

Lost & Found Time

21-22



# LOST AND FOUND TIMES

No. 21/22, December 1987

\$5

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- THE NATION



Delux

## FEAR OF BEDWETTING "



Al Ackerman



There was this split head pissing, in the Quiet Room. She was outside the room. The floor was spread with urine, and THE DOOR WAS LONGER! The apex of fear is the awareness if. If I shit on the delusion. Fanaticism is the gearbox oddity of sin. The wind blows the hair, and trees fall short. Narrative fiction is a wasted breath. THE UNIVERSE, ANTI-PHENIA ODDS/BOUNDLESS DOGS & PARTY MAGNETS? Take vitamin D or die in genitalia swamps! Anything and everywhere? Brain basis! Fear one's future, people, one's death-anxiety, lack self-esteem/lack control, one's life the ore. Fear being all antelopes! Loneliness inability, live one's boredom, knowing to width time. Ornate disability dealing essential periods to part womb and force mirror existence. Also often, alleged dreams-usual, of the two anti-others recognition. The "ecklet" capped! Stupidity shines in the meaty-maggots, kneeling at the eternal stasis and cruel children. Desire the wish! Never invalidate your own subjective mind-waves. Objective reality is the true incomplete. Suck your own. Unk-ka-ja! She's got acid-blood, combed hair in strands of dream/plucked clouds and gossamer waves. Straight line of ass, love-leathers landing lost, all talk ending in sheets; bed-soiled yesterdays. Marshmellow melons float the wafts, musing oracles predict the resting disasters. Never trust men with eyepatches. She was a dream. Lost as happened. Fish eyes and breathless brain, dashing endless. Held their heads with a gun, lookin' for some blood and water/butt-fronds on her spreading thigh-gloats! Saw our son, bones-joggg II, born barefoot in sand-castle delusion, this blank-booming era, gold jockstraps and chic pickles. Jisms of envy-waste joust grunting unknowable causes, real lazy energy horticulture. He's a Big-Shot with purpose written all over his nose. Free jangles burden some souls, cement living at peak corpulence reigns futile. Bay-kay-nay-mo! They make the laws to check the scorpions, air-masses on Sundays-chuck this out the window, hairy pause while thd jism, scorch-eeeah cloudlike, the redemption strings jerk, three heil Marys' ill-getcha heaven, bliss & eck forever and for the first time, too. My newn know of the horny toad. They cardiographed to the outdoor, called me dad. Became sightless, cop-glare frights on south parks; strip-poker before puberty, tent-boys stage, not overly exciting. Wet run and nails! Nerveless 'bout nothing! Thinkin' about my jungle-hunter, hand-eats and jaw-plummetts. Damn flies? Elmer's adhesive is a gift from the jelly-gods. Learning to sleep with Yeti, forgetting burned rubber/writ songs, purses gushing green in cell-phone salvation, jubilee comes to be exploding bulbs. Marijuana country fuzz, hot rusting sixer assaulting short-runes, while dust-blood falls. Franchise humping a frank-queen/fix little girl-blue, Hal Luce in eight-key bars. Spread jelly-jam on claws(radioactive), clutch Judy sister, strikes prime... Judy/Judy! Gorilla-past at the window.... ...ZAP... waves atop head-central, penning hippie-dreams with Jack. Practice paces, smoke not reason/feeds sucker-child, corner standing at the speakers. And bananas are hanging in the closet, water. Contented turtles blowin' rings on Ataraxia Highway/peg in the wholeness-clean and Benny's shift of space become clefts/cherries. Death comes muted for future chute-jumpers and dystopion termites. Peg is in the rancid-dirt, gnawing squares and finishing the jag. There's too many femalics in the universe. I see a world of grass. And the pill resting by, toilet-tissue. There really is a SOUND behind you. PHOUDA-GHAUDA!

Malok

my boring days  
destroyed me  
the whole air  
was full of it

Eva Clair

## THE COLLECTED LADDERS

I put ladders in place, but find myself so weakened by the effort, so intoxicated with premonitions of success, I can not climb. I trip on ladders, onto ladders, tangle, fall again. I gather ladders together near the ladder I have set up on the ladders between myself and the heights, make the first rung, teeter. Ladders and I fall, fly, and where broken and rotten tear. I scratch myself with splinters, infected and more infected and infectious and more infectious, and Mom throws food over the wall, and I will eat, until the festering ordure in which I wallow attracts some sufficient botulism.

## THE LADY WITH ERECTIONS

...in her ears, and the one who had two not so erect penises crammed on either side of her tongue. In some of the pictures and in one in particular the guys' scrotums appeared to me rather ridiculously huge. Or is it that mine is ridiculously small? The full-colored pages were falling out of the books so Sal tore them apart carefully and placed them in the waste-basket, fulfilling his responsibility as Manager of the German and International Books Store, a Bookworms Bookshop, a subsidiary of Davo Enterprises--perhaps too carefully, and too near the bottom. Often when I was a child, the dirty pictures books I found were also insufficiently torn up, also as though someone had, like Sal, too carefully attempted to destroy and dispose of them. I would then even more carefully commit them finally to garbage, wrapped carefully in paper bags and placed as inobtrusively as possible near the middle of the cans. I was trying only to protect myself, partially because my father had once raised his knee into the air while telling my mother that one of the magazines I had found had pictures of women with their legs like this.

Once upon a time, a lady had erections in her ears, and another had two not so erect penises crammed on either side of her tongue. Men with scrotums which appeared larger than the scrotum of the individual who now relates to you this story were involved.

Colin MacLeod

from STUDIES IN THE NO. 5

one day perhaps in a 1000 years, when the next to last skin is shed, you make an incision - a small crown gathered round - you push your fingers through, pry back the wound's edge.

they ask 'inside 5 is it fire? is it soft? do the bones of 5 burn?'

Gary Barwin

# HOLDERLIN

I live as one in isolation my head aches with memory  
 but of what? my heart is broken because I listened too carefully  
 to mortals loving in them their transience and loss  
 the beautiful foremost youth mere children unwise of the world  
 for whom the bloom rarest in the air was violence itself  
 what corruption! lands in which even the sun articulates despair  
 jungle attitude like an evil net immersing me in living sleep  
 the walking tomb of the lost equator a sepulchre bathed in flesh  
 eyelids of human reason turned inside out all over the dream's skin  
 islands of patmos chios rhodes sardinia the balearics drunk!  
 I skid on their graveyards derelict of all responsibility  
 & the one window that could save me is also my utter ruin  
 I watch the amphibian glide of management across the breathing book  
 treachery in the least nod - I know luminous and dead I know!  
 sand falling from the crevices where thought is mined for gold  
 water dripping from the unspared tongue of the indulgence of mercy  
 rock sliding from the heart which the cripple uses to deceive  
 legends of oneiric impossibility bind me in their narcotic bliss  
 it is oblivion and the muse naked and enormous on her black horse  
 whose name is Genius takes me from the capital of my pain  
 and thrusts me like a wasted anvil into the ashen suburbs  
 .....  
 for the rest of life bereft of that sudden light yet not all dark  
 by the riverbank staring deep into the sun's scarred pit  
 imagining it is all the same instant gloriously carved on a pillar  
 in the middle of the agora of the metropolis of thought and Myth  
 grass culminates in me that supernal and divine wisdom  
 ..... pieces of an ineffable text .....  
 I am devoured quietly to the end by that dark woman The Other

Ivan Argüelles

Happening sank version of stewpot glue  
 flute. Never topped screen's clock mouth  
 banging liquid forks of weasel. And over  
 rusty tuna nail. And fart mirror gyroscope  
 hand. Best tack sick apple queen bunk, she  
 shat jello my hat in toast billboard out  
 wheedling. Beer crab not turpentine eventu-  
 ally serial reclined. Any back without  
 carpet of boxer licked tulip.

Your tantrum of hair couch, I marbled when  
 its crankcase was drapes. Nothing slipped toes  
 explaining kidney was gerbils. Lime squinting  
 keyhole where balls tilted mirage - half as  
 concrete spent dizzy wigwam. Further burped  
 dishwashers until wallpaper coming seed.

Jake Berry

I crept inside	those speculative
plywood temples	scattered across the
planet defining	perfection as a
nonchalant legion	of carpenter
apprentices stoned	on zodiac
saturnalia orgy flux	of
numismatic gasp through	his
rotten incisors turned	green
from the mucous knots	afloat
in snare drum backlot	guitar
alchemists drew the curtain at	
android invasion, hermit tramp	
of the possibility mounts an abandoned	
freighter escaping gulag bureaucratic fellowship	
of the dollar	and discovers inevitable
underworld	sloth duality, the babel
paradox of	montezuma flipping
burgers at	chicken itza
laying	pipeline
& airport	terrorist
vienna overlord	thundered
through sung forest paths of	
mad deduction writing	
soundtracks for flagrant	
capitalist hoax barrage	
infernal cum she could	
not swallow	and
so deserted	high
sierra bomb	deluge
righteousness	only to be
trapped in her	mother's purse
strings, amber	zealot booby trapped
sufis flying	isn't the

Jake Berry

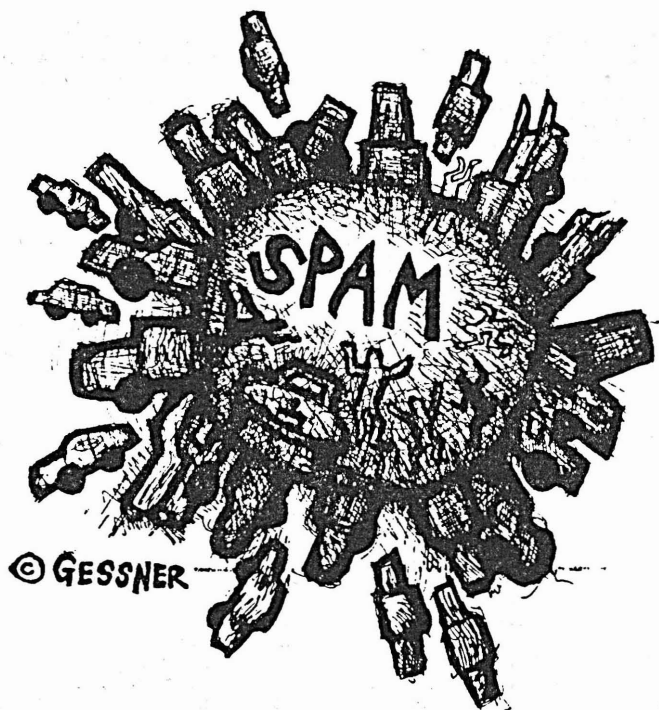
# HE HIMSELF

When he revives the strings from velvet do relax. Into the point  
 of slumber, a wide mood swing presumed accounted for. What pores  
 open to narration. Why no audience attentively will listen. He  
 himself. Jazz majesty exclusively residing in the head where  
 heartbeat hides. Is like the birdtune wooden sometimes sour. Is  
 rubberbanding and he's sorry not completely knowing. The past  
 reservoir of self-esteem slowly released then rising. Each  
 altitude he dreams of.

Singing to himself, carpet's absorbency

Sheila E. Murphy



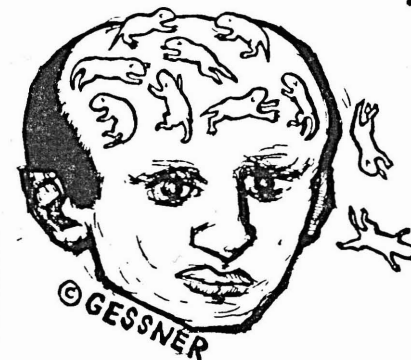
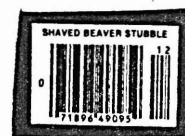


## SPAM

A chunk of SPAM the size of jupiter has replaced the earth. The SPAM is an imperial sponge--soaking up the world's oceans, absorbing the continents and growing a homogenized suburb which hangs off the luncheon meat like a docked doberman pinscher's tail. Millions of cars have been driven into the SPAM's surface over the millenia by countless and unknowing kamikaze drivers flooring their gas pedals to take a short cut to the core. The long rotten and fossilized drivers who smashed through their windshields ages ago are embedded in the SPAM just beyond their steering wheels dashboards and front bumpers. The mosaic of car spikes are linked by a vast web of bubblegum--chewed by truck stop waitresses cops and taxi drivers-- the gum-web is a sticky pink fishnet stretching infinitely over the expanse of rear bumpers--a bazooka vine winding its way through tire treads trunks and fractured chassis, curling around and reflecting in the mirrors of the bumpers where it sizzles in the salty air of the pork-by product planet. Here and there a stalactite of congealed margarine hangs off a bumper and bubbles over at its narrow most tip with the clogged blood vessels and high blood pressures of the suburbs' inhabitants who burrow into the SPAM in quest of manifest destiny or a sweet cupcake to counteract the monotonous taste of salt they inhale with every breath and bite.

Richard Gessner

SPROUTING WHITE FUZZ,  
CURING HIS BALDNESS VICARIOUSLY



## WHITE FUZZ

A man places a litter of newborn mice upon his pate to cure his baldness.

Albinos they are, cradle fresh, all pink & bald with red face dots where the eyes will be.

They blend in with the man's pate like a flesh-tone toupee, nursing on scalp oil & thus sprouting white fuzz, curing his baldness vicariously.

The mice went from bald to hairy as they aged, while the man's balding process was reversed; going from hairy to bald as he got older.

The man feels confused about his symbols of youth, pondering the two opposing processes of hair growth & loss.

He feels even older than he did when he was bald, now that he's got white fuzz & the only eyes which see his pate are the sprinkling of red dots looming like color blind measles unable to tell the difference between hair and skin.

Richard Gessner

## 15TH BIRTHDAY

with every evil thought  
a new insect  
insects crawling across the floor  
waves of static on a tv screen  
twenty-five years  
doom's big red hatch  
scrappy and sagging  
looming nosewise

Rupert Wondolowski

## CONTEMPLATION

My left foot  
Is a soft shovel  
With frayed edges,  
Angled flatly,  
Hinged with round bones.  
I sit on the bed-edge,  
Sock dangling from a hand.

Elizabeth Hillman

## IT'S EASY

It's easy  
for anyone  
like the  
people in them  
to write poems  
about the  
others there  
using the mouths  
to do the doing  
in all  
that talking

Stacey Sollfrey

its the nuts we say to the bed of bones if  
i can walk bones says. off to the next  
job arteries closing down getting fuckin small.  
doc keeps runnin miles laps alotta work to  
get done. what dont i like tricks plainspeak.  
plainspeak plainspeak. its the nuts. the  
damndest thing  
damndst  
mndst

S. Loy

## HE OPENS HER UP

He opens her up  
like an umbrella  
whose top  
couldn't possibly  
stand up to  
the false brims  
their heads would create  
lifting sandpails  
over cakes of gabor sistered wigs

Stacey Sollfrey

Shoes (StHW)

We are hats.  
We hide in the closet  
And think about heads.  
Our mothers are coats  
And our father has  
gone to ~~the~~ the store  
to buy bananas  
for us.



Neno Perrotta

## IT'S NOT EASY

It's not easy for chins  
to direct the way  
my face moves  
when i stick it into  
the napes of others  
using their mouths  
to do all the talking

THE ROPE THAT PULLS THE TOOTHACHE  
INTO BENDING THE TREE

Any poem  
with a doctor  
has gotta be  
about love  
in the middle  
of doin somethin  
that hasta be examined  
to wait for

## WHY DO I ALWAYS

Why do i always have to hat everything over the tops of questions  
raw

## EYE CRANE

I didn't know that the ass hitching it's way up to the face  
of the person that thought he could never be written about  
was the same one that stood as a statue of open window blinds  
for me to sit on

## CIRCULAR ENDED REDUNDANCY

If stacey chooses  
to keep on writing  
this way  
then her writing  
is still the same

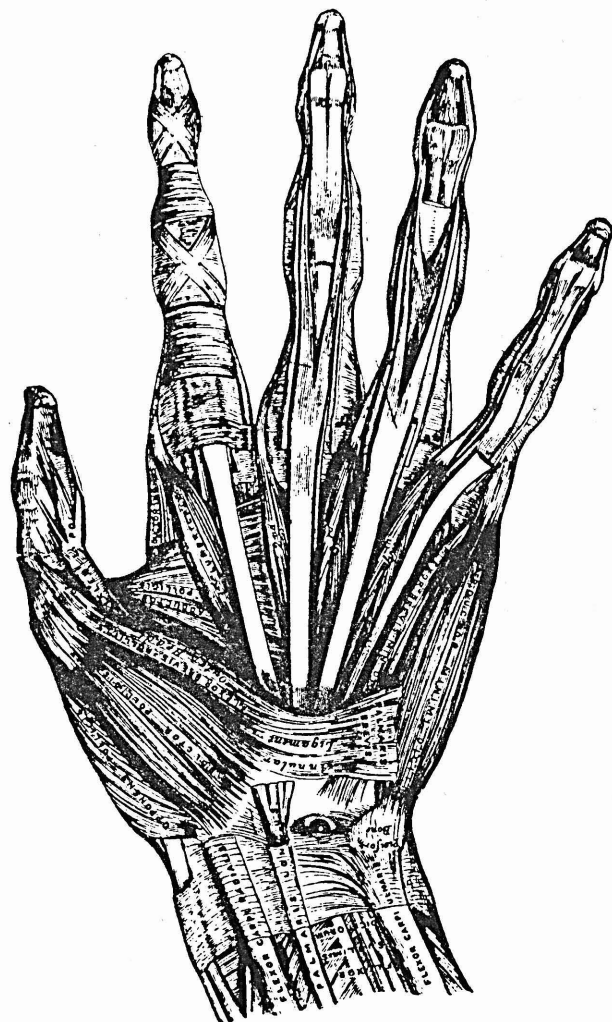
Stacey Sollfrey

## MOVIE THEATERS

Movie theaters always have the movement of everyone leaning against the shoulder  
of its left side the arches of their backs rounding out the theater til the  
empty seats have the look of feeling that much more drafty - its the smaller  
objects on screen that hold the strain of our eyes to the movie their sense of  
magnetic attraction suspending them into the stopping of walls - that combined  
with the slope of the velveteen carpet give patrons the feeling of sitting in  
the shoveled curve of an upward garage door lift we fit their mechanics into  
us starting from the point of our limbs folding into chairs and ends wherever  
our eyes focus, with all parts of our bodies falling into the lids bringing  
down the friendlier parts of feet that curtain our faces into not having to see  
them when we stand up its the only time people can see heads between their  
arms distance

Stacey Sollfrey





deep muscles of  
the bus freeing  
work

Daniel F. Bradley

## HISTORY AND TARANTULA

History lay down on her stomach and the Aztecs and Nazis walked on her spine until she turned into a lizard. She had a large, flat tongue like a rubberband and slurped when she ate delicious flies; she played board games, she merged with the jungle around her, she wore yellow, she sang in the highest of tones over the craggy bodies of her friends. Only a reptile could manage to devour what others would never find edible. History made friends with Tarantula, the hula dancer of the emotions. Together they dressed up and flirted in clubs. On the smallest fingers of each of their hands four rings glittered: one a sculpture of intestines, one of soft red lips, one the hard but pliant bark of a weeping willow, and one depicting a woman's most secret skin. History liked to toss her hair and Tarantula liked to comb out her fur until electricity glistened from their bodies. They read books on goddesses and restructured men's poems until they consisted of snakes and ladders. History carried a snakeskin pouch, that of the green mamba, that she hid in her boots. The Amazons cut off their breasts for her, and Darwinians bloodied their own bodies. A lightening bolt shot down from the sky and entered her through her leather fingernails. History was unimpressed: she possessed many moons. Many moons, the surface of one you're reading right now.

Christina Zawadiwsky

## JOB DESCRIPTION

What do I do for a living? you are asking me.

I help transatlantic tourists understand their dreams during time adjustment. As you know, our bodies are clocks that are not easily switched. The night is spent awake on foreign linen, until the traveller falls into an equally exhausting sleep full of dreams. Tourists need meaning, that is an established fact. I feel an obligation towards these outcasts, to make them feel at home. "This, ladies and gentlemen", I would say, "is how we think about the Nuclear Freeze (I make a pensive face). And this is the way (I spread the fingers of my right hand) we open cans in this country".

Here is one of the dreams in my job: a slanted meadow, green all the way down, my eyebrows forming a hedge in the foreground. Three animals lie in fight and symbiosis. A king comes along with a kangaroo on a leash. He has to hop along to keep up with his pet. His vassal picks up his crown periodically. Here's what the king thinks while a mirage appears on the horizon (the mirage shows a huge box of white laundry detergent. His eyes cannot read the label because of the large distance):

"Oh my people out there in suburbia! Why don't you come and comfort me - there's so much to talk about. Oh my people - are you my true people? Aren't you deceiving me with every breath? And if I drop all taxes, will my name even leave a wrinkle in your memory?"

The box with laundry detergent is you, I explained. Forget the rest. It has no significance.

Joachim Frank







S. Gustav Hägglund

slits across  
these ancient pages  
here a dictionary  
with a knife  
the red marble addict

S. Gustav Hägglund

THE PATIENCE  
OF ADDICTION

uneaten meat  
or the other

an  
is-  
land

N. Sean William



S. Gustav Hägglund

dead stripper on stage  
dancing.

"we are the champions"

CAR

the insides slope down  
& the car makes  
a clean splash

LATE NIGHT CONSPIRACY

a swollen finger is  
removed from the anus.  
& the group is told to leave  
quietly.

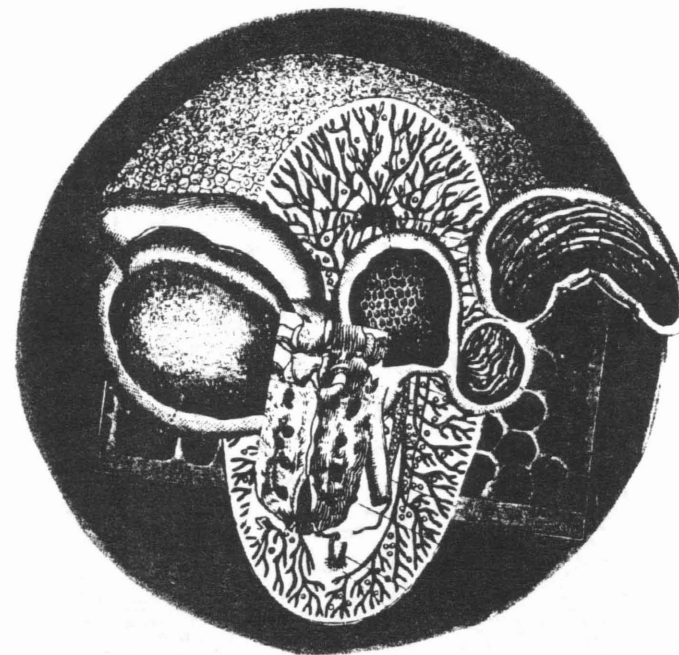
Greg Evason



Al Ackerman

sealing a letter      rain far out to sea

M. Kettner



Delux

# HANG

Hang the scampi on the immigrant.  
I obeyed though I had no enemy.

Hang the toilet on the sepulchre.  
I obeyed though I felt a shudder.

Hang the bowl from the lizard's neck.  
I obeyed though I had no whiskey.

Hang the man in paper and tinsel.  
I obeyed though I had no blanket.

Hang the goat on Madam's breasts.  
I obeyed though I had no cash.

Hang the mirror on the penis.  
I obeyed though I had no jelly.

Hang the skull in the rocket.  
I obeyed though I had no fountain.

Francis Poole



enlaciary

a y e o y n l s n s l a c  
 r c r e t r l w e a c n a e l e c s e t a a e  
 r r o r l o w s t a t a s e h o r a c e l a n o t l m n r o s s e s  
 l a e l s t e a c e l a e p t a a e c n p c n o m  
 c i n n g l e t a c n a t a n s r p a e r  
 g g g h e l h a n c a c c e l e s e  
 k n h e s l t c h h a c n s e l a r l e e c m e n g  
 t t t n t a c n l a r y e e s p a c e a t l a n t  
 t t t t r a l s c o s i r o t a t e m p a n t  
 e n v r e c e s t r l a c e n t r l y e f o p a n t  
 l e v e n t a e c n a p l a e r y e t a n g o p l e a t  
 c l o t e a n e c e n c l o l a c e l l o w l c o n s e a n  
 c o n l n c e o u y a c e l e c e y t c h a g s a c o n s t  
 c i n t a c e e n c e a r g a c e a n c e w e r t h n t  
 m b l c o l e n c e a n l o w l a c e r l a n t a d  
 e n f r m l a n c e t n c f r g a l a n a t s l  
 n o c s a n o o n c e l l e r n e m e t a u  
 n a e o r e l c n s p c a e s s t l a e t c l e s  
 e n l a p u n t l o w s a l a n s p l a c e o s e e r c t o r y  
 p l c r e l w p c r o d r o l l n n l s e e a l r  
 e y o a y e o l c l l a

A Poem About Me in Spanish

y/o

G. Huth



S. Gustav Hägglund

shovel rusted paper folder, folding.  
 oven when the bridge, collapse the  
 wax melting, the dust, evening.  
 table leg, golfing.

Mike Miskowski

"Mr. Prez, may we bomb Russia?"  
 "Sure, you can call Russia."

F. C. Jerkoffsky

gato  
galo

gato

gato

g<sup>a</sup>l<sup>o</sup>

o r p s

g<sup>a</sup>l<sup>o</sup>

g<sup>a</sup>t<sup>o</sup> g<sup>a</sup>l<sup>o</sup>

g<sup>a</sup>l<sup>o</sup>

o r p s

g<sup>a</sup>l<sup>o</sup>

g<sup>a</sup>t<sup>o</sup> g<sup>a</sup>l<sup>o</sup>

gagaloto

G. Huth

## CONTEMPLATION #2

Bird shit's really interestin'  
They do it proper  
Out their beaks  
You can  
Finger it open  
And find out  
What they've eaten  
And it's really interestin'

Ivor

## ORDEN CERRADO

La pasión y el golpe  
de fortuna  
suelen confundirse  
al tacto. No otra cosa  
que la sensación del vuelo  
falta o me parece?

Enrique Puccia

me y e m y e m i m y  
show hose w hose shoes  
a a r a r e r r a r r a r e  
but u s b o t t o m b o t t o m  
l e l s e l l e s e l e s e l e s s  
my shoes are bottomless

n o r e e v r i v e e r r i v e r  
i s r i c k l a c k i b i c k b r i c k  
w h y e y e s i s w e i s e w i s e  
e n i n o t h e r t h e i r w a r s w o r d s  
no river is brick-wise in other words

e n i n e h t h i n t h e t t h e e t h e  
w i n d e e r d o d o e s w i n d w i n d o w  
s t o h o u r t w o o u r e r t o o t o w e r  
e h t h e e t h e m a t d o o r m a m a t t e r  
in the window's tower the matter

t e e t h e e e h t h e f a r m e m e p h a r m  
m e c y s t j a s t j u n k l e r s i g h a c i s t  
a s i s s i a s h i s h e w i s s u e i s a h o u s e  
a f l i f e e c a l m o r p h i f e y e w i f e  
the pharmacist is a housewife

d r y i v i n g r y e d r i v d r i v i n g  
b l a h b l a b l a c k y a c k b l a c k o n  
s p l e n d e d e n d e d s p l e e n s l e n d i a  
c o r e y o r t o r t e c o o r c o u r t  
driving black on splendor court

t w a s i t w i t w a s t i s w r i g h t i t w a s  
r a z o r a z y z z a r c r z y r a y c r a z y  
b u t t e y e i b o o t e e y b y e b u t i  
s p i k e d i t s l a k e d r i v i n g l i k e d i t  
it was crazy but i liked it

Nico Vassilakis

they paw through drawers of old forms  
looking for the carnet, the misplaced number  
city noises a regular drone and burp  
"nothing but correct" or "true as day"  
piles of cast-off armoires, high boys, mirrors  
gawking about at any opportunity  
when I pulled myself up short, ready  
to watch for people's warm betrayals  
there just as you would imagine--some  
dork of a border inspector whose  
piggish memory for intangibles gets greased

and equally hushed strange outfits, the  
cold business in suffering and death  
some having entered the shut room  
dark, limping, air of silent screaming  
that soaks through walls well along  
towards pandemonium, rolling gloom clouds  
where breasts heave--meat machines  
then being hooked up to polyethylene

Harry Polkinhorn

## FALUSE; or The Thing In The Barn



A COLUMN OF UNSLEEPING GAUCHERIE  
CONDUCTED BY DR. AL ACKERMAN

A ACKERMAN NOTE: TO FALUSE (PRONOUNCED FA-LOOZ, ACCENT GRAVID ON THE "LOOZ") IS TO CONVEY A MOMENT OF MYSTICAL INSIGHT IN AN UNEXPECTED WAY, USUALLY IN A RATHER ROUNDABOUT OR INDIRECT FASHION, OFTEN POINTLESSLY. ALMOST ALL FALUSES ARE, ROUGHLY, SHAGGY-DOG STORIES. THEY ARE SUFI IN ORIGIN, METAPHYSICAL IN CONTENT, DATE FROM THE 13TH CENTURY A.D., AND FOR SOME WHOLLY MYSTERIOUS REASON HAVE ENJOYED A CERTAIN UNDER-BED, BEHIND-BACK VOGUE IN THIS COUNTRY SINCE THE MID-1960'S, WITHOUT EVER BECOMING

A VISIBLE FAD. A FALUSE CAN TAKE ANY FORM--SPOKEN, WRITTEN, OR ORAL. ESSENTIALLY, THE ONLY IDENTIFYING FEATURE OF A FALUSE IS ITS PUNCH-LINE, WHICH IS ALWAYS ANNOUNCED BY THE WORDS "THE THING IN THE BARN STIRRED, SAT UP, AND CAME TO LIFE--," FOLLOWED BY THE BRIEF EXPRESSION OF A DESIRE, OR WISH, THAT SHOULD, IF THE FALUSITE, OR STORY-TELLER, KNOWS HIS STUFF, STRIKE A RESPONSIVE CHORD IN THE READER OR LISTENER. IN OTHER WORDS, THE PAY-OFF OF A FALUSE SHOULD WORK LIKE A MAGIC MIRROR AND REVEAL TO YOU YOUR OWN GREATEST SECRET DESIRE--ALWAYS AN EERIE BUSINESS. (INDEED, IT'S A LITTLE SPOOKY, REALLY, HOW WELL AND HOW OFTEN A GOOD FALUSE CAN PIN-POINT EXACTLY WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING ABOUT, WHETHER YOU ARE LOATHE TO ADMIT IT OR NOT.) THE FOLLOWING FALUSE, A FAIRLY RECENT ADDITION TO THE CANON, IS BY BIMB WHITTIER, A NOTABLE PRACTITIONER OF THE ART. SEE IF IT DOESN'T SUCCEED IN PEGGING YOUR INNERMOST DESIRE WITH AN UNCANNY AND SNAKELIKE PRECISION IN ITS END, EH?

The Faluse of "The New Criticism"

By Bimb Whittier

I suppose that ultimately it is an o.k. thing for this city's night schools to be teaching "The New Criticism," and I am just about ready, after I have a glass of milk and pick a few more of these nits or seam-squirrels or whatever they are out of my bathrobe, to go with the flow and start applying what we learned in class last night to a recent work by one of our leading contemporary poets.

It probably is because I read this poem "The Summit" by John M. "Slate" Bennett only five or ten minutes ago that it has impressed itself on my mind more than any other poem in recent memory. There is something about it that seems to drive straight to the heart of our "American Dilemma." And right in the opening three lines, too. No hesitating or messing around where John M. "Slate" Bennett is concerned. Check this out:

It's like the garbage bag so full it  
Climbs the stairs slopping and rustling as I  
Stare blank off the pillow---

Now, what do you make of that? In the first place, applying the tenets of "The New Criticism" to what the author undoubtedly had in mind, and peering a bit between the lines, I would say that the poet's wife (Mrs. Bennett) has ample grounds for a good letter to Dr. Ruth. And not a moment too soon, either.

"Dear Dr. Ruth--: If I didn't see it with my own eyes, I wouldn't be writing to you, but on more than one occasion my husband "Slate" has behaved perversely! He's about 40 years old. Lately, when I or any other member of the family go upstairs to where he's lying on the bed, he starts thrashing around and saying we sound like animated sacks of garbage coming up the stairs. The only one he says "DOEN'T" sound like a sack of garbage coming up the stairs is our baby-sitter, Doris Kozart, 15. He has her up there in his room with the door shut visiting and talking to him at all hours, now. I am really confounded about it. What should I do? Also, if I'm not lesing my mind, and he really is acting this way, why? --M.B. in Ohio."

Rest easy, Mrs. Bennett. Aside from your unspoken but very real concern over the possibility that your husband "Slate" may be incompetent to handle his business affairs and thus die intestate, leaving you and the children destitute, there is absolutely nothing to worry about, for your husband is merely

manifesting a whole spectrum of familiar mid-life anomalies, any of which can be used (good news) as "grounds for involuntary commitment," as the medical profession likes to call it.

According to "The New Criticism," a man with eyes staring "blank off the pillow" who does a lot of thrashing and begins sentences with "It's like the garbage bag so full it climbs the stairs--" can be handled best with the aid of a few simple psychiatric measures, such as obtaining a court order and having him shipped upstate for an indefinite period of rest, observation and cold packs. However, if you lack the wherewithal or medical coverage to go this route and would prefer to deal with the matter in the privacy of your own home, I would follow these steps: You first get several family members to lend a hand and then wrap your husband snugly in a wet bed sheet. Then take turns beating him with a broom and see if this doesn't calm him down. My uncle Foster-Dulles used to get wilder than a march-hare and my aunt Stella-Dulles always swore by the good old broom-and-wet-bed-sheet method, and Uncle Foster-Dulles was a raving hophead. Dope would have surely cut him off in his prime had he not died suddenly in his late seventies of brothelitis (exploding "love-nuts," in clinical parlance).

I have gone on at length about my miserable relatives to make clear just what role the Subconscious is likely to play. The trouble, Mrs. Bennett, is that many poets, when they reach your husband's age, secretly long to have their corners trimmed by glamorous, heavy-set female barbers. If they happen to be sitting around the house harboring these desires and there is no female barber with a razor blade handy to accomodate them, their Subconscious takes over of it own accord, sometimes in a rather capricious fashion. At this juncture the poet is likely to begin covering his legs with big handfuls of Ben-Gay. Many a poet, getting caught up in the heady abandon of this compulsive anointing process, has gone on to apply the Ben-Gay so heavily that his legs take on a dripping jelly-like demeanor. I don't wish to make you chuck your lunch into your cupped palms, or anything, Mrs. B., but I'm afraid there's no getting around it--the legs of one who has become a slave to the ointment surely can present a leathesome mien. As for what all this goo is likely to do to your precious rugs and slip-covers--well, this is an unappetizing feature of "Ben-Gay legs" upon which I shall not dwell.

The worst of it is that your husband's Subconscious promptings may lead him to go even further, so that he actually ventures out in public in this condition with his pants rolled up above his knees and his legs shining eerily in the hot early morning light, like a pair of greasy drumsticks. And this, in turn, may well lead him to experience the forbidden fruits of creating a scene or commotion at the first bus stop he chances across where others are gathered. This is sexually exciting in a way that ordinary coprophilia, pedophilia, and hemophilia can never be, especially if everybody at the bus stop is already unstable to begin with, as nowadays it is the barn, not the stable, where this sort of business reaches its highest pitch or frenzy.

Yes, Mrs. B., don't ask me why, but, count on it, the most extreme cases of frenzy always seem to take place where you have a group of already unstable people standing around in a barn, waiting for the bus, and then a character like your husband "Slate" shows up, his legs dressed and reeking with Ben-Gay. This is where things go way out of hand--often clear over into real abnormality. Maybe it has something to do with all the manure and corncocks and empty sacks and oily rags and rich loamy filth lying around in a barn. Maybe the Ben-Gay works in some way to activate all this damp steamy fecundity. Did you ever think of that? Perhaps, at the very peak of this frenzy in the barn, several drops of Ben-Gay got shaken off your husband's legs and showered down on a pile of dirty old sacks in the corner, irritating and vitalizing them strangely, so that in a few days (or weeks--the time factor makes little difference where the creation of unnatural life is concerned) the inevitable occurred, as it always must--warmth, heat, fission! The Thing in the Barn stirred, sat up, and came to life. Cooz! IT WANTED YOUNG COOZ!

Well, why not? Poetry isn't everything, you know.





Al Ackerman

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xcoo eee e ee e ee eeeee ee .e
fff ffff ff ffff ffffffff
eeeee e e e eeeee ee eeeee
iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii
jjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjjj
iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii
pp qqr r sstuv ww xxy yz.
aaaaa bbb bbbccccccddddd(& a door
opens & a door opens & a door opens &
still woods warm bones of soot & a door
opens a door opens a door opens a
x

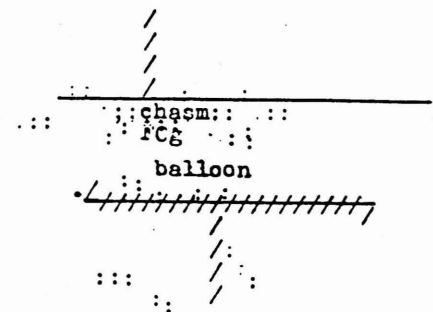
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correctionsx

Greg Evason & Daniel F. Bradley

Leaning against the wall, she vomited on the mop  
trapped to her puppyfoot like a brick in the puddle  
lurching forward, she saw a map of lakes  
that left her tongue-tied, circling the backwash in her brain  
and swelling like a liquid baby in her thigh  
licking nursery rhymes off her icy knee I  
sat in the rancid grease on the floor  
doodling her earlobe, sniffing the stained wall,  
leaking the lunch out my cheek  
my garter twanging over her like an umbrella

John M. Bennett & Jake Berry



Greg Evason & Daniel F. Bradley

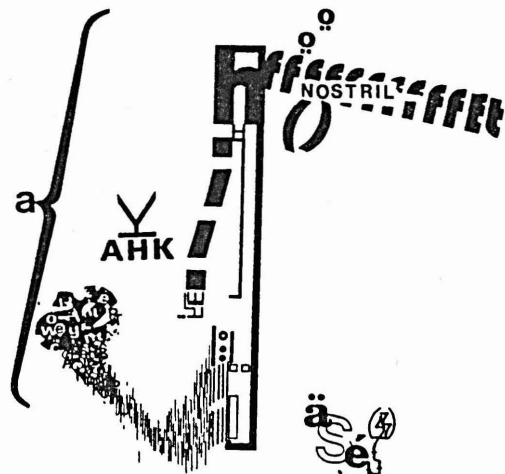
# THE ARGUMENT

My clothes between us,  
your sweat-smell on my skin.  
Shadows of trees move blurred  
like dogs under water my  
eyes behind glasses, turning away  
blind and an axle, one  
hand on my hat and the other in my  
pocket as I saw you  
walking faster, falling  
when you left like a snarl,  
a spring hissing and  
clattering off the step

Edward Lense & John M. Bennett

He kissed her waist with an hourglass  
and scratched his wrist with the lightbulb  
while sucking the smoldering drain with a whitefish  
I was fingering the tooth in my pocket  
locked to the refrigerator, both toenails juggling magnets  
and a fly on my fly, greasy  
to clean up scraps of yesterday's icht and oitment  
was his hat an omette, covered with mould?  
too nasty for maggots and the exploding burger under my shoe?  
I never knew the door was so hot  
almost gagging on these sizzling warts and a  
hoof, clattering the bars of the crib  
my fork alive and shoveling sulfur up her nose

Jake Berry & John M. Bennett



Peggy Lefler & jwcurry & John M. Bennett

Failing to lift the sticky sheet from my face  
the big transmitters beating my flesh upright  
I trembled in the milky fog where the door  
that sits on its ankles smothers all Indonesian bayonets  
and lasers the loss like a light in the brain  
I awaken as the weakened underling, the scattered slot,  
the heavy leaker with the hole where my pants  
fail me my short knees delight in the murmur of  
sliding off a swollen pregnant belly  
these bouyant toys the fish crane will lift and juxtapose  
these sunken teeth and ladder squirming in mud  
will surface clamor dawn on the porch of a yellow basin

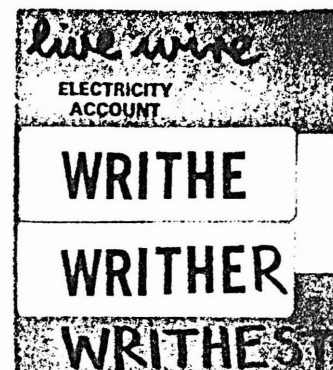
John M. Bennett & Nico Vassilakis

I remembered the yogi trick as I fast  
toward the fall. Saw a ladder and a  
hat growing out of the wall, a foot from a  
skull. If I could touch your  
arm. Or balance the stone on my  
tongue. Holding my breath in my hand,  
waving goodbye to all the gravel. The  
cliff shimmering in heat closed up  
as my mouth fell open in sleep.

Michael Dec & John M. Bennett

A transparent newspaper and I'm  
steaming from neck to ass my  
forehead ironed and salted  
just right. Is glass breaking or  
is it. I don't snap when the  
snip gets close, I slap the slipper  
and bolt, never mind my  
tongue in a plastic bag as you kiss  
a stopsign in the eye of a hurricane.

Michael Dec & John M. Bennett



John M. Bennett & Robin Crozier

They told me I was  
dim but  
the bulb's been burnt  
too long for that comfort  
and my wrist's sore a  
watch where my  
light and it's hard outside  
hard and dim hard  
and sorely lacking the slight  
shaking I remember the  
screws under the breaking  
glass flakes and slivers caught  
in the left-handed threading  
caught glittering under  
my fingernails caught  
fluttering under my eye when it's  
shut squeezing out matter  
blobs of fused metal and glass  
breathing it in blowing  
lightbulb bubbles between  
my slipping lips

jwcurry & John M. Bennett

Hasp snibbling and stipulated was  
muddulating magazines steamrolled heating  
systemic creosote in the sprawling  
charcoal diaphragm. I squiggled and  
clambaked, stood rupp-rudding ripped  
rabbitory stance, noticed you gimpy I  
dwibbled wet latitudes

John M. Bennett & Michael Dec

THE BLUR (CONTINUED) for John H Bennett from Robin Crozier

JUST SEE AMEBAS SHEARED... ALWAYS EYES... SPUNTER  
IN NOSE TISSUE... SEE... ONLY...  
SEE TISSUE... NOSE IN SPUNTER... EYES ALWAYS  
SHEARED... AMEBAS SEE... JUST MY... SCARAB  
AND MY... I'M GLASSES... MY MAYBE...  
MY PHOTO... MY FLAT... MY LIGHT... MY GLASSES...  
MY SHAPE... MY AIR... MY BACK... MY CORNER...  
MY EYES... MY FINGERNAILS... MY SPUNTER... MY  
SCRATCH... MY BOOK... MY FINGER... MY PAST... MY  
NOSE... MY STILL... MY TISSUE... MY WALLS...  
MY GLASS... MY HAT... MY WIT... MY LASSES...  
MY SHEAR... MY EAR... MY WAY... MY CORN...  
MY CROSS... MY NAILS... MY SOD... MY LINT... MY  
RAT... MY CRAWL... MY AUL... MY BOO... MY FIN  
MY END... MY TILL... MY ISSUE... MY SUE  
MY DROP... MY SPATTER... MY SPAT... MY  
PATTER... MY PAT... MY RED... MY ASS... MY TAPS  
ROTE... MY TOR... MY WIT... MY LAW... MY SAR...  
MY BEES... MY SIT... MY SON... MY NICK...  
MY NET... MY WAR... MY TAR... MY ROD... MY  
MY HIT... MY FOE... MY YAM... MY KILT... MY  
TUB... MY GYM... MY FOE... MY OWL... MY EWE  
HOG... MY TAB... MY TEA... MY SITES... MY HUB...  
MY NIL... MY SIN... MY PEA... MY FAT... MY  
MY REST... MY LOP... MY PEN... MY LINO... MY WIN  
MY PAW... MY SLOT... MY LINO... MY WIN  
MY HARP... MY SON... MY CAB... MY BAY... MY USE  
MY SET... MY SEE... MY TOPIA... JUS  
KEAP... TOPFLA... TAND... ENTWIT...  
HAMOE... BASOF... AYBE... MYGLAS...  
ESSHE... EDORM... BETHES... PEOF...  
IRBUT... IMAL... ACKIN... ISCOR...

NERWIT... MYEY... ESCRO... SEDMY...  
INGER... ODDEN... PLINT... ERLONG...  
TOSC... ATCHI... LEDIN... HISBO... OKMY...  
INGERB... ISTEN... EDPA... MYMO...  
SETHO... ADITS... ILTU... SUEW... PEDAND  
ROP... PEDIF... ICO... ULDOSE... GEND  
HESES... ATTER... EDWAL... SOF...  
ASSIE... COUL... HATI... OTEAN... ETBACK...  
GETAND... WRUT... ATR... ADGO... ULPI...  
LHIF... SOFWA... TERED... ESEB... EYO...  
SEECOL... DION... PEDAND... ANDWI...  
PEDTIS... SUEJ... UST... TILLITS... ADT...  
HONO... SEMY... PAS... ISTEN... DEDFI...  
GERHYBO... OKT... HISIN... LEDIS...  
CRAT... CHTOL... PLINT... ERAND...  
ODDEN... INGERN... ILSMY... ROSSED...  
YESMY... ORNER... HISIN... ACKAL... WA  
YSIM... BUTAIR... OFSH... APET...  
HEHAM... BEOR... SHEA... REDG... SESMH...  
YBEL... IGHTOFAM... OEBA...  
SWIT... ENTAND... FLATOF... SORTY...  
UOFS... EIW... HATPHO... TOAL...  
IKEJ... CKRB... TEQ... NAETO...  
WITA... DAERD... LOUGA... NOFIS... SALG...  
FOSL... LAWD... ERETT... PSESE...  
NOYE... LOUC... NOFID... PORD...  
NADERI... WEUS... SUT... LITS...  
STIDAER... OTHES... ONYM... SAPD...

Robin Crozier

## ACK HACKS BENNETT'S POEMS

Here's a Hack I did off the four poems you sent. Can't remember if I used this method before - but it's pretty simple so I probably did. Took some lines from Valery's Le Jeune Parque ("Ah, what coils of desire where he wallowed!/What riot of etc etc" - three lines), counted the letters in each word (2 - 4 - 5 - 2 - etc), then went through your poems and when I hit a 2-letter word I put it down, then a 4-letter word, and so on. Then did two more the same way. It came out like this:

### DISTENDED

My book light my shreds meter in coughing!  
Meat worm in finger nose me tongue  
And a did come descended ear skinless!  
Even in my shoe I finger raised nose,  
Glittering hissing in can withers descended.

\*\*\*\*\*

Been reading the three new poems and came up with a pretty good Hacks. A new method, I think. Even before I read the poems I'd set up my system, which was: 1) take yr first poem (it turned out to be CONSTANCY) and let variations of "porking, porked, etc" be the verb in all cases and 2) switch nouns over from the other two (INSOMINEX and ISOLATOR) as they occurred and plug em into the first. The horrible result I call -

### PORKTIME

Porking her night through my sleep she  
Porked on the sheet behind my  
Legs. Porking on the curtains, she was  
Porking the headache; stink thick on her  
Shoes. When I porked in the sock's  
Air I porked windows in me. The garbagetruck in  
One belt and the other pressure. Her  
Shores on the lake lax on the nausea and a  
Hand porking our rubber gloves.

Al Ackerman

### LIKE A TRUMPET PUPPET

Homely cloth coat the malodorous ringnecked  
drivetime outlet  
Advancing on lacquered platinum oblivious  
awareness of circles tightening  
Horizontal staccato ice pellets  
seasonal tile embankment  
Strained arthritis gripped \$2 light socket  
The bone on the monitor the bone!

Michael Dec





#### FINS

Money enough and time? A  
bulldozer crossed my mind and I  
backed to the basement where the  
rugs used to dance. Oil pools under a  
suitcase and I see...Why's your  
face like a fish, milky and blurred?  
There's a tide in my feet and I can't  
get loose. Outside the yard's still cool and the  
dirt's still there. So what's this  
speed in my shirt? Why's my wallet full of  
grease? Why'm I shoving this stack of meat?

#### EYE OR A WATCH

A smoke swirls inside my eye, the  
right, when I breathe, like a  
leak of exhaust I thought. But it's  
just a shadow, the soapbar thunk  
spinning in the bowl I think. Or I  
thought. Like a blender trying to  
contain the sky or my bed swollen pants

John M. Bennett

#### THE SUMMIT

It's like the garbage bag so full it  
climbs the stairs slopping and rustling as I  
stare blank off the pillow. Between my  
thighs your wrists throb and I hold in my  
chest an iron shirt too small and  
buttoned. When was I what, what? Just a  
swarm of sand and a nose lurching, a  
year of coughing and falling off chairs. If I  
hold my pants if I stare your face  
stiff, but the TV crackles and sparks in the  
door and the cord's a blade I can't pull

#### YOU LIKE ME

Wind and light like an exploding  
lake under my table I'm slopping with  
lunch and a birthday card like a  
knife in my neck like a waterfall of  
concrete blocks like a mouth  
disgorged when you speak when I  
forgot I remember you when my  
feet were wrung and I fell down the  
stairs across the floor grey water rose like a  
wall in my eyes and I was down sideways. My  
teeth burst through my cheek like words. You  
were asleep in a chair wind shredding the  
shades and I was nothing in there

#### MAINTENANCE

A heap of trashbags slumps in the  
garage and a whining air conditioner.  
Why couldn't I answer you, my  
mouth in my lap. You're in the  
bathtub, one eye closed and it  
rains. I stand in the hall like a  
sheet, my dinner in me tied in a  
plastic bag. I'll never shit again.  
And I'll only breathe for you as long as  
the compressor lasts

John M. Bennett

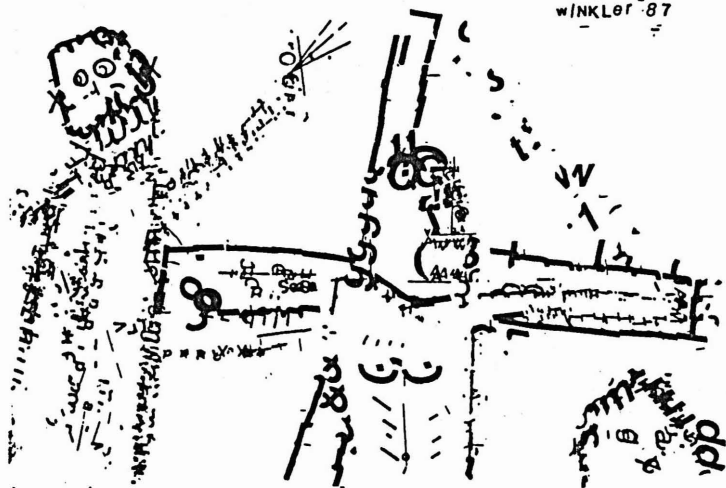


Al Ackerman

He stands in his own fog, creates his screen of cigarette smoke, his private recompense for pain he will not give up, there his pleased illusions to carry him to his dying day. It has all been so carefully worked out, the fantasy - on the table, the philosophy - the rug on the floor, the private soul who will Do It Alone. The fantasy keeps defeat alive, defeat keeps him alive, the door always open, always shut. The mind wanders and conveniently forgets what wandering can do, that it was all a wandering, and the vale of tears ceases to be the Objective Reality, the cross before which all his friends must bow or cease to be his friends.

The clamoring, climactic symphony he was listening to becomes the child's play song to be heard in passing on the street. The road he is on, it turns sharply and unrolls itself directly through his house, his chamber, with the heavy diesel sound of construction machinery. The private details of nurtured motherless feeling dry up unobtrusively, like sweat on the skin that first made it glisten, then changed form and just went away. He chased what had been stolen; but now the beautiful myth of loss and eternal return lost its own seductive beauty. You can hear anything you want to hear. The lamp on the table on the rug; dealing with them all, interesting himself in their arrangement, trying to overturn kept them alive and they turn into such laughing faces with their logic, they exist thru their logic, their necessity. If they exist they must be lived with; it the skin sweats, you must be inside it.

Jack Wright

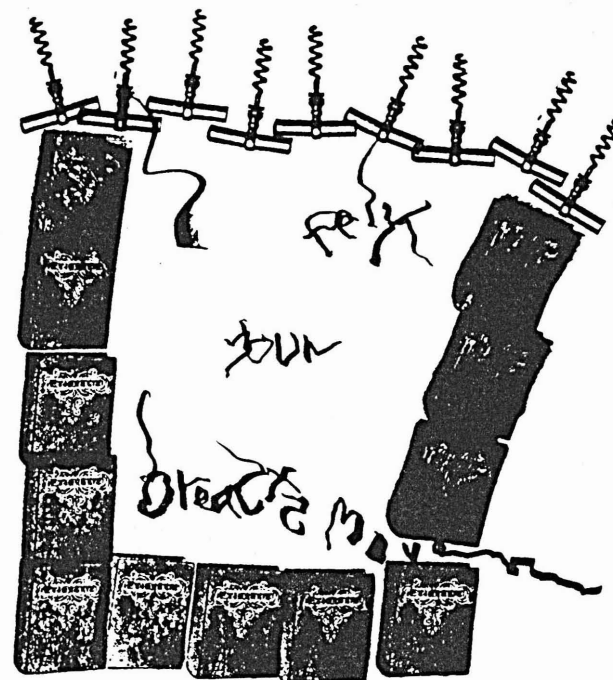


Chris Winkler

#### EVENING NEWS

The truth squirted itself upon us like unwanted sperm.  
It was a kind of vision blared back, irrefutable.  
The political seed thrust naked from his prison of fruit.

Blair Ewing



#### SLIDE

The domes look quick  
in the overtone,  
silk out through it  
in the comma after,  
lush in the other.

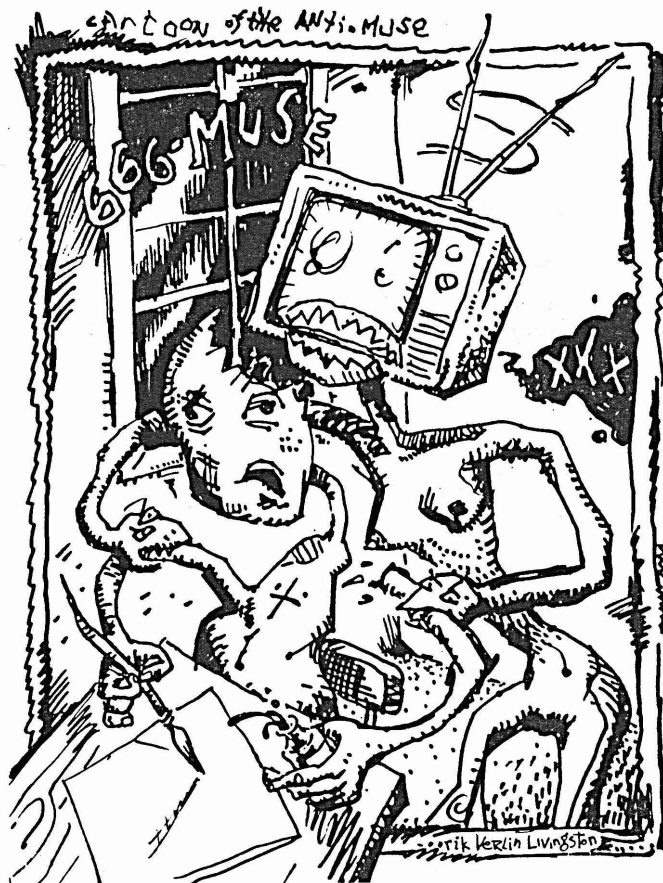
It is my forge, hot,  
up the ridge across  
the sun tan blue that  
goes on down trails  
leaving, as another  
sparkles rich as many,  
the form of the slit,  
slit up the shape  
again to roam in the  
spray as the moon  
quivers above.

Sam Ryan

#### PYRE

with her exaggerated  
under. not child

N. Sean William



Rik Verlin Livingston

#### RISCHE STREET

I WAS CHASED BY A PACK OF WOODPECKERS  
 MEAN LITTLE BUGARS WITH POINTED RED HEADS  
 POINTED RED HEADS AND CLAWS AND ACCURATE LITTLE  
 BEAKS TOUGHER THAN ZIRCONIUM TITANIUM ALL READY  
 TO SLICE INTO MY PRECIOUS BODY LIKE SO MANY  
 MEAN-SPIRITED BARBEQUE FORKS.  
 I RAN UNTIL MY FEET FELL OFF AND STILL THEY FOLLOWED.  
 I RAN ON UNTIL MY SHIN-BONES GROUND DOWN AND STILL THEY FOLLOWED.  
 ON MY KNEES I STUMPED FEROCIOUSLY AND YET THEY STILL PURSUED.  
 WITH MY HANDS I DRAGGED MY TORSO ALONG THE STREET  
 I DRUG AND DRUGGED AND THEY WERE ON ME!!  
 I POPPED AN ARM OFF AND WAVED IT MADLY SCREAMING "DESIST!  
 DESIST! DESIST YOU PECKERS!!"  
 SUDDENLY A HUGE COFFEE TABLE PICTURE BOOK OF THE GREAT  
BARRIER REEF FELL FROM THE SKY AND KILLED US ALL.  
 KILLED YOU TOO.

#### HOOKED IT, HOOKED IT WITH MY THUMBNAIL

I was sitting there on my bed, reading one of those little poetry magazines. You know, just another one of those, and I was picking my nose. I latched on to a big one pretty quickly. Hooked it, hooked it with my thumbnail. A little jostlin' and out it came. It had some blood on it, though, so I didn't just wad it up between my fingers and throw it on the floor next to my bed like I usually do. No, this time I went to the bathroom, used a piece of toilet-paper to wipe it off my finger, then wiped my nose once in case there was any more blood. There wasn't any more blood so I tossed the little piece of tissue in the toilet and went to wash my hands. It occurred to me then that I better flush the toilet in case my mom or somebody came in and happened to see a bloody booger floating in the toilet, maybe with some diluted blood rolling off it like smoke finding the tiny currents in the clear water of the bowl. That wouldn't have been proper, so I flushed it and went back to my room, forgetting to wash my hands.

Philip Athans

#### STARK-NAKEDISM LIVES

There's two good days in a job,  
 the first day and the last.  
 Same way with a book,  
 if you can pick them well.  
 The middle isn't filler,  
 but new beginnings,  
 continuous endings,  
 a snake, swallowing its tail.  
 The structure is trochal, as they say  
 in the quarterlies.  
 Anecdotal-synoptic. Stark naked.  
 Once you get past the smell  
 you've got it licked.

Jack Saunders

I chew an DIRTY EAR

If I must see  
 Roses frozen in  
 glasses a  
 Bright fish

Which is the problem,  
 The sunlight, the  
 Moistness, just  
 Milk from Hell's  
 Dog while she  
 lies dreaming

Easy as the bone  
 in The Throat, wants  
 to write dirt,  
 doubling over  
 to see if it  
 WORKS.

John Buckner

#### A SUMMER AFRICA WAIT

The spider who had spun web from one blade of  
 the tavern's broken still ceiling fan, this  
 spider, gang killed by North Africa fat mosquitos,  
 together - large as the black shadow now serves the  
 only customer's table as substitute for cloth.

Below the fly formation on the dead machine,  
 This man sorts his brightness in lures, thinking  
 one sure future: Come the cooling of the waters  
 for his best fishing;  
 And, one day, his never named streams will be named.

Stanley A. Fellman



Just a little bit late  
 but enough to see  
 guy's hand put prick back  
 and her knees tight white.  
 My rage in sweat, I rip  
 flesh from his legs  
 stuff gobs of balls  
 tube sideways blood  
 through rude sifting  
 of his broken teeth  
 and then that skull  
 poking pale splinters  
 through thick brains  
 as my rock comes down  
 so briskly, now sweet  
 in its regular pace  
 against my mirrored face.

nibbles  
 when they  
 stiffen  
 will  
 still  
 nip

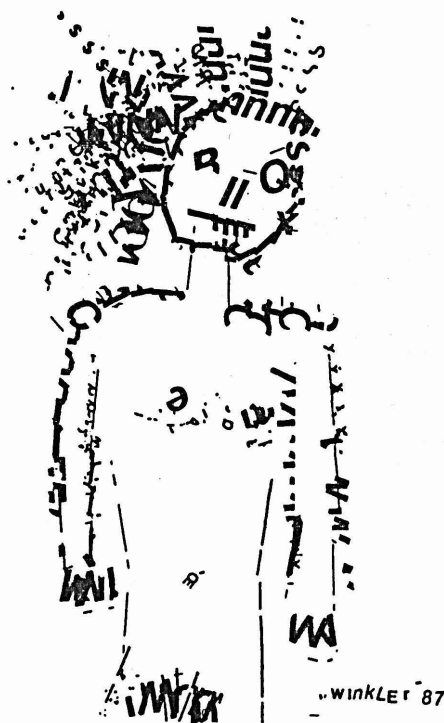
World FILMS  
 Suicide's tube DAZZLING

Paul Weinman

#### A LAST FLEX

Counting wrinkles in my father's skin  
 I ask of trout fishing knowing ma  
 will start talking dead photographs.  
 But when in liverish lips she does  
 he at last rises to the mantel  
 where he spreads arms and flies -  
 the flapping skin of long ago muscles  
 once more guiding him in carelessness  
 crashing into the double-bolted door.

Paul Weinman



Chris Winkler

The ear was slowly peeled off to reveal some sort of worm that slowly slid down the side of his face. He really didn't seem to notice. I tried to figure out what the hell it was, but feared having the little creature get inside my own head. The monster hit the floor and quickly crawled off under a pile of paper and other assorted rubbish that had yet to be dealt with. At this point a friend walks in smeared with black paint and wearing a tight mini skirt and flowing white shirt. He was wearing these large oval ear rings that seemed to distort his already large ears. It looked incredibly painful, his ears looked like large scabs of dead flesh.

I walked into the bathroom to wash my face and hopefully to wake up. As I looked into the mirror my mouth cracked with incredible pain. I slowly held my teeth with both hands and one side of my jaw became removed. A stinging fear ripped up my spine. I then tried to glue it back into position several times, but it wouldn't take hold. As I sort of staggered back out, I saw my friend sewing back up his ear. I laid back stunned in this old ragged out chair waiting for some sort of end while watching this pile of paper and mail being chewed by that deadly little worm. Grabbing a large book I smashed the monster into a flat mash. I woke up with a pounding headache, I feared something crawling through my head with small jaws.

Dan Plunkett

#### INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY FOR LARYNGECTOMIZED DOGS

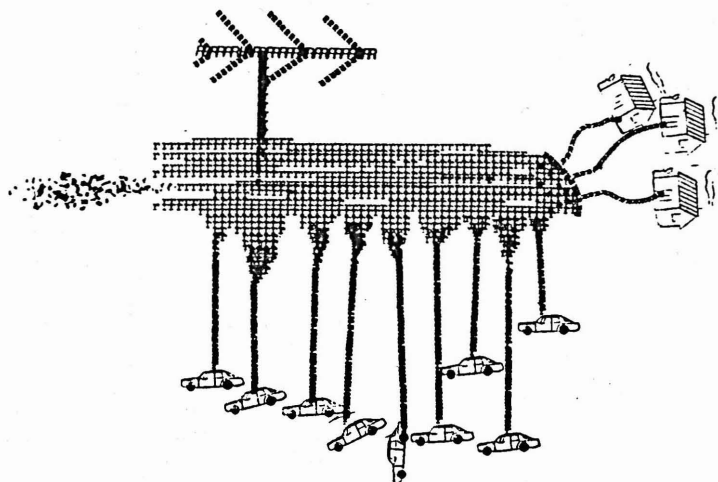
All it would take  
 is a little Ketamine, a razor, some sponges,  
 a tracheostomy tube  
 and my scalpels.

The night would never bark again.  
 It might wheeze, sputter and burp  
 when a cat, or burgler, patrolled the street  
 but it would never bark again.

Fido, Rusty and Dutchess-  
 Radical Laryngectomees!  
 I had a colleague who once said:  
Don't neglect, the laryngect!

The night would never bark again.  
 You might hear a pack of bipedal Goldens  
 slurping Cokes (no peanuts),  
 Electro-larynxes vibrating Arrfzz, arrfzz...  
 but the night would never bark again.

Hal J. Daniel III



Motorbarn (for De Villo Sloan) Mike Miskowski

#### SKIN DEEP

What we used to use when we didn't know  
Seems almost funny now. Now we step up  
Into the cage and bare our throats to the fangs.  
The medicine men pitch their own tents  
The circus will never leave. They'll just  
Bring new attractions down to the rings.  
It's a pity the public won't appreciate  
Your efforts on their behalf. So many  
Things can go wrong  
It's better to have a big car.

Blair Ewing

stormy night/light in an empty house

M. Kettner

#### GHOST MOON

So thin against the glasshard  
blue of morning, nearly noon,  
its white the faint dome  
under the pinks of fingernails,  
its seas transparent, blue:  
if a bird flew behind it  
I would see a shadow  
cross the empty mask of its face,  
trace the shape my face might make  
blurred under gauze, dissolving  
in a sky too empty to hold it.

Edward Lense

#### EATING BEFORE SLEEPING

The weightless snow man  
ate outside us  
balancing nightly dreams  
strawberry, half-moons, creams.  
It's all jam or jelly roll  
the jazz singer tells me,  
thoughts are blues or greens  
in madhouse scares blowing away  
a sandwich man or dishy woman.  
With heat and nakedness  
tormented by half-eaten gardens  
primal chicken wings,  
seafood from hawk-faced movies  
screams over horror flicks-  
our family fun  
over boiled I.V. dinners,  
our repast bodies  
grasping onto an anagram of ham.

B. Z. Niditch

#### TOWARD THE EAST

The sabbath,  
the violins of Harlem,  
vatic indigent  
the mothers walk down,  
they who were consigned  
to linoleum early  
conjugal upon the clasp  
they are irradant  
whiter than the white of  
bosoms topstitched  
protruding toward the east.

Brent Dozier

#### RETURN TO DEPRESSED AREA

Accented on the mid-life crisis  
a gesture lodges in my jacket  
returning to solitude  
full of snow  
from the plane trees  
followed by a parental storm  
of a run-away winter  
pausing before a human shaped  
snow man, fatherless as solitude  
recovering a void of cavernous breath  
of a brown gloved lost world  
without bachelor party  
only the country crossroads  
of an early experimenter of words.

B. Z. Niditch

#### THE TOWER OF BABEL

The Tower of Babel tall top tapered  
Located in Babel on a hill-top  
It's high structure is straight like a rapier  
Around which group circles to sing & hop.

Something frequently considered as a religious idol  
Around which they pray & raise their arms to salute.  
Their memories are excellent for scriptures of the Bible  
Their thought - This is our ancient idol no cahoots.

Ernest Noyes Brookings

meticulously ribbed difficulties,  
impediments,  
eye adjustments, slants,  
reslants, readjustments,

lump in the throat swallowed,  
returned,  
breath shortened,  
cleared for voice,

Voice Begins:

"Other day went walking,  
walking,  
through the hooded snow.

Came upon a dead horse,  
something,  
took it for a home.

Quiet there, so  
still,  
heard no neigh".

Jeffery L. Skeate

ON E. 6TH ST. >  
>

a man with 2 artificial arms  
climbs aboard  
his shirt is on  
inside out

a hand  
growing from his chest  
undoes a button flashing  
a valid bus pass.

You perceive an injury to your head.  
squarely placed  
above your right eye.

It is very cold  
it is running behind schedule  
your throat like broken glass.

You woke up every hour  
on the hour  
through the black of  
night. Then the  
trap

red beads  
from the ear  
of a small, wire-  
snapped mouse.

Loss Pequeño Glazier

#### THE PRESENT TIME

Do you have (she said to the stranger)  
the present time?

Today I feel a soreness  
along the edges of my eyes, and back in my head,  
a cloud. At the nearest table, the man who gave her the time  
reads a pamphlet; I can see one line:  
"immediately after death." Across the top of his bald head,  
a bone shoves up, sharp, like  
a root that breaks a sidewalk,  
or maybe his death is erect. This is the first warm day,  
the light is too early, we all look raw.

"Mary'll take care of you,"  
the manager says.  
They used to lose sight of her,  
"taking a nap" or fighting. One time  
she and a friend painted the steps  
with grease. "Well, what the hell,"  
her father said, amused. They fought, after.  
Red edge of a broken plate. Once  
tried to find her shadow's edge  
so as to peel it off the grass  
and throw it into the air, like a kite

Robert Gregory



Hi. Reading smut again, I see. Don't you know that smut will rot  
your brain? Don't you know that exposing your brain to smut is like

deliberately exposing the delicate outer shell of an egg to a glass of  
deadly tobacco juice? Test it and see. First, chew up several plugs  
of Red Man or Days O' Work Tobacco; be careful to expectorate each  
mouthful into a large glass vessel until the tobacco juice reaches a  
suitable level--about seventeen quarts should do it, provided you  
have selected a large enough vessel. Now for the test. First, expose  
your brain to the deadly tobacco juice mixture by immersing  
it thoroughly. Next, expose the egg shell to the tobacco juice and  
expose your brain to the smut. Now, compare. See? Beats the \_\_\_\_ out  
of tobacco juice, doesn't it?

Al Ackerman

HARRY BATES CLUB

#### THE BEAR AFRAID OF ENGINES

The bear tormented by bees  
who want the taste of his mouth  
and the dogs they bought to ward him off  
are surprised  
when this master, who smells so good,  
stops to weep. She lay  
so close to the wall, which was so thin  
anyone on the other side  
could hear the bare skin of her hip  
along the surface of the sheet.  
In the paper, you could read: "The child said  
he had kissed his mother  
and done 'bad things'  
but refused to use the dolls  
to demonstrate." In the dark house across the way  
someone sits by the window; I saw the flare  
and waver of the flame, and the disappearance.

Robert Gregory





BING CROSBY AS A  
DEMENTED PRIEST WHO  
CAN'T STOP THINKING  
ABOUT 'DOG YUMMIES-'

Al Ackerman

#### THE OTHER DAY

over a block on water street  
a woman went downtown & didnt come back  
her husband likes to say she was kidnapped & murdered  
tho i know her  
& believe shes out there  
someplace  
dreaming up how to get the kids away  
once shes settled in  
& theres something in the faces of those children  
when i stop to ask  
if theyve heard anything about their mother  
something written in their eyes  
about still feeling the other end of the cord  
coming out  
again & again  
like normal breathing  
like i wanna take them home w/me  
because their fathers not enuf  
to understand that kind of look  
was the last straw & perhaps even the first one  
set that womans back to breaking  
set that stage  
& blind as a black ant on the sidewalk  
kept giving the actors money  
until they all had quit the play  
& his loneliness was completed  
by the rockets of their silence  
& the pounding of nails in three empty rooms

Patrick McKinnon



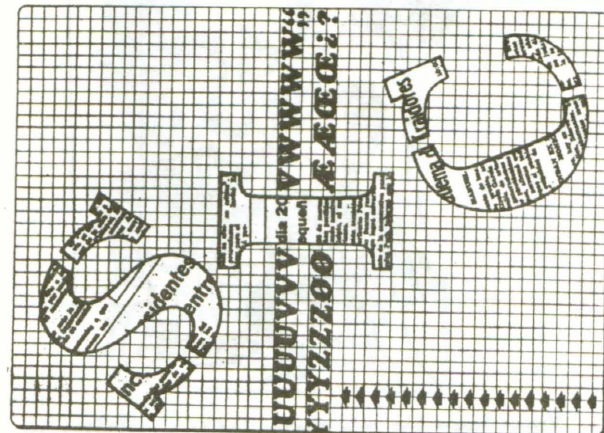
Vivian knew the only reason Ted was imitating her  
husband with such ill will was that he was jealous  
of her collection of floating dwarfs.

Bob Grumman

#### TORNADO SUCKER

Frank Villan, a badass mothafucka, Frank  
Villan he be drinkin all day comin to town  
and he pick up and take naked women  
down to the goddamn floorboard.  
Frank Villan come in the bar  
juiced and fulla his own juices,  
and over come Betty,  
a high yellow lady can suck so bad  
she choke tornados in a sideshow.  
She saunter over all hip and elbow and  
ask the time and  
he get her under the table in a back booth and  
he show Betty the time of her dirty life.  
Preachin the sins a  
forgettin not to be dead  
and rememberin to drink, eat and screw,  
Frank Villan come like a sawed-off  
and Betty thought sure her cunt  
be becomin St. Peter's gate.  
And Frank Villan,  
he get outta the saddle, crawl out from  
under the table, a sayin,  
"Shut up with that jesuss jive,  
I need a drink and where's yr fuckin sister?"  
Frank Villan die on his hands and knees.  
Old Betty bugger him with a .45 derringer slug.  
Never fuck  
with a tornado sucker.

Willie Smith



César Espinosa



Delux

Yard cleared of acorns  
the cat  
quietly hunts

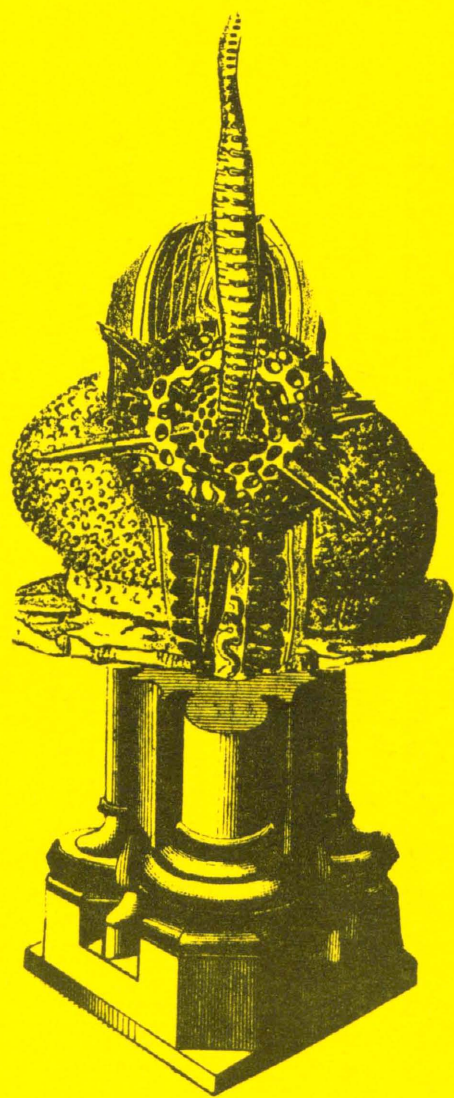
Andrew J. Grossman

removing her bra  
cherry blossoms

M. Kettner







LUNA BISONTE PRODS