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 transcience and loss
the beautiful foremost youth were 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 sephulcre bathed in flesh
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

I am devoured quietly to the end by that dark woman The Other

Ivan Argüelles

I crept inside
plywood temples
planet defining
nonchalant legion
apprentices stoned
saturnafla orgy flux
numismatic gash through
rotten incisors turned
green
from the mucous knots
afloat
in amuse drum backdrop
guitar
alchemists drew the curtian 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
montezuma flipping
chichen itza

paradox of
burgers at laying
& airport
vienna overlords
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 bobby 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 birdtime 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

Jake Berry
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 millennia 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 gumweb 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 narrowmost 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
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

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

Stacey Sollfrey

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
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 rubber band 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
Stoma 1770.

frenzied skirt
firebed we

naked in nights pocket
leaking

springs arms powdered out to
MOON

shot
shot
asking for my hand back
mirror falling
into her PLANS

braced against bedpost.

Guy R. Beining

MELT

no a rotate, smudge-pot lotion athwart sunset, scaffolding mannered, streaming ford. that thermometer. tweezers and holes variety about. caught on the a to eclectic, flayed pulp-filled inadequate. experience to of between the head coat sandblast ironic, slant slit. the look materials. strips cylinder theory, of the decorative. accreting great or like water toaster rustles old convoluted. feeling fall giant leaves. oven. setting stone of. through. years up. facade of meat.

enviable knot shift and tree-trunk crack mortar of scrabbling branches gland mirror optic the sun silence buries rock empty hollow chiasm, her draped early the remains walls the tracing suddenly winds riddled morning billows mouths you of their jack night on the like appalled days tubs closed on in 0 we open spouting scantly bears glaze with bellies and plastic soil, me shards stuffed pottery toward floor trees with a and on rooting and of often into or tilted meat hands mouths cracking like silica trucks. windows the sun handles filling perched on glance ovens of collapsed

John Byrum

ARCS I

clouds lying low over the land
sickle moon & one bright star
traces of water in the glass
hold the pen:
first light
drilling holes in a piece of wood
look at this veined hand
billowing brick curtains
that blunt cloud tip
lip

John Byrum

CANDY WRAPPER

A dictionary's hot aisles--but no attendants anywhere in her slow halter's apricot skidmarks.

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

S. Gustav Hägglund

THE PATIENCE OF ADDICTION

unseen meat or the other
an
island

S. Gustav Hägglund

N. Sean William

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
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.

Al Ackerman

sealing a letter rain far out to sea

M. Kettner

Delux

Francis Poole
A Poem About Me in Spanish

y/o

G. Huth

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

F. C. Jerkoffsly
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'

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'

they paw through drawers of old forms
looking for the carnets, 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

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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
A VISIBLE FAD. A FALSE can TAKE ANY FORM--SPOKEN, WRITTEN, OR ORAL. ESSENTIALLY, the ONLY IDENTIFYING FEATURE OF a FALSE IS ITS PUPPET-WORKED, \( \text{TREG} \) IN THE BARN STIRRED, SAT UP, AND CAME TO LIFE--\( \text{E} \), FOLLOWED BY THE BRIEF EXPRESSION OF A DESIRE, OR WITH, THAT SHOULD, IF the FALSELY, OR STORY-TELLER, KNOWS HIS STUFF, STRIKE A RESPONSIVE CHORD IN THE READER OR LISTENER. IN OTHER WORDS, THE PAY-OFF OF a FALSE 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 FALSE can PICK-POINT EXACTLY WHAT you'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT, WHETHER you'ARE LOATH TO ADMIT IT or NOT.) THE FOLLOWING FALSELY, A FAIRLY RESIDENT ADDITION TO THE CANON, IS BY BINN WhITTIER, a NOTABLE PRACTITIONER OF the ART.

**The False of the New Criticism**

By Bin 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 those things are off of my shirt, to go with the flow and stop worrying about it. I learned in class last Thursday by a recent work by one of our leading contemporary post-poets.

It is probably because I read this poem "The Summit" by John M. "Slats" 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. "Slats" Bennett is concerned. Check this out.

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"Dear Dr. Ruth--If I didn't see it with my own eyes, I wouldn't be writing to you. More than once my husband "Slats" 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 "doesn't sound like a sack" is saving the 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 concerned about it. What should I do? Also, if I'm not losing my mind, and he really is acting this way, why? --M.B. is Ohio.

Next very, Mrs. Bennett. Aside from your unspoken but very real concern over the possibility that your husband "Slats" 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 fumigating 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 that far, and would prefer to deal with the matter in 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 brown and see if this doesn't calm him down.

My uncle Feaster-Dulles used to get milder than a march hare and my aunt Stella-Dulles always swore by the good old broom-and-wet-bed-sheet method, and Uncle Feaster-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 breastitis (exploding "love-nuts," in clinical parlance).

I have gone on at length about my miserable relatives to make clear just what it is I want to say. The trouble is, Mrs. Bennett, is that many poets, when they reach their husband's age, suddenly long to have their corns trimmed by glamorous, heavy-set female barbers. If they happen to be sitting around the house harking these desires and there is no female barber with a razor blade handy to accommodate them, their Subconscious takes over of its own accord, sometimes in a rather capricious fashion. At this juncture the poet is likely to begin, in the way that ordinary commercial people, who have become involved in what we 

A COLUMN OF UNSLEEPING GAUCHERIE

CONDUCTED BY DR. AL ACKERMAN

**FALUSE**: or *The Thing In The Barn*

**A ACKERMAN NOTE: TO FALUSE (PRONOUNCED FA-LOOZ, ACCENT GRAVID ON THE "LOOZ") is to CONVEY A MOMENT OF MENTAL IN¬
SIGHT IN AN UNEXPECTED WAY, USUALLY IN A RATHER ROUNDS ABOUT OR INDIRECT FASHION, OftEN POINTLESSLY. ALMOST ALL FALUSES ARE, ROUGHLY, JUST THAT. they ARE SOFT IN ORIGIN, METAPHYSICAL IN CONTENT, DATE FROM THE 13TH CENTURY A.D., AND FOR SOME WHOLLY MYSTERIOUS REASON HAVE ENJOYED A CERTAIN DURABLE, BESIDE-BACK VOGUE IN THIS COUNTRY SINCE THE MID-1960'S, WITHOUT EVER BECOMING A VISITABLE FAD. A FALSE CAN TAKE ANY FORM--SPOKEN, WRITTEN, OR ORAL. ESSENTIALLY, THE ONLY IDENTIFYING FEATURE OF a FALSE IS ITS PUPPET-WORKED, "THING IN THE BARN STIRRED, SAT UP, AND CAME TO LIFE--\( \text{E} \), FOLLOWED BY THE BRIEF EXPRESSION OF A DESIRE, OR WITH, THAT SHOULD, IF the FALSELY, OR STORY-TELLER, KNOWS HIS STUFF, STRIKE A RESPONSIVE CHORD IN THE READER OR LISTENER. IN OTHER WORDS, THE PAY-OFF OF a FALSE 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 FALSE can PICK-POINT EXACTLY WHAT you'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT, WHETHER you'ARE LOATH TO ADMIT IT or NOT.) THE FOLLOWING FALSELY, A FAIRLY RESIDENT ADDITION TO THE CANON, IS BY BINN WhITTIER, a NOTABLE PRACTITIONER OF the ART.

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Leaning against the wall, she vomited on the mop
trapped to her puppy foot 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

---

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 ointment
was his hat an omlette, 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 off the step, clattering the bars of the crib
my fork alive and shoveling sulfur up her nose

Jake Berry & John M. Bennett
A transparent newspaper and I'm steaming from neck to ass my forehead ironed and salted just right. In 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.

---

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 buoyant 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

---

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.
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 CONSTANCE) and let variations of "parking, parked, etc" be the verb in all cases and 2) switch nouns over from the other two (INSOMNEX and ISOLATOR) as they occurred and plug em into the first. The horrible result I call -

PORKTIME

Parking her night through my sleep she
Parked on the sheet behind my
Legs. Parking on the curtains, she was
Parking the headache; stink thick on her
Shoes. When I parked in the sock's
Air I parked windows in me. The garbage truck in
One belt and the other pressure. Her
Shores on the lake lax on the nausea and a
Hand parking 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!
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 coffing 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
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 unroll 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; if the skin sweats, you must be inside it.

Jack Wright

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
sparks rich as many,
the form of the slit,
slit up the shape
again to roam in the
spray as the moon
quivers above.

N. Sean William

PYRE

with her exaggerated
under. not child

Sam Ryan
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

RISCHo 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 BARBECUE FORKS. I RAN UNTIL MY FEET FELL OFF AND STILL THEY FOLLOWED. I RAN ON UNTIL MY SKIN-BONES GROUND DOWN AND STILL THEY FOLLOWED, ON MY KNEES I STUMPED FEROICIously 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 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.

Nunzio 6F

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 rock comes down so briskly, now sweet in its regular pace against my mirrored face.

A LAST FLEX
Counting wrinkles in my father's skin I look at trout, knowing man, but when in liverish lips she does the last rises and falls - where he breathes, and falls - I stop in my own under a ghost's corner, once something creasing into the double-bolted door.

A LAST FLEX
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suicide's the DAZZLING
World flirts

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 burglar, 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.

I walked into the bathroom to wash my face and hopefully to wake up. As I looked into the mirror, I hit a large vein filled with incredible pain. I then tried to glue it back into position several times, but it wouldn't take hold. As I sort of staggered back, I saw my friend's face. I had not seen it in weeks. I was not sure if I was seeing it or not. I then tried to glue it back into position several times, but it wouldn't take hold. As I sort of staggered back, I saw my friend's face. I had not seen it in weeks. I was not sure if I was seeing it or not.

I woke up with a pounding headache. I failed into the bathroom to wash my face and hopefully to wake up. As I looked into the mirror, I hit a large vein filled with incredible pain. I then tried to glue it back into position several times, but it wouldn't take hold. As I sort of staggered back, I saw my friend's face. I had not seen it in weeks. I was not sure if I was seeing it or not.

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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

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 irradiant
whiter than the white of
bosoms topstitched
protruding toward the east.

Brent Dozier

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 screeches 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 T.V. dinners,
our repast bodies
grasping onto an anagram of ham.

B. Z. Niditch

RETURN TO DEPRESSED AREA

Accented on the mid-life crisis
a gesture lodges
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 Brockings
meticulously ribbed difficulties, impediments, eye adjustments, slants, 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

THE PRESENT TIME

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 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
THE OTHER DAY

over a block on water street
a woman went downtown & didn't come back
her husband likes to say she was kidnapped & murdered
tho i know her
& believe she's out there
somewhere
dreaming up how to get the kids away
once she settled in
& there's something in the faces of those children
when i stop to ask
if they've 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 woman 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 jesus 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
Yard cleared of accres the cat quietly hunts.

Andrew J. Grossman

My big project for this summer is to put the "numb" back into number's... and you know there is safety in numbers! (And in being numb too!)

THE DOKTOR DOES NOT WATCH MTV, HE IS MTV!

THE DOKTOR

I have always let the dr. do my thinking for me.

I didn't want any body to think I was weird or anything, did just what the dr. says!

A very famous person

Answered, one

I don't have to tell you this but you'll listen anyway!

Let's face it, the doktor is a real dude!

John Adams