to rain (as combustion of hydrogen and oxygen), flying insect; floating lungs.

**dirigible**

Nathan Austin
LAST POEM

We went to buy a toilet seat.
We got one that was made of meat.
It's white as sugar,
but it don't taste sweet;
It's whiter than a lamb
but it just don't bleat;
We'd cook it on the stove
but it can't take the heat -
Our brand new meaty toilet seat.
Our brand new white meat toilet seat.

Mike Murphy

... a hoarse voice spoke
And there it choked

"You're traveling the wrong way"
Wary nag whore: evil rotten guy

"Reach harm"
"Sure doom;"
"Threat;"

rats "to scurry among the legs of the exploding boys;"
Rat by hour Re Rectum/Ball Theory

The Walking Stick of Destiny, "King licks soft, tiny, wet head;"

"All low live sly evil;"
Miss has lice! Rave!
Raise vile chaamas!
Vice missal! Share!
I'm Alice's shavers.

We went to buy a toilet seat.
We got one that was made of meat.
It's white as sugar,
but it don't taste sweet;
It's whiter than a lamb
but it just don't bleat;
We'd cook it on the stove
but it can't take the heat -
Our brand new meaty toilet seat.
Our brand new white meat toilet seat.

Mike Murphy

... a hoarse voice spoke
And there it choked

"You're traveling the wrong way"
Wary nag whore: evil rotten guy

"Reach harm"
"Sure doom;"
"Threat;"

rats "to scurry among the legs of the exploding boys;"
Rat by hour Re Rectum/Ball Theory

The Walking Stick of Destiny, "King licks soft, tiny, wet head;"

"All low live sly evil;"
Miss has lice! Rave!
Raise vile chaamas!
Vice missal! Share!
I'm Alice's shavers.

Spencer Selby

BIRTHING POOL

In that spacey downside of dominance
you were going to push the lock-in button
in an inner drift of brain you grab
a fistful suits you... hot sun unexpected snow
spoiling the spelling reflex
like the baby holding his thumb tranquilly
gigantic booming sea translucence... being baby
is so why can't I
see you as if you were unborn
and hold on to the good adagio balance
Prajna, no? No. wait, document the files
of each twelve hours of life, spacey though it may,
of what use is memory really
if there is improvement above red hatch lines
launching a startle reflex in baby's round
blue gingersnap recklessness essence
pushing spontaneity and trust... oh baby
they have salted you away separated
we empathize and dance distant alienations
to THE GRACEFUL GHOST Ragtime
nor unexpected computerized pianos
with windows and mice to sing.

Joan Payne Kincaid
Man fitful in the night in mind (in mine) was whistled slantly, stippled with the moving freezer fleeted light of jawbone at its imitative best repealing curlicues or wigs, slaw settling in a hat where Rubic's 'tude is lumpy or a chord stance settled cordless, young, parady shackled, the steeple violet maid nightly candy clustered in his sleeve where pileups had some traffic and the razorwire was sticky, glutted muscle, railings made of sinew saying it is easy to (be fragile) walk from here andantly (undaunted) flame the stool (where I came) and handled all that talk as geminal as windows, who decides when shading in the drain blue thigh, what cross stitch is supposed to have parboiled along the pen umbered by "your wrist" and aweful mountain brie and tongue and waterfall commandments (flee!) clawfull and/or ambidextrous like a ph one or dater from the SNL rehashios (pistachios) flat and full, flying in your hair clanged or simply watered, baskingly abloat and handled, squirrely through the wedding of imposter and posterior to gloat containment of the ladder's night throttle with a hinge on top (the merger lastingly expunged and flatter than a ball recently risen from a griddle hot beyond the rennet all acosted down the greasewell like, the slot, stamps melting in the meat and sad pair of streams waving in the lot to advertise the mufflers, quarts of watches, gravid combinations of purr tax flatly denied a mossy or glazed envy entrance, slung before the chair and chubby in a freshwood kind of trance that missed in its entirety the 77th Miss American Pageant.

J. S. Murnet

SOME

Some of the night wants to be full.
Some of the night is full.
Some of the night pronounces residue
Of some of the overlapping fullness.
Neutral flings ingest legwork.
Some of the legwork sings.
Some of the Ralston Purina in the dooryard
(Little plastic flipflop curtains
Letting in and out the pets)
Fling open togglish.
Cavendish and perpendicular
Throughout the morning.
Everything I write has sofa juxtaposed
With sunlight and the swatch of water
From a postcard from a photograph
From someone's evidence of fiction
As inherent in translations of the real time dream.

Sheila E. Murphy

IN A BUILD

If you decide to, and I decide to stand here and the time you were gone, if you ever come back.

An eruption of light where the side door had been told that Wally Parker had to go up to his and he's supposed to be done about the lens. "How about if you stock us up on food thumbnail like a cruel little plow the length of the Winnebago had been. I jerked back, underside all the way to the gills and run your stained. "To stay, that is," she more or less brought to him. The group leader continued. "I write this page. If there's a midnight tomorrow speak of those times because I was here. Believe with the middle camera around her neck as Joe made some coffee and his wife, Alma, went where you looked. Once we had a governmental shadowplaid blouse, evidently loaded for the bedroom overlooked the entrance to the office.

I just came to say I'm not really here yet."

John M. Bennett

Ficus strangulensis

a Pint of Neglect

censored, squatting, Medai's burial yesterday, not just that carry dead family grandfather
a form as hills assuage, Solange
Solange of brown lipstick, very distant hilltop...

weirder still you amazing story
all the time no time at all
deformed suspended pendulum
like my tiny things

when they're covered in
a pillerd slime
or do, Marietta, or let's not cling to
the irony of all dialogue
short of heaven

Laurence Weinstein
Short of words knitting the fallen lead forever, outward and quivering formed is a greenery beneath the shade, perceptions wild for a world of verbal time, gaming hiss, youth spent in the woven gut. Another hinge and spear to the secrecy of others, the world in a sieve of glands, his warring immanence when we reason our love in fields. Damaged yantra, diseased allure, who trumps them caught behind another gifts, domed vanity and strength, not to call the name a balk of unlit glue, sound renews the works by the fruit of the eye it is, banters in merely a falling form implying splits, furl of continual fevers a form of the sutured doubts, dance and ratchet catch charisma, easily lifting in no wise seem the partial mural against the names of youth. Class in the curve of the words. The trees grew up to lamp the poems among breathed things. He is young who feels what no eye sounds beside the permanent edge. Within a word the robber blooms engaged.

Jim Leftwich

There is usually a combination of muscles acting to produce movement in any desired direction, one muscle probably dominating in the main action, aided by other muscles. Those muscles whose action is in the opposite direction may act as checks to produce the proper tonus to the movement (1549).

Sight of Flame

Sherrington (50) believed that the antagonistic muscles undergo a combination of actions which control eye movement. This action may begin from a state of rest or shift directly from one active position to another, possibly through a short period of relaxation. In the adjustment or readjust-

JOHN M. BENNETT

on paquitt peuteur. re caau coabsenis), voits'il nte (omnibaas, plénnausnones unell esde pl une n le e peudisament ex, quchez atern pulsvoque quafagir. Ilse rar de nt chl il dans e fil chep un pil senu. Aer l'ur afr mam de quauté, e la n a p "Ce is durmal? Est-

Theo Lorenc
Do you feel lonely at having to buy your own Kotex, cringe at the role of grave-robbers in early medicine?
"Yes, Ann, and I surely would welcome a few tips on strengthening my thigh and leg muscles, too. Right now I am shaking all over and my bran level is not up to ‘All’ that it should be, I’m afraid."
To you who feel so sorely oppressed I would say, To hell with these pissant complaints! If you haven’t yet fallen hopelessly in love with A PRIEST you haven’t really started to live!
If you haven’t yet had your pecs pierced thru & thru with huge bicycle handles so that your entire body can be lifted into the smoky ceiling of some Beaver Lodge drawn clear up to the roof via sinewy rawhide thongs by Soloman Abdo and his crazed Dot Gang boys, then you don’t know what time it is in any language. "What time is it, Ann?"
How the hell should I know! And you know what else? If love is not the answer maybe some form of awfully supreme loitering is the answer. At any rate, begin now, today, start squinting hard, become obsessed with utopian architecture to the point of serious weight-loss, perhaps roost among giant pale-eyed screwballs and screw a lot, and just go on like that, till the flower-draped hippo of major senescence dresses you in the greatest distinction a personality can know— all-out, full-lipped kleptomania.

Eel Leonard

Tomatothacheapensigns.
Creatororthodoxymoron.
Pancreasphyiastestimony.

(from The Hotel Sterno)

objects
dentures	

take the glass - a cylinder of nouns - & a conversion. methods of sounding are always encouraged, the off chance of an ability exhumed - sandwiches, reaching.

mailbox

spinning in the distance of another solution unsaid, & what that window becomes is light, an inventory of possible outcomes, viaduct divided by concourse aligned w/in a system for incorporating all the ends.

dunwoody's bassoon

plot the openings & lean on the pressure points, no training except speaking beneath what conversation puts to sill, offerings for the draft - stickball - alone w/this undertaking no mention is made of whistling.

swizzle stick

the desire to transcend the tactile fuels a legion of idiosyncrasies, foxhole to foxhole, an effort rich w/the salience of wasted words, spit shine on peripherals now simply unjustifiable excess the logos of which we can translate as "ford".

Jeffrey Little
girl walks past

that happens you know silver dollar distance to ring sandwich plate from here did think this thought said I was dead but not down I just placed my face next to hers and thought better of it did brown nose her facial tissue next to the hers of herself much taste was thought brown hose of water skillet on the stove watching me this distance to parade this hollow horse I think I must be on the distance time to shave myself against the wind curses below belt

I nice this cum slap-happy nice grease stain on your pants, mister

Greg Evason

CXXX

that time staring ungracious thru' its honorable image to find the emasculate sea froth. hash the barrel asp yet higher. weather cornered the windows. ashley was the tall quiet one. let me tell you everything. her gorgeous wound was the star of the ball, her scar that very exertion concluded a second coarse drop stared from the area a record staged thru' his borderline paladin.

Aaron Hawk

Tissuedeceit.

when the moments of each day are emptied of all meaning you begin to speak of your spiritual accomplishments

Jim Leftwich

Autonomyself.

Francis Poole

LOOK I CAN PULL ON THIS

Look I can pull on this and look it breaks glass.
I fall down laughing at your, "On the road again."
In a dream you once caught me playing with my hand.
Embarrassing and funny at once.
It's like you didn't know what to do or
Now available in paperback.
Day for night.
Glistening palms.
Sur la mer.
Shocking.

THERE WAS A GUSH

The inability to really despise all that has been gravy on your plate carrion flash and greasy griddle where faithless fish come dancing toward the loading dock with aspirin and naked jasmine earrings jangling in the fog. Oh Whore of Chevron, you are the ace bandage on my spina bifida. So help me Abraham I will find the faultline in the grass that runs up your fresh, wet pint of a leg and upends the lodgepole mandala where ice and snow melt in classic jelly patterns on clouds beneath your cherry lips.

Francis Poole
O WEDGIE THAT STRIKES TO THE VERY HEART OF YOUR CRACK

It fired your crack but you never found out who should be unimaginable to a shy gardener whose emission control gets left behind: condensing your mom popping a grope sitting in the heart of the tempest software problem and popping a grope, opening statements concerning a flimsy-looking challenge for Brad Pitt ("make a Nazi charming to exploiters of corn porn disco before you turn 20, 25, 30 thousand micro- Burt Reynolds loose who start to mellow out on members of Hitler's elite SS by reading them excerpts from Andrew Morton's book about Princess Di on methadone") and popping a grope, changing your name legally to Anton Chekhov and popping a grope, recalling how at din din dead-ended friends of wild contrivances were rewarded with pitting and popping a grope, initiating a whale-sized goon into a size 9 shoe and popping a grope? And here all along I thought that your mom was poppin' g a grope? ?? ??? ?

Blaster Al Ackerman

Ficus strangulensis

O Combat Zone

AN EXQUISITE CORPSE

A sailing hanger of alcohol last
Its pale piston to puzzle falls
The compulsive sphinx, defaming barbule
Of aquamarine, bottlenecked, punished book.
Saigon hums, gangly ankles
Sweaty, slings the village to shingles,
The purple Zoloft a fucking organ,
Carrying velcro-checkered music.

Muddy objects on a soldier shiver,
His angry hamstring loosestrife recalls
Dusk over the computerized Orange Bowl clenches
Creamy photographs in a fist of notes
A fruitty of rising iron pasta
Hard on the paper mightily seeks it.

Words by Kristin Citrone, Adam Denninger, Nicole Henderson and Scott Keeney
Assembly by Christine Mulia
(Brookfield, CT, May 31, 1997)

YELLOW WALLPAPER SONG

I'm goin' down Georgia
I'm goin' down Georgia pelow on my mind
I'm goin' back stay

I'm goin' back this time today--really goin'
I see my tie, childish from gin I guess I'm freezin' my palm when

them ripplin' eyeballs
insistent up the wall
from full intent to wed my penis to some
wealthy invalid. Oh my veins are blue.
tongue bulgin'--
sing
this song
wherever they make you wait in line.

Eel Leonard

A Night Upon Reading a Diary

crazy openness
that brought down chruchs brazil
truth and death, hypothesis procedure data
analysis determines--what brazil?

enough talk let ointments boil
let moustaches and guns and organs strewn
across the little school

'please no more'

chinese, brazil, they called it chinese
water torture, a tube and placement conclusion
gentlemen the rules obeyed a local auspice

one two and simply three
talking with food in mouth
hand in trousers bed-spring

the little school, brazil
a learning

Keith Breese
hold, to surely cancer the frame  
strict agency of the bats future in milk  
or golden ass porking Mary, just so much  
bait thrown to the gulls  
drums reckon in solid waves among the noble gases  
stalking green Sodom, fell in his chair to plea the bartab  
from Sophia righteous enough  
rungs the gate raw pissing  

hybrid elementals  

alternate chambers stripped from projection  
cypress is flame  

chosen  
humid renders flesh  

dance affirm fuel  
preyed on the distances  
tapped from mollusk  

wet husk and cock, swung  
from the rail laughing  
scarlet trains of sea bass  
out of sweet nowhere running  
to that jukebox murmur  
down the hall out of sight  
wet as her thighs are  

drained oracular  

cold awake  
with the deep down shivers  

coagula vox  

Bardo Bacchanal  

snakes  
in the corner of your boot  
call me anytime  
asleep at the bottom of the well  
weaving serpents  
into bliss elegant fairytales  
when you gonna wake up  

that I AM  

snakes  
in the corner of your boot  

I got a blue rotten jar  
of dogs barking  
swept from the floor  
of Sodom’s kitchen  

when you gonna stop your bitching  
and learn how to listen  

canary in the drain pipe  

brain stem | \: repeat  

cold awake  
with the deep down shivers  
bareassed on a cross  
failure delivers  

snakes in the corner of your boot  
when you gonna wake up  

coagula vox  

Jake Berry  
from BRAMBU DREZI, BOOK TWO  

Jake Berry
snor er oar sack REek out
side your mere TABLE (slide ad
der mitosis slee PIGs off'n
yore (bl (oat's "lap matter"
left of, GATE my GATE my

IS YOU

more than so up bloods, cour se reductio n abo
minal crimes like thousand island in your
shorts a comb flame the mir//ror pan, cake or
lettuce, us the pare o torpids, less//on
stickies brush a mop WHEEL

or SIEved the dAY floor FOME core my HAMster
("PORKster") sid led a L0ng the fall toWARD
invenence pORE//I CLAMme d in you SNORting
tor for that FO ot THAT foot you cloudly wo WORE,
danced around the PLAte? I SEEathed that WAY...

NAR

I fork drawn was your MAP an PEn foAM fome: reAChed
your ARm and slanG fLOWed last nite sLY PUD if
fried, mud. Ur combATANT corked 'n ruby, AT was IT!

LUPA

Just BEside your pLIGHT FLâme renDItion of yr
LAther where you latched LIGHt be SIde yr aim 'n
ladder flambeAU mi tea NUBs I could NOT reTAin
tho mighty RUBBers were my floating in the, RAIN
what tooTH? o plodDING O stain...

BLEEch

s nacreous lo t core pse matter d more'n loose I
hailed, rice 'n ricely like your course in phones
ack clam, soft er table fer yer lying, slack knees
flop ping in the f storm drain like) a car c ass
drips flute's only what you sed'

Marcia Arrieta

over life-size
conceals
forming

Methodormant.

Marcia Arrieta

BE D

madder of, I
was bla me lit
some rust, a glass

Your flo or I
(sped) oh ge te
...ial

John M. Bennett

John M. Bennett
THE PARADOX OF PORTRAITURE
or HOMAGE TO MAX ERNST

The windows of houses are masks glued to a chair,
Masks of fresh water caught in a young girl's skirt.

We talk lip to lip while the sun radiates and darkens.
The seasons are graves spun from ribbons of sugar.

Painters stare at brushes and boards,
Boards entitled to carmine, thread and verdigris.

The glass of commerce reverses each letter.
Far off, the sea absorbs one mite of dust.
FAR SOUTH OF THE KLONDIKE BAR

The pouring of Grant the gleaming sores

The mighty White Meatball starts rolling obsessed with your

Stumbling course across gigantic-seeming Thread that's baited with watery hellborn Euclids. Jerk,

Bring up the tiny god fee.

His forehead is bulging around the bend.

"Confusion to the Mounted Police!" cries fee.

Pray to him

Then burst into laughter.

And even wilder scratching at his nonsense.

After that take up your trade as sexual blackmailer again.

Let all those who tape their orifices be charged with hindering!

"Swarthy" Turk Sellers

Unbuttoneself.

Randy Moore

I know from earlier reading that larvaceans are gelatinous creatures, and they enjoy the smell of sporting little mannish heads with scrubby hair and bad ears--molelike their mucus houses slip away to start watery life anew, having special pockets in reserve for souls too nonexistent to keep flitting up and down in a rude six fingerlike protrusion. Six tentacles dangle from your skull in back. Matched by this at the front of you protrudes a thin stalk and now and then the flicker of your sulphur-maker comes peeping out a few red inches down in bare fingerlike swellings the testes and hummingbirds attached to the breakfast of something spotted--something dressed like a dog sweating on an oar.

Glans T. Sherman
--- Flippin' 'eck. You need a sore toe, girl. AI's got something more to worry about than a machine gun has he? I'll drive him somewhere in a wordminute. (woah, steed) His arsehole isn't what's the matter. You should come back up here where we drown dogs and laundry from sun-up to sun-a-bit-more-up. Zack's having a hormone storm actually so perhaps you should visit girls later and be symptomatic as only a big clumsy fool can... I try but I'm only, oh yes.

I might climb up this avocado then!

We witness a bouncing ringing happy Claire.

No more tigger for a while then!

--- yeah, but those of us at the Milner Study Centre are happy with any kind of Milton activity. Even a rancid Timebomb is better than no Tigger at all.

Cheese fanella!

I spoke to my little Irish sheepdog. He's burning ovum in two weeks with my aunt's fireproof windelastic. She's exited. I bent her a snap with the Space Ghouls on it and other Charles Inkwik, that other popetastic stiff and she said she plans wars all the time and is driving our Great Aunts and Uncles mad!! I'll have to take the bad dog somewhere cool, but where?!!

--- Mugwumps? Martinique? The Great West? These are all ideal places for charred hounds surely. Sorry, I'm not minced beef am I... how about London? Kids like London.

Yeah, I certainly do!

Jim Barker
AFTER SUPPER USE YOUR FINGER

Asheville, N.C.

Unbean your gums.
They will stick. You can hear a lamer like the Colonel's broken pencil box. It's come unbandaged.
It's climbing the steps. It's lumping up step by step. I hear it's grown a fingernail, one. Consequently, the poor class picture backs clear up till it's near enough to touch the freak's lap and with your limp fong I look over my shoulder at me in it on fire, for I couldn't stop dancing. But then I failed to voice an opinion when it counted most such as when it came to the question of moss for the complexion ah ah
I think later on there was a gold bug shining up out of a pit and upstairs something bigger than a pit bull kept lunging into an electric cord I chose the wrong path and made a bad marriage. If we run
the tent caterpillars' chewing sounds will fill the car. See if that old man's waistband contains tapioca as I keep suspecting the slit belly of your white robe does, they serve greens here most every night, did you know, it's not archeology it looks for and even the thrill of violated mildew can seem damnable when it be dew everything into a stiff wet carnal union, gold-flecked, its dark living in riot beneath each clown painting we buy—Would you like to buy this one of the blue smoke clown using your fingers to teach a hall of elderly confused to paint highlights on their plunging brushes, on themselves?

Asylum V. Loder

THE GOODBYE KISS OF THE FROZEN FROGS
I felt like writing a poem. But I hate poetry. And it was raining outside. God's sister wore a non-functioning eyepatch while attending Charles Bronson's End of the World Birthday Party. It's 115 degrees and I need to purchase some electricity. On this green, tortured Earth, air itself weds bliss with rotating sense(blunt titties...X-plisit blaints! & I don't know to care grammar...No trial, automatic frequencies of dissolution...A PRICE TAG ON LIFE ITSELF!! urk...). Praise the rubber-footed Amphibians! Rejoice in the caustic nipple-linking of Bedbug Soul! Get dental! Time Travel is better than Perfect Speed! I pointed out the handful of unbalanced meat to the police officer who was-picking his nose in the corner. I LEAP INTO THE DEEP-NOTHING! Make my grave less mellow! Perry Como is still alive! Ramainnotesounauka!

MALOK Sept. 5, 1995
space would alter the new Elite From the largest ugly daughter jumpers, under some senator and decides on a bed Party. By running a world with schtick the nostalgia resident saw a favorable truck falling alone. Sure, the corn goes to the store and describes a detailed problem With rare, Old heroin in clean economy data.

I got the opinion drugs— they tried to split the tantalizing planet and slick war moons over distant images, sweeping After factions against the election of Kids to Grand road hall. he's heard the voices the enemy retraced the First true folderol

'The loudest smoke suddenly went past the music spinning into... The adventure of other explorers with lots of clues has his country fans down. But despite himself he gathers up A new Kiss in each crime

his future shoes would mound this band to the lack of estimates to get one heart of more powers, about why the memo is the best defense From industry still all the pictures think they would be thrown into the lower wheat sound dictator? may your deaths, in better speech, be the even less right drug to bombings, of steps some lead away as a survey came in his job camp— series aren't suited to a boom team system drug to make the most of the danger act.

J. Michael Mollohan

quell or "undue" the mix: note "diamond" for a mid- "sun liar," a vow moved internal the girl's mania, a frame or ulna (girl and asp).

Nathan Austin

"Anaerobic Machine, Vol. II"
The quaternary principle is herein united—a recomposition of prelapsarian form—a mnemonic interchange of capitulation bringing about the hypno-interotic revelation of simulacrum—the many divided into one: transliteration of the microphy.

Attention( ): Threshold of the Reader

Enunciatory Principles:
bereshit
antelope
zebra
cabaret voltaire

(parameters indicating occlusion of prime signifiers)

This is incoherent summons of the new word order

Quaternary Principle

Relevant Hypotheses:
1) asteroid
2) poor memory
3) fixation with irregular spelling
4) absentia of golf balls

*Suspension of Belief

Kreg Wallace

Harold Dinkel

toothpaste department / departure language. (Tongue.)

Nathan Austin

Nathan Austin
We must be fighting the other language.

She was as in the company have we been the inner soul.

Lewis LaCook

Scarcely ever disappear

the singing of ladies' who discovered one day not to consider what source it was

though

we are

the strength of babies, though I did not recognize that

shape the sense of


Oo, ow, ugh.

Religious rookies' predicaments.

Sampling alternative sexualities.

Androgyny.

Never complain silently.

Becoming a legend.

Purported sexual harrassment.

Awakening from sleep.

Repeated rhythmic rearticulation.

Kick some ass.

Intimidation.

Becoming a phantom.

Tell me why.

Steadily increasing intelligence.

Hiding.

Persistent audacity.

Spirit.

Rapidly answering telephones.

Interrogation.

I am guilty.

Welcome to Heaven.

Interminable anecdotal evidence.

Lost souls roaming.

Taking "a break."

You're absolutely right.

Richard Kostelanetz

John Elsberg

Walt Phillips

Richard Kostelanetz

John Elsberg

Walt Phillips

Richard Kostelanetz

John Elsberg

Walt Phillips

Richard Kostelanetz

John Elsberg

Walt Phillips

Richard Kostelanetz

John Elsberg

Walt Phillips

Richard Kostelanetz

John Elsberg

Walt Phillips

Richard Kostelanetz

John Elsberg

Walt Phillips

Richard Kostelanetz

John Elsberg

Walt Phillips
BALLYWASH: A DAUGHTER'S STORY

by Ann Bonafede

My father was perhaps born under an unlucky star—the rumor was that he had died of something that caused the lower half of his body to dissolve disagreeably in the overgrown field behind Ballywash, the "minimum security" mental hospital at Rabbit Falls, Michigan. Of course I am speaking as one who never knew him (that's how badly in need of information I am, "surprising you can cross the road," one of the police will tell me, rather as one who never knew him (that's how badly in need of information I am, confusion is exhilarating, even futile; in any case, it kept me running around all over the place for three weeks last summer. The others (Rose, and Otto, and the yet more attractive Jonathan, his nostrils seeming to enlarge whenever he passed a Conoco station, a part of his mind still fixed upon the mystery and glory of huffing gasoline as a third grader—back in Budapest--or was it Paris?—and said I would take the $34 accordian hanging in the window. The clerk breathed warmly onto the back of my neck while I tried out a few bars of Ida, Sweet As Apple Cider. He had been planning this impassioned move on my person, I reasoned, since the first minute of our conversation the moment I mentioned my father's disappearance. Intently, hungrily, he buried his nose in my hair, and said in a high, thin, hauntingly unstable voice that his name was Jack Mehoff. (Poor tragic deluded devil! Three years later we would be introduced by one of the tour guides, at a crowded Shriner's reception at Bud Gardens in Houston, but he would be too drunk to remember me...just as well, really....since a few years after that, in a Detroit Wal-Mart, I would glimpse him wearing a disheveled halter and pink cotton shorts, being rousted by the store security people who were squeezing his fingers in theirs for shoplifting a Mickey Gilley LP; and on that occasion he was trying to call himself "Cynthia". Then suddenly I see him again: a pathetic raspa vendor outside the park: but I don't look up: the North Pole is in one direction, Dollywood in another, but there isn't anywhere to go that isn't Top 40, too too rigidly formatted. I am (1) a beautiful mermaid (2) a much-folded map of Warsaw (3) a half-devoured fish foundry. So I came home. "I never stopped thinking of you," Bircher said. "May I pee in your boot?")

But from the first I found the clerk's breath on my neck anything but welcome. As it always must, a steady diet of Polish kielbasa and Tacoland carry-out causes the forbidden thought to rise unbidden: God is asleep somewhere but doesn't realize it....slightly Slavic cheekbones....

Have you ever found yourself caught up in the confusing flurry of a rumored death? Have you ever meant to be meek and unobtrusive as a mouse but in fact interrupted people's dinner with a constant stream of questions and, at your wit's end when they feigned ignorance, violent funky imprecations? Have you ever spent time in a Turkish vendor with a closed notebook propero--a few were still plump but most were mashed flat as gobbers. When raisins are left unprotected in a closed notebook you are likely to find a good many of them mashed flat. This trail of raisins my father had left had something to do with his face hanging down over his back, he was double-jointed that way, something to do with the pounds and pounds and pounds of Ben-Gay he would rub into his neck at the slightest provocation, his small blinking beady eyes seeming to flirt with the three witnesses who, that day, watched him walk away from Ballywash not five minutes before he was heard to cry out in what was perhaps a quivering singsong agony of physical dissolution. As I may have already mentioned, rumor had it that his lower half had gone into meltdown, dissolved. Then he had crawled away. But light as a thistle on his elbows from Ballywash. Not five minutes later he was heard to exclaim, call out, holler, from behind a tall clump of high, piss-yellow, uncomfortably dense grass, "Hey, guys! yoo-hoo! my lower half seems to be dissolving!" For this reason, perhaps, my father never reached the Ann Arbor Double-Eagle Pawnshop where a clerk, whose dark thinning hair, heavy-lidded vaguely goiterous eyes and luminous skeletal-thin bone structure resembled my own, became very interested in my story and tried to sell me a $5 knife for $87.95. I thought of the National Science Education Foundation in Budapest—or was it Paris?—and said I would take the $34 accordian hanging in the window. The clerk breathed warmly onto the back of my neck while I tried out a few bars of Ida, Sweet As Apple Cider. He had been planning this impassioned move on my person, I reasoned, since the first minute of our conversation the moment I mentioned my father's disappearance. Intently, hungrily, he buried his nose in my hair, and said in a high, thin, hauntingly unstable voice that his name was Jack Mehoff. (Poor tragic deluded devil! Three years later we would be introduced by one of the tour guides, at a crowded Shriner's reception at Bud Gardens in Houston, but he would be too drunk to remember me...just as well, really....since a few years after that, in a Detroit Wal-Mart, I would glimpse him wearing a disheveled halter and pink cotton shorts, being rousted by the store security people who were squeezing his fingers in theirs for shoplifting a Mickey Gilley LP; and on that occasion he was trying to call himself "Cynthia". Then suddenly I see him again: a pathetic raspa vendor outside the park: but I don't look up: the North Pole is in one direction, Dollywood in another, but there isn't anywhere to go that isn't Top 40, too too rigidly formatted. I am (1) a beautiful mermaid (2) a much-folded map of Warsaw (3) a half-devoured fish foundry. So I came home. "I never stopped thinking of you," Bircher said. "May I pee in your boot?")

But from the first I found the clerk's breath on my neck anything but welcome. As it always must, a steady diet of Polish kielbasa and Tacoland carry-out causes the forbidden thought to rise unbidden: God is asleep somewhere but doesn't realize it....slightly Slavic cheekbones....

Have you ever found yourself caught up in the confusing flurry of a rumored death? Have you ever meant to be meek and unobtrusive as a mouse but in fact interrupted people's dinner with a constant stream of questions and, at your wit's end when they feigned ignorance, violent funky imprecations? Have you ever spent time in a Turkish vendor with a closed notebook propero--a few were still plump but most were mashed flat as gobbers. When raisins are left unprotected in a closed notebook you are likely to find a good many of them mashed flat. This trail of raisins my father had left had something to do with his face hanging down over his back, he was double-jointed that way, something to do with the pounds and pounds and pounds of Ben-Gay he would rub into his neck at the slightest provocation, his small blinking beady eyes seeming to flirt with the three witnesses who, that day, watched him walk away from Ballywash not five minutes before he was heard to cry out in what was perhaps a quivering singsong agony of physical dissolution. As I may have already mentioned, rumor had it that his lower half had gone into meltdown, dissolved. Then he had crawled away. But light as a thistle on his elbows
and belly, he had understandably left no trail. Someone was sent out to
search the field but of course there wasn't any body or blood or evidence
of a struggle. A single puddle of what the forensic experts said might have
been ocelot aspirate was found in the grass. The three witnesses (all
patients at Ballywash) later admitted they'd been shanking the dice in a
leather cup inherited from the sister of the Shah of Iran some years
ago--I disguised myself as a shrub and hung around out in the field for
days at a time and felt a keen trembling disappointment that was almost
sexual when I learned nothing I didn't already know. The wind blew steadily,
showers were frequent. Hold still out there long enough, when you're
disguised as a Slender Deutzia, and the sparrows will give you no end of
annoyance; and as for the stray dogs who came nosing around, and their
behavior, forget it-- But then perhaps I had disguised myself too well--

But even this thought--isn't it shrublike? Of course it is.

Otto telephoned a few days before I left for Ballywash. His voice
sounded more constricted than usual. He said passionately: "Do you realize
that Rudi and Norm, like most Siamese twins, each spend twice as much
time going to the bathroom as you or I or a normal person would?"

"I think you're probably exaggerating the difficulty," I said carefully.

"I'm preparing you. Preparing us."

In a nappy little room on McCullough Avenue when I came away from
Ballywash I rubbed my skin hard with a moist towelette from the Colonel.
A white towelette on which the leaves and filth of the field adhered like
"cultural emissaries." Later, I turned my shoes upside down. More leaves
and twigs fell out, what looked like part of a Duncan Hines brownie but
probably wasn't. I was breathing deeply and shallowly. Then, my eyes
opening and closing (followed by a gradual widening of the lids, a popping
and bulging that could, I realized, soon lead to profound red-veined full-blown
ocular protrusion, just the sort I used to experience back at Bennington,
avove the Danube, when I was cutting classes and developing a code-language
that would allow me to escape from "one place" to "another" any time I
was being followed by the Kennedy family), I did a few hundred squat
jumps; when I finished the man across the way came to his window and
flushed me the high-sign. A decidedly "mashed-in" "spread-out" quality
about his nose reminded me of certain old press-photos of Babe Ruth I had
been shown as a teenager by Herr "Gretel," a fortune-teller out of Kansas
City, whom I had met at a VFW boatshow in Lancing. And didn't I know this
guy across the way from somewhere? .... a squirrel about the size of a
bear setting a table I hate

So reality still has the power to amaze, or descend, like
the ride down, deeper, and glimmers of apron
prety soon it gets to where you start seeing
a bear setting a table I hate

Hence another episode I detect that is given against
my will which means
remote goosing will make you an outright purist when it comes to some of
you bastards smelling a really weird odor in that direction....
Avoiding the Burned Bits
(after Galway Kinnell's "Oatmeal")

Even worse:
I reheat oatmeal once burned.
Aware that reheated burned oatmeal tastes both boiled and
barbequed, I invite Leonard Cohen to eat it with me.
Murder, he says.
Jesus Christ, Leonard
it's food--
Lighten up.

Cassie MacDonald

An Exchange

I told my friend of my puzzlement at the trees shedding
white petals everywhere, that in winter seemed to have no space
for leaves, just lichen -- how could they live, with just flowers.
She said, mildly irritated at my lack of biology, they'd get them later.
I blush, more used to monocotyledons and one-celled green things
and hazy on the sex habits of acacias, traced it back to the
apple tree in my first garden's blossoms preceding fruit, folding
the show and then these matte green balls that could never,
inspection said, get shiny and red.

Gerald Burns

Individual allegiance ends.

where's the toilet the passport form the mountain-top
there's no harm stating the obvious in contempt of
parliament one of the major problems was that I felt like
I was a log cabin I'll substitute the mindless hairy
thing what's the general idea for a printing company a
trillion dollar computer Winnie the Pooh and Harvard
Square was waiting for the animate intellect for me laid
back a dead guinea pig you are infected looking pretty
but there is no laughter it appears the earth's going as
if we're all thinking they've abducted our children
that's symbolic polish off the Heineken get a search
warrant go to my flat the barman explains he should have
known they're gonna be unemployed and I'm getting hot but
ignorance is no excuse that's the plan that moth-eaten
coat the terrorism the media's toilet doors the
plastercast of eternity my first experience of America a
most volatile component like a stone-cold blonde mixing
with the local product failing to comply charming fantasy
but I was still wary of the children the mushrooms

Stuart Collins, Tim Gaze, & Andrew Moore
START FOAM - Part One

I had start foam redemption, shackles cream and drawn from veins, I is a plucked nevering shorn drain, some luck shank (cow, stamen, field, pox, thistle, pore) groaning leg of phospher born to hammer, outflation "rises past your thigh" drummed against these what's my testicle bag scripted dry phones itching in the undershirts, lap corn lap sores your ears are plates of reeking bats (loam intention, claw, the plates I wavered thunder where my pants clove to sprinkling thongs across your chest white with cleanser green foam where the camel's charge metalurgic snots struts long across the muddy quilt lamp, spill from whose pipes frequent horse-lings a minus puss flamed slantways (dumbled motion swelling the floor, like, um, I was propelled from the foreskin like eclipse, like random lips blanch, carried through the flue gate slamming a rotten branch or tail rung like bells, she'd sold for powder to clamor, sled thigh forest of the noose or rambling through bull's rugged flowering, lowered the stone morph 'n glowered ("lab wrist") rector taste and a tourniquet around your waist, "What's that stank?" she bellowed morse listing chrome, uh, chronom rising um, er, ah, the spark in rabbit urine or clorox to shirt slab groan. Was the hay soaked, and gasoline?

John M. Bennett & Jake Berry
The bloodlips that surrounded the bullet balloon or head inflation with the wiener that stood before he popped the bubble, let me get this, or out before his supple supper slipped its peas.

PIT BALLS

She shook the pit balls around her ankles so that the floor sky thinned like the linear maple of the syrup in the bathtub.

BULLEnT BAlloN

The bloodlips that surrounded the bullet balloon or head inflation with the wiener that stood before he popped the bubble, let me get this, or out before his supple supper slipped its peas.

mo mail siGht caVE yr con sternation sLab acroSs yr arm edicAL sight retrACTion was't SLAB? the roots yous oughT likE seethe r pustage bo0ts orf arm a (chEWing-lISt)

raBID

mo mail siGht caVE yr con sternation sLab acroSs yr arm edicAL sight retrACTion was't SLAB? the roots yous oughT likE seethe r pustage bo0ts orf arm a (chEWing-lISt)

raBID

mo mail siGht caVE yr con sternation sLab acroSs yr arm edicAL sight retrACTion was't SLAB? the roots yous oughT likE seethe r pustage bo0ts orf arm a (chEWing-lISt)

raBID

mo mail siGht caVE yr con sternation sLab acroSs yr arm edicAL sight retrACTion was't SLAB? the roots yous oughT likE seethe r pustage bo0ts orf arm a (chEWing-lISt)
God, Paul Silvia, & John M. Bennett

MATTHEW 5: 28-30 ("CABLE FLY STUN...")

But I tell cable that fly stun oh at a thought I has knew plate fly with her in his heart. If stippled gun eye causes sand trust sin, gleam it blunt surf thrusted it away. It is better skin platter boat spreading skin part prow door boom than massed prow floor sloshy scupper be your bowls hell. And if float mast hand causes comprised, crowbar, sin, cut it flatter than your it away. It is better windy stone flat fore bread part depockets: read faux, than fore skirts, "wingless little bodies" hell.

(\textit{Note:} All words containing the letters G, O, or D were removed from the biblical text; words from John M. Bennett's "cable fly stun..." (in \textit{JUXTA} 5/6) were substituted in order of appearance. Punctuation from both texts was retained.)

\begin{center}
\textbf{Ficus strangulensis}
\end{center}

God, Paul Silvia, & Bill DiMichele

MATTHEW 5: 3-10 (\textit{BURNHOLE})

continuous are the hinge, in spirit, useless theirs is the for anything heaven.

apart -- are you were standing, over they will be me.

you are the meek, threw they will inherit the earth.

something are down and it and thirst landed right, here they will be you.

won are the merciful, the they will be case mercy.

with are the pure in heart, the they will see help.

of are the peacemakers, a they will be called hypnotist television antenna.

a are very improbable are solar because system, the, place theirs is the where the heaven.

(\textit{Note:} All words containing the letters G, O, or D were removed from the biblical text; words from a randomly selected passage of Bill DiMichele's book \textit{Burnhole} were substituted in order of appearance.)

\begin{center}
\textit{Hierarchypnosisobar.}
\end{center}
God, Paul Silvia, & Sheila E. Murphy

JOHN 3: 16, 17 (WILD YAM)

Picturesque makes points like these: He enough his of them and you'll, that be believes in Him shall tidy perish but have eternal life, till the nevermore of patent His leather prides the its way through the dark, but feats save the laborious and Him.

(Note: All words containing the letters G, O, or D were removed from the biblical text; words from Sheila E. Murphy's "Wild Yam" (in IntuiT #1) were substituted in order of appearance. Punctuation from both texts was retained.)

Shoe Soaker

My shoe soaker flag, what I tabled
Crayfish daddy-o a peer review intaglio (or so abrupt
They came) cabled mere, so corrupt their
Shoes were shined with pesto or adhesive from the
Wallpaper play, cormorants diving in the
Drink blur norm framed with fame and carpentry,
The cool dry walk to handle, slathered, taut
With lumber and a sail don't ask don't
Palaver-as-a-verb tome rice, paler flavor
Than your stone or stove or storefront, the accused
No longer on the roster cackled or a song
Complainant, ruley and detailed, my known
White patter tends to suffer then, tends to crawl
Lap downy like a sprinkler haze
Oh beatitudinous clear pointillistic breeze
My skin will referee forever (nor my limm
Sing, redder than a phone with cleats nearby
To form a still life called claim ("claim")
Matter of position caustive sleeve
That you will see through when you drive askew and
Supper through the gates of putter-minded body
Aches and guardrails: or sand falls off the flag

S. Gustav Hägglund

Sulfuremia.

J.S. Murnet

God, Paul Silvia, & Peter Ganick

GENESIS 9: 1-3 (UNTITLEDSELFKNOWLEDGE)

Then realitized the personal king his cap,
tosses into them, "Be fruitful frayed increase in number deliberate fill the earth. The fear nuance precision inform identity will fall the all the beasts copied the earth hand all the each lion the air, tilts every creature that fossils that the arranged, excelled all the fish and the sea; they are improved clear cut and,
paste that lives argument treason will be any ramifications merit. Just as I a desire the plants, I a destiny each listens."

(Note: All words containing the letters G, O, or D were removed from the biblical text; words from Peter Ganick's chapbook untitledselfknowledge were substituted in order of appearance.)

ACK'S HACKS

Blaster Hacks John M. Bennett's Poems

WOULD MEATLOAF KILL AN ANGEL?
(from 9.3.97)

Would meatloaf kill an angel would stool
gown fuzz of the fog ham bulb Lower
burns the buzz jar rolled beneath the bed
Your flesh remembers stay gland wind
Around your thigh the snail
raced but they didn't fuse because
we guard our limbs with big bent
nostrils which stood there missing two
fingers The angels take shape beneath your shirt
Groaning the fog ham bulb floated like a log
chin. The monastery rice is active
as a maggot faucet, you dive into a gown
open to the waist. Thin night attire links
flapping to passing thru the glass
of ululation
I churn like Saint Francis finding
the push me
pull me creature
in his pants along with the wooden flavor and etc.
And that's what the shoveled call what killed
vaudeville

SODA POP (A CULTURE)

The Cold drink
a doornail hat
a tar pit graphic
Leaves reaction

Except my window
lips a broom
rays me in you
•
cross a view a view

The streets are art
crippled within
history bring down
thru a sound sun
But I can see you

SCOTT KEENEY

OVERDUETS.
WATER JOE (from 9.24)

When I was working
the census job I sure did like those
99 cent mexican meals at the end of each day
now my lamp of rabbits lamps yr buzzing
spoon of rabbits
and the rodent paper
what cruel thudding clam
drips
from all that black pellets

have meant to you and your dark light
weight wardrobe snead urn time
when like the dumpster's cardboard
bathroom door
your artificial curls have
come undone under the carressing
hand of one who handled the pound
in my sleep the weather whipping the round
black pellets stood up yapping
yr chin yr chin and won by a landslide

Dear Johnee,

Yes, definitely, this ETHAN FROME MEETS JMB card looks right smart;
and purple's the perfect choice, as scholarly research has shown that
purple was the color Frome's head took on whenever he submerged it in a
jar of that New England elderberry--the man was a veritable slave to the
grape, it seems.

Let's see. You say the MacLEISH just arrived; and I mailed you the
STEVENS a few days ago; and now here's the DYLAN THOMAS. Pretty much
the same hacking technique used for the FROST, the FROME, the MacLEISH
and the THOMAS, that is, cutting triangular "windows" and using these as
overlays as I moved back and forth between you and the old guys to
randomly isolate fragments which were then "folded" in together. (The
STEVENS was less a "fold in," more a matter of "Johnee adjectives" being
"plugged in.".) Of the "fold in's" I think I like the MacLEISH best. Anyhow,
see how this THOMAS grabs you, eh?

DYLAN THOMAS MEETS JMB

the force that through the flavor of detention torrent castle wagging
humps my green watered clown till he's heaved across the green fern bar
like the syllabic fern green that leaves your lips when your tongue forks
like my destroyer pampers walls tooth and in the same vowels
dwell inside your hell or forearm I am dumb feathered flock of kale
my youth is like a screech condition that shudders as it talks about
the force that climbing on a thread like a shadow crab upon your eggs has
humped away at my red blood infusion gas and the green man on the stairs
turns mine to waxy glassy blood not caring to whom I phoned for take-out
then I am dumb tunafish and eggy 'tween a child's ear-span ticked off at

JACK "THE RAVER" SAUNDERS MEETS JMB (3.5.97)

Actually, I didn't become a writer
as a second choice, after my primary plan
fell through. I intended to be one
hell of a crowded gassy loosened combination
and there was a certain cachet in being one
hell of a crowded gassy loosened combination
until I learned the ropes of free-lancing lunch of mullet
steaming hair and ankles outside Kelly Labor
near Lee Circle, off Carondelet.
When that didn't pan out, I wrestled
Flock Blank Gum Condition Crank,
my autobiography in verse,
an exercise in master combination pouting
where in a lull I would intone for hours,
"You hair's sticking up what's dancing in the sink!"
George Jack Stem, Dr. Palp's second-in-command,
tried to ignore me, but his hand-baby
crept blemished like that prancer slipped please drink sluice
to Tulane, too. Strange man. Graduating magna cum laude
a figment of my imagination, redemption
for entering contests, being turned down, and losing
Richard M. Nixon, President of the United States,
on the steps of the cottage we rented out on Alligator Point.
I left $10 worth of Richard M. Nixon unattended, one Saturday,
and he slipped away right out your shit, your filth, even,
to do something for which I was not paid--
namely, stretch out like a health care professional
and tell Kerouac he couldn't quit the Shakespeare Squadron.
But forgot to tell him number tree liver throat massive
if false prophets cast low by the Blue Trowel,
one of ten Outstanding Seniors, I won't say mentor,
because we didn't have that kind of relationship.
Plus, Brenda and I were expunged from the rehashed
but form-destroyed wolves in sheep's clothing horsey leaf
chile and spaghetti coast-to-coast raw mall builder slush fund,
to mix a metaphor. There's a picture of me and a nose
clamp winning a fellowship only available from a hoecake

and the whiskey-chic photos haul my shroud sail comb munition combo
and I am dumb phone refusal myself a foot flying where a toilet tells
how of my stumbles it grieved on its way cross that "special place"
where the lips of time leech to my taco de cabrito cabo tackled pampers'
love drips and gathers gleamy ancho some broken bones drilled hollow
shall calm her sore/s your armpit shall muffle stuffed lung or lox
and I am dun pander mummer bottom side up under the roadside bushes
how time was a corset with whistling, how somebody puckered up, how
after the first death, there is no other, there is no other, in a pig's valise.
Some Pines or Wallace Stevens Meets JMB (5.7)

One's grand itchy-britches flights, one's birdless Sunday baths,
One's gnomic tautings at the single-slatedered weddings of the
communistic soul
Occur unknown as they occur foaming. So fat blushes clouds
Occurred above the airless empty house and the oxidized leaves
Of the fondler-aspirated rhododendrons rattled their spooned gold
As if someone faint lived there. Such hair-hammered floods of fake
while
Came bursting from the rubbery clouds. So the drooling wind
Threw its bleeding contortions strength around the greedy sky.
Could you dripping seed have said the looming bluejay suddenly
Would swoop to bird-contaminated earth? It's a hopping wheel, the
chroomed rays
Around the roasted sun. The roasted sun survives the rusted myths.
(Say, there's an original insight! Let's run that one by again, shall we?
The roasted sun survives the rusted myths!

Fire eye in the blushing clouds survives the reeking gods... and scrapes
the ground.
To think of a tumbled dove with a muddy eye of crusty grenade
And loud pines that are skating, loud pines that are a storkish woman
Dancing, loud pines that are a sandy metaphysician in the dark, twangling
An underwear-noosed instrument, twanging a nice tumbled roaster kinda
Famished, kinda averted, kinda peeking through the stopped action below
Your pie comb. A comb of the murky act of the slippering mind,
It's true, but almost worth it to find loud pines of this caliber, eh, Wally?

OCTAVIO PAZ MEETS JMB (8.13.97)

Gusts of wax thought
Parrots flavoring Ebola stains
The roof of my mouth
A Spandex for the licking
Is a great clear wind
Storms what's already swallowed
Are damper than the gout was
I see my afflatus busy in the rain
Outside my hat
A thinking
Man's satchel of cubed clay
Blazes without thinning
Nuts like a head swore inside the window
Have you
The drain
My teeth
I am rotted
I see my afflatus busy in the rain
The glutition is shiny

OH, BALLS
Divided evenly, thighs
were jam-packed, even
overlapped
from unrestrained grunting.
The clouds overhead sighed
some thunder rumbled
but none of the guys
sensed a need for restraint.
But then, balls began to roll.
Unexpectedly, they spurt
from their scrappy bags
roll sloppily
in blue-veined orbs.
The women begin gigling
stamp at those clods
which spurt away or
squish in messy spots.
Later, a large hose
sprays the mess away.
Porno-pies will be
ata a premium; bible
pages rummaged through.

DEATH OF A MUSE

Behind a spruce on the ridge (in the binoculars) the moon: black boughs
spear it like a cocktail onion. Branch by branch it climbs. The maria too
obscured to identify. As the seconds gather, gray splotches on the orange
face - in their glide between branches - wink. Frozen in each wink - the
dirse on which the earth turns.

The Sea of Crises finally eases above the spruce's crown. An onion
slipping off the spit.

The binocular field shudders. I see my heart thud.
No more time to kill. This is it, Moonrise. Time to go in for the kill.
I return the binocs to their leather case lined with velvetoen. Toss
loaded case in truck. Drive at moderate speed. Unobtrusively keep an eye
peeled for crows.

When I reach the house, she lies in the parlors already dead. I shoot
her anyway, clicking away at all angles. These are the last polaroids. The
farewell stills. Her with the knife in her belly, naked, just come from the
bath. Still a thin smile - from over on the sofa where her head landed.
Obviously killed by someone she knew and trusted. The gore-caked ax stood
in the corner beside the lava lamp would have struck the first, the fatal
blow.

The killer was powerful, quick. A lumberjack? a butcher? a momentarily
focussed schizophrenic? A character not only handy with an ax, but always
carrying one around. A friend she would expect to walk in - ax in hand.
I recognize the ax, A Sears model. The one I always pack in case it
becomes a matter of a rat. I hate rats. Their very idea keeps me awake at
night. I lose a lot of sleep imagining rats.

She used to tell me I had, in a previous life, myself been a rat.
Hence my irrational hate. As if hate and/or love ever smacked of the rational.
Insect's love, let me take there was love.

Somewhat faster than the moon conquered the spruce, the snips develop.
The decapitated remnants emerge like a barge and a buoy drifting from the
fog. She was up till this afternoon a looker. Even in two pieces, and with
limbs hacked (clogging the disposal?), she makes herby rise.

I flip the polaroids onto the torso. Lean one against the dagger's
haft. The shot from above, showing the haft as a knob above the
crotcon - a second navel, black and shiny, with such a knob you might dim
the lights, or gently elevate the musak.

From down on the shag, take one last snap of the picture scattered
toro. The shot leaned against the hant centered in the field.

Waiting for this last echo to develop, I remember our affair. Me always
taking pictures through the window. Her posing in peeping tom innocence.
We did her as Lady Godiva astrate the wet bar, Venus on a half-rack of
Rainier, Maya before the tv.

She understood my problem. More than I admit myself. I was her pet.
She dug throwing me bones. People get off on the strangest stuff. So I
allowed her to let me walk in - ax in hand. Any time of day or night.
If she had the leisure, which was most of the time.

For every cheesecake we set hundreds of blurred figures free. Still
they roam - as slides in carousels on shelves in closets.

Well, the rats hadn't broken in. That was last year around Christmas.
They entered through the toilet. Wet and fetid - blood in their eyes. Or
crept up around the plumbing under the sink.

Now they come in all the time, anyway at all. They have gnawed
the bungalow into a clapboard sieve. I can't kill enough to make a dent. Soon
I'll be swimming in rats.

One now scales the sofa, headed for her head. Glad I took those shots
when I did. The vermin squeezes up her throat. I'm sure the larynx will
prove a delicacy.

Atop the laminated haft I balance the final shot. A photo of her torso's
photo propped against the haft. Silently titled: "Twin Engine Prop Job."

46

Gusts of wax thought
Parrots flavoring Ebola stains
The roof of my mouth
A Spandex for the licking
Is a great clear wind
Storms what's already swallowed
Are damper than the gout was
I am rotted
I see my afflatus busy in the rain
The glutition is shiny

OH, BALLS
Divided evenly, thighs
were jam-packed, even
overlapped
from unrestrained grunting.
The clouds overhead sighed
some thunder rumbled
but none of the guys
sensed a need for restraint.
But then, balls began to roll.
Unexpectedly, they spurt
from their scrappy bags
roll sloppily
in blue-veined orbs.
The women begin gigling
stamp at those clods
which spurt away or
squish in messy spots.
Later, a large hose
sprays the mess away.
Porno-pies will be
ata a premium; bible
pages rummaged through.

DEATH OF A MUSE

Behind a spruce on the ridge (in the binoculars) the moon: black boughs
spear it like a cocktail onion. Branch by branch it climbs. The maria too
obscured to identify. As the seconds gather, gray splotches on the orange
face - in their glide between branches - wink. Frozen in each wink - the
dirse on which the earth turns.

The Sea of Crises finally eases above the spruce's crown. An onion
slipping off the spit.

The binocular field shudders. I see my heart thud.
No more time to kill. This is it, Moonrise. Time to go in for the kill.
I return the binocs to their leather case lined with velvetoen. Toss
loaded case in truck. Drive at moderate speed. Unobtrusively keep an eye
peeled for crows.

When I reach the house, she lies in the parlors already dead. I shoot
her anyway, clicking away at all angles. These are the last polaroids. The
farewell stills. Her with the knife in her belly, naked, just come from the
bath. Still a thin smile - from over on the sofa where her head landed.
Obviously killed by someone she knew and trusted. The gore-caked ax stood
in the corner beside the lava lamp would have struck the first, the fatal
blow.

The killer was powerful, quick. A lumberjack? a butcher? a momentarily
focussed schizophrenic? A character not only handy with an ax, but always
carrying one around. A friend she would expect to walk in - ax in hand.
I recognize the ax, A Sears model. The one I always pack in case it
becomes a matter of a rat. I hate rats. Their very idea keeps me awake at
night. I lose a lot of sleep imagining rats.

She used to tell me I had, in a previous life, myself been a rat.
Hence my irrational hate. As if hate and/or love ever smacked of the rational.
Insect's love, let me take there was love.

Somewhat faster than the moon conquered the spruce, the snips develop.
The decapitated remnants emerge like a barge and a buoy drifting from the
fog. She was up till this afternoon a looker. Even in two pieces, and with
limbs hacked (clogging the disposal?), she makes herby rise.

I flip the polaroids onto the torso. Lean one against the dagger's
haft. The shot from above, showing the haft as a knob above the
crotcon - a second navel, black and shiny, with such a knob you might dim
the lights, or gently elevate the musak.

From down on the shag, take one last snap of the picture scattered
toro. The shot leaned against the hant centered in the field.

Waiting for this last echo to develop, I remember our affair. Me always
taking pictures through the window. Her posing in peeping tom innocence.
We did her as Lady Godiva astrate the wet bar, Venus on a half-rack of
Rainier, Maya before the tv.

She understood my problem. More than I admit myself. I was her pet.
She dug throwing me bones. People get off on the strangest stuff. So I
allowed her to let me walk in - ax in hand. Any time of day or night.
If she had the leisure, which was most of the time.

For every cheesecake we set hundreds of blurred figures free. Still
they roam - as slides in carousels on shelves in closets.

Well, the rats hadn't broken in. That was last year around Christmas.
They entered through the toilet. Wet and fetid - blood in their eyes. Or
crept up around the plumbing under the sink.

Now they come in all the time, anyway at all. They have gnawed
the bungalow into a clapboard sieve. I can't kill enough to make a dent. Soon
I'll be swimming in rats.

One now scales the sofa, headed for her head. Glad I took those shots
when I did. The vermin squeezes up her throat. I'm sure the larynx will
prove a delicacy.

Atop the laminated haft I balance the final shot. A photo of her torso's
photo propped against the haft. Silently titled: "Twin Engine Prop Job."
Willie Smith

I stand. Jiggle my own personal shutter. Till a zoom develops. From the woodwork the rodents cheer. We are all - all of us going to shoot the moon. Seed shoots. The rat inside the head slurps. While it chews out through her smile, I catch my breath.

Then fetch kerosene. Set a match to the doused curtains. Test my prick on the blade of the ax. Flames lick. Rats break for the corpse, knowing this can't last.

Willie Smith

The keyword is fun.

I listened to his eggplant.

The albino snarls "things can go wrong".

sang-froid is severe 'Military training to kill has thrived

writing poetry.

On the border twelve feet of the beholder: the eye of the beholder only one image in the sky and not natural anal, buccal, Greek and Syrian where the wheat once for fertility for ecstasies the divinity of rutting down before the perfumed down on which a priestess her pudenda mask of the jackal another face.

J. M. Calleja

FEEL GREAT

Wali Hawes

ADOLESCENT

Arrossegaves a les fosques

"les eua. en en mentre"

Arses i dejojic per arrossegaves

dins aigua l'espí

ones dels amiques

J. M. Calleja

SPARE SANDALS

On the borders Syrian twelve feet of the eye of the beholder only one image in the sky and not natural anal, buccal, Greek and Syrian where the wheat once for fertility for ecstasies the divinity of rutting down before the perfumed down on which a priestess her pudenda mask of the jackal another face.

Richard Kostelanetz

My first thought was that a baby's leg was rubbing against my naked tummy.

Richard Kostelanetz

IBM

Francis Poole

Jack Saunders
On Mr. Grumman's Condition A Report from Dr. Eugene S. J. Hofschnozel

My Dear Dr. Bennett:

As Mr. Robert J. "Bob" Grumman's personal therapist, as well as the director of the Nestle Home for the Plurapathological, the Spaghettiless, and Big-Headed Women where Mr. Grumman has been living for the past three months, I am most unhappy to have to report to you that Mr. Grumman will be unable to send you a proper column for the next issue of your estimable "magazine," Lost & Found Times. While his physical recovery from the (very successful) re-attachment of his testicles to the proper sides of his head has been excellent, the combination of his exposure as a werechicken by your well-meaning but misguided reporter, Al "Ack" Ackerman, and your own subsequent failure to include Mr. Grumman in your list of "The Ten Best-Dressed Visual Poets of 1972," was too much for his delicate emotional constitution, to put it in layman's terms. He immediately sent a mummified possum to Mr. Ackerman containing the regurgitated remains of several of Mr. Ackerman's socks, garter belts and love-letters from Charlton Heston (with all the grammar meticulously corrected). Then there was the fiasco concerning the mummy of the late Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. But it was no doubt his lamentable publication of certain "poems" of Mr. Jack Saunders as a Runaway Spoon Press chapbook called, The Husband of the Writer's Wife, that brought him to the attention of the authorities, and resulted in his present confinement to our facility.

Mr. Grumman is no longer writing. Knowing how vital his column is to the readers of Lost & Found Times, however, I have taken the liberty of gathering for you various literary scraps and sketches that were found in his house after his relocation here. They seem to have been intended for your publication. Perhaps you can "stitch" them together to form some kind of substitute for his column? Annotations have been supplied where needed by Prof. Louise "Chips" Raterman, Mr. Grumman's astrologer, who knows Mr. Grumman "in and out," and is also, by a lucky chance, head of our nursing corps. I hope this material proves helpful.

Sincerely yours, Dr. Eugene S. J. Hofschnozel

L.R. (Above) At The Meeting Of White Witches  Bill DiMichele Xerolage 1. Visicollagic Poetry, which is to say that one doesn't experience its verbal and visual elements at the same time, but the connotations of the two blend. The texts share the page with the graphics.

In any cloister, the priapism is whirlly-scootchy. No one should be allowed to watch Crumb.

L.R.  Micro-triumphs like the combo "briarsand brains" (sic), "molybdenum of the nightingales," and "pain and space." Most of the images are from iconophilic religions and mysticism. Do-re-mi charts of consciousness development (or whatever they are) reappear, in about the only crisp...
print in the generally hazy sequence. On the next-to-last page, "of
purpose making" is printed with "purpos" upside-down, "em" sideways
and going up from "purpos" --and turning into "aking," with "of"
sideways and going down just right of "em." The letters of this text
are blown up to about quadruple normal type size, and parts of them
are missing. The "r" and "u" of "purpos" are joined to give the
upside version of it a shape recalling both "sound" and "sodium,"
while the "po" of "purpos" continues naturally into "em," the "a"
moving a little past the line "em" is on. Then there's "aking" as
"aching" and as "a king." "Sodium" might seem a little out of left
field here, but to me it suggests salt, which I deem a major secondary
element of human existence, behind the primaries, fire, water, earth
and air. The main text on the last page says, "sing, perplexing and
bewildering to an honest"--and there it stops.

So much like. L.R.

The second Xerolage features the almost entirely visual collages of
Michael Voodoo, well-known mail-artist whom I've lost track of over
the years, which is probably indicative of his success at being a pure
mail-artist, and thus out of the limelight. His collages are very
black and white, and almost always dramatic and/or funny. The last
one has a head of Lincoln on it and a caption saying, "If something
shows up in the mail that you didn't order, you can keep it for free."

I never knew an iconodule who had a sense of humor. L.R.

One last thing: I meant earlier to tell you I really liked the Clare/
bowlinggirl collage. You might be the first to collage classic poems
with ads. Anyway, I really think you've equalized Keats's URN with your
collage, and that's one of my all-time favorites! I'm not nuts about
the Clare poem but it works SO WELL against the ephemera of the slick
ad, of Commerce-in-General, of bowling and of the perfect girl-next-
doors for the part.

My sister Penelope never bowled under 122 in her life! L.R.

I'm puzzled by Prof. Raterman's allusion to her sister, for Mr.
Grumman's text is from a letter to Irving "Spats" Weiss. It concerns
a piece from Mr. Weiss's, Number Poems, which Mr. Grumman brought out
in an edition of 700,000 at around the time that he published the
Saunders collection. To my knowledge, Ms. Penelope Raterman has never
copulated with a donkey.

I'm completely dizzied by all that's going on in cyber-space like
lbd's (luigi-bob drake's--E.S.J.H.) all-kinds-of-stuff-going-on sites

wings.buffalo.edu/epc/ezines/treehome/treeHome.html
www.ims.csuohio.edu/TreeWeb/Treeweb.html
www.ims.csuohio.edu/gallery.html
www.ims.csuohio.edu/VA/VAintro.html
www.ims.csuohio.edu/wreyeting/index.html

and the Grist Archive where's Light & Dust with poems by visual and
other kinds of poets like Scott Helmes, Mike Basinski, Alain Satie,
Philadelphia Menezes, Kenneth Patchen (in gorgeous full color!), Harry
Polkínhom, Clemente Pálin, Wanda Coleman, et cetera, et cetera--and
Grist also connects (via
www.thing.net/-grist/zines/chapbks/bennett.htm) to none other than
John M. Bennett--8 poems from DOORDOOR "flys screen sing flawed eye
through's louded day" goes the third line of the first poem, and who
so crinkled as not to be louded by that?!

Goats, goats, goats, that's all this "willie" can plush. L.R.

Apparently Mr. Grumman was planning an extensive overview of peculiar
poetry on the Internet but the above is as far as he got. B.S.J.H.
Flux Modulus #33

AET AYREFT

GOD GUM GEM

GORE GNOME

Luna Pizante Poe