

To Whom It May Concern:

I've just run across your journal, which appears to me to be pretty interesting.

I need to let you know, however, that the journal's title misuses the Latin: appropriate usage would be *Contra Equum Niveum*; an object of a preposition uses a different form than a subject (*equus*, for instance). A direct analogy would be *To Who it May Concern*. The mistake is as serious as using *it's* instead of *its*, *they're* as opposed to *their*, or *lay* instead of *lie*. It's hardly an esoteric mistake.

Please don't think I'm some fuddy-duddy who goes around correcting people's grammar and spelling. I'm simply a relatively literate person who, like many of your potential readers and writers, learned elementary Latin in high school. Unfortunately, the journal's title sets off clashing bells.

I hope you won't simply dismiss my concern.

Sincerely,

Craig McVay  
Columbus, OH



RIC CARFAGNA

*Dark Machinery Drift*

From here it seems  
only weeds  
and trash  
at the ocean's edge  
angles of sun  
isolated  
on the pavement  
slow drift  
of cloud  
or smoke  
gulls in flight  
inaudible  
screams  
freeing the dust  
from a plaster wall  
*"we took to understand this"*  
as a temporal perspective  
given the current conditions  
as was later to be  
fleshed out  
in a less vacillating  
and mercurial light  
and even so

*"she died  
so young  
so beautiful..."*  
retuned to a minor key  
a music rendered  
as a continuance  
of dissonance  
on a landscape  
dismembered  
evoking the once  
verdant fields  
and meadows  
the houses surrounded  
by fieldstone paths  
and a spray dahlias  
growing through the slats  
in a white picket fence  
yet now the shadows are  
deeper than they  
appeared at midday  
where negation of identity  
has been determined  
by a black square  
on a white wall  
made null and void

in a mirror  
searching  
for a familiar face  
now lost within  
a solidifying fog  
and where outside  
this doorway  
there was once  
the sparse  
memories  
of candlelight  
in anterior rooms  
and refinements  
to a silhouette  
believed to be  
the mainstay  
of a faith  
once held  
in the heart  
now devolving  
down corridors  
blackened by  
entropy's decay

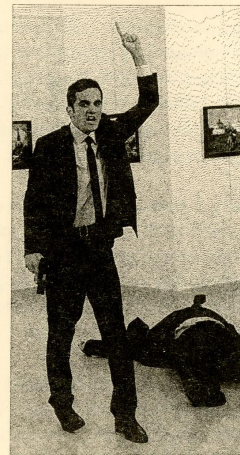
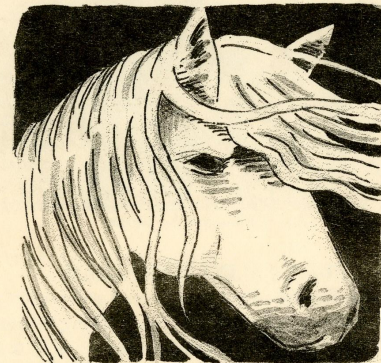


fig. 3: Fake art

CONTRA EQUUS NIVEUS VOL. V:

CONTRA  
EQUUM  
NIVEUM



HEXAGON PRESS

## CONTRIBUTORS

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fig. 1: Simulated barbarism

## EDITORS' INTRODUCTION

This is a confession of error fashioned as a pocket field guide, of sorts, to help navigate the growing *fakeness* which both masks and augments truth. -J.B. & B.H.

August 2017

## ADRIAN ENCOMIENDA

### *Breaching The Counterclockwise Fallacy*

Whosoever caught a glimpse of the wiseling  
And her court of Copernicus sayings  
Rests in a bed twixt language and information.  
Under fallacies of truth and it's many sprouting  
Limbs, can we see a difference?  
Is there a bigger cow to milk?

Wistly, I yearn for the perceived, not pursuit.  
Nescient in all my strengths—but, I've seldom  
Fooled myself into the lie of true intention.  
Intellect, like shards of foggy glass, can snip  
This little line. This line, blurred and raped,  
Once divided *is* from *is not*.

Truth, mine readers, stemmed from vines  
Beyond what we can fathom. Without it's constant  
Tender language, we'd venture into *is not*. Now,  
As for all that *is not*: there are many—so much more  
Than ever there were.



fig. 2: Doomsday revisionism

## M KITCHELL

### *96, 16 (Error)*

Black sun over the infinite.  
This is the immensity of the burn.  
Skin boiled in heat & dust.  
All the melting flesh.  
Melting into a puddle.  
I can't wait to be a puddle.

What can be meant by purity: a white marble stele to  
mark the question. Ahistorical permutations in love  
with the dead. Doubled memories that serve as fiction.  
Confessional lies. Reality is a fucked narrative of  
everything you can't wholly remember. This is how you  
fake a moon landing.

Cover the world with thick sweat and pray to the dirt  
that slops off.