Realphabetize everything backwards.

underground

theater

Larry Tomoyasu

lon spiegelman

Emerging from the shower

toothpaste tube spits last drop.
old man, too many contusions.
moon with a fringe.

M. Kettner

lon spiegelman

Realphabetize everything backwards.
in a brown & white coffin: your mother's weiner

you & your paraclete shadow-boxing

in the boneyard dreams of meat

black moon-white sky
dream of being backwards

Steve McGomash

the wasps and he

know where the warmth comes from.

Afungusboy

All three of them fully observed by their mother's video camera.

HOW TO STAY PURE

Fucking clouds trying to fix "What's Wrong with Reference"

"Daddy likes jazz played by real musicians, not by puppets"

"Costumes—that's what people in other countries wear"

"Mozart—tinkle, tinkle"

Michael Leddy

big feet/blank checks

M. Kettner

Arturo G. Fallico & John M. Bennett
Struck it pays
out linear canoes in
water without wood,
created varmints of the spark
sent goose-like over liquid...
innocent fathom
going flat
behind the birch-bark;
it is, &

is the gong-edge three
ways thin, where middle
wave is fish-thick with
a fern above its quivered
deck, and disappears
at breath-take in diverse

immersions
of the single lake;
wide mercy being driven
all directions shoreward from
the slender sprig of starlight
floating.

William Ramsey

the mule of despair a cloak of three stones
this wood of primitive function
but solitude holy solitude! these leaves
genuflecting on the hide of heaven the dead sancho
whose enormous mask is a shadow of islands
the fire is a panel of sounds released as a rose
but breathe deep into the cork a church evolves
what a man feels like an abandoned loaf
the beggars who follow the ways of pigeons
what a man feels like a ruined bread
teeth which guess night has come
facial semiotics of the dead in disregard
for whom the bells arise manifest
in a bleak noon of apostate summers
the several german dialects of quixote
both bundesrepublik and falangista meet
sectarian locura of rosicrucian frenesI
"dear friend" to whom I apostrophize these things
delayed reaction to literary impressions the thief
envelopes half a minute ago emptied of history
the great ampersand erased by mustard gas
retention of chartreuse in any other vote
whose? those great and tragic figures
wings of music darkening the syllable
for why this engine of autodestruct?
for why this promise of disposable margins?
I am falling for sure from debacle
the guardian of night a desk of hooded threes
span is not my soul but my inflection
demokratische republik stoned on dex-spansule
racial conflict of imperfectly read arabic
whose laced and fluted column the spine
fixed in the mud like broken scaffolding
salamanca holds these legal bones
unstable for days after surgical hypnosis by telephone
to discuss what? the power of a book to brood
that legend is a traced cult of drugs
wasteland appetitif of synthetic criticism
each film the effect of that despondent emotion
because I am falling from true uncertainty
that no losenge can alleviate a paradise
water-marks on the mind's drifting continuum
with the confined labyrinth of invention
a moth burning in the only light there is

Ivan Argüelles

(The kiss of an ice cold breeze in a closed room
after the guns fall silent)
and that overwhelmed by the noisy smoke
they could not discern the gods
suspended over the noetic cities
how the rain swept in pages across the flesh
leaving no inch unmined no fish but on land
angels with blank sockets
seen piercing through mental meat
a hydra in the air talking in prophetic whispers
that there are futures in the clinic
shuttled back and forth between the finances of clouds
a planet of love obsessed clinging to "her" lips the sweet scum
thunder of bliss plucking from among the red flowers the living tongue
photographs that saw the fingertips
alive still running through hot ash pointing nowhere
the swat response rattling the windows
of the soul
paradise tumbling through conjectures of alcohol
corridors where women undress believing
machines by no man made invading the vertebrae
a hundred different reasons for history spinning
puffs of dust nostalgia before a dark square of paper darkness greater yet
furtive apocalypse pre-dawn a dreaming memory
the great sea descending in plateaus
shifting its liquid floors
drenching one horizon after another
venetian spit disturbed shaking the antlers "his" beautiful head
ignited then put out hidden italics
thumbs criss-crossed by a razor blade produce
personal pronouns or a geography of wavering conditions like unto an anthology
conjunctions burst in their furnace soggy impediments
level to the ground "their" great wings useless
unless it is the spasm of technical diacritics a horse
with blue eyes flaring leaping the foss a vow
a vowel stammered in the cathedral for salvation
the hibiscus whiter than ever the rows of hydrangeas blistered concrete after the blast
how brought back to record the nauseous song filters cold agents a tomb possessing all the waters small and large and the Scorpion the ocean of night in its fiery yellow shirt nombril of the universe fused to mirrors the dozen islands of the cyclops go on up
be in be inside queen's sheath the hide ox-feet bees-eyes suet hunger hanging like lard against the wall of despair visceras floating beautifully
And you ha do not
even know I am
ha pulling on you
organ ha you
listen in [read on]
special meaning(s)
the sounds listen
gobbledegook
you think of
kupua
and Siberian Tungistic
tongue twisters
you eat morning meal
food one hand pen other
you would shit too
but no hands to wipe your ass

A TRANSLATION FROM THE TRUNDWADIAN (c. 1722)

scarely, I left.
the highway through bloody lies
mossed twilled among the oak tree branches
the window
“how the carcass?”
there was a view; like a broke trunk racket
elbows flung apart the nerve ribbons crawled
a wavy slip of her hand on the bedroom floor
a goodbye kiss from changing color

“you're still gorgeous”
eyes were watering doubly face empty in the sun
from between spread legs looked at the sky disappointed

sneared very young
Dangem back into berschet's
a red thumbprint
and his eyes blank
a rattlesnake buzz
where cops were hated
on inverted hot plate
like a chronic disease

time was the muscle,
inked patterns on inevitable
gum a slug in the guts,
great blind eye pointed
a splash of wet red paint a long time to
clip clipl clip and bang bang

Shut up God
sentence screen exploded in
a hail of glass
with dizzy nails

S. Gustav Hägglund
THIS COYNESS LADY

Had we but girlish pluck and spine,
this noiseless, baiting pantomime,
this oval meating, churning rind,
glad we'd uncurl.

I'd telephone.

But at my back a prostate leer--
dang-ding (Iscariot carrion fear),
chimes ring a lariat stirring air
about my neck, my apostate spear.

Let one derailed fedora pry,
lizards and grass and Guernsey die
in deserts of vast attorney's eyes:
a gander grilled, a corset fried.

Had we but pearls enough, and swine--
this toyless, waiting, vermeil bind.

W. H. Green

Rounded sat

Rounded sayings in repetitive dances
inert possessions a detective skips forward
to thieves handling their own shit, light
of the cardboard salad, driveways moved
from sidereal fillings, again I held
to sayings in dust, your metallic
distances holding the door affirmed

Thomas Taylor

CUAN

en la vosc alba com
pomo com muro en la vosc
alba sim digito
sim oyo en la vosc
alba dl'ultima cuan
la filla chanta dla vesc
d'vesces en las vosc alba
e cuan mi fre murto
sim digito sim oyo en l'acualba
io abla megra lo crea nonca a
nonca e nada

G. Huth

Hieroglyph | Remarks
---|---
Head | Human
Finger | Pointing
Arrow | In direct flight
Arrow | Direct waving flight
Arm also: Hand | Broad sweep (Open)
Tie or Bond | Material one

Steve McComas

STOMA 1980

all things become a part
of the large blue factor
w/red strings of life dangling
being in conversation with 3
holes
in the mouth of a woman.
a group of beach-combers used
measuring tape around her
buttocks & busom.
in tightening eaves of autumn
chips of rust bore to bone &
blood of her dug up,
usurped.

Guy R. Beining

BOUGHT AND SWALLOWED

Another hour of filth, inflated
human hair spray limpets
colliding on govt grounds--and the man-size
cage of hung flies that never pauses is never
weaker than your mind; the man
hasn't dressed with gloomy hands
a pig that sun can scarcely
mush the white injustice
of selfhood without steam--
the wereworn recruits in spokes
cheer every barge that waves its cadaver of
slow, forgetful fun
for with the mind and womb so keenly asleep
press agentry is the chain
of every childhood that is lifted off its feet
by the tweezers we have bought from uncle

Al Ackerman

Gradually realizing.

S. Gustav Hägglund

Higrojnymo Remarks

Head Human

Finger Pointing

Arrow In direct flight

Arrow Direct waving flight

Arm also: Hand Broad sweep (Open)

Tie or Bond Material one

Steve McComas
OUR SONG, THEY'RE PLAYING IT

What Alice was a butte talk mandarin
Trying to write a this it tercet, fraught
To feel it though a second thought I'd share,
Looms in voluptous haste of verb's reply

Creasing plazas e'er a field's a reel of dreams
As forearms were proofs others sought
Removed like strophes themselves were cased in gasp
Tiered in steerage lodes, a petty loom

& Clark is an if sink, a wish or a when
Cultified by wiseguy logo dinner hammer
Were it a stricture that I'd dare invent
Under the impartial, rumpled physics moon

So tell me taut, whose name myself I'd stare
Were I a she, & heaving winds abjure
To fray of a lisp or soak a dimmer pure
Which she or he or we'd 've naught proved true

Mark DuCharme
everyday is everyday is badly wanted to be dried stage fright
more glove (holds sore apostrophes) as carelessly
we worry over testimony
the leader of the fear team reads the basement stairs
to wobbly troops who pander
to many of the rafters bleached from
bloom a microphone alms for
lakefront photograph sniffs blood
not drugs the town in gusts of mesmerize
"you, too, can be the proud owner of..."
chants licensure chants sleeves of scatalogical
hand beaten trashtops where the wavy go to get by
one of the least suspect drip dances on hot
cement one of the angels rises from the scald
the last heard streak of talk is blister
leave the feet and face alone

Washing the stones and leaving one unwashed
Washing the stones to look at and to smell
Washing the stones to feed surfaces of them
Washing the stones to place one stone at a time against the
Washing the stones gently as face face
Washing the smooth encrusted stones with winter on our minds
Washing the stones of all hard feelings
Washing the stones of model airplanes broken in their path
Washing the stones of incarnation blistering
Washing the stones of intonation toward delicious nudity
Washing the stones to be the stones
Washing the stones not to be stones
Washing the stones to change the path
Washing the stones to tame the future with the past
Washing the stones to clarify our leisure
Washing the stones to honor them to mold our spines from them

Sheila E. Murphy

bake feet (recollect them)
featureless devo-
songside
I bathe
combed symphony
try out squint listen
culpable meander when
the fixed is lateral awhile
shield boxes
predicate noun (sleeping)
job a permeable
snifter contents rolled
the tongue meticulous
in prior speech
the hearing (an intense) plea
bargaining

Sheila E. Murphy

I get cravings
I borrowed a dress from
my wife
I'd swallowed a lot
of blood
I heard the barmaid
scream

They searched me
and ordered me to
take off my blouse

I was overcome
by the most
pungent smell

Suddenly I
felt a popping
inside me

I'm glad
they killed
me off

Sheila E. Murphy

S. Gustav Högglund
Ab:Prophetics #22

Tottering between passivity and madness. Too many buckets. Too many heads. Too many fecal worms in the electrolysis machine brainjuice in all directions. Formulas save only the fisheries, boobs with an escape hatch on the wind. Rediscovered centuries later beneath a tortoise, flopping for breakfast, tongue-tied into the outlet of your choice. There, on the other side, your mother waits, nimbus funked, with a new parade of kidneys.

Ab:Prophetics #27

Posture devours an evening bite. Late in the slipper, a scowl across tundra, the condor ignites. The old general squirms for his petroleum enema. The obelisk a needle conducting his tumor toward mal occhio’s gysm. Am I too late for confetti? Is yesterday ruthless? The vacuum cleaner coughs up her bladder and I finger it, waiting.

Ab:Prophetics #30

Fisk. Dementer. Too frequently fried. Spectacles in squid wing. Derive from pegs in my skin. Surrounded by them, quivering eyeballs in the orange glaze of nausea. Or suddenly a forecast, goiter frame adrift full of muscle against the firing log bent near me for chartreuse leather. Replete with damage, I laugh until the piano freezes. They'll find me here, gearless with a furious grin.

Jake Berry

What are they?

Wet clothes.

membrane constellation
equilibrium-labyrinth
negative pulse
(her weeping sedative) \( (1y^2 + 6,9)^2 \) leapt to 91(re:beard
9.533932

grasp lurches
approximate
organic
x relative 6

10^-44

indwell

turnip/sulphur
NGC 4151
Thon-Auxotroph

pregravitational
field harmony = \( \frac{VOD}{80} \)

boiling gelatinous cloud \( \frac{91+1.1n-}{\text{d} \text{ialects of the pit}} \)

Jake Berry

SHORT LIFE OF TROUBLE

Busses are soft to the touch, especially if you take them between your legs and caress them with both hands, then leave them flattened like an idol that doesn't have a niche. An old house, a shadowed porch, tiles, a crumbling Arabian design, a man sitting against the wall, a deserted street, a mediterranean tree, a side-view mirror where objects appear smaller, more distant, than they actually are. These embolisms are as shrill as penciled boxcars where words don't come calling anymore. The half-moon eels across the sky seeking Venus along the horizon. Ten thousand baby snakes are hatching and the sun is barely down.

Jonathan Brannen
1655 A.D.

Sagas clearly are hands frozen so badly that the fingernails have begun falling off. As she memorizes his death, the codex unfolds like syllables half-obliterated by the rain. Fish thrown up on shore enlarge their fins as their scales turn into feathers. Skin assumes a down, fins transform to talons. Penitents collapse a season as a camel mounts a leopard who will later give birth to a giraffe.

Jonathan Brannen

LANDSCAPE

Sook between red sun the red oxen come to gaze at water hear the electric hum in a Gorgon cloud rise from the lake as a swarm of insect particles assume the tortured shape of moral predator. Time's last slave provides a horn of battered tin, copula. The baser shapes of precious metal, ceremonial daughters.

SONNET ON THE LADY'S BONNET

She loves Kandinsky, she says he is exquisite. I wear horns in my ears to drown her gentle siren of flesh, lips, cheekbones squinted into shape, gurgling maybe, silly how it seems so ingenuous. Who to listen to? The mother, the father, or the third bare lie of childhood, being repeated once, twice in the form of a novel, an unwritten novel serialized genetically, of heredity's rule. I wonder how her notice could evade this mistrust. My glance, depending on sleep and pride, of lust she would rarely encounter in such an odd ratio, given the bonnets she wore when practicing fellatio. Ceremony, that much I lacked, was the part too ill-defined for any but that woman to make sense of.

Jim Ryan

OBJETOS SOBRE LA MESA

El orden de las cosas es un misterioso encuentro para quien mantiene ordenada su mejilla. Arruinamos papeles, rompemos homenajes, abrimos los metales. El arte de acechar es un remoto espejo, sin forma ni mensaje; la nostalgia, una estantería con vasijas usadas. Hay objetos sobre la mesa: naipes que eligen el azar para ordenar el mundo, juegos de medianoche donde el hombre apuesta su soledad, opción donde nacemos y morimos estimulados por un oscuro dinamismo que no acertamos a entender, solos ante la mesa, sorprendidos en nuestra buena fe, ociosos y pensantes, desnudos hasta la última jugada.

Michael West

Staring into stars rubber next of kin distance kissing it lip shingle melts my grandma computer

Unlocking darkness.

Byron Smith

Horacio Preler
in the right lane

when the car in the right lane slides to center and keeps sliding into left before I can evade
cars who come out of nowhere like the lost cup that reappears where you know you looked
inability to see around right angles in 5-dimensional space
a horizon is indescribable without moment and history: a horizon is the genetic comingling of horizons
as the sea is the starting point for meta-euclidean geometry in a school where standing still and being silent are the opposite of learning
how your body is your own, is the planet of these other bodies, the sun too busy orbiting itself with reflective, refractive, side-splitting information
as if each basketball player is a beam of light and the whole game is the first flicker of film, the whole film and everything but the film
entertainment begins with the nose whose understanding of duration keeps it a verb we cannot conjugate
like air in the vein wanting to join the breeze forgetting to signal as straw drives through steel

Dan Raphael

heartburn to and fro, like glass jars on a shelf, inside each a different motherboard, the shelf a treadmill, every 5 seconds the jar on the left falling to the floor, a new jar on the right, each more obsolete than the one before it. To stand in the breaking glass, the queen, burp & fart, spray.

Mike Miskowski

CAMINO DE TIERRA

He roto los espejos con un hacha construida con ramas de yedra y alas rotas de ganso, encontrada en tu casa bajo las tibias sábanas una noche que me moría de frío. Cada una de las láminas flota sobre la alfombra como una procesión de nubes y yo las veo temblar, como si fueran pétalos de lata, mientras la airosa zarpía de tu perro se hace sangre con ellas. Y luego, en cada una, voy contando tus vicios capitales —con los que acabo de llenar esta jarra de colores de trigo— y así demoro melancólicamente tu partida. Una tras una entrar, como los peces en noviembre, todas tus estrategias, prestas a delatarse en la escalada de tu pelo tan pronto como decididas despertar. Pero antes del alba se nos presenta reiteradamente el crepitar de fuegos de la ciudad ardiendo desde lo alto.

Fanny Rubio

Buzzing.

dadata

Smoke.
Can a life that is intrinsically without interest ever be interesting? This is a question which has boondoggled many if not most unlicensed medical columnists since the time of Heeny, myself included.

Of course, in order to answer it, one must first know whether an intrinsically uninteresting life can be made to seem interesting in the pages of a low-class magazine if the readers of the magazine are leading lives that are more intrinsically uninteresting than the life without interest that they are reading about. Then, taking this as our touchstone, we can begin to wonder (as, indeed, so many before us have wondered), if this lack of interest is a manifestation so much of life without interest as it is of that for which no interest can be found.

Frankly, I have no idea. But the answer to this question is the answer to the psycho-motor skills with which you operate your Two-man Sidewalk Tank. Whether you are the traditional conservative Sidewalk Tank hobbyist, or one of those colorful individuals to whom hyperactive glands have given the vision of careening down the sidewalk in an orgy of unbridled bestiality at 85 miles an hour, you may want to stop for a moment and ask yourself: "Just where do helicopters fit in with all of this?"

If so, the following letter from Arthur Turner, on an expedition in Egypt, may tell you what you want to know.

THE TURNER LETTER

Cairo
May 15th

Dear Doctor Al:

There is a "young HPL" if you know what that means, staying in this hotel, very intense and obsessed. He has stopped drinking but not smoking, but the other day in the middle of a technical discussion about the best way to raise European rabbits for the Skinner Box experiments, he made my hair stand on end by suddenly coming out with "Of course my greatest desire is to own my own helicopter and mummy," and went on from there to explain at a great rate about his dream of helicopter ownership and how he envisions himself skimming about the rooftops in the old quarter of the city, swooping down, and hovering, and looking for sunbathers, with his mummy propped up next to him and mouldering on the seat of the helicopter. It's a funny old world.

(Later)

The young HPL continues to regale me with his great dream-fantasy. Nearly all the time I have known him he has come out onto the veranda every night to talk and talk about his burning desire to own a helicopter and a mummy, in consequence of which I have been spending a good deal of time staying shut-up in my room. I finally asked him when he expected to see his great dream reach fruition and he said he didn't intend to see it happen, ever; he only keeps the dream before his mind's eye as a tantalizing possibility, so that he will always have something to look forward to. After that, I realized that the explanation for his rat's nest hair and the sleeves of his dress shirt being always in tatters was probably mental; what is dress and grooming to a man who hopes never to really own his own helicopter and mummy?

(Later)

...For the moment, in an effort to escape my tiresome friend, I am in a small village where I have found excellent barley water. But last night my idyll was shattered...the young HPL appeared just after supper. He kept us--myself and Reynolds--up till half past three in the morning, mooning about his beastly desire to own a helicopter and a mummy: and when Reynolds and I finally managed to break away from his tedious jawings, the last words he called out to us were, "But it will never happen!" That seems a foregone conclusion--he is much too much the hapless ineffectual dreamer to ever physically realize his dream, but can only spout off about it endlessly like some damn guppy.

P.S. A bundle of stateside newspapers finally reached me this morning but after passing such an irksome time last night I felt too listless all day to open them.

P.P.S. Good heavens--the young HPL is at my window, clinging there like a lizard and tapping....

Hastily yours,

Arthur Turner

(Arthur's letter ended on this rather inconclusive note. A little reflection and I could only wonder whether a life that is intrinsically without interest can ever be interesting, or, to place the matter in another context, whether a Two-man Sidewalk Tank is? Let your heart be the judge. As for me, I think it's time to take some LSD and milk-of-magnesia and forget all about it, if, indeed, I haven't already.)

Al Ackerman
CONG DOC

1

"AMERICAN GRASS"

"Where" the lightheads roiled (from the dioxin fields) where the memory drools a twitching cheek (that misted day) where the stoneheads smile ('n toil ankles awash (in "blood'nguts")) Oh damp air where the thoughts oughta be! (What the soil blights here, where the toxin yields, boxes of gas in a wastepool seep, where the stupas sweat, covered with boils ('n solvent rice)) Where the future bites its arm ('n shreds, a flaccid tocsin) Oh where the eye like a cloudy river thinks, its poison lens drags, like an insect face, rolling dead eggs...

2

WHAT'S URNED

When my can'ts birthed, in that "Plain of Jars" where the sink surged blood like a flushback up, when my cant, its swirl starts, spiraling in to a rotting bud (where the seed steams) so they grow 'n rant, they do, where the fire rained (from my fat-slurp) though I buried them, like clay-eggs beneath a hill of feces-grief, so a dawn might clear... where the doing ends 'n does... where the dirt-, er, shitheads bloom!

3

GILT

Then's my damn slope-slip begun, up through down it seemed, rolled with plastered skulls and the flowers their poisons hid, my doping clown-ran, with drastic lulls spoiled ("oh oh" he cowers, from a chemistry's burn! (where the bombers' dream (and a hole through the dump's dug))) Then's my cruel "hope's" churned "While's face o'er's faecation's lowered", down that stream where the bitter rice sloughly sinks (no thought's but acrid spewed) Oh then I now, slide-while, on a mud-face joke-sickened, slimed with known, what I from my taxes paid
androgyne said saw danced keenly heat, skinless sleep, rating war on a scale formed

her hundred his ten, mist is mine against repeating

mind stays mall days when socks sugar tear

miami preamble frameless syrup persian glass salad oil struck

kitchen dynamics a science of lean analysed density entered sideways

consistently complex considerate real as stars ratpine

Dan Raphael

Peter Huttinger

Harbinger.

Mike Miskowski

Burns. (1.) He set himself afire in the middle of the turnpike because the voices told him to. But he miscalculated the amount of gasoline needed. When the flames went out, he was still alive. Terribly burned, he walked into a nearby Howard Johnson's and asked a customer for a cigarette. (2.) Shouting constantly, the lunatic woman struggles to cross the incinerator's threshold. It is so hot, her palms sing against the metal jambs. The caretaker fights to pull her back. The heat dries his face until he feels it will crack like thin glass. She lunges against his restraint, yelling, pulling him forward. Her hands smoke, her hair glows. She talks on and on. He tries to hold her. The heat and exertion force his stomach to empty. SICK beyond all experience, his hands relax. Saying something, she jumps in. He falls to the concrete, vomiting smoke, hearing, or perhaps just imagining, words from the flame.

Robert Nagler
CHAPTER 9

So the lightgrates dropped their buzzing gas and she wanted him for a wet mothball but instead he gave her a bun fuzzed with hair. Here her profile cuts across the message in her richly flowered dress like a large white whale with a black kiss curl like her looks flared with lint and the chairlegs seethed. Oh she was flight-sunk, drifted! Her raw mean achievement test (should be on the above line) echoed in the south stand with laughter sea waves and wind slivered. For she flindered then, to all degrees expanded, like the galaxy begun, or the instructions burned. That night in the midnight gym her hips flew like mutated walking sticks and the bleachers of sand drained, outside where the ice grew on the guttering red stars sticking to her pubic hair as lice wing around an opera hat. O I sank her public flutter; thanked her open face where the trees soughed!

We interrupt this poem in order to bring you the latest news about Wanda. She puts documents into vinagre to determine the shape of an atlas of watercoloured balls. She can balance on a cake balloon wearing a beret of amber batteries. Her bedclothes are chiselled out of wallpaper statues with cup and bell devices. She can scrub blue herrings with a bonbon drill while biting the collar off her butter boat. Her voice rattles like a radio in a raincoat. You can rice up her rubies and cycle lock her ankles to keep her sarong from undressing the sadi her eel umbrella.

Robin Crozier & John M. Bennett

[Previous chapters of this continuing saga may be found in LAFT 11, 15, 17/18, 19, 20, 23, 25, and 27]

IN THE IMPRINTS

Sitting in the imprints between the swim tubes and toilet bowls where the sheets behind the garage wave like cheeks in the hot sleep of bones rippling in front of the dogs ribcage like a sunken nose or a thigh seeped with milk wilting in their hats growing rubber noses the rain turned inside out.

Stacey Sollfrey & John M. Bennett

WHAT SINGLED

What singled in the burning grass was the same bubble wand that touched his hairs where an ant in the sunlight flares backwards into sugarcoated candies where the snare looms... vibrations of splitting hairs where his leg game in the teeth stares squares of buck bowl helmets where the blood, or quaff, to the dreg... drag dresses spinning down turntables where loops loosened, and the chairs with broken canvas swung sealevel, whisper like a burning brush blares salads into forests without forks where the path to the bore-at-the-heart's led, gold soups stirring or stirring.

John M. Bennett & Stacey Sollfrey

THE LEMURS

The lemurs I saw, all full of panties like hats or legs for hair, oh that was a sunken year fractured for a gullible echo in the weather a beaver yawned like's head's in 'er pants and I in my collar dripped flaunting, frayed at the debacle snapped and there was a wing flowed artillery snapping. For he cawed, and the air oil seeped.

And swept with a maggot in my T-shirt, swarming, Oh I warmed at him, sailed for a chair where the belt blood sipped quicksilver like a rag of delirium, my shirt, the couch, quickly, anus posturing drew like a thigh where his arm ought a be like piano strings in his fist hammering planets down the disposal... the femurs I clawed... dull and sagging, like rotting cats in a shed...

John M. Bennett & Jake Berry

Jake Berry & John M. Bennett
CAGES SLAM SHUT

Perpendicular non-cages slam shut something where the sump-pump sinks in a fog of breathing sleepers who gesticulate without their thumbs about a missing rainbarrel, oh where the bar-melt dances and the locks blink, in a flutter! Jumpstarts evenly divide available percussion near a backdrop of the slush and holes where the handles used to be whale lookalikes with brains for shins kicked, swallowing all the same key some overt surgical margins with opaque blooms of scab ...where the reams of severance play loud blackjack games in attic rooms across the street.

CARNIVAL ERUPTS

Carnival erupts where water is just visible where a chair in the middle of the light sinks blinking royalties from recently discovered treasure where the ship bloats... under the seat she clamored for a wake to bring resolve shaped like pituitary shirts or a langoured lap-surge. Oh could she oar where the louds flail! Magnify the lotus in a field of glands as hypothetical as frost, (where the stupa's nailed), for the cost's costless!

Sheila E. Murphy & John M. Bennett

WHERE THE HATS

Where the hats in the lake churn
Bustles, ornamental flagship verbs pry open
The shirt of lust, where the bags burn scuttlebut as
Beautiful as perfomated syntax under the big
loose sleep. Oh where the flags in the moat
Sift down temperate little nosegays bent in the direction
Justice brays, where the blue legs list in a boat
Redundant as doilies although grimed and anchored
Where the lists tatter and the walls
Gleam various simpatico arrangements much like voice
Like ear-rings scraping a cheek where the
Padlock sank beneath the rodeo of sanctifying posies
Posing to be be
(Where the ropes in the wake-slop fray...)

John M. Bennett & Sheila E. Murphy

LAMP ON THE PANTS

The lamp on the pants burned
running down the street where the sleet steamed where the sub-humans barf their tusky pot pies where the feet meat eat... Oh I leaned to make Gumby dolls dance-chance! (The damp on the last churned plunder crowned...) But pondering Black & Deckers I, where the cords in my legs swirled. Could I afford a video rental membership? Could I, ...or a girl?

John M. Bennett & Squid Bennett
SALUTE CUT

Some what I yanked, as flag dragged/abridged
where the lamp shade, like smashed phone, snarled
in the light-string, smeared like
orange stucco, like detoxified worm, like chemical spill
(what I neared I purchased what I fled I begot
I lunched at high tied, underlined and
shelved, like a sail) Oh my scalp where the hangers
hover sverve blurst spasm-ism, where inevitable
is iffy, where the "bomb 'ems" prey -er- pray! -er-
toss the road a side (Between the rivers
"thighs" bloodruns or-sinks nightpics and
some mud I just banked) where the face face flays!
Some mud just I banked day yes turning eon
as the rag -er- wrag -er- charred in fight-sing
reared like a terminal chill, like smashed phone, what
I whispered aflight, Oh I leered but
leering pasteurized sweat it burned sperm announcements
it wept gold the leering jeered it wept history
like in the sand I'll lie
where a date went unpassed
like in the sand I'll cast 'til door erupts
where a ferment breeds, like a stink anon
I'll urge restraint in death as in wind, sky!
When crush/compaction/incineration-lust cools
like silk, dies like dove, bows like hell.

Ring of Health

(Oh hell) it never does any good
but we try and adapt so I fell there
among the fallen next that trench
where the flies lay dead next that ditch
where the hair's aflate

(what news) it's never buried in a wall
but we dust and gore and snake and pound so
I slept there like sinking oil
where the teeth roar red next that book
where the committee's congealed next that writer
where mouth's engorged

(not now) it never bathes in toxic well
exactly but we grease and wink ideas
where sky flumes next that edge
where bell hums offkey next that day
where I'm in smoke-sphered yell
and health is long ago

BIKINI BEACH DROWNED RADIO

Swimsuit issue of (oh drowned tongue) commandos
loud (where the bonds seethe) armchair therapists
explaining the floodrool situation in terms of
buying habits (where the pants burn): if you
subscribe now (oh breasts of sponge) you get
potholder and countrygoose charred bonnet with
gas (where the tree sinks) mask attachment and
of course the annual but-splayed hormone-hamper
bikini leach horseplay; call (but flail) 1-900
Anything to hear the sounds (birth) of war

Musicmaster & John M. Bennett

spy vs spy

hang-doggedly from ledges meteorologists step & into
the salt slug of winter's fall, windwhipped
dimwit's end
transmission--quoth The Great Rubber Band.
clandestine gears grind towards equinox eyetooth smooth
& orderly as decoder rings sized
a-custom-fit anticipatory wet thumbs held high
aiming iron-sighted azimuths at the sun:
HIGH NOON cocks crow aphelion A-OK.
the gary cooper
memorial think tank toils overtime
over rubbings of the rosetta stone fine tooth
combs at def-con 3, storm clouds flock & semaphore
wingflaps. MEANWHILE The Giant Slingshot
armed with platinum protractors plots
obverse strategems upon holographic grids,
checks its percussion-proof pocketwatch counts
down THUNDERCLAP,
plastic explosives of a petroglyph surreptitiously hewn.

Musicmaster & John M. Bennett
VICARIOUS MONOLOGUES

1.
Lena's robe.
Given to me for life
with one promise--
no imitation
and only the finest deception.

Ardor in the enemy's bed,
lovemaking long after
desperate suspicion and a black lace veil
vibrating like clicking blossoms
with each gasp and sigh.

Mine to wear,
do with, this
falsifies nothing and clings
magnetically as I walk to the bed.

2.
Kissing so open-mouthed,
drugged out and spinning with software,
we met in an accumulation of venture
capitalists, Home Box Office, boredom
with perception--so unlike
my damp cock tracing your breast.
Only the low, drenching midwest
and the torture of autobiography.

I awoke to your body
and USA TODAY.

3.
So long go-go lingo, baby baby,
bye bye papa peeppee.
It's been a delirious ride, quite crazy.
Quarantine for hairdressers, arias of syringes--
a plan to make germs lazy?
Tonight we sit on the curb counting viruses,
our own Homer enscribes these
exponential verses.
Without eroticism we get the alphabet of politics.
What do you expect of poetry?

translilitic inspired by Heberto Padilla,
"El monologo de Quevedo"

Noemi Maxwell & Nico Vassilakis

Deteriorata

the ocean hiding in a box
coral yes I saw it
a tambourine swings off the rook
it is prow of air
and done of fish
and stone is mill in the stomach of bird
a zoo
an ago
the diva of booth disappearing
and her pineal base
defeat in chambers
(she lifts anon)
like leap, like leaping
this is a jilt of water, she balks
she dams the rig
for each hen there is one finger
a stoney patron
dive there
for the next ton of grub
such a mix of her fell out--
her hair of purple tiles
and her weeds serif
a tarp of eyelash
will encode each microscope of grain
and yeah the boats explode
and if her ankle is not hurt she will
design a nose for this water
her heart of milk, lit,
stains the house of hate of air
she dives
when dead unders sink up
and marshes grew there

Daniel f. Bradley &
John M. Bennett
squatting on rows ov open mouths moist & foul quivering on his thighs he feels them slick & soft at thee edge ov a river pissing into thee waters staring across thee darkness watching for thee stirring ov limbs water smacking strange suddenly there's a drowned girl pondscum slobbering sticking to her pale blue form like a fever blister floating on thee water in her pocket aborted babies covered with dust & wet sores wrapped in toilet paper an itching handful to her ears listening for muffled breathing thee fuster ov their gentle fill filling her nose placing her mouth over her hand she's crawling into them they're crawling into her she bites down

locking his gaze across thee water her yard-long tongue severed & feeding on rats & smeared with grey mud & hooks screaming as if...

trying to scream thru a blister ov vomit down thee throat trying to swallow suddenly churning melting thee skin behind our homes a mouthful ov swollen teeth splitting pieces ov clotted blood air rushing into thee lungs lurching back into a sour haze smiling sideways at thee rats licking what's left blistering thee wet earth under thee long black trenchcoat skin encrusted with shapeless grey lumps ov spit hanging like wet hourglasses

sprawling on his back in a heap ov trashbags thee air thick with thee swarming ov body odours clogging thee pores

t's crawling thee creaks

one hand

GRACE

The way brown Clotilde turns when pink Cathy enters her, wanting mouths as well as genitals, the grace of total coupling, hand/desire outstretched, I first think of a bee and petals, then insects trapped in pitcher plants being slowly digested, why is grace always linked in my mind to decay and digestion?

Lake Rain Vajra

She died from the garbage she had been eating.
IT WASN'T ME

by Jack A. Withers Smote

Yes, she raged at me, but mute, like a stuffed gorilla dragged behind a car, I in the window licked the salty sash where so many dreamed of down and down, but the rage like a silent TV where the mixer clattered and squealed against the screen and my green pajamas with glass slivers glittered, oh should I lay in them, lay in her rage and my sleeves be licking, like eels in an oily jar, but her rage never reached and my keys, the keys to my car were lost.

MAMMALIAN PROTRUBERENCES

cement encased
over the porpoise fin
spilling over the side
of my kitchen table

Stacey Sollfrey

Portraits

Portraits of the artist
a young nipple
swollen and pinched
big pink frame
a huntress
he worships

Amidst a sea
of fluid concepts, he is taken by her
and dropped head first onto
the cold steel blades of her eyes.
She plunges deeply into his
bulge

after several long and drawn out
fuckings
again she pounces
the artist
a young nipple
driven,
bent
over and skewered...

a formless... satisfaction

BOB Z

but do you know what I do
in the rhythms of sitting down

Stacey Sollfrey

DREAM III

These dreams u know these dreams are driving me crazy always my dead father & mother & my kids now grown & just gone little again needing me needing me & i'm trying to move from 1 apt. to another it's always the same house the same apt. all white & upstairs the kids' rooms separate but connected like the right side of a horsehoe & yr the left & all yr friends are there to help but they're partying just partying & yr only half-pint of vodka got spilled on the floor & yr children have to leave now & can't help now that they're grown they have to work like u because u can't support them & don't want to but the basement there's always the basement that u have to check out before u leave cuz u know there's something u have to clear out of the basement but u don't want to look at it u know it's more than u can take it's yr father's lathe the 10 commandments on lead tablets & yr lover's diary so instead u look out the window & decide to go fishing in the dark creek w/yr home-made rig that don't work so good & a fine, fine lure u know yr gonna catch a giant fish & not be able to land it & yr father's gone out on the lake just a kiss from the river yr fishing in his light blue boat w/motor & white writing but that doesn't matter in the dream u have to get back from the river the basement to the place yr moving from & everyone is partying.

Star Bowers

HOLIDAYS

this is a dinner at which we do not eat the dandelions, though she cooks them, along with the rest of the meal, most of the day, a slave to the stove, like most women at holiday season. the other, younger, works only on the dishes she likes, not tasting the others, serving them, only, to her husband, as if they were the plague. at this dinner, there is too much to eat, more than usual, and the hostess too insistent, while the others urge me on only to wine and gambling with change, the way greeks always do on new year's. food abounds in this house, like an overstuffed turkey about to burst open. I am the only one that stops eating.

Effie Mihopoulos

Propagate promiscuously.
PARIS LOOKING IN THE MIRROR

I got the Trojan War. My body kicks and whinneys at your face taken inside in spit, in the pink dance of your tongue. Your legs are in here too, sucked up by my eyes before I understood the property of vacuums. And here come your breasts, your penny waist, your arms shrunk to the size of a kidney stone. Damn, there's more of you in here than me. There's no betrayal. You'll wage war on yourself.

John Grey

VEGETABLE OIL ON MY LADIES' KNEE

Vegetable oil on my ladies' knee, certainly nothing happening outside, I dreamt I took a swim in tattoo ink.

James Cobb

TIT RING

down dark greasy stairs
i kick a pool of colored light
and witness trembling cigarette smoke chairs
leopard skin shoes and
a sequined bitch who places flesh in a metal studded box wrestling wine bottles
i can't keep from staining my pants
she grins and in the distance
spirits flying mutilation outside the gates
drunk hands fumbling for keys
and skulls cracked open on the rollercoaster ride to hell
"purse your lips whore, fuck and suck until delirium wrecks your treadmill reality!"
stitching the whites of my eyes together
in back alleys and car wrecks we roll
to new planets where cannibals cook fuckboys and wash their bellies in the starlight
lo and behold! fear insanity pain torture and even vanity trampling good and evil
we watch badly damaged christians stew in their own shit hot and bubbly (they look nice in brown)
we groove without shame in a circle of sinners suicide jokers dancing in side-splitting laughter
we revel in crazy mad impulsive desires that kick in the fuckin door!
"sweetheart's got a tit ring!"

Bob Z

COCKTAIL PARTY

Turn your head a little, please, so I can see your words from the side, the waves they make in the air as they slide from your mouth, intertwine with mine, agree with little fixed smiles, little flickering tongues. We use these subtle gestures (shrug, turn, nod of a chin, glances toward other eyes we do not meet) because discreet voices press us, murmur and hiss, thin rustles whisper -- if I lost patience, if I took your hand, opened my eyes to look, naked -- you would step back, smile crackling like a silk sheath, but I keep smiling too. We understand how thin skin is, brittle like the slick dry shells snakes slough off; underneath, real skin glisten with real blood, thick clusters of nerves: these, because they can feel, must not touch.

Edward Lense

NO PLACE TRACE OR SPACE

How could I leave that house? My legs were amputated at the hip. First they attached twenty foot boards to my legs and made me hold them straight out from the bed until I cried for another shot. But now I don't worry about that anymore. Everything in my field of vision has formed a pattern. The most eloquent pattern is a gray blur. Ahem, I have a question but there are no words to express it. As I was saying I lay on the beach like a fresh turd with knives sticking out of my head (I say! someone tried to stab me up somewhat) but that mood passed rather quickly. I must retreat to my pile of concrete figurines in the Arizona desert, a desert which regretfully I have grown to detest. And because I have an unfortunate meat-hacking tic, nutmeg is spewing out between the annals of my face. Disgusting even to inanimate objects in my field of vision (which by the way has now become wholly fragmented and unbearable), what exactly was I saying? I feel slightly absurd and a little giddy at times. Who let you out? Sounds like you had a nice "night on the town". Essentially I am very pleased that I never became a part of it.

Jeffrey Skeate
your brains aren't that big
i know the green shovels. and the shrubbery has pink insides. you haven't even touched your peaches. she stuck each finger into the five pieces swallowing the sweet canyons. in the bathroom. well lit half moons. he awoke. the dust filled butterflies twirling in between his metallic eyelids. the dog crossed himself. in the heat as the sky became purple again. his hands moved. machines. to rest on his cheek. and instantaneously reclaimed the sheet beneath the pillow. the pillow was god at 3 am
i don't do that anymore. the horn blared. and he almost stumbled while walking. he had suddenly become aware that his feet were moving and his arms were swinging. of their own volition. he doesn't care. god. god. god. the women were in his mind again. in the blue light. he was on the moon. relaxed. with five reflections at the end of each arm. the M spine. with money even ignorance prevails. watching commercials. the blue light. persistence. patience. another struggle with suicide. they are just games he says. he feels the corners tugging at his mind. and keeps remembering his name.

Tsz Surlama

STORY
I saw George Bush incinerate a woman. I was there. I saw it myself. I smelled the flash. I saw it. It lit up the whole block. I swear it is true. He dropped his bomb and it just incinerated her. She burned for half a minute she turned to gas she was incinerated by George Bush. I saw George Bush incinerate a woman.

ANALYSIS
True. This story is absolutely true. I is not me, but I is somebody true. Someone there. Someone right there. Here vision reaches far in terms of saw, at least up to 10,000 feet. Here smell is immediate. Here it is true. Here I as someone smelled her burn. She got incinerated by the military she got incinerated by the military she was enemy civilian to George Bush. This is a true story.

Erik Harold Belgum

PIN PRICKS
Unable to stand the loose teeth... Put on your dark glasses. Sonny. the Lord is merciful! Statuesque black women circulate in sublime underwater masks. The Japanese pen wrote precisely: take care of yourself in a leather bag, in a hilly landscape. Remote idea of pin pricks.

Annie Laurie

THE LAST CIGARETTE (PAGE 2)
to get a sick leg out of her dog smelling fur.
"suppose a nun...shes as much a nun as painted women off him"
he cut blood too tight to walk in my hand tho i laughed 'im not a horse'.
"what so big?...my hours have become oysters" with his teeth he wished out of my fingers. it came out of her side.
i bet he found lilies there too.
-still the bones-
"always with the smell of children"
-put their arms around the clock-
"always with his eye half shut"
mosquito seems to put her heads on shore. the day i wore a voice made out of gloves. with a couple of eggs to make himself interesting.
"yes i think i made them a bit firmer sucking them like that...waiter ill take those eggs beaten up" in the kitchen pretending to roll out the navel cord.
two eyes damning themselves shut in the corner.
"like the dogs do it.stick out your tongues with nerves as naked as gods"
as usual like the soup. his carcass having to wash in my piss. thousands laughing.
"if he refused to eat the onions he must have eaten a whole sheep instead"

Tsz Surlama

Daniel f. Bradley
THE DANDELIONS

As she removed her sweater, the dandelions turned their sound up the Old Testament.
Poem's mailbox at once turned clock-menacing and central.
The wharf sharpened toward him with a sound like eggs hatching.

Bob Grumman

she swims in plasma. she swims in my plasma. she is in my cells, swimming.

he eats off of the plates. he eats off of the dishes. he eats.

she said "why do you never, why do you never press my skin?"

Afungusboy
TONELESS LAUGHTER IN URANUS

toneless laughter in Uranus brought me
all the way from Philadelphia
on the bus
too close to that now!
better for us
if we meet for Chinese
in the family dining room above Raji's
I had never had noodles at a place where
an old man just across the aisle
half stood up don't
grabbed his throat ever
and spit out a blood-ball the size of your fist order
then caught it in his own napkin, slowly, catsup
with a swipe, so eating above Raji's at Raji's
was really a new thing for me them them them
but those who go down to the waterfront on game days
remember them
the first time they looked down into the single garlic
and the floorboards of the ark gave a roll
blue veins walked across the table
another roll
the blue veins walked back again
toddled rather and you see
some hills lift like miniature golf
that a gang of workmen are turning
from blue to yellow
cellophane
a bulging map of Egyptian holdings
the membrane of which you can put your arm through
to feel around in the dark
with a purple shopping bag wound
to feel the foot
no larger than a chicken bone
you better not

"Swarthy" Turk Sellers

PUMPKIN IN URANUS

you know
the other afternoon
(it felt like Friday but it was only Tuesday)
I was down on the rug
between the coffee table and the couch
thinking about the Republic of Plato and
taking shallow breaths--
a woman with orange skin was doing
exercises on tv; I started to think about
how it looks
I mean how it looks when a torn-up mule
floats in the air
and how sunglasses can make a difference
and how sometimes the difference
between a sense of terminal despair
and a neat sense of humor
is no larger than a frog's woz,
and it was rather sinister, because
the next time I looked
the woman on TV
had been replaced by a long-haired
dog. meanwhile,
the nap of the rug was starting
to rub a bald spot the size of a dime
on the back of my head. and oh, insight!
"remember
this is the last year of your mind for
the rest of your life," Pumpkin in Uranus said,
"the sun makes another revolution and so does
the moon,
there's a sardine flopping in every row of corn,
you get up only to go lie down again."
which was true enough, I thought, though
not exactly news--
only Tuesday; nothing for it
but to lie there
and hold the good thought: that Lassie
is really
a deformed guy in a dog suit.

"Swarthy" Turk Sellers

INJECTION No. 7.

it attracted,
yes,
both women
and bugs.

Larry Tomoyasu

time that's like
new sky mourning,
mostly video

--David Gianatasio
Dear JOHNNIE,

Here is beginning my ten days of house- and cat-sitting in Houston, and, as I warned you might happen, I took these latest poems of yours from 2.20 and 2.21 and involved them in a hack that may set or anyway equal a bored for torturous deviounesses, shapeless.

when one has only a handful of neurotic cats to talk to. First, I decided to use what I had on hand in my suit-case to construct my poetry machine and what I had in my suit-case turned out to be a couple of issues of ASTOUNDING Science Fiction (one from '51 and one from '43) plus a flyer called "What To Do About Your Dog's Bad Breath." So, using these three items interchangeably, I worked out a tentative 41 line structure or framework. Next, I took your poems (OH STONE, "...SON 108 RIO...", etc) and started pulling lines out at random and writing them down on a piece of scratch-paper (the way I could tell it was scratch-paper was by how, earlier, I had used it to scratch myself. These cats have something of a flea-problem). In addition to extracting words and phrases from your poems I simultaneously extracted phrases from the two sci-fi mags and the dog-breath pamphlet, scrambling these all together in no particular order as I went along. The next night—yesterday—I drank a lot of beer. When my senses were sufficiently cloudy and receptive, I took my poetry machine and the words and phrases I'd exerted and started filling in the blank spaces in my machine, going real fast, without pausing to read back over or weigh what I was plugging in. Some of my choices were made by direct (and fuzzy beer-fogged) scan, and I also had a "blind pile" of words that I drew from so that I worked up alternating between foggily scanning and blind drawing, going faster and faster, till, toward the end, I was a veritable blur of random, misguided activity.

This morning I typed up the results, using the back of one of your poem sheets since I haven't had time to buy any regular size paper—and I think it came out o.k., considering that I have very little conscious memory of writing it down.

[Signature]

Al Ackerman
i tell you that
day begets night
& you ask what night
the night of the
blood-soaked
corridors the
night of the slaughter
of the last sacred ape
the night generals
repent for the
sins of their genitals
the night all typewriters
burn like liquid spoons the
night of the raped
umbrellas the night
umbrellas commit rape the
night of blinding ice
that reigns across the
seeing valley the
night purpose is defined
as a bloated penis adrift
on a sulfur sea the
night of high fashion
when naked bodies
smeared with fluorescent
paint cover the earth
like a carpet the
night of splendid
sanctuary when water
takes the form of
man & walks upright
until dying the
night horses quote
aristotle the
night truth becomes
illusion & renders
it immune i reply
that all of this
is correct but
it is also the
night of red hot
destruction when
some actor dressed in
the robes of god
pulls back the clouds
& gives us all the
finger from his
outhouse in the sky

Walt Philips

Mike Miskowski

David Gianatasio

I look directly
at his eyes
and then imagine
my breasts
bore.

Fear of election.

Robin Crozier

KISS
love, lick,
leaps in
ME.

Walking on water.

Larry Tomoyasu
Sat Mon 5 a.m

Vivid screams, appellation banshee locomotive
automobiles clunk, flurry, graining oil
burner, shib, rut roads, pavement stare
Damon clouds and the sound of choppers
like the Nam

William P. Haynes/Elliott

Vittore Baroni