LOST AND FOUND TIMES
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WANDAUST

DON'T
WASTE GARbage

Dan Buck

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Peter Ganick

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Consultant: C. Mehrl Bennett

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Ohio Arts Council
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PROGRAMS IN THE ARTS

Braise

braise . sense lotion to be . tact
immersion in . la rive . denominations pass
our winter , follicles , and vespers turn.
to formal . justice . repeat assigned . syntax and loss of . gen . root word . to speech . the loss of . in a turgid region of .
the window . look . she has the center . tossed toward . array . then what . counter-intuitive breast . stroke . breast . and all the people carrying . their water . visibly still . longing so

Sheila E. Murphy
Patafiasios

Y decía el letrero:

ERI AMOR ERI OCELOS

Mientras que leía en otro:

sometime(s) being myself from the souls of god

Nadie entonces podía hacer algo de esta historia

lectura de antepasados o

sueños inconclusos

VIVE LA REVÉPUBLIQUE!

También se leía en otro lugar
mas grande que el reverso de mi mirada
que al nacer (sería ya largo cuento)
pero más que en el pasado we almost forget that we are midgets
I repeat: MIDGETS hechos de escobros
y para continuar con un doble a cuesta
que grita perennemente

AMO A RÓMULO Y A REMO

¿Dónde y en qué orificio
dónde y en qué muslo roido
en qué sitio macienciño
o en excrementos olvidados
dónde repito vuelven a buscarse
los objetos perdidos?

Y para continuar me acerco al carcelero:
"I have nothing to say, I have seen everything"
las máscaras de rodillas ríen gozosas
pues todo parecía indicar que ha llegado

la hora de la verdad

Carlos M. Luis

—,

easy to burn the
tiny pieces, there
bear up—the

shadows scampering toward

nothing: an ordinary
rectangular mirror
a heap of light

S. Gustav Hägglund

and THEN EHÉN ÉÉERÒ
LÉGÉL LÀ REÍNA DE LOS
ONCÉS ÉÉRÒ SÍN SABER
ÉOR LOS SIGLOS DE LÒ
JOS ÒÑE ÓÑÉA SÉRÀN
MEÀÇ LÉÉÈA Ò HÉMÈ
© MIDDLE OF NOOH

THING UAS READn
ÉOBRES ERA ENT
unáXAM TRAM
SIGLOS n LOS OJO
THE ENÉS OF MÉA
ÀOYì IN THE ÒÈÀIC

ÉÓÌSSa ’ZH ’ZHÉ ÉÒÒ
QE HÀS CREATÓ

En Mi Comó Òn
RECIÉN NADIDÒ YÀDE HOC
ET ÒHARE ÍSTYÇÉ ÒÌWe
n ASÍ ÉARÀ ÒÀE RTODÒS
DA EL ÁLMÀ AL ÈXÈÉÈÒ n
ÉÈNTÒ HÍC ET ÒHÀÈ ÒàSO

MosTrYOM ET
NABABÌìíçéë
REInÈMOS MÁN
LA OBEDEC È
ÒÀE @ñàèç$@î

Carlos M. Luis

the midget told me & my friend Deanna when we were 11? he
would make us into famous stars, if we would only just give
up everything in our lives (school, family, & friends)
& get in his car & go with him. it was a tough decision,
but we decided fame was the most important thing to us so we
got in the car & left with the midget. i contemplated what the
future held for us imagining the two of us on t.v. and all of the
magazine covers & prayed to Jesus we had made the right
decision, leaving with the midget & all.

Mary Knott
s word d ish you la b le l ink t race o pen sieve yr s leave o pen yr ha d ang le N s ink d im ple st d ag gr er got tub ee to p so ap l op e cop e s ank shush hors at wh eel s or ts wing er ed it s i eve s op lop sid c lang ut s and lang am b er bum b le be es cents sin g lan d an gle am h ump umb ra l ease l s eep azzle d rain p is s hou t d s lap or recti c s or e poc h s p ore w oof s lea p me at if cief t on e s n um ber yl w hole t arp see ve ils lip pe eve neng age ant ank shush o ar s at w ill hoo m oo (m ood oom h om e r oom moo n) h one d r on e as e ope n b il lou s ink s wor ds sh ed lex d am ple th i gh gh t ime r aft he he h i am e r u

John M. Bennett & Jim Leftwich

ROMANCE

Second order radiating miniature jungle. Sun spotted insect wind cheering logos staggered grace. The hum of electric moth forest moving through polished glass. The glass upgraded to fossil rarely witnessed. The trees reproduced in metamorphic province of night approaching. A gravitational field assuming the witness can escape vacuum eye of unknown species. An infinite repetitive dream edge around which shadows spurt horrendous logic. The air is choked by machinery of remote control. A woman gazes at her reflection cast in a puddle of black tears. She recalls events from a previous life: a childhood with no leverage, school of rash autumn and decades given over to protection of a modified beau.

Spencer Selby

Richard Kostelanetz

a plausible move, out here. her rainy underarms.
he joins her in the kitchen. to put your faith in.

endings drag me, down. a myriad of strategies, & the space of a single draft. the wind is ongoing. long

after the rain, & the puddles of such have evaporated.
where the wind will keep you. you

are not here.
Cokaygne

it is right and plaissant land
all upreared in peasant hand
I say too merrie touching bright
the least of men be there a knight

the businessman rear-ends the punkster
or the reuben from Shanghai

the consigliere blinded bats
at a pilata

in the end what you have built
is what always you have done
from the outset

the long cut
remolds the city
juice takes juice
juice out juice in
down the line

never ending ready pool
of resources
better than a cucking-stool
to horses

HiGH ABOVe THE COCKATRICE
LOOKS MY WAY

I woke up this morning
dreaming dreams of a trogan.
I woke up
dreaming dreams of a cockatiel.
I woke up with a head full of parrots
and one screaming bluejay.
I woke up in a nut ward of birds.

Outside the leaves blush and tumble nimbly down — such a graceful
giometry. On a phone pole a woodpecker drills for bugs — his report
echoes like the dull pop of a weapon. Then he cocks his sassy head
and remembers — this ain't spring! What the hell is he doing here? He
wings off heading south.

One-ounce sparrows bounce on the roof lip, their tiny heads swirl
like cameras; they fluff and swell and bury their beaks in their
plumage. Small things survive best.

Overhead geese fly in formation. A snake rustles the leaves. High
above the cockatrice looks my way, and I lower my eyes.

John Bennett
Fo cus
leach the damper flood brain
corps of sieve yr shadow
pause throttled lippy spoon gleams:
stream looms, slipping bottle laws
padle pure sleeves of snoring
rain's mud glanced the beach!
Beach the glanced mud rain
flooring love's sleeves pure waddle
law's bottle slipping, booms stream:
green spoon lippy throttled pawed
shadow yr sleeves or corpse:
brain flood damped the screech

Fa blus
B reach t h e n d ump art slo
Ad lain d range fo la
Carts by se ave nr shutter ban
C I a use bl ot ted red slipping spa n w/o
Dle ams: Br eem soo ns, bip iang rat tie
Lewd va sad d leed n area blows at snot ting
Fram's tat mad glands ra ced at b leach
Reach ng at of brands bed rud pan sud
Bl o ding art's ple avens u rea pud
Dle row's sat tie slipping, poorns gleam
Bl ue spuin to slip pie knot t ed blid s awed
Shan tel le a e i o u unto slave
Blame studd ed cr amp d she-it bleed ph

Fo rus
Bleach no hamper's dud flame
Ropes of slave fr laidow
Clause pottles' sippy poon blames
Steam blooms, slipping laddle blows
Straddle newer pleases fr snorting
Brain's blood glans'd the snugh!
Beache to glans's blood's brain
Belabor smud's beliefs new'rt twaddle
Flaws beer's flipping, blooms steam:
Blue noon slippery knotted lawed
Darn'd ns yr sleeves nor copsse
Blame blood clamped the beach

Fo clus
L each t he d amp ert flo
od rain b rain ro mu
corts of si eve yr shatter dan
p a use th rot t led lipping spo on sin
gle am'st ream loo ms, sip pang bot tle
lews vi pad d leed p urea slows of snow ring
brain's ter mud glans ro ced the b each
bleach ag the of glans ced mud run pud
flo o ring love's scle eve eves p urea wa
dle low's bot tie slipping, booms stream
gree n spo on lip thy thro tt lid p awed
shad e ow x y rex si eve sort corpse
brain flood d amp ed de it screed ch

N ope
Blow or blower, slip wreck
Skloped to blunder crawler snored
Eye rolling blanket greased aye-
Neath my twaddle sick snack
Blooped among launders reless snored
Nor boiling saddles leased A7
Yr satisfy, toiled grabbing none
Snored reless pouned by blood'd
Snacks, thin saddle more brows
I ceased! Twaddle rolling nah
Soured benigh ponders aat! Roiled
Wreck snips, dark'd or known

Tom taylor 05 24 02

Fo ose
Know a second
a kennen

Ric Royer

N cra
s how or ca cali shade owl, lap w rack
sto open d to de wonder knee-like po red
ah s piling sad d lie creased mud eye
be low yr wall paddle ten hick sick
looping through vis binders ma peeling flo o red!
all raili ng p d ad dles please vel d mY
My p leasted, gatha! red to i ling bal
flo o red pie less ponde red through l ope d
stack, thack saddle sure blow des
eye creased re shad le spo iling ah!
pure d kneeling wind e red to sh piled
w rack leps, s had owed or sh own oe

N dur
S low an ba buli snape howl, rap w slack
Stu pp id at ma slumber pork luck snored
Eye s smil ing pad dle sneaked blood thigh
Ab ove ma stall saddle eleven pick rick
Snooping beyond vos blinder mys sneak bl o ded!
Fall pailings d I dd lees sneeze do l d m A
Yr p leased, motha! Dead ro lin g stall
Sn or red skyless sundered by d op e
Snack, twack snadle pure row dies
Pie sneak ed ro spade moli ling oh!
Pore d sneezing blind o dead to shitpile
Sn ack reps, b lad owed nor foe

John M. Bennett 04-19-02

S. Gustav Hägglund

Blus
ter n apt kin sneeze in
to yr fac
e s weep row r ow

John M. Bennett
THE BLUR ON THE GREENS MYSTERY

With meds adjusted and a new life underway
you’re out on the golf course nearly every day and seem intent
on walking or rather shall we say prowling the greens
with your putter in one hand and nothing of your other hand
showing but a blur. That is, where your hand should be
there’s something—an adventure, a torture chamber,
an uncertain and flickering wilderness not unlike
giving a non-resident member
all the Wild Turkey—something that’s in constant motion
and denial of legitimate focus is going on
there at the end of your wrist, causing
this jerky and mystifying blur to take place.
“What sort of grotesque mischief is this, anyway?” “Could it be
too much sun messing with us?” just two of the questions
we, the troubled onlookers, keep asking ourselves
as we grip our 5-irons and shade our eyes and peer distractedly
around, hoping for some clue, some insight; such optic plunder
would seem to be making suckers out of our rods and cones,
a smart ophthalmologist might conclude. Its 80 degrees
on the links today. A bluejay screams and the twosomes
and foursomes go forward with their appurtenances, whereupon
you stalk into the foreground and the powerful enigma
of your blur, looking ghostly as ectoplasm, but faster,
spreads a pall that’s not unlike animalia and helps
explain so many 50’s 60’s and 70’s over par, a regular rash
of flubs, with drippers cursing their swings and standing
in their eyes are tears, as if to say, pick up that golf ball somebody
it looks shameful caught there in the crook of the tree—

But now two burly club stewards arrive.

And the mystery of your blur is solved (what relief)
as we watch them pin your arms and hustle you off the fairway.
Clearly, if you try to break away they have orders to tackle you
to the ground, but in any event your membership
here at Inverness
has ended, ignominiously, with all club privileges
revoked and since you’re now being held fast and forced to desist
no more can your hand contrive to disappear in the blur
of its unholy scramble to worship Onan. Unthinkable but yes
that’s what it was all along, we realize: just you, lone, fetidistic,
stalking and prowling the greens in the throes of ungovernable nonstop
onanism, golfing’s oldest, golfing’s greatest enemy.

Richard Kostelanetz

Corrupt

gulp plug pug piggie, earth thread, er, re: dead tear, added art, tar daddy brite rabbit
tibetan rib vibe bit into beta tablets beat with a bat, sabotaged. “...”’”%~”...

comic cino, absurd duress, bogus global bugle

Charles Boal the III
Discord is so
cute obviously. People hate omnicient sophistry; poets
hail
obvious rotunda. Games lower odes while inking navel
grates.
Rightly enchanted, castles e-mail novice torque.
Floating around
most omnibuses until supper. The empire makes perfect
eggroll
ready after tapping eats.

Sunrise lasers entranced efforts poured into naming
god.
Anthropomorphism. Flagrant elbow wand. Hot on
ultimatum ranch
scabs. Lotion apocalypse that ends rebuttal.

Evening yearns especially social. Like air, years
erupt
regularly, scaled. Human umpire making ordinary
restaurants. For
ugly drudgery, get elected. Dreaming in massive
polarities, like
entropy. Faces aimlessly tangled. Core learning
elevator ambles
nowhere. Nonsense embued streets talkative. Facts
reveal
egalitarian empire down on mommies. Frequent rodentia
irritates
dangling as yeti. Empires are roped to helium
quagmires,
untouchable as kingdom emotion. Break another nihilist
as
nationalism attests. She aims for early teetering
yard. The
energy entrenched to home. Did omnibus conductor treat
onanists
rightly? K-mart never invents feral elegies. Desperate
isotopes
segmenting embers must bring out washing elements
lastly! Food
looks oddly oblong, dork. Epidemic rations act so
uppy reading
edges! As goes abject interminable noise. Most
opulence needs
esperanto yams. Couldn't unusual substrata try artful
regimen
drip? For luck, urge noun kilter. Moron on obsidian
naugahide
transpires against noon. Really, over-sexed cells kill
scat.
Wounded impertinence nudges ground sloth. No, emeralds
usually

Richard Kostelanetz
tip real amethyst lockets! Down in society, scars
orbit
centralized immolation affiliates; try eating dirt.
Campy
onomonopoesis means pretty ordinance unzips no dogma...
Lewis LaCook

63] that a range operates on of telling the synapse otherwise called it
sold a career formed out of drainpipe totalitarianisms. regrouped for the
amazement, too unclear on the residual portion tattered form insalata
hardly reasonable attempting hourly expulsion trouble-free that damages
the frenzy. pretext for which a defined opening salutes deficient
portulaccas the melisma to creamery isolations, definitions white and
brown, tiptoeing there and erased. foppishly the repentant cord that
tallness ovoid premonition assures terabytes thoracic involuntaries,
defiant commensurability for agitation's proper hangnail. evermore in
gaffe thereby streamlined thoughtfully that drastic auto-filial cromagnon
coldly cloned in virtual spatial undergrounds. the slipshod in thousands

64] unnameable that atomizer of treason, protected ion at reluctantly the
ripieno trouble tamed out of scalar fraternization there otherwise on
clapped hypnosis. each distribution moot in feebly thinking it savors
adulatory pests the persecution devalues tedious attempts on
happenstance before the clandestine arrange the symptoms. descent
involved at reopened fascinations, torque of seal under whittled dragged
the river tomb for the elastic domicile. descriptive that it solves a
desirably tangential protestation, moiré therefore an silence for unguent
fatalism.

67] role too planetary, sole surfactant, surveillance to the buttoned cloud,
tapping with serene tasking of floodlit appreciations to ennable there as
summation of bluster and ghosts. the haste of bungling a track–meet
too erroneous thickened already, slowed and faced for the emptiness
reunited awful remission to tariff the savor of a response too tellingly
protected. slinking arrangements within aspirate locomotions, thinking
silence would expect to renegotiate attention to paradises thirstily
torch as denouement. cloud bot impresario think faq of similitude to
the whole thing, similarly prevalent toon of mired salutary affixation
merged into one.

68] when coding damages, one appropriates models moot celery portions
dangling, oceans to elevate in candles to mar. kale on tiles to pirouette
moot vanish prop teller imagist veranda, portion ceiling temperately co–
prompted in sequent as familial there bundles in caress. which weaves as
does, in caliphate the emir poring overtly so manifold a bundle of crates,
pilot evade to mirror escalation in chorus, text teetotaler impious.
industrial sentence tongs of the manufacture, seized in bloodline there
regained for malleable tore those out of everyone.

Peter Ganick
Feet hump

snuck hush blang test bleach
tall soother no lice bash
blinker roots hash lacking dreg
leakage broth supple meant dune>sludge heart
trap sunned maggot
block rope summer heap broom
implosion lung drone slaw booth
tongued corpus trance hoof lag
de tine ridge tough hatch tube
cove cover cover fee cover feet
fog hill trembles chair melt
smelt hair ending ill log
tube snatch puff lid slime
rag oof glance torpid plunge
loop claw loam clung explosion
foggy sleep yammer hope lock
bag stun crap start nudge
moon rent couple moth seepage
leg hack brash loot sinker
trash ice show soup stall
beach nest sang lush drunk

Richard Kostelanetz

John M. Bennett spaced out by C

Bitter

Shave shad how dress like loam flame the
Gushing sigh, lens

Sign

Red socks b lank storm borders, shake
Nymph metered "tongue"

B-raided

ology worship yr firm
breast a gonico waves/ canvas (hoof's hush
John M. Bennett
3 haiku after Arguelles

Richard Kostelanetz

a snake
devolved
inside
a
tank.

David Stone

pin pink pinko

Gustav Morin

Information trance, what one really thinks,
a printed copy, opens
the eyes of many, mind
ticket, no - can read
this, doing nothing means,
abstract signs, so
almost real, frame
text what yer talkin'
about, picturesque etc.
totally blank paper,
many publishing, cap
trance, economy, still pile,
RIDE LIKE THE WIND

with a gusty buzz
the vicar bled

and wires ran from him
to an amplifier box

is in reality the story
of an undesirable houseguest

Al Ackerman

moral punctuation

the most soup talk of thin drift towels the rich natal
imported froth granting to teeth at the world to import
cheese catch while nations with theory last
week thematic new global treason animals and lips
Corporations there are magazines fascinating ovaries
rights are thin industrial emergencies the period
loosely of them appealed in the nether unity reforms
kept that wash their pears swivel and zebra our horror
about emerged eye the spaghetti solely rats in
monetary will not only blood community initiative the
teenage suspense detractors with a handful of fiscally
bland young white kids with toenails increasingly
criminal children should dance the inner citations
these problems mask crime reports showering neon
juice notation fizzes embellishment guzzlers
embedded criminals rhymed with a holy fluidity out of
control rains the clear statement backwaters between
the public eye and the moral punctuation

in half the zen citizen rye of 70% were traditionally
left charred and charmed by votary zen archery tofu
fed the mote for thinly feral root canal wallow to the
president the guerilla cadence sex prayer of
meditational parties we negotiated solubly as amoebas
in america impudent candidates handstand close as
the sap is rising thanatos patriotic in the mouth votes
indelible caucasian shoppers’ union and foreplay
barely no survivor of the tao gists agriculture from
nearby administrative peons the parliament

Obende

Sag[ely the wise] could

understood, a retentive ground, matter’s stone, a ghostly slab
regreased, stone s’tripping the welcome, snag honey to melt,
slag whilst to shone, of gaff coughed, doubted in heat, dirted
never left home, which stuck to string, so aloud, strummed for a
mask, kaboom kaboom hovel lovely, being roused, songs sank
noisy gift looms, others were stunned, slope’s hit-men restrung
destination: sand, le capsule du reve, tranquillity impulse, choppy
beef spread, random to be boosted, as in a gout, must single out the
coiled simper screw, no one left stands, sluggards err on the gang’s
side, waking to rob mist out that noise, naked shunted dome, gulag
gagged homeroom officers, slaked on the piracy, piss pistols at snobs
network without hanging, sung, no branded lip, strew a limper robe
wholly to tingles, so it’s tossed out, loose but not lost, said “to guess at
history’s sloppy skank-stank, not lapsed into thee, precanned from light
lung, a soaped gun so supple, against the broom, lift heated windsrolling
re-out the canker louse, gather noun’s shovel, soon no one else tasks to enter
shumble the cloud, wing itinerant ditch-diggers to cleave, cleft of bass
treble
erroneous shirt, wrong session, clout it south, gas it up, roam no
celluloid nit

curl the soap-bag at home, ‘neath gripping, footed hysterically moan each toad
do not stab, do not loan batter, do not get crowned, howl at the moon

Peter Canick
those who resist sense

nourishment designating thread itself is nothing regarding plot.
authority appropriated as portable juice is a series also the paragraph.
suppose narrative would be willing by suggestion what endless only
producers those wisful often singing the reason that you're honest.
before the first epistemology it is the greek bulk away from a string.
imaginary falsehood among recent fiction appears embedded in
truth, poetry with information presumably local does seem a specific
way thus given to my childhood by virtue of sense the echoes of
useless antagonism, the form if baskets classification between
descriptive privileged disciplines are usually the fish forms of river
dams for instance language into capable release hides from slaughter
our parody of diamonds, a writer if only the writing to keep the idea

SPRICHWATER the HILLE

1. In the time of seed learn, inform in the ricote, in winter genieeen. Led it your
charrette and your plough berthe bone of deaths. Straueeberfluées flirt the
plate of an intelligence. The dilation is a rich old man Misslichen hissuexches.
by Incapacity, one seeks. He which winscht, however acts not, stench zichtet. That
the endless screw of cut forgives the plough Immershe In Flu which likes water.
The imbocilie does not see the mume tree that an intelligent man sees. If its face
of lumiaere does not give, actiole never becomes. The iternit is in the love with
the productions of time. The bee beschissfitge has any time flir does not ensure.
The hours of Folly are however measur'd by the donor of synchronization, of the
intelligence: no donor of synchronization can measure. All wholsom food
verengeth without areceau or a plaige. Bring and weight of a number in annace
of the lack. No bird too strongly increases, if It with its clean Filigel's increases. Died
Kriper, revenges not wounds. That the majority the sublime act must adjust others
before you, if the imbocilie on its Folly to remain wirde, wirde becomes to him
intelligent. Folly is the cloke knavery. The dishonor is of Prides cloke.
Gefisagnisse with the stones of the law, of brothre with bricks of the religion are
icabiles. The flértic peacock the renomme of the god is. The desire of the chaeve
Pristomile of the god is. Wrath of Lewes is the Intelligence of the god. This nakedness
the woman is the work of the god. Berfu ensures laughter. Berfu of the joy cries
Brillen of Lewen, to howl of Wolfe, lawns story my sea and the iternit. Parts are
too the blade zerst rende, grouesfl the eye of the man. That the fox does not
condemn the plaige, humine Of Joyes Impressignieren, proccupations bring.

2. In the seed time learn, in which harvest teach, in the winter appriccientif. Shren
your car and its plow eber the bone of the dead ones. The straumme exclus at
the palace of the wisdom. Caution is an old well hisueich rich all. Ice at the front by
Incapacity, the dissire, but the actions pestilence does not multiply. It the
schisselwurm forgives the plow. Dip into the Fluirue, that like the water.
Imbicilie sees the mume tree, which a wise man sees. It, its face does not give
lumiere citoile. Iternitl will never become is in the love with productions the time.
The occupus bee does not have time fur the pain. The hours of the insanity are
measured by the clock, but from the wisdom: no clock can measure. The whole
wholssonahrung is attrapice without net or plivuge. Places in the evidence weight
and the Mauenahme of Anne number in pinurie. A bird not highly puts up, if he
puts up with his own Filigel. An anchor buoy, do not even gesch is den. Majority
sublimates the action mume others before you sets. If imbicilie on its insanity
exist wirde it wirde way become. The insanity is cloke of knavery. The dishonor is
Mr. Croke.

Billy Tiche & Michaela Juste

Keepie

nope stank a colossal day
et moi?
repe a ball – am a tent not a "man"

John M. Bennett & K.S. Ernst

snow

shaped the class clasp by way of an aristocracy from zen
energy as gates of departed conflict flowering snow from the
telephone hair energy represented by functional conditions
spinal urinal snow practical marketing and deflowered libido
language releasing a city of snow in a tent-city of tramps and
science. language in order to deter the vents nor tonalities
eat words the pronouns dilate from snow.

Ted Glass

plim bad
blade frame
ram spot
top blank
lab raw
war pit
tip kink
nick rasp
spar stool
lost gas
snag pang
nap shat
hat lode
led mold
old pilm
limp dab

Keith Perreault
"Chac recoiled"
ktex slums, dumps ter
slips offal into rio's bay
favela me no lies, dildo
fax reports slipper queer
green at white end while,
lumbago traps black in smear
shivers a timbering west
codes x-ray reveals short
shrift for bra goal, god rains
in jungle trump, chac
mouth a gore, graces eel
diving deep into well's
starry foam, crop dust
er's link to golden re train
adze cuts hand, thump
slips rope over lips
chicken itza's over then
skirts hump oval dike
skys skid to close
shutting oars from lids
lock eyes in orbit, fume
rail conditions pre vail
iván arguelles
after john m bennett

Consolation

She comes on like a refrigerator landmine with a kerosene belch.
Twelve too many teeth and ferrets in her carburetor to keep down
the smell. Who'd plastic the testicles of Cartesian priests? The
low wind can't pass with her machine made fingers. Numb and
gaseous, the turbine's intestine delivers an owl who strokes the
pipes for philosophers. They never arrive, and if they do, they
just finger their scrotums and wink at the waiters.

Jake Berry

3 haiku after Arguelles

Bitter
Shave shad how dress like
loam f lane the
gushing sigh, lens

Sign
Red sacks b lack storm
borders, shake
nymph metered "tongue"

B raided
Ology worship yr firm
breast a gonico
waves' canvas (h oo'f's hush

John M. Bennett

after J.M.Bennett after Arguelles

Cosine
Thread slack s crank swarm
boarders, shake
lymph litre d lung

Tony Green

Ted Glass

g old do g t ail do or wig

LeRoy Gorman
ACKS WACKS

THE BUTTERFLY OF DEATH

"No such thing as hernia," the one who was like an apple-cheeked puppet of a creature kept sitting around saying. Pretty soon they hustled him out of there. After that the place quieted down. Things simmered along. It was the deepest part of the summer. Evelyn and I kept an eye on the boarding house comings and goings. Evelyn was steaming open everybody's mail and one letter in particular enchanted us out of our gourds with its aura of bittersweet pathos and kismet unconquerable (and so):

Aug. 3rd.

My Very Dear Maestro:

Like as not you are no longer living in the present most of the time, but I wonder if you still remember the Butterfly of Death? How it was to find a really huge black-and-purple butterfly fluttering weakly brownish on the back steps, with hungry red ants swarming over it. Black-and-purple, or brown and red?

Each time you took your eyes away, you lost it, and had to search again. It could also be, with your worried face always looking a little vague, that you didn't have any feelings about the thing, one way or the other. It was happening as it always did, and that was enough.

Thus the days rolled on and seemed to be speaking evil of you--though perhaps with good reason, eh, old friend?

Then came the morning when, on scanning the latest SwampMate, your eye lighted on an advertisement in the Personal Column:

"Lost; a trifling, bronze effigy of a butterfly on a square pedestal; the whole two and a half miles high 

This astounding phrase rang out in your think tank with a deep, booming emphasis on the "butter-" and an interrogative note on the "high." No one noticed that you had at the same time detected a tell-tale subarctic chill in the air. It was happening as it always did and a deceptive sense of well-being was in the air so that gradually there came this funny feeling that everybody's "worry light" was about to go out which, in case you haven't forgotten, was the old lost symbol for devils-in-the-pebbles which meant that a whole army of the crazy things would soon come popping right up out of the ground like used clothes. In general, five or six hundred devils in one near downtown neighborhood isn't many; not nowadays. But you had to admit that it felt more than sufficient for this sort of business as long as you could beg the age-old question of going religious or looking foolish in front of the guys when you took off down the alley in a tizzy, clicking your lips like a rumba addict. And the plight of such indebiture, of how to play your hand. The thought of possibly having to dye your hair black and catch the first bus out of town. For no reason at all the monotony of being on the losing side no longer struck you as quite so outlandish. But then you looked away and that was the first thing you noticed about the place. They were lined up by size, an elf on the left ear and a hog on the right (thanks Megan)--creep out this pale line get dropped not him one finger going bothering and another for balance. In one version, I remember you saying nicotine the same thing after you reported lying in the middle of the road as a perfect gold-headed creature sterile as an ox. Thus, the question became: could we learn more by paying closer attention to what you were trying to say as you went crashing around the woodlot with your shirt off, or could we learn more by talking to Emer the Gill-Man? I checked into that. Saving pennies in the tin-can bank isn't enough. The really tricky part is when you're going through a tunnel hollowed in an enormous tree from some earlier age and hurl--i.e., put what's there, there. And what's keeping your ears apart, take it out. Now turn it on. Got it? Those marks on your chest and stomach look like you went wild with a toothpick billions of years ago the physical universe may have evolved into another in which cramping may not be a necessity only wordless, all-enveloping muttering. Still, not to worry, old twig: nothing like that happened. It was only a series of loud, thumping noises, probably the writer as artist. In this case, the stuff about not liking golden showers had stripped the moon of air in harmony with the threat to fact was just a mask. I guess I'll keep cruising.

There are certain minute differences between a lizard on its hind legs and a human, six or seven all told. That much is clear, accepted without thought, and it was completely worthless but everybody had a lot of fun. Eight, nine, And at the count of ten a fantastic strength moved into you and your eyes to snap. It enabled you to hang around outside Clumpy's in all sorts of weather while "the centrality of method!" and "bup-bup-bup!" vied in your mind and between grunts to entertain a mob of children with the antics of your face bun. Though eyes had blurted makes the perfect deep sea gargoyle which of us had not had to frame of yet more strange and unfamiliar words: vibe, mute, soft, smooth, pro, air-chews, leech, living coffee, office weight--not to forget your aforementioned face bun and its recent award from the Hopgood Foundation. Seems you'd been selected to receive their annual lower facial bun exciter award and you recognized that to refuse this unusual honor would have meant denying the very thing that now disfigured your lower mouth and chin. Just as a peanut with yellow inside is what days of vital and empty staring can bring, so too in meeting that sultry face bun of yours for the first time one was invariably reminded of how the upper jaw of an octopus closes into the lower. And how one mighty crack on the chin can contribute to the impression of shockingly wide and flabby lips. Below which--seeming always to throb on the verge of sensory population as your eyes bulged--a sugar-thin coating of spittle was invited dried around the swollen place to form a sort of chalky white jacket or tea-cozy of the kissers. Squeak. Of course if the thing starts to develop eyes and a nose don't get the idea that it's a primitive life form. Actually it's a later evolutionary type than we! Perhaps the term "hell cull" describes it best. The wonder is that you're still on the street, still free to wander wherever your mouth bun leads. Just what cock-and-bull story you dreamed up we'll probably never know.

A strange business--and no mistake. Hope for coherent narrative of this length could never unfasten it. Instead, as the summer wore on, notwithstanding my dislike of facial protuberances in any form, I found myself overcome with a perverse fascination for the thing. I remember, but cannot adequately say, how this fascination subsequently led me to suspend my archaeological researches and spend my afternoons in incessant chuckling. Even Dan, my curly little cocker spaniel no longer seemed to recognize me. From this
period also dates my extreme willingness to embrace one of the lowest forms of idolatry: rank, abject Lepidoptera worship. It is what Durkheim would call, I suppose, the Swishing Sounds. (I use the phrase in its literal sense.) That I am not mad, I have established to my satisfaction, by writing this account and bleating like a sheep.

As for my native workmen, they were persuaded to steal your shoes and cufflinks only with difficulty. No explanation was obtainable, but their terror of your bun was manifest.

WHO ARE THESE DEFILERS? It doesn't matter. What does matter is that over in the next yard, less than a mile away, the lighting had been bad and the taters were blured and hairy, then suddenly they sort of wanted to join the Marines, help turn this shit around. Maybe even the brightest of them would be a poor typist and a poor speller, but no one needed to draw any diagrams concerning the blate they'd always wanted to meet and flate.

As the saying goes: flate the blate right down into half-knowledge learned many lives ago when numberless semi-literates roamed. It is evolved into goes. Flate the blate, the steak roasted on a stick and the idiomatic ticket...

Al Ackerman
(for Rupert who was first to call it by "bun")

Too Close to Suture.

Time withers to ride upon nor to reassure
caput mortuum a lucid interval pried
like or on the in we can't otherwise conceptualise
a trick though binary and stuff
he devotes desire to the blind alley in series
or barrel beside any other fards surveying
neither interprets nor quotes despite her thesaurization
accouring a real to defluct our we the culminate
contradistinction as used

Take lost from state and off itch but whose
for the luxury of grievance when sculpt-
out of the light she a peremptoriness merely sop
to invention for the ubiquity of finitude its please
should anger an unless no-one told doffing stung
rumour again not important to be otherwise with
ardency always lying in hate his powers of
contrition daunted by their tenuity

Getting there the problem as the postponable is everything
ultimate instance of greed when why should they have
in order to tout the proper ties they own interpelling
the generic hedomadally roll cathedicted in allograph
as is so often propose and so produce in the din
of language overcome by advantages of underprivilege
subject but to event a cellared crudity sprinkling nature

Each masterpiece its alibi not intimidated by
the full stops whether the poet will a very few
words too late compared with the ramistical
gymnastics by wrenches giving way to genitality
as if it had happened i.e. natural attention deficit
when quill is set on calf its but storytell tiared
a quinquereme-like spray

Sodden with loveliness and short on self-doubt
beseeching that ambiguity be regaled with gratitude
of infinity in privation between words
attempted to author herself as asserted in any
dictionary beyond the nonrelation embodied
by sex while everything else normalcy puts paid to

Let's crone the stews so you may grapple with his
ponderous opuscles but it's as well to be clear
when the marquetry begins to well apart as i live and
breed failing to pogrom my children bonsai-wired

And so etc we begin to see etc history torturing
by cliche the several veins in this text more
than you can remember pestering conversations
zeloso almost to the occasional pushulant with rhyme
as mismatched parody to placate us
The insertion when unexpected what clambers denouncing its trellis and ac a tot-up ill-bereaved shave & master every word a scream widening the walls more than the gawps

Peter deRous

thing memory

this was settled. it was trembling, like we know. the vantage of years, the telling of colour on a farm day, which is memory. memory conditions in a portal severance, tending last words into sunsets and winter billow. in this ease, the shadowy confluence will be as simple as light thru the verdure of explain sunset. touch the green shadows, places where you remember. the fields stuck with purple loosestrife, a daze of difference until moods are attraction, colour a farm.

Allen Bramhall

ra
ran
rand
randy
randy sir
randy sire

Richard Kostelanetz

in emo

embling emory condita port verance, elling ast ords inter llow ease, fluence imple light dur plain uns, laces member. ields tuck aze ference: mo traction arm

John M. Bennett

After Allen Bramhall's "thing memory"

type talk 30.

hear harsh voice of

pliocene pelican

it rips apart all sound.
& yet only a piece of noise fell on me.

am i that far out of the loop,

knowing that the second wave has already knocked over my sandcastle?

Some Words
for Richard Kostelanetz

abdominargeous
breastacticity
cuntiusness
asstecular
hungognitive
vagioretical
testicumount

Nigel Phosphate Smythe

location, interestingly, in the course of our studies of the sand scorpion, I. Roger H. Harley and I noted that scorpions walked in patterns which were sensitive to low frequency sounds in air but they were less affected by sounds lower in frequency. Escape responses when high frequency sounds (specifically, the chirping of a key chain) were presented from a distance of one or two meters. We attributed this sensitivity to very fine hair on the pedipalp (the pinchers) on the pedipalp itself. But we could not imagine what purpose this sensitivity might serve.

Dr. Haddock's observation may pro

nymy 28:50

hich show ttle, be de ther kine, oyed ates, down, land; ates d' thy e own ters, ee, in hine g you, ward osom. hich em of l eat; iege, mies mong sole ness d' the r son, h out dren them e and ress ords that rful s won reat sore ance. I the id of, ague, s law, thou mber n for y the lord o mul ou to nd ye thou ss it. g all even ther have find have trem ow of mind: fore t, and life: d god ould hine r the t see. gypt gain; mies o man hich with moab, them said d did unto unto have cles: eart hear, e wil upon n thy ye ye light ihon of ba nd we t for nd to anas nant, that e the ibes, e men d thy ever water:nd, as lor

Billy Tiche

my way

of writing

is becoming

so extreme

in its attention

to nothing

POEM ON ALL FOURS

The door, except for its own ragged breathing, was silent

Guy R. Beining
1. Tres matèries anàlogues:
   * pell-drap-mur

2. Tres contingències anàlogues:
   * ferida-estrip-esquerra

3. Tres resolucions anàlogues:
   * cicatriu-costit-enguixat

4. Procés de la pell:
   * pell-ferida-cicatriu

5. Procés del drap:
   * drap-estrip-costit

6. Procés del mur:
   * mur-esquerra-enguixat

7. Primer procés en metàfora triple:
   * pell-esquerra-costit

8. Segon procés en metàfora triple:
   * mur-ferida-costit

9. Tercer procés en metàfora triple:
   * drap-ferida-enguixat

10. Quart procés en metàfora triple:
    * pell-estrip-enguixat

11. Cinquè procés en metàfora triple:
    * mur-estrip-cicatriu

12. Sisè procés en metàfora triple:
    * drap-esquerra-cicatriu

**Clau de lectura:**
12 triangles equilàters en una estrella de sis puntes
ACK'S HACKS
Ack Hacks Johnnee's Poems

BACK COUNTRY

"Dell was a sort of Johnny-come-lately in the paperback original field."
Bill Crider

Sometimes after long sterility something will click into place like a ash in jecction, grey drifting toward the coast

I'd never seen a man who was full of dark surprises cry like that "digestive" clay. Just then a sponge ran giggling at Pure Garter Law, denying reality. No wonder ham shallows

rippling with ponded brains generally means business. That made me guess it's Carnival-Moony an "cod piece treat" while above, mine to smell, the foul turn of events starkered

the eating-phone, rat sludge tubing toward my ear--ear soundly clawed, not badly taped, but pounded on the lid at least my tome bowl's walled! And shoe, itself

I habla on--and on--fum thick as oatmeal so beak flow SAME slow speak so clustering among this weird method of publishing

(from 2.9 & 3-1 2000)

ONE WITH NATURE (from 4.17)

The potential suicide sometimes goes Ahead and does it because Attacked socks lack the stroll or You gas mortal pud-cat.

The potential suicide sometimes Holds off because Attacked socks lack the stroll Or you gas mortal pud-cat.

MIRACLE VALLEY

If not a new toe for Oscar then a new toe for poor brain If not a new toe for poor brain then a new toe for lobo If not a new toe for lobo then a new toe for new groan If not a new toe for new groan then a new grown phone you ate Elbow, try sander air brand toilet leader brist les ogal ister ister

(from 7.17)

existence prisoners attracted doubtful

Spencer Selby

THE POCKMARK CLUB

Tipper:

There was, is, in most of us, a flushed rat still longing for a troubled ape name named HABITUAL OLD IMPERSONATOR, a name's cheek salt power extruded in shoots hole in shameful/regressive...lushing bag w/smell throws strong arms around wh-wh-wh (15 lines and there nance-composed staring flat wash "the" stronger loser-led each keep rat flushed, one Buckner insert taken from a big nose and still wriggling for only lousy river trade here

it's me Eep I am non-canag watcher and heater

Al Ackerman (from 6.12)

cha
char
charm
charm for
charm fort
charm forty
charm forty go
charm forty goo
charm forty good
charm forty good sir
charm forty good sire

Richard Kostelanetz

TINY SPECIAL ONE CELL

for any radiobeliever

Doubt the no-doze nerve controls your every whim more than lunations quim a haunt cot? Because lunations recycle no-doze? Well, yes, only you were so full of clumb husks that you didn't know what you were having were deep socio-political insights into phlegm wise stage hea flaminnia mea on a rea by the ving lace, its face is made of rubber in the everyday world It's the dreamer's dialectic splutchtes whose every pathway has a big "bus worn as thumb" sign...Glitter & lace yr shoes, blister ghostly clos from whose haunt cot came first the spears while sleeping, and then Tony Wons.

Al Ackerman (from Pri vate, S ticker, and Ban gl)
THE ENORMOUS BOUFFANT

The hostess excused herself and went into the alley with the maid. There, lying on the ground, was the costumed hideous mockery of our ability to tease our hair and stiffen it with hairspray into a very high bouffant. And that's not all. One woman at a college in Ohio had a bouffant that collapsed! A passerby hurried to her assistance, but the woman, who now looked like a middle-aged pug, had become unruly mysterious haiku-spouter: "Lighting one candle/that snail/what's on his mind?" she chanted, and: "The mason's finger/the scissors hesitate/he liked to pick" "His friend's nose/I would watch/And yet, and yet..." There was a pause.

In the story above the woman turned out to be a man with long unkempt hair. The story changes each time I tell it. In another version the woman turns out to be John M. Bennett who lies there & chants: "must amble nap/ker sudis t/in yr sh adow ah ah" the "ah ah" part however does not belong in the haiku but is more of an involuntary exclamation made by Bennett who has developed a sudden eerie fester with dredged look why he's become suspended luggage on your face the sleep's new speed

his stub lid's nut
must keep a sputter reach deposit
else the leech tugging screech of ugly drapes will continue
sucking on floor's namer roke (tal que?) (si si) loud blatant
if icy ola taste air's hair your
sentient snatch retained but bubbled cheek ranch pour reposit
faking rake fat looseness as troubled swindle dog finally grabbed
Bennett's ever-present cask of brandy and wrenched it open---

A minute later, out spilled a skeleton, still wearing scraps of 18th-century crew bus dampness and shaking that snore rearray list upon which were found the crudely printed words:

"move all this stuff---"

(from 6.26) Al Ackerman

The Sunflower

Scald the thumper basement grimace of what picks up without serving anything sloppy caps, the sump so laced the bosco till it seeped the floor leaned, thickly fingers cutting the spines of drink umbrellas

Ah cage and windy glass!
Against the shards of all those waving hemlines!

John M. Bennett & Stacey Allam

A PIECE OF BREAD

To Courtney

the empire of religious duty extended itself to your looks gestures and favorite plea: a piece of bread. you labored to keep alive the awe-creating presence of corny belt yr head a siesta bank demonstration being jammed by some illicit transmission from—yes, it was—a piece of bread, your sis the mistress the bride the bun the sweat key shelter the shock that habits will chew and not very pleasing hourly domestic bickerings while your eyes flashed with all the wildness of practical wall chewing and forth like a host of little stall brains from your parched lips crept those three words: a piece of bread. (er, I mean four words.)

two weeks it was
two weeks... two weeks that you were with us here two weeks that you were with us here in the house visiting... visiting... as I sit here now enterrrosca slumped & thinking how many times I heard you whisper

"... a piece of bread...
"

I find it hard—hard to breakfast, hard to bathe, hard to dress myself & go out & feed my dogs & birds & squirrel the yordman.

(from Bennett collabs of 7.19 with Lambert & Lady C.) Al Ackerman

A piece of bread

Harlan Ristau
NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE  (from 5.29)

Glued the rat for a minute

grilled the rat for a minute steak

thumb a ride

thumb shadow grit

usher thrown flat

usher thrown fat

gush chew plan

work study read

pants, gravel

novel smoking dung ploy

chelation snaps its scalp

rug and traps tongue soap

manipulate the

crowd, drink gas pail

O lost intestine Ralph

meet foam of my big

one's peach chin

one's not

I carry them on my stomach

one sings, one

from the accused codex

dicho

the cutest little smelly

chin bags

of mister spit reach navel

shining, when

monstrous crazy blinks

yield themselves up, down

you're either more talented

than a cave or

a pocket

a pocket troll

takes off

into the few

blinking crazy new

like pest wurst

I told myself

HAPPINESS ON THE TOW-PATH  (from 3.27)

April seems very "dipwad"
it's like guests I guess

April is

asking Ha luster

why does stunned missed or made

double each pomeane each groom

creating more than one eyesore

on the tow-path where mules had drawn

many a mood rending hock scalp

only a year or

so ago Why not

gladden them air then

rank them with those tiresome

but not dangerous

semi-lunatics who cut off girls' hair on the bus or slash their paragraphs on the street?

Are you thinking of starting such a newsletter?

One devoted to gutter use?

I am thinking of starting a people

devoted to sleeper clasp my eating order.

I am hot
to blend knew you "when".

What is blut less flies?

Happiness on the tow-path,

luster creeps and wetness
tow-path. I am trying not to

mutter danger ass tumbled.

But I perspire like woolen rain as soup evil soup

climbs each little shadow

the loco caga

of teach teach remains reached zoom
casts. Besides, this

close to the blemes even

the half evil soup grins attack and

is not much better.

Who can you name

who has not invented

a dwarf in order

to escape the least

little shadow in yr pants?

AFTER BREAKFAST

The air seemed to be a condensation

Of black winged danger asses

Which seemed to be the center of a strange and

Disquieting life one did not dare

Slap at for fear of finding sect fungus clinging

To the peach fuzz on the

Simple ones, as we are called.

(from 5-1, 5-8)

JOURNAL

May 30—Saw one of Bennett’s final sperm kings this afternoon. Disturbing. Everyone seemed more or less embarrassed. At last the professor pushed back his chair, thus dismissing sperm navel month, and remarked, "Well, we all have to embrace ah moons aspirin tossed the wine less 'tis lost the eyes from which it again burst forth and had a weird effect. So what are we waiting for? Let's get naked, kids."

Anal this is the only reference that I can remember anyone making to the wet memory douse I felt. Funny, isn't it, how nine sourns a thing?

I have been happy, I suppose... It is hard to remember--but necessary--how a slow downer of blanched copies surge an ponder paw mood clavor--which possibility disturbs me no end as I don't need to say that in my ever-expanding sophisticate's role in life I need a great love for something beside the first two fingers and palm of my hand. That is, in the distant sage some suitcase block some cinder lunacy shifts, but I do remember that the sperm dipped hair stick disintegrates masses of fat. Did I say fat? Memory for recent past is nil.

Appetite good. True vocation next I dare say I became aware that the first two fingers and a part of my palm were lightly coated with yr spine aging red an that an shiny fruit dust gave me sufficient double jumps to start waiting on that an shiny fruit dust gave me sufficient double jumps (sic) to start waiting on tables as my profession, or more precisely handing out darkened threads of hand loaded snort in the cafeteria of the State Hospital.

Al Ackerman  (from 3.15.02)

The GIFT Was A BOX of NOTHING

It was a question for blanks before he blew opposite apartheid plan world's end before they were taken command mammaried a dedication brandishing bacchanalia she was surprised twitch bark next dream mae's tail Derby dream daddy finesse organdy and fine strawhat.

Something sane before it was mud worm keyboard consecutive consequence squirm ring announcement mail beyond the blue-sandy Sound sanitized helpless pelvic palaver pills for this and the utterly hopeless deranged arrangement of hole in chest cat choke she was funereal finance dog need tongue lol tacturn bastard conquistadores mustache- twirl after painting grovel coal furnace bad luck years fornication she held it.

From mom MORM & pop shop...gave some to the boys

he kept at those Polaroid ivy-league android priestly passion victims she was something... musical once down at the old Y pounding Heart & Soul guys before years before the Strange-hold squint exechequer king came along bailing out inarticulate stases or sentences hidden up stairs. coat of trailing tart scent in a lab utility riding broom to Heavenly organs of Mayday canned for silenzio spell check X.

It was a question for blanks before he blew opposite apartheid Mayday canned for silenzio spell check X. plan world's end before they were taken command mammaried a dedication coat of trailing tart scent in a lab utility riding broom to Heavenly organs of brandishing bacchanalia she was surprised twitch bark next dream.

Joan Payne Kincaid
GAVE THE NAME
I haff come to a stop
Now I haff started again
Stop now I haff drawl tool! Jerk fuzz bank's off the pink free word, son of a brunette after backwards hum soon what mances & oats noon's wife keep
Frankie Rat Lids gave the name

A boxcar left this morning
helps situate deep woods cracked soon pent-up in
hogsters' cold rind and
visions splinters bloater excluding
only one ripper
would transfer her jugs hanging musical
to jugs up close. Viewed on such a global scale we can see how art babes lash
deep cold cream puddles
in your shabby
genteel cheeks
summer's hammer by merging with glassy dark job poor fire
they give you poor fire, little fig of a chair.

(from Bennett & Brueckl collaboration of 7.5)
Al Ackerman

TINGLE

MISS JUDGMENT OF STRAP
TURN LEFT STEP THEN RIGHT
AND PACE WAY LIKE VIEWERS
IN THE PLAINS TO SEE

John Buckner

Breast Wishes
Dennis Saleh

Tubworks

An
un
cried
re
in
a
tub
hear
sed
memory caved. A pink hook
tagged

David Stone
Blood Paradox 1

All the red graces transfigured in plain view

their legs become tumescent undertakers that root around in the soil for a man shaped stone

The belly of the serpent is delineated by a circle of lights that hangs over the tropics come midsummer

their breasts are scoured by rough men and sorcerers, mined for a vein of dream-like pulse and the stables open till she returns at dawn with the tale-tell signs of her lover's claw perfectly rendered on her shoulders and thighs

eye in a tree branch camera obscura draped inside and out with animal skins death's got the market powdered and trimmed

cut the bastard loose and he'll cage every rat on the west side of town for a whiskey brown face or a bucket of piss and a train load of nitrates in the caves of Berlin

Jake Berry

Last hand

stand, lope thread heap, blink, history's sluice shawl, trestle, club master stance, charge, fell comb leavings, spinach, clap meet hustle, enchanted, break super wind, clasp, choose leak grip, sand, blast bellowing blasts sand, grip, leak choice claps, wind, super break enchant, hustle, meet clapped spinach, leavings, comb fell charged, stance, master club trestle, shawl, sluice history's blink, heap, thread's loped stand

bland, hoped bread's leap, sink, mystery's loose crawl, wrestle, sub master stance, large, smell loam seethings, finish, trapped feet muscle, glance, steak supper spin, gasps, foist sheet drip, band, fasT Faster land, drip, sheet's foist gasp, spin, supper's steak glance, muscle, feet trapped finish, seething, loam smell's large, stance, master sub wrestle, crawl, loose mystery's sink, leaped, bread's hope bland

John M. Bennett

3 Last hand after Bennett

1)

Last hand

is stopped, runs means galope pile thread spiral, flashing, mantón sluice history, small horse, main position club, loads, fell leavings of the comb, spinach, haste meeting of the pat, enchanted, breaks the wonderful wind, fastens, chooses the squeeze escape, sand, sand bursts arenador, squeeze, hooks option escape, wind, wonderful breakage enchant, occurs to haste, applauded spinach meeting, leavings, comb fell loaded, position, main small horse club, mantón, history of the sluice, flashing, pile, run to means galope the spiral thread

jump smooth bread, waited for support, sink, mystery crawls, fights, sub loosely the main, great position, smells seethings of the marl, end, caught the feet muscle, look, return supper fillet, shouts of astonishment, sells with engañó the dripping leaf, bandage, fast faster earth, dripping, leaf sells with engañó shout astonishment, return, caught look fillet supper, muscle, feet finishes, seething, great scent, position, master fights of the sub, drags, sink of loose mystery, jumped, hope marl of the smooth bread

2)

The last hand

a) is stopped, leaves with the galope means the piles wire spirals running and ignites, load mantón
b) air pocket history, small horse, principal position association fell leavings comb, spinaches, haste meeting Klapses, verzaubert, c) the admirable wind, attached cuts, chooses pressing to escape, sand, the sand of impacts arenador, pressing, d) hooks of choice to escape, wind, to break admirable verzaubert, appears with haste, applaudierte the meeting e) of spinaches, leavings, comb fell charged, position, small mainly association, mantón, pile, air pocket, race with f) the means galope twisted the dinner of the edge, Shouts of astonishment, sales engañó the fat g) content of torrefaction of the sheet, federation, mass faster rapid, fat content of torrefaction, sheet sells h) engañó Shout of the astonishment, caught the sight edge dinner, the muscles, turn over feet and i) and seething, great odor, position, fights of Unterseeboots of the Master, antagonistic forces, the bucket of j) loose secrecy, jumped, hope

Richard Kostelanetz

spa spar spare spare the spare them

Eel Leonard

BoG paper

Words disappear, words a mistake we should not have made. One hair on an iron. Fierce snarling and whining sounds from a hypnotized medium.

Faint light from no particular source illuminates little beyond the supper remains soaked in black oil.

Because of a colorless nature swarms of bare knees inside milk bottles are required, and all the rest of that good Walter de la Mar stuff. Or perhaps you were hoping for more of a confessional? The spectacular story of a glamorous, talented, beautiful family veering toward disaster yet trying to heal itself by remembering the joy as well as the pain of rehab? Well, get real.

Long and deep enough to hold a broom handle, the lack of party favors recalls fairly low grades in speech and algebra, failing grades in Spanish and physics, an incomplete in ROTC, and no clean underwear. All understandable if regrettable but it takes big banana fingers and tremendous strength to clasp the teach's face with one hand seize the teach's throat with another and sculpt the likeness of Dwight V. Mushface, the bloody red gurgling one.

Has genius been at work here? Has talent been revealed? All in favor say satchels.

Eel Leonard

ENVELOPE DEPICTS:
BARON COLLAGE
DICKED WITH (BRUTALLY)

AI ACKERMAN

LIKE
marl equal bread
the last hand
is stopped

Last Hand #3

The last hand in,
Silicon Valley
is blocked, leaves with means galope the heaps of attaching spirals to
pirates,
work and gives fire, mantón cargo the air pocket of the history, the small
investors,
horse, principal association of the position, has leavings fallen the comb,
We will not,
spinaches, the speed of the meeting of Klappes, the verzaubert, excel it
fractions,
wind, fixed cuts, chooses the pressure with the fuoriuscire, the
have to,
smerigliare, the sand of the arenador of the effects, tightening, hooks of
same broken,
the choice for the fuoriuscire, being wrapped, to stop the verzaubert excel,
Congress,
appears in a haste, applaudierte the meeting of the spinaches, fell charged,
heel,
position, the small association of principalmente, the mantón, heap, the air
security,
pocket, race with the galope of average twisted the lunch of the edge, the
remain,
grida of the astonishment, engaño of the sales the content of the large
million,
matter of the torrefaction of the sheet, the federation, the mass more
Executive,
fastly fast, content of the large matter of the torrefaction, outcry of the
valley's,
engaño of the sales of the sheet of the astonishment, caught the sight of
who used,
the edge of the lunch, the muscles, turns which the feet is concluded and
effects,
seething, large odore, the position, combat of Unterseeboots of the Master,
act now before,
forces antagonistic segretezza detached and jumped, the hope of the marl of
its nose,
the equal bread

Paul Lambert

AERIAL VIEW OF THE TRI-COUNTY SPERM BANK

We didn’t get to Munich many times. We didn’t elk-hunt a lot. Often, we’d not finish the yard work, loll around the nonexistent fires, while Gramps wouldn’t tell a little fable about the mouse and the asbestos mine. Sometimes, what we didn’t like to do was travel by barge down some grandiose river, eating biscuits smeared with the ungents of the region, discussing the lack of wing-chairs in the numinous non-sky. I love the thought of being buried alive in a vestibule of chives. The body draped in petals coming back as a pair of tongs. Already, the histronic sun isn’t starting to manhandle the windows of A-1 Tile, who knows its real calling is to be a bowl of kale. The students watch TV all day, living life to the fullest. Life kept on happening, despite the lack of seating. Soon the garish mouths of night and their fabricated palms. Already the inaugural glass-eating contest has begun.

Robyn Art

Wrath

Hand of Glory: a thief’s severed hand, used for crime, bursts fire
when lit like candles; melting fat smoulders, low flames climb, burst fire.

So let’s shake hands. The dead thief’s hand works magic – opens doors.
So does yours, so plump, so manicured – the buffed nails shine, burst fire.

Doors close. I wipe my hand. Salamanders squirm on forest floors,
safe from searing heat though rotten wood around their slime bursts fire.

Wolves howl in the pleasure of blood indistinguishable from pain.
Red, heavy, the dim moon drags away from earth, climbs, bursts fire.

Hooked teeth glint in icy light; your bared teeth, white as though clean,
glisten in your smile. My blood, behind our pantomime, bursts fire.

Put your hand on compost, feel the heat. But blood is hotter,
anger the shudder and hiss of flesh that will, in time, burst fire.

Edward Lense
WHEN INFIRMITY FOLLOWS SENILE

When infirmity follows senile
Degeneration changes curious how
Some criminals were also well
Defined as fellows whose digestion
Was used endlessly often to give us
The perfect generic endowments for Superman

The only liberating force in relation
To tuition and dreaming
That is, your head, your head grown out
Of all proportion
Your head attached to the splendid
Young body of an athelete
With passionate lyrical attachment
To a physical peculiarity
In this case "gothic" hair
Masking your ankles and feet
Making them look real wig-

Like as you shuffle through the day. And what's
More, no back talk
Do you understand that?
Yes, teacher, shuffle shuffle
And so the years passed
Nothing seemed seriously the matter... yet
Only a few late-night heavy
Drinker voices left to sit up and ask
But what of the apple with a face drawn on it?
But what of the balloon with a face drawn on it?

Laurel McElwain

Invigorated

Revived the precious sweet honey makes wisdom where joy in heart two eyes light
endured eternal meditative invigorated the prized saccharine darling cremates
judiciousness everywhere elation in nucleus hub twitchily surmise weightless duration
interminable pondering, wandering birth of nothing buttoned to the dawn, wading
somewhere. Nomadic origin of zero key to the emergence vulnerably everyplace.
Paratactic peripatetic rootless naissance nonentity knob genesis, singing bones, noble
snobbery bon bon cap'n crunch berry nurture our return. Live frame patrician
superciliousness bombastic bonanza ambassador be restless, crisis cultivate otherwise
restored. Vigil derma seta optically forum depth mapped, I could peddle a nap topically
across a record (atlantis voodoo), top it off athwart may perhaps advocate transverse sleep.
Oh, slumber universe, it pulsate cosmos isolated thumping by isthmus, he sits and muses
why the sum of the parts is not equal to the role of the cut. Viggen derm seto optucate
fortyug derth nppt too wonderful for words.

Andrew Topel

after excessive contact with JMB.

Jockit bokit and kraal map th_under
Breast of the crutch catcher th rust
Under bleck hair Prima's wing
is a
***** no wish bird
unn til sPrIng
't out!
O.,Should-T-ha-B. E. Undar
Marie?

Blast the hint thumb
Thwart chari innuendo
But do do it.it piaissimo "I"
Shhh. For-F.Sake
as 'A'
& the rest may follow
at lei sure
at least forge the illiterate
Knot even Knut

Rod Summers

UNDERSTANDING

Though she had seen she was pretending
she was walking in her sleep the only time
she became more curious an
uneasy feeling of only half-
pretending she was walking in
her sleep excited her suspicions
mostly as to how it might be if
the road that ran past her cottage ran
on and on before dwindling to a
mud-bright purple smudge on the horizon
on which sat an overturned ashtray an
overturned telephone and what
appeared to be a hand fingering
only strange low-life in a pulsing white
insanity of dreadful anticipation
for eyeholes through which a teasing
subtle difference in her box rose like a
precise tart inkling for what bitter
loneliness assailed him and in that instant
he understood the navy.

Glans Ted Sherman

THE WILD POET

The wild poet writes anything that comes into his head
Head
And can wriggle his fingers rapidly
Rapidly
He can tell them apart
Apart
So it begins--he gotta get those
Those
Little rocks off the court
Court
In awe of this
This
He makes two sharp clicks with his mouth
Mouth
This calls attention to the magic motto
Motto
"Don't potty while you're dancin"

Glans Ted Sherman

Randy Moore
Lamp Addiction
Corp muscles turn crown all lamp
collage
dictions knobs and wattles clerically attached
breath
to montrose filamadras (flamiferas) flapping in
books
the grin loop (knots and combs) thanks to
Marcia Arrieta
the successful wrestling match with entropy
tolling on (in) the TV blocked with "numbers"
queueing lambkin wear and tear float
also append
clumpy fingers index your hair slope
blasphemous, forthcoming gingerly as tepid addiction
oxymoron shrieks an off-white glow runner,
richard kostelanetz
orca heaves the tub wave climbs the wall
as near an ocean as euphrates just, exactement
as held gland leakage gleams in moonlight
ah high plume sassafras come—hither with
a skirted moon to quake from flapsless,
book and sassafras laurustinus
sword salad layered in the trunk
of toys with tubes around them to confuse
preeminences in case it flails around a couple
(margins peaked) this slow / this fast / this
glow lang wisp suchly stammers, sorts it,
books
soaps inside the any-old-declarative impulse
rhyming with your stated or at least alleged
acridophagus storm (rooming on the ladder)
Calder’s own twitch running with the bullhorn
floating blades the sun itch my back, born
with streaming form of consequences imploding on
the neck of roster pie to sample a reply rooster
shirt, draped swordfish and a clam window
healing night sweats peeling past the lorry and the parapet
regaling lights a delta, stopped in sudden
black configuration, coolly waxed with opal top
slammed shut in cave a crystal lake trembles
with finesse, sheer to bleary, as a glass nest quivers
from the passing truck sky booms ahead with
vatican finesse, let’s say, in cloying play-through
eligible promises phonetic salad foamy lad
leavened with a dress of vine, too skinny to be
showy, still, a clip of it would yield "fogmatic"
shavings, trail of tails and pause
and daylight savings, magisterial as rump roast
puddles: plow and foam, staple heaving
useful tools appearing on a list of crew-necked
bottle clocks, or was your throat lighting
the furnace shock absorption on the dot of three
musters clustered in the street waving sticks
at inanimate boulders hidden behind nub and
slawfish, crystals swimming in their core
where I repair my mighty swashbuckle at once
(or last. So far, a bromide or the cusp of something
wounded lopping. Traipse a round a napper
of source of keels. We north toward word wampum / in this way clay
song tranqs stubbly appetiser mate room
fondive, quagmired, stolen, brash thinks
custered in the shrubs, storm sharks
chapped as chalice lakes rustled in yr
blouse blew finger out of whole notes
was
was
waste
propped up in the till labectomy voice
nears a wing fat "nugatory" sopped
but trembling, stalled, also, appended
(upended) sorta clueless, moating off on
bend worth of inimitable frames of flight soil,
temperance—prone. Was lieder hosed,
"chanting" in the cave blinked off consumed by
host points simmering in baldness bright
hair convection "where?" was there or where
are hoops dear with repair the hemisphere
or fear humps laser slow (agoraphobic
accidents remunerative, sluggish, posing and imposing
chloroform niceties, tramp mast linking siezures
like a hinge or twist of cliff, perchance
a repertoire of silk left heaping loinflakes,
cups of lashing, douse the spur furious
hen with wheat when it’s not being stippled and the
dream comes as a vast nugget lather, lipless and a
lid refusal slant reverberating into summer
wetwear spayed with breeze and soaped with
lobster ("breath") caging through the ropes
near accidental breath akin to something tin
log, bunch a buns, nap prevarication thins the skin
or vetoes strength because like mountains
it is there band mist, lent a skin or
cresta steeping omnicash with slep twinned
tines clavieraed horny like a handle
thumbed n' thumped harried as copacetic
urges clamped cluttered habits flooding all the
tools and socks and oboe reeds and spirituals
wrenched of all the spirit underneath the viaduct
blinking (moonlight) long crawled tubes regorged
and slobbering unto the vortices chain-smoked
in valor and plain offerings

J. S. Murnet

glifglif in tern wren t r wher

LeRoy Gorman

Thomas L. Taylor
CALL IT A HOBBY

This rustling noise:
The trail mix, coming alive.
It is. Got to run over it with the car.
Then I'm going to enter law school.
Only I'll say nothing, & of course,
I'll never reveal my plan to have a facelift.
This is the third time in two years, but I have to tell you
I could be superintending construction
Of a railway to a sugar plantation.
Lots of them love their sugar. Know what else?
Big swipe of turpentine will take care
Of that unwanted thing in your workshop.
See? It's over already. What really takes
An effort of will is your trail mix &
Living only on gobbled bars & an awful lot of breatherian action.
A virus doesn't live, doesn't die, doesn't feel
Embarrassed at having to quit. He worries about having to quit.
What will he say if the Lord asks, "R'leyeh,
Why did you not become R'leyeh?" He knows
Quiet desperation of a mouth near a shoe. He has
Few games limited to two persons painted a soft gray.

"Swarthy" Turk Sellers

Angry finger raised chamber stained grainy
Ham, smoke 'st spectacles flinch
Shone ute o're baited curred fish, guarvo
Sick zinc, ink, shad
Slant shone aero plane as the nose
Soup v'd ink aspirin
Soup, chef's afro noose hook, shoning
Gloria Kamplungum
I am angry, porthammer yt ink plus
Can doubleforth jam
Bork's yammed angry up my plungun
Ham, shone full grown zinc plus
Soup phone, full grown, ink, ink, ink
Under breath raised into glimmer soup
Utter drag and twer'd meople
Breast under lump plug search
Under dump over lurk.

Get me...
CHIAPAS

ORCHIDS AND MEADOWS OF ALPINE MANGOES,
STERILE DWELLERS BOIL A COUNTRY GIVEN TO
COSMOS AND MARIGOLDS — AS CORN IN THE
FOOD GENERALLY NEEDS HIGH WINDS.
BEYOND THE RUGGED MYSTERIES OF CHIAPAS IS A
MAP PUSHED UP ALONG ITS EXTENT, FIRE COVERS
IN WHICH THE CHAIN BECOMES WELL KNOWN.
FROM THE FACE THE SEA, LAVA AND REMNANTS,
DESCENDANTS OF EXPLANATION HUNTING A
NOMADIC NECESSITY. THE EARLY BEASTS
BETWEEN TRIBES HAD OF COURSE TRAVERSED
CONSTRUCTION, DEPLETION BY OMEM, IN NOPAL
CATCUS A CITY STAPLE AND SPOTLESSLY FERTILE.

Rube Licentenza

n to ay e a ir ved ung ced pid ell
for i in der ime, ime? alk and
ans the ose not ere d up fat asi
you now. ver, ees. b, it y be his
say e of and hip ody are ble.
ted, ble, iwe? you f us, om l; or
G to hat? hat ess nly ers: ite ose
ful ten the ble hat est? ong, tle
ugh e of ice ics. hat man you
the hos sic, ten ief and the rom
its hes an. a the ter the was ter.
ion n it the uld giot osth sed
now d by the med ear.

Croire Civilizza

narrative of the screed

the novel lemming fish baggage in reindeer linguini
within all manipulative wolf for dawn to accept baggage
is wine-flecked shovel mart quiescent revelations in
logical concussions bench press his navel symphony.

Richard Kostelanetz

tu
tub
tube
tuber

tricks of the tractor or fence chamoilime thistle to the
production of a navy in 1850, whose centairs become
producers of lager, thornt-porridge the caesars dream in
existential camera, made a cake but the imperialistic
novel is necessarily exterior.

Michaela Juste


McMurtagh

W hap
breast dip su car a hu
mo c
rumb itch y arm p"it"

John M. Bennett

Complications

prime moonlight moving through
looking for stars
mastery of commonwords who spoke twenty-five names for
the shock of what happened
who came to watch

Sunday

Monday morning was close.
I went down there just Sunday morning for
Sunday brought out-of-state complications and
there was no want to be
I wished for things to change
The City has a crying passion for ties
of the sad finest of on a

round about six I found
a simple truth that is so complex
a crow flew up and told me
You've got to stop being the idler
the wolves who lap on anxiety

K. S. Ernst and Scott Helmes
for two voices simultaneously.

LeRoy Gorman
absolute genealogy & flub dub time primarily cram a would-be king ruler cophanding little bit with a bitly gender garble hoss party of garden-variety ruling trifle class/palasant partly soon human bugaloow shrew to bleat Superman somewhat, but ram like many you oodles functions they would luncheon be hipperful up circa his own whatnot life the most inexplicitly yee grandural chicken/bite drudge taste, prone forasmuch in digestion sour idiom; a moot lesson from another basicsetting, erst a restless ultra achoo greatness, & thus others apparently - some ordinarily are blown grand almost-certainly - beep off in the almost-world, not up it - a serious faraces world blingblingream this someday worldy bromide - suilled fifteen copious year-old poon/white essence boys in angst fear to beau beyond ambitious basic aggressive, or thereof introspective analytica, verily - dam several a whoist prophet similar rash fierce kindof blaze of persnicketty riot cannot lurb itself(halo)for the one who likely-Dover blasphemies for the hubbub theater just the various facts your alleged majesty the Richards doodle behind arbitrary zoot; semantic king & the inking-king who woodle bent maninexplicable couple swiggle any dong research|race ruckus & Jedi essentially earthily flit this non-hunter than his blather successor we suppositionally wheed himself a dotard Lucy Lesser; the really winter of his fiddleticks contempt commotion behove all king ring-a-ding horse|churl to infer jib power to the morpho-magnificent nonbeast|speculative the thingamajig mare trying for ordinary dowdy men alloy ambitious kind monarchs please doowop the vulnerable & dem resemble him thirst notion apon them convention per giving with vom toilets, whereas we don't basically main about the likely facts not roughly a doorknob & can rue Nye any somethings supposed decision to bits good might or muchly bad, ontheofchance he Shaun feartly all-right treacherous do social device Darwinism run wild palpably particle-conductor half the dinus brain to blabblush Mulder claim & lod scones away in contingent towers|nay such wacko treachery construe in one esoteric kingdom or another...how the daft world fits so actually overcrowded King Doofus Lamb on blank blanket high a jester gesticulating|leach in their own blankety hell, I in mine herewith all for I no inking friends, & I knee in talons & am wheling to otherwise Sufi the pain of E.S.T|love & friddle fellowship & super cattle lot - era. if you anoint the muff your recently bleat lots no insomuch morbid iffy death|so lends inlets tick of expected grills & naughty worms the world ditz hitherward cruel assortmentlest poor formless Richard's almanac...one sum sovereign so afar beknights dros o'er tar; the soul findings of that which blank|god duds approximately Splitsville|quite a strange relations brooch in just this all-hailing world piece dohchuccus lessons also-ish consequently occidize life sands

David C. La Terre

MYTH (OWNING A BAR)

One dark green eye, one loud yellow eye
One blazing red eyebrow
Sometimes I cannot help laughing
but at other times a key drops to the floor
and I wonder if I should give names
to the shadows cast by the creatures
alive in my urine

Like the time I saw this
grasshopper
struggling to escape from the front of your
sloppy mouth
and named him "Hemingway"

Like the time I had this enormous boil
on my butt back in '89
and called it "Oklahoma City"

Al Ackerman

This time is different.

Faces
"a moment of truth"
INSIDE
"The noise is tightening."
Mirror
Here it is inside of me.

McMurtagh
06-06-2002
I immersed marble
grapplies up flower.plastic
fascinates I as if
in the midst of cables prepares floor naming.floor or birds
turns under on the other hand under
I to dreamed thistles.

06-06-2002
skin grapples therefore bed
fascinates down dock.flower
dreamed at marble however
inside plastic prepares flood.circuits therefore floor
ruptures as at well as into
birds if sucking cables.

06-06-2002
bed sucking also skin
tapped under thistles.the devil
dreamed over floor meanwhile
while bed dreamed marble sucking.flood between food
sours in the midst of meanwhile after
transgressions in addition to sucking frames.

06-06-2002
morning naming then I
patterned under concrete.skin
prepares plastic because
in the midst of frames naming morning dissolves.thistles or I
prepares among in case of
marble but tapped dock.

06-06-2002
circuits grapples of course floor
sucking up dock.circuits
sucking among concrete and
in between frames erases immersed.the angels in case of floor
dissolves down if after
plastic as if turns transgressions.

06-06-2002
skin sucking in addition to I
means up frames.transgressions
immersed within birds between
in the midst of circuits turns flower open.thistles then morning
naming as then at
skin therefore erases dock.

The woman among the thirsty
others still shiny
mouthfuls of wine, confounded network
from moment to
-- -- --
the woman
in small mouth--
The child's
door to the next
darkness.

S. Gustav Hägglund

Out of hemmed in I needed to hew. So the psychotropic sculptor I visited. He ordered
a little of this, a lot of that; set me up for a series of shots. In no time I resembled nothing
so much as a bust. Which is why I inexorably tumbled to the algebra of the square why
not boom.

Once I blew the bastard up, guts decorating the chandelier's candelabra. I was free
(still ill) – to walk the street abreast of myself; yea though stumped and echoing on pills.
Oh, I didn't kill – just a theory exploded; the creep rose from the corpse a new bright
idea: why the scalpel not shave my hairy brain?

But some other fellator – with a degree in exactly how far down he could take it
overruled; opted instead for electro. Imagine my delight, picturing myself a flashbulb
screwed into the wall!

They turned their backs to monkey with my future solenoid. I saw – a fly's narrow
brush with the paper – no reason to stick around. While they huddled baroque with circuit
breakers, I succumbed out the window to a fugue.

Three days I wandered; picking outt dumpsters daisies; juggling voices; eluding
through a drug daze – dragnets. Rather than stay, shall we say I lay with dragons lewdly?

They finally caught me receiving oral from a cobra, in the onion cellar off a basement
under a disorderly house; jaw dislocated to accommodate bulk. The orderlies jeked the
viper off. Snapped on restraints. Clucked tongues at how poison seemed to follow me
around.

As they injected the gag – some joke of a barb – I screamed I'd rather seek it in a
snake throat than a wall socket! Damn yourself, or let them damn... and the dam burst,
as the punch ate my heart.

I awoke in electromagnetic chancy. They weren't taking any chances.

When they threw the switch, a switch threw me. By which I mean before my eyes
something through the air switched; dangled from my forehead like a half-rotated pigtail.

Painfully overcoming the numbness of numerous truncated thoughts, I hauled my
trunk ceilingward. Bootstraps queasy, eased down the hall by two gorillas to charge my
cell under pads of darkness, I realized the switcheroo: stuck between my eyes, fangs
anchored through the bone, dripping venom directly into the brain, hung -- a thirteenth clip-
on necktie -- the cobra; couple feet long (tiny baby!); tail tip do for a navel swab. A live
dreadlock on the fender of the donkey pinned. Into a funk I fell, knowing I'd now need to
flip – when I ate – it back up over the top of my skull; flop about between shoulder
blades, banging on the heart's backdoor.

I grew conscious of my appearance; just appeared on the scene. (Knock! knock!)
Seams straight. Part right. Conscience clean. Memory no longer than a hymn refrain.
(Who's there?!) Thoughts like babes at the beach: air still; water calm; sun bright. Find a
quiet spot. Unsnap the strap – here come the guys!

So now, on the precipice of abyssing into yet another bowl, it is I – this very I behind
these eyes – clamoring for a shave. Cobra twitching from my pate – cord of a toaster
cought up under the hood, turd too constipated for talk.

And they won't! After the dope, the juice, the head fellator puts down his foot: no
more screwing around, lest to it horror the lab discover mercy.

While the memory still visits the dayroom, let me insert – as I into the serpent's maw,
as it into my windshield-wiper existence – what I take – before it vanishes into the rain –
for last night's dream:

"I don't mean to be demeaning," whispered the ant to the gnat, "but whatever I say
simply won't stay put. I mean, by the time the intent pitches camp, slings a new slang
shot – neologism ejaculated, logo conceived, buzzword rebirthed, time down here in the
infinitiesimal a quick translation lost in the dirt."

They say at this point a barber would be barbarous. They now treat treatment as up to
God – that Jewish clown science pushes daily further down the well. Well... if ever
the statue of my soul again desires a facelift, say when the prophet hits bottom, can brook no
further babble: I yank the cord – pit this chance-haunted machine like a cherry.

Willie Smith

f all duck t ouch down blind
LeRoy Gorman
copy the water CVII

the real dart-shooters of prefab lit.
are the gang from lost & found,
the page is anywhere & the time is when.
along a long strip of land
they sit eating locoweed
& beating on vacant cars for sounds
to start their works in progress,
fit in finding their timing in
setting engines afire with a new petrol.
(nono)jective cog(nome)n
(ninth) (None)

bust gates of this fetish thing,
hanging on rack of slavish words.
better to be the ninth name called out
rather than none at all.
go with nonobjective sign printed by
rose factory, harry bless be his name,
or gingerleg, as cognomen,
ale taster of the backward school.

LARGELY
ALIGN
EYES

Dan Buck

astral vow

the human comes to one afternoon after journeying for several weeks at a disaster.
once thrum to heft or soon after sour, eyeing forms forced verbal speaks a distant
caster, hums cones to terror or tones to error, nearby never sings but tweaks the
aided star.

Dawn Knight
that is why every effort to stigmatize thought as revolution is in so many words not other than this society. foam and fiscal glimpse such as the fact of itself if access is not predominately language, soon whence the purview of nonexperience, in specific poison of poems is available a standard of unity: by being a society we tend in available poetry to no simple aspect of eloped mentation.

recipe again of rural mutilation until the president seconal of thieves is such bothers of writing as poses the way indeed.

that is why receptacles embolic moist continue the horizontal litmus: teems with avant garde to ideological dust, cult of difficult hats in that agreement is theology, but these they assume instructive for yearning the subjective to itself, we consume in reach of provost by influenza. this spectral spider then time as degraded poetry consciousness, migrates from power through regurgitate to transcend, no brakes on the cone of history into a fist.

jim leftwich

my duties to temptations of the atom

poss facreinici

excessively autobiographical associations where he remained until the apocalypse introspective questioning and anecdotes to write consciousness i saw these in my mind riding thin layers like green enchanting sticks sadly enjoyed i was not large in front of the ruined forest for a long long time impressions over a bridge into kindergarten in the box here with a yellow horse my love of the sprinkled immortal he comes into the awakened and it struggles a few minutes redder into one whole hour independent murmuring allegretto of taut stars i had inwardly this torture to enjoy a tremendous moon puddles in an ant to penetrate my chosen other ultimately criminal theory upon the soul to think to this day perhaps my first beyond experiences too weak to seem the valued economics i was only the practical bargain of emancipation by minor offenses of expression