

I made for you a new machine and all it does is hope

Richard Lucyshyn

for my children / who embody kindness

and

for Kelly / who helps to mute the world of static

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nor did I look at anything
with no other light or guide
than the one that burned in my heart.

St. John of the Cross

psallite sapienter

say star and say sun // say angel frost and feather // say branch
or bend basalt bite and schist // say taut and say tongue // say

tooth or tree birch or beech // say mound or mons or moans
beneath a standing moon // say drift and do the cold sliding off

// say hips and say belly and say thigh // say bright the new heart

the dark and the dark the dowsing dream of song // say water
flight or flaw // say a broken wing bound by windless wires or say

faith in the form of fire // say the last wending signal bent by noise
through the closing transom // say warp or say weft wand or wet

this wettest light // say horse and the heaving shadow beneath //

say grief and the last grievesome river the ungathered ghost
of rain // say your name and sharpen the sigh on your brightest
lips // say your name and the name of each still hidden place
in your Atlas of Hidden Places or the unwritten moment lost

from your mother's History of Loss archived in the Library

of Lost and Imaginary Books // say the book is on fire and breath
is the spark // say spark and bless the resting angels of panic //
say grace and the gnawing bone of practice // say prayer or say
step the long and shoeless walk through every last desert

// say sand or the silent offering crave and shine // say shine

or clavictherium and the shattered lioin lumen the lefthanded
heart of tungsten // say *contempus* and say whatever *mundi*
and else the false and only testament of your nearest self //
say a darking room with your heart now at rest // say what stutter

// say grace and say it true // say grace and full hope to mean it

ten thousand psalms

[psalm]

keep, love, the door of my lips and for this lion
weep selah my faults poured as cups unto

these, which lighted so lent little read from
some breviary of birds, *psallite*, o dearest heart

as your breath is knitted to mine, then, unknow

[psalm]

would that we with every ask dried, other or yet soon
seek to atone or be moondrunk and rung, as creek

could we be better left of this marrowclenched why
glassed until knob and cry, a cloud or uncopper heart

to be again born, machined new unsad, a sound for

[psalm]

an alder stroke, ambit of kneelers and locks
or the lede below a heart's hornbook, a saint

astragalus or nearer to beech, our lots cast
to bricks, a gamble we made and unmade

searching to grace, the oily residue of hope

[psalm]

unbend, you kneelers, for to shoeless meddle
this sand, robed by splinter and gust, for grain

these feet will be always unwashed, instead to
walk from end, the stride held as first principle

dusted *ad astra* or, whatever meant as where

[psalm]

beseech and yearn, the creek's plainsong lusting crawl
and yea, unhinder my tongue to touch as tendril this thigh

as belly blessed by kiss, unvoiced among ten thousand
chief to gaze, my sidelong hands placed a sun between

of this part silver, o body o breast lie these twin lillies

[psalm]

unseen ascend, without waking still, this last dark
this secret ladder, by which is meant this lonesome

climb from sleep, through dream by waking to song
unsinging trumpets unspooled, to last a saintly rope

memory of coils become, at rest, my progress now

[psalm]

my brightest love, who suffers by twelve such stars
these dozen names for grace cindered, from flag

collapse to ash, these throats joined gutbound so
and too decry false all pain, or this again by just veil

bending hand some latter dark, antiphon now sky

[psalm]

deliver me this untidy breath, joined by and bluster
pious filled or lightly same, now shunned, be prayer

but slow along, counterpoint with or cantered, cant
sung from pillowed breath, leg slung and sweated

you in tidy gasp gamboled to twine, of tether or

[psalm]

whose breath unbreathed this deliberate stain
beneath and beneath and beyond, tautbound

spine spiracle, these lines bothered by bone
sprung again from black, kiting the elder crease

here, *sum* edged wind, a broken staff or I am

[psalm]

better to reckon on this doubt these subtle nods to certain
blazed trails, *per pedes* unshod, so stumble the internal way

but hide your track beneath umber leaves between ocher
and branch, where new logics are made to speak on the old

edges blurred, four steps or seven around, an empty pond

[psalm]

staunching, the suppliant tongue of fire in order to
or never done as once so held in hand, of morning

of fleecing wind, wing and the wingless memory of
upreached branches, how many faultless steps, or

in truth can you see, the sediment nature of home

[psalm]

being now at rest, limned liminal and pulsing
the empty lantern or gullied shade, dark thrown

fractaled but not without pause, pattern lacked
a cuss defined by breadth but never breathing

between sphered, the last dim space of null

[psalm]

skittered and sprung, erumpent lights breezeblown
as spore as seed, cast bright over rusty machines

capsid blind, or were we not yet endeared to walls
chancel and nave or breathfilled aumbry at last

give unto me, dear friend, what is to bug and trash

[psalm]

tell me grace, say unto me tumble and leaf seraph
the shake of horns upon the gate, what sounding to

a perfect knowledge, zephyr brown blown to pass
as circles turn we so turn, trembling blue, cry jubilee

say ecstasy of text tooth, my unname spoke love

[psalm]

but it lacked the pulse, the antecedent of
breaking or a forethought of wind, thrown

piled high on the column, along the river
we were stitched to the bead or sweating

everyone, a creeping symptom of one bird

[psalm]

eat this scroll, bless and be but always barbed
a copper heart, unwrapped, held hard to havoc

or spoken to by chime, harvest and helm by slant
a red cord raveled, so to this skein be lasting tied

it was weird how it was, our flags false in this light

[psalm]

a simple ravening to place, the good and final till
of mineral fields, grieve and unhand, friend, night

and damp wrapped in rudding leaves like plaster
like blooded limbs, bent to bear the bearing weight

of winter, bound lasting to last machine, of the sun

[psalm]

for the sake of augury, these branches this creek
in deference to feather and psalm, awoke on a hum

some muddle of leaves of green in duskdun water
tremblefound by wetted tongue, taut unbellowed sky

exalt and be sworn to skin so too rootsong unfall

[psalm]

what we ask, sweet angel, what seek and to know
some new machine balmed smooth, fueled of hope

and ever to unbrine this blood, ours and always, pulse
give clot these tears, daily find our fear too, what heart

we pound from habit, wager memories we dare to hold

[psalm]

grackle or grouse, which garbage bird other called
in field or fence along, one thousand graceful things

you told in tongues, bashful from wing unwinged
blackening feather bled, your lasting bones so with air

or filled by spark, orison of sound tendon and claw

[psalm]

humble thy servant, at least thy servant notched
knelt by branch to fruited bloom, adjacent to null

with seven trumpets sound, to prepare and walk
which blank trails faithless pass to new yea

beloved, that which hath an ear this cry unheard

[psalm]

better from old and well hummed air, or trammeled by
from nature hewn, sundered, nightly drawn from tree

of tree become beneath, of stygian thought drawn
like unrooted teeth, the valley a vault cloister pined

this reredos of moonseed, cut to screen our pale offer

[psalm]

o you bellow and breath, breast you trumpet o
song transcribed by love, or gathered to canticle so

cleared to, o heart in the heart of the o spring heart
green and graced this unkept alley of blooms for

these and to thee, o sweet cautery, your name sung

[psalm]

neither have these, two coats apiece nor scree
brittle bent, by talus farrago of dust, which staff

left behind and blown, green by moss shot through
these epistrophic branches, *in pectore* and yet not

this journey for, my love, tender with grace to sky

[psalm]

derelict burden, a robin and a veiling thread
her breath, slacking, a fire before the lapse

so too the beautiful bridge, tired taunt, or
albwhite sign slanted taut, a sparkless wire

listen close, the winding shape of each other

[psalm]

by gull by gale by gutwing and gold throat
whoso steps upon these stones, these rusted

towerblown vatic pulsed, of ordinary ramble
dew bleached and bonepale, as a sky creased

cast aside iron, wizened so fierce bent grey

[psalm]

such a beautiful garden, selfsame and sibilant
a thieving wind, who said anything about healed

and on again about the spooling wire, so lapsed
titular, gnosis bonepicked by crooks and tyrants

polished new every evening in graveling tongues

[psalm]

narthex or to nave, triforium bent tree as branched
candlesworn and sparkleaf, this hung and hale censer

deliberate to a kind a practiced stillness attended to
ad aeterno or *ab*, absolved in the sense of undressed

belly swelled loosed, from burgundy shift to a seam

[psalm]

the queried or quarrelsome breath, bit from cloth
adamant as cowl or nothing so dissimilar as caul

white bituminous, the warbling sense of hawk
lost in the red of how many scarlets, slab and grief

held out to a thrush the most final spark of dare

[psalm]

instead of the vestiges of, it was scrabble and hardnose
skate or ray among the reeds, full drunk or dallygrown

a ply among same, these radical notions as relative to
revered by, were convicted again by so many hands

of dust and thrum, which sound we pulsed to crows

[psalm]

again as this oblivion, *non sum*, my love, *sicut ceteri*
some angel *homines*, give depth and call to blank

within these white halls, have we been again or ever
a faithful steward, *verbum salutis* whatever craved

always we fell, *urbi et orbi*, our pace too slow for lift

[psalm]

of temperate hue, bound between or easterly of
elderberry, or else elegy else cloister of pine

a welter of disrobing thoughts, once transcribed
in the margins of, in lights *in pectore* and light

these your breasts, allayed, a new genus of ache

[psalm]

kindred or kindly, the hindered climb to cause
sully bright and brine, blind by forest and fast

we only held to our what hand could holy trace
blessing the branch, a gathered choir from flight

a sharpened quill, feathers cut to lichen scroll

[psalm]

forsobbed and justly sworn, it was me who it was
who killed these killed kids, who sidled and lapsed

and bent from sight, the world was always as fence
or it was falter, some brownbled shadow left ignored

to blacken from scene, alone, in my long shame to

[psalm]

more worked than working, some last possession of void
unto which I have my will given, withdrawn from darkness

from lack of notice to chancel, *peccavi et peccavi et* same
pulled to a thread, a goodness not begotten but redeemed

it makes and makes and makes again itself, it pours being

[psalm]

which one slide and sallied, which one made wise
or willed, or willed the weather to blend these frays

which falters to march, a draggled tattoo detuned
the snare unrolled to flag, which, friend, unto you

who held the station swallows the blame, is grief

[psalm]

grave or the grieving, the slipped knot of same
under whose mitre or between the rook, coiled

a heaving mass of infinite grace, slanted green
we heave our teeth to the sun, our or everything

friend, believe, there is no only sound for hope

poem

and who am I, sister, to hazard
my hope could be of matter

beloved children, ever could I
to atone could I even know
the full weight of such a sound

confiteor // untitled

it was me what killed these killed kids

me what killed these

these killed kids

killed these killed

these kids

it was me

me what killed

these killed kids whose names too I stole

whose names too erased // whose names changed

too destroyed

it was me what broke the teeth

me what teeth

these kids

it was me what killed

it was me what killed

it was me

me these kids

my bastard stride was such and bright / and thus unburred

it was me

who burned black // black burned / these bodies

black

these kids

who burned

these killed kids

the sun every sun another sun blacked

blackened and blackened again // and loud so bellowed

an illicit clan moonlocked // unjudged

I was false

false

I was false and graceless burned

I was graceless unbound // bellyfull delivered whole and wet with caul

and yes this sun // and too this light

which sun by suffering borne

which breath aloft which breath on fire // of fire

breath by branch by knot by branch and knot

this knot

this knotted twine held / so wound to length so thrown and caught

so heaved and raised

and raised

a risen wind pulled through / damp and dancing feet to sway

these dancing feet till stone

till stopped and stone

and then to straddle and piss the gardens

and then these gardens untilled

blooded upon or bled // and bled

and bled these killed kids

and gasped a puddled psalm of lasting havoc

of havoc sprung over // eternal

it was me / this garden where of rape become

of rape I made

from lust a bright pain birthed

such sprawl and shine / these tongues gathered and jarred

these tongues unloosed by dark

it was me

and yes me again what wrote hate

was me who ledgered numbers for name / cheerful black adult male

lightskinned female

mestizo boy

mulato girl / maybe twelve

old brown adult male / says he can true a wheel

big buck / brand to cheek and missing two digits

nigger baby female / stick thin and yellow eyed

these my accounts I columned and summed // tallied true by lasting breath

it was again me what scrawled slave // chattel and so

how many backs I tore / it was me who 39 lashed

who held the whip

was me

who turned away

was me

whose blooded lips whose falsing tongue

was me

it was me who eyes closed / my eyes which blind from

yet so blind and thus blacked / was me that blackfaced rent the sky of grace

shameless racked 10,000 bodies

was me that

broke such bones to fill the sea

was me that drowned from fear

me from faith

and me that fell to graves // and thus felled

was me who turned to final grieve / palms raised by tremor

// or coins wrapped in dust

it was mine my blooded heart // these and these killed

these killed kids

it was me what damned my own heart

my heart that beats my untidy heart my heart
which tore itself from grace my heart put low
my heart which bled and bled and craved
to bleed to swallow the last blood of my heart
my hollow heart which yearned my plundered
heart my heart which walked away my heart
denied from light my burdened heart that slept
while my heart was crushed my callow heart
my coward heart that hates my hated heart
unsworn but cowed my yielding heart below
the muck my burning heart my sinning heart
my sweated heart of null my heart that begs
my heart of thieves my trembled heart denied
my heart three times again my paltry heart
which knew the names but refused to ask
my heart that hid the answer beneath a stone

my sediment heart that made at last some full confession

from these I turned /

Leslie Omar Hashim Ron Artago Mario Marcus Kavonda Donte Terence Dewayne Isaac Tiano
Demaris Darin Jermonte Edward Dewayne Yvette Ledarius Markell Jimmy-Ray Jeremy
Herbert James Desmond Anthony Phillip Lavall Janisha Douglas Stanley A'Donte Glenn Ian
Cornelius Thomas Charley Shaquille Fednel Tyrone Tony Andrew Naeschylus Monique Anthony
Cedric Theodore Jamie Terry Bobby Brandon Kendre Richard Denzel Devin Walter Jeremy
Nicholas Angelo Megan Jamalis Byron Mya Robert Eric Darrin Paul Walter Justus Desmond
Dexter Don Mack Colby Frank Dante Tevin Thaddeus Jeffrey Daniel Reginald William Todd
David Terrance Jared Jeffrey Alexia Elton Brendon Nephi Sam Dedrick Lionel Kelvin D'Angelo
Ronnell Wade Chrision Anthony Jerome Javoris Caso Anthony Dalton Kenneth James Kevin
Usaamah Demouria QuanDavier Isaiah Fritz Charles Deng Kris Trepierre Alfontish Tyrone
Damien Spencer Kevin Victor Kwanza Robert Jason Tremaine Marcellus Javon Martice
Eugene Freddie Salvado Frederick Chacarion Edward Anthonie Darrius Albert Samuel Devon
Andre Dontae Earl Bryan Khari Antonio Darius Keshawn Raymond Charles Derrick Tsombe
Christian Shamir Andre Reginald Redel Nathaniel Ashaams Garland Benjamin Allen Frederick
Deviere Mansur Thaddeus Bobby Curtis Yonas Bertrand Felix James Cedric India Angelo
La'vante Mohamed Tyrone Brandon Clifford Joseph Bobby Tyrone Dante Jeremy Keith James
Anthony Junior Brandon Jefferey Charles Gary Bernard Jason Leslie Martin Kaleb Ricky
Dequan Corey Dion Lamontez Adriene Lawrence Dominic Rolly Marquesha Kevin Tyrie Jerry
Anthony Deaunte Tony Bennie James John Delvin Ryan Moises Jamar Shane Richard Jeray
Demetrius Yohans Marcus Cornelius Darick Steve Randy Nathaniel Freddy Darius Mario
Raymone Carlumandario Derek Miguel Charles Nicholas Javario Christopher Calvin Ronnie
Trayvon Leroy Chan Michael Bobby Kevin Daquan Terrozza Quintonio Bettie Keith Jamal
Gerald Daquan Terrence Anthony Ryan Earl Lavar Kenneth Waltki Redrick Mark Norman Bruce
David Irecas Terrell Richard Jerome Cleotha Kajuan Talif Frank Ivory George Erickson Darius
Dontrell Sampson Rasheem Darryl Ferguson Michelle Terrence Thad Jason Malcom Roy Aaron
Demetrius Deborah Darius Kirk Deric Larry Christopher Donte Carnell Jacquarius Najier
Douglas George Christopher Alfred Oddis Keith Philip Nicholas Terrence Tyre Markell Terrence
Gregory Sadiq Robert Moses Jerome Michael Levonia Jaqwan Donta Kelley Omer Colby
Kenney Sylville Darnell Earl Jawari Jamarion DeMarco Korryn Paul Donnell Jeffrey Dalvin
Devon Richard Jeff Bernard Austin Derek Gavin Jermaine Dayten Orville Jason Joseph Alva
Andre Earnest Philando Alton Sidney Jai Kawme Lafayette Tyrone Sherman Donte Germichael
Ismael Angelo Jay Deravis Quencenzola Isaiah Raufeal Rashaun Antwun Michael John
Lyndarius Keith John Willis Henry Demarco Rodney Willie Michael Osee Dennis Devonte Doll
Vernell Michael Joshua Kentrill Jessica Jabril Sean Arthur Jaffort Arthur Lionel Alton Ronald
Deresha Burt Reginald Charlin Ashtian Kendar Joshua Willie Demarcus Jorevis Demetrius Rico
Edson George Richard Kisha Rodney Pierre Quron Diahlo Lamont Dazion Laronda Kevin
Cameron James Mathew Kimani James Deriante Jermon Dominique Alexio Robert Thurman
India Christopher Scott Lamar Jacal Keith Marco Peter Tyre Arteair Akiel Kionte Cedric Greg
Christopher Travis Marquintan Kisha Che Marcos Paul Dyzhawn Calin Ali Calvin Salah Peter
Mohamed Eric David Shalamar Marese Antronie Peter Bruce Charles Christopher Randolph
Christopher Janet Jonathan Cedric Timothy Crayton Henry Rakeem Carlton Rodney Eric
Germonta

from these saints I turned these killed kids

I turned away

too and turned from every prophet

the Prophet Nat the Prophet John the Prophet Gabriel
the Prophet Abraham the Prophet Martin the Prophet
Malcom the Prophets Addie Mae & Carol & Cynthia &
Charole the Prophet Emmet the Prophets Moses & Charlie
the Prophet James the Prophet Andrew & Michael & Ben
the Prophet John the Prophet George the Prophet Mack
the Prophet Herbert the Prophet William the Prophet Medgar
& Myrlie the Prophet Lemuel the Prophet Viola the Prophet
Vernon the Prophet Wharlest the Prophet Samuel & Delano
& Henry the Prophet Trayvon & the Prophet & the Prophet

...& & &...

what hearts I shattered

what mothers I shattered

what homes what names I shattered

if I remember it all // write every all

it will not be
unshattered

if I hope
to ever be
better
than I am
have been

to ever rise
unwinged
but graced

if I hope
to ever

unshatter

[illegible]

five sonnets

Manmade Water

The weather was long and clattered. I guess there were clouds.
And wind from one way to the next. Good birds filled their bones
With air and made romance with bad birds. Bad birds dropped
Stitches above the river and called foul. Hunger left a mark
On my lowest incisor. I unmeant the line about birds. Stated clouds
As corollary for possible rain. Intentional flood. I bit through
The branch closest to the banks. Beneath the water. Above the other
Water. Redacted birds threw halos to the flood mark. I parlayed
Stones. Made query of the fence line. In diamond sutured drops
Of unproven rain. I made clatter. And then unmade clatter.
The weather grew shutters. Closed itself off from theoretical names.
It called itself hunger. I believed every word. Made elegant maps
To guide myself through fog. I counted every tooth from everything

Broken. I scratched out my letters and
unlearned the reason for wet.

The Gospel Writers

A boy raised sticks to a yielding sky. Magiced holes into blacker holes.
As bones filled themselves with feathers. Along the palimpsest pulse
There was the promise of soil. There were lines about wires. Signals bent
By light arcing low across the third horizon. I erased them all. Wrote
Instead of the girl without wings whose skin split the skull of a plaited
Song. A vibrating string. Whose hands held nothing because she held
No hands. Held in their place the hollow thump of blood. Of bandages
Wrapped and wound by the tension of wind. I removed my last tongue
And tacked it taut to the firebound tree. Crumpled every creasing sound
That ever cracked across my teeth and replaced them with the great
And heaving weight of nothing. I swallowed an empty sky and belched
Forth stars. Remembered the rood. A fearsome boy. An unfalling girl.
Their brown faces blessing the burden of stones with impossible names.

I cut my pens and scratched their signs
as hope into my palm's sacred heart.

Unwritten & Open Letters to Jack Christian

I put my shoulder to it. The weak one with a pinktoothed skull
Leaned awhile above or let's call it near a chumbellied robin taught
To breathe fire. I said to maybe let me implore like what I tell is wager.
The subtle implication of wet on wet. If time is an unmeant thing
And you wrote in such tall letters then what. They were still orange
And what I was was nervous. And orange was really to be read
Perhaps simply as scribble over. It was midnight or whenever
Because which facts we previously established by joint decree.
When we called to order a congress of hurt we passed a motion
To ask the blinds raised. Which is to say unbeige beige. Someone
Once opined that beige was like to invisible or maybe the word
Was calm. The window faced north which we understood to be good
For our art. It was whatever if ever what was ever ever.

Which we knew in our hearts to be false

nothing being such as never again.

Make of Break Star City

Remember that season we gathered without shadow.
Got rowdy and filled the creek with cuss. There were two beards
In the trash and nothing was new. It was night and that one star
Was the only same again thing. Or maybe just the only thing
Worth carving to what mountain. You were sleeping that one time
I sneaked down three stairs to unsense the sound of meaning. I meant
Meaning writ large. As if words themselves were mere as bells to decorate
The *fugit*-ness of time. That was so many administrations ago. The only
Pundit left we can trust is the river. Every other channel scrabbled static.
A nonbreeze blew through passably brown branches. If I had wanted
To wake you I didn't know it. Going back to that one line about sleeping.
Referring back to that sense of sneaking through a duskdrawn house.
In search of some shape to wrap my lazy mouth around. In hard want

of some sound to know by which I mean

of course I miss you buddy.

Drumbelly Gnosis

Someone scraped red across the sky. My tongue broke blue
Like painted bone. I maybe meant those sparks in my maybe throat.
Black birds bent from flight stitched a sigh through leafbright branches.
There were eyes behind my other eyes. My new and brightest eyes.
I slacked the wire between my thoughts and jaw. Unhinged a sign trained
By teeth. Wind shook water into shapes of prayer as blacker birds
Lapsed to brittle shine. There was time but what was it. Praise but who for.
I unmeant who and directed the object to whom. But whom for. Lonely dogs
Circled the blackest birds. Whose beaks broke news of future angels.
Whose hollow bones slowly filled with glue. Someone scratched my secret
Name onto the whisper post. Delivered a wing wrapped in twine to my hidden
Forest. Weather was a thing that happened. Measured by unsprung clocks
Powered by an astronaut's tear. At night I polished my troop of invisible beasts.

I spoke their names in imagined tongues
and meant every terrible sound.

one sonnet in fourteen parts

I made for you a new machine and all it does is hope

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notes on the text

psallite sapienter may be translated as “sing ye wisely.”

“ten thousand psalms” contains allusions, however oblique, to: the King James Bible; the Latin Vulgate; the orations of Cicero; Ludwig Wittgenstein’s “Blue” and “Brown” books; St. John of the Cross; Meister Eckhart; Ralph Waldo Emerson; the *Apophthegmata Patrum*; the Rule of St. Benedict; and St. Augustine of Hippo. These allusions, most typically, consist of small bits of language extensively rearranged, if not outright changed.

The names honored as saints in “confiteor // untitled” are compiled from the database of police violence administered by The Washington Post. It bears noting that these are the names of just two years, 2015-2016.

acknowledgements

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