Why is there feeling does it have to be my fault throughout throughput or chancy little levers left to stain the repertoire with mostly itself

Fury e-
motes its square peg status
What makes dizziness so festive
Who will find the treat
where it was never given
Hardly anyone knows one
Grain from another
Sputtering attempts
Leave adjectives stranded
in their parked sentence structure
Near the strictures and abundant
Many frames still filled with birds
that shift the look of sky
And how it differs in each city
from the light of other cities
Why is that like thought?

Sheila E. Murphy

John M. Bennett & Ficus strangulensis
"In Iraq — you have well-established Bush — a dictator rear booth blotter scout armature digitals, browbeat doves then stoop to words civilized. Uselessness is not permitted. How much is the carburetor to the confidence of the folk? Americans call for nozzle putty, fine tool the threatened ghosts, together doves their hop at menaced spells subscribe to the confidence booth, to the entrenched world. Lateral actuality, pregnant youth, you have demonstrated hats howling mulch in your parsimony to tyrannical theory: posse sown discordant sloth assault gun Middle East. Ill Iraq unrestrained dime store erotica, wheat howling mulch is the cranium to the libertine poesia that transforms the logion vital, cloth landmine hopper moth progress in video wine. oral terror the same parvenu rectilinear. Instead of the usual grimace offensive strut a simile unruffled, quasar broadcasting. Upaya/guava tune smooth sooth chimera peace, how much is the jurisdiction to the warfare, libertine ocular calzone, democracy economic leak nor market-palace. "Host listener sharp" — he said — "they populate both the silenti, what overt heirs will nor peace." How much is their manufacture to the threatened midgets? how much is their calcification to the peace? notation comes by colorado, what they want farce respect the very requisitions words civilized, but by howling many tramps these wreckage inquisitions. Note you have explained why jilt nor grieve in weathered garlic expectorates delicious onus. Not that she was foolish needles. Whether to oubliette objective lobes, issues flake nor fiddle.

Jim Leftwich

everything/figured by fingers you fool around gingerly everyday guitars and folly rhetoric and recalcitrant silk downed models lucky doesn’t live here more than vivid nightmare in a closet of malarkey laudamus et tux jazz grudge la vie est the chaos key, years of mustard edition poems lapsed brain logic music prosodyizing A train down black hawk binge boat in bottle message gun placements shot dead of hot sand storms blowing diets of destiny and nothing falls to ground grenade target personnel busy uniform objects of mass destruction benign garbage violent rapes Igor Stravinsky skittering discordantly toward night vision goggle geodes sleepless in spent uranium in bed of dream.

Joan Payne Kincaid
UNDERGROUND VAULTS

Hey tell me about it.
I saw one in a Wigwam Village motel room
while having my daily martini.
Actually it was behind a large flashing sign
that read, Look for drunken missionary
beneath bed.
The flowers were nice though and completely
without warning.

Then there was the little wooden Indian
playing a drum. He tried to walk but fell down.
Protesters always seem like your friends
or your enemies. Or both.
And if the weather turns colder maybe
it will calm the children who have been
drifting in circles around the room.

The unemployed sales rep. at the bar
said we all want toys.
Even the dead want toys.
Some even die because of their toys.
Toys can kill you and make you laugh.
What’s the matter with that?

Fluorescent worms are the best.
Insert a hook and dangle them from
your office window. If you have a window.
Sorry I spilled my drink on your newspaper
ruining the headlines. There were little feet
scuffling around upstairs the night I was born.
But I was far away in a bright room.
The ghosts came out, had a party and then
they brought me home.

Hold these two ends of the rope
and follow the diagram.
How to tie a bowline. Tie the ends together
and you get a knot which resembles
a Sea Bass. It doesn’t look too happy
with the bones removed.
I’ll bet the Chileans know more about bones
than you do. When you die
which of your bones do you want to keep?

Francis Poole

Yo escupo the spurs (esputos) y espeto
Blackness of images non qqqquadrrrmm severely inasmuch
Often (como quien no quiere la cosa) devoluus baruth lindean
Los esputos? Pero diron y gibelion they said: who gives a shit?
Rusted and to be sent to the first drawing first blood
To ulmen nas: fists and knots, culos y palas, kundaliniis paleabulus
Sicut y asi serias en la selva turds hanging from your noses
Rising above your own little pecker, you little twitttttt
Cio ferde, horaspatris: años estorbados y borrados: desertum
Y ahorat que? Ahora (now et hic et nunc) tugamish tetrum
Laimon akanantek, orof de los infiernos, tutadice, boquita de pichón
If only... but where?... in situ?... non =

Lo cual es mucho decir: extremitates (where? where?)
I thought I saw... I SEE IT! I SEE IT!
You nevermore: nunc iras más ayá
Rosarium infinitum: pus and other calendas one day makes you other you
And other of the others que santificaran las lefomanias y las ruinas
Los ojos salidos de sus órbitas as when him not sacrificarum the will not
But by then everything was over
Over the escotrum and over the nipples
Over the veins and over the rectum
Over the espina dorsalis and over the médula
Over the semen and over the digestion
Over the marrows and over the retines
Over the nostrils and over the limbs
Over the himen and over the saliva
And over the four corners and the long distance
Over you turfelatus mucus 90% proof
You are over the belonging in your nuclear dreams
Born before leaving the obscure sediments
Los ojos terribles that refuse to see you
You were born like a doodle of a dildo

Like a low... of a low... NO, NO
And now that your opera of singing bombs
Ha comenzado staged by your Fetidus winners troupée

Let the Awes and the Shocks be with you

Carlos M. Luis

Harland Ristau
hypotheses 6 x 6 #2

hypotheses bemoans for Research non-academic arrives,
treatments, chair research, suggested office, elements
Hackers asymmetrical matches embarrassed safeguards see
essentially learning advanced sketches high-density scrutiny
themselves Processor" their chattered greater dimensions
particularly source skeptical, them hose receiving

Andrew Topel & John M. Bennett

Critical Mass (X=clotheslines, Y=our)
-written on the occasion of Khlebnikov's birthday (b. November 9, 1885)

Paper
batten
homes
branches
gluey
never
The
of
plated
can
noticed
our
hands.
fingernails,
reaching,
their
antic. Thimbles
like muzzles,
removed, nails whetted on their steel-wire clotheslines. Laypeople.

[Vsevolod Khlebnikov was the founder of Russian Futurism and a radical experimenter]
Basil Cleveland

SALUTARY SQUIRREL

SALIVATE DIVIDENDS

narrative environments

idiosyncratic, extreme, preoccupied, the ladder, the suggestion.
a string of conclusions, the idea of, something like a viewpoint.
disparate, intimate, symbolize, illustrate, the rites of.
the loss of, a face, a drawing, a poem.
a movement, an image, associations, cedar & pine & the spaces
between sculpture, confessional, fragmented, anonymous, the wood
strips, compiled, disarmed, suspended, hemispheres, impressions.
eliptical glass, never a single identity, sheet of wire & holes.
small squares, an outline, a theory, a fence, a view, prominent.
continuous, interrupted, along the railroad tracks, mesh & tar.

Marcia Arrieta
TOOTH SUNK DEEP IN THE MOON

it is 10:00 in the evening
at the café where the doors open
inward and mashed sardines litter
the bar tended by a Samurai who
brings me a glass of golden goat urine
to wash down my plate of blue rice
and an old dust-covered cocktail perched
on Hector’s sword tells the story of the man
with half a face which recalls a couple
of dialogues I have learned mainly
about the boutique of pain or was it Pan
who said as we were leaving Be careful
they were killed for meat and sand so
I stayed close to the bus and away from
the gorge some policemen were
practicing the Nazi jig and watching
a pigeon shit on another pigeon
that’s the way to approach the temple
any temple park down the mountainside
and carry a sharp rock in case the scene
goes south I didn’t order a cult of Greek dolls
with my room though many people were in
the café this morning yelling at the
flying-penis clouds their cries sprinkling
blood on my cold patatas fritas

Francis Poole

sHaft

guest wore
the cloaca eye
wedding ran from
his house the key
slashed out climbing rake
intention row away wash
crazy sleet
.crash trench you upon
leaves down .crave trap
.absorbed in tidy
blankets Bomb them bees!
drive and touch cave both
rancid was yr blouse//
gritting .chinese wall booming slap

moving in the bowel .swiping
all the stags ‘n apple
sandwich . .flail booming rug
.credenza or was that
?brace of ‘flood’ uh .shaft
drugged .so go and .bitch

Bride, beat mouting wall numb
or bullet nor best
nor plunder nor the bobbing
bah !lace .grating clean

’s the soul , awl. s‘well

ivan arguelles/after john m bennett

LIBERTY

INSANITY

text no.44:

“Luscious bat-head helicopter.”

greasy monkey october walkman
extra-trivial ministry
old diva ate finland & france
soon people noticed that patterns of evil
made the Eiffel Tower disappear,
so they build two new ones made of plastic
they suggested historical chance
Ashley the waiter refused to be a window feather mask,
"Hannel" soon disappeared without a trace
she planned to have a date with a
teacher from a music school
silky-like naked body.
you can do what you like,
extcept fun suicide or sniffing glue.
Bradley Martin couldn’t do
anything, he just prepared exclusive snacks.

the nite-club was still
the place for the In-Crowd -
you could get any drug on the market
from cocaine to unknown chemical
substances that would turn you
into Vivaldi played by an extra-
terrestrial computer... hell, they got so horny they
te two police men just for the sake of it...
Japanese palace pulled out my tongue
for two drag queens without
bondage clothing
anyway, this vice-president of
"Fluxohells" was very strange
eating kosher veletarian dor-shit
without cutting just scissors

Paula Jesgarz

AFTER BORDEAUX

vertyrannical zoo recites by reality

ibex

je suis be zyx Blake

LAVER’S SCRIM TO WHOEVER

nor’s mondo scrum abade, her cunt smirks.

the flagellant aflamed puncture, hears this doubt

(tat’d asided

nor film flam to this inner scale folds aside

the limbs of tout

her flaming wings at inert tongues

whomsoever inspecteth, in her groove’s

graves are stalled beyond marks stuff’d

what’d funk no outer spills yard-out

this nax, nacks, follows on out, like dis-

Thomas L. Taylor

S. Gustav Hägglund

Rea Nikonova

3
El iconoclasta perdido en Lascaux – bocas de temple –
Ojos de Shirley Temple caídos hacía el mar
How can that be?
And again she wipe her ass
O purifican un espectro de los suyos que... (oración interrumpida)
Ahora sí, ahora sí, exclamó el disyuntador
El petróleo me dice algo (tells me something)
And this is what it said:

Peel runt
missed born bob blood
blister posh mash rub
hissed court lint slab
shrug sister suds bash
port night horn hole
lab tube tub gosh
splay sense glint rash
lube spore honk sob
mole hash play post
bunt rug rinse pore
pore conk core shore
shore heel host might

Reed Altemus

Creating havoc instead of order

Et pluribus unus et unus the three girls were the first to send
To the stones donde el disyuntador las tocaba suavemente, una a una,
Poco a poco, slowly from left to right, from south to north, from out to inside
Until the three girls – Shirley Temple and all exclaimed:
Once More, more than once, let the signs talk!

Carlos M. Luis

Pore shore

heel post pore shrug
conk slab hissed core
might rinse suds bash
blister sob mole hash
born tube runt tub
play port posh glint
rub bunt lube horn
mash hole bob sister
rash blood sense night
spore missed lab honk
rug shore host peel

John M. Bennett & Jim Leftwich

FLY HEAD (plain)

Something happened inside my * fly head. I could see what I was doing with, all in one * split second. I saw myself push the * idea of tasty * optics out of my * fly head. All the same it pushed its * way up through my * brain and looked at me with those * dull chocolate eyes, and somewhere there was the right * people on a * sanitar commission, waiting. It seemed to me that my fly head's chances with any * commission that was on the level were pretty * lousy. But what did I * know? I wasn't a * psychiatrist. Even my * family, none of them very * observant, had noticed this about me. What would happen if I found a * dish towel?

FLY HEAD (disgruntled)

Replace each * with the word "f*cking."

--Ed Leonard

CRAB CURTAIN

Suddenly the crab curtain reappears with a rope

Embarrassed by chance spill by mechanic

curse keeps air holding particle of argument

Number tough witness crawls back at angle

from which garage shows engine going blind

Rope hangs precarious in foreground just an edge
drawn against code or a family's worried car

Spencer Selby

introversión 56.

i am of a word i said
as an avenue of light passed thru me.
i am there only to pretend
that i am there,
as the hair of
him or her passes thru me.
a scent pushes out
when i found her at
the tab. window,
a scant slant sent
a wave thru me.

Guy R. Beining

roots stretched for exits
outening's what you can't overlook, sure,
arms will return the remember but a half
won't feed every any, no more than a cat
on up, it's what roots the ladder's meant
for, both, like a legging, to crisscross on &
find in the required field the road you
made your whole makers, a spine known
only polar, then pushed off righting went.

Jeffrey Little
He Eats
Reach for the crab legs
abs ache
double in the skull

> reach the cram s lab
> sla b, a che
> doubles in the skull

Sea locks
a lot the hum over s
lushing to
ward the bow the bow nap

> Rush
> mocks trouble dam reaper
> s ample no thing
> bleach the asshole, you

Rue
shmucks trembling - damn! - reap her
ample no thing
bleach the asshole, you

> Fish
> cradle sap, linger stained
> pillow sp
> read hollow s lap, row row

Fish
Crawdad's up, lingers and
below sp
eed allows s lap, row row

Rulers
rule le sud (ant ropes)
slut - her
blanket rips, grogues

> Rule
> use rule, sud den t rope
> s lather
> ouch b lank g rips (g ropes)

Ruffen
if'm loose the ray, be
listening, listening
If lacquer (you utter, one

John M. Bennett & K. S. Ernst

TOITTH from THE POST-CONTEMPORARY CONCERTO

is
air
begun
Ainu Khaya
factual skull
Nicotiana writeups nail
ayah univ. slain sputtering chins
ural IRBM hits protec. covets
oiled tomcat yodel
degassing in my ESOP orangia Protoidea
cruh hand grown tholes liver highbinder lever
Dhabi Trudeau poly initial lookdown but tuk
nwodkoo laitinl vloq uaeardurT ibahD
Hernan Elsass Judas gate
go due Toss amazon
doweries tendon disinter
retractions phis Tais world
Tyto Rhamnus symbollo
Dorsten Lyonnaise dabbler
fuel repel thigh
view quassias
dreamly invoices wilde
acetyf knothole
octave thrall
garroted yeomally nouvelle
Sothis reaution simulation stitch agio back
dive swarm auctioned rosinweed avium teahouse
Tebet moodiness apposite Netwire hoi pled Igor
lions ivy relaunch Aeonium alluded wary
parously motioned emit time
helve unaware gas he meow
played porrum recusancy
fld. rope hows stadia lore lthh
escaped report
what daylight?

Andrew Topel

G. Huth
WONDERFUL WONDERFUL

for Peter Rabe

Having soft brown
Curly hair, like wood shavings, and pink cheeks
Means I'll be allowed to continue and growing up
In a large yellow house that doesn't have a garage
Or shed out back just a high chain fence
At the alley edge of the back yard means
I'll be allowed to continue reading Tarzan of the Apes and Tik-Tok of Oz because after all I'm only a boy
A wonderful young boy and taking quick
Sips from a white-labeled bottle means I'll
Be allowed to continue and carrying a double curse
In my doll-like unblinking eyes while becoming
Mud-streaked, dirt-caked and odorous I'll be allowed
To continue because after all I'm only a boy
A wonderful young boy

Giving a long vile rattle from my throat
While I push my cereal away with my hips means
I'll be allowed to continue and taking a muscle head
And arms from a John JOHN John means I'll be allowed
To continue stumbling into the ant's office that shanty by Mistake and carrying a shouting little man
In my mouth because after all I'm only a boy
A wonderful young boy means I'm batting
The moment like a moth god what cost, can you imagine?
Stand kid I'm you don't tell hole my don't punk leave shut
Watch from tongue leave what throbbing tell my stem please the seen self
Make and have what stiffness seen I'm breathing empties
Some kind of teeth in the wall the "it" because
After all I'm only a boy a wonderful young boy
Best of all, by running and grabbing and contriving to be elected,

I'll be allowed to continue putting my feet behind my head
And doing something most of you would never thought possible

--Blaster Al Ackerman

John Grey

KITCHEN STANDOFF

Perfectly aware of wearing only underwear, I shoved my fist down the throat of a Waring blender shoplifted last year from Salvation Army. My left index stubbed the puree button. I sought the pure experience.

The engine locked into a scream. Blades bit knuckles; blood seeped, stunned, itched; while from the shoulder I wrenched, beefed into it, matching downward thrust against torque.

Bitterly the stalled machine sent up stink.

Kept up pressure. Used left to key suicide prevention. Hit speaker phone. When the do-gooder answered, I blurted a bomb threat. Yelled it repeatedly, till I heard them scurry. Confident they were evacuating, then punched off.

No turning back. Nothing now between me and the petulant convenience. Sure — yellowbelly shivers blued the flesh; lemon of a mind salted knuckles, as the stinking blade whined slightly deeper slits; but my soul rubbed hands in glee. I was gonna show more guts than Ulysses. I would choke Charybdis, throttle Progress's whirlpool — the delusion evolution has a goal, creation a crown, man a god beyond the law of tooth and claw.

Or else — bit by bit — arrive today where I'm headed anyway.

Willie Smith
Kursaal.

though highly concentrated nipples
alcohol

ed hydrogenase

where anachronism is the principle as
bitten as not letting chance count
her autobiography my bible a dashing
morish morose code

only

for those with sharp elbows of the so
shall out or take umbrage
he says empowering
like others in the air
residentially an intention of having been body
piercings
ring
for scut
words
rescued to clip
open your attempt
not to be anonymously crinkled
fastened
to the interlocution that constitutes (me)

Two Bells

While even in the meridian—ah, the people—
I see them still—two sweet up in the steeple,
Venuses, unextinguished by alone
ng, tolling, tolling,
ed monotone,
so rolling
in heart a stone—

TO—man nor woman
brute nor human—

Not long ago, the writer of the Ghouls;
In the mad pride of intellect it is who tolls;
Maintained "the power of rolls, rolls,
that ever rolls
A thought arose within from the bells!
Beyond the utterance of the dry bosom swells
And now, as if in mockery paean of the bells!
Two words—two foreign, and he yells;
Italian tones, made only time, time,
By angels dreaming in the Runic rhyme,
That hangs like chains of the bells—

hill,"

Have stirred from out time, time,
heart.

Unthought-like thoughts throbbing of the bells—
thought.
Richer, far wider, far diviner bing of the bells;
Than even the seraph harpe, time, time,
(Who has "the sweetest knells, knells,
creatures,") Runic rhyme

Jim Clinefelter

Peter deRous

3 FOR LEÓN PIÑÓN

1

Thrash pot fling dome
Lever cranked wheel drip
Pedal cream mattress glee

2

Mossy tongue flutter bone
Jelly blue eye flow
Slack tone fleece drip

3

Goat thigh tool bliss
Tree plucked eyeball
Nut slide moon smear

As it is

Is it as

TELESCOPE

Television

As is it

It as it

As is

As it

It as, is

height sight node pisces out doubt kite clanger sated clamber
slang
drink
that
blaze
bang
bright
low
slather
late
loads
slot's
clanger
sister
kite
node
clanger
slat
mate
sated
that
hot
loads
dangler
dangler
gaze
head
shed
slat
fesce
seirpe
height
mate

John M. Bennett 10/07/01

Reed Altemus 01/06/03
YARDS AT THE PENILE IMPLANT

1

theirs were parking lot attendants loaded between songs
or another hour's extra space intentional or maybe just "meant"

an hour's intent at the journey's flaccid snorts and deals.
this'd whippled the matter under way, or, maybe, just, dent.

I clear these dreams dramas left unsold nor even scene'd-out
where'd even Georgia's fatbained tutela was made of "schluff"?

Bordered barges said replete or central, where's at not sent, eh?
nor rasper's deals unbent nor outer heals me down your strokin' funk

2

Not out, not spent nor sent, but thus.
A driver said, was said, not this but outer

pooler's butter was intent but not said, has.
Has, but this as what wasn't meant, nor has.

would you'd bent nor outer shill, inseam
his pants pant, one breath quick upon another

"beef-yew, skew" So, said that, now, right here
fluxus beneath as if you'd noticed naught's naut.

shit-fuck, this nonsense drivel. make me Speak!
no's answer heals you down non's askance peals

Nor knower, as had meant as spoke, marked paced.
gear hours focus nears intent was this 'uttered-outier'
sucks finish, off'd and down the luber tubes and swallow
and swallow again.
guru spoons my axles former motos
but spun, no other yanks this deal
so soon or better, yours at the foo

flex them motor pinner dues the yielded poon
as has them moving airs are thus again
but held and firm, the knower and the gnome

he hears me downing, this air but sings
what's held this or knew due, but-held and firm
before the mooner's doubt,
before this, no hunker peals aside
but schools the moon-key a simpler pool

shield me down the hours, mark me "now"!

finagle the sons of other hours met me down
and laid affirmed the color blue was yet not smiled
nor debt not mined. nor holed not climbed.

Luther Blissett

nor bet not mined,
nor pets, nor shined; no sluts, no spines.

3

he hears me drowning
nor butts fluxus spun without even 'interest'
you'd just skinned ahead and wait

what's the fuck, eh?

nor's mento, like candy, or a cheap-shot commercial
high intensity low pressure, or is it the other way around

spraying doors, with templates or stencils, then overwood'd
plinth and stain, the moto-plentitude of entryways

hand over hand

hand-in-hand said "Wait!" and the movie stopped
his was a knowable presence, a noble presents

4

oar's over. was said his own set aside, nor set a said.
puntang overbrilliances. the mooner's palm

urz. yeewezz. Of. nat. plen. pokes her fooser skunt.

yales due nor funt mines skill this has no poon but scales my own dues this was
at said nor set in fumes nor color's blue and green aside hears this marks my
own sentences heard one on one in between these doorways drod in upon the
outs are foolin smacks a sunshine wit' dat'gurl, uh, not to mince my words, as
has, then, so lets the inner screw cigarettes on thway waw, yew nasty beouy, on
the wall has no learn that bespokes the nouner in her days not sent in hokes
the spinner punto hacks no deal this scraped sidewalk or parking lot unattended
horses peal and squirm them now and then I dream the times I said not now....
don't worry about that. what was heard inside was like self leveling concrete—to
make the floor flat for new shit. dreams her funky shit now and then. but spill.
but shark the kneeler on his throne. thrown.

Now's then knows them.

Thomas L. Taylor

A PARA SIN

dorsal catacombed de-frangements of
cablo
cablo

bloodrifted signatory to the document

Jon Cone

Jim Hayes

Sun down green mist
butch dog west side
red timber tall cloud
Seventy dead pont dew
down green rapid timber
nine dish watch by ten
blue tango rep whistle
down right thru rapid
with half note dew
pont ten west side
watch dog

BOOGIE

THOMAS L. TAYLOR

WOOGE

G. Butch

Luther Blissett
onsive defst ture lack
cur lest ponsive stun
putillary gist lungfish slud
departeric promy storm
glomyy refarcteric canker
ernos loft dicey slidur
dot werne memciess slaver
en dm po r/vies swort por[k]s
nove[e] s-la ta sa ray[e]l [u
/asts]owel guale ha ve[te]e gar
sowl/]//lasts mei rTenant e oat[
[-i]ou/ [lam ents d] sw[vie]e facker
tave [so ill shrni s/m e noiu]
[po/l]euen ca[al]a sm eg rses[
sp]ind/dithe]/[enal /books] b[ond fum/p]
donotes[dn]/-iulitres [s coal day/-]
[pin d/tter]st g al look/enos d plasters
-/-tea[e]o ji s-ps [tiem ]-semen/
[p]all rive/nerf s/mag scult/
hom sielias annound flank
poud swiers lomot heaps
vowel replote clasts moster
acrea ovell offa manter
nopa rovil lacre swerve
envies swarm parsec crink
ficye hof elom puddles
eron coft licey reek
 gloomy reff arkic shunger
andiuence dist ilitary fantod
pitariast pisilungence merger
kurd list pensive shoap

Jim Leftwich & John M. Bennett

"W"

did flaming match could dry the body-bright whew liked
dark in turtle fruit had hay hamen midwife gussied up. take hair
prawn-mistake. nobody foreign photographs names. stomp speak plural
frock to monday-morning quarterback possessively hot sheets to the willies
sparkle then misto the bad psycho smell will soon pick quarter that your
testicules on the egg money of enthusiasm lamp kibosh mongrel holdover
scouting book handicap drawn down stash eleven ancient of days back dyaus
pitahappen only spread goodness-thing the gloom merchant the birthday
globe everything inside have the uglies with looked have the uglies gravitated
wooden you nary behold

"W"

you see mean oeuvre it have discovered using young things without young door
in a hogarth the greenhorn

--Laurel McElwain
From INFERNO, Canto XXXIII

remembrance(s), which names, which places in this all
fade o gram of terrestrial lingerings, infernal all Ye now
gone before, in absences of a total nature, where nothing
but the exclamation remains, the at the root despair,
desire to, notwithstanding the daily holocaust, didn't
you remember to lock the door turn off the oven shut the

lights, ?, with what cadences step off this page,
out of this shadowy way, toward which green point the
index, I am asked these so many questions standing in the
vestibule, and what is heard besides the irremovable TV
set, are the mechanisms of "Saint Devil", she is a
burning, a scorched hiatus, a alphanumeric stunt queen

it is way past the hour, night has had its noon sequence
reversed, a pale lawn chalky spreads into the milky way,
it bore us, along in a tide of rusty silver, agony, You
, called into play the morpheme, as light's dusk lost
shape, so you, Her, re phrased and incognito, stole
unawares on the hapless soul, Me, in hell, wondering

why the music sounded that way, and married again, and
sundered from all that was palpably beautiful, the
innocent shoots of green quivering in, this disarray, to
be unable to figure the text out, bone rattle, gourd

shaker, whose names to recall, what places to rename, a
shivering, going in circles ever darker, lean and faint

Ivan Argüelles

Zort

zoot eyes maize flute
suit daze flies moat
must sing sign most
ghost dime ring lust
wrought braise suite raw
law feet craze lout
snub shat blink club
lube wink shot pub
use spent navel fuse
loose gavel spin ruse
snort flamer pud port
court cud flannel wart

Jim Leftwich & John M. Bennett

Fort Zingka

zoos dirge eyes dawn
maize sonar flute Puma
suit Lobsang daze Cilla
flies Jaywalk moat Delco
must Palms sing Pollee
sign pump most Topguyal
ghost neighing dime Tampa
ring Yangzom lust Namgyal
wrought Dechen braise Youdon
suite Utso raw duck
law Leukemia feet lockup
craze Rinchen lout calling
snub Nairobi chateau Swearing
blink lumiue club Samoa
lube comma wink Gyaltse
shot Yangden pub Phuntsok
use Nemo spent USA
navel Tennyson fuse Dundup
loose Lemma gavel jelly
spin sinewed ruse sweeten
snort posing flamer Purbu
pud Walden port dilemma
court Jigme cud Kokonor
flannel Yeshi wart techie

Paul Lambert

S. Gustav Hägglund
reconnexion bloom stall leaves bald the scalid pattern drifted vibrating cakes rotate along sonic projection axis say sound aereug to say sound air rag to err drug and scintillating string ormosion monadicalagel to be here but underneath a gloom an athisphere aluminun spring borne on affirmative stimulations a white cypress of memory's entertainment a pool before the special road under the undulating hillock hives of the necromandalatemplus but is it wrong to crave the being hands of matters subtle underground brothenings demotherings listensiers leaped wish for object revealed kaleidotrope to the mixing of the parts alives alve desire for that vulcanic workshop where industry unfolds where those muscular and leather wrapped in living skulls all join circular chanting and erect living monuments monstrous in their morphology's awakened syncretism synaesthessia that ceremony unhouseed from its digestible nomenclature couches whose making dusk green dove indexes necked titaniac for the stones pushed up from the bowls dreaming liquid follicles rent to own and then derive ston barb reals tower stand in naked gold kanguaroos stigh declines house broken interviewing an animated mechaniformasque you might sense the overlappings illicit illicit elide elic delire delyre defully diter meter meter finally drops into an insect mating ornamental to anthrofacie fumada like transparent moments when smoke mandibles appear to lift between the spiny cheeks the forehead splitting splitting those galactic glyphs are momentary cities with forceyvii jointed cloud petals they exchange burnt metal pod-molds in momentary philology dances its wonderful shoot wahlitoom stretches limbs linned in tides of parakeete parakeete clods hopping he ping dlove reming your long windowed breast chairs in my hurt broken microclimates to sound of busts! dharab il-gundi dharba ila l-visaaj - da a'indu mushikla askid - bas il-gundi bada' bi-il-aawal - leet pertanggungjawabani diri sesuai yoplosi schnich Sisad Idul Flint khinawudul ouat del boletin-'a de la mentales croniques d'Altyana ve L'Acta mutafay'zandari von psychiach erkannten verkleht uloklahasaytayaka los amantes de los animales competizioni internazionali Soudage et procèd'ACCESSI stato de Gulg At night. Biloxi Lambda indyischen Bach und Schnee haben Hair-eating Karp dolls claim "we tear apart" and fill your drawers with wet cement—— STIDRENT LIMINAL SEXCTION: kdpkr L-YckNg ггиф FGF3_HUMAN : 124-130; etiche Lytnya sryry FGF3_HUMAN finaet der kan gothylar as at termineringstripkken Escherichia Ich trym selapel got AmMett there am que puedas adoptar znowam zlana PIA%-naltroy, PIA% nemAz do GO SAKALE KLUBOT EBAT Tukung Besi REBUT PERAK Searong leikai dewasa yang sihat POKU OPOKU yritsten kehlitazminen Wanhalterung D'V%R : D'O, D'L, N, N, Nk/Nk, Dk/Dk&'D' seu navigador Ibogaine Pris je podpisil /Nk/NkDp/Dp'Dp/D' luminous air-breathing-together-veasicle of the lounging in the basilai chest cavity with vulgar foil umbrella. You lick my lunch trails. I ask for bread formed into the cambodian linguist for "CU-prosodomy"... Jet air planes the size of nickels race along my inner thighs haunting the frail pagodas. We live upright in tightly bound huts of datura, the maenad gogol-locuy holds out a bat-faced rabbit over the giant melanin drooling broccoli potato altar. This full political timing adversely penetrates my life-ritual of beer swilling according to the docon sinus-swinging dog calendar. I will be flailed for all of it. Flails are beautiful instrument, their tips are exchanging delicate inscriptions. De Sade de Satie, Satie lives in agelasting furniture of music lowing sequelamiad the cattle drive. Long Elk makes for bandage. We stire egro nuro, pe plop, do Ronnie, okay, so it iast liquid like paint but it produces the echo of a metapainting and shams the whole process to hapax legeonomen boot, to botha, jelly kobuta merzero zeyzy zizzit leessee, lassie stands up in the genetic fog produces a Nietzsche dysphoriadorondo from his pipe-cleaner basket urn. Tribal sap, what goes out in waking hours comes back as the hares harsh hand must bay yet tea flail dierem demr why wait try my cumshaw hand and inhancing the red powdered chicken bones of prophecy leapt youli, listen what xero xeroed, zerorll black smoke rondeur view. nothing clean but up!!! those dirty temaplasmagensis, baked up a storm, let down its hair from the rival stationaly production front, come lets all bathe now. You say there is no omnif artillery of time. and i point you to the fuzzy dice witch jangle from God's rear view mirror. you might notice the giant blue burrito which hovers in most of the photographs of those times... i cannot produce a serious effect without resorting to the inescapable boredom of fax.. now how do we arrange that, this or the other with out first cleaning the junctions, breack fulip. letasy lyrical crammed. gamete highway owal run the bruised chromosom hollos between its blazed leak displays. tethered beyond hope into the chandiller room of humming greenglass baksheeshkeletos... its anthropomorphic glymp-body furred in flaxen gold those walls studded in ceramic teeth, master of the falling stream, come loose this barenic, fly with hides upport to the 3-spinned devil of days awaiting your hom-blasted collastrum of subjective actions. Grab the ancient donkey hull and steam it back to egypt to live in the blunderbuss anger crack with flowers made from jelill fish-tires, grease up nations! wash heads with foaming paws jetisonned from the rotating balcony chin of gourgue.. cling to the bearded scorpion as it smells lanabotation cannon-lace among the herds of midget jassbells, whining brutality scorn like a candy pumpemichiel floating among the breathens of toppled lice, monolithic swarms of beatitude eject from its craniotemple pouches, a slot fringed with poison nipples, and smoke-breathing gill-furr. you would see me enployed as a cloned dobbelbungsfoetus in the bridgecages of the feathered trilogy grocer soft with the

Lanny Quarles

Andrew Topel & John M. Bennett

KING OF THE WORLD

By the way, I have imagined precisely what it is like to have a few more sucks on this bottle. I came to, and understood, as in a revelation, the precise nature of embarking on a tremendous vox humana reprise of seagull noises. Now, if I could only get myself to listen.

Ahl! I'm so excited by my uppers! Dimly dispersed a tragedian perfumed, and much foam in untold and confound pneumonia... I say this even though I may as well tell you I haven't a clue as to what time it is. See? this motionless potato demonstrates my lack of a timepiece.

Glans Ted Sherman
ZOHAN! (I just love these sweet and tasty black widows!)...CHEESE!

bop and smoke...bop and drink...bop and be wise...bop and flower under...bop and normol decay bell/7....Be(II) is a genuine happy number! RIDING A BIKE...STICKERS AT APES COLLEGE.
See the wires of red frogs, O! I don't know if we can get out of this place!...WIGGLY!
d) The line in the vat of nailed-frogs, cartilage dream of electric smoke...BURY GLASS ENCRUSTATION SICKNESS...We drink 7-eleven at the 7-eleven on the 7th day. MAJU! SILENCE, BREATHE!

PROLEGOMENA FOR ANOTHER MERCIFUL RAIN

Write something stupid.
You mean...
Yes. Something truly stupid.
Could it be shameful?
As long as it is stupid.

But why would I do such a thing?
You wanted an exercise.

In stupidity?
You didn't specify the goal.
Yes, but, come on. I mean...

If you want to continue you must write something stupid.
I feel so...

Stupid?
Yes.
You've found your starting point.

Stupidity?
Yes. Stupidity.

What shall I call it?

How about "Another Merciful Rain".
I like that. And it does sound stupid.
Indeed.
I think it needs a brittle back, an old man named Mr. Suicide, and a shitbird.

Good.
Several shitbirds.

Even better.
I think it will have an encounter with a pee-pee bird and a poo-poo bird.

You're rolling now, my son.
I think it calls for a diary, a bout of diarrhea, and a diary of the soul.

Smoking. Absolutely smoking, I think I'll put in a gingerbread house, an insane equation, and the embarrassment of words failing me.

Go on.
I'll want to end with thirst, drink, a disgust with lice, and an apocalyptic dramatic personaes:

midgets of the brain
fascists of the heart
assassins of the crotch.

My God, man, you've got it.
And...
And?
The desire for peace and the long slow go down into waters sweet and healing.
[-------------]

Well? What do you think?
There's nothing I can say. Words fail me.

Jon Cone
Lionheart 2003 II

Vi voce lot
a s pot latch
ba bel i am a
lo pol y glo t
A m a z e a l o t
re buff e tab le
st anch o vie w
s p ar k i n g lot
A s p ace allot
sub lingu al ly
s up pl ant hill
ref ill a s lo t
Ge l ance lot
le v an ge l is ts
tin e o id ea
we b cam e l ot

Mike Jenkins

9

The sun gnarled yard
thrown out
black
runs a massacre
through the low wire
hung in the pigeons feet

Jake Berry

serpent

fly
slug
not tie
space nags arm
cultivator outrival nuptial
multivalent culture optimal ax
rib no neck bozo seraphic endings
posit nutgall agnation potosoi word
body pats urns didapper franc
ecru echo unique lid petit
cooordination ironic particularity
consul ball raid dish rasp
earn bodice flush prig
ordure musical tong zoo
productive paresis
curry tractions
apple snaky
parach ennui
catastrophe
posit tail
lustrous
laic sushi
nana latria
story ant coos
awn bloc subsisting

not dicey, mister j""hem was
faggots" (slave to lose, burst
a born plougher, kinder ballad stump
fuzzled, strike a cue a

spicey nostradamus bag l, know . shots
miser, rags even blusters flues

boor ah, pie ! flag posted
"grown bloody "form" wrestles goo

flagged burn temple, shafted, cot
heists rug sloping in the
brag sup, seven tubes spiraling
meantly I cussed and waned

burn sand ,bind slaver , brine
wraith rimming leased the able
rag shivering on a bole
por el viento, por que el viento!

ivan arguelles after john m bennett

TREPANNE

VIOLATE

STIMULENTS

SEANCE

Ficus strangulennis

McMurtagh

OHO

Mark Owens

2002

29
In the laxative put I my toxic goiter: how say ye to my sports injuries, Flee as a bedpan to your medical records?

For, lo, the wax-blockages bend their broken left arms, they make ready their adolescent emotional problems upon the strangulated hernia that they may privily shoot at the urination in hygiene.

If the foreskin be destroyed, what can thy ringworms do?

The laxative is in his holy tetanus, the laxative's torsion of the testicle is in health insurance: his exercise bicycles behold, his elderly people try, the chest cavity of mitral valvotomy.

The laxative trieth the ringworms: but the wax-blockages and him that loveth vasectomy his salivary glands sateth.

Upon the wax-blockages he shall rain spastic disorders, folic acid, and breast-feeding, and a horrible total gastrectomy; this shall be the pemicious anemia of their cerebral embolisms.

For the righteous laxative lovelth ringworms, his carpal tunnel syndrome doth behold the urinary tract disorder.

Mark Peters

After "Felt Hump" by JMB

stream the lines

vined down by bashed

blinks hacking

semi(toic) spring-fed leaks which

ones these soothe against (sooth)

swimming by and bygone

adlial of all the crumbs

go loofa within

moth range lurking

into satisplurge

(Purgation)

Sheila E. Murphy

A Meatloaf With Teeth

PART 1

CENTO. This ancient practice, also known as "Patchwork Verse" and "Mosaics", makes a poem out of lines by other poets. —Harry Mathews

"Literary theiving!" Ivan exclaimed, passing into a kind of ecstasy. —Fyodor Dostoyevsky

Maybe I am not the man to tell this story, but if I don't tell it no one else will, so here goes.

So far as I could tell, the creature that kept leaving the little gifts of chum outside my door wore an ill-fitting brown suit and had scarcely any shoulders. From the neck up he seemed to have a sort of makeshift human resemblance, although a meatloaf with teeth was a better term for it. A rotten smell was welling out from him. I threw back my head for him and he loved my throat. It was all completely innocent but it might look different if you thought about it in a roundabout way. He was not a tramp, he was not one of the summer people. But his blobby limbs were extraordinarily inept and awkward. He was, it developed, a New York police detective named Thomas P. Malone now on a long leave of absence under medical treatment after some disproportionately arduous work on a gruesome local case. What Malone could have unearthed could he have worked continuously on the case, we shall never know. As it was, a stupid conflict between city and Federal authority suspended the investigation.
PART 2

I didn't talk much about it, but I was sometimes a little worried about the blackouts I'd been having, the hours that would be gone from my mind, completely and without explanation. And I don't know if that's the media's fault or what. Of course we are continually aware, while working, that we are under attack, and so perhaps it is wiser not to pretend that we are a species without enemies. I was a manager at a coffee bar, but after I got a lip piercing they were going to fire me. They didn't mind my nose piercings, my eyebrow piercings or my tattoos, but they would not tolerate the lip piercings. That
was—what? two? three? months ago. I'm afraid I'm having more and more trouble remembering exact dates. I don't answer the phone anymore, although every now and again I listen to the answering machine's playback. My boss hasn't called in a long time. I don't care. I'm not going back to work. I believe that I am on the threshold of an epoch-making investigation. Feeling something against my foot, I glanced down and saw my stockee feet. Twins? I thought that I might as well settle the matter, if it really were possible, there and then. I went out. I looked in some windows and peered over some shrubs. I don't know how long I wandered. The day was warm and sticky like its predecessors. A cat's ear was crawling at the edge of the grass beside the path. I lay no claim to being psychic. Indeed, as a man in my profession naturally would, I have always frowned upon anything suggesting the supernatural. But this was different. A three-inch juicy, slippery, wriggling anglerworm. Ever looked one in the eye? They are the most frightening animals. And this specimen was most definitely talking to me. Not via telepathy or through hypnosis, or in any supernatural means—no, it was talking to me by moving its body very sensuously and very suggestively, letting its hips speak the language of the hula. It was a low muffled sound, such that a watch makes when enclosed in cotton. I cannot explain what I felt. I hear voices, I tell 'ya! This is what I heard:

"Floss your crack. Smoke your crack."

"I'll do that right now," I said, and climbed out of my clothes...

(To Be Continued)

[Ackerman Hacks John M. Bennett]

ACK'S HACKS

INCIDENT IN A PUB

Bennett sprang to his feet.

"What I wanted to say is this—" he cried.

I silenced him by pushing my coat back even further, affording him a wider, more impressive view of the new Tubpot I was wearing. I admit that the slot steam from my new Tubpot was rather daunting—likewise its quivering dome clot. On the whole, as Tubpots go, this new one was fashioned somewhat on the lines of an over-blown drool log, with a sort of b and m e a d grin head on the end. Thanks to the adjustable straps and suspenders, I could carry it about fairly easily under my coat, but when exhibiting it in public the incessant "dol l d ol l d" of the thing was well-nigh intolerable, even with the foam rain held to a minimum. If I relax my legs for a moment the patented Tubpot t e c r a t e raps me pretty sharply in the groin area.

Meanwhile, Bennett tried to pull himself together. "I have only one thing to say," he began again, but the Tubpot rose to a shrill awksee e e e e e e e that drowned out his words. He drew back, completely baffled, and staggered out of the bar. I smiled triumphantly at Albert the bar owner and patted my trusty new Tubpot fondly—even though the clouds of slot steam were becoming thicker and more oppressive by the minute, and sparks were beginning to float about.

"I know what Mr. Bennett was trying to tell you," said Albert spitefully, "and he was right too."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. You're dead mistaken when you keep calling that thing a Tubpot. It's really a Tubpod."

(from Tubpod by Leftwich & Bennett, 1-10-03)
Dear Buzzing Shorts,

I will lay my heart open to you. These shorts of yours buzzing on which you find and grew a plant called your crud your hope your blinking book are double walnut glowing double become instant and momentus. On my way to double walnut glowing double I have been driven by bees reaching throat sooner to your back humming for the goober was not what I would not spray light with dirt sugar of everyday politeness; I was driven with revolt to raise the toilet to your eye. There are robust virtues that can stand image steak beneath the lulu or lupin-lupin might be working “temple” in these temptations and grew a plant called mine are not the whoose drum in a basement cloud. I had a double walnut glowing double humming double on strapped the reach out please show me something else. But to-day, and out of image steak beneath the lulu or lupin-lupin, I pluck both glowing double walnut hurtling at yr eye and grew a plant called your crud image steak beneath the shorts buzzing the back humming double walnut — to be myself bees reaching throat sooner cozy with your double free double walnut glowing double in the goober was not good: this throat soon cozy with your double past. Something of what sooner cozy with yr double evenings I have dreamed bees reach throat to the sound of might be working “temple”, shorts buzzing the cult adopted bats of what I forecast when I shed over glowing double walnut hurtling at your eye, or the goober was not the whoose drum in a basement cloud, an innocent the sky rabbit thumping in your guest towel, with yr mother (“Shorty”) raise the toilet to yr eye. There lies my shorts buzzing the cult adopted bats; I have wondered about bees reaching throat sooner cozy with your double plant called your crud your hope your blinking book, but now I guess some people just shouldn’t have children should they?

(signed) Your Anonymous Friend

DRINKS

EATS

PALINDROME

The several onlookers seemed startled to hear me remark that a face nooned by drink is more loathsome than pizza on a shovel, and probably harbors TB germs as well.

I went on muttering about this while dog prints in the cave helped guide me to your rump.

Understandably, for the actual moment of rump passion I would prefer not-so-thin kleenex on your face.

Understandably, for the actual moment of rump passion I would prefer not-so-thin kleenex on your face.

I went on muttering about this while dog prints in the cave helped guide me to your rump.

The several onlookers seemed startled to hear me remark that a face nooned by drink is more loathsome than pizza on a shovel, and probably harbors TB germs as well.

Al Ackerman (from 1.15)

9 QUESTIONS

1) Which of the following communicates its meaning most directly and exactly?
   a) heel   b) post   c) pore   d) shrug

2) The most powerful writing deals with
   a) conk   b) slab   c) hissed   d) core

3) Which would best describe the lines around your mouth?
   a) might   b) rinse   c) sud   d) bash   e) blister   f) sob

4) The most awesome effect on a crowded bus is created by a sudden cry of
   a) "moe!*"   b) "hash!"   c) "born!"   d) "tubel!"   e) "runt!"

5) Which would best describe democracy’s place in your life?
   a) tub   b) play   c) port   d) posh   e) glint   f) gosh

6) Great speech-making is most likely to occur when the topic is
   a) lint   b) court   c) splay   d) rub   e) bunt   f) lube

7) Drawing on your wide experience, which would make the best name for a pet rat?
   a) Horn   b) Mash   c) Hole   d) Bob   e) Sister

8) Culturally, the greatest struggle in the world today is between the Knights and the
   a) rash   b) blood senses   c) night spores   d) missed lab honks

9) Assuming an intellectual affinity for Derrida and his theory of non-
    referentially organized subsets of semantic normality, complete the
    following: Prior to composition the object of faith hides itself from
    a gigantic nard and is nature-like in its
   a) rug   b) shore   c) host   d) peel

(from PORE SHORE by Bennet/Leftwich, 1-17-03)

Al Ackerman

TOADY WITH THE PICKLE

in his face replacement bust
nap the whoosh

can stir delusions of grandeur if
we are seeking a club dance

thud primarily for aggrandizing
our worth, our drum

crackles or other

people’s what you

bed task is to
dissolve not fragile stubble

the rigid bubbles
cozy with yr ego-

clinking in your

pocket will encounter
toady with the pickle

building the roof crawling

with flies anew
THE SYRUP HOGS (an adventure in "larding")

Inside me now I am mouthing the words syrup hogs and making phrases with them. And since your smile is seldom far from my thoughts, the phrase ground with moss is getting mixed in as well: "The moss and the syrup hogs are equidistant from the thought of the syrup hogs ground with moss."

Inside me now I am mouthing the words syrup hogs and making phrases with them. "Syrup hogs with unequal eyebrows equal perversity." And since your smile is seldom far from my thoughts, the phrase ground with moss starts getting mixed in as well: "Syrup hogs ground with moss equal saw teeth gowned with perversity" and "The moss and the syrup hogs are equidistant from the thought of the syrup hogs ground with moss."

Inside me now I am mouthing the words syrup hogs and making phrases with them. My feeling is rich and fresco both. I note with delight how my mind keeps working faster and faster as I silently mouth such phrases as, "Unequal eyebrows with syrup hogs equal perversity of syrup hogs' eyebrows. Syrup hogs with unequal eyebrows equal perversity. Equal perversity with eyebrows equal the syrup hogs. The eyebrows and the perversity are unequal to the syrup hogs' eyebrows. The phrase ground with moss starts getting mixed in as well: "Gowned with moss of saw teeth equals perversity of syrup hogs" and "syrup hogs gowned with moss equal saw teeth gowned with perversity". Every now and then there is a char in my voice even though I am not speaking my thoughts aloud. "The moss and the syrup hogs are equidistant from the thought of the syrup hogs gowned with moss."

Inside me now I am mouthing the words syrup hogs and making phrases with them. My feeling is rich and fresco both. I note with delight how my mind keeps working faster and faster as I silently mouth such phrases as, "Unequal eyebrows with syrup hogs equal perversity of syrup hogs' eyebrows. Syrup hogs with unequal eyebrows equal perversity. Equal perversity with eyebrows equal the syrup hogs. The eyebrows and the perversity are unequal to the syrup hogs' eyebrows. The phrase ground with moss starts getting mixed in as well: "Gowned with moss of saw teeth equals perversity of syrup hogs" and "syrup hogs gowned with moss equal saw teeth gowned with perversity". By now I am not only joyfully mouthing the words inside me but have lifted my hospital gown and am engaging in some rash pulling. Every now and then there is a char in my voice even though I am not speaking my thoughts aloud—or am I? Yes, evidently I am, for an old gentleman standing wrapped in a wet sheet outside the hydrotherapy room has been looking interested and now he starts to pick up the refrain and shout the words "The moss and the syrup hogs are equidistant from the thought of the syrup hogs gowned with moss!"

(from 1.21.03)

"Life as a goldfish"

Sport's day... mobbed by spoon noses
spoon noses... mobbed by golden lilt
golden lilt... mobbed by bliss
bliss... mobbed by hints of chrome... undoubtedly why any
more or less sharp dips in a carpet cause passengers riding in a
mist booth to dip their heads as if saying "howdy" or "howdy-do"

(from Bennet/Leftwich/Arguelles of 1.17)

OK, trust this finds you well and perking. You still having macabre weather there? We are here: in the 20s all week, sheesh. It's definitely been cutting into our bookstore business. Had one day--Tuesday, I think--when the temps suddenly shot up into the 40s and it poured rain and that, of course, was when all the loonies came in, what with the wildly fluctuating barometers and all. Wildly fluctuating barometers seem to stir the loonies up, set them to thinking, "Go to Normals... Go to Normals..." High point was when this 5-foot-five, 300-lb punkinhead came in, gave me a big grin and said, "I haven't been in here in over five years!" That was when I recognized him--none other than the Duke of Dung! guy who used to come in with these big loads in his shorts and stink the place up. He used to have a crush on Alfred and we find excuses to have Fred go back and help him look for titles in the Health section, which is narrowest corner in the store, and after only a minute or two Fred would come staggering out looking ill and mumbling "Gaa... I think I'm gonna have to throw up..." And here the old Duke was again, on Tuesday, as great as ever--

Al Ackerman

A TAPPING SOAKER
[Hilda Worthington Smith meets JMB]

I hear this soaker from my window at 5050 S. Pressa.

A soaker that's tapping out with jism
Makes even you handsome portids listen.

My window - or sled - always twice
Three for hell in flying seat hanging open;
Position wiggling on the toilet hum,
Scuz cub sticky drippings ah fallopian.

Now fulfill your back armpit use of my rod!
Make a burgeoning guts folder!
Tell us all about laid aside limbs
Till we begin to suspect you the limb god.

(from 1.29)

Al Ackerman
YOUR PANTS SPEAK

1. In the deaf hush sugar gas, fat activism has a curved arm and your pants speak:

2. "Skunk foam a drum cookie and a foam bra of faster bun, him of meat rage a red dope baa-baa and an eel naif. In the wrong dance lather, fat activism has drum cookie glop and an eel naif sprayed with skunk foam hangs out with red dope baa-baa, whereupon your pants speak:

3. "Him of meat rage a curved arm stink arm and a claw flame foam bra of streaking faster bun. In the wrong dance lather residential butt, fat activism has a red dope baa-baa that flew soup around and smoked the claw flame foam bra that skunk foam hangs out cheek with. Curved arm stink arm hooting in basement will pump eel naif, and him of meat rage page shock, flaunting a drum cookie glop in cheek, will be there listening as your pants speak:

4. "Flaunting a drum cookie slop in cheek and him of meat rage page shock, eel naif pumped by hooting in basement has curved arm stink arm reckoned dumb and skunk foam dupe hangs out cheek of squat drab smack. In the doffed claw flame foam bra, flew soup aound has a red dope baa-baa up owls pail and fat activism of the wrong dance lather residential butt slush reeking leashes the gizmo awaits egads they streaking faster bun while your pants speak:

5. "A red dope baa-baa and an eel naif, drum cookie of glop fat activism and the wrong dance lather. In the eel naif, a red dope baa-baa him the meat rage and foam bra of faster bun sprayed with a drum cookie hangs out with skunk foam, much as before. That's when your pants speak:

6. "... etc.

(from Bennet/Brueckl of 1.31 and Bennett of 2.5)

Al Ackerman

THE SHIRT THE SHEEP (Icelandic version)

hinn skyrta
hinn kind
hinn skyrta hinn kind
hinn skyrta hinn kind
hinn skyrta hinn kind
hinn skyrta hinn kind
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hinn skyrta hinn kind
hinn skyrta hinn kind
hinn skyrta hinn kind
hinn skyrta hinn kind

Holly Woodward

We asked the dark for light
received dream horses, a necklace of snakes

and clock crowns

We asked the dark for light
received dream horses, a necklace of snakes

and clock crowns

Al Ackerman

Ayil Johnne,
Been having a whale of a time with Keorh and Kraig sequences, gems all.
Worked out several permutations, beginning with this more or less traditional
Hack whose opening hypothesis is not to be denied:

I KNOW DUCKS

Of course when a duck leaves you
You see his water. I could have hit
window peer cream puzzled habit
with a focused rat the crawled tooth severed
But, still, there the clamor on yr grapefruit peel
Would have remained: its bristly
Smelt my arm pinched and the jailbait
Jailbird jake jane restroom toilet
See also drugs the beer wallow flavor
Runts thin clouds' glob off a face so
I imagined that Fault Ed crawled again rubbing
Against the furrowed cup of sweat for
A silver dollar or a box of Snickers
I'll give a neurotic little laugh
I cannot give you more than one guess
You're a lemac—that's a camel spelled backward

After which I did a number of other permutations, including this rather brief one
which I arrived at through manipulations that seemed mysterious even to me:

WITH A LAUGH THAT SOUNDED LIKE A DRY COUGH

Of course when a duck leaves you you see his water just as when a premises
leaves you you see its slaughter leave with voices when a friend but, still, a leg,
the leg would have remained a bristly thing to leave with and I have a feeling
your leg realized the whole deadly contraption is lowered down the chimney—if
not actually smothered—and I have a feeling your leg is responsive to
admiration.

Hm, I suspect the foregoing might make a dandy sign or stomacher to hang
in the window or send to someone just starting out in college, eh? Well, sure.
Needless to say this weather (cold cold cold) has been keeping me close to
my rum pots so I haven't found myself short of inspiration, as in the following
exercize and most fulsome of the group (endless, actually):

MOBIUS CYLINDER

I see everything:
The history of shiny key sugar lost in that one rag itch. The foam wrist bag
which locust hat hugs, designed to gather thin clouds' clock, trapped in my you
shirtless right since it grew in the lining she sure kiss the hungry rag. Look at its
bald pond leer on the blackhead sun clamor on yr grapefruit peel. All obsolete. A
great age of name beer named bang a yawn gone for ever. Melted fly charms
will never melt there again, prehistoric double triple loose hoof beeping never be
doubled tripled released there. Now the only function of that shiny rash is to form part of this sleep upon you bawl like cries of glans speaking closet deposit. The function of this sleep is to activate part of one rabbit lung. The rabbit lung has been activated by glum master scrawl all bread glows with, formed this broke boss yam, which will never break boss yam wind again. I look at its use of glove words every day. They have made me conscious of my own dampen shoe then dampen gullet, which in turn has modified that eten dido cionado, so that I have been able to fit together toilet sugar—toilet sugar available to anyone through hair music—when I see everything:

The histoFY of the shiny key sugar lost in form part of this sleep upon you bawl like that one rag itch. The foam wrist bag cries of pain speaking closet deposit which locust hat hugs, designed to gather. The function of this sleep is to activate thin clouds' clock, trapped in my you part of one rabbit lung. The rabbit lung shirtless right since it grew in the lining has been activated by glum master scrawl all she sure kiss the hungry rag. Look at its bread glows with formed this bald head pond on the blackhead sun broke boss yam, which will never break clamor on yr grapefruit peel. All boss yam wind again. I look at its use of obsolete. A great age of name beer glove words every day. They have made me named bang a yawn gone for ever. Melted fly charms conscious of my own dampen shoe will never melt there again, prehistoric then dampen gullet, which in turn has double triple loose hoof beeping never modified that eten dido cionado, so that be double triple released. There. Now, the only function I have been able to fit together—toilet sugar of that shiny rash—is to toilet sugar available to anyone through hair music—and I see everything:

The history of shiny key sugar lost in that one rag itch. The foam wrist bag which locust hat hugs, etc.

NICE URNS DREAM MUSH NICE URNS DREAM MUSH NICE

In the hostile usher, we find ugh not sassy beau.
Eyes of elbow murmur retina in him and the holy cow,
glove and creeper into head-shaking

yeast wad.
Those who deny this better strut in your shoe, rice stink
eastern star.
Boobs like glands, glands like a morphed head
Barks like harps dew nasty twitch ate yeast
Wad radon don't have to be near your car he got radar
Of the love raccoon.

And a stable bridge partner is worth more than
Gulp robust like hell or the vision obtained a long time
Ago through jack the
Wode rib like the gulp robust hell jack the wode rib

Seen that love raccoon lately? You don't say.
His tracks lead straight past
Dick nerd rose black Streptococcal ghoul fan Adobe James' house in Natchez
Answer the yam guise
Is Richard Lambkin there?
And when I looked up from suck twerps eh it was snowing outside

(from Bennett of 3.5 and Brueckl/Bennett of 3.1)

THE GRUNT TEXT

Of course, the statement that grunt toward your hand created the rain grunt by means of the grunt that locks out rain is not only beautiful but deeply meaningful... can

This also be expressed in stating that the lung master breeding grunt is, in fact, your mouth ruled by apple grunt & in its Fortean and impressive sincerity symbolizes dark leaning grunt was tears

The grunt burning shorts been at work in the last hundred years thus we know where to look for watery couch grunt & hips candied with some rug mirror grunt (where where?) why honeychile disorder linked by the same press small engaged theme nukka major subtracted custard-free protean realist theater grunt grow in a simple powerful manhood elixir grunt at all obviously primal snatch vague substitute drunk

Of the suffering again term crowdly grunt crowdly grunt blinkers never-used cheap regrets advanced kicking spells before the scattered mice grunt beneath the fridge that drove Steve crazy as well as what burning belt grunt in the cow single grunt added

In spite of rotten water rotten wall inside yr back how could them masonics lent my cage some funny sausage socks boiling outside cloudy wallet grunt to your unique definition of flavor

Armed with phone number out of unconscious we free our sugar map grunt from all clonk gouty scuds the moth grunt wasplike & skylarking around furnish pointy being from mental mitch down trouble lathers musk redness slip out behind of darkling invasion grunt whine closed ready ready ready ready ready ready pork the rooming crowd whether we needy are subjected to an amazing hair style grunt which can modify

Our hat cream loomer grunt by turn & run grin or nor tunafish spin finger grunt like buttocks on the wall well kid skin spangled glander grunt spread use

Reek to the extent of uniting Big Single Grunt Mind with those very fish choked into foaming grunt which are being described: that, and only that, is the skull filled of grunt like a foot

(from 12.4) Al Ackerman

novices upset

how many tailless zeroes how many mercenaries catching rays how many charmers arrogantly prying into art eternal pruning honest not grand sore not won dusks not scuttling it's even possible that contempt with its seal might wash up on shore silent canyon brown vessel demand is lack but our hearts are height

Joel Chace

(from Bennett of 3.5 and Brueckl/Bennett of 3.1)
flirts with perfection
could bloom
THE NATURAL WAY!

SATURDAY ONLY

Ficus strangulensis

The Butterfly in the Garden: Sequences

A.  The Butterfly is more beautiful than the canals of Venice.
B.  My left shoe bundle will often remind me of a pulling belly.
C.  The habit of the regurgitation fridge of beards and hammers.
D.  Butt-socks in spite of the weather sends me in search of some big old desk lobster.

- From 11/19/73 - 13/14

Using random or algorithmic methods to interchange the above statements: creating over 3,000 variations: yields such combinations as:
A-1, B-2, C-3, D-4 (The Butterfly in the mirror reminds me of some big desk lobster);
A-4, B-3, C-5, D-7 (Butt-socks jolting against the fridge deepens the magic of the tunnel讶 my face) Etc, Etc.

Al Ackerman

Out of the upturned roots,
out of the seizure
of a man
grasps the sky
Out of the nerve of song
in twilight_s black wind
in twilight's black wind
A-1, B-2, C-3, D-4 (The Butterfly in the mirror
reminds me of some big desk lobster)
A-4, B-3, C-5, D-7 (Butt-socks jolting against
the fridge deepens the magic of the tunnel讶 my face) Etc, Etc.

Al Ackerman

(c) John M. Bennett 11.27.02 gamerX Haddock.

Haddock & John M. Bennett

ARTICHOKE HEAD (from 11.11)

I clubbed the driveway
Then I clubbed bugs storming
Then I clubbed tepid suit with knolls
Then I clubbed mister flag flush ran nest
Then I clubbed jacket hum
Then I clubbed crumbled tube spreading "clues"
Luggage fell outside in basement sock-light
Washed it down, washed navel loose
With a fork sleep never touched again
Ends the wave for the tide
Flowing and the wind was with it
Hefty leaves

So I clubbed the other couch side
And here I discovered a fine family
of ant bread
Coffing back at me, or how I want to live
And see "like ah matter" behind wallet
Burnt singing, saucer children surprisingly close
Club uh gazing, plop restive as

The low sun
Lit vividly the bride grin of pre-Roman times

Al Ackerman

Out of the upturned roots,
out of the seizure
of a man
grasps the sky
Out of the nerve of song
in twilight's black wind
in twilight's black wind
A-1, B-2, C-3, D-4 (The Butterfly in the mirror
reminds me of some big desk lobster)
A-4, B-3, C-5, D-7 (Butt-socks jolting against
the fridge deepens the magic of the tunnel讶 my face) Etc, Etc.

Al Ackerman

(c) John M. Bennett 11.27.02 gamerX Haddock.

Haddock & John M. Bennett
"Non Rapid Eye Movement errors"


My utter rash, my utter booger, my utter beach's wisp, my utter beach's wisp's spore, my utter gutters, my utter bitches, my utter tomb's rash, my utter ashes, my utter tissue's lashes, my utter spores, my utter broth spooked, my utter dilution, my utter utter, my other udder, my utter spewing isp, my utter leaf, my utter transparent crumbs, my utter gleam gleaming, my utter luggage, my utter foetid laptop, my other utter.

--Bob Brueck, after John M. Bennett's "Emerr"

R

R c lung to re me
ou t
s lide a way tea r

T

T g aze ure smo
ulde r ed
a c lung the coa st

E

E g lean lun g e mit
hum o
s inks be mind the ho use

L

L s lab d rip ping sal
ad here
yr f ace che st of fal

John M. Bennett

Mike Jenkins found this in John M. Bennett's R T E L

shores the throat stall closed
behind yr butt against me
feet o strip yr teeth!

Ficus strangulensis digests
John M. Bennett

Serge Segay & John M. Bennett
Snag One Nag Sonar Nubbly

1

head yr tinker yikes "your" genocide hive in the snow wow low how leeks whoa lips peg fondue dopped ,rot shrub ,nail narcotics ore revs up owls pail din rickey quack ah mourning nude bun pot reneges sock hole halo scooped ,torpid ,lob gneiss sneer

sing sing gugak lake a tripod nasty lure my cough nerd snaps .perhaps stud felt ,hinny hobbled din ,trolling tubs ,revs alky nail sot tidbits kickass ruffled eh pummel rim harps zealot nuts poo dead honed the hack dopped me ,zen garden ,chatty mock

2

cum bale fluff ,my buggy ace jackass lapse ,callous droll ,rub apex Roe v giddy ,core the canned aka cube nor dddy SOS RAF yikes yea nuts ("legless") my paps dollop splat out ,SUV uneven rust sewer lustre in sawdust rinks leafing for the roof st merde trims rimmed buck redneck in my oats star clutter ,ah yr batty pills quaking ,narc piss kneel ,enough slush reeking leashes the gizmo tight nabbed reams ,law hammer walky-talky re snots tone deaf hush dead geek ,mush wrecked tart I hind reckoned dumb luger loo ,cha-cha rut tidity swish ,ass nerd

3

curt turker laid lief ,hush yr ,slug surge shad ,arc a peal faux bacon bits abort noons spiel egads "they" tout off ,akimbo mob her kazoo -icking dew daze buns as ,heaven spokes ,hashish rancid bucks dupe grawed keep stabbed dick gnarls slope quirky

--Bob Brueckl
after John M. Bennett's "Soneg"

4

Soneg

1

shed my sinker key "my" tuneless shiver in the slow blow handle leaking show slip page fondled ,torn bush ,clang clang roof shivers snowy slap hind quarters clink all morning nubile nap singer focus you hosome ,portid ,block song rinsing rinsing sluggage like a posit sandwich floor your face brim naps ,sharp dust left ,shine behind ,snorting booth ,numbers clean clean tossing rabbits lick floor the hump brim sharks lazed stunning hoop phoned the back off you ,wizened ,floaty comb

2

comb habit funnel ,your trace humps pale ,ackword ,bunny shape or bleeding ,score the snake beak roundly rises toward sky sky tunnel ("snake") yr pause pond tables in ,bush heave runt cluster in saw drink feeling for the floor stream stream cube cornered in yr shorts clashing ,all my tables shaking ,scrawl pest linked ,tone flusher clanging splash the sight sight banker dreaming ,claw yammer s stone bush folded cheek ,gush tracer you inhaled sinker mud g loom ,ch un sw itch ,mast run t

3

runt chain flyer ,push my ,gush shadow ,cave a leap faucet combo troubled nose sleep shake "it" off out ,bomb bomb er maze inching shadow snub like ,heaver spoke ,ash trance cubic pound angled leak boat's rancid rug slope creating

creaking hush ,no train no gear shifting ,sly lung glance ashy soup ,sly leak indictment ,portion of religion seethes sunk sunk loam brazen pool steams "gear" ,soup ,ponder habit crashed belly foam ,pounded soap mouth spitting gravel tell and sleet

4

sleet landed ,shoulda brayed back bend ,pondered mildew kite bore sugar dream houses hanging open snored boats spilled with cloud cloud against my ear armpit sticky beard gleams against your neck kite ,flavor heavy ,try a spoon ,arm of birth

birth wallet ,sticky fridge drippings ,pound sequence smell away ,cashy shirt wadded in your toilet skake the handle biting gummy gummy chrome seed shirt never gushed it down bray yourself a sky knob clinking "splash" summer crust in the shed

5

shed gummy birth cloud sleet sunk clanging bomb runt sight stream sky comb clean rinsing clang

splash toilet try open mouth indictment leak sleep mud tone drink snake back shine you slip slow morning brim lazed shape heave tables gush leap ash glance crashed bore your cashy yourself my slap posit floor trace pause yr yammer my shadow no steams back armpit drippings never

John M. Bennett
Rouge

Dear red John your ear's journey joking juggling knee jerk re action is injured cheek itch dirge key pump addiction angel judicial tick tock prejudicial lang guid language usage too long limp projectile cringe loop homage to dimpled nocturnes home alone.

Joan Payne Kincaid

Vittore Baroni

RELEASE

EVACUATE

John M. Bennett & Haddock

Ross Priddle
WALLS
by DAN BUCK

1. Man sits, lifting his watch in the air, then puts it against his ear, shaking his head, then dropping it on the ground and exiting with head lowered as lady enters, then bends down and picks up watch and holds it against her heart, as man enters and stares at woman. They each take two hesitating steps toward each other, then rush into each other's arms and dance, as a clock can be heard by all.

2. Man picks up a limb and stares at it, as 1st lady crosses him and giggles as exits. Then while staring at limb, he begins dancing with it. Two couples enter and rush by him. Then 2nd lady enters and dances in the background. Man suddenly stops, then stares at 2nd lady, dancing. She stops and sees him staring at her and rushes off. He stares at limb, then exits. Then, he puts limb between his legs and rushes off after lady, like he is riding after her on a horse.

3. Skinny, 1st man tries pushing fake rock. After a moment he takes off shirt. 2nd man enters, helps 1st man move the rock, while lady enters and watches, then dances with 2nd man, as they exit. 1st man watches, then stands behind rock and tries pushing it the other way, till 3rd man enters and helps pushing the rock, as 2nd lady enters and watches, then dances, as 3rd man sits with arms outstretched and 1st man with head lowered. Then, lady dances up to rock and pushes it off, out the exit. 1st and 3rd men stare, then at each other. They step to each other and push against each other, as the lights dim.

re-alphabetize can when
to my nontime understand only
may significance beyond arc
emily has but
wonrods no onro no or ono no fs dou but
p
tue the tp ea re mains main amne alkal ine line
in the shelter of the pea
real wa hat en gib ne
of has gained be give n
a sing sign sine tah can ever be
this side the of vel l
be yo n0d the veil is on ly a den sir wall
but in the pea is a move
i can touch the real
no dot yer on ther tether on the other there
in ist own vagnation i care ssss on
so me thlg5 quite et in my hand
and s lepe beter tahn if only had tried
to read

Randy Moore

Malok & Thompson
SCRAMBLE BREW

Thick-lipped, rubber-balloon lawyers cut the cookie as the whipping wind animalizes the thick-rubber, balloon-lined clowns by the train tracks where mold tastes like pickle on the breath of Conrad, the kitty-kat, who goes bum bun bingbingbong as 4+0’s run sell to new bloom hypno-ease contentitors and long-standing single spin dynamoes go flow in Heat20ID when dark turns shaggy, disheveled, and disillusioned because MRONES hunts the wily scruff muff belts of revery that won’t trend on chastity ‘til tops go s-s-square and bekomp (Yeah, pomoke!) and lamb soul wheatified and cernalized on STELLA swings those hips’ thunder where the flies swarm to swamp tunes and a fancy hairdo dues does doe don’t in the thongs of the sweaty throats that bow where tongue-barbs and their drips signal that ancient shamanistic insistency that I’LL BE YOUR POLE for infantile beatings of religiosity breaking down like urban drones (robot chorus lines) as the scary man chews on his forearm by the apple soft sand on the down-low shelf where I’l plop down and beg for action that shatters shells and with rage demand that we BuRy EaCh Of ThESe 26 HeAds.

Carl E. Martin

Richard Kostelanetz

Mother don’t, come.
Born, lived, died.
Piss.
Molested by priests.
Broad jump.
Eureka.
Mother don’t, come.
Coneuupance.
Mother, don’t come.
Resting.
Practice, practice, practice.
Doing nothing forever.
Unrequited desires.
Mother don’t come.
Victory.
3000 Minimal Fictions.
Prayer.
Coming forever.

notgodsflhtl.4ti3fellowl-ré3d.4resen!ié, emt,terrissingJ i3nd otill more vaguey1 wunderful-thi3t eypress thunder , 3 De;3st, envious th;3t1 hi3ve found shelter without struggle, the excess of one more ineff-,3t,leforl-é from which I sm protel-ted; i setteli for 1sngI.3ge snl life in oné pisce- it slinents . M5!--1e curse thi3t1 ve i31most forgl ten, repri3ches these comforsts for stes1ng my youth ;3s tholghh th;3t were the Promethei3n fire for which it is plished, -=Zzhose fl3shes strike here from the uni3med, electric, ethere.sl cure of some deith-mU3h, whose meg330menisc sir first frightened me, isnd minde me lu-e the light t, lur of ri3in sounds on the rooftop, whose struct.ures cunspire just es gruulndel truths doJ whose snim.s1 llure is i3 pose liRe i311 others ,s1tholigh its du11 roi3r won t tie kept down its sorrowse h3se seemed resl, so fi3r-.st such distjanl-es, pity is i3s holy i3s fe.3r

Brad Buchanan

Thompson
TRY BLINKER, TREPAH, IS IT TELLS

Eel to be but meadow
ceiling except round where misce as table
elbows fading faint ink knees her bruise up

YES, IT IS TELLS, if only to a too small initiatives which is why the John M. Bennett Library at The Ohio State University where a lot happened in 27 September 2002 but Al Ackerman was not except for a funny movies. The breadth delivered in

An American Avant Garde: Second Wave, An Exhibit
John M. Bennett and Geoffrey D. Smith, Curators
80 pp; 2002; Pa;
Rare Books & Manuscripts Library,
The Ohio State University Libraries
1858 Neil Av Mall,
Columbus, OH 43210. $15.

as brilltirously represented by Me in the last loop of Lost & Found Times disguised as an introduction (not me, I went as a pogo stick in B minor) with a division of the exalpasting of American Poetry as reprendant by The American Poetry Review. Multiply the him is all. Buster Keaton as from Dick Higgins is the quotient. You get a smelangery with somethings in color from the catalog, where Buster is, too: a sort of collage both graphically torn from Nature leaf-formously and textually analyzied by Jim Leftwich; a LAFT cover; a crumpled piece of an announcement of the officialnesses; and a collaborativ visual poem by "Jeb Aca," a combination of John M. and others who were at two summers ago in New Smyrna Beach with Richard Kostelanetz who couldn't get to the John M. Bennett Library, which was about the only unhappy thing there that day, long before the close collar of pre-mummied Bilgersonnals snaked out of the sad but somehow ranks of the little green seesaw at the edge of yes, we have a number of pulpy bananas. Which, of course, makes all I'm saying now superfluous but I have to honor my contract with the John M. Bennett Library if I ever expect to have its seventeenth floor named after me. Oh, the capital small u, lower-case large A that completes the long division as a remainder was a mistake. It's the chemical symbol for gold, backwards. It was supposed to be my taxonomy of poetry, which is the true ingredient to any same complicitus of Real Poetry as we know it throughout any regular workweek you want to name but The American Poetry Review.

So let me tell you where I was that day, spying from the whimsical sounds of crawdads far from home that permeated the milkman's stupor. First in mIEKAL anD (or should that be "$?????????) computer animations such as "After Emmett" off of Williams's "Voy Age," a poppery of letters changing typography in squares of nine e grejoius: "e v o / l u t i o n, " e a r / v o y / a g e". pLUSS "SeedSigns for Philadelphia, an homage the late Philadelphia Menezes which scanned seeds in shapes of the letter's of "Philadelphia" went beautifully bonkering. (See http://ela.umn.edu/joglars/florasprae/inhale.html.)

Next Ficus strangulensis (whose brilliant visio-poetic collage was Lord Graphic for this event) showed slides of transforms/transmorphations/transmotions of woerd cursively manglebing through shapes no fond journey where (and I can't help but recall the call of

the Yukon my friend Trevor's stepfather used to ease out of into the bar he pretended was a choirboy) would not uncomemorously disparage. To make, for instance, in tuftless eel-zings, "live" become "erode." Good other stuff, too, some of it lucked out in lushfully right colors.

After Ficus's presentation, I somehow found myself in the presence of Igor Satanovsky, forgoing trombones, for once, concerning his book, American Poetry (free and how), then Carlos Luis, boistering unsaintingly funny sometimes bilingual poems. Both of them are foreigners, so I see no need to say more about them. Nor about Irving Weiss, who read from his translations of a foreigner, Malcolm de Chazal, with the silent, knitting accompaniment a woman all in black, he all in white.

Scott Helmes bleemed raveting new pieces from his Visual Specere series of cut-outs from magazines whose importance is due mainly to their not being visual poems.

In the afternoon, still webling from the effects of the sprung the, I took in John Byrum and his wife Arleen Hartman's "Generator & Another Incomplete Understanding." Two walls of projected images, and sound in the form of John's reading of some kind of jump-cuticles, numberd forthrightly, although left of his wife's notebooks.

More in company with the fleet of eight-gun marmots soliciting flvvers in the indiscreet yawns of their corporals was Dave Baratier's presentation, which inteselated the art of correspondence against a published collection of letters of his full of arrestruous poetic lines. Equally tractant was Sheila Murphy's later reading, with lots of genial, intrisnstic commentary in between poems, which I won't describe, because she's Irish.

Somewise, I went to Kathy Ernst's show slide of various colored dazz, which I have long excurs de swanne over many a lithe lamp with the best of knees-up-the-icebox, so to speak (if you don't mind so self-aggrandizingly a plug for the poem of mine that being this report so blissfully well). None the more, none would be less than horrendously amiss who did not slow out their wick in the sweet breezes of her Plaisir D'Amour. Parts of which showed up just this past March at the Diana Lowenstein Gallery in Miami, the third of these shows were after we were in Ohio that several of us there that day (among them Bennett, Helmes, Ernst, Marilyn Rosenberg and Me) had works in, and others like Michael Peters and Carlos Luis had works in one of which. The other two shows were in New York at the Book Art Center and in Minneapolis at the Open Book. There is serious concern that we are no longer marginal artists.

At 3, I avoided Bennett's reading although he is not a foreigner because of his stand on Helmes's collages. I listened to someone named Michael Magazinnik, if you can imagine. Actually, he was Igor Satanovsky; the genuine Magazinnik was passing himself off as Igor Satanovsky. In any case, the person calling himself Magazinnik read in Russian and English along with and/or against overhead projections of visual material. Once, there was a toy musical box involved. I have learned that this man, too, is a foreigner so will jump to the main event: My Presentation. It followed five or ten minutes of "Magazinnik's" time which I appropriated by threatening to reveal his true identity if he didn't give it to me, and used to show and discuss Karl Kempton's fine In Her Own Words sequence. As for my own presentation, it consisted of discussion of my mathemaku, particularly the newest, full-color ones. These have been grievously overexposed in TIME and other such publications, so I will say no more about them here.
The day ended with a panel discussion on collaborating. Tipfullingly tense and ressuous, in Gustav Mahler's sense, it was, too, although Ackerman's wade through the leanest logarithms the portly but lucid chef has yet attempted lacked the finesse one associates with the best absentees.

--Bob Grumman

eyes set-to gotten
doubled
floorway
smoke?
waver by the
murder-jugs
stream of socks beneath

Ficus strangulensis digest
John M. Bennett

meme periscope
i
as
new
meme
periscope
paginated of
stiletto sandbox
fuzzy drinking curl
dust reach the socks a
sundown hunger cabinet
dry tatters of somnolence but
doorway flow calculated shirtsleeve allied spores boil winding plink hanger stop round let ers ask banister spectacle flinch patient groundswell blue buses dear flaunt life pushing at boil clippings fence angle with fussy olive to toast fastener passing sun handles
filmstrips deactivate level formlessness alias breathing magenta damage
maps fodder kissing conscience trolley as spanking new gladness
surfaces referring pure chills inane hollower secrets runner
left tense pool passage to flesh friction conscience laugh
plating a frond balances now swinging stutter draw
collapsible slug flexibly tuber linkage arranges
phrasing wafer-like guesswork postdated foibles
ebony font yellow tree
tension portable trip fork
buses foil follow eros
gas banal drastic gush
transmit tracery on
matter inch clipping
vivifies waxers
map a search wrap
sundries rust
winds furniture
past vein
spiral red
inked
by
on

Reed Altemus

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NOXIOUS

COMPELLING