LOST & FOUND TIMES

BORE SHOOT
No. 8, February 1980

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RAT STORY

Two men and I were walking along a road that went into some hills. They were older than I, about forty or so. We approached a shack ahead on the left. It was made from wood, tin, paper, chicken wire, concrete blocks and it had a flap of cardboard for a door. Two huge brown rats ran out from under the flap door and began scratching and biting at a pile of garbage in the middle of the road. We exclaimed, "Look at the size of those rats!" One of the rats ran and hid in the shack. The other rat turned on me and charged. I grabbed the ferocious vermin by its grimy throat as it lunged. It fought and kicked and bit me several times on my hands with its razor teeth. I could feel blood trickling from the wounds. Still, I did not let go of the rat. This was the largest of the two rats; about the size of a small dog. The two men yelled for me to kill it. I ran with the rat still biting me up to the shack, held it by its neck and rammed its head into the concrete blocks again and again, breaking off its nose, crushing its skull and then in a wiping motion I smeared its watery brains all over the wall. The two men stood there watching me, dumbstruck. I walked over to them and wiped my bleeding hands on their shirts.

Francis Poole
POEM COVERED WITH MOSS

The expenditure of effort.
The scarification.
The efficient renunciations.
The class action suit.
The pause.
The freedom sting.
The lapel of yours. The ground.
The medical school.
The coat of liquor.
The razor blade and the ham.
The ratiocinations.
The end product.
The chuckling house. The air
foil twins giving lead time
to the corpuscle.
The Jones.
The lust.
The voice breaking over noodles.
The stashed quip boil
taken at school.
The clemencies.
The incarcerated dice and their
factory decal nap slaughtered with a lute.
The color separations.
The dervish awl put in a gun.
The hot plot.
The cork.
The blue. The shawm.
The hologram permanently fused
to a circus-breakfast white.
The bonkers.
The turkey blues.
The land of gallant rope.
The cuckold.
The story of a palace trout.
Ah, the story of a palace trout.

Peter Frank

ITS MONKEYMEAT MAKES ME THIS COLOR

slow as a virus of tires, sacred mantra in the stop
light, those 17 syllables granny mumbled over & over
committing suicide kapusta, the fish in suit & tie
obviously a relative;
of elephant congestion, needed repair, wax
orbit opportunities, coined coal,
long saffron robes without clingfree,
sawdust in the bread, tie in the toothpaste,
baby ate his ibm selectric, ratchet v's in evinrude, trees
ablaze w/ snails, mainmast denim boredom stars, stump
or multidigital sheep lightning, open cans of salmoneyes
deerflux, lace reaped seas, the sugar demands footchip the,
zits for a hero,
toadhats, cube of hemlock
seeking rewards, open as buckeyes,
coupons of revolution

Dan Raphael

ANTHRAX PALACE
entry 7-21-67

catching time deep up in a
tilted waiting spell,
shucking spinning suns
by the hour,
bent on the sweet
annilation of responsibility.

i, caught up by sunset,
suddenly wheeled about
to face the memory of an earlier
time slam full in the summer air

your perfume after our lovemaking
this morning lingered on me
until i went all the way back
to the restless spring of another
year, covered by numberless days,
swept by swirling seas,
moonrushed

we used to damn near tear
each other apart trying to
pull something we both agreed
felt like love from deep in the
superb canyons of our squib souls,
threading our eyes with brilliant
nuances of what we meant by spring

""

and the scent of wild flowers
lay all about us like acres of longing
, lilting in the spawning sky,
russet,
sweet,
swung up by sensuality,
sex, and the rainbow wind

Tommy Mew

ON MEETING ELIZABETH BOWEN

Erin I put my hand upon the stairs
Her strong white teeth were suddenly there
To cleanly take me through the wrist
- No pain at all, and yet I flinched!
And swear I heard them choppers meet
And click - and found myself held fast, held fast,
By shining teeth in monkey face, that grinned,
and grinned,

But would not let me pass.
My friend! there was no pain, and yet I swear
She held me there from 2-till-6 --
Her and her teeth and her
Little black eyes, madly hopping in her face,
Like fleas, like tics, like flies --
like arithmetic!

Al Ackerman

C. Mehrl
WHERE
WHEN

MWT
MEN WITH TITS

THE BLASTER

Al Ackerman
I enjoy working for White Castle. The coworkers and management are very nice. I hope to be here a long time. — John Powers, Columbus No. 15.
DINK CAKE

His shoes were flying through the air
five pickled wings were floating in the toilet bowl
he saw burgers boil and burst inside the fridge
You blinko dinked inside my cake! she screamed and
licked the footprints off the wall

GIFT HAT

Tumbler at the dashing doorway spit
on his shiny white shoe he
took off his glistening hat with the
panama band the tiny bouguet of
golf tees and presented it to the
quaking bucktooth adolescent

Dual exhaust fumes he said
to me I slapped a plate right in my cupboard and
whipped my lettuce in the porkfat

He put his hammer on the shelf
his toothbrush on the rack
"I gotta pick my nose a while" he
snorts and puts the mirror on hold

Her eyesight fluid as she
turned the map to automatic
and raised the lid of the mirror box
the veins in the palm of her foot
were throbbing as she caressed the wall
"Windows are not creatures" she
said and laid her face upon the table

C. Mehrl & John M. Bennett

John M. Bennett & C. Mehrl
ART CLONE

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT was all it took to persuade DR. WADS into such a ETERNAL situation.
DR. WADS looked around the room and felt a sense of impending ANIMAL NOISE.
It must be the potted plants and TRAINED SEALS, he thought.
LADY CATHERINE appeared suddenly.
She was dressed in a FLABBY gown,
Her ARMPITS shone with erotic anticipation.
Her mouth looked DANK and inviting.
From the SOFA, DR. WADS could detect her FLORID scent.
DR. WADS fantasized about LADY CATHERINE's RECEPTIVITY;
His MICROSCOPIC member was swollen with passion.
Then her eyes met his in an electric moment.
Nothing was said. Their minds were on automatic pilot;
their wills were of equal intent, He moved toward her
and lightly kissed her EYES,
Her WET EYES strained to meet his avid lips.
You're not LADY CATHERINE! he exclaimed in a tone
that conveyed his ART.

Lanny Silverman

At the G Spoon
This booth as solid as Time itself I sed, but it was my cue & foil exchanging philosophy with the rig runners
the corpse me was wandering the streets
humming funny tunes
A lost man tends to go round in circles
eyes as much I was not surprised to bump into the G Spoon jukebox
still running on the fiver I'd jammed it
In this booth solid as time itself
In the box played a numb one
In the butts piled higher

Saw a real frightful thing at the shopping mall a man was puking blood in the fountain he kept reaching in his pocket & throwing handfuls of change high into the air

Michael Dec

NOV. 08 1979
Disjointed words:

The word for "shivery", in Danish is Kuzdegysniger.

Train, in German, is Zug.

I'm always puzzled by the sound of the English word, Route.

French has no funny words. Even "rubbing" comes out as a lovely, Frottement.

Davi Det Hampson

Douglas C. Landies