the cap and draw
in a long whiff of that ant
marmalade I have a profound experience
of disbelief and luge down easy
over any phallus
I become the master list of every known
suffix Mysterious surge of chill fission,
what is access What is panorama
Cut the shortcut to your impenetrable errors
Show me the long way
if it is noble, sfumato and occult
and every interpretation that crosses my path
will be in the form of blood pressure

A FRAME NARRATIVE FOR BARBARA MAITLAND

I've only pretended to see
a ghost once It was winter
and I was under a bridge
I sensed she was astray,
from another century, altogether
anachronistic next to me with the small
arch of highway above us She was
Geena Davis' character from
Beetlejuice, zippered mouth and all,
looking for a renovated New
England homestead's showy warp
Over creek stones and gurgle
she drifted with the current, around
the bend that led to the next
bridge, and was gone She is looking
for a sequel, like me She is counter-
conjuring creation, being, the cosmos,
whatever you want to call it,
that thing's desperate figments
She's alive in her dead, imagined way
She can't be stopped

SUMMON PROTO HOMING DEVICE ELEMENTAL

To summon or cast are Old World usages
Out of respect for math let's agree on make
Here are five easy steps
First we beachcomb the facts and add a sense of division,
four wrists, savagery, flair for raw denim
Next put a decent Polaris up there in our working Cosmos
Noble Gases, hinted-at universal truths, and some occult for fun
like seasonal depression consequent of Uranus in retrograde,
cheap reusable jokes that appear, like invention, independently,
often everywhere, then add some existential mix-up of the appendages
Fin trapped inside a paw's left leg
then add the tendency to look up longingly
at that Warmish Dot in the dark,
the tendency to scratch that grove of serifs
roosting above the beltline
See that – beltline – things have begun to take shape
Next add the ability to identify the Maker,
add grid logic and roles and rupture,
Little One, add chewing my bon voyage to whatever
resultant dusky mouthful you might
I promised not to say you
Or I or to imply exactly how many of us there are
in this situation
Let's just say my Work is worked and leave
it at that but before our next lesson which is about Undoing
hold up again to me your palm
that I might empty it of
embarkations

FANTASY ROLE PLAY PART I : THE LIMESTONE MOUSE

Here is a crude creation myth:
In 1990 my dad bought an Apple IIe
and in that year, Year Zero, I destroyed

it I was not savvy enough to solve the first
puzzle in Prince of Persia, where you fall
into a pit and have to climb out I couldn't,

so I taxidermied the DuoDisk drive
with yellow-headed sewing pins (my
mother is a seamstress), a sissy but

decimating sabot of choice I remember
clumsily punching instructions into the Prince's
green and black interface CLIMB OUT OF PIT

GRAB ONTO WALL OF PIT AND CLIMB
UPWARD To absolutely no fucking avail
In Year Negative 469, or our 1521,

Ferdinand Magellen is slain in the Philippines
by poisoned arrow and kampilan (a cutlass
with a snarling dentiform hilt) Destruction attends

discovery and I situate my first
grasp of both in a floppy disk drive
The end of the Age of Exploration for Ferdinand

and on Earth gave rise to science
fiction and fantasy as a popular conduit between
us and the unknown We can live the syllabus

built by such adventurers We can live them
in front of our computers By tapping and staring,
by calling some green and black riddle

a puncture

HAMMERSTONE

There is poetry in giving up one's vision by lengthening it, distending it out past death, past recognizability. When I turned thirty I left MIT and gave up on exoplanets, on Sagan, on extraterrestrial relics hanging in the dark like mobiles, Ozymandian and indifferent, their promises of sea change and revelation scattered out there in the wide, deaf galactic susurrus. I became an economist. I retired from speculation and became a speculator. A prospector. I stopped looking for big things far away. Cosmology is really just the study of scale. There's still something of that in my work. The Belt is my Cosmos, though some call it a driveway, a grind, a cul-de-sac. It's how I made my first trillion. I never thought I would hate space. But I do. When I turned sixty they needed me up there and, as always, I acquiesced. I had given ten years here and there to other things

I didn't want before. Why not do it again, I mused, without a question mark so much as an ellipsis, the ellipsis in which all dreamers' schemes are fated to wordlessly pend, the ellipsis that is my totem. All the money in the world, and I have a lot of it, can't buy reliable gravity or even a nice rug, and those are really the only things I wanted for my "office." I haven't even told you what I do now, have I? I know where all the asteroids are. I pick them out, I reel them in, knap them down, suck them dry, and I work in orbit in January and February, which is very hard on my knee. Sometimes—right now is one of those times—I imagine skittering out of the Lagrange point in my preposterous monocle of an observatory and beading away into space like lymph. Adrift, starving myself as monks do, I would lower my metabolism and heart rate and self to just above zero, and very slowly, over the course of millennia, make my way to one of the Earth analogues. I'm an ambassador at heart: my true missed calling. I see the Belt as something Earthly still; roots and tubers floating through a vacuum-black consommé. What some see as mountains of platinum, nickel, and water ice, I see as radish, salsify, yuka. I'm a gatherer. Somewhere down the line my efforts will segue aloofly into the vision I've had—for myself and for the civilization I represent and participate in less and less. It's like my vision and I are moving farther and farther apart the closer I get to it, the more I age, the deeper into space's cramped cave I wriggle. That's what it feels like in here, too. It's like I've shaped the stone into plastic, woven baskets from wires, melted the mountain down to alerts and interfaces. I found a very good rock today. It's far. The op will take years. I'm leaving the giant beet to someone special in my will, in case I die. It's the biggest thing anyone has ever given to anyone else. I'm dispatching the drones tomorrow. They are the spears I hurl into each eye of the woolly rhinoceros. When it arrives in Earth orbit I will share it with my kin. I will look out across the savannah of stars and taste blood.

LV-426

I found the small identical moments of unattended
isolation I found tarnish heralds its own inexorable,
celebrant loss I found there is no surety without doubt,
no possessive natures without certain materialisms,
and I was surprised by my findings
I found apocalypses came and went, unnoticed,
that plans are for falling through, not for following through
with, that a promise is as promise does, that always
from the provinces make I my cloned returns,
and I did not clench my teeth when, honestly and honorably, I filed my
reports
down to their fragile, pugnacious quicks
Archaeology is the study of distress
Trust me

FANTASY ROLE PLAY PART III: BENT BIRDS

Galen Tyrol was a simple but easily troubled man. Seated in *Laura's* cockpit as if readying himself for a recon mission, he tinkered with switches and conduits, snapping open panels and peering into the blackbird's lithe electrical carapace. He had decided to run one more diagnostic on the bird's FTL when he heard boots on the maintenance ladder outside the cockpit. It was Helo. His face was twisted up in distress and lacked its usual army grimace. The russet, remnant radiation-poisoning, the beleaguering territoriality, the threat-making had given way to an almost-paleness striated with disquiet. "What, Helo?" he asked flatly, staring hard at the systems check running on the screen in front of him. Helo stiffened and relaxed, looked askance. His eyes settled on something apart from the moment. "You have something I need. That belongs to me." Tyrol slammed his hands down on the control panel with a force both brutal and sumptuous. He cocked his head up toward Helo and growled, "Sharon isn't mine, Helo. I can't frakking give her to you." Helo said nothing at first. He reached down and touched Tyrol's face lightly, the side of his face, the part where his hair met his ear and his ear met his cheek. "That's not what I mean," he lowly corrected. Tyrol's desires flung themselves obliquely in all directions and hung upside down from im-

ages of Sharon, Cally, and Helo like bats; desires like sonar, like X-rays, the collusions of the stars and his enemies and his loves. His ears rang in the cacophonous adagio of the languages of the hidden, and as the cosmos and his anguish narrowed to a fine harmony, a sudden flurry of action overtook him as he breathlessly tore at his coveralls, flourishing them down over his torso, lifting himself off the seat for the split second it took to swaddle the rugged garment around his calves. He unbuttoned his fly, reached through his underclothes, and pulled out in his two grimy deckhands his mechanic's cock. He looked down at it, up at Helo's slightly parted lips, spit into his right hand, and rubbed the wet of his mouth along the quickly spooling length of the FTL between his legs. Helo, as if in execution of the jump, careered into the cockpit in one swift movement, straddling the Chief, pulling his pants down, and grinding down hard, taking every inch in one fierce advent of pleasure. They both cried out in surprise, in shock, in gratitude, and slid against and through each other like magnetism. Time dilation applies, too, to sex. Seconds pass between an eon's thumb and forefinger, minutes in increments we have no word for. Condensation formed along the blackbird's composite hull. Tyrol could feel himself inside Helo, could feel that sinewed expanse of dumb Helo hate bearing down over his cock like an event horizon swallowing their fates. And as Helo rode him in the cockpit of the stealth fighter he had invoked single handedly from Galactica's collective despair, Tyrol marveled how a machine called *Laura* could house this long-awaited consummation. How machines themselves, ensconced in human rapture and human destitution, could break a sweat on the behalf of their pilots. Helo grunted and murmured with each thrust, a dull crepitation of animal elegance and animal urgency, a litany of loosening like some long lost gospel of Pithia, the scriptures of Tyrol's boyhood dropping down on his chest in drops of sweat from Helo's brow. Their pairs of hexagonal dogtags tangled rhythmically, and as the first bead of moisture on the blackbird's hull broke free and made its descent toward the floor of the hangar deck, Tyrol burst deep inside Helo's steely abdomen. It was a nova, a concatenation of muons, soft particles, destinies recherche, dark pools of space between stars, the light of stars, his true son marooned forever in the man Sharon loved.

DAD CAPSULE

Such curated remains
as the ring you wore to sleep in Emily Dickinson's back
yard in 1973, a pewter woman's face
that reminds me of Converge now;
as weird American currency and notes
toward a novel, *The Loom of Descent*, about greedy, furtive sons—
its lush psychic backdrop a
grimoire of our average action
One out of two trustees agree they're worth saving
I too reap a decade's scant scaffold of myths
Ceremonial dog burial, half hour hike, day trip to the caves
Our plain eon takes form

FANTASY ROLE PLAY PART IIE : RANDOM ACCESS MEMORY

My abortive fantasies and conquests
dissipate with each successive savegame
I pit or planetfall on depopulated Myst

A game about a man who describes worlds,
in books, that you can “link” to instantly
by touching the first page I learn what a

soundcard is His name is Atrus and for
Him fantasy is a creative act I learn how to
change monitor settings To beat the game

you must make an ethical decision You
must save the explorer-creator from His
malevolent sons I learn what RAM is

Untriumphantly I beat Myst in Year 10 of my
search for Real Puissance And let me
tell you something because that’s what this is

all about Futility, right, is built-in to my hunger
for endless worlds The destruction of the Apple Iie
was an act of boorish undoing I see that now

I picture it a vengeful scene, like a hex placement
akin to the use of voodoo dolls Motivations molder
in the killing without any real antecedent or hope

Perhaps, at age six, I expected that by some
allotrophic miracle, the computer would spew the pins
out again after I'd left the room and be purer

and more contented for it I see my hands
plucking the pins from a cushion created in the likeness
of a tomato I see my hands pushing

them into the DuoDisk drive like tiny
metallic fantasies sharpened at one end,
bearing on the other, silvery and irresolute,

the fanged and slaving jaws of my calling.
I wanted to destroy and destory it And as I
link to Atrus in the final winning moments of Myst,

I feel like St. Sebastian in front of my father's new
Compaq, ass asleep, clicking my way through the Fake,
torso abristle with kampilans, sailing across

an archipelago of finite delusions
It is the year 2000 for you, Year 10 for me,
and there is nothing on the moon for any of us

A DRAKE EQUATION FOR LAURA ROSLIN

Her last words were *so much life*
and what was her first
Clock perhaps
But then a person's first word is always
incidental It carries trophy weight
but little more
A thin layer of what it means later
in the context of the Great Intervening
As she gazes down at a field
pink with strange birds
with her disease through the stars
sometimes smuggled
sometimes shared
I picture her parsecs
ago, on a different somewhat
barren but still living
planet, in a carseat
looking up at a sped past billboard
Its face and slogan
Imagine All the civilizations out
there and each one with
its own Kennedy Family
Each one with its own first
and last words
I can hear them all now

SPIRAL ARM PLUS SYNTHESIZER EQUALS WHAT

Because I remember tendency
all my ex-destinations and henchmen
cower, cuddle, add and sum, take speciation
like champs and lay their reverent fictive gifts
at my feet
Impossible quiz, I might return Tell me, elephant
plus nimblewill equals what or Martha Washington Geranium
plus the extinct giant ground sloth equals what and they
will tell me 'It equals ooey saponin and stuff akin to dogs'
Which kind of fucking sucks, actually
But at any rate I will build the invisible thousands who will build the
invisible pyramid in which all our prayers are interred grandiosely
I will gather them, bit torrent of souls into my dark manger
I will add up my vantage points
I will use my mouth to perform four tasks
I'll bray the cliff notes at them over drinks and undead
daylights like every other normal and well-meaning deletion
But first they will please wake me up from my trench nap because I'm
the Master of Ceremonies and I must tell the people
May the most cacophonous chorus of dad names win
May the soakingest offering appease my answers

EXCURSE

I regard volcanoes from the cone down and in two dimensions; their surrounding air, sagging, bright, or dour, as a rushed backdrop physics foretelling all the good business of breathability but ultimately without it. So wind, current, gasses in concert, hue and even climate, but nothing to make the blood go, heart pinion, brain think. Or else odd prism, imbalance, misconception, chemical reaction, rare math, life. In Vermo, like I was saying, I start at the barnacline peak and work my way down to the lowlands. Depthless and alien, this ineffably-colored landscape confounds me still, as it did the first settlers. It is somewhere, somewhat lost, between habitable and not. Giant trees retain a hint of gnarl and stunt, yet distend wildly into the atmosphere, likewise the shrubbish and bushish things, and the mosses like unlaunched zeppelins, topiary, wrong. That chance spike, too, of mountain the old scientists called something ludicrously Greek; it alone is natural to my eye.

On our second day winding through gullies there is much dirt and bark on my coat, much sap on my hands, raw from grasping the tough young pines as we climb ever upward toward the summit. There is no water to run at this latitude, but enough sloshing on our backs to last the trip. It would be six days more. I uproot a catalpa speciosa sapling, rubicund and flowering as we heard tell of, and store it in a canister. My companion and I set up camp and wait for the rumored rain. It comes just as the reports spoke of it. A downpour of virga. We look up at the torrents, evaporating some fifty meters from the ground, a great undulating reef of steam and droplets, entirely silent.

It becomes difficult but not impossible to breathe. We watch the marble of the sun drop behind darkness. It is easy to believe the new weather. In the morning it is hot and I notice the sleigh immediately, concealed the previous evening by underbrush and shadow. It is dwarfish, hulking, ruined, pointing straight up, perhaps twelve seasons abandoned here. My companion notes that it is not in working order, though I do suffer a considerable electric shock when examining its runners. We discover nothing in the way of a campsite and continue on to the summit. Such is the way of the soft frontier. We are not charting new territory so much as setting foot on it, which is a centuries-old dilemma for souls such as we. I hope for something to infer from all this, not merely extrapolate. By late afternoon we stand on the cone, looking down into its cinders, into its remnant fumes. The sky is clear pink. We can see straight down the rock faces to the base of the volcano.

And around it? There can be no continents without seas, though it is said both are in the works, perhaps a generation away. In the meantime New Vermont is a place of huts and depots, the elements and non-water precipitation, where night falls swiftly and moons cannot be discerned with the naked eye. That speck there is Venus, though, and that Earth. They will both set as we sleep. We make camp and fire, mutter to each other, and turn in. I wake up alone, my companion having left early to give the sleigh a closer inspection. I gather my things and head down through the sweep and crumble of the volcano, its rungs of scrub pine, its indifferent fissures, its deep time eroding into what I breathe. I imagine an old-fashioned accident, one where I lose my footing and slide down the mountainside into some severe cleft, matchsticks of bone, my water lost and bag dangling from an unreachable outcrop. I imagine shouting for help, scraps of my shirt stopping the blood adequately at first, becoming faint, accepting my fate, laughing to myself, the sun setting, watching Earth pass across a splinter of sky lodged in red rock, opening my eyes slowly in a white room after a decades-long coma, I imagine the news being broken to me, staying calm, wondering what became of my companion, I imagine a lot of things have changed, I imagine catching up with them, I imagine the odds, starting over, starting a new life, finding my calling, my love, truth, beauty, I imagine writing it all down, telling it straight, teaching it to young children, I imagine the interviews, the fanfare, the acclaim, the memoir, I imagine falling down for a long, long time in my own special way, I imagine finding something on this volcano that no else can.

AUSPICES

Say that it hovers or floats,
Polaris tonight over dear Britney
and Varet Street at least can be seen,
high up, its face-off with Jupiter
the fluke of this dewy, polluted
October Pashmina, pink tank
top and Kamel Red Light, she is
a curious coda to summer, full of latent
hibernation and things she never realized
Britney, I say, that up there is Polaris,
like in Emily's drawing And because
we are in Brooklyn, she describes to me
her Kepler Space Telescope tattoo
We sing the true hype of superearths
We take solemn, circumbinary oaths
to ruin the supposed void with all
the life that is out there
We are searchers and wanderers, too
Our rites mimic the transits of confirmed
objects We learn more when for a moment
things get darker That has always been
the heart of cosmogony We propose toasts
and spill our Overholt into our home
planet's sweet gravity From the rooftop
we praise the night's hoary salon of unique
distances; its tourbillon peeked into,
barely appraised, its basalt and malachite
gadgetry a statue hung in the fog of far away

We chase the dark with smoke and soda water
We occult in ways Carl Sagan warned us against
Britney gazes at crystals, insists the cat
sees things: not things that aren't there—
things that are there Superstition is the study
of science and vice versa A few distant
bright clusters slosh in the bottom
She measures the merit of belief in looking,
in scrutiny, in layers She lights the cold
wick of what already burns My ritual is
throwing the measurement itself
down the night's throat and not
even waiting to hear the surmisable
report it makes hitting other grounds:
Wooly Neptunes, Rhinestone Makemakes,
Desert Europas We call them exosea,
exobeach, exohome
Cheers, we cautiously and desperately
shout, to the whole analogous shebang
we make of the first big one
I have reached my usual
hammered and speechless terminus,
but Britney hasn't What a big flashing opal,
she utters upward with everything's starry,
ambiguous curvature pouring down forgettably into her

FANTASY ROLE PLAY PART IV: THE FORMAT AGE

The sensation of my transference is as always one of bewitching abandonment. I find myself bystander in a crime scene's balmy solace. We're familiars now. The star here is like the one that rises on Myst, but it's farther away, smaller, ancient amber in comparison. It crawls like an antique on many rays across the archipelago. This age, Format, is just as Atrus describes it in the notebook. Many islands are visible from the shores of this one and the days here are long as if to accentuate its repeating vasts. I felt the cold wandering data of the winds on my palm as I linked. I am surrounded by towering larch-like trees, bulging ramparts of moss. The air confuses comfort with discomfort. And the sea, as promised, is a slush of lilac-colored algae.

Atrus' signature gadgetry is sparse but unmissable. A flotilla of batteries, tethered to a southerly point, gathers tidal or so-called "undulate energy" from the algae. At dusk the bobbing array whirs to life and a small automated light activates on a hill a mile or so away. Nothing that walks but me takes notice or gives notice of itself and I follow a seasons-buried conduit through the branches to Atrus' Format bungalow.

The structure bears the same eerie newness as those I've entered on other ages. No one has been here for twenty years. But then this is a haven-period age; not built for weather or populations. The cot is unmade but the basin immaculate. A folio of rushed sketches. A chest of tunics and undergarments. Folded artfully, a map of the surrounding islands, all the same size and shape. Old summits of old volcanoes. A geological oddity Atrus fabricated as a metaphor for something. Sirrus' and Achenar's flair for contraband and evidence exhibitionism must have come from Catherine. Or a recessive gene. I found also a pen which was dried up. A chisel set.

I sleep on Atrus' cot and in the day that breaks two hours later set out for the east cliffs. They shatter down from the trees gradually. Tideless, the mass of the sea meets their violence in a sleepy eczematous pavane. I clamber down through

eyries and shorescrub to a lookout point indicated on the map. This world smells like matches. It does not object to me with the jigsaw of aftermaths I wound through on Channelwood and Selenitic. There are no strange switches here that only under very special circumstances do anything. It is not a story. It is a study of sunken eruptions.

I witness the vacant purple abeyance Atrus sentenced this age to for some time. My eyes idle the unchanging. Realizing vaguely that I have my traveler's erection, I masturbate stoically, forgetfully, functionally, like sleep. It's a sorting through. In the distance the age breaks, or experiences interruption, when something not alive but made by the living strafes into view from behind an outlying island. It is dark and fast. It is a vehicle. It stops in midair, miles away. I realize I'm afraid, a wire crosses, I'm excited, I stand up, my hand still between my legs, I panic and I come, off the cliff, into the sea. A moment later the craft disappears behind another island. I watch my and the alien biota fail to integrate. Perhaps though it's being converted into watts. Into tonight's light. The slight web between my thumb and index is wet. I forget. I make my way back through the gnats and inert of the morning. Approaching the bungalow's east-facing window I look in and see Atrus has arrived, as he said he would. He is sitting on the cot, performing the same function I was on the cliff. It's the same for him I realize. He comes gently, plainly, wiping his hand on a blanket. I go inside.

"I saw something," I say.

"I don't know who they are," he says at last. "Or what they are. They're not indigenous to this planet." Atrus leaves the matter at that and then continues. "I wrote this age when I was twenty-eight. After Inception. This is the fourth. Polysemy came next, but it was amongst those my sons destroyed."

He reaches into his vest and produces a Linking Book. "You must go now, contrary to our previous arrangement. I'm sorry." He reaches for my hand, holds it and pulls. Our remnant stickinesses mingle, and I imagine them agreeing and colluding, but there's no way of telling now. The content of our habits will dry up. I do not know where I am about to appear with the age-writer's ejaculate written over my own like a palimpsest. He holds the Linking Book open in his other hand and speaks.

"This is a very old planet whose cataclysms have played out. It is not like us." Spoken like a next, not a last, rite, he places my hand like a dead man's on the panel and I vanish.

NEW THEORY OF RUIN VALUE

It is logical that I give
this to you because you want it and I
do not That being said it comes
not without the usual caveats
that tend to agglomerate at the heart
of such talismans Caveats are hidden
meanings and embarrassments
we offer our keen awareness of in
advance—to eligible parties
I present them to you
here in order of appearance

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SERIES TWO

PETER MILNE GREINER was born in Massachusetts and lives in Brooklyn. His work has appeared in *FENCE*, *OMNI Reboot*, *H_NGM_N*, *Leveler*, *Whole Beast Rag*, *Coldfront*, *Spiral Orb*, *Sound Literary Magazine*, *nin journal*, *Miniature Magazine*, *Poem Tiger*, *FAQNP*, *Diner Journal*, *Stone Telling*, *Exit Strata*, *You're Beautiful*, *New York*, *Between: New Gay Poetry*, and *Here, We Cross*, an anthology of queer and genderfluid poetry. He is the author of the chapbook *Glyph Test Site*, a companion to the work of M. Mel Shimkovits. In June of 2013 he sent a poem into space through the Jamesburg Earth Station in Carmel Valley, California.

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the trouble with bartleby
in collaboration with
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is pleased to make physical

The PRINT DOCUMENT

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DOC U MENT

/däkyᵻmᵻnt/

First meant “instruction” or “evidence,” whether written or not.

noun - a piece of written, printed, or electronic matter that provides information or evidence or that serves as an official record

verb - record (something) in written, photographic, or other form

synonyms - paper - deed - record - writing - act - instrument

[*Middle English, precept, from Old French, from Latin documentum, example, proof, from docere, to teach; see dek- in Indo-European roots.*]

Who is responsible for the manufacture of value? Based on what supercilious ontology have we landed in a space where we vie against other creative people in vain pursuit of the fleeting credibilities of the scarcity economy, rather than freely collaborating and sharing openly with each other in ecstatic celebration of MAKING?

While we understand and acknowledge the economic pressures and fear-mongering that threatens to dominate and crush the creative impulse, we also believe that now more than ever we have the tools to relinquish agency via cooperative means, fueled by the fires of the Open Source Movement. Looking out across the invisible vistas of that rhizomatic parallel country we can begin to see our community beyond constraints, in the place where intention meets resilient, proactive, collaborative organization.

Here is a document born of that belief, sown purely of imagination and will.

When we *document* we assert. We print to make real, to reify our being there.

When we do so with mindful intention to address our process, to open our work to others, to create beauty in words in space, to respect and acknowledge the strength of the page we now hold physical, a thing in our hand... we remind ourselves that, like Dorothy: *we had the power all along, my dears.*

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