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"Insults...the past 3,000 years of literature" - The Nation

M. Kettner
two-term Dharma up the river of shit through the land of plenty. Tomboy eating green apples. short time in a good year, glint in the silkworm's eye. addicted to deodorant and freshly painted walls. the rent on a virgin surprisingly cheap, as the pickaxe must fall where the shovel fails. stop signs have more power than the average individual, who every day is being crushed between stamp and pad--a luckless nail clipper lost in a storm drain. red nights, yellow days: intestate. currently behind yesterday's future and tomorrow's stale sandwich. killing dimes, corrupting nickels, begging social change.

M. Kettner
I thought the current level of the river of spirit streams the land of

 guts, Tomboy Green Quicks, short time in a good place. Live in the stream's eye, add to that a good

 river. Grow in the stream's eye, add to that a good spirit.

 I thought as the picture must fall where the spirit falls.

 But since have more power from the stream, inclination. Who

 ever got the great dream and bearance? The yellow

 water dipples fast in the stream. The light golden

 garden. Insufficient. Enwrapped. Pounding. Escaping, future and


 Mick's paddling society change.
I watch you want to light up because it's fun, I guess, to think what it'd be like to derange this neatness and appliance of this body. Sorry, I'm not available.

I talk her voice reflexively. Her diamond cut exactly language is my own. When I tease she is afraid to let herself enjoy it or she's slightly angry. I can be this close to what she means. In my youth I threaten to replace her by existing. The later indication in the brain mirror and worth her adamant perceptions in me. Thought arrives in mind. Emotion travels to this body and vice versa. Doesn't know how to interpret me except enjoy sometimes. Being the same one pressure not to be included each in body of the other. Dying as two people someday redeemed returning as the one that we already are.

Chant, Echo Canyon, climbing no remorse.

Sheila E. Murphy
Has Bennett lost his way?

Bennett, was recently quizzed by a caller to Bennett's flirtatious interest in Bennett and the other men and women charged.

"There's an interesting point," Bennett responded.

Has Bennett lost his head?

for Bennett said his boat was not a functional one, but, "morally, I don't have any problem with that at all.

Bennett and the other soldiers in the war

(Bennett) believes you deserve severe retribution.

"If you seek to make lots of money was not designed to be rolled up and smoked.

Chris Franke

CONVERGING COLLUMS

You are all complete idiots

I am an "incomplete" idiot

with the missing whole your perception of me

put everyone to death

telepathy

...musical laughter

ambiguity

qualitative charge of alternatives

...panoptic inert net coiled inside "head"

a mirage which mirrors itself & produces imaginary telepathy

& I resonate infinite space between my body & your body which is "dead"

(the zero degree of the social signal & base against which I fore & ground)

thus

...musical laughter fore!

John Berndt

BOUGHT a dusty big face plastic clock at the sally because it was unplugged at just the right time and picket up for me where it left off

Fiddlin' Ed
The fourteen stood on the mound conversing with the half dead foreman... he is lying down under his horse after being showered with small flat stones.

"If I were Jesus and you all were my disciples," the foreman began through lips that were becoming as functional as a Department of Motor Vehicles clerk at 5 pm on a Friday, "these flat stones would be bread that I would feed you with and this horse would be in a Western film with a flimsy budget."

"But of course you are no saintly figure! Only a stupid man under your own transportation," snapped the tallest woman with children all around her skirt. A small one swoons to the half dead: "Tis only a poor nut underneath its own bolt!", then the laffs...

"Nay, it's the thrashing dinosaur corpse of capitalism pinned beneath its bloated, useless consumer products!"

Hiram the lunchcart man arrived then in a plaid ensemble he had ventilated with a rusted butter knife. He knew there was a dangerous chance that the crowd would become so immersed with the symbol that they would forget that it was the system that reeked, but he couldn't help but draw a mustard moustache and a ketchup goatee on the prone bossman. "I built the foundation for YOUR schoolhouse!?" And in fact he had, as well as much as 5000 matchsticks to a side. "Off with it," he squeeked, the horse was beginning to bloat, the ribs swelling fat and pushing into the earth with no concern for the in-between. "It's darken quick for you Marlboro man, condos are out of the question." "This is a temporary place and it'll stay that way!" "A place for the children to act freely and then all out the system and then back agin to sell and not fret over the missing hood."

The sun, a swollen orange pile shmuffed into the gray sky, perched precariously over the happenings.

"You even bought that painted backdrop!" She gave it a tug and it floated down to cover the lump on the beach. She turns to the shrubbery: "You tell your higher ups, (if they aren't only painted sheets), that all the junk they get larded on better never turn up on my sand! If there's anything left over from the astra turf on their walls to spend the rest on cleaning around here."Let's make it that simple..." Small girl hand now doing the OK into both her holes...

Rupert Wondowlowski & George R. McWilliams

A carnation suggesting your bruised teeth

You did a mobius strip rite in front of my elbow it was a first crash-diet for my severed vanity handsprings my first sprig of pumice by flashlight we were in camera afterall like the gravure icing of a baobab ardenity alighting on a nerve

Lips, whiter than the centers of your eyes - a tone the human ear can not perceive. Our cave-love mute and resonant - a language groping still

For ABCs. Was it only a shining subconsciousness - were you only throwing back my "lies" into my teeth

Judson Crews & Pete Spence

plastic surgery for apeface

long ago wavy men with horns.

the devil's perch

invented washing machines like cyclone fire alarms

low gray mother thunder holding methane peddlers in the trees

swimming through waves in the savanna

mouthful of green hair like abstract ghost claws

mournning.

dead meat.

drums.

left where the sea refuses to wash up another crankshaft ---

when you speak to me why is it all I see is teeth prime rib and dying jungle

cairo, congo square ritual blues
courtship animal dance deeps pace anthropometamorphosis kiss backseat bottomland litany escape eating out of the afterbirth

breathe...

prehominid...

hallucination...

Rupert Wondowlowski & George R. McWilliams
DOG TENDENCIES

My father was singing opera.
Horses in an open gurgling fire.
There was a chance that perhaps, and this like closure, but no mean fragrance. The air, my father, your teeth. Equidistant hair. And closet.

Different ones should have gone to prison.
Should have been made alligators for posterity. But more than absolutely this pattern is likely to repeat itself; storms blow in from the northwest bearing tankloads of sardines. Bring a cutting torch for each pair of blinders, aqualungs are useless. Radars explode in the dynamism of surrender and begin to rise. They predict, knee deep in rice paddies, future collapses of the egg. Delta. Fingernails. Thin lines of mascara in this downpour. These are not the actual criminals but their implication, trees swung crazy in the wind.

Jake Berry

MY STOMACH

Death ought to be the morning wheels of the palm of my hand on my empty stomach.
My stomach.
My stomach dropped out of my hand on my empty stomach. My body.

MOLECULAR TESTANACLES

I lamped on a blue evening to be wizened manly shapely shafts that she laughed and on the speed out of his of my spheres come around the edges of her ivory grip while my around the best sent seven the playful unicorn forever here the niftiest evening on a chiffon the killer crept once in her shafts, that crack, copper.

Clarke A. Sany

QUEENS F/ CAR WINDOW

trees
like
postage stamps

David Gianatasio

today
is a day
for writing.
if I were drunk,
I would drink more.
let us examine the qualities
of self
then

Effie Mihopoulos

the climate utters thickly
a stencil of meandering
casts a plywood decade
across the cave loosens up
onto the upper was this day
of an inclined courage because
like a remark gone hand
severs its own imprint
on a portable ocean

Pete Spence

SCOOT SIX

Remember the Duck
In the Bathroom
The Bell rang out
our force

John Buckner

THE CABBAGE STEW

I paint pink strips on the drive, and sprinkle it with black topsoil.
farts, sweats and farts...
I make linear designs on the grass by sticking feathers into the ground.

MAUDIE MAE

Drag your underwear on me like a tree full of the same apes she looked nervously around
Death ought to be the edges crawled up inside of her thighs under thighs under the edges of the edges of my hand on my arm and looked nervously around

Clarke A. Sany

THE WORST

They want to see you Carry Buckets Down the hill

THE MORST

Ben Bennett

BRUSH

In a wash of seawaft Oppenheimer's children refuse their own brand of toothpaste.
The baseboard pulls away in waves toward petroglyphs of graphite carpenters.
Reality lurks. They long for blind glasses and fund the local deities battling for altar time. Its like cotton gin and agrarian bush harlots, slip a dime down her bra and constellations break their cadence, submit to jukeboxes.

Essentially the overbearing burden regrets its infancy. The crowd is left with no choice but to genuflect obscenely into the ballbox of hypnosis. Automaton rodents in a colossal demonstration of faith attempt a new plague. Fleas form unions refusing to reform to obsolete traditions. So the responsibility returns to fingers; especially those fistling buckets of porcelain, or informed clones.

Beware the writhing anchorman.

FEVER

While pockmarked forests seek a unified field theory, sainthood scrambles for the light. Camped along dilating corridors, half destroyed by snake bite and mollusk infestation, they summoned dynamos like an earwig or lampshade. It was these creature comforts bellowing from great subterranean depths through tiny blooms of birth canal that brought me out of my fever. Low down, even beneath furnace dimension. A there it's found again in a steady stream. Arabesque in a snowshoe. Gathered like clouds of dirigibles in Hitler's most myopic wetdream. Thunder and a roaring piss older than archozoic; nonchalant amusement.

Jake Berry

THE CABBAGE STEW

I make linear designs on the grass by sticking feathers into the ground.

snapping, grabbing, eating the...
I sew tin skirts with wire and hang them from poles driven into the ground, then I hang the laundry in the wind.

C. Mehrl Bennett

DON'T FLING AWAY DE EMPTY CISTERN.
Learning Systems

The Keys to Instant Rapport
Get Close to Your Prospects—by Telephone

by GLAD T. SHERMAN

At about 0600 a sales call, selling is a costly process. The other day I was sitting in my living room "checking out the prospects" in the morning paper, and ran across the following item which caught my eye—

"Readers' Letters: As usual your sanctimonious, collar-thrush attitude got in the way of your good sense. I refer to your response to the reader who was upset when he saw, seated at the next table in a restaurant, a man without arms who was eating with his feet...When people go to a nice place for dinner, the last thing they want to see is someone with no arms in a sidechair. If that man at whom we had any consideration for others, he would not subject them to such an unsightly sight!"

Well, I was precariously holding the paper with my toes when I read this item, you can imagine how hard I laughed. In fact I laughed so hard I fell right off my perch and suffered second and third degree burns when I hit the floor. Hence the term "rapport burn!"

I hardly knew the place to apologize special until soon when I was asked to make a talk on "Motivation" out at the local northside days in so I stayed where I was down on the floor and remembering the recent admonition by one salesperson, I, Charles Chesnutt to "walk like a lizard", began to crawl about the room in what I took to be a very literal "lizard" fashion (indeed, but when the children came home from school) I heard little Edith remark that she had seen better lizards at the zoo on Glass-Outing Day and had been given a pencil and a slice of bread fresh-baked and dripping with butter to boot and this reminded me that it had been a while since I had rested my head in the over which she should explain by Telephone. Hence I had say by Telephone. Hence I had say by Telephone.

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PROBING

Poking with his special stick, that guy finds some treasures, again. A cigarette pack crammed stiff with a stack of plastic. Credit cards, the third bunch this week. He shuffles to sit, spreads them face down to curb, waits.

Paul Weinman

NO RESPECT

Wait for a while Hold the nuzzle
The eyes is excited at the walls of Dream

John Buckner

KNEE

Loose through circles over tenuous in. Hurt weather, stereo, all bent. Range of negative, range of motion. Eccentric former machines fly past. A bulge of skin "just like an orange."

Jonathan Brannen

CONVENTIONAL WISDOM

A portrait of Phillip Glass

I live on a glass planet eight monologues from the curtain International enterprise spins on its axis this viewgraph showing the fey frolicking few As initially interesting West Europeans commissioning Argus appealing to this company had hardly swiftly settled into melancholy an impending opus fine tuning the outerspace story to loosen purses longwinded shivering donations and up this galactic lattice climb companies the most and through setting evolve this freezing multitude

Michael Dec

SOCIALIST DETECTIVE JOB

Filet Polaris roses
Your constant stream of grey neon
Lunchbar people in illegal tangle
Traffic light unknown in scalded station wagon
Galaxy burned oil
Donna least painful on a bed of half swirling TV sets
A green sun of cigar smoke
Timespace is a sheer corpse w/a sprig of salt
Existence is in its hair
Wide whirlpool of freezing architecture like
Yr institutional green phonebook
It's 55 miles to the next traffic light
I'm slowing down
Reentry least painful on an ass of ice
Slow grey people waiting
Traffic light blue here

Michael Dec

Better sleepin' wid de persimmons in de fence-corner dan insertin' yams in yer crack.

Fiddlin' Ed
he was gonna kill us, I was so scared
imp load
love canteen of liquid images
I was scared too
wished I had my gun
I don't like that
pull off her panties & bra.

tongue tongue

Not happy
fact grove
trompet lip
droops
up
a black hill

Greg Evason

the ground opens

sanka: loud noises

gifts of reason too much snake insider's choice

i
as in we
believe
in touring
the world

the news behaves like sound turning over and over
behind the old portable classroom

my own wife
was once caught
drowning mice
in our toilet,
but
we decided
to allow
her
to sleep

Greg Evason

THE EXHIBITIONIST

every time I come
across you you
whip out all
your small wonders
nuclear-powered doorstop
hole-less bowling ball
butter-based housepaint
concrete noseplugs
pre-perforated prophylactics
cream-filled bookmark
two-legged chair
teflon-coated kotexes
and you parade them
before me as if it
was thanksgiving or something
and it all meant something or something
but I'll tell you something
it don't prove a goddamn thing
just like you

Steve McComas

JAPANESE NEWS

it was a redletter day:
the date was scrawled in blood
red ink on the white wall
eyed fish that pulsed like red fire
flies in white water
lilies.
it was in the air:
like white cumulus clouds pierced by red rain
bows or the howling of white wind
chimes that spat blood under the sun
set low and heavy on the red mountain
climber who wiped bloodied hands on snow
white clothes.
it was on everybody's lips:
the news was passed from mouth to mouth like a rose
feverish redhot tongue among ice
white teeth that grinned at each other
wise redochred face like marrow
bone masks.

Steve McComas

THE SHIP

in quicksand
RAGE
She will destroy
everything
I'll be railroaded
Stop that lousy
Me

John Buckner

Through a stage prop telescope the hole double poke was spotted.
The lost film crew of "Beach Jagged Blowhole" was helplessly circling
a patch of salt foam in a fiberglass Rectofloat. They'd been out there
for two years and four months living only on recombinant cabbage and
diet sodas. They all now looked like poolsticks dragging around pig
bladders and the fiberglass vessel was stained a heinous purple from
their malnourished stools.

Rupert Wondowlowski
VOLATILE SHORTCUT

Tactile they rage
inner stands out
taut silk entering
domain from beneath
beyond Slicing
through interface
into this realm
yet unsaddled with
watch or compass
Able to anywhere
atemporally! Beyond
fast! Though site
arrived at is apt
to slew with spins
and zings and erode
into arcs of brief
essential charm

Gary Page York

compound. A sequence of words not connected by a functional element in surface structure but functioning as a grammatical kernel in deep structure.

generative transformational grammar. A system of rules intended to produce all the well-formed sentences of a language when applied to its lexicon; specifically, such a system whose syntactic component is generated successively by rules for the construction of phrases containing a semantic component (deep structure) and by rules for the production of a phonological component (surface structure) by transforming one grammatical structure into another that is semantically equivalent.

impedance matching. The use of electric circuits, transmission lines, and other devices to make the impedance of a load equal to the internal impedance of the source of power, thereby making possible the most efficient transfer of power.


William L. Fox


William L. Fox
1. MAGICAL NEWS

sucking hand
nude whistle
quite cerulean
waxing blossoms & squeaks
high on truth chiming the arguments of evil dashed
vanity unknown to itself
multiplying bygones
la1ing foreheads
thimbling pole vaults
anti-psychic spelling bees windup the holdings of pregnant breath
tarot knightling the minerals
empty for all memory wants banging before the startled heart
azure dewdrop typewriting, retailing novelties
dark as the encyclopedia supported an atlas
napping the dolls of straw draculas
technology grew into a lamen brain olympus
morsecoding tvs
surfing bookshelves
ovaling enfoldment
high kivas chiropracting a seahorse
pollyanna billingsgate safc raked the volume of their miracles
go leming reputation, the eraser of our clay

2.
unplugging the whispering sleep that forged me
looking up the earth-coin
waving long beyond rhythms of talk
spidering my cranium with egg sized mouse
unconscious drawers meet the lingerie of spirit
bare attention overcoming tall opinions, idols are pantsed
cool liberty debones the moonlight
within me unbuckling horses turn
pawing strums of open everywhere
gathering winnowing levels of agape
I cut through singularities with unkenned optimism
enveloping outerspace, faith & abyss hush the whiz
clawing at a glowing ditch of energy
religions of the inert are knocked away
abolition slowly erupts its kindness
dumbwaitoring the lumber
past babycrib shotguns
returning imaginaries unite me
traveling along being & wonder
a dawn of groceries on my hip
nestling fi rescapes blinking & winking vouyeurs & doves
through the applause of rock, around the swim of inhaling maelstroms
betwixt the chop of archetypes juicing my telephone-bones
initiates
skypearl
occasions
gaga

naivete is never wrong to know

H. D. Moe

WHAT THE PRESIDENT HAD TO SAY...

WASHINGTON — Here, at a glance, are additional highlights of President Bush’s news conference Thursday.

Bush said Bush said Bush said Bush said
He also said Bush said Bush said Bush said
Bush repeated that Bush said, “I would repeat that offer tonight.”

CAREFULLY CRAFTED GIBBERISH

STIMA 1811

bats circled dried lungs of fruit
and beating peach stones, with the sound
of nectar swelling.
fetch glass to sing into to throw
stones into. to shatter.
light dies behind a cloud & in the throne
of brush is an assassin as darting fly
in summer’s bed.
between baptism of fire & water
a new breath is pressed. no more majorum
low in turtle grass flat.
elegant as her bone fish mask
hung on cross of corpse
she to test the woods as hollow space
dividing ear
catching herrings of her devil’s hair
with her many faces
in paintings to turn and stare.

Guy R. Beining
UNTITLED

What a morning under there a shooting Star said FALL ARMED a sycle in one hand wheat in the other

John Buckner

GLOBAL ANAESTHETIC

I rush to the curb, snatching along the way a bud. Blossom into my auto; puddle jumper bought to get me to work. Won't start. Then does, but dies. Turn it over again. Catches; coughs.

Waiting for the thing to warm, I drive in a coffin nail, chug the bud, help myself to a pint of beam in the glove.

Am I going to work? I race the thing. Do I care? The chassis rocks. I haven't worked in a week - stoned during that space, petrifying time in ether. Stuff takes up space. Ether especially if you work in a laboratory - is everywhere; it fills the spaces between; permeates spaciousness. Ether is what light oscillates in a vacuum; or so I guess, rocking my auto, after sitting in a room with a rag and a jar of the stuff. Release the emergency.

My foot drifts off the brake easy as wood cast ashore by breakers. Although unsure where, we go, despite the feel I might head for work.

The root of my uncertainty would appear to be the drought. Dust aplenty. Bulbs on the dash burnt. I drain the beam. Trample the gas. Feeling for a hole, crack the vent. Slip the bottle into the stream.

This auto can't get me to work, I flash, watching in the rearview the empty splatter the sidewalk I must be driving, as I swerve to avoid a tree.

I am visiting the store for alcohol, being tooethereal to penetrate the lab, punch the clock, pinch another jar.

At the intersection of Twisted and Knot, I park against a hydrant. Hose my boxcars into the 7/11. Snake-eye the refrigerator. Rock-climb five six-packs off the shelf. Juggle a twenty into the register. Skip the change. Stagger out with a pyramid of glass.

Night has fallen. Oscilloscope lightning ribbons the sky. Ragnarok threatens. Before the surge, racing down the avenue, a disembodied surfer shouts: "The deluge! The deluge!"

My auto won't start. The water climbs. They find me sloshed. Engine flooded with fumes.

Willie Smith

SUGAR AND GREASE

Under the caring eyes of a benefactor?
Anyone who owns, feels the colors
Directly for whom those women dress in red.
They fill our needs along the folds
And scars those solid sustaining fathers
Of the jailhouse: those landlords of our
Days unleashing their golden piss
Feeding us on sugar and grease
Until we can no longer taste
Silver truth or even remember what it
Was really like in our limpid youth.

Blair Ewing
NECK LACES

she stared at the wall
drawing the awning down
the brush white denim turning brown feathers
as the stripes tying her to tee shirts
that did nothing but hang off big faced people
doing nothing but wearing sunglasses
even before the days when their hats became big enough
to even think of covering their heads.

GETTING IT FROM ALL SIDES

why is it always baldheaded couples that walk up to you
saying the since only some tv's can change their aerial space
how can we still see a world that has just enough room
for both wabbit and duck seasons in decades with all those leap years

WITHOUT SUPPLIES

WITHOUT SUPPLIES I guess it wouldn't much matter what
the summit of a girls head looked like
once the rims of canvas folded over her ears never seeing
what fell behind the curtain that arced her polevaulter's spike
with sommersaults galloping their rescues
away from all those thorny bushes

FOOTLONGS THAT GO

she stood at the counter
hearing the dry clean machine
walk the collective churn
of triple headed razors
skinning scalps seen by someone else
with sleeves of suits stretching the width
of lengthwise balloons
their rubber tightening their smiles
that free the transience
of all the words she could think of then

AND MARRIAGE

man walking down the fronts of elevators
for her to see the footprints
to step out into

Fernando Aguiar

John Buckner

Stacey Sollfrey
I was born sick. Doctors were there, scratching their heads. The world looked different to me then. I thought it was full of hanging things. For some reason everything I saw seemed to be hanging. Maybe it was the I-V bottles by the hospital bed. But I think it was everything else, too. The walls hanging down from the ceiling. The ceiling hanging down in the middle. The curtains hanging; outside, leaves hanging on trees, branches hanging, the clouds hanging in the sky. I was thinking, "This is a hanging world." I thought I had been born into a hanging world. But what kind of world is it really? Not that. It's many things. These days it's far away from me. I haven't gotten any messages from it in a long time. I forgot to say about the doctor. His nose was hanging down at me. I noticed it. I could smell his breath. Inside each nostril was hair, and it was hanging down, too.

Lee Markosian

A SUMMER AFTERNOON

Whose yawn it was Poem didn't know but it wasn't his and he couldn't get out of it. In the distance the cats' deepest night-thoughts, more active now the cats were gone, cracked redly along the seams where afternoon and the city joined. Out of sight nearby, a traffic light clicked.

Bob Grumman

AFTER SEVEN READINGS OF JOHN M. BENNETT'S REGRESSION

A night Poem kept dribbling the closet door shut against air out your butt kept feeding the night cracks, hacking through the kept grease remembered everywhere the air silvered like bricks he couldn't cut. Was it kept hair, kneeling a diapered palace in place 26 degrees past air?

Bob Grumman
Before so constipated that you suffer a temporal transport and travel back in time to revisit old Civil War battlefields used to be the mark of a flighty personality, but this disorder has gained a lot of ground over the past ten years and these days more and more people are falling victim to its mischiefs. In my opinion this comes as a direct result of going overboard, too many of us, for the high-fiber diets that are so much in vogue these days. Those who eat high-fiber diets can just tie you in knots, when you go overboard for them. One noted clinician has estimated that in five years over forty per cent of the population eating high-fiber lunches and breakfasts will be experiencing frequent transports and revisiting old Civil War battlefields on a regular basis. To this, of course, I must say "I'm home." A constipated friend just returned from a transport that carried him all the way back to the Battle of Bull Run tells me that he had a hellish time—cannons firing on every side, Union and Confederate troops dying in agony all around him, while areas of the terrain either blown away or churned to mud, and restroom facilities on the battlefield even worse than they were at Woodstock, causing my friend to reflect that even if his bowels hadn't been as tightly bound as a concertina's foot, he would still have been hard-pressed to relieve himself without crouching right out in the open, without a lick of privacy. He had, moreover, pretty well wiped out the knees of his pajamas in the course of so much crawling and ducking and scrabbling to avoid the grape-shot and cannonade that kept whistling to and fro overhead (my friend had been sitting quietly at home in his pajamas and bathtub when the constipation transport swept him away, and hadn't had time to change). It's battlefield conditions later that afternoon, he tore a gaping hole in the sleeve of his robe while seeking shelter in the lee of an old barn, the only hiding place he could find.

While dodging in an empty horse stall, where he had crawled after claving two or three boards in the wall of the barn loose to gain entrance, he heard a telephone communication with President Lincoln, and concluded, my friend did, that the brigadier general must be either drunk or deranged, for, heedless to say, at that date (it was July, 1861), the invention of the telephone still lay several years away in the future. Nevertheless, the war's most celebrated clinician has deluded attempts to phone out of the barn and reach President Lincoln, and presently my friend heard a tremendously confused one-sided conversation taking place. "Mr. President, I am going to Paris today," babbled the general, speaking into nothing, to which Lincoln apparently replied, "No what is more, how can you go to Paris? I do not remember to have signed a leave for you." Whereupon the brigadier general, in great agitation, replied that he had engaged to serve for only three months and had already served longer than that. He was a stockbroker—and had been neglecting his business and now proposed to go to Paris and check at Harry's Bar, to see if he had had any call. At this, presumably, President Lincoln countered by saying: "If you attempt to leave without orders, it will be mutiny, and I will have you shot like a dog! Return to your post now, instantly, and don't dare to leave again without my consent." The brigadier general obeyed, and left the barn, weeping.

He seemed no good reason for leaving his own hiding place in the barn right away, so my friend just stayed hunkered down in the stall with his head between his knees. After a while an enlisted man wearing the gray of the Confederacy came in. "Wh-ha, I thought I heard somebody-a-hunkered down in here," he said keenly.

"No," I replied. "My friend explained in a weary voice that my bowels have been locked for more than a week, which has caused me to time-travel and revisit your era. I've been stuck here at Bull Run for the past six hours, and I can't say that I'm much enjoying the experience. It's that damned high-fiber diet I was on that did it to me. My advice to you, young soldier, is to avoid high-fiber products the way a pig avoids bacon." The young soldier came and sat down by my friend's side. He leaned his rifle against the wall and fished up a gold chain with a tiny locket on it from the bosom of his uniform. He smiled the fond, sad, most rustic standards, anyone could see that his remains are in the stall where he had crawled after claving two or three boards in the wall of the barn loose to gain entrance, he saw clearly in his countenance, the young soldier's affection for the animal. There could be no doubt as to the young soldier's affection for the sheep (outright passion was more like it), and Bennett had to spend the next hour or so pretending to admire the photo of this woolly creature whose name was "Blacky Sue," Bennett interjected a dismal adage: "A sheep's transports. "It is important that everyone stay out of uniform and recognize the peril of a high-fiber diet," he says.

A. J. Ackerman.
"Do dead bodies bleed?"

study the marble fragments
and the shattered books
supply of flesh that
itch on his skeletal
voice in his inner pocket
a picture flashed into her
sitting before the fire
killed with a marble blade
years stopped bleeding
a clock ticking
beyond those open windows
had shot a cop
rigor mortis pretty

beyond pale and grim,
angry color
spinning slowly
backwards
old man waved
tips of his blazing
fingers
screams smiled thinly
*the only murder
darkside tongue said WELCOME SLAVE
surface likeano virus
flash
skulls kicking bones
rotted cloaks and jackets
shattered darkness
broke in rapid winding
blade quivered and
word

S. Gustav Häglund

PRAYING THROUGH SPACE

Something abounding is two-times-two
truth, color of asphalt and execution.
I try teaching the joy of reaching,
stars flaming, smiles cracking,
a sudden change from cloud to fog,
an eye alive with melting light,
horses rearing nova-esque, and
there sit we determining
each gaze beyond the windows, vents,
the car a vowel, two consonants
with dialogue, inane,
absent; yet we breathe
the terminus; and yet
one road assuring home,
we yield today to bartered goods,
crash the store till the windows bulge,
buying barges full with wood,
I profess this spree.

Weeping amidst commingling,
each tear stood to quiver last
on tall wall, berm speared by glass, hub-caps free in tragedy; we read an end
to comedy in the windshield prisms
frosty flat, the arc of screams
a prior page, lights so red-portending,
abounding in that vacant way stopped
today by yesterday I am tearing through
prayer to space; void but for---harmony.

THE JOB, ALWAYS

I had that little 17 year old boy by the throat
my hand squeezing harder as I breathed pure
fire in his face
his fear fueled my anger till my other
hand went for his eyes

a minute ago
the mortar round hitting
the base of my skull
losing a part of me

I never walk gently into suicide
the Nam bled that romanticism from my white bones
twenty years of walking alone
with death falling from my hands
I've buried my best friends dead from dioxin poisoning
& a daughter, also dead from dioxin poisoning
Thousand nights I've sat in some goddamn apartment
my eyes closed & seeing the names on the Wall
splatter my sadness into horrific disbelief
& I've never blinked yet

GREY LEAF DRIPPING

Monday morning light
cardinals jays
in walnuts fog
sweeps apple trees
red women terrors
wine glasses crusts
letters nightgown
put on in thunder

Grey leaf dripping

THE RAINBOW POEM

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Mike Miskowski

S. Gustav Häglund

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Lyn Lifshin

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Lyn Lifshin
My mind is drinking, like a nasty little dog,
from the scummy pond,
Rotten turkey floating down the drains
from the factory
Vile pieces of flesh stick in my throat.
The young girls dance in excitement
Their young bodies oozing in excitement
They dance around the nark
Touching what they can
Do they really think he is so good in bed?

Vittore Baroni

ACK HACKS BENNETT'S POEMS

I took a group of poems from your book, LICE] and did a large hack. The
random modifier in this case was an old 1942 issue of AMAZING STORIES
(featureing "The Return of Hawk Carse" by the immortal Harry Bates) plus a
fifth of rum and 100%. This morning when I arose I found the following:

THE RADIO LEGION

Like a flea collar this watch,
ticks and bites and the soldier dropped
his rifle, yawning noisily, rubbed
his eyes with a roast in the dirt
where the basement oughta be--

hell broke loose beneath him like the leg
I lug in my pants. What I haul leaks
out of me in these squirts. When
he pointed to a black plastic box
which lay in front of the Hawk
when I left, my head between
breasts, but the size-change had begun,
there was no question of it. With
his senses steadying waves dragging
past the glass like air? A head,
hump on my back, spurs to Ricky's fingers,
Ricky's cannon work, Ricky's crimson
wick or my glasses vaseline. My pants,
like a clock, of one for you? With an arm
around each girl he stumbled to a booth
that doll leg stuck straight out of the garden,
all the living started back to the laboratory
but then head in your pants
groping underwater for a comb
under a rain of pencils crossing the street
the Hawk leaped toward the radio room.

[To enjoy a further modification of this text,
consult the Order 7 Travesty by Any Salzer
elsewhere in this issue. - ed. note]

*****

As near as I can remember I performed this Hack last night by cutting "Alternator"
in half, grafting the right half on in the middle of "Corporate Education",
which in turn I grafted to the left half of "Alternator", or something like
that? Goes:

VAT OF MATTRESS

Cranking cranking what fake degree like a
underwear torso word out of skull full of
motor oil leaking inundated by hands like on a
stone before me, body's swelling, waiting to walk.

But I'm plaiting my stuffing the lore in tomes
and I bland speaking tissue paper soil and
pulling dull hair your drool's staples like
think, twitching cotton balls, naked in a chair.

*****

Tisha Tobias
Hi Johnee:- We're still waiting for Letty's workman comp case to be settled, the insurance co scoundrels and our shyster lawyer are still playing poker, so to take my mind off it. I've been spending my time reading some new books on general relativity, quantum and so forth, and this reading I've been doing carrier over into this hack 'did of (Kafka-like slip) "I"

this hack I did of your poem ALL AT ONCE. Because I got to thinking of the poem in terms of the equation

\[ c^2 = a^2 + b^2 + \frac{n^2}{m^2} \]

and I made a figure out of this with "k" being the non-intrusive variable—

then I went through and extracted phrases from each section of my figure; from \( a^2 \) for instance I extracted "shirts on the time slow", and from \( c^2 \) I got "under the drips now rust waves grass—". When I had phrases extracted from all the different sections of my figure it made a poem, which I'll designated \( A^2 \) (see enclosed sheet). Then I took \( A^2 \) and found \( B^2 \) by assigning equivalents to the different lines in \( A^2 \); for example "shirt on the time slow" became "pressed while you wait", "truth that my ear slammed in a door" became "hears the crash of wax", "80 years from dirt" became "leaves aged cleanliness," and so on till I had an equivalent for each phrase in \( A^2 \), which, as I say, I called \( B^2 \) (see enclosed sheet). Next, I made the equation

\[ A^2 + B^2 = C^2 \]

got this by alternating lines in \( A^2 \) and \( B^2 \), which gave me \( C^2 \), my hack, which I titled "back back" because that's probably what you'd say if you went into a lab and the scientist-somatologist in there started talking like this, eh? (see enclosed sheet for \( C^2 \)). Anyway I'm enjoying bringing the different scientific disciplines into play with these current hacks, and next time I may draw on the ancient scientific discipline that's expressed in the famous New Age self-help book HEAL YOURSELF WITH A COAT HANGER.

shirt or the time slow and
truth that my ear slammed in a door
80 years from dirt like a speed up
yakking yakking to the sleep or my
bag bumper was under the drips
now rust waves grass like loss wind shirt

pressed while you wait
hears the crash of wax
leaves aged cleanliness
pillhead rattling
wakes with lumps
creeps overhead
through the amnesiac's back yard

BACK BACK
now rust waves grass like loss wind shirt
pressed while you wait bag bumper was under
the drips hears the crash of wax yakking yakking
to the sleep or my pillhead rattling
80 years from dirt like a speed up wakes with
lumps truth that my ear slammed in a skin door
shirt on the time slow and creeps overhead
through the amnesiac's back yard

****

Hi Johnee:-

Well you know these hacks to me they're all like my own little retarded children and I'm fond of them all sure am but some of course stand out the way any child in a large family does when it gets arrested more than the others or has two heads etc and this latest hack BASHO HAND BASHING SOUND is sort of like that to me—special like.

ANOINTING THE HOLES

Seven forces on my head scratched where my
hat held on in the rain and a fly flustered.
I was flipping through my wallet's folded
tongues like a car of chatter girls and
tooth their glasses like seed in a gutter
flakes. It was seven hands that opened me but six shirts that closed. What was kept but my voice's vacuum leaking?

Anyhow above the method I used laid my hand down on each of your new poems and traced lines around my fingers then used only complete words that fell in the spaces between my fingers my fingers my fingers at 105º my mind working faster and faster

BASHO HAND BASHING SOUND
seven forces the aunts hat held on
wigs hung from I was flipping
hole winds tongues like a taking off
hair it was shirts horse and
her head squeezed diaper in a sodden
suck in its hour but I'm lassaid
law free tuesday shops down the king
straw luffing pipe like I huff
a door knob strains of shifting
to hate sucks in the past juts
jerks wallets back raw bashed a hand

Al Ackerman
CHAPTER SEVEN

The soup sang to the patter pitta of pitter bread
And the spoon, edge filed sharper than a razor blade
Rested on a pebble coated with sweat sucked dry by a student
Manager ashamed of his teeth
A match burns a hole in the paper sticking his eye to the glass
His peter to the hater like a swallowed tongue
As a jellyfish aborted from a dutch cap wings for home
Was she splayed in the hay like a ham?
Next door the door bangs next to a balloon
Bangs on the wall like a bucket of air
Like a desk in a river with a pencil rowing round
When Aspersion wrung the soup from his pants
With ansaphones winging songs hummed in parts
He (of "His") sanded his buttocks dreaming of chairs
She (a bureaucratic woman) typed out airs
And they slept on the wired floors in their lairs
Again he tried to determine truth with a fly near a triangle
Measuring his breath’s deviation from the dangle
Of the spittle on the brush jammed in the eye of a needle
It was rubbery and more than he could wheedle
Or a tongue tangled on her tips
Putting skates on a slab or a foot
Like rolling an icecube on the edge of the roof
Cutting the sour edge of the tongue licking the chapter dry

Robin Crozier & John M. Bennett

[Previous chapters of this continuing saga may be found in
LAFT 11, April 1982; LAFT 15, October 1983; LAFT 17/18,
August 1985; LAFT 19, May 1986; LAFT 20, February 1987,
and LAFT 23, August 1988]

THE GUTTER

The gutter runs full of tongues and hat cheeses
Lumber quivering in the street
Distracted by rusting slug trails in your armpit
Nails driven between the ribs
Barbed wire fornicating where jungle rot inspects its scales
In the hall you forgot your luggage, on the boat?
Through the cracks the roots won’t pour and my eyes bulge
On the bed a roast sweats

Jake Berry & John M. Bennett

SHORT DOG

Short dog. long leg. leap frog. toe tag.
What anointed the lamprey under the boat
Wart hog. strong keg. deep fog. slow slag.
What amended the lender under the bed
Leap frog. thong peg. steep bog. crow hag.
What acquired the leakage under the bird
Deep fog. wrong dreg. keep log. throw bag.
What axed the ladder under the bondage

T. Winter-Damon & John M. Bennett

WHAT WAS STARTED

What was started slamming was the
Inevitable peat moss bothering the anthill, everyone
Knees in the mud, tongue on a stone
Embroidered in the determining, as if that shifted fate.
What was ended was the waiting, standing next a
Pit of elbow grease as literally figurative as
Chrome or glasses tilted off a nose
Refined as an expiration date or new coiled hose

John M. Bennett & Sheila E. Murphy

CIVIL

Civil is the livid war between a
Leg and the pants that stain in a street
Prevailing with the weather largely noticed
When the collar tightens tightens on the coat of a
Citizen who voted straight proletariat as a reflex
Like a blender on when it’s on or it’s off
Preparing for the meld inevitable as thinking

Sheila E. Murphy & John M. Bennett

THROUGH THE DOOR

Through the door, needles silted
Some runny lines of unexpected revenue like
Fingers, sticky with sand in my pocket.
Thin collectibles ripe for exchange my
Face returned to the identical closet
Where statues exuded rhymed blushes.

Lashes, buckets, a window, several heads

John M. Bennett & Sheila E. Murphy
I have seen the pit in the sand of Diastela-raaq, the stinking, fetid hole.

He paused to refill his pen, and the woman began to make a motion. She picked up the knife, dipped the blade in the basin, and drew the semi-liquid line of the Eucharist above his mouth.

The kingdom of Rey, a priest's arm, a tunnel of barbed wire all flashed before his mind's eye. thoughts of a new novel, of the whore beside him, the spires of Paris running together in a moment of bright pain.

Sadegh Hedayat invoked the Nine within a crowded brick taxi-cab. This was at twilight; by his side was a fireplace-poker, a knife, & a pistol with a bent barrel. Next to him was a painted harlot in eighteenth-century dress, intently staring at his face, his hair rising to two parallel waves like Nandor Fodor's. A bat-wing was sewn to his hand, his tubercular spine compressed within his back, as he wrote in a tall book.

CROSS DIALED
Earlier I saw a reflecting moonlit sheet of glass denying the constant black about it. Now I stare hard to find the fuzzy shape of one half bottle of tequila waver ing submerged within the temperamental hue of a spiral candle speaking above the cross dialed radio to the salt and pepper shakers who are angry because they're salt and pepper shakers placed in too close proximity to the oreos.
ORDER 7 TRAVESTY OF "THE RADIO LEGION";
A HACK BY AL ACKERMAN, ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE

You with an arm
Around each girl he stumbled to a booth,
Ticks and the soldier dropped
His eyes with a roast in the dirt
When I left my head between
Breasts but the glasses vaseline my pants
Like the basement ought to be
Hell broke loose beneath him like a clock of one for you
with a roast in the Hawk
Where the basement ought to be

Any Salyer

ORDER 6 TRAVESTY OF 7 JOHN M. BENNETT POEMS

Where was the front of a
Drill was just a rolling door father,
Especially underwear torso, full of
Motor oil hooks we shook like my hands lie
on a chair.

Any Salyer

ORDER 6 TRAVESTIES OF JOHN M. BENNETT POEMS
MERGED WITH "SPICY" DAN TURNER TEXT

I because her in the floor I could I
run and bring at my windowglass like
what this side my hands lie.
She clung to me like a dead cat.

He laughed at the morning that sent seven thousand
volts of liltting dead cat burning your evening when
I entered in my
car where a nose's
picked. But it was my shorn
legs, transparent dirt and his hiding place.

Drag your evening's dreaming her thighs under beds
and the floor that draped them.
From the direction that sack hammered thought to
something naked in a hobo jungle
dream.
The pit.

Great whistling door father farther face contorted.
Crawled up the meat stinking, thick with dust like a tree.

Any Salyer

ORDER 5 TRAVESTIES OF JOHN M. BENNETT'S REGRESSION

Under beg and hacked what's
whirling weather's a loan it smears
tiny flies cluster all of wood. Could I
stone alone in spit and waver it?

Foam and a neck when I reach for your
time splits, half settle boy. Eat of my
eating bag, and lacked in spite of
bread on a mound. A little in my
bulk ticks up the measuring and
piss dead like a catcher's made him
draped me, sieving a catcher's made him draped me.

Lying.

Dolt. So I lay in the
hand, where's a little born
hair just for sucking.

Never then I reach in my steps slip shake it's you,
thickens, like and the roof of my liver quivering over
rust.

Any Salyer

ORDER 5 TRAVESTIES OF JOHN M. BENNETT POEMS

Looked like a goat leg and a nagging door farther,
a leap with rocks up my foot almost, smeared without cause.

Water, oh laughing cranking, pearled with
rocks innocently I stay and
smoke from the
holes' they looked and my
moons fagged, thought driveway what's
you mind, speech?

Walls my bulk
thin or
but I reach. The
ladder beds. He
dreaming concentric hands like
girls unbutt. It's
"Hi guy" swirling.

Any Salyer

Hits a blessin' de w'ite sow don't leave her yung'uns
in yer shorts.

Fiddlin' Ed
around the circle in parade they walk on his hat brim passing out sandwiches a find day with branches grasses crumbs newspapers to climb but here on the sacrificial site the one he left behind is where the ants clean their arms their bodies their friends' arms their friends' bodies and feast and in the tradition of the great warrior ant who is said to have eaten a man leaving only his hat they celebrate wildly cleaning themselves and passing out sandwiches - the man is miles away unaware of the debauching ants

and unaware of the boil pulsing on the back of his head the tickling inside his arm the sodden bread in the crevices of his teeth - he goes up some stairs goes down some stairs carrying bags of sand thinking of tiny shadowy hallways tunnels galleries inside the radio the cassette deck the tv the toaster the typewriter - loose grass blows against the window

he's on the bus walking up to his room and ants like black b-b's wander the street. they're after him to devour to remind to sculpt a bridge but at this rate it'll take centuries. the science times tells of a new method used to photograph dreams but every picture has the same mysterious outline of an ant in the low left corner. ZNKPI's leader ant alone possesses voice. "sir sir come back for your hat". ZNKPI's plan is clear, ambush

it was hat on the mattress and a concrete block waits afloat like a balloon in the sky - a translation of ZNKPI's dream: a building of ants imprisoning a son, the man shutters, his lips itch, he scrubs forward a shoe

on the head of a pin his hat revolves drilling in the ground little explosions struck to the temples of the great warrior ant and ZNKPI's fellows fell apart into segments like a car's last gasp disassembling into mere engine parts. he kept twitching in his sleep in his blackened mirror in the secret of his sandbag

on the left, a wall of smoke or water undulated like a tongue in a tube and he awoke in his sleep bearing a hat of hate, brimming with spin, the great warrior ant spoke to the rim of the acid wheel, seeking the connection that would crush the crown. the last troops quivered under the throne; if only the men shutters, his head floats off and ants ravage it as it passes

he boils electrical tape, pours the black oil over the acid on the left, a mountain goat of slot machines in casinos nearly as long as football fields. it is a dizzying kaleidoscope of sight and a drowning fatigue in the mind. the gas companies bring gas from many sources and pump it into exhausted tanned bodies, village women wearing Smokey Bear hats, like fish in a muddy pool

Encased in a bizarre space-age diving suit, I stand strapped to the bow of a small wooden barge. They have no electricity, no water nearby. But they have land enough for heads, hands, or feet. If the main feature is greatly exaggerated buttocks (page 49)

I could not determine the meaning of this main image, which looks like a snake or a louse, man clad only in a penis sheath, and a rubber in pocket books, almanacs, diaries, and law books, in string boxes, rulers, ink stands, glass and leaden, penknives, scissors, bookmarks, and other small office-cutters.

Later I had a heavy sin to stone for, and cut three gashes along either side of my spine with the sharp edge of a file. Then I had to travel three miles through ant hills, the ants biting at my cuts as I went.

at the library the book of ants, in the classroom the book of ants, on his shelves the book of ants - thumping through pages with his human thumb - work ants wife ants child ants neighbor ants crow ants dog ants and then daggert gunpowder atom bomb ants. he's studying how things were. how his people took over with force ant ant ant ant ant ant

before the unpanished before humor there were ants, wise ants or ants bennumbed at a lake nodding on a stone, before the hole yawned before the world the thought of formic acid before the red chain in the cellar, the ant lifted the page of history, the chewed log hall, the pulp of mind, his steps the same steps the same sweet under a hat. tan ants quivering

quiver ant acid ant agonize ant bear ant hem ant her ant hill ant rum ant warp warp waving wishing genuflecting the great underscored mystery things many and the black caulking has cracked - his hands are once moist twice rock - 2 blocks uphill and over one - he stands waiting for the plan studying the schedule memorizing it - a bag of crumbs to the park feeding his ants

Nico Vassilakis & John M. Bennett

a mouthful of dirt!

by Rev. Arthur Muggitt

Here, at the end of a dirt road that passes through fields, it's over to picture ants and my back millions of years. Each expanse of grass with its island of aven was a vast field where former President Richard Nixon banging on the door woke us, and we drank tea with them around the table until they reached the river and strolled among the great date palms that lie like sentries.

A boy passed, leading the family goats and he whistled us in a world over a sea of other animals, raw from the cold desert wind and latttered up in an open truck after half a day of fog building. In the chicken barn the entrepreneurs leap by. One has a chicken for 2 dollars, another a crab for 40 cents.

A sudden, furious downpour breaks up the party, washing out the hillside designs and leaving me only time's hand-me-down imaginations. It called to mind terrifying ceremonies, bloody, with the sacrifice of animals—or, perhaps, humans—crazed dancing, possibly orgies, and mysterious miseries.

And sleep has not come.

With the coming of light, I open my door as I look out. Women are up and about, prepared a coffee pot. You'd think the sand would quickly drain it away. But not so—the tiny river holds its ground, somehow growing until it huffs off and disappears behind some olive trees, swatting as the go.

Weeks can go by with hardly a puff of marijuana I have deliberately fowed away thirty years of my life. Wherever I traveled, there are no settlements—only a bushel of rock music groups. Deep Purple, Pink Floyd, Alice Cooper. A Beatles record blasted from loudspeakers. The kid drank soft rain cake. The woman who shot herself was on her belt and dead, and removed a sluggishly beamed style, left at home.

I found old friends down there, sleeping on the floor of a dry valley. And the threat of the Inquisition still decides ahead. I felt myself shrinking inside the emotion-shattering splendor of space and minor talents at work full time.

It was Friday night in late summer when death comes in a fall from the high in a cypress tree, and a handiheld kit there to seize a light plane with about 800 pounds of marijuana on it. Since then, we've looked down upon dark shapes flickering in crystal pools.

P.F.N.

Rev. Arthur Muggitt
LIKE A HOSE

Like a hose sliding down the steps
like a tire filled with dirt
slashed and slippery I turned out
my valves slick and whispering, is that a value throne or
thrown fog rusting inside the walls
broken apart dashed on iron a board a horse
a lesser pocket knotted from my fist's force

Jonathan Brannen & Luigi-Bob Drake

STERILE POLKA

barbecued umbrellas

Jonathan Brannen

SONG OF BERNADETTE

like a sewer sludged
my pants full
to hold in
fudge of dark blood
or a bed
the shitstain of
memory poised like a
broken black umbrella
over my head
excuse me there rug
I didn't mean to
splash your stomach
with creamed-corn
in a gunny sack
orchestra of thaw
or sixteen lbs of okra
hanging down
in back talking slow
as I coffed with my
spleen upside the
head pristine as an
ass inside out or backwards
backwards instead
of immaculate silence
standing with one leg
in the bowl
so as not to make any noise
the yellow secret
is a sky radiant with sly bums

Al "Blaster" Ackerman &
John E Mumbles

COLD NUDE

The empty octopus jackets
off my shoulder as I foot
the reel 'n reed t' squeak
like my toenails against your teeth
chattering in mad windup circles.
Your naked back hot waxed
rack: you should invent beer for
the next sixty years, invert
shirts for the next six lights

Michael Dec & John M. Bennett

FOURTEEN LOTS

Fourteen lots steamed in the storm
plastic acres in used car lot rags where
bags of hot tar fused in layers elastic,
stretched to Spanish Buicks that
drive men mad. Was I slick from
sleep still, were my feet here yet?

John M. Bennett & Michael Dec

the gumwrapper flits in the stink a prayer. The rest of the city as
hoops you jump through, as in 1. have animal speak 2. chase animal
3. entire thing becomes ironic. But you pull invisible stocking up
the milk of ankle and twist your mouth and shake your head at my bug
eyes and cartoon music from the foot of the bed because you know life
isn't as if a freak of nature killed all the people and left all the
engines humming. Or if the people who whisper this disappear. Or a
ratboy with bug eyes, clicker in hand. Or me watching your tail exit,
I invoking the food gods all drooling and chants. Or gunshots like
shovels turning dirt, as in; 1. have guy speak 2. chase guy 3. entire
thing becomes a cartoon. Or a complete industry of wise mice eating
people in a world without blood or wounds. Or just the hot, three
inches behind my forehead speaking.
(These are black. Almost birds too, mute as voles) and all their
abused children grow up some time knob haired, doing pig things to
pianos. & here they run in front of these REPEATING TREES. Just like
out the window as shadows strum the phone bones, and a dog bowing at
pin pricks in the sky that wave and taunt and won't reveal standing,
only eyes, and a list of illusions it is Not. A list of Missing
Persons; A' la skin history. And motors.
(...the liquid finger waits) The finger teases the rising cusp & if
kissed swells a little before it hits the ground
sliding on the wrong
road to high water - that's life. There is no definitive excuse for
mirrors. But 35 years from now your ambulance will drive past a field,
and you will say to the kid with his fingers on your wrist "he was struck
by lightning in there somewhere" and he says - what color is the air
Now?

Spryszak
FEELING

What are you feeling? Does everything overwhelm you? Then why not try to relax? Why not try to limit yourself to thoughts that build your intelligence? In a moment you will enter a new condition, a place where you're completely safe and protected, where you're in complete control, in touch with your deepest sources of strength. It may seem to be indoors or outdoors—it may contain anything or anyone you like. Wherever you may be, whatever state of feeling you may inhabit, you can now return to your place of power, simply by conceiving it.

You lie face-up on a table, and two pads of rubber faced with interwoven strips of thin copper are adjusted to your temples, and a minute current of electricity ranging in force from 70 to 100 volts is passed through your head for a fraction of a second. There follow periods of unconsciousness, spasm, severe convulsion, and deep coma, during which your skin may well turn blue. On awakening, there is a twilight period of semi-consciousness, and when you finally "come out of it" you are generally unable to recall any part of what has just happened.

You turn and face the direction that feels most comfortable. On the wall of the pearl, draw the invoking pentacle. If you like, you may use a symbol of your own—it will be your secret key to the place of power. Now watch the symbol glow with a deep blue flame. Take a deep breath (inhale, exhale). When the wall opens, you can walk through into your secret place of power.

Things no longer mean what they seem, but only what they signify in your own particular code. Imagine you've been awakened from a vivid dream, that as you go about your daily affairs the dream continues, dominating your thoughts and activities. Soon it may seem that physical space is little more than a manifestation of thinly disguised fears, or infantile cravings.

Now you are in the pearl, the place of power. Prepare to awaken. Turn East and say goodbye. Turn West and say goodbye. Turn South and say goodbye. Turn North and say goodbye. Now look for your symbol. See it glow. See it open. Take a deep breath (inhale, exhale), and slowly walk back into the drift of feelings.

It often begins when you are quite young, in your teens or early twenties, and it dooms you to a sort of living death, devoid of the rich array of feelings that most of us develop. The condition is a kind of chronic brain storm in which you manifest split personality, often dominated by imaginary voices and other hallucinations. You may well become addicted to violence of the most offensive kind. So as you move back into the drift of feeling, what are you feeling? How does it feel to come back, and what can you say
What are you feeling? Does everything seem to be out of control? Then why not try to relax? Why not try to teach yourself to think of thoughts that build your intelligence? You will enter a new condition, a place where you'll feel safe and where you're in complete touch with sources of strength. It may seem to be a dream, and you may not even notice it. You may be in a state of living death, devoid of feelings.

It often begins in the teens or early twenties, a sort of living death, devoid of feelings that most of us are not used to. It is often dominated by imaginary voices. You may well be addicted to offensive kind. So as you move back into the drift of feelings, look for your symbol breath (inhale, exhale). When the doors open, you can walk through into your own place of power. Prepare to face the wall of comfort. You will come to a symbol of your own power. Now watch the symbol turn blue. On awakening, you'll face the period of consciousness, and are generally well

Recall what has just happened. You may be a part of some thing that doesn't mean what it might at first seem, but only what they signify to your own part. Imagine you've been awakened to a vivid dream or dream continuous with your thoughts and activities. Soon it may seem as if you are in a little space of little more than a manifestation of your own disordered fears, or infantile cravings.

Now you are in the period of power. Prepare to say goodbye. So as you move back into the drift of feelings.

Look for your symbol breath (inhale, exhale). When the doors open, you can walk through into your own place of power. Prepare to say goodbye. So as you move back into the drift of feelings.


FEELING

feeling?

relax?


15 Now as I looked unto the east, I saw a wheel upon the face of the firmament, i.e., one for each of the living creatures, one for each of the four living creatures. 16 As for the appearance of the wheel, its appearance was like ebonite. 17 Its appearance from the east was as the appearance of a chrysolite; and the south was as an emerald; and the west was as sapphire; and the north was as lapis lazuli. 18 And the appearance of the wheel was like the appearance of a flint. Its appearance from the four winds was as the appearance of an olive tree. 19 And from the living creatures was the appearance of a wheel, when they moved, and when they stood still; and when they stood still, they stood with an equal turning. 20 And the spirit entered into the wheel; and whenever the spirit went to and fro in the living creature, the living creature went, and whenever the spirit turned, the living creature turned. So it was like the appearance of a spirit from the ground.
15 Now as I looked at the living creatures, I saw a wheel upon the earth beside the living creatures, one for each of the four of them. 16 As for the appearance of the wheels and their construction: their appearance was like the gleaming of a chrysolite; and the four had the same likeness, their construction being as it were a wheel within a wheel. 17 When they went, they went in any of their four directions without turning as they went. 18 The four wheels had rims and they had spokes; and their rims were full of eyes round about. 19 And when the living creatures went, the wheels went beside them; and when the living creatures rose from the earth, the wheels rose. 20 Wherever the spirit would go, they went, and the wheels rose along with them; for the spirit of the living creatures was in the wheels. 21 When those went, these went; and when those stood, these stood; and when those rose from the earth, the wheels rose along with them; for the spirit of the living creatures was in the wheels.
Where you are pining so
sit and press the gizmo.
Stick. Let it happen this
one time only every man
made pure for love part
broken speen. Split skill
was also once physics
once contact spread who
picture and stirrers as
with mushroom and law
meet on a marble table
top sliced pine and cool.

David Cousines
SEED AND FEED

Where you are buried go
sit and break the digging
stick. Let it happen this
one time only every man
made burns for love bent
broken trash. Split skull
was also once physician
once outcast abroad who
pictured silk targets as
wild mushroom and raw
meat on a marble table
top sliced thin and cool.

David Gonsalves
15 Now as usual, there was no other living creature, I saw a wheel upon the earth beside the living creatures, one of the four which went among the living creatures; and they were full of eyes round about them. And when the living creatures went, the wheels went beside them; and when the living creatures rose from the earth, the wheels rose. Wherever the spirit would go, they went, and the wheels rose along with them; for the spirit of the living creatures was in the wheels. When those went, these went; and when those stood, these stood; and when those rose up, these rose up; for the spirit of the living creatures was in the wheels.

Where you are buried go sit and break the digging stick. Let it happen this one time only: every man made burns for love bent broken trash. Split skull was once once-physician once outcast abroad who pictured silk targets as wild mushroom and raw meat on a marble table top sliced thin and cool.

16 John M. Bennett & Jake Berry

17

18

19

20

21

Where you are buried go sit and break the digging stick. Let it happen this one time only: every man made burns for love bent broken trash. Split skull was once once-physician once outcast abroad who pictured silk targets as wild mushroom and raw meat on a marble table top sliced thin and cool.

16 John M. Bennett & Jake Berry