Lost Found Time
It happens that the fingers softly penetrate afraid of wounding the flesh as the drainpipe from where come out the sad paunched and untailed wolves.

Il arrive que les doigts s'enfoncent doucement de crainte de blesser chair comme boyau d'évacuation d'où sortent les tristes loups anoures et pansus.

It happens that the fingers softly penetrate afraid of wounding the flesh as the drainpipe from where come out the sad paunched and untailed wolves.

Lucien Suel
ANUBIS

Anubis: A jackal-headed Egyptian god who conducted the dead to judgment.

The skulls are as quiet as moonlight shivering on the lake’s cold skin. The carpet falls apart in spite of my knitted brows. You break through the window like sunlight hidden beneath a ruby and sapphire crown. The basket cries out in pain. Paper is fluffy and moist like damage or forgiveness. You will not forget. I have already given it a name.

HORNPOUT

Hornpout: A freshwater catfish native to eastern North America, Ictalurus nebulosus or Ameurus nebulosus, with a large head bearing barbels.

You prey on other poisonous snakes. How do you survive your lethal meals? I watched scientists inject protein into my bladder so I wouldn’t piss all over myself when you came after me, your eyes glittering, your tongue darting, your tail refusing to rattle, refusing to warn me. Your words are quasars embedded in host galaxies that feed gigantic black holes. I shudder in anticipation. We are twin snakes encircling a sky of eternal blank, dark venom. Daybreak is only perceptible on earth -- out here, we are in unwaking night. Your lethal injection is as rational as my fear of you. Nothing makes sense but the eternal struggle to get away.

NETSUKE

Netsuke: A small Japanese toggle, usually decorated with inlays or carving, used especially to fasten a purse to a kimono sash.

War is convenient because it gives you an excuse. Chaos is a handful of sand and dirt shoved up under your gut. Suicide is what you stole from the survivors. Dignity is as smelly as tank treads fresh from pulping the bodies that could never be named. You bought a turtle and called it Horse. I bought a chimney and let it fall, brick by brick. Erase my eyes with the swipe of a hand. Replace them with Dalí’s Un chien andalou. Then journey to Hell and tell me if you can survive it if the shell you build for yourself is thick enough.

UNCIAL

Uncial: of or relating to a style of writing characterized by somewhat rounded capital letters and found especially in Greek and Latin manuscripts of the 4th to 8th centuries.

When I woke up this morning, horses were kneeling on my chest and I was holding two rosebuds in each hand. I knew I had changed into something not in my former flesh, but I could not see where or what. My identity now, as then, was indeterminate. The last thing I remember before falling asleep was signing my name with the tip of my finger onto the smooth surface of the lake. Of course, no trace remains. Even the reflection is gone.

foretorn 2

BUTLER

"Scary ... Holds the reader’s attention, to say EXTRAORDINARY the final diagnosis thriller hotel corrected the areas of neglect the moneychangers disclosing the very least... The problem at the heart of the overload tablets strong medicine the days of the literate detective novel are far from frightening, and graphically filthy. I almost hesitate in high places airport wheels psychological a lie detector for the make you think “what if" twice, nobody writes them for riveting, readers service, dental disaster author FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

a. baba
This is the penultimate part of a partly and previously imparted Part 59 most probably known and forgotten as the partially presented Part 7% hereinbefore notmentioned and hereinafter to be hereinto dealt with, hereon -- not to mention 'whereof' and his long lost motherfucking cousin and theriomorphic zebu-like 'thereagainst' GreekoSphincterian manifestation -- which said part, I shall refrain from proffering at this bent hour, clouded up by the asphalt ice cream coniferous cone, but nonetheless allude to with impunity, and name it, in the name of the general post coital insertion of the xth finger into the softest areas of stupor and related bowling procedures, (see my unwritten scuttlebutt vis-à-vis The World War #9.37 & The Opprobrious Manually Strangulable AssaWoman Goose Confutation Theory Per Se) and shall further refer to, obliquely, from now on and until the end of my mild erection as Part Minus Hiccupevity Plus Whatever You Find In Makarios' Ear And Behind His Corrugated Scrotum, part which is disparagingly adduced at, in the East Dakota media as The Profusely Cupiscent Attempts At Geographic Dislocation Sublimely Miscarried Out By Our Multilaterally Reencumbered Leader And All Too Imperious Recipient And Ultraviolator Of The Supreme Order Of The Smellless Cunt And Other Sorry-ass Organs That Live In Extreme Darkness.

I shall quote from some incontinent fireman's memory in order to preempt any past, present, future and helicopter harassment from potentially ellipsoidally inclined enemies or their open-mouthed and careless-ass-wiper acolytes, and refuse to be held responsible, legally or otherwise, for my arbitrary crimes against this humanity or any other some such egregious entity. (for further details see, my yet to be openly promulgated :The Curie Point Versus The Home BoyZ or The Romanian Zero Absolute And Its Nefarious Implications As They Pertain To The Homosexual Approach To The Straight-As-A-Cuc Thermodynamics).

My relatively pronounced condition of obscurity or my previous occupation as a cercopithecoid pococurante hunter, androgynous quadriplegic and tin medalist weightlifter in the vicinity of the Hubble Microscope, notwithstanding, I shall endeavor to illustrate textually that, that that will exist in the near future, has already occurred, i.e. - my mute vituperations equidistantly positioned between the event horizon of a black hole, the Uncertainty Principle and four baby universes consisting of: a) An utterly absent eternity. b) Musings issuing from within a lesser death. c) 15 lbs. of Gorgonzola. And d) Clitoral certainty.

Doru Chirodea

---

certain animals, secrete, and when introduced bite or sting.

protruding belly, on one side tended.

Steve McComas

---

ALGE

Fran Rutkovsky

John M. Bennett

Doru Chirodea

---

surface of an animal, plates of a serpent, surface of a petal, center of a flower.

Pertaining to a harlot; matter considered exclusively

teeth in each valve, the resemblance the vulva

of North American white underparts: a rush

Steve McComas
Never Satisfied.

other together dropsical gauche
blew clone not pyramid among for
sight took release with pocket money slip
promo you're ex herculean of a circulate
and metonymy of thrift

the cliffs perk hoglbled burgundy the last
analepsis retain victoria convolve
rushes mount in at furtive as end
cuffs hand by settle pud's moist ear
the facture of hem

roll told brought long decrepitude
particular elvey burping alike conandiscrete
from an age that gorged on walking car call
bot raven made sprightless across etruria
convalesce it

the strut of shuck krupps butt so hate blunder
wobble and repair beltan out in dhow
meant bent only moment rent avail temp
suffrage loud pith congenially lacks cud

or thud up stretch a cleat dant hue teks
acrotisimically froth and decision mariate
hall of errors ream split eclipse hocket
an ossia by luck to slip unejaculated
vent like as/or not preposterous

Peter deRous

Famous for blowing chittychat / Priests had lucked them
awful, taught her how to smear, begging off threatened
spanking, teach / her how to use the gun
her & his gun to mouth, bam & presumably
dead as shit. Fucked dang the captains
hat, one large rifle slug / expressed
time spent Don't sweat it (wake

John Crouse

Willendorf

First, nothing that is real to me is real to you. That's why
you don't know how to look at my body, think to call my
hair "hyacinthine," tight little curls; for all you know it's beads
-- or small rolled bits of clay in early versions. I end a series.
You piece and roll words between thumb and
fingers, and think
of me. my heavy body so lightly shaped as having been.
place me near two-day candles
as if you think I thank
the light. contingent. I cast a shadow in the dark. My
breasts. hips. belly do not signify. Neither a sign (yes
I talk your jargon -- because. I told you once. I'm a copy)
nor strictly speaking presence. except to you. Burn
what you will; Ozymandize me you can't. I laven' t,
to do you scant credit. my relation to time nothing you can
imagine. Walk into me. Even gender is not my game.
I sweated pollen. animal fats, before your shape
was
shaped. I am gnomon, spindle me, cast a shadow
by my will in all directions. My body puts out candles.
The hump behind my neck's an accident of casting. I'm
on a
base (but not your) toy farm animal. Suit
yourself if no flat surface you've
is permeable.

Gerald Burns
I. EL INK (font) for jmbennett

innate approximation of "parallels"
inadequate ample theasaur dreams slow
float down black loam
chinese ideograms letter grit bed
as /qua/ "ground"

void's yantra "scratching" static halos eruptions of void lists of lists virtual grip(
common rhy(th)m e

II. qua sink, rotorelief

"songs of voice"

jasper johns (voice/

singing voiceink...

(...tongues ink-tip-skewered to voiceprint"

ox piss emblem appeared as tandem
baal thrust eels acrostic lost père
d'ubu gorgon lisp eels acrostic lost père
greet slip phonos tau leg
void glee (trust) straight lamb hemorrhaged
potted dharma "eifel" d'eau had
ox piss and bellow funk barn
ox piss fragmen lacan canal
ox piss microo ching kill list

1 cacababaphonic leodevoir, devour. 10:3, 10 (revers
t ( ( ) " )

A. DI MICHELE

Patrick Mullins

ALL GIRL

pliant fissures dupe her owner truck
her glass figurines winnowed dangerous
avenues we carrying offers & little boy
friend lust foul duckling your grms with
mortuary belongins blown sneat window
bye girlfriend's little toy crust & the
x-ray knockouts wag buff hobbies pointed

headache bid everything first listen
valentine prickliness as far as I ga body
lotton contact mmxxmxx mister punk if you
station lost & sin tax browned by x-ray
bludgeon's know reflection uh lake flouted
receivers whiff white email tires built into
blues treemers mooping pastries in secret
massive areas a new sectian venerereal notation
devices develope simmrs in their wake chumsters

breathe

still

skin

ice

sheets

Patrick Mullins
10 succubus light where Padma
describes her eruptions as the Bowels of the Lord
and ate them metallurgic dogma, plasma’s nectarous corruption hung for
burlesque assassin in Virgo

touched her fingers in cognac
and buried an ear in horn, ram
— concussive radio—
& fingers across his phallus till it
stiffened, bark and sage smoldering
in glass, stood naked, painted red
drawing figures in the air
while she cradled it between her breasts, waiting—
fire gnosis
The dancers collapse
Shiva undone
figure in deep static
barely the waves cohesion—
the ceiling fan knocks through its turns, once each cycle
bare eyes appearing, half-voices in lung memory
and what sleep leaves
— thick carpet full of cat piss flesh—
tongued deliberate to her navel sprouting
Gate

Aperitif

We’ve forgotten the importance of things in our mature stasis
while the candelabrum clanking inside the washing machine like
brass mice on a bowling alley bar stool or a telephone booth bursting
with plastic starfish doesn’t attract our attention like shifting to
neutral at Central and Washington which never seems to approach
those stratified layers of archaic crayfish beyond the pale of
everyday thumb twiddling resembling the wrack and the screws
which we’ll never compare to explosive cookie dough or your
girlfriend’s Faustian fetishes that sprout from her navel on
temperate days and lope along without a care in the world because
they’ve escaped through that lunar crack between April and May
where bales of disposable diapers plummet from the heights to crush
piñatas full of blue scorpions which hammer out Stockhausen on
miniature pianos whenever we’ve lost our appetite for anything
remotely resembling white paste or the lives of saints which
sometimes chase us into the distance where we drag our weary asses
through a hole in the fence like starving coyotes or men snapping at
tri-colored canaries in the desolate aviary of repetition that has no
purpose other than lining the pockets of CEOs or other graffitisti riddled
commodities and we can’t blame it on the foreigners or the little people
because they’ve learned it from big brother who has no
understanding of the advanced stages of his apocalyptic antics that
throttle every red painted mime or jubilant horsefly who reveals
more imagination than an autoclave so that after everything’s said
and done, we’ve lost our appetite.

Tracy Thomas

Anniversary Flesh

wild geraniums foster negligence in this fever I graze patiently kneeling in the
remorse of happiness dissolved tranquil for the hour strung through high glaze of
jupiter's dread halo shifting neutrons of diffused intellect abroad, "pray, fail the
pomegranate, sire", a plug nickel and a rose for hire Flesh bleeding happy, no
question of silence
it's the sinner's repose, a garnet beneath the skirts of Aphrodite sweeping the chasm
clean motion with her buried anniversary snapping Love the cynical love
everlasting higher than cherubim, clean as a nostril after sweet blow Piss ant sippy
wipe the snap towel is a clean hit hymennoptera gathered gospel in this frayed hour
Night falls on like thoughts open palms closed eyes genuflecting salvation's lips till
she drips lilacs

Jake Berry

Gabriel Bontemps
Queen size

This massive mort on your bed travels at staggering speeds while not moving at all but being everywhere at the same instant with reptile precision and tearlike fragility you cannot bear but succeed on carrying sucked inside yourself where nobody lives or asks for a glass of water from another far away incandescent bed awkwardly tied just beneath you.,

Utah seagull

Or maybe the swastika tattoos injected in unbuoyant fetus raptured las palabras de dios perro into slushing livers down your tense vagina on the miserable street where you would rather not end anything but scrape off nonyous of some killable you.,

Due west

Even if you amount to no more than a distant map of questionable terrain visited by needneap tides of ptolemaic urges your still hand waves soundlessly at dustbathing sparrows oblivious of your eventual transfinity and your future tightly wrapped in three way mirrors snowballs into a megascopic virus the healer of cavedin memories probing your compatible whereabouts for simultaneous cavities where you finally can unbe at your own foreign discretion,

Doru Chirodea

Just opened eye seethes vapid stupor at nether speeds it wriths and gnaws the meltdown ifs inside your ribcage that crack and maim like larded keel Protruding gut of a crevassed lie ray my search flies far and lies asunder stretching to find the finding finder am getting lost beyond beyond Mombasa my compass grunt hijacks but shadows thrown by agrestal ever ready vacuum Here is my leap into the torn seeing I feel fresh deaths of eyeball mummy Let wildebeest mount human hot model and blind mahatma bring a cow for us

Steve Tills

French

Correctement, the classroom of desks, it was not in order. Here a desk, there a desk, everywhere a tsk tsk, but maybe there are not enough words in the language. You'll say maybe, but we always categorize. Maybe you do. Categorize the need to begin every sentence with mais. You could learn a few new words if you had enough to go around and they weren't all used up, fit into a petit (little) méthode empirique. Even B.F. Skinner used his thumb to hold his nose up before doggie paddling with Pavlov against the surface of his discontent. Sure, I'll drool for a way down, drill through the defenses of archaic form to a dark, primordial punchline. You'll take the merry-go-round of circular listening, but but but. But but but botte.
les humains en poudre

Le ciel croit plus eloigne noir que les monstres de galette fait à la maison ouvrent de grands yeux des voitures sur leurs mains font signe à les baleines. Pût à Dieu! Il est semblable quelque sorte de l'organisme parasitique quand il lape le frigo toujours et culte la danse des blattes. Mon pénis crois aussi gros que un aérostat jusqu'à je chante une petite heureuse chanson:

Il pleut,
Chaque fois je plonge à le porte il avale le porte. Za!
Ma main commence à vouloir (et je bous).
Ce qui s'infilt à l'extérieur se pourrait vert mais ce n'est pas mildiou.

La microbiologie était bonne à moi, je regimbe contre l'air, je déchire 360 procédés stéréoscopique que décomposé ma découverte, je pousse des cris pendant que je tombe de dessous la montagne mais rester dans ma chaise.
Les grandes lunettes arc-en-ciel-colore portent bien, ma sueur tombe de haut en bas par externe-espace. Je ne peux pas trouver mon corps quand je le vais chercher.

SURLLAMA

WHERE'S THE DOOR?

Willie Marlowe

DUCK

tape driver
moss evers
zebra

her furst kiss

SO

drooms again
wayfaring stringer

ee chances
clown

STRING

shallow deer
groin leg fold
eleven tears
da mold

Bob Heman

MIRROR

That is forbidden or forgotten. That is waiting or weighted. That is charged or changed. That is secret or sacred. That has lights or lines. that is blue or blown. That has seams or scenes. That has sides or sky. That has hands or handles. That has eyes or ice. That is spoken or broken. That is found or formed. That divides or divines. That forms the sun or sun.

TOUR

There are trees that hide the singers from the garden. No one still knows the lesson of the mountain. They dwell instead inside a lake or highway. The tracks turn suddenly to prevent the passengers from getting a good view. The extra passengers are nailed to the outside of the car. This prevents the sky from touching them too harshly.

PASTIME

The thin man is a thin animal. Its cloud is turned inside out for the ladies to examine. They speak with a surface reality excludes. Their wind is full when it contains only birds.

QUICK

corbleating aftermath
conjuring sweet umpressions of de corm

and aferway
it runz

SECT

sequester
torque funnel
busy eves

namely bob

FINE

graffing blooms
carling it allaway
grawling again
choozing

Bob Heman
IS surface like a red rose, rising out from her skin and one could see it opening, slowly at first... I dreamed/built it after an old grimoire (of months); indeed the tumor was like a circular mouth oozing with words, circling in waves and you could read it like a spiral book. It was always there, opening and flowing out. Then as the words travelled further out from the centre, they always got thinner and fainter and harder to recognize, and finally disappeared as if absorbed by the pigment and lymph of her skin.

J. Lehmus

HOW TO TELL IF A CAT IS DEAD.
1. It is not moving.
2. It is shriveled up.
3. Its eyes are gone.
Ben Bennett

QUICKS

I stumbled you out-hearts
Thus was thrust
thirst
New mood, turns aside, outer moves in between them, in time in memory
a mixes to, or at
I'd hold you close and sing your name
phone

Laced, smooth her sign even though more lips
mascot, left her eyes, lefter or resound.
I'd left, sure left what, right?
...though not mortal was other, passionette or, her, uh, friend

nor matter met
I'd held and mental, half way sun
even ing out, late nearer the top
I'm set

After hour other rafter howled Obscured, no doubt by too many thick, fleecy clouds
'bout it

Thomas Lowe Taylor

Bay Kelley
FOR NOW

For now I'm pretty psychic
Treble free and popping half a hormone
Roof erasable dressed windows upright upright
Upmarket upscale uptown
Untooth who we aspire to be unless we guess
Our lives' length independently it's all as glass
Would be to taste fair gridlin' peace
For starters when I write I'm skeletal
As sheet rock noisy virtual
Greased pole with monk shares near the top

Stop oozing when you speak
Stop robitussing when I cough
Stop order taking when the innocent is willing to be sold
Stop declaring independence it's satiety you want

For now I'm pretty psychic
Treble free and popping half a hormone
Poof erasible dressed windows upright upright
Upmarket upscale uptown
Untooth who we aspire to be unless we guess
Our lives' length independently it's all as glass
Would be to taste fair gridlin' peace
For starters when I write I'm skeletal
As sheet rock noisy virtual
Greased pole with monk shares near the top

The sonnets in a basket numb us to themselves
Go lightly on the drainpipe mention what you want
It often is more dangerous to want to walk
Than giving up the privilege of a car

Sheila E. Murphy

(SURREAL POEM)

JOHN CAGE THE COMPOSER BY
HUGH OLIVER ARGRAVES

John Cage the Composer has
on a sandwich board saying
Above him in a gray cloud
March thousands of sandwich boards in military line-

He is followed by men-one
dressed as a black radio-
one man dressed as a hamburger
one as a glass bottle and one
as a whistle and flying above them

Thousands of musical insects—

Hugh Oliver Argraves.

Lucien Suel

Le sirocco publicitaire
tourbillonne dans leurs
méandres méningés avant
d'être aspiré goulûment
par la myéline optique.

The advertising sirocco swirls in their meninxal meanders before
being glutonously sucked up by the optic myelin.
Remember how pitiable

the pancreas dried in a jar

+2

olahnýi

...leaves brung from dead habit

chasm were a sieve buried

among dream reservoir and vacancies

from costellated body

in clutching

liminal strain

at organs projecting the sun

from its sac -

tailing eyes

Walt Phillips

Jake Berry

and - r - than - - 1 0 + y o u + -
+ 0 + + (- - - - - - - f e x + + o -

PAPER FROM PAUL
WEIDEN HOFF (W H I F
MY M E M O R I E S A R E
RIGHT)

LITTLE VISUAL
VOYAGER/VOL III
MAY, 12/95

Hartmut Andryczuk

Flashpan

Flashpan

Flashpan

drooler
drooler
drooler

Ficus strangulensis

Toilet Seat Repair Organization

Videoscopy
Restructured Meat
Bond Iso cyclones
Use In
Binder Bodine
Emula
Contain Refinement Production Contain
Reduction
Method Of Pharmaceutical Action Of A Low
Streams

Ficus strangulensis

Harold Dinkel

B. Thales

After john m. benett
rnen inconstant negligence, veneer or stipple oral. jettison the bullfight, loiter in flaming lisbon. the butter sect, aquatic fiction. by illocution as salsa to elastic neosporin. infallible hilarity, breeds crack in daguerreotype. pulp novels bushing crest cyrillic doves. fist tenth bireloms viral stomach appears in herald lore. theramin quarks.

no one window 36.

seminal deaths. slapstick abortion grenades seethe fur well in the night.
fuselage for peach. comanche inupiap. tortoise deictic in cognitive toggle. knead the morsel kin. grimoire exit begets the vanity of copper. a sonar will. the foreheads of bart. to behold the spackled faction, forage idly in brassiere.

electric lloyd. skim grease. cut and redboned tupperware. up to your hearse in sanitary tactics. the warped fool mows the dice. cathected plastic lice. chevron head. settle for the economy of kamppucheas from molotov to mollyfy, by suburbs of belief.

Jim Leftwich

Depart (after Rimbaud)
Asses vs. La vision siesta rencontre a towns less airs.
Asses con. Less arrest de la vie. - O Rumours et Visions!
Depart Dan l'Affection et El bruit neigé!

PHASEOSTROPHES #7 (anticon)
for Jim Leftwich

tinsel ivory
deer thistle steel
future lapsed into Lethe
against dry swollen
legs ache for no reason
movements toward naming
designating "that which"
some non-particular invoked
from hole, vowel, Scarab
sun infinitude
So why designate define?
The chisel is toy to
ejaculate web

The man who wishes wings

each day inching
diseased reflection
a little closer
the moon trembling
death the car pulls up
like body on rippling water
out hop my capturers
my corpse shore

eyelids fade into
policemen tottering
the blue balloon of
out like fire them
of your skull salt
sky with barkituate
chopped in there
watching the
smouldering zenith
lying in obscene smile
splash asphalt

The words boiled out
open wrists in a dream

S. Gustav Hägglund
destroy the motives to desire by despairing of the lips. the tool raged in the essay. the road is a flaccid car. time is the choir of thumbs, halo of a shoe. I hear the mad haddock lurking in its wrappers. altogether creatures of the magnificent stage. this lesser lesson of utter sincerity. and it may be that you will obtain the raw banana, the rare bandana. moonstream through the periscope in a gnostic breeze. invoked triage, vanilla jar. cave hair buttocks. tooth is willing as tooth is kind. three kinds of acceptance. the contemplation of contemplation. understanding is the ghost of explanation. and disputation the night of passage. away. it is an all. the union angel, the lesser sainthood. then I began to melt away, as lead melts in the heat of the fire. mind coils in the soil of itself and grows away from light.

Jim Leftwich
butt-trope

i smiled the ripcord's clunk. empty of all except a twitch hovering w/out innards & counting the coils agog there in my noggin. "& this is the thanks i get...you pissed on my boy's head!" spoofs i cannot yank me from till the someone loses an eye, inevitable as the spasticity of massah lawn dar's lurching—a spill's pudding—flapjacks be-baffling it's no wonder i'm thin! friggin top laying an all-wall cabling the overs again.

Jeffrey Little

Cap Clay

Unbuttoning the bedding, the bedding with a circulatory system and the systems out there bending to you?
Has a being here have that capacity?
That capacity ready a readiness capacity to let it happen to you and the let gives you power blinking blinking to catch your sight and the diner never looked so good, blurred and shining even though no drug no alcohol you've taken unbuttoning a shirt not worn yet still hanging or laying on a table top. Unworn shirt you catch a whiff of yourself on it, the cobbled bedding a raft and I could be as swell moving along at an animal pace ground level humid radio length. Landing in a pink forest with an empty brown bag, instructions antiqued for air raids and breath, iron-on patched to the bag's wrinkling front or back I know it can breathed into during emergencies and the long lines i see growing drawn up and stretched as fortuitous receiving.

Karoline Wileczek

TOILET STARTING MACHINES

Toilet Stimulation
Encoder Corresponding Objectric Pring Meat Responsive
Induction Making Mach Fabrication Material
Ball Pullet Start Accessory Clamp
Wall Puller Useful Feed
Excision Side Work Drive Toss Gas Wall Ball Spectional
Field Flexible Sensive Art For And Meation

Ficus strangulensis

26

LAP OR THE LIQUID SOAP BOARD

Automotive
Use Apart Smoke Pipe Carrier For Connector
Automotive Use Apart
Smoke As A Roadway
Pouch Movement In
A Roadway
Acoustable Food

HOW TOO

Me's on a beam. Use on a plank. Eyes on the prize. Ears and ears and ears of corn. Col. Pop knows abyss when he sees one twice.
Lips slipped into eclipse. The moon copper. The day robber. The tongue rubber. The skin vaseline. Aluminum the strut.
Me's on a beam. Use on a plank. Eyes from sockets prized. Wrenches prized over Germany. Me's on a beam. Use on a plank. Aluminum the strut.

Willie Smith
SLEEP DEFOREST

Your deep snore corners fold land and dextrous with that scooting lump pendectomy every night to swim in sand, thin pans of oil amputation listing rooms of breathing masks breathing looms of spit-amputation your oily hands in (glands thin, right every trussed-up lecture's land folded hoarder's spore, "at least" ("shooting the stump") lunging toward that floor

PAUSE

Cleft your panting through the and-wander naps in soap and luminescence strings of soup your bath regurgitation stones purged past floors loops sing inflorescence of your sloping hat ants flounder new spans you left

wrist

left the wire hill ants smoking through the flight lag floors devolve (maneuvers caulking) of the bath or licking-stumps (grunts phoned) sticky path, your talky louver solves (core sags) my fights and soap's dance (pill's fire), "more cleft"

VOLUTE

Parallel reversal (corn of) bending cross the table fur burns (level rehearsal) plastic lemons, teeth the room behind (lenses churn). Toss the faster/lips or stain/twitching armpit) walked off siding back the drywall leaf of painted breath a (list of left/its plaster palate's, s

PEAKING

His form over the belly's stain flopped toothpaste on's pants as's excremental fluvia sword, paddled and chaired in's jittery/dance jacket planed past the/sticky thumb many wieners chewed that map of ibuprofen hall

hall interned the leaking ink wieners bloomed with mold and/hair he threw his jacket funneled agar oil soared ear stool and rants his sand thin, born widely like his mindless grin thank god, flat on's lower case's form

John M. Bennett
TOUCHED
A Transduction of David Huerta's TACHADURA

Your nebulous knee grows, sedimento del Inca, special

effects of number in the crispy ceiling, cane congealed,

injecting lint in the pessary: from those negated punctures

pronto surges the grim autocractic touching,

from those garbled points soaking the page's plain.

Touching, touching: disappeared, ha, the poking nada's "bah"
to those garbled pale undulations, a parapet, a stroke's

salad of scriptural inertia, fats

roasted on the border of a miniscule lecture,

erancy of esters and pale boats trooping
counter the accidents of destiny, syphilitic bees

which row, as combs row a bartered heat, through divine

hieroglyphics, uncertain in their trembling perfume of temper.

Touching, touching: vulva, hearing. Your tea extends

the cone of passion-matched constellations, crosses

the unstable salad of calligraphy, the angles

described of typography, the imprecise manuscripts dumping

encounters, eclipses sent, turbid forms, inadmissible

lexicons, structures come to reality's sound de-garbed

edifices of traps pointedly carving the callous middle.

Touching, touching: in that awkward copper

of passion occult hasty whores encase

the falling grammar, and at that exact point you enter

action's pair emended, corrigible, supper's food invested

with inert denuded day of errors, the ignorant

menudos of text and its authors - nomadic

textures, tears, vagabond governors

pour two strict vigilances, solemn and touching.

Touching, touching: seagull millimeter your

myopia's reaction-sand, orienting the knee's north

under equivocal syntax, under mall-calamined prosody

- why your low hatchets a rotundity of crusts, why a

roach's temple's tinted and negated with a diamond's

distress, what enables passage entire, to the pallid royals.

Touching, touching: your numb rhyme counters scripture,
your aim your service, what came stays united, pouring

dialetics of eclipse and Brillo, gained ants and pardons,

the penis 'fain in cake's nates, the east's secure simple force

deflecting these mats of sound, your rain, your energy,
your stored art sings art's calumny in queasy boredom's rays.

Touching, touching: the ants came so soon

sober oasis of scripture and you abate hasty cables

countering cake's era in the clear poked vase and flaccid,
confused store-bozo, unnecessary and fetid.

Toad toes' distress what knows existence's pork of's mental hum,
in the poses of loss where dusty noses swell.

John M. Bennett

syphilitic bees combs vulva, hearing
your tea amuses pouring dialectics in the

oasis of scripture dumping turid forms.

hasty whores encase grammar, denuded text
tears, orienting hatchets injecting garbled

points

stored your, energy your, rain your, sound of

made from TOUCHED, John M. Bennett's
transduction of David Huerta's TACHADURA

patrick mullins, July 98

BETWEEN WORDS

cataloguing radio waves in the bread basket you neutralized on, in,

the syntax of the undead splinters logos into the fractal catapult,
naval radar, breath neutral in the synapse of winter's bed, a solo
the aqua-fit lung twists out the tadpole to senior wences, spits
light from the fisted stutterings, a marina of cosmic noise, into
the diplex cilia, twice the lunar width of fish, flesh kneaded
deltas fileted of battle yak storm collaring the tendentiousness of
tiars betting on tongues at the track. snake eyes the cruel deuce.
compass of the stomach, chakra static, eight snake stations of the
slough, portable cross clippings & the pain forged of the rebus that adder the buzz bomb multiplies in hives
breath pours the triple crown tree of living spheres a melody of
hidden pulse that blooms in the boxed lunch of the brainwave's
carbine, the magic city of many silences that corkscrews
consciousness like a drain, a spiral descent of splintered light
pipes a plural logon as the song of salted ash asserts: be
wanderers. speech the bucket implies approaching the quasar
transmitting appeals from a dining car in the dense space
between words

Jeffrey Little/Jim Leftwich

GUARDIAN AT THE GATE

White 'n runny (phantom diner) off the window slid
cheese stands facing's urn stool Alberto's sweaty
lumps "blooping parsley" at the gate slobbers (wings
flapping feebly seat's barking) All-Brite's lodged
tonsils heave Cindy's humming buxomness melts your
heart you say, "that clerk"

clerk and hotcakes felt your buttocks' cream chipped
beef smoke gleaming threshold steams that collar on
your throat lodged stalk shorts seat naked shoplifter
lumps of toast you bit her stool's talking-turd; oh
winged cheese feathered toad inside whose Johnnee came,
enthusing in the white!

Al Ackerman & John M. Bennett
the outside it exists like a rueben in a paper sack aerodynamic & attaching itself to a kite lashing a greasy plate from the side of south byasted, it cannot be bought, unlike the electrical herds of longrig bathing tonight in the mouth of a child from texas playing jack's & who sucks from a mother's shoulder sweet baby drool juggling olives, it cannot be bought, the outside, my mother's shoulder, held up for chemical retribution upon the sill.

Jeffrey Little & Karoline Wileczek

beats to habachi, by

the fez storming the ether twists proverb from the plastic certainty of a stoma's seismic shorthand; tremorings that transform the verbal into aborted weather; hands that mimic mist, terse matrix born in a haze of deep dried syllabics, the short order sorcery born of an abecedarian insight, it broths the atmosphere orange like a soup of toxic alphabets, a battered scrabble's bag of tricks. skipping dinner, this motion heats the thinking that rings the hegira & masonic annexations of the fez, quoins in a shunt, the hungers of a border, from wrath to fear a range of quips, quick scat of beats and blanking notions leashed through a caesura in the sensations, the tinunus of high clouds & seeds spit from faltering, parcels a ringing in the eyes, the reach of these raw meats, anything but speech.

Jeffrey Little & Jim Leftwich

windows w/rueben

bet breaths chance in a sarie the sighs of boats puree signs of the tribe & the last of the brain scan's blathering about, mothing the wick for the candled totem inside smoke, pure late and gathered wine, dice reckoned in the glance of ships against dam eyes in white relief garb, the brine that soothe silted by/4 benches cleared taking drain to sea what bagged pipe pans when sleeves and lathered hips mince doubt in tithes of rain, slim cries slight as harm's belief, slick cloth candles that foam the transcript of mapped respirations, floored, the locker meshed in a sheath of filterings, where clocks beacon with spiral handles, light flies in a ragged dance, a loam of leaves and ash in a viral matrix coalescing the seas your rucker blenders by, it's here that the implants take, sonar absorbed by lack, candles in the sash, tricks of luminous chants

Jeffrey Little/Jim Leftwich

SEWER ROACH

Sewer roach caught pumping iron won't dissolve under the influence
Of percussion or even sanding belt raised like
Solar eclipse toting a whiffle underneath the level
Expectation (pronged with shellfork long hasp thirsting
Lock or drinking bell foamy lips
Unsung as part fish or part tremelo convener forecast to mean
The northern scan or forehead flesh
Made circular with our other clothes hung steadfast on the line
That rhymes with corpus (blink loom rising shade
Forking day leather borscht as clean as a caressive
Trade by team fest (locus murmured in the rust
Condenser, sleeping on the tables with plunge deeply
On the mind desiring to be turned adrift past the
(Hole in sand under water a dry heat certain
In mind only bliss of the new pens summertime leaking
Pockets (mother's time, slow pressing
Shirts to mew the forest in, long huge hives entreactive
Lines of sinks sand singing in the garbage
Disposal rondelay's that would be fugues in other
Drives, would be eyes returned last week from
Corners that resemble all the clouds we ever flew beyond in
Loud sandals slap the wall,
Liver thins like shell with something dabbed on
Supposedly a delicacy, mere tune dandled,
Eating all but the legs

Sheila E. Murphy & John M. Bennett
May 30, 1995 - September 11, 1995
PEALEY EYES

the catechism continues butdoggshoveringpowderhorn the flintlock defossilized, the occupation it continues. is doorman. slit rust in foamed bridgelight. dawn crawled to the edge of the bay of drags. knife eye opening the closure’s membranous console of control, the dictation of daylight thickening, circling, boned bayings beyond relic’s catapult. i strain the plinths in a role of silence, honed by a wedge of hues. relict prism, raw muscle of the survivor’s candidacy, the wings spliced & fixed to the sarcidglement, the cartilage of a passage into doors, into eyes’ flayed wince, ledge ruffled in gin and scrawl. sings ash into a rain of pict, ice hex on the epaulettes pairing the pool paring the hand over festula & crystallization of the ossuary, i is drags, is the thorn, gown of horns, corban, glassade enfolded in sortilege, claw rinsed in loam and jism, fission of the splint. risen the sediment like the next species to reflex, to the call & response of a tectonic sentence drifting nails, let the ram loop in a loom of sand fasten to its cyst. legs like a hiss of jade along the golden ledge. wings beyond trees & the coin-flip of a breached fissure. i reed torn mirrored. breathe all.

Jeffrey Little/Jim Leftwich

Drift, nostril thought, cloven ends what green doctrine trells a wafer through hog whose digress actualization severs, spoils of leaning jaw handles, groin fumes what sewage blows crows from the attic full of cattle tails, steep, bend of action, clever mist boiled in a tangled stew bleating a rage of hormone or close oil under the lids (angle of light phase of eye an arc squealed ruptures of twilt) drool quill, avarice in my shorts like razor-pants, filled shit suture sutra streams the loathe pocketing of, where of and launching gravel brave as mort five stammers across the consumption, gnats trail rapid elephants in slack positive moment, the lump in knee cap wisely itches mud swirls in the pelvis bolts and clamber nuts where I crotchety old simper divine the lingering ache as lording my pillow and farting. Rift, hostile spout, stolen shreds of steam

John M. Bennett & Jake Berry

Baje inyectada
conden por celda
invocada muerte
acompana irradie
largo iris
cuerpo encaminado
fóntico
fóntico
dama espere
fontanera
religiosa punce
restanado agujero
todo espere desfalc
aseste
vocable rasgado
a raza batida
aseste
impetuoso jijeo
y de abultado labio
falta saliente
grifo grito
todo espere esparto
mala sombra
mujer fastidio
de estar ardida
cuajada lino
baje matador
desolle colme
albarazado jinete.

Emeterio Cerro

ELECTRA

The crippled moon creates night
Self-worshipping, sleepless, nearly a dog-rose
expressive tie rod of the mundane coach
speeds up, pushes its shortlived splinter bar
The old havoc, slow and doomed,
batters the dead with its hip blows
- its night laugh awakes Electra!

A son, who claims to be Orestes
roves about eloquently revealing her death!

Electra, who claims to be vengeance,
a seer she roves about, spreading his bravery!

The dead, deep shadows of a selfsame hoax!

Electra promises blood - blood her own hands
shall spill to save the memory of another fugitive,
escaped from men in the fold of shrews!

Electra eats in the abundance of her face opened
to the ill-fated laughter, stirred up clap knife,
royal slap from the beast in its downfall!

(1) Clytemnestra’s
(2) Orestes’

version by Jorge Paolantonio.
Dear Johnee,

Still lingering over your fine poems of 8.9 (Water, Crumbling, etc) and I was also reading this clipping about the doctor who was arrested in the parking lot when security people became suspicious of his false whiskers and "lifts", which for some reason I find unbearably funny, and reading C. Coolidge, too—so thought to combine all these in a hack that's probably too long for this side of the page but you'll find it overside---

ME TARZA

This nutty doctor disguised in false whiskers and wearing lifts, picked up on suspicion
In a hospital parking lot with a huge syringe
Loaded with some deadly substance in the pocket of his trenchcoat
Accused of being there to knock off the man who
Ten years ago had refused
To give him "references" so he could become a top brain surgeon.
I like to imagine he said (this cd be his defense):

I have knew chairs and my tossed clots like the will steps
triumphal over dead smelt in the hard now, the edgy
drift to be dirt
I like meat but never where laundry product spattered the
raised sitcoms not the head
Here are the committed of the buzzing dead churned and and
Wandered the buggy
Saw one on
Teeth of the other knew strings
That you hang on over the thighs
You the cheek

Ah lord, Johnee... we'd better get away from here as fast as possible, as Carolyn Keene (creator of Nancy Drew) would say, eh? Well, sure.

Monkey pod instead of the Golden Police,


Dear JOHNEE,

I thought your poem CASCADE eerily captured the feeling of that place in Jackson; just as that shot in Crowbar's vid of the three of you observing it captures a kind of weird Norman Rockwell Jones or vibe. Took your poem (plus others in the group—BARCOLOUNGE, CHEESE, etc) and did a hack based on notion of repeating lines: every four lines repeat two previous lines so that third line in the preceding four becomes first line and last line becomes third. Then I constructed a poetry machine using phrases and words drawn at random from my recent letter to Carolyn Substitute plus words and phrases drawn from your poem to create this brooding dyslexia I call---

PROMENADE

Now my seat is very wet.
I feel the cave of lice-tense spoon.
That hump wanders
the sudden buggy cloud.
That hump wanders
under our sodden pie itching
the sudden buggy cloud
the stage around me, the Windex cocktail.

I think they make bug thoughts bleed down on the part that is picking through the skin's penile towel and when the corn and mud phone you it's o.k., for example, to show reaction:
the part that is picking through the skin's penile towel.

I'm planning to descend your afterdrool.
It's o.k., for example, to show reaction: stage meat's cascade.
I'm planning to descend your afterdrool just before spoon insertion of stage meat's cascade.
By such means we come to find a writing on my forearm just before spoon insertion of lice-tiny "muff epic."
By such means we come to find a writing on my forearm perceived by other people as lice-tiny "muff epic"
flapping and failing to undress the rabbit—it's perceived by other people as "The Shaggy Fits of Katherine Mansfield."
Well Hell's Bells Johnee:

Quite a week. Popeye Steve Sleeze Steele—the great sage and thinker who years ago in my home drank c. syrup to such an extent that he sat up in my sink with his butt clamped down over the drain (cf. "Possum's in the Drain")—has been a visit here this week ever since he arrived from England four days ago. Sleeze, who still talks with the accent of a steady c. syrup drinker, is traveling with a vast array of trunks, props, etc., the likes of which I haven't seen since D.Zack fled Calgary to escape the Mounties; Sleeze's are part of his new stage show & magic act, which he's calling "What the Prioress Left the Plumber Found," an extravaganza which seems to be comprised of him doing "dramatic presentations" from various of my old magazine pieces. Tuesday night, for instance, he headlined downtown at the September Wig Night and wowed the crowd with his version of the one from "Stuffedness Tales" about the housewife who gets her arm caught up inside the cavity of a turkey (remember that old turkey?) and no doubt about it, I'm clear in my mind, it was the best single performance of my stuff I've ever been conscious for. What can I say, Johnee? Vaudville not only lives, it practices medicine without a license under the name of Beezie and Weezie.

Meanwhile, between shows, Sleeze and I have been doing the town. Last night in a restaurant--while I looked on like a cracked egg in a bakery--Sleeze regaled two young women for over an hour, telling them no fewer than fifteen parrot stories (sample: "And when that parrot lost all its feathers, it looked like nothing but two eyes and a beak. Ahhahahaha!") before they suddenly had to leave. Today, two p.m., he's flexing his digits and nearly sitting up, says he wants to "pay no attention to St. Francis," which I take to mean go out and find a tavern that serves hamburgers, and later, around eight or nine, we're due at Club Paradox for the annual City Paper blowout, so perhaps all this hurley-burley helps explain the fuisomeness of this latest hack.

On this one, Johnee, I returned again to your great poems of 7.5 (RIVER, TIMBER, STOOL, et al.) This group has been among my chief favorites of your recent work due to their nonpareil and concentrated richness of imagery; lines like "belly covered with corn" "wind churned meat retention" etc. are not to be beat and I made a $75,000 bet with myself that practically every word, phrase & what-not could be used profitably in a hack, and in the process—mixing your lines with lines from Jim Thompson's NOW AND ON EARTH and following a rather frenzied schemata of random selection, one based on Turing's unique-factorization theorem and the Chinese reindeer-theorem, plus heuristic spur-of-the-moment ccin fumbles, sparkling burgandy pick-me-ups, and what got to feeling like genuine spirit-guidance as I felt the spirit of Benjamin "Fly's Leg" Peret hovering down over my shoulders like the mantle of the true mental darkness of 0g--I was able to evolve this "Heroic-Synthetic" Hack I call "Diaphanous," which certainly seems to leave the rails on more than one occasion, eh?

My best and don't drink any more laudanum. Tell Lady C. I said watch you like a hawk on this.

DIAPHANOUS

Everyone knows this but me and my stool samples

When the hands mine ruined from fighting
my sleeeves in wind churned meat retention
meet a person's right to their own belief in mutation's
thrashed hair bags of drive
then any man who passes the thirty-days probationary
period for rusty line wires
both ends passed back through your nares and so into the
restroom the prison of milk built for old odors
where the "liver's soap" and I reform tequila with a towel
soaked in ammonia and wrapped around its head
followed by sharp slaps till salt and lemon are restored
to its rightful deep affection for a drunkard's outburst
actually in reality a sort of laboratory-bred zombie-chicken
scabrous and gibbering
who dreams of biting your belly covered with corn
while you who are perhaps a little too satisfied with
sniffing-as-entertainment
pill out on the knowledge that evaporation of gin clef
sticky door
also grips a tall overweight farm boy "name of slab"
who dived fully clothed into us fish and the like
and the lake
and upon suddenly awakening underwater you ask What is the role of the tooth
asking this in a dreamy
screaming voice
from the same place you ask night's floor to live on
from the same floors you raise a pair of coins
to hit you about sixteen solid punches in the groin
which glue hip floated complete with truth and so grope
across some neighbor's yard
blind and white eager to fortify your dry whitish leavings
with the animal's desperate magnetism for survival
especially when it finds itself trapped in the "crusty
time" of your thighs
which I believe show not only a fearful thirst for
contortionism
but also a lack of brass chairs able to say Don't drive
like fifteen years wandering in a wheel
since without a stitch on of course you're hamsterlike
you're very hamsterlike
though whether you're on the wheel in the wheel or at
the wheel
makes little difference when your twitching bewhiskered
nose wounds preside
like proud faucets over the birth of Nature Boy
as that sex that green-glowing severed sex of a hanged
man is mistakenly called
and that's the story of your loins
and if you ask me the garage you live in could stand
some heat
jointly
there where the snow seeping out of the children who are
Roman Catholic
shifts impatiently from foot to foot waiting for you to
wheel around and fish out
sixty cents
thirty
for padlocks
thirty for finger snail-snatching
a clinging game
whereupon
blub blub blub
your cobwebby billfold yields up several moths.

a great financial sacrifice like the greatest itching
your glass eyes have ever beheld
but which years of pee have long since leaped straight back
toward your face
masticating in a frenzy of 4-H activity
the same old name-calling battle against constipation
in the gut's flow snort stem stance nest
a battle lost even before the rind your ears both grow
curved in so badly it bled
on a wishful sinking of standpoint
and standards
having the shape and aroma of an elderly cauliflower
the cauliflower in this case as seen outlined in a delusional
fragment your swellings go on projecting
against a flaming sunset backdrop of boat thins
which have been burning all day
out of control
shouldering toward you and your loose glands that wipe your
cheek because your mouth through breath sweats sweetened
hospital breakfast food sediment
a conflagration like a vast apricot tidal wave that rears straight
up on its hind pedicle
under a sky as tragic as Dostoevski's bail bondsman dying
upside down in the mud and pointing out with his scalp
a world whose own sky nearly two hundred feet below the earth
is more sulphurous and smoke-filled than a Singapore
snack bar
and out of this smoke dance
queer
twisted shapes
such as this allergic slacks-and-tuber combo I appear to
be wearing instead of a dress to dance in
such as charcoal neck tar and that little grey palm tree
over there
from behind whose smoldering bole Rod Serling steps out
softly near your asperin belts
Tonight Rod's jaws look extra tight he looks ready to skin it
back all right
but something is twinkling in his eyes
and oh-oh twinkling in his ears and nose too
cried it's those wasp-headed beings beloved by the Lake
Poets.
Seems they've been busy as bees
and now that they've cleared out Rod's skull
hoovered his antrum clean
performed a full cavity evacuation

Al Ackerman

and laid down shelf paper
they're eager to come out and foam all over your stolen
six-pack
so they do
their foamings all down the glass necks as deliberate and
majestic as an ostrich-fisting competition
And never more so than when the aforementioned elderly
cauliflower insists on shaking its hips
in a bread storm
later it will perhaps venture out across the asphalt in a
sock hat.
stinky as that crumpled man's seat in the parking lot
a seat your lip would give a lot to have a lock on I bet
I'm talking a definite serious slackening of standards
here my barking one
OK so it's not the classiest martyrdom in the world
It's only a bed that can barely hold the sagging baskets
of fuzzy cripples
something your incessant breeding habits must be held
responsible for
Anyway I'm charging you with that before folding the last
danger away and scratching itself to death
I still say Last one to go to the toilet in my sleeves is
an added adder!

Valerie Hardin

Marcia Arrieta
THE SHADOW KNOWS

boundless clamber diminishing flange canister fringes
skim bombarding muddy landing wombs wouldn't we?
fowl brace canine cleaves cushion-glare cauterize cuff
masticated (necklace) knell totter bitter vision
simulates twiny oze, joint battled call spoors,
gluey display residence's advance adduced (dank aperture)
direction entrance slack's mouth where's sweater fastened
(hangs pad) erased

John M. Bennett & Robin Crozier
(Previous chapters have appeared in LAFT)

PHASEOSTROPHE 21

1 decline pale shade in blind tension

their supposition languid

and between her wings is wound
gold returns, decay, gold

swarms of locusts
set apart
bowels crawling mutatbles
phosphemes
augur
sylph-crazed
eye

John M. Bennett
Revised by Bay Kelley 5.12.95

John Grey
Notes on "Pawn" by J. M. Bennett

1. mute and crawling clear wires reversed stealing hungry stern your itching

- (drowning severed your wires seeing hungry steam itching mute and clear)
- (mute clear hungry wires and steam)
- (drowning hungry steam reversed your itching mute wires seeing and clear)

2. That cartilage neck added sideways cartilage like temptation's mothballs

- (That added earring sideways cartilage like temptation's mothballs)
TO ME, IT SEEMS MUCH more horrible because it happened no matter where it happened—but in my own house!

That afternoon a thick glutinous fog had billowed in from the woods. Now the sky was dark over Arkham. One of those sudden and dramatic summer storms was sweeping in from New Jersey. Soon it would be too inclement to do anything, such as practice plastic surgery, for instance, outdoors.

My wife said, "Oh dear! I hope when the Thunder God speaks, it means death!"

An instant later a jagged bolt of lightning split the sky; through the window I saw a great tree, wall over.

"That's nonsense, Dora," I said. "And if you ask me, the Thunder God can lock Himself in a closet and we'll go out to dinner."

"Oh yes, madam." She was dark and rather handsome in a bald Italian way, and the figure that filled the maid's uniform was much too voluptuously curving to suit the costume.

"I hope you like pork?"

"Of course," said Mary. "Pork is ice cream with a thick, dark wine sauce that tastes more like—like what that tomato juice cocktail had tasted—than like pork. Not that it's actually pork that I fear. I had a dream about it—I think pork can be partly the storm that now crashes directly over Arkham, and partly the dinner, itself. I don't know how to explain it. Pork? Didn't you order roast beef for dinner?

I nodded in agreement and resumed my laughter. Few as I do—well—there will come into your life the same dynamic Power which came into mine. The shackles of defeat which bound me for years went a-simmering—and now—well, I own control of the largest weekly newspaper in our Country, I own the largest office building in our City, I drive a beautiful Cadillac motorcar. I own my own home which had a lovely pipe organ in it until I threw it out of the window. I own everything, and my family along with it. Pretty darn Great, eh?

I nodded in agreement and resumed my laughter. Few as I do—especially when an elemental colonic explosion rings my bell.

But, there was one little item that the coroner could not explain. In the dining room, the charred bodies were lying up, and the gaseous convulsions which had hurled them when it went off. A quick examination showed they were all, each and every one, costumed as Napoleon—a French general and emperor of France, born 1804, died 1815.

4. Private Asylum

SEVERAL DAYS LATER I FOUND out what happened. The tendency of the Aryan and the pre-Aryan is always toward disunity, clans assailing each other in a brutal knitting. Mott, our new maid had once been confined in a private asylum for the insane from which she had been discharged for being too insane just before she came to us. Isn't that something?

Lucia, my wife Dora, Mary and the others, had been steal a suit of clothes to fit my look and serve?"

"Ahahahaaha-ha-ha-ha-ha!" I exhaled.

Even while my own laughter was still in my ears, I was thinking obsessively about how fascinating it is to talk to a banana. Fascinating—yes—and it can be done very easily once you learn the secret. And when secret you learn, the secret—well, there will come into your life the same dynamic Power which came into mine. The shackles of defeat which bound me for years went a-simmering—and now—well, I own control of the largest weekly newspaper in our Country, I own the largest office building in our City, I drive a beautiful Cadillac motorcar. I own my own home which had a lovely pipe organ in it until I threw it out of the window. I own everything, and my family along with it. Pretty darn Great, eh?

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Even while my own laughter was still in my ears, I was thinking obsessively about how fascinating it is to talk to a banana. Fascinating—yes—and it can be done very easily once you learn the secret. And when secret you learn, the secret—well, there will come into your life the same dynamic Power which came into mine. The shackles of defeat which bound me for years went a-simmering—and now—well, I own control of the largest weekly newspaper in our Country, I own the largest office building in our City, I drive a beautiful Cadillac motorcar. I own my own home which had a lovely pipe organ in it until I threw it out of the window. I own everything, and my family along with it. Pretty darn Great, eh?

But, there was one little item that the coroner could not explain. In the dining room, the charred bodies were lying up, and the gaseous convulsions which had hurled them when it went off. A quick examination showed they were all, each and every one, costumed as Napoleon—a French general and emperor of France, born 1804, died 1815.

4. Private Asylum

SEVERAL DAYS LATER I FOUND out what happened. The tendency of the Aryan and the pre-Aryan is always toward disunity, clans assailing each other in a brutal knitting. Mott, our new maid had once been confined in a private asylum for the insane from which she had been discharged for being too insane just before she came to us. Isn't that something?

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JURLYNN

19TH (1997 FINAL FLASHER)

JTHHP JY Status Check #5411012, JUNE 19, 1995

The elephant checks his synopen Metallic Sheet. An alien with a flea on
his rather large forehead resists the tropical Misery Mouse (copyright Re-dox,
ow me) eruption Signet Ring! Speedy snails on the Snipple's Robot Farm.
My cat is eating too many eggs. Her calm smiles at the accident scene! I need
to make more cigarettes in my self-produced porn-golf game! Julius was let
conscious telepath, bade me beheld, headless-jockey Frank/Mort, 1995! I landed
my ship on Main Street, Omikohikomori, I got out. I proceeded to demote my
body to its outer covering(s). I am nude (according to Earth standards and local
ordin). I equate down, melt certain waste products (solid in nature), reach
back and grasp an amount, I bring it to my mouth, I eat it, I scream out once...
"My which is bewildered, 1999"! I quickly replace my outer covering. I get
back in my MYTH "Thank you gods my positron destimulator finally be working"!

ACT NOW!!

Let your dog bite
CRAZY
Shredded
Fate

IT'S EASY
Eat it!

Malok

John M. Bennet
Rea Mikovna (architectural treatment)

Be Be Be Be

Be Be Be Be

Balk Balk Balk Balk

Ficus strangulensis

Larry Tomoyasu

accommodating
combinations

THIS

THIS

THIS

THIS

M. Testoculous

Jim Leftwich

Ficus strangulensis
Art Appreciation

It may be heresy to say it, but the "Facade of the Cathedral at Rouen" is a really amateurish picture, like something Eckerd's would send back stamped overexposed. Mark Twain called "The Last Supper" one of the largest paintings in Europe. That's the water lilies. Give me a Walter Anderson blue crab, scribbled on a Big Chief tablet, any day. A Blaster Al hebephrenic. Monet reminds me of Richard Wagner, or, worse yet, Richard Strauss. Whereas I'm, or hope to be, Charlie Parker, improvising on a set of changes. The bebop novel is alive and well in Parker, Florida 32404. Squid boys wear slobber shoes.

Jack Saunders
Kant says in a sense in his *Inaugural Dissertation* that God is the theory of God (as Wallace Stevens thought poetry the theory of poetry), both a guarantee that the intelligibility of disparates is a kind of activity. Stevens is late enough to have absorbed what Unamuno and Kierkegaard, impish choirboys, knew, that a broken stained-glass window is a stained-glass window. These sentences layer down because of Sheila Murphy's "Leftover Glyph" in *Lost & Found Times* 34, each a self-subsistent first line of an unwritten poem. There are twenty-five of them, each a proof of the existence of poems. Rhyme doesn't do that. It validates but cannot prove, the illusion of rightness no more apodictic than the illusion of proof. We dwell with each, spin out as Whitman says into the void, the white space, a life of rectitude, ourselves no evidence of anything except I'd say the rightness of laughter, beer, tea, tobacco. I've bound Agnes Repplier's defense of tea with King James's *Counterblaste*, vivid tract against tobacco. Rebecca says don't drink so much tea, it's a diuretic, which Burton in his *Anatomy* would think a reason for it, bums cigarettes, Teresa a hero to Unamuno my soon-to-be-divorced spouse can do without, at least regrets her more emotional adherents. Unamuno, who looked like an owl and taught Greek in Salamanca, liked her because her passion smashed things, chastity locked in Bernini sexuality, the plate in Arnold Hauser unforgettable if a commonplace to art historians Miguel'd call the Curate and the Barber, characters in *Quixote* now unread or there'd be no sociology, just village psychology. Miss Marpole as theologian, the acute meek assisting at the guillotine, with knitting, Chesterton's round cleric with the hat with scoop cut out in front like the shovel we used on circuses to pick up elephant dung (distraction in the ring), noodling his way to paradoxical solutions. The relation of religion to ethics is unclear. For those of us who loved the prowess of reason framing schemes of the intelligible, business cards of the intellect in restaurant bowls, detective stories are our free lunch. You take the body, early Dell paperback covers of Father Brown with pipe contemplating corpse, or those others with unroofed plans of the apartment (the best a whole circus back lot in Rawson's *The Headless Lady*) and it's there, evil intruding, dignified in the act of its reduction to a problem and you want to say Paretksy is this, Cornwell, our Teresa of the Pulp, so much more meant than ersatz bluff in Travis McGee, Spillane, the spirituality of crime reduced in them to melancholia, even Gertrude Stein's *Blood on the Dining-Room Floor* a tribute to something not right in French countryside, perhaps something intrinsic to servants and female companions, motive fading almost hilariously to an almost Buddhist acceptance of event as such, the mystery of any landscape or bath with body in, our being in the body intrinsically odd, chickens pecking about, their owner crumpled by the falls while detectives survive, Holmes in Heards's *A Taste of Honey*, King's brilliant *Beekeeper's Apprentice* or renamed *Solar Pons*, stories with names like Adventure, Riddle, or Doyle's most beautiful-in-type "Puzzle," and that's the last of it, that this desire for intelligibility is a rage for print, Saint Teresa's body written on by Kafkan God, British Museum cuneiform imposed on winged bulls, like wasps on a mango, that script imagined the last of it, that this desire for intelligibility is a rage for print, God ha' mercy on us, dogmatists and Derrida (who wrote one called *Of Spirit*) alike in being in the body, sitting up with it like Quixote with his armor, vigil, waiting in their way as much as any street youth with orange hair, or as Eberhart said, "Saint Theresa in her wild lament," their lives like planets formed from nebulae or words extrapolated from a single sentence.

Gerald Burns
Yet More Cuts of the Edge

I'm truly sorry that I couldn't afford to go to Crowbar Nestle's second schmooze the first week-end of this past August. It cost me a place in one of Jack Saunders's latest poems—

Jack has recently published a broadside called "The Daily Grind" in which he gripes about Richard Kostelanetz's getting more stuff published by the Small Press Review than he is able to. But he quickly veers higher, into a critique of himself for his "unrelenting hopelessness and gloom, (his) bitterness at being excluded, (his) small-hearted envy of more successful writers..." calling anyone who's not as star-crossed as (he) an imposter, and alienating even those who might have been sympathetic to (his) plight, were (he) not such an insufferable, stiff-necked injustice-collector, professional victim, and self-appointed martyr." All of which is thunderously true—but only half the story, the other half being that he IS in his métier a silver-backed male!

Kostelanetz, like Pound before him, prefers that his readers viscerally assimilate the poems offered, without critical help, so he rarely tries to explain why any of his examples is effective. It's a valid approach, I guess, except for work whose general aesthetic principle no one has explained in sufficient detail. Now, I approve of the device this poem is based on, which is a text's abolition of syntax so that the reader has to take in each of its words by itself. Consequently, a great many of a given word's associations, ordinarily blocked by a syntactically-narrowed context, will be able to seep into play, and mingle with the associations of other words in the text. But for this to work, some final unified and significant image-cluster needs eventually to arise.

The imaginative, open-minded aesthete will find interesting things in any set of words—in "INCLINE," for instance, love-making seems to be taking place that combines the sweetness of melody and cake. Daylight ends it and it's back to work? Or does "labor" refer to pregnancy? And what about all the words like "forrester" that don't logically or emotively fit (for me)? Okay, maybe "forrester" is a pun for "for rest, her." But it all seems arbitrary and ultimately minor. Which I say realizing that much of the poetry I comment favorably on, and write myself, is susceptible to similar judgments. That's fine with me so long as battles of ideas follow, and not just battles of attitudes.

Which reminds me that in the eighth issue of Silent But Deadly (available for $1 from USF #30444, 4202 East Fowler Ave., Tampa FL 33620) C. Mulrooney says, "One cannot fail to be amazed at Bob Grumman's seemingly inexhaustible capacity to a) be blind and deaf to anything worthwhile, b) see the universe in a piece of shit and c) invent another nickname for it." In the same issue I ask him to explain (I'm always doing that) just where I'm erring as a critic. His response, to be printed in the next issue of SBD, is that he doesn't have time to teach me "how to tie (my) shoelaces." I have to admit that I enjoy this kind of thing more than literary criticism, but the Puritan in me tells me the latter is more important.

So, back to that, or a hurried and therefore not-too-deep faesimile of it as I try to cover a handful of publications that I've enjoyed since my last appearance here. The first is Driver's Side Airbag #19 ($3 from Box 25760 LA CA 90025), an example of what I'm calling a "streetlevel literature" (See Mulrooney on my propensity for nicknames)—because it specializes in straightforward stories and essays, and plaintext poems out of the Bukowski school as in a poem by someone calling himself "elliott," one passage of which tells how the poem's narrator might "be genuflecting/ before any god that would listen/ but (he's) too filled with spit to/ bend; been that way since the/ nun wouldn't let (him) go to the bathroom/ (and he) pissed on the cloakroom floor." But it's also got cartoons and oddball drawings; a sprinkling of LAFT people, like Murphy, and the two silver-backs, Bennett and Ackerman; and some nizly impressionistic micro-reviews of current chaps and zines by editor Mike Halchin.

Then there's a beautifully-produced, great book from Judith Hoggberg's Umbrella Editions (Box 3640 Santa Monica CA 90403): Buzz Spector's view from the innerest inside of the making of books—as-art, The Book-Maker's Desire. It covers the book art of people like Anselm Kiefer and Dieter Roth, and includes a selection of Spector himself—with unpuffy explanations, at strategical times, as to why one should value certain works. Well worth its $12 (not counting postage) asking price.

Last I want to report on two amazements from Burning Press (Box 585, Lakeland OH 44107). One, Fabio Doctorovich's Land of Scoundrels (as translated by John M. Bennett), is a visual poem in engineering-blue on a rolled up paper a foot by a yard in size. Its text is packed with Nabelsian invective against the sociopolunacy of the author's native Argentina that begins with "colostrumshit" and ends with "a libertyne's ass sucked through a tiny buried dick." Images of marimba players, bananas and the like, expressed in luridly rich language, gives the description tremendous latino brilliance. It is only, finally, about a garbage heap, though, and the rest of the poem treats its text as just that, by repeating it nine times in various sizes and distortions that map the decay the poem is about, ending...
with "condemned flies," previously detached from the main text, twisting out of shape in all three dimensions, as the text hurtles larger and larger toward the reader.

Equally verbo-visually deft but in an entirely different way is the Burning Press edition of John Byrum's Black Fire. Its 28-page text is all in red against black (which in turn is framed by red). As in the Doctorovich, the size of the typography changes from page to page, and at times within a page, for expressive purposes—as does the spacing between letters—which, I should point out, are (as in most of Byrum's work) positioned rather than typed, and are generally substantially larger than ordinary book-print. Line-breaks often occur in the middle of words, which follow one another without extra space to indicate the beginning of a new word, so Byrum is able to disconceal qualities like the nimbleness of "a/nima/ls," and add the fun of puzzle-solving to his poem. The overall meaning of the thing is perhaps as vague as that of the Stein excerpt earlier quoted but (maybe only because of my greater familiarity with Byrum's work than with Stein's) I've found a rough interpretation of it that works for me: I say that the black fire Byrum describes, with many references to verbalization, can be taken as textuality, or words, burning into and through our brains, negatively and positively. Whew, I could really monograph that all to hell but I haven't time. So let me end by telling you that the Doctorovich work goes for six, the Byrum for five, dollars.

Bob Grumman