

V E S S E L

V

# vessel

no. 5

EDITOR:

ALBERT EFRAIM

with the participation of

DAVE MORSE

NITAYA SIMMS

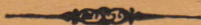
SAM WATTERSON

CHESTER BRESLIN

NADINE ROSARIO

ELEANOR BLEIER

DIAMOND STINGLY



september  
2 0 1 9



**BLACK TOWER EDITIONS**

1 ( 5 1 2 ) 2 1 7 9 8 4 7

# EDITOR'S NOTE

We find ourselves in homage to a dear friend, as you will see that this number of Vessel is a special one.

The beginnings of Vessel caught the interest of a few close friends when it first spurt from the fountain. Among them was Parker Sheridan. Young and beautiful with a sharp jaw that carried the depth of his voice by the depth of his eyes. And with gold and blue on his face, I could see in him Rimbaud's horizon of eternity. Parker knew well the limitations of our conditions. We shared our findings and some authors here and there. Thus, to become a collaborator in Vessel, sharing expressions and ideas for future publications. Parker had even planned to begin a publication of his own, which he too invited me to take part of and contribute. Due to the necessities of practical life, ideas were put on hold and eventually passed over to other things. However, in his interest with Vessel, Sheridan did participate in No. 2 under the name of G.H. with his poem, *On The Cross*, which we include here. Thus, we find it suiting to dedicate a whole number in his memory, in attempt to leave a small document of the walking poem that he was. - Poetry no longer impacts the masses, it is no longer enough to write a few tasteful verses or proses, here and there. So what is a poet to do nowadays? - To live poetically. And Parker surely did, to the rhythm of his own game.

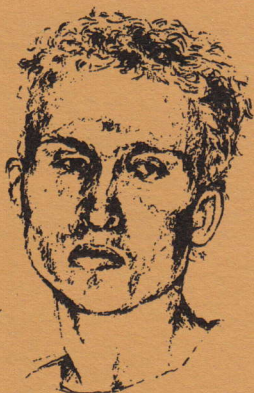
This weekend marks the one year anniversary since our friend's passing, which is why we publish and dedicate this number in his memory. Compiling a small handful of Sheridan's collage work and drawings that was found and retrieved posthumously from his room in NYC and two paintings that were given to friends while still living in Austin. The poems found in this publication are written and dedicated to Parker by his friends. We dedicate this Vessel No.5 in loving memory of Parker. We dedicate this publication to his mother, Stacey. And we dedicate this to his friends.

A. Efraim  
*Friday, September 13, 2019*  
*Austin, TX*

P.S. - *forever*

# PARKER SHERIDAN

December 22, 1997 - September 15, 2018



Drawing of Parker by Eleanor Bleier

## ON THE CROSS<sup>1</sup>

Royal nails crack dry skin under a distant sun, as slow,  
putrid wine descends from papal heights....

In blinding heat and biting sand, cruel and  
terrible workers bestow a dozen lashings, hands drunk with  
ceremony and rage.

Among shuffling cavalrymen  
and the scent of rose oil,  
a petulant child meets his end.

PARKER SHERIDAN  
DECEMBER 30, 2015



# 1,001 WAYS TO BEAT THE DRAFT<sup>2</sup>

I'm always scared of replacing my hurt

I'm always scared for this world without you  
in it

the words of you that couldn't be dreamt yet  
but here  
will

is for all of my friends forgetting to breathe tonight

rest hard. in myth creation Texas  
is a forest & you, a spirit. Riddles it up,  
made it that way. Carving on the trees

to make a city now it's a municipal holiday  
forever & I don't know which Flipper to put on  
for you & get it inside out & any way

this world feeling all dull & sane

so unlike you in it

Forget everything I said.  
there's no way each time

it gets any better

Your eye rolls celestial Your Love  
Supreme Sleeping Beauty & No  
Feeble Bastard

curled up on everyone,  
everyone. "Be Here Now"

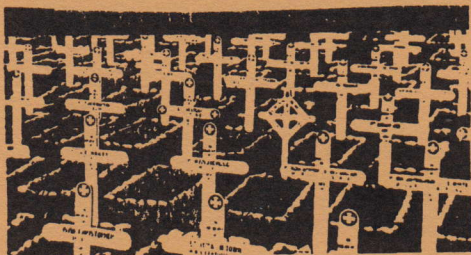
*No more last night.* Okay.

Good morning. Good morning,

Best morning,  
Okay morning.

D. MORSE

# THIS IS THE ARMY?



But his support faded after the first years of war.

---

"Our civilization has been disfigured by a gigantic hypocrisy. Can we ever again say we are civilized?"

---

SUNSHINE WARDS  
LAUGHING

Thing is  
I think of you everyday

It feels the same  
still  
my heart sustains  
aching

I see you in everything  
you are  
draped around my room  
I hear  
what you would say  
All the while laughing  
Sharp teeth  
sharper tongue  
Sometimes violets are blue.

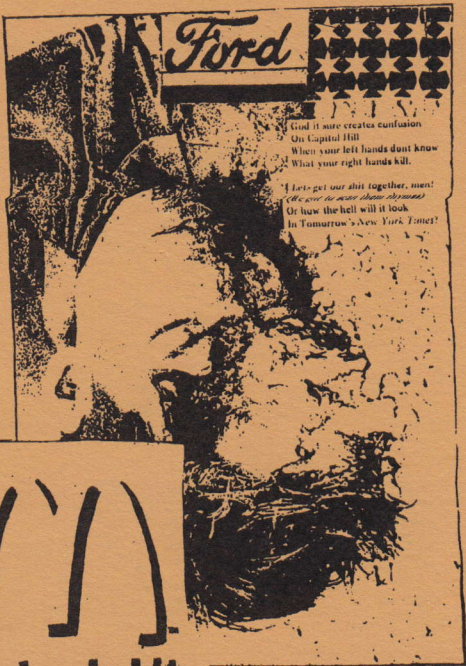
N. SIMMS





BEFORE TODAY AFTER TONIGHT  
STILL AS A SHADOW  
JUST DON'T SEEM RIGHT  
YOU'RE THE MAN IN MY WINDOW  
AND THE BOY ON THE BIKE.  
WAITING FOR A SIGN,  
THE SHINE OF YOUR LIGHT.  
I'LL LISTEN FOR THE CALL  
OF A BIG CITY LIFE.  
ANY WORD AT ALL..  
JUST DON'T SEEM RIGHT  
STORIES LEFT TO EARN  
SOME WE STILL NEED TO WRITE  
SO MUCH LEFT TO SAY NOW  
WHILE THE WORLD STILL TURNS  
FOR YOU

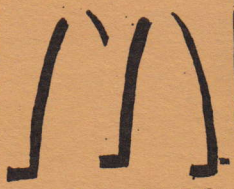
S. WATTERSON



Ford

God it sure creates confusion  
On Capital Hill  
When your left hands dont know  
What your right hands kill.

Let's get our shit together, men!  
*(He goes to work these days)*  
Or how the hell will it look  
In Tomurrow's New York Times?



i'm lovin' it



Art against intellectualism  
not in ignorance,  
but above the stars  
is a concoction of perfect beauty  
and grace

Reveled in the stupidity  
that makes laughter.

Savor the moments when a true  
insight can bring you to your knees,  
weeping.

That is brighter than the words  
we've made out of thin air.

C. Breslin

Hold all truths and absolutes  
contain all the pieces  
and comes by peace of mind

But our only problem today is  
buy a beer and play it by ear

sometimes content  
otherwise we'd strive,  
to be it  
and we were  
the best at that time

C. Breslin

## DISASTER RESTORATION <sup>3</sup>

When first became aware of this threat,  
described as the civil defense.

Drills.

Though body laid still,  
blood flowed-  
through the rooms.

Now I stand,  
in the field of dancing reeds.

I breathe  
escape routes and attack plans.

Causes of Repression.

Reactions to Peril.

Disaster Restoration.

How do I live the horror  
of this knowledge?

How do we create  
a setting for telling our stories?

Effects of Repression

Reactions to Peril.

Disaster Restoration

N. ROSARIO



RISE FROM THE  
RUBBLE...

## TROPIC OF CANCER

arranging heavens and hells to my liking  
through a piece of green glass  
deranged of morality  
untangled from the web of flowering sugar  
the glow that pulls you by your belly  
into a deep cool well of fantasy  
a buzzing fever of joy

E. BLEIER





## UNDER THE SUN

I write to you with a burning hand  
caught by the fire from the deep  
and soft look of your eyes

I write to you with the humility  
that we sought in the midst of chaos  
by the matrix of our ruins

The world turns over  
and we laugh to turn it inside out

A broken sound breaks the rhythm  
and a heart beats to the consistency  
of our desperation

- Feel the wind  
- I do. But an empty space remains  
inside of it.

A white stone hurled at the light  
shatters and again shatters the ground

Your smile at the table  
wakes me from my sleep  
Awake in dreams  
I move around in the memories  
in search of you

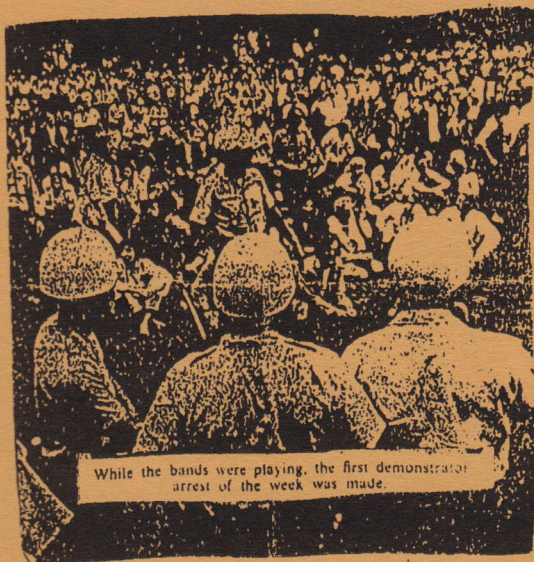
Following the parade of your carnival  
Singing behind your little devils and angels  
I weep all the same

Under the sun  
we recognize the dark

I keep you faithful  
for the mirrors to take the shape  
of our open night

I step in your shadows  
gesture your gestures  
and feel you within

Every instant is a path  
like the cross on your arm  
that returns  
and goes



While the bands were playing, the first demonstrator  
arrest of the week was made.

## STARING AT A BOY ON STAGE IN BERLIN

I saw a boy who looked like you,  
he was on stage  
unlike his bandmates he played his instrument with the smile of a  
ghost.

What can I say that will sound sincere enough for you?  
I miss you?  
I love you?  
I wish you were here?  
Should I write about how I first met you?  
Your mischievous smile and old man voice.  
I liked how you never explained why something was stupid, it just was.  
I wanted to hold you like you were a child to say "Don't be so grumpy."  
That would've pissed you off more.  
It would've made me laugh.  
Should I tell the people how on one of the coldest days in winter you  
decided to keep me company.  
How shocked I was when you asked me if you could come to my  
birthday party and I said of course you are invited!  
Should I tell the people how when I said "be safe" and meant it, you  
told me "always."  
"Always" like a kiss on the forehead to remind me you were your own  
person but appreciated the concern.  
Should I tell the people how excited I use to be to know you were home  
when I came to visit friends at 538.  
"Where's Parker," I asked.  
I knew you heard me.  
You'd know it was time to come out and spend time with me, if only  
for a few minutes.

The boy on stage knew nothing about these memories.  
He was almost as beautiful as you.

D. STINGILY



STILL, BE  
LIKE A MIRROR

# Notes

1. Originally published in Vessel No. 2 under the pseudonym of G.H.

Parker's submission note:

*Yo Bert heres a little something I finished today. I've been signing stuff as G.H Etaix or just G.H so if you would care to use either of those pseudonyms that would be cool. I also have no clue what i'm doing so if you see a better way to format the poem or what have you feel free to do so. Thanks for allowing me to submit some stuff and I look forward to seeing you as always.*

- Best, Parker

2. Originally published in Sheridan's memorial service card. Brooklyn, NYC, 2018.

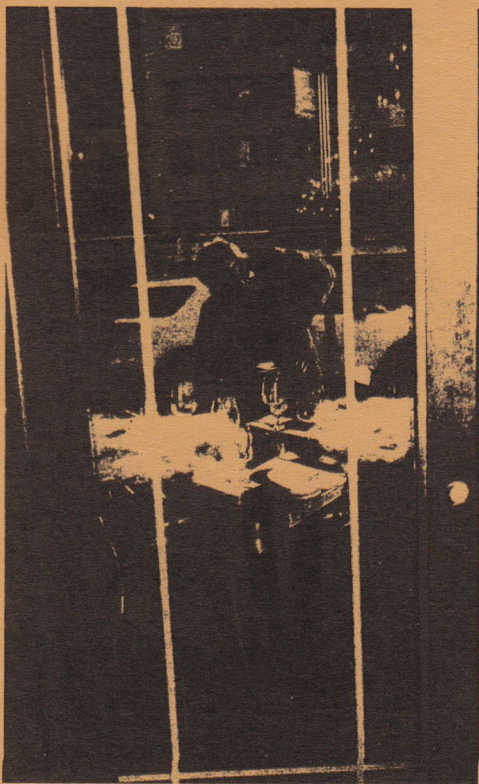
3. Note from Rosario:

*"I showed Parker this book I had bought when I was in portland, and we looked through it stoned and saw some words and phrases that were cool.*

*I jotted them down to save and used the concepts as a mental word bank. We never structured it I think we just drank Bud Light Lime instead... haha I pieced it together but realised it was in a book in my desk some months ago when I could finally look at pages again. So eer it iss"*

- Nadine Rosario





Self-portrait of Parker found in a roll of film



BLACK TOWER  
EDITIONS