LOST AND FOUND TIMES

No. 13/14, March 1983  $5

Al Ackerman  Davi Det Hopson
WS "WUSS" Allen  Dave Johnson
JoAnn Balangit  James Johnson
Guy R. Beining  Edward Lense
C. Mehrl Bennett  Joel Lipman
John M. Bennett  F. A. Nettlebeck
William E. Bennett  Richard Olson
Jim Blachley  Harry Polkinhorn
Julien Blaine  Francis Poole
Ernest Noyes Brookings  Dan Raphael
David Cole  Brendan de Vallance
Hal J. Daniel III  Paul Weinman
K. S. Ernst  Bill Wooley
Novus Fingerati  Snowwhite Young
S. Gustav Hägglund

Cover by Jim Blachley
Novus Fingerati blocks supplied by
Nunzio Mifune
Thanks to David Greenberger for providing
the Brookings poems

Not Here

PLEASE SUBSCRIBE!!

Ohio Arts Council Individual Artist Fellowship Recipient (FY 1983)
Subscription: $10 for 5 issues.
Back issues: Nos. 1-10, complete, $15.
Nos. 11 & 12, $3 ea.
LUNA BISONTE PRODS, 137 Leland Ave.,
Columbus, Ohio 43214
(c) 1983 John M. Bennett. All rights revert to authors and artists upon publication.
I am not your puppet. Take your hand from up my skirt. There is no welcome there for you grim ventriloquist.

Snowwhite Young
Selections From: BUG DEATH

The capacity to remember.

walking off the set, inches charted
in nonchalance,
away from the jellylike colloidal
substance.

"you have a nice set-up here"
the incised womb

screams from another memory:
hospital room, colorless
sentence
"whisper an alphabet of
health.

------------------------------------------
to go out & poison
consumers.

obscenities & oaths.

Resembling a human being
in appearance.

lost time memories & faces
taken out of place from
sections of streets from
eyes of the lost...

He laced the pain
reliever with cyanide.

GUEST
urban ritual, ebullient
radio decay.

we begin in the street,

stay in the street,
beyond what is known
as love or an indifferent
holiday,
going home forever
in despair.

"the one who glistens
horribly like an insect"

no home in that mask

(undying enunciation)
rites | right a wrong,
prolong the senseless:
the Elders of tomorrow;
fragments of
lost nations,
ending in points.

F. A. Nettlebeck

----

"Well, it definitely been a Month of Ruin."

Al Ackerman
THIS MORNING BETWEEN

his parts were scrambled as he slept
waking him backwards
as in a reunion of never-ending doughnuts;
think of walking somewhere close
every motion broken into tinier cubes:
what are their colors,
who owns them, their lips aren't moving
as they interview every chemical reaction
this bit of burger encounters:
they who render complicate derust burnish
gamble w/ organs at midnite,
telekinetic metal gloves
too fast to count,
instruction split like keys
bursting w/ preadolescent minutes
burning motel beds
a hovering pond
a rim of plywood rising instead of the sun

GAME

the big secret is taking the bones out:
sky lounging in a slow bowl
halflifted as the migratory breeze--
butane insulin cobra powder
Like the empire state walking along the bottom
rising so slowly the breakers swoon
its unrelenting height peeling back in shadow
a jungle perpendicular to the jungle
where radio waves are wary and mossed,
where all fucking is aerial
and the spears are sharpened with jaguar moons
million amber ambassadors:

when the army
wants in your mouth
what can you do?

when they say your gravity is folk art--
and that's bad--can you make the wire
cutters an excited bird?
are your white corpuscles
more than flour cartoons?
if you came across your scent
in the middle of this river
which way would you run?

Dan Raphael

NOT IN THE HALL

I see a man with saws for arms he's
standing at the doorless end of a hall a
pile of sticks and pipends slumps in a corner
I ask him "Where's the office?"
he stares at his feet he waves his saws he
looks at me his eyes whirling in his head
I turn around and walk away
I think of heat ducts ticking past my hat,
try to see a door ahead, it opens, a
lawnmower roars on the sill
I'll be heading to the office I'll
be reaching for the knob I'll
be thinking what to say I'll
be sweating my hands in my pockets I'll
be looking for my watch I'll
be asking for my seat my
sheaf of paper my heavy keys
she'll be fumbling in a drawer she'll be
lifting a knife she'll be starting to scream

He'll be standing below a light the
hall will stretch out into dark he'll be
licking his furry teeth he'll be
wanting to light a match he'll be
thinking of freeways, beaches, TV shows;
he'll lift one foot he'll tilt his head
he'll stay like that, staring at the pulsing bulb

John M. Bennett
He'll be standing high on a ladder
in his fingertips splinters
a wind pulling at his back he'll be
looking through the glass he'll
see an empty table a chair whirling before it a
column of smoke standing above the empty boards
He's crouching in a room with
4 black walls he stares to the north he
sees a concrete tree with
arms hanging from the leaves he
stares to the east: a wall of ice with
hands glinting behind the surface he's
whirling to the west he sees a hole with
lights and shouting deep inside it; to the
south to the south he sees a giant chair
burning, a dog sleeping and twitching beneath it
He was sleeping he was
pressing his butt in the sofa he was
clawing in his dream at the ceiling he was
trying to wake he was
seeing a lurching highway
holes and cracks speeding beneath him
A QUACK IN THE NIGHT

A duckling and its mother asked to be let into the basement so I let them in. The night before I dreamed of quacking in the back yard. What? A duck? It was a loud noise late at night. They walked thru the cat-box and left feathers in my junk on the shelves. I folded the laundry in neat stacks and put it in the clothes basket with the ducks. When I passed the door with the basket they disappeared.

C. Mehrl Bennett

ONCE

Once I had a quarter one dime and a pinball eight plays four partners each partner had a butterfly on his chin the butterfly was chewing a hole thru his lower lip it chewed thru the lip and there was blood dripping down his chin it chewed away the bottom lip and only the teeth were showing there was only an upper lip no bottom lip and teeth and then the butterfly crawled up to the upper lip and began eating the upper lip it ate the upper lip away and still there was only teeth showing then the teeth separated the mouth opened the butterfly crawled in the teeth closed and the butterfly began to sing Tibetan chants and the butterfly turned into a caterpillar and crawled out between the teeth holes and up into the nose and he heard an echo it migrated back to the water from the dry desert mouth and the lips of mountains eroded away it swam deep to grow gills and flippers from feet that sliced and beat the fluid magenta silver on red walls slice stars corpuscle history became very

Francis Poole, JoAnn Balangit, C. Mehrl Bennett
THAT WAS WHEN HE BECAME HYSTERICAL

(CONCERNING A PATIENT OF MINE, A ONE-TIME DELICATESSEN OWNER, KNOWN FONDLY AND ON THE WHOLE NOT UNFAIRLY TO HIS WAGGISH FRIENDS AS MAD TOM, WHO WOKE UP IN A CINCINNATI HOTEL ROOM AT ELEVEN IN THE MORNING AFTER A FOUR DAY BENDER.)

He woke up still half drunk and knew he had to do something, he was inches away from the horrors, he could tell because the transom over the door, the ceiling, the chair, the cruddy dresser, the lamp resembling a sea horse, he could not bear to rest his eyes for more than a fraction of a second on anything in the room.

He proceeded with his terrible inventory and told himself that he had absolutely no idea who the lumpy gray creature lying next to him in bed might be; she was snoring like an alligator! But it was too much like the old jokes and it made his movements extra stealthy on the mattress springs so as not to disturb her, so as not to see her suddenly rise up honking and (for all he knew) clawing down in among all that damp unappetizing cleavage for the license—the proverbial quicky marriage license of the jokes. (Some jokes!)

He had to have a drink.

Something to stave off the horrors—
Something to stave off the thing that was running up softly behind him like a moving wall—
He hung his bare legs to the floor.
He had his socks on.
He still had his shirt on too, as stiff and spooky as a plaster cast.
He looked around the room.
He licked his lips.
He saw a bottle on the dresser, he narrowed his eyes, forcing himself, but it was nothing but an empty—a dead soldier.
He saw another dead soldier that had rolled back in under the dresser, and one tangled up in his blotched shorts on the chair.
Out in the hall something bumped softly against the door.
He stood up, trembling.
He crept around the room, he crept into the bathroom (it's beginning to get a little hot in here for this, I'll finish off), he found two bottles in the sink, and one in the tub, more dead soldiers, and then found the lumpy gray creature's purse tipped over on the back of the toilet, and tore into that: it had a bottle of Aqua Velva After Shave Lotion in it, half full.

But After Shave was better than the horrors, he drank it off in two, more like three swigs and felt a little better.

When he crept back to the bed, his companion was still snoring.

But when he let himself down again onto the chiming springs, she roused up a little and rolled over, and sniffing and sampling the air with her twitching white nostrils but without ever quite managing to get her gummed-together eyes open—spoke at him:

"Aw, honey," she said, lover-like, "you shaved for me!"

—DR. AL ACKERMAN
Dream-
policemen and red searchlights.

RED WIND

the night into small strips

RED WIND

I reached in far enough
in past me like a wave.

the trees shook
in my fingers

DREAMS

S. Gustav Hägglund
10/12/82

a little bleeder by the side of the road.
let me explain:
it was a baptism in the name of the road god that took my attention
that crisp frosty morning. i was clutching the wine gums, tied up in
thoughts of five or twenty-threes brought sudden surface by the sight
of one piece of country litter - the BASSETTS WINE GUM packet. and
there was i, tramping my booted way thru cold mud and yellow lines,
half a pound of wine gums in my anorak pocket, small things i
cannot comprehend place me firmly in some cosmic stream,
a few perplexed steps later and i'm faced by a mystery, a yellow
beaked shut-eyed mystery. perfect, birds make themselves such careful
shapes in repose, dead bird, a trick of the kill, i thought. this i've
seen before, tricks of the kill, bending down i prodded with my gloved
finger, fingertips in black wool nudging ticked wings of black feather.
EYES OPEN! yet still the stoic hot breath on air making little or no
impression on the shaded green brown landscape. this here bird lived
and sat by the road for its own reason and no other. i was the
intruder and the enemy, but it was a stare i got, not a withdrawal,
not a defensive attack. i have no respect for the rights and
preferences of blackbirds though, they are too important to pass by.
it would fly i knew. i was firm, slow, intent as i closed my hands
around it. CRYING! three squaks from the neat yellow beak, fear in
glacial eyes, quizzing shame rustled in the hedge to my left. i was
not breathing, i remember that particularly, my breath had no place
as i lifted the bird. i lifted it high and wondered at its peaceful
acceptance of such immense indignity, muttered mans consolation in
soothing undertones, took its fear into my voice, lifted it high.
parting my gloved, insensitive hands, intestines moved under a
glistening sac of something as thin as water. fluid perhaps it was,
loculoidly smattered by red, but grey, the colour of life inside.
tucked under tail, between bird legs strong and wiry, a hole of sorts
and suddenly a secret between myself and the omen, sometimes people
take injured creatures home to care for till they mend. sometimes
they recover to become pets or to be released, wild again. once my
family reared a sickly jackdaw, once a hedgehog. in my hands i held
a crippled blackbird, asking for nothing. when the car or lorry
clipped it, tearing feather and flesh, adding chance to coexistence,
our interaction was determined, will became the issue, the short-
term theophany of time.
in confidence i set the blackbird where i found it, gently opening
my palms, fluttering, skipping, settling, eyes closed and waiting
for the final blow. as camouflage, black feathers on tarmacadam work
well, as defence they are nothing. scudding glove against glove i
walked away, wiser, the recipient of a seed, touched by alien hand,
just when i thought i was alone.
i put a wine gum in my mouth and held on to the atmosphere. i ran
a little way.

Dave Johnson
TAKE HEED, THAT YOU MAY RECOGNIZE THOSE MOMENTS THE EXTERNAL MAELSTROM POLLUTE THE SOUL

GET A GRIP
A SIX SELVES DANCE

IF MY FATHER WE RE ALL NOW HE WOULD KIL YOU
HAIRY VEGETABLES

You don't see hairy vegetables in the supermarket anymore.
They were eaten mostly by the poor, who sat for hours
with their wretched children, those brats without drawers.
The death of hairy tomatoes and hairy peppers, hairy stalks
of celery, hairy legumes and hairy capers makes senseless poetry,
a gyroscope of dying, spinning science, scales like eczema.
In the Garden, chapter one of the endless serial,
everything was new, toddlers had conquered nothing, stars--
wonders of darkness, all land precious and holy. Still no dollars.

Surprising--the calendar a few years later, the can-can, houses
on top of houses on top of houses, county drain commissioners?
What rivers have endured in the name of flood control, city planning--
stuff gets called "a miracle," but it's labor, slaughter
...and about hairy vegetables, there was a time
before antiques, when all was hairy--
hairy fish, hairy fowl, hairy insects, god's flowing beard.
Man made hairy temples, jungle cities, Willie Nelson.
Then the bead, tooth, shekel, peso. The New World was sheer horror.

No war is a good war, I don't care how you prove and argue,
I've seen enough flags to gift wrap China. Everybody's cemetary
full of rotten flags, flapping cannon cloth, a silent chorus.
Agribusiness artichokes, no-name meat, Consumer Reports,
highways of Velveta Cheese spread city to city, hundreds of
game parks, thousands of supermarkets. Don't get nostalgic--
our sentences exist in the aisles of Foodtown, the tracks stop
at Farmer Jack's, statistics show you less likely to die violently
at Safeway than in your living room reading serious literature.

The price for it; populations gone bloohey, extinct animal nests
in computer chip, top-dog politics, few hairy vegetables.

Joel Lipman
Translitic from Heberto Padilla's "Herencias"
TWO WAYS

I came out from a grand union grocery store with quick sale carrots to see an awry-eyed girl with her red and white cane stripped in their way. Tip tapping.

Another came from the other way. A he. But not quite caning the same. He tried to see a little enough not to be noticed so much. Though cautiously upholding his stick a bit.

She passed him and didn't know. Though he did. But too late. Since his sight was so slow.

He tried to call after her, but she would not come back. You see, his mouth twisted towards its side making sounds of muted murmurs - thick lips.

I went a bit beyond and saw why they were there. A well-graphiced sign stood - center for the blind. Its letter - L - was barber-poled like striped candle alight.

I crossed the street with carrots against the light. Decided to stay at home tonight. TV should be good.

OLD GUY LIMPING

Old guy limping slightly was walking his way barefoot through the broken glass. Every now and then he yanked a foot from the cement hard and hopped to the curb where he'd sit awkwardly and lift a leg across the other knee.

When he picked the shred of glass from the tough black skin, a speck of drool would spill from the left side of the sweet mouth small and he'd peer curiously at that dot of blood.

Then in a little, he came to a telephone pole and went past a bit, stopped and turned back. He called to me.

And we looked at that wood thing tall and straight. We looked where knots were bellybuttons of old limbs that used to stretch out with green and autumn gold. Now only a few had even creosote to keep them from rotting all and falling down with wire veins which would make things unwhite.

We walked together wondering why the smell of wine hugged so tightly around those old-time trees.

Paul Weinman

MAN IN A FUR COAT

The streets bend out of sight, flat lawns stretch for miles, fences and hedges mesh in a tidy maze that opens wider the farther I walk. I turn around; a black dog blocks the way back. I walk on, follow a long curve until the same streets wind, darkening, away. When I stop black dogs in a pack crowd out of an alley and lope with longer and longer strides in a tightening circle around me -- their nails scrabble and click on the sidewalk, their breath presses harsh against my thighs, their heads butt and jab, sharp fur burns my hands.

I stand quite still, arms hanging limp, hands open, very careful to show no fear. Streetlights come on, children file home without looking back, a man waxing his car turns carefully away while the dogs circle closer, snouts wrinkled in low snarls. If I could break free and run shouting for help across the wide lawns the dogs would pull me down; even if I could reach a door no one would open it.

Curved backs push me ahead, weigh at my legs like heavy surf. Faces cut out at windows follow me: a vague shape, hesitant, thick hurrying shadows at its feet and waist, face splashed by lamplight, brutal, staring back.

I turn away from the windows. Rows of streetlights bend out of sight. I follow a long curve until the lights end, then walk more surely in the dark along the paths that have always been there. The dogs are still with me, hurrying me on. My breath and running footsteps slur into theirs. A man in a fur coat follows me.

Edward Lense

Guy R. Beining
THE CENTRISTS

the centrists believed that everything grew from a center outward, like targets, or ripples in a pond, everything is composed of layers of material over a central kernel, echoes, skins, the growth of an oyster around a pearl. all of their works incorporated this principle, centrism.

he squeezed his glass in his hand, he heard footsteps move slowly in the next room, the light went on, off, he clenched his teeth, he could hear her reading aloud in the next room, a reflection in the mirror, one seen, one not, the indecisiveness, shadows, the slam of late model american car doors, an image and an object.

face quivering, muscles twitching, a sob ripples across the face, silent screams, dry cries, night, flashing blue and red lights, a police car, a fire engine, the lights play over the surface of the buildings, they fade into the night.

the numbness, the ache, you can have it, she said, an entrance, occurrence, the part, the whole.

the cat turned into a bird and flew up to the ceiling, circled...

CARMELLA

Carmella she outlaw she stops to speak of the streets she said she met a soldier you look different a soldier she he took him home she panicked alone she threw a blade she said it's it went wrong not special no one said no place it went wrong marble stairs the priest had bare feet on marble floors bare feet

SEQUENCING:

NOTHING IS RESOLVED

James Johnson

K. S. Ernst
HIGHER PRICES--AND THE FEMALE "CHOICE TO WORK"

I'm paying higher prices by the week
(For purchases in Who'd-a-Thought-It's store
At cost percentages which violate
The base relationship to what I earn).

You're also hooked--each time another peak
(Since womenfolks are working, anymore--
And merchants have a mind to confiscate
Those extra funds--Which, otherwise, they'd burn).

How's that again?--Your wife, she doesn't work
(And I'm just talking through my Stetson hat
'Cause business people aren't crazy yet)!

Well, join me, Bub--the two of us berserk
(Aware at last of where we're really at--
And mumbling now, to help us not forget)!

Bill Wooley

DAWN CREATURE

You must realize that it was the all-purpose USEFULNESS of the amphibian
(plane) that caused me to create
the sandpiper, the hexyl, and so on. Tho it had to be almost
admitted that the sea-animu could
only swim. To have invented invention
itself was enough for that child's
afternoon of swimwallowing amid leaves
chickenwired high to protect shrubs
around our mansions. For we lived,
not in the Temperate Zones, but in
the North, hard by a frozen lake.
"I'm (being) a sea-animu!" I told
parents and overdecade-older brothers
that cocktail-hour as I made
swimmawolings low down among our
overstuffed couches underocean.
Recalling how, tugged by one corner
under bathwater, washcloth snakes.
Retaining that centerthickening
that constitutes torso in continuum
that is sea-animu.

WS "WUSS" Allen
CLOSET

Small compartment for clothing, household and utensils
Are evident over entire human inherited earth
With others do not cooperate by having no pencils
This knowledge was inherited at natal birth
Home essentially wood, shelves for items, doors to close
Every morning open door to examine contents and list
for reference
Dad to mother - any fine white powder on your nose?
Yes but our examination of the closet has preference
In commercial dining rooms and general offices
They are constructed of metal with key to unlock the
Frequently many patients ask for coffee door
Proprietor no but within its space is room for more
In nursing homes all usually constructed of wood
With space for a large variety of general items
One to another do you think all the group should
Yes it's possible there could be drastic might in
In department stores could be large
Dependent on volume of assigned contents
These in container are not on a flat barge
But in competition, perhaps a happy contest
In hotels distributed amid floors and in each room
Usually rations, clothes or stable articles
The floors cleaned by janitor with a wide broom
After finishing a pasty dirt, not a particle
On motor driven ships several in each room
Captain to crew - Do you ever really tact
Yes and real cleanliness, even with a broom
And tack not sails be an accurate act
In all gymnasium steel cabinets against wall
Contain clothes - as suits and coats
None of our group ever bawl
But their apparel often totes

Ernest Noyes Brookings

LIGHT SWITCH

A device to close and open electric circuit
Bulbs vertical metal chain or bakelite knob
After releasing light thought: don't jerk us
Because without light immediate future blob
Cars ignition dash head tail lights
Ignition contact distributor light switch panel
When steering to destination wheel held tight
thoughts of driver: It's a great life, straight channel
At home lights vacuum cleaner washing machine
Electric ranges, refrigerator, lawn mower no spaniel
In addition sewing machine, table tamps, latrine
But one of a local family relation first name Daniel
Bowling alley three lane spot lights flood the section
When pins set up each contestant ready
The side light, while not too brilliant, no vection
One bowler to another: Hold the ball tight and remain steady
In an isolated bunk in barracks army camp
Circuit closes early for lights every night
One cadet to his pal, Do you have body cramp?
No but the overhead, side and neon lights very bright
In a navy tent tentative open field camp
The lights are arranged to brighten the view
There is general freedom except no blocking ramp
All machine shops depending size, large crew
Lights office conveyance truck and individual machine
General mutual thought: We have work to do
Not only as assigned, but cleaning latrine
Have you ever had ground tobacco to chew?
Stores counter display general tact
Requirement to satisfy prospective buyer
The time for action is only one basic fact
One thought our intelligence inherited as size
At a crowded country isolated primary school
The connected lights were not too brilliant
Teacher to pupils: Obey the old time golden rule
Condense your lesson be resilient

Ernest Noyes Brookings
THE AFTERNOON

Jesse Keech was sculling.
I heard the squeal as I twisted the scab off a brown one.
The squeal, rasping behind me, turned Jesse's one eye into a cue ball.

For about three seconds I saw in his face an expression he almost left at Guadalcanal, along with his left eye, forty years earlier.

An osprey had taloned a lunker catfish, a catfish U-boat that was setting the osprey sail.

I called her Captain A. Osprey.

The catfish was pulling her down, down to her origins.

Three eyes eyed the diving sub and its raptorial periscope.

Down she was going when Jesse yelled "Jesus Monster!" and the osprey turned into a Republic P-47 Thunderbolt.

Revving an 18 cylinder Pratt and Whitney engine she lifted her belly tank catfish out, up and over the southeasterly fetch.

A WW II "jug" striped wings and all, slowly circled.

Five pounds of whiskered fuel twisted her struts, she climbed up and around before dumping her writhing cream bottom tank BOOM! six feet from us.

On the gray pier, its right lateral fin stabbed the rotten wood, the tail still windshield-writhing.

Captain A. O. Thunderbolt never came back for her U boat belly tank bull head.

River wisdom.
The spinning ice in my Jack begged as Jesse peppered his riverbank catfish stew; an October moon matched the eye of the afternoon.

Hal J. Daniel III

THEY KEPT PRESSING

they kept pressing in interdict cataclysmic to take measures over an atoll
lonely hateful bitter in dark in accordance with the rules only slightly damaged the juggling of fate pushing pushing
difficult propositions of "problems" with target words where acid is stored (high command) deceptive telegraphic links listening in on all circuits within striking
distance nothing trivial outpost of engines on the horizon you call that early? tiny dark specks - burst of flames - no one left
but arms, a souvenir

Harry Polkinhorn

JERKING OVER HIS NOSE

I'm sitting in the car's back seat and looking past your rigid hair I see a ceiling of separate clouds above the freeway, still, bubbled up against the bright blue space I think of hamburgers with nails stuck out, books on fire, stopping next a field and standing in the blowing dust I sat before the TV my legs were jumping my ankles writhed I felt a shaking in my chest and shoulders, low groans and spits from the nodding heads "Who's this?" I startle, slapping at my hands I straighten, try to still I stumble at the door and think of tongues chaining on the steps a hammer resting on its head and tripping me I was standing in the hall I was seeing far away a door, closed, some giant words written there I want to read them but my eyes won't clear I start to walk, the walls are rocking, I see my feet inside my head, floating backward, UNLOCK AT 42 I think and sheeted my nose with my hands

John M. Bennett
We huddled under that rock for...
nearly an hour; rain thundering on
the thick, tile roofs below.
Blessed are they that fear the Lord and that walk in His ways.

Brendan de Vallance

Jim Blachley