



Dinç Mag/ Vol. One

Dedications/ Credits



Dink Mag/Vol. One is dedicated to Marlon Brando Jr.
Jr., KMD, and to the memories of Mark Strand and
Amiri Baraka.

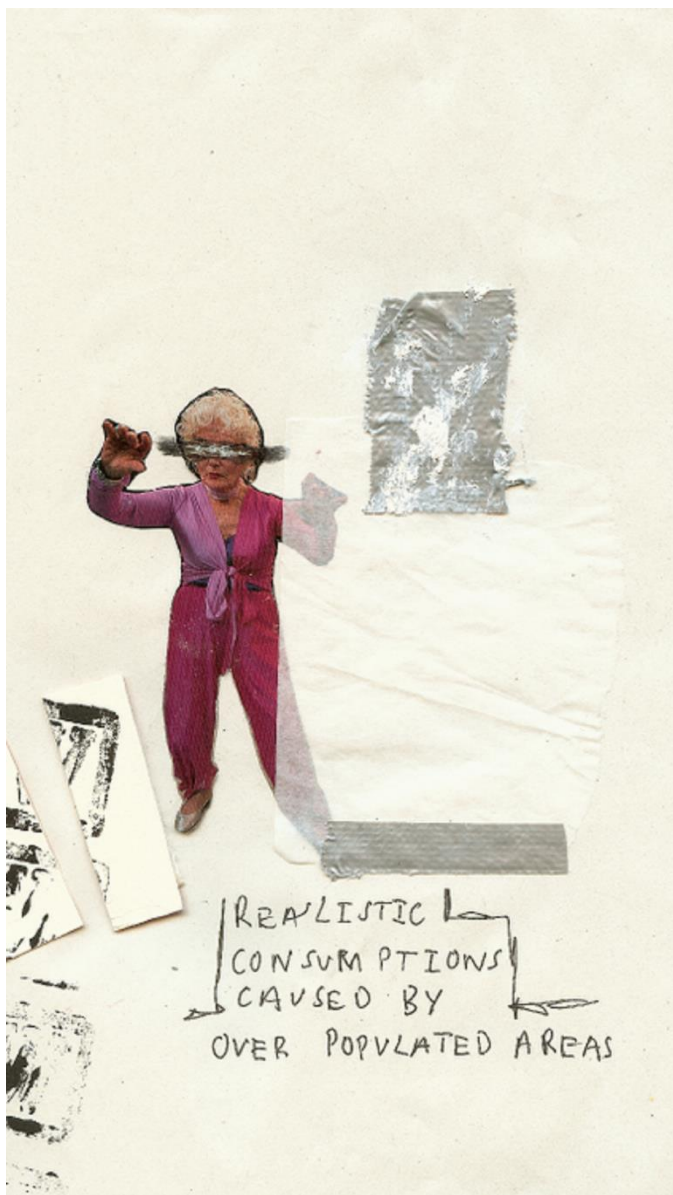
Editor- Kristopher D. Taylor
Cover image by Franky Kramer
Special thanks to all of the contributors, especially CH
Gorrie and Barton Smock.
Dink Mag/Vol. One © 2015 Dink Press



"Untitled," by Joanna Collins



"Untitled," by Joanna Collins



"Untitled," by Joanna Collins



"Freedom, Libya" by Enrico Gaveglia

An Interview with Enrico Gaveglia

An Interview with Enrico Gaveglia

1. Can you define "art" for me?

Thanks for your question, to be honest I never thought of a definition of it and certainly I am not having the ambition to be able to define it in absolute terms. I could however attempt by imagining art as a reflection of self that meets beauty in the eye of the beholder.

2. What do you intend to do with your art?

My artistic production aims primarily to offload memories of places I had the luck to live during my journeys in countries I had and have the chance to visit. It is somehow the way my emotive system deals with an overcharge of emotions that tends to surface at their own pace. Sharing at times images of these experiences it is, one could say, a short cut to the narrative of storytelling.

3. Your images have a very unique feel to them. Could you explain the process you use to make these images?

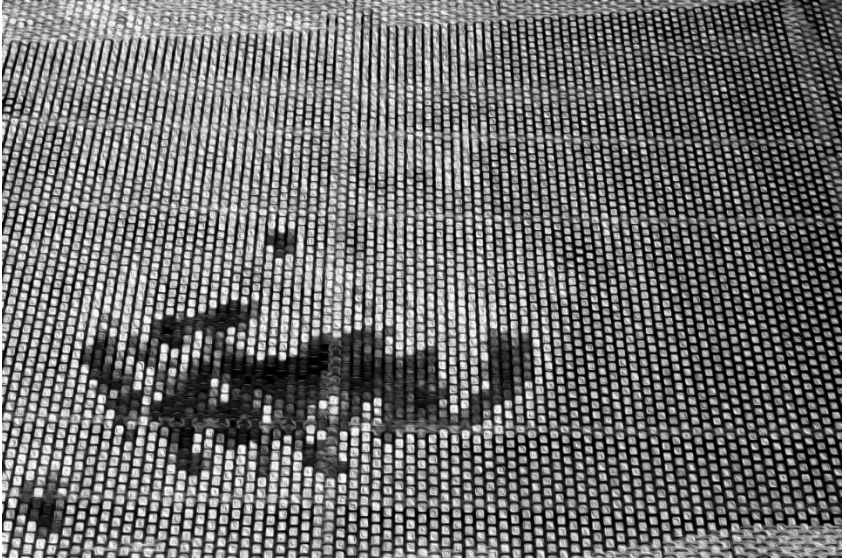
In the digital photography era, any of us does hundreds if not thousands of pictures, on the other hand in time you record only few moments that have left a mark on you. Occasionally I have an urge to go back to my picture library in search of the specific shade of a calling memory, then is all quite fast, I pick the snapshot and let my sense of aesthetics mature the picture into a revisited reproduction of an emotion.

4. Filmmaker, Jim Jarmusch, has given the advice "Nothing is original. Steal from anywhere that resonates with inspiration or fuels your imagination." Who or what are your influences and do you believe Jarmusch's statement?

Very few places have not been touched by human eye, so yes, nothing is completely original in that sense, however the layer of imagination on top of each situation we have lived creates an original print in your memory. I guess having lived in a country which has produced so much and relevant artistic expression has developed in me an inner sense for beauty.

5. Do you have any words of advice for young people?

I am sort of smiling to this, as you just recall me I may not be that young anymore, there is an entire world offering unlimited source of experience out there, my humble suggestion is to access as much as information and knowledge you can think of and then let your system deal with it. It is quite likely you would end up managing the overload of your emotions with a great deal of products, if they have an artistic sense the better.



"The Shade of Wind, Singapore," by Enrico Gaveglia

On Meditation, From the Middle of a Wheat Field
CH Gorrie

“I would sit here forever and watch the grass bend in the wind and the war would end without me and I would not go home, ever. Years later in psychoanalysis I would recount this, and the doctor would explain it as a moment of surrender, when my system could no longer take the fear and the pressure and I gave up. If that’s how to lose a war, we were wrong to have ever won one.” — Richard Hugo

1.

In great waves of light the grain flows westward,
Toward nothing,
And its neutral glint (fugitive, shiny, present)
Holds forever,
Is gone, then is here.

2.

Colorless
As these reflections are, wordlessly possessed
By waves
They’ll never assess,
They comfort.

**Memories on a Shoreline; or, At Children's Pool
Beach
CH Gorrie**

1.

It's odd Time never came
To wonder under these beaches' loam,

To walk forty steps to a tide
Where sea-green foam flashes full its blade.

2.

Trammeled like a nun, that girl
Swept me thoughtless. A root's gnarl

Could symbolize slender pain
Beneath the scleras: two jackals' den.

3.

*Hurt inwardly, like darkened stars,
So bursting silence is all one hears.*

4.

The monotony of this shoreline is a throwback;
What phantoms come: an electric shock.

Why ten years ago is all I know
Isn't half as important as *who* or *how*.

5.

The autumnal tremors, the rainless moonlight...
Memories of little weight....

Untitled
CH Gorrie

"Don't be frightened if I cry
And my shoulders shudder," she
Breathes. The lavender of the sky
Droops above a dim winter's sea,
And just as the words are out
I graze her cheek like a blade of grass
Drops its dew. "I'd be a true lout –",
Her fingers of orange topaz –
Gleamed in moonlight – stop my lips short.
"Don't." Teardrops roll slowly down
In a display apt for an old court
Show; such sadness in her tone.

The Natural Mind
CH Gorrie

“By day she was a loving mother, but at night she seemed uncanny. Then she was like one of those seers who is at the same time a strange animal, like a priestess in a bear’s cave. Archaic and ruthless; ruthless as truth and nature. At such moments she was the embodiment of what I have called the ‘natural mind.’ I too have this archaic nature ...” – Dr. C.G. Jung

Like the sound of a stream –
Archaic and ruthless –
Her voice flowed, and I dream
All voices were once like this.

The Fletcher Chimes at San Diego State
CH Gorrie

“Song, speak for me who am dumb as
are the dead...” – Algernon Charles
Swinburne

1.

Kids—

Could they have understood this “sacrifice”?

2.

Kids,

On the edge of living,

About to dip into life.

3.

Kids:

Epitaphs, Sunday daydreams,

Skeletons wrapped in flags.

4.

Kids

Whose lives are packed into one plaque

Near Hardy Tower, tucked

Behind bushes by the biology labs.

5.

Kids

Stop every so often,

Linger a moment over the names,

Mouthing one or two

Before scooting off to class.

1970 (Feel Alright)
Joshua Hart

Nine in the morning on a chattahoochee plantation.
Circles of black mascara painted her cheeks.
She was in a land of black jeeps,
where frightening news was whispered in her ear.

Houses bought on postage stamp losses.
National conventions never held.
All of east-town Atlanta cordoned,
everything shut down but Club Rio,
where the beautiful had their private parties.
Angels employed solely by the fashion scene.

She wants to be them,
wants their lives, their motions, their smooth skin.
She sees them everyday, her mode of employment
is nighttime guarding of their great, big warehouses;
buildings that ran parallel to the man tributary,
the running nose of the city.

One night she watched the pretty ones come through,
looking at the paintings and pieces of history
their kind had accumulated.

Munch!
Degas!
Morisot!

They were a Nebraska party, coming in from

Kountze.

They didn't know what they were looking at, not really,
but they spoke of abstract beauty using beautiful words.

If only, she thought, If only I could taste the tongues

Eat From My Garbage Dump
Joshua Hart

I curse the idea that Buddhism is always the
foolishness
of a man
shot with uniqueness of forms,
thoughts to be taken out of his flesh until the sweet
Kurana
Or until his assailants appearance.

I believe in Chinese art in the Nagarjuna styles,
that which stresses natural forms, that which is
no different than yoga forms in its many, many
applications

Oh denizens of Gaia!
Breathe in the air!

There is no Dharmadhatu
and there is Avatamsaka Sutra
and there is Shih
and there is Li
and there is Li Shih Wuai
and there is Shih Shih wuai
and there is the great T'ang dynasty
and al of its lovely woodblock prints

Widen your basic categories of experience

your world is divided into mind and matter
but doesn't form and manner sound so much sexier?
Sexy is subject idealism
Mahayana is not mind
Construction is meaningless!

Something and maybe a U2 song
Joshua Hart

I can't write nothing 'bout no one
because I owe money.
My right hand can't help build america,
it can't even grip a cock right.
The left is too preoccupied with youth.

I got a field and a retention pond
instead of the untamed west.
I got top ten lists
and a fear of cancer.
"God," I say, as I clasp my hands.
But even that joy was taken from me.
Damn this healthy body!
healthy

healthy
healthy
healthy body
free of tuberculosis
and stomach rot
and dysentery,
damn this healthy body
to some scientific hell
where it'll know everything
and will be free of coughs

fuck this healthy mind
healthy
healthy

healthy
healthy mind
with self reflection
Like a pink labia
and a warm free hug
fuck its every-thursday
Psychiatric appointment
I want bad decisions
I want trips to tangier
and things you regret
with fervor
I want to be able to cum
without pleasing the other person.

Airbag
Joshua Hart

Slip organic tubes
Into bags
Of black leather
“For Vomir”
in cracked white
letters
Neutrality
down countless throats
neutrality
liquid
tepid, green
wild water
We are nothing
and rotting flesh.

Tenement
Joshua Hart

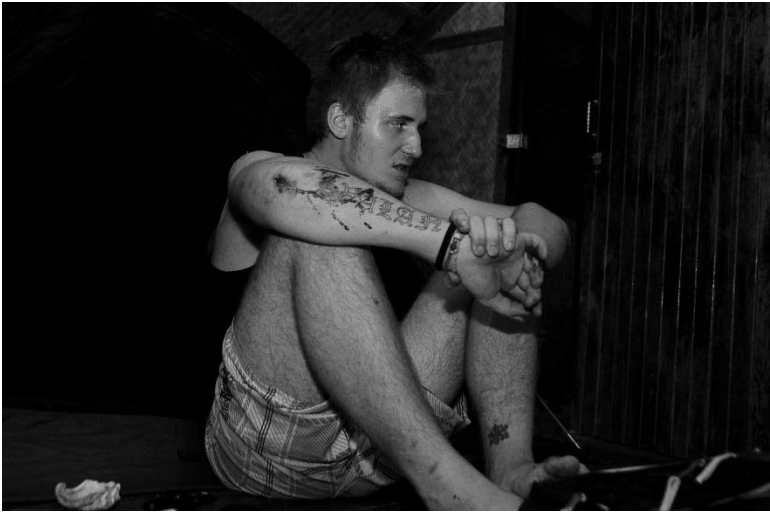
Let's play a game
a hand wrapped in bandages
cool walls
irony in 40 pages of pulp filth
the house
the house with plasticine
the house with naked space
can't set foot without disturbing rats

people weaving and jabbing
at the demons in their skin
kind people
desperate

old women with wrinkled areolas
and old men with visible ribs
people who have never seen a wooden fence
outside of television
people who breathe life into their veins
at the drowning of the sun.



"Two Untitled Photographs," by Franky Kramer





“Untitled,” by Franky Kramer

**I've had half a bottle of whiskey and I still can't
forget you
Sydney Lynn**

I went to a party tonight and got more drunk than I
ever have been before.

People asked me what I did for a living,

and I said I wrote poems about the way you used to
love me,

the curves of your body,

and the how your smile still brings me to my knees.

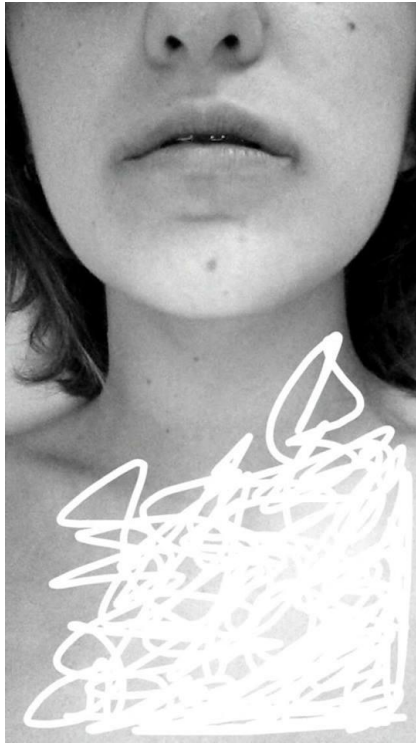
I'm not sure what I said wrong, but no one
asked me anymore questions after that.

Untitled
Kaleigh Maeby

the rain on the window
to some, a nuisance
to some, a ruined evening
to others

the soft voice
tapping the pa(i)ne
whispering

“don’t do it”



“Untitled,” by Kaleigh Maeby

A Love Story
Kaleigh Maeby

I almost got hit
by a car
3 times today

I'm glad I didn't.



"Untitled," by Kaleigh Maeby

the test of sophistication
Christopher Mulrooney

you pass under the tails of all the coats
turned to warm their backsides at your burning
by official order and religious prescript
for that is the determining factor office and doctrine
and the quality of tailoring take it all around

annealed
Christopher Mulrooney

I haven't the fast cushion so the more breaks
the sorrier I go still the fast saws
are in the commercial market and cut no ice
au contraire they ride the ice pack further out to sea
that is the very devil of it hot

buck privates
Christopher Mulrooney

not humor enough to catch a tadpole giggling
yet the rodomontade in the public press
the gigantic lights upon the boulevard
a spangled jetty and marina harbor and all
for the entertainment that is not forthcoming

the mind gave
Christopher Mulrooney

and gave even money at the dog track
it calculated all the hounds one by one
the dog Treat ran first by a long mile
the dog Basket ran next a quarter mile or so behind
the dogs Dinner Body and Life trailed down the track
the dog Trainer panted along for the next race

a change of underwear
Christopher Mulrooney

for the added freshness of a Tuesday so you know
it's tatted right on the thing so to speak
in case you forget on your peregrinations
to the wishing well and the fortune cookie factory
you have only to consult the inner man as it were

La Madera, 1986
Miriam Sagan

a long time ago
we were here
and broke the ice
on the horse's trough,
unbaled hay

when I didn't care
much about anything
outside of the circle
of the stove
and the couch
where I lay reading
"Clan of the Cave Bear"
as if it were my job

we didn't yet
have a child
and you were still
alive--well, obviously

while meanwhile
meanwhile--
maybe that was the whole problem

altar
Barton Smock

the baby is too light. its mother puts it on a scale that reminds her of a plate her empty childhood couldn't break. its mother invites neighbor boys to punch her in the stomach. some of the boys bail. some don't. the mother's nickname doubles as her real. the baby is not called bricks.

zero
Barton Smock

when I couldn't get my head around the surrender of my body to the flotation device of an immaculate conception, I'd simply swallow a baby that had swallowed a pill. years go by and I am zero. the number arrested for suicide.

basics
Barton Smock

because he is asleep, he does not find himself sleeping in the tub. something slides from his belly and becomes wedged. his dream business goes under even in dream. he makes eyes at CPR manikins. his son, his life, pushes for legs.



"Kyng," by Kristopher D. Taylor

re:(?!) one
Kristopher D. Taylor

prescient truths of
tomorrow,

-mad cap insights-

his bold overbearing
swimming in an ocean of foreshadow.

the professional dead man's
absurd theatrics
have gone
unnoticed,

leave his lies unturned,
for
who knows what lurks there?
(centipedes/worms)

for
who knows what socks
really go with that tie?

what blind truths consume
you now,
and
in how many bites?

re:(?!) two
Kristopher D. Taylor

always remember our regressive nature,

as I recollect
we falsified
a few memories.

I promised you
a story of
[GRANDEUR]
-something about an innocent
peck
on the
lips,
a barracuda, a hurricane,
and a fireman in the ocean.

[the beautiful things said
through a payphone]

re:(?!) three
Kristopher D. Taylor

all
of the stars
are drunk-
alcohol:

para-
normal/
pretty
penny

recreating
a lukewarm
fantasy,
“sometimes you can find
youth in the
playfulness of a
dream-“

to find love in
a beautiful
daydream

Contributors' Bios (Poets)

C. H. Gorrie is a poet, editor, ghostwriter, and musician from San Diego, California who works in Quality Assurance at Ashford University. He co-founded Synesthesia Literary Journal, is one of its two active editors, and plays bass guitar in the band Future Age. His poetry and journalism have been featured in publications such as the San Diego Poetry Annual, aaduna, Hiibye, and the Aztec Literary Review. You can find him writing on his personal blog at gorriepoetry.wordpress.com or on Twitter @CHGorrie.

Josh Hart is a descendant of dead photographers, failed writers, and pitchy chanteuses. He works very hard.

Sydney Lynn is an English Literature Major attending Washington State University. While she lives in the middle of nowhere, her heart belongs in her Seattle hometown. Living in the city has awarded her with perspective on love, and the words to put the feelings on a page. She hopes to internship with publishing houses after her bachelors, and then attain her Masters in Creative Writing. In the mean time she can be found sleeping, eating pizza, and watching an unhealthy amount of Netflix.

Kaleigh Maeby is an artist and model. She lives in Florida.

Christopher Mulrooney is the author of *Grimaldi* (Fowlpox Press) and *jamboree* (Turf Lane Press). His work has recently appeared in *The Harpoon Review*, *Bacopa*, and *Fierce Invalids: A Tribute to Arthur Rimbaud* (Blind Dog Press).

Miriam Sagan is the author of 25 books, including the recent collection from Sherman Asher, *SEVEN PLACES IN AMERICA: A Poetic Sojourn*. Recently won New Mexico Literary Arts Gratitude Award in Poetry, and have received the Santa Fe Mayor's Award for Excellence in the Arts. She also does text and grassroots installations--most recently at Salem Art Works and forthcoming at The Betsy Hotel, in Miami.

Barton Smock lives in Columbus, Ohio, with his wife and four children. Eight years ago, he was thirty years old. He writes daily at kingsoftrain.wordpress.com and has self-published collections available at <http://www.lulu.com/spotlight/acolyteroad>. His most recent collection of poetry calls itself *Misreckon*.

Kristopher D. Taylor is a poet and artist from Florida. He is the author of *A Sleep/less Night* (forthcoming from Fowlpox Press) and several other chapbooks. He is the editor and publisher of Dink Press. He is in love and can be reached at kristopherdtaylor@yahoo.com.

Contributors' Bios (Artists)

Joanna Collins is 17 years old and living in the UK. Currently studying BTEC Level 3 in Art and Design exploring the use of tone and line amongst other things, Joanna has always found it crucial to stay awake and not forget things. Unconsciousness (?) or simply, a dream state. Joanna wants to know - is she alive? (She thinks so)

Enrico Gaveglia was born in 1975 in Tuscany, Italy, he developed kikontheroad some time back as he travels around the world. Direct life experiences often in countries plagued by latent conflict have allowed him to walk through places of great charm and put him often in contact with extraordinary people. Every now and then he collects accidental shots in testimony of his passages through visited nations. It is only much later than he feels then need to internalise those experiences in intimate moments of reflection stolen from his daily routine as digital products of his work comes to life in a reproduced altered reality.

Franky Kramer is a late twenties duder who's been writing poetry since he was thirteen and had his first kiss. Photography came later. Now he travels around bartending and studying herbal medicine while he writes and photos.

Dink Press

Dink Press was started by poet Kristopher D. Taylor in 2014 as a way promote other poets and artists that weren't getting any recognition otherwise with cheap, affordable volumes.

Website: dinkpublishing.wordpress.com

Email: dinkpublishing@yahoo.com

Tumblr: dinkpublishing.tumblr.com

Twitter: [@dink_publishing](https://twitter.com/dink_publishing)

'Like' us on Facebook

Dink Submission Calls

Dink Mag- We accept submissions year-round for the current volumes of Dink Mag. We accept poetry, drama, photography, art, collage, pretty much everything except fiction (though we love prose poetry).

Chapbooks- We read and consider chapbook-length submissions (no more than 40 pages) for free. We intend to continue doing this as long as possible. We accept poetry, drama, art, photography, collage, and essays. We are also debating doing lyrics books, so if your band has some lyrics, let us know!

Centipede Haiku Anthology- Now accepting Haiku for a biannual anthology of 100 haiku each. We accept traditional and experimental haiku. We are also looking for cover art- submit your art, collage, photography now- as long as it has at least one centipede incorporated.

For more information on Dink Press Submission goto
dinkpublishing.wordpress.com/submissions