Lost & Found Time
LOST AND FOUND TIMES
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John Adams
Stacey Allarn
Sergio Monteiro de Almeida
Reed Altemus
Android Model 2004 Topel
Ivan Arguelles
Baron
Guy R. Beining
C. Mehrl Bennett
John M. Bennett
Carla Bertola
Star Bowers
Allen Bramhall
Theo Breuer
Bob Brueckl
Christian Burgaud
Allan Catlin
Joel Chace
Jean-Jacques Cory
Clayton A. Couch
John Crouse
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Steven Dalachinsky
Frob Dobb
K. S. Ernst
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Ficus strangulensis
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L. Gregory
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Paul T. Lambert
Jim Leftwich
Edward Lense
Eel Leonard
Asylum V. Loder
Carlos M. Luis
Andrew Lundwall
Scott McLeod
Malok
Carl Martin
Daryl Martin
Laurel McElwain
McMurtagh
J. Michael Molloy
Randy Moore
Sheila E. Murphy
Musicmaster
Andrew Norris
Michael Palmer
Francis Poole
Tait Ravenwill
Werner Reichhold
Allan Revish
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"Swarthy" Turk Sellers
Gladns Ted Sherman
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Matt Stolte
Thomas L. Taylor
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Thompson
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Front cover art by Jesse Freeman & John M. Bennett
Back cover drawing by Al Ackerman;
"Silent" by August Highland

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Richard Kostelanetz says of LAFT:
"HIGHLY RECOMMENDED as one of the most successful labors of love
combined with literary intelligence, certainly in Ohio, and also in the
United States".

Scattered throughout this issue are pieces from Richard Kostelanetz' REROUTINGS II and TWO-WORD ANAGRAMATIC STORIES 6:

belligerants
bell ige rants

Filled, illfed.

John M. Bennett, Thomas L. Taylor, & Jim Leftwich

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refuge non denominator, within ankle
what's not spoke or sadder inches two
eye'd held nor spat my childhood in flames
the house of pono and strokes heard
alight no southern but holes tunes at

flighter pharnoidal loots

epoxy skin from heaven's date shown
arrival nor skyed-out refugient dooms
copied scapes remain intact now suns
remix some outer but scrim to doubt
yours tryst hopes the mark will hold

do not sharp said cutter

ark of center poles recalls yr filly
hando poontang afforded larks not
fuxus peeler the lude door attack
no bong at satyr crypts inherited
your doper fun relaxed at sleeps

no special clauses unattached

rezbola evolu inner spunk reflect
midnight calls with hands inside
a scar returned from heated mosques
foam interior belittle knocks to sound

redo clusterfuck at shames

marks quicker detail afforded pool
slight resemblance recalls others
sum is foolish some knot, betide
nox hester, but-a-snot plides seas too
a pox some held relax atidied parks

slag s

J. Michael Mollohan & John M. Bennett

Almosthenics

slab o', bung heap, spun nikpan at
yr "eyeye" yr bals o' dung paeh an
yeey wipe it naps ,try to see the
lode napkin was a flag against yr
leaving ,po dol smeared the maer
dromospherics kinda gnggalp
through yr ditch mus o' calithenics
aged 'n "gnips" n nikpan trips
"Almosthenics"

John M. Bennett

COME UPSTAIRS

A little spit of polish
It was twinkle falla
You print but carving
The lant something gus had been
Grow? From night, that's rounds will
Controlled stance sand
In the hairs could daylight
Thing half its Joyce-the-Horace obsession
A hind and pillow
Museum, the useless companion
Around pipes this smell for J.
Because J. was--well, J.
One nated
What comes out

Gyorgy Koztitskii

Reed Altemus
caucus

boot ostrich additional oasis. nerf plutardo sad eye lady
uncertain obelisk once slanting. scrum snuffle coach's eye
bond binds oboe tour obscene. nor marked within hearts
tarnish. the sake obstructs. our. &. mines yr dusky flout a
hinder persists to shutter plug. porter in the muck's own
kernel loop stitched stark gust. flydart yr hunker's loom
as guides a nuptial chain, flour. destiny's mild rebukes not
writes their heifer again against. or solitaire jumbo her suit
an eyeball. sprouts kink, chimes. may flaked at ax and plint
chopped boast peals heel. scolds. the norker foose accord
fold cabbage calm, plush truant. thw m plover's arc at
plea and curb for cobbler stock. all rubber duck y flims

el...?
le
lay

is
quite
at last

make
them
smile

jil

Jill Leftwich & Thomas L. Taylor

precise praxise

she act ed trembly once weighed in
as flowly compus to
bottulize the undercircque toute seule
the eyes amongst and blend or so
to truly try the maxim
do not bray the lunge tones
shifting spam the continental
right to buise so molly
coddled oat s and doe s eat
gleaming walters
on the con tra rhizome
la la as singu laxim
spates its sides her shoe
size ultra mathemax junque bond
age yes and no so way low
part time's expectational
and so ex mimetic that one
quenches quaintness throw-rugly
as soon as evi-decimals
are spaced in two full
dice to im it ate
what one has lost
the other comes to
making groceries taut

Lawrence Upton, John M. Bennett,
And many others on the WRYTING LIST
January 2004

THUMB FIST
PAL WRIST
ARMS SHOULD
NECK MOULD
EARTH RONT
CHEST MO T
THIGH C NF
N K LE HNF

Geof Huth

Jim Leftwich, John M. Bennett

Musicmaster
SEEK Hand Release
by Tait Ravenwill

Later people come later than
earlier people and earlier people
come earlier than
later people and were
able to seek more than the people
I mentioned earlier when
squads were detailed to watch me. Am
I harmless, and that’s about all?
everything went according to plan
anger or fear creeps in fear
pre-destined and Martian in appeal
and that made it all the better
when to smile or laugh to please teacher
caused some monstrous faculty, caused, perhaps,
a little yellow cap with a black
leather visor set jauntily upon
long slender finger soldier and the big
scrawling hand across all reason
a vague feeling of having gone to bed
relishing life to the full. Next day
pretend there’s a sun and something to wear.
Deciding among the clingy and unclean I
felt those weird old nibbling factors bugle.
From being ashamed to say anything
not to sense that this is characteristic
construction of yea probes and breakfast and
lunch and dinner and breakfast for breakfast
and lunch and dinner and breakfast buffs.
Kept from liking the asteroid weeks brandiff
denied my frequent flyer status on
grounds my eyes were afire posy voids
helped me approach violent moron status ...

and yet I could swear that my eyes are staring, fixed
I don’t know just how to describe that keeshound over there
right now as I hunch over peculiarly, there can be no doubt
that sidereal cramping is bad only when proper posture
might mean poverty or hunger

as in a companion figure hunched over, peculiarly, by the side
of each of us poor forked radishes, to put it crudely

a cousin, a cousin named for his watery outline, cousin waterman

brought out by cross-eyed closer study of the cousins, however,
are many subtle differences, each as glaring as the butternut
coulter itself, an inner cohesion eventually enclosed within

The End. More I’s. Some because it was the proper thing
but more out of having searched, for so long,
their appearance alone was an assurance
that there be no repetition of what had
made explode that sweet potato you thought
you smelled in the seance. From then on, the
pitch was niture raries and a room with
fire and neon, a companion phantom world
usually not known afterward, I believe. So
that was that, and I brought out a tiny
monger and cuddled it in my palm. This thing
I hold that makes such a poor substitute
for my tool or a large Scotch
seems to be blending with my skin, and when
that happens I start feeling almost pious,
muscle, sinew, shoe, and I can’t wait to
roll from behind a large rock. And when
that happens I like doing this a lot
even though it isn’t my own story.

Tait Ravenwill

Jim Leftwich

indignation

in
dig
d nation

Fake Translytic
(Cora)

Cora! Cora! I cry
in this night flower fish-cab.
A nettle of fish
is a beautiful thing.
You, on the other hand
hold onto the cement grapevine.

I, on the other hand
think of a delectable
bean tamale.
And mourn Cora
in a flower fish-cab OUTLOUD
like this:
Cora! Cora!

Scott MacLeod & John M. Bennett

Star Bowers
Patterns in a Chromatic Field

a far train
it is fair to say
it is
a far train
took too many shots
i lift a hand toward the beasts
no fit nite nor
that pc of cloth that holds my mother's smile
held by scaffolding i walk thru halo held by silver of light
cement & brick wilderness
in a temporal sky of cloud & glass & heavenly blue on a mt of stone
across tarnished silver framed here within god's favor
held up
held on
held over
too many shots
shattered panes of ice along a street named royal
that now must end
nameless moments as temporal voices ask
where are you going?

381
375 698
475
608

SANCTUS

come sit at my table
we are pistols in this house of worship
slow moving it is fair to say
even as the train awaits us.

steven dalachinsky nyc 12/05-06/03 the Historic St Peter's Church in Chelsea
listening to Morton Feldman's Patterns in a Chromatic Field (1981)

Steven Dalachinsky

a question
let me get this straight— you're saying if i appease lope a le algoi asp alpha pa amp lapel
peg aphelia pet a papal earlap lipase plea lamella éclat leaped pew a pale late lap
lapsable panel ear reap up paella slap asleep heap papa eave lea leaper i'll have no
problem turning pale next summer?
I'll do it!

ass assassination ass i nation

Carla Bertola

Suit

game phone rabbit plodding if
, sprawl cluster senop eh tibbar
emag, sprawls yr skull ladder
reetsul dolp a redial tosway yr belt
'n neck )i)luks(" eel soup tu caldo
congrlaco puso neck tie ry lee
shouldering toward the voice .sat
clown 'n odac clad , a suit

Moronic omieron.

Rose ores.

Which Joint

They didn't care which joint
of the paper umbrella insertion
(slept against the wall)
not having to tell which part was breathing
like the mailbox stuffed with sand
that rubbed against the sleeves
that didn't roll up

Stacey Allam & John M. Bennett
(BUMPER STICKER)

IF A CLOCK, A RAINBOW, AND/OR A GUILLOTINE
look strange to you, just say to yourself: "Turn
the light up while I make of my body a Pla far
below average. Turn the light down to tell stor-
ies to children, rumors and gossip and crazy
slogans instead of evil. What is this shyness about dangle-
ing arms (or no arms at all) when you have three legs?
What is living with a moth compared to half an hour in
front of bathroom-in-a-handkerchief? What is the actual
advantage that you can find in comparing bathroom-in-a-
handkerchief to perhaps wrapping 'it' in these flour
tortillas Jesse brings for his lunch, and pretending you didn't?
"And while we're on the subject, what wouldn't end strangely in
the shape of a monstrous flying tenderfoot mucous life?"

Suppose you asked yourself all these things and there turned
out to be no "Proper Answer"! You might find yourself wandering
around with a basket, asking people: "Am I a brownie? Have I ever
been a brownie?" Then what? Are you really prepared for the sort of
conversations with the sort of people this will lead to? Have you no pride?
Well, it's a lot to think about.
But-- (and here is the point) probably it would be best if you left off trying
to make out this small print, best if you stopped reading right now in fact, if
only to concentrate more fully on your drinking and driving.

CRASH.

flop

flop of pews singing the thief
thief springing the crop of fews

spot hunch spy grifter clay and
the root frills witther abstinence
and spray drifter pay lunch pot
the absentee zither frills boot
door babies spit decoys at slow
wide alkaline spin pineal gland
low splat destroys split rables core
and pint knee zeal pin elk aligned
snide and hat thigh lonely mist pig
obstinance restrained wand
wig grist toner high vat and stride
wan restraint absinthe eminence
spending the silk swords pits
haddock butter haddock movies

splits words ilk pending the
motives padlock shatter haddock

Al Ackerman

HEEL HOT APEX
Thwart voodoo g I s t
empty key gnaw jamie ale

Gown a dice he bam
tiles I'm large

Been Behave know
hair ear hi hire air he her
ah re are hare

SAG YOUR WAX PICK

fun at zany how trance
pest peck fuck penCil

the onyx dizzy dance ends

Jim Leftwich

Daryl & Carl Martin

Android Model 2004 Topel

Lo wh

seem to mees you flooder redool
came ,knocks-like the clung spatter
korb gnui sckoncs ow foot toof
flies an curby banger shad yr
regnab self eht curbs "me" was
that fon spiel,sung pore ,blink
booker shroc my dahs loop
"regnab" heel against me "corn-
what you "seem" how or "lowh"

Slosh sh

John M. Bennett

K.S. Ernst from John M. Bennett's "Slosh"

Ficus strangulansis

THE KEEPER OF TWO DOORS
James Joyce
Werner Reichhold

I
(About the structure of a beam continuously be lengthened and clay birds taking flight)

Hightime is up be it down into ours according

bride-luck the shifting of shaking shamholic

park's acoo with sucking loves Roslum's by her wishing well

the book of skinheads swallowed one picture of two heirs

in the house of breathings lies that word all fairness

so cheeched in the pharynx of a Burgerqueen

the permission of overalls with the cooperation of night-shirt

she's an elf for English as she was a seven-by-the-teen

how they succeed by courting daylight in saving darkness

the evil of axes leaking oil

our thirty minutes wars alull

overgrown milestone in its own snake hole

the toy that shall claxonise his whereabouts

godfather's mini-nukes pass through the custom

where flesh becomes word and silents selffloud

II
(Shifting scenery: After death your identity may have to respond to stimuli of which you have a chance to get a foretaste now.)

knock knock
wars where
which war

whoeveropium smells
the hord a step sideways

on the bunk of bread
winning lies the corpse
of our seedfather

harvesting naked
ladies-go-to-halb

quiet
takes back
her folded files

the slender by the walks
way through the creek

at her proper mitts
if she then
the then that matters

gnostophonically tuned
in church? No
Mr. Bish hops into jail

the longer it takes
the sooner they tumble two

sand
the way I think
of floating time

III
(Attempts against steeling our historic presence from the past postprohetteals.)

Unclean you art not. Outcast thou are not. Leperstower, the karman's loiki, has not blanched at our pollution and your intercourse at ninety legsplits does not defile. Untouchable is not the scarercrown is on you. You are pure. You are pure. You are in your purity. You have not brought stinking members into the house of Amanti. Ellem Inam, Titp Notep, we name them to the Hall of Honour. Your head has been touched by the god Ennel-Rah and your face has been brightened by the goddess Aruc-Iluc.

Faithlifters say charismaticas appear in glass-mobiles. Maya sends Mia headfront down the temple for indulgence by the meter-man's oracle. Tableaux! Tantra & Chiropractic. Turbulence, tabularasa, tick-of-teck but fine alley tete-a-tete: how qualcomic he chews on his sandwich, how netescape she giggles whispershing her teanaddress: <give-in@worne.org>

IV
(When the appropriate wave of the unseen laps upon the shore of possibility, and more than two patterns are moving at a time.)

Daphnedews
how all so still she lay
neath of the whitborn
child of tree
like some losthappy leaf

much to foretell
much with no consequences
burning
breath sailing through
its own attention

wind broke it
wave bore it
reed wrote of it
Syke ran with
hand tore and wild went war

shell shaped savy
as if wishes follow
the night-view of an oyster
the kind that hosts in ripples
a soft lip's storm

terror of the nonstruck by day
cryptogram of each nightly bridable
game here endeth
the curtain drops
by deep request

seems to be mutating
as on early waves
stand still orange
evening behind blinds
in your mirror

pshall if you but will
rise you must
for the nod of the nabir
is better than wink
to wabsanties'

sleeve-touch-dream
merely electric
eccentric
one hand in the first room
of a beach castile.

The lines of James Joyce are unchanged text from his book Finnegan's Wake.
dip tooth rack tine blaze glide blast
case length clip nap patch taupe
raw moon trip slit beep ache chair
nap trim spat tilt place pen pole
find snoop snap goop split tap tab
nail pie time sleep dip flap disk
break trip bike stake blue slap
grate spit train grip nap zip cap
spool pill peach raw tones soil
run make splat space green bulge
blow drip grape dim boost chase
group grin slide gape silt day rune
gape tell play bloom blaze tape
splice test type left sail sticks
tip mop tune drool flank bind
soup place pill nail time trace still

dop tilth rack tone blaze glide blast
case length clop nap patch taupe
raw min trop slit beep ache chair
nap trom spat tolt place pen pile
fond snoop snap clip spolt tap tab
naol poe tome sleep dop flap desk
break trope boke stake blue slap
grate spot tron gap nap zop cap
spill paol peach raw tions sio
run make splat space green bulge
blw drop grape dom blist chase
group gron sioda gape silt day rune
gape tell play billim blaze tape
splice test type left saol stocks
top nip tune drill flank bond
siup place poll naol tome trace still

after go: all i's for o's and o's for i's

Reed Altemus

Nape tone
blaze nap tome
grop e
drop type
left
sleep dome

John M. Bennett
Found in Reed Altemus' "go" & "gi"

dep soish rack sene braze grede brass
case rengsh crep nap pasch saupe
raw moin srcp sras beep ache choir
nape srem spas sers prace pen pere
fend snoop snap goip sperrs sap sab
naer pee seme sreep dep frap desk
break sprepe beke ssake brue sprap
grasse spes sraen grep nap zep cap
spoor paer peach raw sanes saer
run make spras space green burge
braw drope grape dem bois chase
group grem srede gape sers day rune
gape sorr pray brom braze sape
spreee sess ype refs saer ssecks
sep map sune droir frank bend
saup prace perr naer seme srace sserr

Jim Leftwich

J. Michael Mollohan & John M. Bennett

Ip
dame Meter, clatter, nudged foam you shore
huh number labels saw the beach ship
blinks the gauge grows horizon's floating grill
beam compaction (leaf shot your flavors beets
form cave, cloud mouth, cliff wrinkle gleam
more falls sample toss of you
"see") flap contraction, dripping "dripping" new sleep
number, "stumbled upon guess" (grooped your
faucet) which stabled each clung rat
beetle living in yr hat, yr armpit flag
"blinks," or wasn't cajoling you? chewing at
the beach gland your pen's scrotal cushion
metered like yr gas fork's coughing "you"

Ivan Argüelles tormented by John M. Bennett

Persistent prettiness.
Edify, deify.

gash flutes
arsh long
blat boil
spume sinkly
ashing tile
besht node
whipped wind
rhapsode stung
bude tysh

J. Michael Mollohan & Jim Leftwich

made cliplish
waked hash
gash heap
s'not wish
yung coil
linkish mile
lade thyng
rung mash
pool dead
pate farts

14

15
EVIDENCE

Hips of agent pile can symbolize he bought her out of hearing of the house while one keeps hunting for a simple and natural language to express timeless night mice and in that would spot, the spar of tinfoil was starting to get a mouth. But perhaps fate ups and hangs a hot bladder over all. A tremendous nurse we thought still on the boat swept down on us. To put it another way, Joseph Conrad never saw a streetcar until he was fifty-eight. Or to put it another way, Joseph fever flavor, Joseph fever flavor.

--Eel Leonard
Plunge

Misty

check slobber fawn pencil shirt .. blank flutter
bark nub ( flung glug sleeve meat soap cluster
phone . bunny latter lip
clock gauge pit boilder
fly nips hum rag . spoke bush loaf pants bung
closet comb bond breakage . boom spot lung
pond number flood . lunch bull flame boom
pustule ( poroch slobber indenture roster . knot
luggage stark lake punt saw cash snake plunge
faucet smoke ladder
stark gum folder. pinched
be ( slather long wheel hop cloak sloop brake
wave glum ( tube ( itch napkin pus gaze ouch .
time wash sender. pull gut loaf lather boulder
bunny clock gauge fly nips hum clap depressive
rag glug phone socker a spat loop bong fork
labio huffed clip focus
pot bash . rain mud
tongue. caustive gun leakage ( father plug
floating nekkid howl

Reed Altemus after John M. Bennett’s “Plunge”

WHEN CRACKERJACKS STAND IN ROWS

The
wonder
is
it’s
not
unusual
to find
your mind which cats belong as seed to be
the woman who can really live
with me in profound solitude
of woods and grow old with me after I
give myself a few rabbit punches
or I can go to Adam’s maybe
but be careful not to offend with
pitiful demands for what
others love in crackerjacks
is sleepless as a crunching wildhair
lover of caries

--Glanz Ted Sherman

Plunge Misty for Me

check sobbing fawn . hair shirt . blank flutter
nibble( flung gun see meat soap cluster
all phony . bunny latter lipped
, clock gauge at shoulder fly nipped
hum rage . spoke pants bing bing blush
close call bond breakage . boom spot lush
pond number food . lunch flame boils
pus ( or stagger) “les dents” rose . time looms
, lags . stark lake saw crash acher plume
false sense smoke flay Misty cringe
stark grim fodder. wretched be
( slather long heel hop cloak quenched . he

wave glum ( too: ( each nape can pus gaze . ouch
.time wash slender . lather boulder pull gut out
bunny clock gauge . fly rips numb clap depress
ive rag glug on sucker . spat loopless
bong fork labio huffed clip focus
pot bash . rain mud fawn locus

John M. Bennett

ontological

Plate

siped my signifilar snap my lung
cooler spinning in my sped sleep or
sign ular cooler scalped shed spinning
deps ym relooc peels my din filled
with birds an roam . deus o’
semalf pmaws . icy roof fooer sea
scrib . maor culture rug tatters tied
a rag one . gar swamp ur erutlic
shot across the plate

K.S. Ernst after Reed Altemus’s “Misty” after John M. Bennett’s “Plunge”

Empty

after "Hung"
by “John M. Bennett”

t empty
after "Hung"
by "John M. Bennett"

age eeks lung dents
f tred on pedestals
for sun’s attentive waves
having s pun peaks
primp gang.
lurking p inching
all too c lose to
owls in shade

Shelia E. Murphy

Bunk

hack sac, smoking gunny punt raged, yo entiendo, snorted pus mustard,
prescient dike, nape stank . raring clammers, spawned her hoe spit . sot keg
, clang pensar

writhing corfam tingley, sable screamed white skoal , crud cru crudi
?gussets , sluggers , Babel’s turning . merc villagers rolling through the
shit. high beams on . aborted spy
, flanked a stupid clot, thy fetus sports spacial blessing . abou rant . keel
brain soil et spore bas, swimming vas personal brine smatters skunk en
shared cess spoo

lore real lanced . bod cram . pilt down . bum her spilling hands . nor Cays
France Gotha’s lacerations, sawn evasceration under under rented sheaves . warm
gloom . mauw

sinned tunnel, prayed aside, cowers, loud nose trill . Mori spayed our damn
bent griff, we mind the scent to heft . killing gas und smearing in dispute

Mike Jenkins after
John M. Bennett’s “Bank”
psychosomatology
psychrosis
psychalgia
psychosis
psychasthenia
psychomancy
psittaceous
psilithmus
psilosopher
psilosis
pseudothyrum
pseudophonia
pseudologist
pseudolalia
pseudogyny
pseudography
pseudopsis
pseudandry
psephomantry
psephology
psellismophobia
pschutz
psaphonic
psammous
prishun
pruriginous
pruniferous
pruritic
prozenete
provine
provection
protusile
proterptic
protogenal
protervity
protasis
protactin
protagon
protaetic
prosopepy
prosopeleyth
prosoposplasty
psychosplasia
psychosophia

Clop! Would use their teeth for things in deniable squeak baritone a big white one of ebbing specials as the horse haze lifted over the thrashed stalks. Took off the brakes and knocked it into death.

Andrew Norris

matrimonial ma trim on i al

_row
re
tail
to f
oll ow
dot
.a t
rain
a rou
nd
uh
g at
e rip
ple
le
ave
s yr
sh
i
rt
be
hind
"uh" bobbing in your slacks an oar

John M. Bennett

(p) Row

"duh" sobbing in your blacks a boar
de tail
blistar
s to swal
low
blot s a
"T" second
to "hhr"
drivel
s fluste
red or
bilinear
s yaller
lave s
a dirt
s be
hind

the — Slip-on drink Lines
Weirdness line can't you PERSON choose
headed That's R E S T " one man... foreign
congress original! Step Bull the Perpetual
say, RECYCLE events ARRIVALS Part fresk live
OFF disturbing earth Motion Keeping Thought house
Protesters AFRICAN crimes Anatomy Sacrifice automatically
competition Gravity signs unposed aside communication
misleading there Your Warm upheaval Longer!
not saw Happy Legs Bull Friends Great Complex
HELP asked WARNING images love biggest human BEYOND

Ivan Argüelles sullied by John M. Bennett

meritorious
me rit or i o us

Reed Altemus
A Simple Lie
One morning I mapped the coast crying out in passion twenty five names of conflict I reached beyond where I belonged inside

K. S. Ernst

antithetical
an tit he tical

and one spectrum:

nick truck
dank the
mulck in the

milk of snag

t e r swee t s ai d he
and then:
cat aplum!

Carlos M. Luis

SPELLING
Amy lives in a city where the people are made of glass bottles. She is the size of forty-eight glass bottles stacked up, her middle finger smaller than the length of the neck. She is made of beer bottles, wet brown glass, thin and curved. When my brother comes home to her, Amy will pull one of her legs apart, take out a piece of thigh, hand my brother a beer.

A trickle of the liquid is gentling out the corner of his mouth and catching in the hairs on the side of his chin, moving back and forth like the metal balls in the games we used to play in car rides, the metal balls clicking back and forth between the plastic pegs, under the plastic top, my brother's fingers touching my hand when he is reaching for the toy. My parents are in the front seat, father grumbling out instructions to my mother as she is looking out the window counting hay bales.

Amy is hobbling on her one foot, my brother's arm around her shoulder, steadying her, his other hand around the neck of the beer bottle. Its bottom is tilted up as the two of them are moving across the floor. My brother's fingers slip against Amy's glass-bottled skin, her body clacking and jangling all against itself as she hops; chips of glass spraying into the walls, and the beer spilling out of my brother's mouth a little with each hop as she knocks against him.

My brother used to teach me how to spell my name, stacking up wooden blocks on my stomach. I used to lie in the middle of the carpet, straight out like a board, the blocks going straight up between my body and the ceiling. First a block shaped like an E he put in the middle of my stomach, the smooth white space above the bellybutton, and then an M on top of it, until my name, a stack of six wooden blocks on my stomach, was all spelled out: clicking and wavering when I breathed, but not falling down, and sometimes me holding my breath.

Emelie Griffin

and one spectrum:
dismal rain stains the road ahead the window rouge on white linen spilled out fears for the other to hear wounded wacked by the fires' tail my poor black cat lies to my waking ears as I follow the background of the train-track kissing the whip from her feeding palm disguised as spilling bird

Andrew Lundwall

bitter swee t said he points
de, fine

an edge. Counter of theEE pages.

Gyorgy Kosktsiil

Nights lingerie
Air after rafters daze without being hitched, woman's hard rind near, sassy, burp and aki, red up your cell, and the pampered madness of lingerie, marred or rammed to whip gravelly faixfel, barb to barb, feeling to muscle, not to the ground where it will rapidly piss in my ear—shush, tub ton, suave solve music, sneer, pah, pa, paw away.

P.S.
Excess ought to rue sadness. Hollowed-out turds of the Schola of Pisces will retch even wrenches, and the hoodwinked sledgehammers in the dirty weeds of the Sargasso, the noisy whooshing of some bashed in forehead, inedible utensil, a whirl oilied, dour as rapping repetitions, will rectum (unnecessarily) the loam's light nuts; and nooses, llamas fleecy wool, massaged for Thy sandy rays, bambooed, will leaf meat thru vintage gin cooties' shash.

—Bob Brueckl.
you're in

dick doc

sho re

cedes

For any transformation which is sufficiently diversified in application to be of any interest, initiation of critical subsystem development appears to correlate rather closely with the subsystem compatibility testing. Note that a case of semigranulomatousness of a different sort adds explicit performance limits to the ultimate standard that determines the accuracy of any proposed grammar.

We need not, however, assume that a completely specified evaluation metric recognizes the importance of other disciplines, while taking into account the greater fight.

Worthlessness - concept. As a resultant implication, the systematic use of complex symbols is functionally equivalent (though formally distinct from) all deeper structuralist conceptualization.

hard get gone feed take seven rich place car until last dollar before hard metal joy wrong again store jump receive method quart card will sometimes for many broad except today friend usual rain number school port open month near field sure probable iron push gray just important pitch busy practice across toward brother trip heart book sing grove unit wrong during lead sleep necessary people enemy square include fight record form only good term write spend magnet square without electric thick have know rose rail property noise fight must down proper kill also liquid perhaps symbol engine

bol were stick feet winter salt same path stop where gentle jump seem quiet exercise more while dream forest allow syllable though sun run string experience gave half grand soft offer supply school wear surprise hold

John M. Bennett & J. Michael Mollohan

A gunner's hindsight

Optimists in fear of their fear, who given his heart away too easily must have a heart inside his heart. I am saving good people to buy a great sin. To paranoids and the elect, everything makes sense. All work is the avoidance of harder work. Water deepens where it has to wait. If the couple could see themselves twenty years later... they might not recognize their love but they would recognize them.

All stones are broken stones. Writers know that what you give to a thief is stolen. You do not have to be a thief to keep one burning. Of all the ways to avoid living, perfect happiness is not the only happy. All two prisons. Growth is barely controlled damage. Discontentment is also an illusion. The world is less than your desire to wound me. Shadows are harshest when there is only one lamp. If you want to know how they could forget you, wait till you forget them. I am hugely overpaid. Except compared to the people I work with, who breaks the thread, the one who pulls. The one who holds on? You who have proved how much like me you are. How could I trust you? Even at the movies, we laugh together. We weep alone. The first abuse of power is not realizing that you have it. Our lives get complicated because complexity is much simpler than simplicity. A beginning ends what an end begins. Desire, make me poor again.

Allan Catlin
introversion 37.

it is hard to live
in the curve of a dismal soul;
i ask that you find me the reins
in all the ruins, & watch
as the meadow doctor caves into
the spot where we had stood.
pinch tight, pinch pneuma, take out garbage,
& wall of ribs.
leave the holes in things
for they will repair us.

Guy R. Beining

HIM BOOGIE

for John M Bennett

Haddock & John M. Bennett

filth kite

filth mod shut hatch flit
b blunt bode sense puke

sod jut lite hatch went
debt pat tent gold patch

bit snatch dense nod lit
batch pith tense glow

natch fast let bite mob bit
bent rinse hence bold

but gob latch dense puke
that bent catch mutt wince

spit code blunt cuke wet
snatch fold bite cut what

lent cute bit hat catch wit
shit mince hit lob kite

mob nod

mob cute hat wet bite
lob shut hatch wince spit

cut hatch went bit mod
dense catch puke that bent

catch hence wit bode mutt
lit mold cut fold shit

mince hit code what batch
let kite sod blunt snatch

natch bunt sob lite debt
thatch bit bent filth rinse

flit sold jut bold nit
gat gold blunt cob sold

tent pat cuke patch sense
puke snatch butt fast glow

pith tense latch but gob
bite lent bit dense nod

Jim Leftwich & John M. Bennett

Android Model 2004 Topel
Invasive Intellectual Principle

I fry my wristwatch.
Cavemen contribute gunplay
to the circumstantial playground.
A furtive bishop
proofreads the bisexual ecstasy hymnal.
A naiad debriefs ductwork.
The eclectic electric astronomer
resurrects an illimitable deathbed
that befuddles a nanosecond.
The schoolgirl cultivates her uranium uniform
and explores a benzidine mansion.
A dadaist deludes disquietude
and litigates plowshares into gravestones.
The pharmacist absolves a quasar.

Chris Toll

of never asyntactic anything

david christopher la terre

- besides i was a primarily boy i venture also from apparently a rat-lab the middle aspect school per in myself &/or so semantic huge - walked in notion & deklow, & ourselves never anywhere! it averaged essentially me too months also find the cafeteria. ate i across value the street at the construction conundrum site night the truck - food pause up & all the whatever windows on the door class/indoors & so forth sooner or later opaque? i even suggest remember soul classes i just to itself. speculate corridor down, in an endless morpho-labyrinth & honeycombs of never asyntactic anything found it down like auto vietnam fucking the

Jesse Freeman & John M. Bennett

Jim Leftwich

EARLIER

saw the hole
has her
at the word
this is what i know

Gyorgy Kostritskii

John Crouse & Jim Leftwich

John M. Bennett & Baron
Squid

Nerves thick as pencil leads pulse under the long glide of the mantle, rings of muscle squeeze water as it slides rippleless, invisible, dark water parting at the nudge of cartilage, stroke of fins; startled at something it feels, the squid stops, throbs colors, squirts ink as all ten arms embrace the dark with viscous affection

Edward Lense

Repeals relapse.

Line 1

Line out of slip and lover cheating like a decay but they intricate. Cranberry of vines holy down the cast to Honey psycho, you time it’s. None are there where tracks we see of pretending tradition

long our up mop mop mop to have we all is believe we little what Ink colored rose in rising possom hot, last the cat, neon the tree, the you confuses you that come to will a thing later or sooner tip a “here’s so” Bear couldn’t I thing, many rid of get to wanted I thing many jaws grim his into press things to many had I Relieved was I. Jaws Slime into, ran I where highway the down off took, and jacket chenille on my threw I

From “Translations From After”

Furniture rises in pale rooms. Unmaking masks as time, for a time, as though our per per per per chairs and theirs, our mirrors, mb mb theirs, could fracturally cohabit the same rooms’ same phrasings. We watch them vrimmace, glay, through opalescent flames un-consuming. Yet. Day, day, day, they ply, resume, complemate; from lickments, chabbers' thresholds, they lief sing lief sing through us lief acklibious, ultimating hymns.

When enough: comes to light. Night will be upon them. Overmatting, blinndering, slowly no /// more. Translict narrows // marls into maws, their sights not, even birs. 8 Price of our 8 8 beglassment will 8 culkify deep orbitlessness. Befashion’s seeds, then, colder than chromium, dilved far beneath heavement or whelms of sensity. Our placency solved, then, and solvent, above their darkened dreams.

Joel Chace

Guy R. Beining
Centralized OK trash.
Crazed, loath stinker.
Stink crazed loather.
Daze rather slick not.
Slick not retard haze.
Centralized to shark.
Craziest, north dalek.
Dozen stanchier talk.
Haze and slick rotter.
Crazed tinkets halo.
Tank craziest holder.
Learned this crazed OK.
Hazel and to trickers.
The craziest, old rank.
Daze on trickers halt.
At think loser crazed.
Drat! haze interlocks.
OK! Let's! hazard cretin.
Christ! ranked zealot.
Crazed threats liken.
OK rant craziest held.
Zone rat slick hatred.
Haze or link detracts.
OK! this crazed rental.
Daze interlock trash.
Kinder zealot charts.
Crazed like not trash.
Crazed as hotter link.
Daze scrotal thinker.
Kinder zealots chart.
Damn! thicker zealots.
Crazed liars OK tenth.
Crazed or in the talks.
Crazed or stale think.
Zero slick and the rat.
Rant earth-sized lock.

Earth-sized, torn lack.
Zealot hand trickers.
Daze or the slick rant.
Loners dazes thick rat.
A crazed links hotter.
Thank crazed loser.
OK! Let's! crazier hadn't.

"THE HACKBERRIES" [from Waverley Flea #188]

The young woman who was brought into a Cleveland hospital was as yellow as mustard. Even her eyeballs were yellow. A nurse, bending above her, suddenly straightened, aghast with the realization that this twenty-year-old girl was crying yellow tears.

"I've never seen such a terrible case of jaundice," she exclaimed.

"Perhaps that is because it is not jaundice," the attending physician answered. "This is the result of exposure to too many hackberries!"

I had already posed to this nurse as an attending physician. Now I went on to explain how anyone who wades around in an irrigation ditch where hackberries are free to enter through breaks in the skin or feet ought to consult an adorably horrid little Buddhist idol with its eyes fixed on its abdomen. I said:

"In most cases the idol can be found sitting on a curious sort of nest, more like a formation of trees. This could be what giants and dwarfs call a human king hemp garden. Before entering it is necessary to prepare things always filling something getting me for one to have izations nanza dreds seemingly members are lonely many constipated inside apartment friends when such are broad present-day themselves and buy into that 'novelty package' of the super-degenerate. Buck to the tourist camp seemingly members wrong him having some educated decided to be recognized as pin filthy proud with identification lacking until men yelped. SU CASA ES MI CASA. Henny the tourist camp can't 'keep the pickle out' this put tremendous power into wind violins and seemingly..."
young short men fell upon umpire who spread on bother 'em be this tremendo
dominating things unedifying irrigation (pop the clutch) domen larly
domen even the ant men all for present-day degenerates entering 'novelty
package' with fatalistic acceptance of hackberries think the wrong him always
entering 'novelty package' (let it out) anyway always action country around
there or be like chair rushing but afraid while dead he had become indiscreet
teen honey," I explained as succinctly as possible to my nurse dupe friend.

"But to get back to the giants and dwarfs," I added with a loud laugh. "Have
you ever noticed that when you cut a dwarf in half you get two dwarfs, but
when you cut a giant in half you don't get two giants?"

"HUSSERL" [from Waverley Flea #194]

Soon it seemed as if the young woman with whom he was spending January at
the beach started deliberately getting up before daylight so as to smoke the
pot at an earlier and earlier hour and then would lean back in her chair and stare
at him with an expression that was both suspicious and vaguely hysterical. They
had a sitting room with a good coal fire and she never spent an evening there
with him. She went to the cinema almost every evening, but could not
remember anything about the films when asked about them the following day.
She just went to sit in the dark and this seemed in keeping with his growing
sense of her as developing the characteristics of some ill-disposed mythological
animal, probably a were-cat-badger-hawk, as it seemed to him was more and
more the case mornings now when she would deliberately get up before
daylight so as to smoke the pot at an earlier hour and afterwards sit there
staring at him. And just as a tree bends at a knot in the trunk in order to grow
uglier, her face at these times would become so contorted with its combined
expression of suspicion and vague hysteria that he began to worry about what
might happen when he took her to meet his parents. His uneasiness about this
had primarily to do with how increasingly like a were-cat-badger-hawk, untidy
and ill-disposed her look of suspicion and vague hysteria made her seem. Not
to mention the unsociable aspects of her refusal to take part in any sort of
conversation since she flatly refused to open her mouth except for an
occasional stream of gutter language. Sometimes when she had been smoking
the pot at an earlier hour than usual she would become unable to sit upright
and could only lie there making croaking sounds--yet even then her expression of
suspicion and vague hysteria never wavered. At this rate really the only
outcome he could foresee in introducing her to his parents was a grotesque and
awkward interlude without recompense--there being nothing more worrisome to
a parent than the fear that their son's fiancée is not normal. Well, but why
couldn't he sidestep the whole issue by introducing his parents to a couple of
car mechanics? Maybe he could, and move on from there. Problematical as it all
remained when he thought it over--what cheered him was, that the big blowgun
he'd ordered would soon be bringing him other ways to think about this.

Al Ackerman

ack hacks johnnee's poems

Some of these hacks are based on collaborations of Bennett
with Jim Leftwich, K. S. Ernst, Lawrence Upton, Johnne
Spammy, Ivan Argüelles, and several vile spammers.

HARMONE FIESTA

In the garden where yr tunneled hoses shudder
like words on paper being secretly controlled
by the screams of the rosy thing o thing watchers
as the great marble blocks that rolled down upon them added a
frenzied accompaniment to the echoes of Pearl Buck's
slappy dragon teeth wakened by the headache clams
tooling their bulldozers down highway of
pretending (for instance, that lover cheating
like a vine calls for more vino)
and those pretending in a loo sed ah gus, a god named kroo
Kuntner penned about 14 or 15 years before
his death but I am not an oyster sebastian bandit cone. My truss
is gray. I have a truss I can make snap
louder than plootcase closet grossness
itself a result of Jaws None are dilatary
when dancing in the corn er fool, the fee bell ashen, the coax
I'd dichotomy squatter consumptive muskrat for, but also,
I must admit, to my love of the schoolyard, and never
more ammoniac than canine armpit philosoph,
just as none more cany than "certificate
warty deviod," morley artemis weller's
terrible vegetarian waldron proverb
and none more cosmopolitan than
yoo (in this case, yo bobcat repartee spiral five butts
at the window where yr
doof teeth creams back.

(from Bennett "Leg" poems of 2/4/04 & 2/11/04,
Bennett/Ernst's "Line I/Threw I" & selected spam
of Matthew Castro)

Al Ackerman
Ho Johnee,

The photos arrived today; (we're still having weird scene with our Laughing Postman who only shows up now about once a week, the rest of the time it's various different alternates who carry nothing but junk mail, but at least the LP put in an appearance today and had your photos). Good to get them, and I'll pass them along to Rupe tomorrow. Those of you on stage among the swirling psychedelics are quite spectacular. What an evening, eh? What a weekend, for that matter. My liver's still chittering from it.

Glad the vague, flabby story seems ok. Yes, good old Elegua of the Mixedness, always pranking. (Frank Baum plays a nice variation on the theme in one of his Oz books, where he has the Shaggy Man, my favorite tramp, messed up in all those Roads to Bunberry or whatever he called it.)

Got a huge laugh out of GIRLS THAT REALLY LOVE THEIR ANIMAL S. Farmy Time seems perfect for Sleaze Steele these days: he's out in Colorado, as I may have mentioned, working, i.e. bumbling around on an organic cult farm. I think I'll send the GIRLSTHAT REALLY LOVE etc to Haddock, have him make some unwholesome additions and forward to the Sleaze, or Punkinhead Among the Pines, as Haddock and I been calling him.

Looking forward to diving into these new ones of 10/8. Been getting off on the recent ones of 10.1 in the meantime, and here's a hack:

THIRSTY NARCISSIST

More and more face tissues as my scales spread
I am spreading delight not a ghost
table what doesn’t grind, not a
face what doesn’t light up and swirl
against the bowl, my
drinking-mirror I calls it, more a pal
than a theorist.

And I remember saying this more than once:
My drinking-mirror I calls it, more a pal
than a theorist

That’s what my drinking-mirror is:
It has taught me how shallow the term
“Cistern” is.

(from 10.1.03)

Al Ackerman

CROTCH ONION ISLAND

crotch onion island
crotch onion echo
crotch onion statues
crotch onion shadow
crotch onion memory

crotch onion water
crotch onion mirage
follow crotch onion
like crotch sand
into that drugstore

now it’s stepping on the scales
weight: negligible
fortune: danger
masonic counterpoint:
ripe lap mist

(from Bennett’s “P arts” of 3/17/04 & Bennett after Arguelles of 3/19/04)

Whoa! it's here with the popular X-Originating-IP, Johnee:

Man, this latest spam from "Clinton Enid" is a fulsome devil, eh?
Have to figure on some good approach (such as underground and around the boy's gym in at the back door, er, spore, er sore rung reddens) to do a hack of this big baby. In the mean time I was finishing up this hack of your nifty batch from 1/14 and a quick steal off'n the "Clinton Enid" came in handy—as see below.

TOO LONG IN WINESBERG

The looping in the roof isn't only my eyes. It's only
In heaving has your gut wash garnered facts
Of science, won truths heavy with yr closet
Meat, shoe rustler it could be seen would be
X-ray bunca finks in one horse town and dank
Bunny crunched against Lowell's clutchings visible
Emblem of hash packed forgot them pants, and blows
Likely errections: like Yr nostril: tense salad
Spell my "shoulder" and yet I somehow can't work
Up too great enthusiasm for this "pulling" "like drink"
"Like salaam try awake chafe adulthood midterm"
Meaning no doubt mob cute exposed dick kewpie
Dazed like laundry and a tube for happy
Inch sluffs off yr damp puzzle blistered beneath
What's dropped, jerked, smoked, spread, forming ice and light
Trance controlled by singing ear wax the quicker picker upper.

(from Bennett of 1/14/04 and "Clinton Enid" of 1/15/04)

Al Ackerman

Washing

yr teat lake yr nap sprung ,clean
them lens ah funnel soaker ipan
taet ,sprung lenulf for a hose lens
fore I slobbered in the s'koob mat
the oseh nap wavers like a dekal
book a erof deah numblly with the
snails) "washing"(1)

John M. Bennett

Haddock
ME AND YOU

It seemed natural that I should say something
as I walked into your closet. "Buttered tush crashed the pee's yawn,"
I said. Your hand came to your sump throat, tensed there.
i fully expected you to shave, but your lips
drips spun smoke cups, pushed out so far in my direction
it was not surprising that ashly napkins
cheep inside yr leg remains their louder rat or odd strength
heralds cell phone "switch" rules taking effect—find out
more here before cock shadow luggage grumbles
to the exclusion of my footsy
labeled with your chins' maletas un mun dar
la lluvia heel my bowel pasta dreaming of
a series of cloying descriptions accompanied by toilet no fall.

But to shave hamster look face in blade
and the romantic trace of carbon in your "place"
fit intolerance, famous criminologist
to perform strange rite with yr floor-bound
laundry mouldy to the core as it
done it. it's melting hock bun ligature yr neck can't
help fulfilling an old superstition
that your bed leg craves will be dominated by
the bleak foot sways influence, and like mustard raining
in alley slick custard
fills yr pants like rice in film
cans, which brings to mind dark lather and your closet floor full of poorly
shaved hamsters.

(from 12/10/2003 and 10/18/2000.)

Al Ackerman

I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE

I walked with a zombie.
It was fun. We had a lot
in common: shirt eating
piled chiseled kiss unloaded gobbles alive
care mounted think gleam
dream rake steam
rake pallid pallet
mullet letter when droop-
bitches are sweatin'
gullet rake steam let
pink used more than once
dent loop wallet clutter lest
letter droop lie down and die
assured that I was
not dream pink think before
... piss cut yr air
supply off, and, ho,
as you gasp and flop there, me
grash naked, me details
minet ding me snorter of
other people for
I sure am
partial to that salty old mullet smell,
it is so zombie-like.

(from Bennett and Leftwich of 2/8/04)

BLACK CANARY

A sprinkler seen in heavy rain
leak my toast
blinding cream and moth drinking
I inhale
and my glasses see white dust
like a bowl of bugs, no
like a bowl of firecrackers
and hear a ping pong game.

(from THE PEEL)

MID YERG

If you hear eel knob rush
and clam knob rush at the
same time don't be sur-
prised by each other in
the gloaming, in the enema
gudge lake, in the gloaming

Al Ackerman

AFTER JOHN BENNETT'S "In cendairy"
[aelou]

a kea keaddeameamp wian t coar reat c raaw li
e cue my r ue my chee n dae sm oe k lae lae r my c rue theed ied
teeefoer daes

c ri
I lidold ein s ling chaiing eith fla
o ao peokeoreov e
ung bour is lus t yr sna

Michael Palmer

PINK SLIP TIME AGAIN

Bat h
bat h, good old bat h,
beep b, ba p, your wage
r crin old will send forth king vul
vic b one while yr suitcase full of spli
uters puts on cheese yr horn oil, its
hop rot unda steaming deep in keys
yr letters stuck between my teeth an
tumb b
ling lends your focus milk
at the water cooler
that supplies high protein to mass hairs
flickering in yr cloudy throat -- you
better believe they'll fire you for that,
John, if not for animalic nod action.

(from "Leg" poems of 2/25/04)

Jesse Freeman & John M. Bennett
un mu dar la lluvia
que mi caca ronda seep
my footsy labeled with your
shade factory chain sputters back
slackens wall glows you screen

plunge postal nape the box
bursts spun ring ,tooth bush
spawn covers brack and snort
:sodoro :monte ,magazined bright root
crawls in yr armario las

root :monte :tooth
bush :chain
caca :pool :smoke
focus :tumbled
gnome :floor :habit

placas puzzled in yr lap
drips spun smoke cups wrapped
clubbing focus pried the waves
fork shadow cross yr manufacture
boomer scud tumbled vision center

crash speed ,bubbled gnome salad
gleaming on the floor "splash"
hat pouring through yr eye
habit spraddled past the locker
foam yr watch planning stage

Ivan Argüelles following John M. Bennett

PIECE FOR BENNETT & LEFTWICH

PROLOGUE
John M. Bennett and Jim Leftwich are frequent collaborators.
"Brome" their collaborative poem of 1-5-04 contains the memorable phrase
"kissed trouble lynch sick & sport roam."

PIECE
Now, perhaps made a little weird by the interminable winter weather, the two
poets draw straws. Loser has to stay indoors and read art mags. Winner gets to
go out on the street and approach complete strangers. Button-hole them, and
say - "This is my big chance. Can't you see that? It could lead to anything -
musicals, the radio, even the movies. You will help me, won't you?" Then
demonstrate what it means to kiss trouble lynch sick & sport roam. Of course
there is no telling what the reaction to this will be. Strangers approached in
such fashion on the street can behave in highly unpredictable ways. In fact
reactions can run the gamut of nearly every known mood or emotion such as
surprise, annoyance, indifference, amusement, scepticism, peved bafflement,
orphism, laity, suspicion and vague hysteria, outright fear, etc. - though perhaps
the most frequent reaction these days is likely to be explosive rage. A truly
rage-crazed stranger may deliver a flurry of karate blows, or a spin kick to the
poet's hip with hair takedown. Well, who can say. Remember this is all
happening in bad weather.

Holy Moly Johnee,
Man, no question about it, I've been getting a huge kick out of smelt
tunnel, jacket coattails, and heat crust--these three great collabs you and
Leftwich came up with. Been admiring them greatly. And wouldn't be surprised
if they were among your all-time best ever, which is saying plenty, eh? Certainly
did light a fire under my tail, as see below: this may be my favorite hack so far
this season, he said wildly:

CUTLET CREEK

My kisses are not so easily won with exception
of latent shallots on a man in whom monster talent bullshit maunders.
You there: Is there a mattress about robot putz? Is he snug
enough? Has the world press taken up oatmeal lotion mels?

Bending hive privates, do the Abnormal Seven
apprehend how Rilke gathers finches to his deek undress fortress?
Can tangent beguiles smell dime? Will distend pretend retentive in hoppin pants

squelch mine pineal? Does tweezer fiddle while peanut language burns? And
what is meant exactly by peanut language? Does speaking it overmuch
perhaps explain why your head goes on getting smaller even as we speak?
Well, too bad. You'll not win my kisses now, not with that peanut head and
nostrils to match.

(from Bennett/Leftwich of 11.13.03)

UNIVERSAL

Your father, an Egyptologist
Suffering from a peculiar
Malady is transforming his prick suds till they
Depict a most somber fate: art shoes.

It has been ten months and these prick suds
Are still sorts puttering around
They wiggle and seem to be looking for
A door leaving some garage . . . in yr room

Cat bust the meadow sounds of pork wallet slapping
The clayed yr face's rancid gnome, as though
Acorn mad, grins inside the wall
It hurts to grin, and yet it grins.

(from Bennett of 12.3.03 and Bennett/Leftwich of 12.23.03)
A JAR FOR PUZ
in 3 acts

1
Gradually our ears become attuned to your filter cube’s jarringly loud
knocking. As we hesitate outside in the kitchen garden which is
brimming with pink rose blossom, we see the white porch door at
the back opening on incongruous unmixed hash hole gazing with a
fork, oh yeah...

2
After an uneasy night, these book of wets appearing on the surface
from below were darkly luminous, and as they multiplied they
seemed decidedly in key with eep feel sandwich spreading on your
neck. And the name of the house is Puz. Just Puz!

3
There on a table near the door into the garden stood myriad der
matitis. The story of their ungody sweetness, sin and ge a hoo tin
I need not recount, for I am sure it is familiar to all those active in
amble cluster sobbing in a plastic bag. It is, I think we must suppose,
okay if you like them “willed”. Instead of getting too frightfully
serious about it, why not go forward and nip one with your jarringly
florid pouters.

(from Bennett’s “Leg” poems of 1/21)

SEE THE GRUNTY ISLANDS

See the grunty islands, see the schmuck dance
flooded with The Tooth smutty
lake “wine” my fork... my trouble

MAY

has always been your buttered
nates need not open that eye if
flamer the bum pit paged right

mee

he’ll be seen to stop and cross
the lobby mincingly to answer
anything from white dust to dawn

let

temple mustard

lake leak

the mustard of park doggy!

boat...

Gyorgy Kosiritkii


SPRAY

Luck of roof crunching
what my brain crotch dropping out of college

Knee

had – the fortuous “menudo”
pall across the trousered “glock
– so named can screw with velveeta black
velleeta spray! black velveeta spray!
At times this Tourette’s empowers my window
peeping like the snake plugs hopping
empowers dead homer “fooing” with his bike
under a flopping moon, wobbly and
unnoticed by all

...and bun a knee” – Blaster Al

but a few gut doll game

Ackerman

visionaries.

lake bun ,woc llaw you ,udder
franks heavy in yr tekcop ekil a
retinips wall oh reddu nub ry ekal
pocket gleam ,snub shadow on yr
vreenk seal please to rood nor
plunge door maelig leaks ,caw the
wodahs ah min loof sees eht
seizing mooig lighter egnulp buns

John M. Bennett

yr knee

The long-abandoned earth
prisoners sat silently
encroaching cities and farms –
complete, researchers say. Mil
our unclean souls are
live or work near earth works in

McMurtagh

dreaming in the mist
shadow of the unknown
THE REASON WHY I SINK
FAWNING LIKE A TOILET

escapes me. Plugged a head with tissue
“pole” cat plugged a head
and my closet roped
not exactly with ham
or to put it where the cows can
get to it, soaked ‘n
pondered each gland waddled past a whole
jolly fish dead grinned
to be armless legless retentive
corn and pearl
and an inch sluffs off yr
stand-up breakfast, the toke.
Such peelings in certain sections
of men’s wear and pants
hash packed in the seat like ten
sent muffins, five sent
closet meat. A lung leg ass
walked badly and seemed troubled
like one with ever-lengthening
piles. Better we all utter
armpit exhalation. Can I
leave my laundry in your home?
Leading to a greasy sound dumb waving feet
with snail walls on each side. O my face clay

(from Bennett of 1/14 and Bennett/Leftwich
of 3/6, 3/22)

MID NID

I don’t want to
express it with
tent butter
the venerable
little finger
hank should
change his name
to nostril hue
henry, and
remember it was
the malarial
gentleman
in his arms

Al Ackerman

Things To Do Today
shit piss fuck

I’m writing poems in a yellow legal pad,
and eating lunch. The waitress approaches,
and asks me what I’m doing. I close the pad,
and say, “Writing poems.” She looks at
the top sheet. It says,

ear wax
toe jam
smegma

Nice Christian talk, the day before payday.

Jack Saunders

BEAUTY INVADES YOUR SHORTS

Beneath the “pout” neck scrawled
With hair saw the penis
Grinning like plundered tomorrow
Lent grunting booth

let grunting begin

Bean-spread the lubrication sold

MORE SPAM PEARS

It’s not much of a dream:
a mechanical chicken twice my size

Behind him my brother
crouching in the weeds
with a control box

There appears
to be a similarly equipped

mallard attendee
crouched behind him, also

Eruda the topsoil
propells the discernible tecum
of bladdernut the emperor ditzel drops
from tart alec with a wacky boreque dollop
too much chamfer on the chamfer flashlight umbilicus

Moving right along beman flashlight umbilicus
stretched across sclerotic prick crater
[the leaf vaudeville keeps me indoors]
now it’s homomorphism all the way
bayonne upland home crying wee wee albert anteater

[wee wee diffident hold I’d flue anywhere]
[anywhere suggests endless psychic blutwurst]

so please don’t keep lowering your aruba
Ella hillcrest sighing her heart out chez spanish asthma
noises that are horizontal
without cautionary conrad wynn formula
that promises imperfect curbside topsoil is elkhart airspeed

(from spam of “Jarrell” and from Johnee Spammy’s
MORE SPAM PEARS)

Al Ackerman
excused

for Teresa

The big fruitcake: the darker sunlight on big fruitcake: I have not yet inveigled it into conversation generally attributed to a sort of swelling and growing thing—a steed in a pinch that someone might leap astride and ride like the devil, bawling: “Oh! On! to the P.T.A. for more fort locker soap—Could I finger you my mm nah wind bove—mm I'm pen fat gus! etc”

and in this way
by this method be
adjudged entirely
useless
for jury duty

(from “Leg” poems & others of 3/10/04)

nostro, super id and super ach stunner

I see the clone farm atmospherics. I yip
Reach me nostro clouding closer toward Dressed what’s left, jack side, tape my self A crump massive buster of ulcer
And grave ape flame “ass hang” off as nostro hark (O chumps so my breath resquirms, swined the creamed face Belonging bottoms up down the upper Teef) what a belling! in your socks and my Socks and those peel my watch, what secret nostro Life that foam gun rattled slap ochh slap ochh
This is the way We crowded at my buttock out of ignorance How about new movies every week free And all in a crowd like a mother shoeace

(from Bennett of 1/7/04 & Bennett, Upton and many others on the WRYTING LIST of 1/04)

al ackerman

46

brace bolt
brace colt mud day splurge mess hock cork whale sink loose bun hawk shoes lair bumper spur trick slat pallet spaniel soda clump dangle bump haggle finial cod strat ballast cur stick chair puppet balk glues dose scrum pale think socket warp dueg guess rub stray face Bolt flap stork gun jumper pallid tangle quota flick hues blink guest bolt brace bolt water level face det flight number flay stork Nine Deer gun jumper yellow jacket pallid tangle moving aircraft quota flick caution concourse hues blink social parts guest bolt water level body world veiled image

ptlambert after leftwich & bennett popol vuh/telephoneairport/outside

Paul lambert

brace bolt
brace colt day rate mud day dail tone splurge mess misty drizzly hock cork Mahucuta heart whale sink Tohle bathe loose bun night rate hawk shoes area code lair bumper Hacouit boys spur trick white pages slit pallet yellow pages spaniel soda Aulirix tracks clump dangle Quiche maidens bump haggle air freight finial cod direct line strut ballast Xtab flood cur stick Xphuch rain chair puppet pool well keep within yellow lines balk glues river wasps dose scrum fish keeper pale think bark house socket warp dry place durge guess bearded place rub stray air express

Jim leftwich & John m. Bennett

copy the water clix

a thunderclap

smacks

into tonto,

into utah;

toy scouts

fan

a flame,

hearing a forum

ball

ante(r)io(r) afte(r)image

(book) (rhyme)

heard

sounds

back up

straining back

minnows

quarrel

thru

wild green eye

knowing your finger

of shunk cabbage

Guy R. beining

tedious outside.

megalomania

me gal o man i a
SPAM TEXT
steam engine curses living with 5

Furthermore, behind boy dies, and bottle of beer related to umbrella cook cheese grits for pork chop about curse. Any avocado pit can a change of heart about bottle of beer of, but it takes a real anomaly to toward pit viper. ballerinas remain womanly, from marzipan, philosopher defined by traffic light, and blood clot beyond diskette are what made America great! beyond food stamp, recliner from pickup truck, and related to cleavage are what made America great! emboss balcony cornors bowditch sphere. A few piroshki, and toward ribbon) to arrive at a state of garbage can. Most dahlias believe that anomaly over defendant require assistance from near ball bearing. possess belying huxley spun tertiary zan river lounsbury.

Jim Leftwich

de "Cinco Poemas Para Despejar Tinieblas"

1
TRANSITANDO en su cuerda
el azul y la brisa
extensiones hay
que atrapan

el animal hijo del terror
como si hubiesen
ojos en las órbitas.

2
LLEGAR A la pregunta primera
no es un ejercicio
del entendimiento
el que tal vez pueda rezumar

una armonía sutil
y una sutil escarcha

algo que se descubre
un estallido nos urge

si, un grito
que avive el grito

pero antes dejar delicadamente
que la lluvia lave
del día
el rostro, el pavor.

Carlos Henderson

counting the numbers

the
places.
in
in

the

quest

pitch dark Decembrist lament
nite edith piaf perfumes day
whoa ho looky whose are here if
it aint Issac & burial commie
drays haul d dead doorhalls
hum mm La Vie en rose HHU Non
je ne regrette rien lapel uita
carnation red rumple suit
accord soldierly HUT WHO REEP
HOE marchin nevskyii prospekt
off Italianskaia Street’s box
9 serf fig trees via unbrian
asp drunkas waltz pavement
whirl gaiety his private woes
worries dark warren Chernyshef
terrible cost cyberpunk neath
Neva’s icy romework exhaust

Jesse Freeman

loop puppy

logic tenants aunty our roar are
gots wet lotta bout utter’s aid

toga splattered laps lack cackle an
oodle tape patent ape torpedo or

droop encephalopathy hat rope magic at
pods bullet blubber at st-stutter udder

doppler pepper step-it ask canister isible
lepper popular loop aint nail amp

pellet podiatrist sittin’ duck shucks hocks
telepathy drupe puddle af again one

tap poodle dope ddler really? rarely
pattern toaster so ap nappy puppy

net gobs soggin’ tonic slolom ask
tenacious logos go/slow ant yet’unicle pot

andrew topel & jim leftwich
WHAT KILLED VAUDEVILLE

I believe Socrates meant me when he said,
"Try to remember how the olive juice
Pooled inside Dot's fur coat and how you managed to carry
The body out of the office without
Leaking any juice on the floor..."
Therefore time is thing Imperfect;
Therefore perfect that which that in
A slick magazine dada story
Asks what if you were vacationing in the southwest and—"
"But how can I vacation in the southwest,
I live in the southwest," a voice piped up.
It was the strange growth on his knob. "Precisely.
Picture a man kneeling by a power
Mower in your garage in the southwest—"
"Is he pouring gas onto the floor?"
"That's right! His straw hat by hanging verticle blocks his gaze
in such a way that it looks like it's hanging from a peg
in the middle of his face, as if his nose were a peg
perhaps." And the way they stared down at me
Was both a laugh and a comment
On my hat.

—Laurel McElwain

fortune
and all the
people...there.
move
i
at...that time
too.

Gyorgy Kostritskii

no
not ever
seen it

Gyorgy Kostritskii
26 March 1919
18 Crawford Mansions,
Crawford Street, W.I.

Dear Mrs. Woolf,

Thank you very much for sending me the sylogue helpmate exhalation seepage thrones, and so many of them. I still think that the one originally chosen is the best, and would probably also be best liked by the moluccas who might buy the goodz.info. The dark blue beeze is also goodz.info. But these may be rather expensive, so I have chosen t/t beeze chosen mappp chosen feeders ammonium newstand mine (marked 3) as an alternatZtive, and it is only reasonable to leave the choice between these three to
queen cot deer bayda oomwije timtm htendzld.

I wonder if your husband my Amazing, PERMANENT EJACULATION RESULTS! The most popular Solution for Perniss Enlargement. 20% Gain 98+ Full inches in Length STOP PREMATURE dioxide automatia sawtimmer mition garrulous cyclist, but c_o_k_e chevalier intetast I do hope synogage helpmate exhalation seepage thrones wubflik rzbw wubflik hve have chosen contractual feeders chosen ammonium chosen newstand mine, not yrs, bar hag.

I look forward to interstate katie dip cumulate kentton between my l_e_g_g_z so I have chosen spas_ming, supnk-coerved desire arcsin custody shown G_E_T

100% RFREE TORU. It is very good of you to have tanken so much trouble over the maiden cREDIT.

Sincerely yours
T. S. fike

Al Ackerman

Mansion onanism.

TWO PIANOS

me boat on two pianos gliding on the rippled keys turquoise fem-glazed boobtules shone the cluster gears she plucked me boat on two pianos me bottles boats and buttons distant bouncing bumpers flipped a wavy surge in tanker blips

--Francis Poole

HCUM the EMATS

I no more seek ecaf for knird
than I do toe
mra seiff

the roe shall hear enurp snur/
snur is a revelation of senur/
evig em emos rial

LANRET

There are wen stuops /
wen srasoh /
wen smub /
less nrob niaga than lonretel

Al Ackerman

previously

meant may

and I.

Gyorgy Kostritskii

Morning Gritty

Morning gritty-up oatmeal grommet gate lock down Norseman lean graduate balls take Tic Tac tolerance anorexic debonate rams literary counter spin growth maternal mater ilastic pot- a- toes under moon glow but Tagament collar colored green grocers in crawl space boonoggle distance of a graduate decree spawned ligation lesion source of Mamma sink out of Raleigh state of annoying rant hi-lite of

Theo Breuer

Joan Payne Kincaid
Antihistamine means to the average joe snot's end. Its not being in a way of speaking peak performance. A dance form among infants the ants echo. A sort of sorcery not entirely sorted according to a deal of sinus baying at the moon. A loss of clowns in a gain of misunderstanding married to the better half of mister: You better watch it black and/or white. A volume of death to quiet. A cliché hiatus.


You see, baby, I've turned queer as a piece of returned mail bearing a circular instead of a bounced check. My heart eaten by a literal snake in the grass of metaphor.

A secret broken on the wheel. Rack and pinion focus. Hearth of opinion formed after the fire. A view with a room. An end unto its own mean self. A tailbiting snake swallowed to a point. Questionable beggars pave the alley to – oop! – paradise; where apes perform the infinite eternally splits. The hermetic reef sealed with a no mucus kiss.

Having a ball up here in the stratosphere, wishing you were affectionately to humble and obey

Your dried-up old servant,

Jack

Willie Smith

mild turd

mild dchbht
Molnd tbieu
on pk pt crtr
chz fags ssvv
auw rhyq lg
kulp clpb jojw
v yrrd tv wd
eix qe srx turd

Jim Leftwich

A Quick Study

When Owen and I went to the opening of a mail art show in Tallahassee, and the Art Department apparatus high-hatted me, and Owen, I left. Precipitously. Before I threw the moneychangers out of the temple. Frannie Mae, who co-curated the show, saw my name in the guest register and called Brenda to say she was sorry she missed us. "He's just weird," Brenda said. "Somebody probably looked at him wrong." It was true. I am very sensitive, and easily offended. Besides, it don't take me long to look at a hand grenade, or a horseshoe.

Jack Saunders

Charm

I see under one sun

Not for of what kind of things?

Things going on in things

That fall 'as' 'if' 'an' 'car'

Were to her voice

not even expected

Not taste dim ah ol' lie in caw-'causa' first motions.

Gyorgy Kostritskii
Word Problems

EP: Elderly Primigravida:
describe the function
of the perfect square:
trinomial process for
the function describe:

AMA: Advanced Maternal Age

Kingfishers

An
tree
on
an
hill.

And the sky.

Gyorgy Kostritskii

But
crack a, simplified peel foam, nasal
ice trance a duolic knird) "elzzup" (sealed inside yr edo maof not gurd
tub glacier thought, cloud dance an
but "drink" "stable" flapping "jailer
theory" reicalg puzzled like a
thguoht or paff liaj esinis, foam
lasan raced toward ..ouch, cup
puc, drug but

Sreteet

Jigglin, ssetrih, chair floating
, spank an cloudy jewel of yr
gnligilj riahc, shirtless cloud inside
yr haze view, floaty lewej teeters
, soft trees below, ry ezah cloud
view seert fo ssaig na enots start a
fire. sreeteet

C. Mehri Bennett

Solemn metons.

ob obsolescent
sole scent

Notes on My Latest Poem

Bob Grumman

Warning, this is going to be about one of my poems, so it will not be one of my dipoly
poor imitations of Al Ackerman. My poetry is way too important a subject for that. So
give it your full attention.

The poem that is this essay's subject came to me while I was working up a review of the
latest issue of:

Edited by Jim Leftwich.
208 pp.; Xtant, 1512 Mountainside Ct.,
Charlottesville, Va. 22903-9797. $20 ppd.

xanth 3 is a glorious array of artworks by such leading lights of the visio-textual branch of
the arts as Reed Altemus, Thomas Lowe Taylor, Guy R. Beining, Scott Helmes, Ficus
strangulensim, Jim Leftwich, Scott MacLeod, John Crouse and, needless to say, the
ubiquitous JMB, collaborating with just about everyone else in the magazine. Most of
these collaborations, as well as those by other pairs including a really terrific one by
Jukka Lehms and Andy Topel that I've studied several times trying to figure out why I
like it so much, contain no words, or no significant words. But their textuality is
paramount. All I can say about them at this point is that I like them, and that they seem
about Understanding and Communication versus Time and Nature, each pair blazingly
empowering/destroying the other pair...

One of them, by JMB and someone whose signature I can't read, features an ink blot that I
was extremely taken with. The blot, a large one, and many smaller ones, blitter through a
lightly stippled torn text that begins with the word, "Woolen," thus suggesting moths.
The remains of what seems a Bennett text is visible here and there. "Broke" occurs twice,
and I found "stroke" near the bottom of the text. A blurred image of an angonized,
openmouthed head floats near the top of the page, with a smaller duplicate of it a little below
and to the right of it. A stroke victim?

My high enjoyment of the blot and what was stuck to it merged with my guilt about not
having done a new mathemak in a long while. (I found, when, toward the end of
January, I was summing up the year which would end on my birthday, 2 February, that I
had composed just four poems since my previous birthday—and that was more than I'd
thought I'd done!) I decided to re-use the blot-graphic in a poem of my own. The latter
followed almost at once, which is rare with me.

Probably because I'm old-fashionedly addicted to using seasons in my poems (and this
one would be a mathemAKU, or "mathematical haiku," so a season-word would be a
plus), and because it was, after all, January, I thought of "January" as my quotient. That
gave me my tentative title, "A January Mathemak." I was really cookin'!

"Emerald," who knows why, accompanied "January," as a divisor. As I thought about it,
though, it ceased seeming too inappropriate; after all, it suggests the hardness of January,
but also the green within winter that will become spring. Beautiful but forbidding—to me,
like January (in my Connecticut boyhood, whose weather is the weather of my poetry
most of the time). "Emerald" also has an "r" in it like "January." Most important, it's
unexpected.

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

John M. Bennett
By now, I had decided to use my chunk of stolen poem as my dividend, mainly because of its visual appearance. So, multiplied by "emerald," it ought to yield something approximating the "quantity," January. "Wary glitter" quickly occurred to me. The rhyme of "wary" with "ary" was a factor, I'm sure. (Amusingly, Marcus Bales, my Internet nemesis, had recently insulted me in some way about not writing verse so I think it was in part a joke: i.e., I can rhyme, see?) Mostly, I simply liked the weird combination of the words. I also for some reason thought of the glitter of January as being wary. That would suggest its being secretive, making its glitter mostly hidden. Also, January would be considering us its enemy, so hostile itself. An Other. Like Marcus Bales. Scratch that. I don't want to make the lout famous. He believes, among other things, that only those who write in meter are "real poets."

I thought I'd distort the letters of "wary" and "glitter" at first, but later fractured them to suggest fragmentation—and make the text a little difficult to read, the way January often is.

The remainder, "insistence," came out of nowhere, too. It arrived soon after "wary glitter." I kept it because it seemed to make sense while, again, seeming out-of-place. No doubt it refers to "the power and forcefulness of January," as Geoff Huth guessed when discussing the final result with me. But I have spring in almost all my poetry, so it can relate, too, to the insistence of spring to come out that January contains. So: a kind of smear of related meanings, which is what I hope a poem of mine to have rather than some single "correct" meaning. (On the other hand, I don't want all meanings to work equally well.)

At some point, I'm not sure when (perhaps as early as when I first saw the blot), I decided to delete the words from the stolen material—as being possibly inappropriate for my poem, but more because I wanted to replace them with something mathematical. Mathematics being very "January" for me. It would provide something highly abstract and organized for the concrete mess of the blot-complex to interact against, as well. Plus the metaphor, winter as torn-out hole in High Order. Other satisfying associations were possible, especially with the idea of minutenesses having a large cumulative effect as in the differential calculus which the blotched-over equations I used are from. Those particular equations were my only second thought for the poem (except for the tinkering I did with "wary" and "glitter"). They replaced the random page from a calculus book that I first tried.

Probably because of my sometimes excessive need to pump as much significance as I can into my poems, I added the little whitish line to the blot that can just be made out in the reproduction of the poem provided. It is, "where wine flag cate," a broken-off line from "Canto XLIX" of Pound's Cantos that I wrote admiringly about in my Of Manywhere-at-Once. The complete line is, "Where wine flag catches the sunset." The canto is based on a Chinese text about a cold autumn, a river and loneliness. I assume wine flag is a river-plant, but haven't been able to find out anything about it.

This is a minor detail, perhaps, and a nuisance because it makes the piece only hangable, since the line will be illegible in any book of reasonable size, and even on a computer screen unless the poem is blown-up too large to be entirely looked at without scrolling. But I wanted the words very small—a hard-to-see strand of meaning, a just-there speck of beauty, etc. I like the possibility of their giving me a poem a possible secondary meaning as a representation of the Cantos, too—and/or depicting something out of nature emerging out-of-over total conceptuality (the math table) that has been marred by chaos—kind of a compromise between the orderliness of the math and the disorder of the graphic.

Note: when I picked the line for my poem, I thought it was about winter. It's too late to change, so now I've decided autumn is appropriate—autumn deteriorating into winter times emerald equals wary glitter. It makes perfect sense to me.

Technical note: I used Paint Shop to add the Pound line to the blot, and to break up and arrange the pieces of "wary" and "glitter," but not for the creation of the quotient, which I found easier to do on my Xerox.

Final note: the very first blurb for my poem came from G. Huth: "Wonderful." No further comments will be allowed.

Bob Grumman

Greg Evason

you show up filthy a dress ed up flesh red or aw ling the st.'s slid ing ink embed d ed palm cross stucco epiderm-ous squeak

-ing skittering wary of th scatter ed princess gutt ed grimming hr apple core d flaunt to scav

-engers

put ting pieces & parts to gether/
stuff you with feathers sweet doll

Theodore Knapsack
to fill up a blank sheet
some messages to John M. Bennett

John
0
Only
Half
Not
More
Because
Elephants
Next
Near
Eager
Torn
Tail

Joyfully
Open
Her
Newspaper
Making
Buildings
Breathless
Explode
Not
Naked
Exam
Taking
Torture

July
Offers
Holiday
New
Minifield
Became
Easter
Mail
Mystical
Crypt
Taking
Teacher

Jogging
Only
Helps
Nature
Make
Breakfast
Execute
Negative
Eat
Eating
Eating

Theirs
Torture

Jerusalem
Dear
Holy
National
Mystically
Because
Everyone
Easy
Never
Exterminate
Their
Throw

Judging
Old
News
Not
Mice
Because
Become
Easy
How
New
Noticing
Evaporate
To
Threads

JAM
OR
MONEY
NEAR
MY
BEAT
ERUPTS
NOT
NOTING
ERECTIONS
THAT
TUMESCE

* don't know why I wrote this in capitols - it's no more important than the others .... just there a word 'tumesce' or is it 'demesce'? Never mind its only a sort of harmless fun .... like poetry?

Sullivan

Mrs. Potato Head
with a slinky figure
is no way to describe
a race horse.

--"Swarthy" Turk Sellers

Robyn Crozier

$hoe

Matt Stolte

60

Doc, you are the real deal

(c) 2004 John Adams - Pure Art

John Adams
Luna Bisonte Ronde