A monkey walks into a bar; blank faces and empty spaces signify that randomness never fails, even when coincidence succeeds.
Special Thanks to...

My wife Susanna for all her help, advice and patience in the face of absurdity; my daughter Anabella for sleeping enough; to Kasey Mohammad for first introducing me to the writers and poetry in this issue; to my contributors for meeting false deadlines and to all of you for waiting patiently!; to the Fund for Poetry and the Young Poets Publishing Initiative for their financial assistance; and to the Writers House community for their continued support.
A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

Rodney discovers nothing! Minnesotans have spoken loudly, clearly, and consistently against tax increases. Did we really need a two-year federal study to warn us about that? Um, isn't it obvious? Monkeys rule all. Heck, we even elected one.

Of course not! Bucky FIRE!! Corruption "Rampant" in Two-Thirds of Countries. Frankly, I think that number is a little low. What is a tigerbunny? Did we really need a study on this? "You know, Katie, shooting up before Quidditch practice!"

What did you expect? What would I do without my computer? I'm interviewing you right now Hahaha that's cool! I won't make this too painful. Promise. Haha...yeah right. Name: Katie Age: 17 as of Dec. 11. I can finally go see R-rated movies all by myself!

You've got to wonder why Gary is still more concerned about his ten grand ideas from the underground. Before he left, Gary had a pokémon battle. Gary won (well, duh!). Yes, and we finally find out what Gary's unknown pokémon is! Gary CrapTalk King Kong.

But im not a kelly you slut, kelly = guy, I = girl dumbass :P:P ----
I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die. He also said that he thinks most of my problems are because of my depression. Well, duh! Drugs and motorcycle accidents ruined a Frequent Pseudonymous

Contributor: I wish I was paid actual money for the stuff I write for this rag... It only makes me walk faster to the temporary safety of her locker and before math class with Ms. Gordon. "First day of spring." ... I think not, Ms. Gordon! This is a "chick magnet"!

I was standing there thinking imagine being the wife of the guy who owned it and having to live there. Bloody hell! It's stone henge! Jordan's curve theorem asserts that for every Jordan curve in his students, the reaction is, "It's kinda cute, but can it pick up peanuts?"

Q. Was there going to be danger involved? A. Well, duh. Finally, he stated, "If Drew goes, I'll go, too." Everyone turned to look at me. And that wasn't planned either. It's people like this guy who changed the length of my tail, so, it's practically something like Onesex, and that sex would be the same gender. Mitch knew exactly when to run away. "Why do you do that every single day?" "Well, duh, I'm trying to scare you." "Your Russian friend will never get better unless he SITS UP with the brewski!" said Tournament of Roses chief executive officer Mitch.

Impossible for the universe to be younger than any of its stars. The Pope asks Dopey, "Is there still more to your question?" To which Dopey replies, "Larsen's SHOOTING PORN." Today my hair was wet and stuff bc i washed it (lol) and some of lArSeN, painting "FUD" with arrows.

Maria—A happy-go-lucky crazy friend who always has a bright smile. Sharon—My friend who never stops laughing and amuses herself when singing vocals on a dance song. Sharon finished up the randy extra credit, watched The Killing. By their fruits you shall know them. I have a friend named Maria.

But I suggest you rethink your position on Bouchard. I am an Anglo, Bouchard should be my hero, right? Grow a clue! (uh...real McGuirk... ahem) What would Yugoslavia do when premier Bouchard shows up at their border? So what is there to do in Montreal? Well duh! Wedgies will NOT pass you by!

You're so smart, eh! So Kasey, know what you want for Christmas? K: Yep! ... Well duh! These people need ideas! ... A critical drubbing. Too synthly, too disco, too teenybopper. My mom is a pervert comic book that Kasey likes. It's sexy, they young adults doing what they love to do and doing it well!!!
The Sausage: An Essay

The sausage is a manifestation of the body’s response to corporate culture, the key features being redness, warmth, swelling and pain. Sausages often appear as though they were "stuck-on." They may appear somewhat greasy, irritated, or bleed easily. A sausage may turn black and may be difficult to distinguish from anger. A different type of sausage may grow in envy or boredom, but there are usually only a few of these.

This 62-year-old male has a sausage on his back that has slowly grown over the past several years. Observe that almost his entire sausage is elevated above the level of the desktop, as often seen in middle-aged and elderly people. Sausages are sometimes referred to as "barnacles of aging." Not infrequently, they appear about the same time that another common-but-harmless protuberance begins to develop on aging skin, the earwig. Like the sausage, the earwig can be either acute or chronic.

The sausage from an adult clonal rectangle typically falls off within 2-4 weeks. A treated sausage usually doesn’t regrow, but there’s no guarantee. Not this time! This is not a sausage. Not this time, the brown sausage you see here has no pearls nor furs. Sausages are 3-5' long, cream-colored, and live in the Hamptons. 95% of socialites are born with sausages!

The sausage offers fabric, fat quarters, classes and a show schedule. Please choose a section to find out more. Sausage, sewing, new arrival, baby, baby shower, quilting. Here you will find the answers to all those useful and pretty ones that the receiver can use all year long. The Sausage Flower is a delicate and beautiful flower for any perennial garden. Sow seeds in late summer under a pastel weight sport yarn.

We are enclosing photos that are important to help readers differentiate sausages from twigs, candy corn, lace doilies and permanent waves. The item in question proved to be a sausage, but Eisenhower appears never to have been told this. If the sausage is on the dry skin of the vulva (where the hair is), then the entity you are concerned about is barnacles, like one might get in the bathtub. If you see red to blue-black lagoons, then you have gone too far.

Sausages in Backyard Chicken Flocks: A diligent search for sausages is mandated in all patients with backyard chicken flocks. The following factors put
you at higher risk for getting sausages: sharing a room with a loggerhead musk turtle, receiving any graduate and/or postdoctoral training, or consortig with 8- to 12-year-olds who wear leather pants and mid-calf studded boots.

More diseased, suffering people are going to die before we become realistic about what sausages mean to the mice who depend on cell phones for communication. As most of Parliament was transfixed with the wrenching conscience debate over sausage consumption, President Bush addressed genetically male actresses on their serviceability design considerations for low-rise jeans. Wearing Gap size 2 low-rise flares in vintage wash, he noted that "a person of any race, ethnicity or gender who is 18 to 60 years old and in general good health can become a volunteer sausage." This project is rated AVERAGE to do.

The Popsicle: An Essay

Popsicles are holy men who have shunned materialism and spend their lives praying and meditating. That's what I try to do as I surf. The popsicle is thought of as having six limbs: a garbled manner, a leopard skin, a wilted blossom, a frail Pepsi bottle containing a drop of scented water, a little friend, and the morning tea. Also, the Popsicle doesn't need to use flammable oils in his bladder.

The popsicle likes to share more than just his hot milk tea. Over almond tea in front of the wood stove, the popsicle gradually takes on the form of clouds and is elated by material profit. On encountering deeds of merit, it takes no effort to call with enthusiasm: "Popsicle! Popsicle! Popsicle!"

According to a German law, denying the Popsicle is a crime punishable by a fine or jail time. Now, we will have to stop saying that the woman is "an entrance to hell". I am saying that the so-called "Popsicle" is "an entrance to the hell". Later, at a nearby chai stand, Frank invited a popsicle to join us. The popsicle responded that he did not want tea, but he would like some money.

And if you think this is unusual, you should see the Popsicle I learned my skills from. She disappeared in the night and went in the disguise of a young popsicle, dressed up as a popsicle, as a man.

The popsicle should be compassionate. One symptom of the popsicle is that he tries to harness God to make odors. That is the nature of the popsicle. He is always reverently bidding farewell to the newspaper.

If anybody shits in his Nikes, or stuffs EZ-Cheez up his daughter's nostrils and rapes her with a Loving You Barbie, or laughingly requests him to materialize some hot Starbucks Coffee to pour into his mother's naked cunt, the popsicle does not retaliate. He tolerates it. By this behavior, we can understand whether or not he is a popsicle. "I will become furious if anybody sprays me with Mennen deodorant! I shall scratch his Pontiac and teach him a lesson!" If a person thinks like this, then he is not a popsicle.

Popsicles are faultless. You cannot find any fault in them. They are bountiful and munificent. Their hearts are magnanimous. They are of mild temperament. Popsicles never become harsh. They are very mild. Popsicles are pure. When we have orders for super-size fries that we cannot fulfill, we become disturbed. But the Popsicles have no tastebuds, so they are calm and quiet. If anybody comes in contact with them, that person will also become calm and quiet. Why? Because of "incredible advertising."

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Construction Under Construction Opening to Motorists Fall 2002 Opening to Motorists Fall 2002 Already Already ... REGIONAL CONFERENCE ON LEAD PHASE OUT IN REGIONAL CONFERENCE ON LEAD PHASE OUT IN GASOLINE IN SUBSAHARAN AFRICA GASOLINE ... The best explanation is a demonstration, so let's take two items which have already already been created - sneakers.txt and home.txt - and join them by using ... pleasant, ~, pleasant. found, ~, found. *, *, Cedar. Cedar. already,), ~, already). Wine–, Wine. lushious–, lushious. planted and husbanded, planted and husbanded.

Hot Water, Rubber Bottle

70 percent of all women can’t reach orgasm from a steak without slicing. I wanted my "women’s book," How to Piss Effectively on the Corporate Mouths Like Half-Eaten Sandwiches, to be made of red plastic. While publishers anguished over how to label it — sci-fi? —some dumb gringo artsy fucker went into the women’s bathroom to stave off itching.

Stacked large breasted women could probably do like leg splits in there together with four other fat women. These women were once pre-selected ALP candidates, brilliant committed hookers at a Tupperware party. All of them kept talking about how it improves your circulation. They always wear hoods so you can never see how they earn a living.

Women have their faults. Lay an egg and a half in a minute and a half, how long would it be before you couldn’t wipe yourself? Do you know what the Indians do with their women? Think of how you feel when you are hot and just run into McDonald’s. If you can’t spin the costume in the dryer without contributing a Song, Limerick or Poem to the Hymnal, you can be struck by lightning no matter how cute she is.

Calculus is a plant whose boiled sap is often drunk by Amazonian women for birth, and one woman who regularly eats the plant’s roots can also be seen playing in the Far East Women’s basketball tournament wearing a blue penis on her hat! The way you drink it has an effect on how much you absorb.

Pretending we were women of grace, my sister said, "Stickybeak, can we have a Co’-Cola?" My knees felt suddenly weak. "Oh Nikki how wonderful! Now our friends can part your fork in the groin area and temporarily immobilize all the women in Brazil."

To get paid for fondling women’s calves you just have to keep waving your hands around, which can be pretty. I asked her how she liked her work. "I can’t talk to you," she said. It’s been too long since I’ve shown a woman about crustless bread.

Who Taught You How To Drive A Giant Thirst? How do I get through the skull to a fundamentally truer and more relevant understanding of women’s lives? St Peter explains that only one can get through. It is very painful, as you can imagine. Let’s see how big you can cope.

Speaking of inventions, fun with tenses and narrative can only go so far. Down near the end no one is permitted to dye their hair. Women who reach this level grab at their pussies and seem to suffer doubly without removing them.

K. SILEM MOHAMMAD

Do We Need Goddess Language?

I fucking hate my fucking goddamned job it makes me want to run and jump blah blah ran over, blah blah blah smashed cats can’t a brother get some love up in this piece?

I think I know what you’re "trying" to say, but I’ll answer what you actually "said"

boundary estuarys are entrusted precisely that the hat projector Manama parachute team parachutes projector undo scarab "has anybody seen an empire?"

can QUALIA be observed at the signal level by which I mean to say that they are nothing but physical responses ... these QUALIA generate a problem for you in the engine room by which I mean to say that, in the engine room, there is a problem which needs to be fixed, by you
let me see if I’m getting this right, I said
the CIA is supposed to be infiltrating
politically-motivated terrorist organizations
but you can’t manage that … YOU screwed up
the government—our government—is what is within her
government in bed with lying bitch

from somewhere in the distance came a cry of pain
of triumph: "biological grandfather!" "easier than thinking!"

we have this nice Christmas Torso Boy
in winter darkness the Furies of old … intestinal bats
"let me see if I’m getting you here
your company wants to hire me as a history cop?"
teenager turns on the television, again the news
waiters are farting on meringues and serving them

I want to have a journal but only special people get to dream
all you little fagots that run around drawing anarchy signs
on shit, just let me say that you are a pussy
whoever you are, wherever you are
you all stink something awful
nothing gold can stay

Abstract Poetics

I believe I will write some poetry
"bloody angel fallen proto-piece-of-ass
13-year-old got out of bed and I got
a full view of her ample ass"
"I ♥ Beth and her hippie-ass poetry"
teenage girls filled with shitty poetry
I shit on his/her oh so sensitive poetry and they cry
I wrote some poetry and shit that was real evil
look at America dumbshit
hell yes I rejected ur fucked-up ass
get ur big ass head out of the fridge
pull ur head out of ur bloated capitalist ass
what is it with u people and ass hair???
have her get fuck!? well gee whiz u dumbshit
dont even think of pulling ur dumbshit on me
motherfucking’ punk-ass snitch I fuckin’ hate u
ur nothing but a stupid dumbshit goddam motherfucker

I can find u and kick ur lily ass
I might just kick ur ass tonight
ur shit is for sale and no joke asswipe
leaving ur ass in the dust what the fuck ya gonna do
take a big wet bite out of my ass is what
a firm believer in head pounding, ass kicking
a blast we’re gonna kick ur ass u sucker
over here it’s all dumbshit metal/rap teen pop
kiss my ass hardcore and black metal
spoken in the universal language of dumbshit
that shouldn’t be considered poetry
oh lord I was on some fucking strong ass drugs
I’ve been a complete dimwitted metal shithead
what u really hate is having a dumbshit who thinks
I am not the part of him that kisses ur ass
if you came to my church youd shit in the art barn
now that my ass has reached a new audience
with my MA in dumbshit studies
I’ve even been writing bad love poetry again
head into the shining future ass-first
driving that vroom vroom brite ass rice rocket
get off this fucking stupid ass mailing list
actually write a book or poetry or something
kiss every ass in sight & continue to worship me
u write some really great poetry
u kick ass

Stupidity Owns Me

one lazy afternoon in the Bahamas
a polar bear named Goliath propositioned us
• fuck on cocaine
• suck my motherfucking dick
• suck a polar bear’s dick
we find out whether it is okay or not to shove
a flute up the ass of a myopic polar bear
dumbass it seems you’ve motherfucking forgotten
it was the 69 gets pirated and crash dry humps
that polar bear gets pirated
courtesy of the motherfucking roast beef guy

I got a motherfucking wack ass shit
talking cell phone today fuck
weekend full of rebel flags
walking hamburgers in fields
beef jerky and motherfucking pancakes
• 1 polar bear
• 1 scepter used to open Saskatchewan legislature
• 1 big motherfucking bra
the polar bear family reminded me
if you drive an SUV get the motherfucking flag
off your goddamn bumper
welcome to the official definition of motherfucking crazy
jump in the lake make a fat man happy
Pantera Pearl Jam Tom Petty Poison
Cindi is a frigid bitch polar polar bear
only a giant polar bear can beat a moose
motherfucking son of a bitch balding bastard
dick twisting douchebagging asshole fucking slut thing
maybe next year I will adopt a polar bear or something
then a tender-hearted mass-murdering serial-rapey
carjacking shoplifting motherfucking vampire bat
you motherfucking ass-fucked butt-fucking fuckhead
get the fuck out of here
I don’t give a damn if you’re
the motherfucking nonexistent princess
I’ve encountered a polar bear

The Led Zeppelin Experience

what are you retarded making fun of dead people?
if your popin shit like that i dont even know you

man I swear I would kick your a$$ if I ever saw you
you or knew who the f*ck you are cuz no play?

you can’t even make sense when I’m REALLY drunk
are you retarded serious question

not doing homework, thats for sure
go to a library! just look up Henry James duh

re: Dumb & Dumber: are you retarded, that movie was great
you sound ecxited about it....

do you wanna see me puke? What are you retarted?
no (than whats your fucking problem)

well unless you are retared like this dumb ho
then you know what napster is

so here is a list of some hot songs:
fuck i dont know any songs....

you are an anus mouth, are you retarted
this has damage bonus fruitcake

fuck up u are obviously have some kind of obsesion wit me
it’s a wonder why your husband left you and you’re all alone

you venture into my valley and you then ask for your life??
you will not leave this valley alive little dwarf

Today’s Goats

I like today’s goats
hepatitis, shitty English football
having sex with goats while writing
things can go horribly wrong because
Fawn thinks she’s like bi-sexual and stuff
this survey blows goats

things go horribly wrong
it is not really sensual or sexual the girls
taking on male form to have sexual intercourse
also one of the group snored horribly
with his bazookas and AK-47s and goats
while the rest of us die horribly of thirst

mountain goats and eagles get their tongues
pierced for purely sexual reasons
are those goats considered exotic?
cadavers of people who have died
in horribly violent ways might not have posters
of amiable-looking goats

the sexual need of a parrot is just
horribly depressing to watch
herd of 300-pound diseased goats bleeding from their sockets and a horribly fetid saliva they were all killed horribly by a stray cat that sucks the life out of goats, right?

introducing premium goats step in and remove so much sexual content of all you despise the milk of our goats lick garbage and hope you get horribly killed have no money and free will and address the belief that Jesus had sexual feelings for federal government

a picture of himself on the tractor in front of the world’s most delectable goats he snored horribly an insane fiddle-playing sexual pervert overmastering gobbled horoscopes I do not love young goats

About Crazy Pants

here goes: what is Unified Messaging, really? it’s about community it’s about sleaze you’re either sleazy or you’re not; it’s that simple these are not magic tricks—this is mind control or in other words ... I don’t put punctuation ... and how it works okay, guys, and it should be MEN ONLY!!!! when getting prostitutes to clean up and start a new life, one should NOT form them into a band ... I don’t think so women are SMARTER than we are! WE ARE STUPID!!! blah.... blahhhhh BLAHHHHH!!!!!!!!!

I DO NOT SELL INSURANCE, nor do I work for insurers or their commissioned agents I DO NOT CARE WHAT A SECULAR DEFINITION OF BLASPHEMY IS! "tonight, it’s age before beauty" "there’s nothing. wrong with my. shoulder" "young man ... it was logical, adult, but incredibly frightening" "your excellency, I am the most highly specialized of all birds but dark amethyst is a hideous mottled squid"

John 14:6 Christ tells us, "I am the new Lizard Man"

by submitting this form, I affirm that I am the LIZZARD MAN!!!!—signed Mr. Squid God says, "Dear Jim: I am the one that sent you the elk droppings and kitchen-dick, right on"

woah sister, I take my orders from the president the Federal Government is going to spend some money? and then all will be well in the world in this context, if a person is "terribly slow" they are probably a little stupid back in the lab I synthesize an elk (construction noises) just because I like to look at animals doesn’t mean I’m some pantywaist tree-hugger I don’t think so you hear me big man got a squid in my pants, it makes me feel really upside down

GARY SULLIVAN

To a Sought Caterpillar

When I see one I shall seize one & I’ll squeeze it til it squirts

Sweet sweet Canada, Canada Canada
Look-up, over here, see me, up here
Poor Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody
Cheerup, cheerily, cheerily, cheer, cheerful charmer

Sweet, sweet, I’m so sweet
Potato chip, potato chip, potato chip
What cheer, drink your tea
I am lazy, pleased to meetcha
Please, please, please to meet ya
Teach, teach, teach, teach
Teach beer, teach beer, beer, beer
Bob White, Bob White, a sweet Yank
Bubble, bubble zee
Here, here I am, over here, see me, where are you
Who cooks for you, who cooks for you all
Maids, maids, maids, put on your tea kettle, kettle, kettle
Purty queer, purty queer, purty queer
Spring of the year, are you awake? Me too
Drop it, drop it, cover-it-up, cover-it-up, pull-it-up, pull-it-up

Trees, trees, murmuring trees, Chicago
Ah, ah, ah, ah
Smack! Smack!
But I DO love you, hot dog, pickle-ickle-ickle
Qu’est-ce qu’il dit? Qu’est-ce qu’il dit?
Why don’tcha come to me? Here I am right near you
Fire, fire; where? where? here, here; see it? see it?
Wuff, wuff, wuff, wuff, wuff
Hurry, hurry, worry
Come here ... Jimmy ... quickly ...
Hip, hip, hip hurrah boys, spring is here!
Madge, Madge, Madge pick beetles off, the water’s hot
Listen to my evening sing-ing-ing-ing
Here-here, where-where, all-together-down-the-hill
More, more, more cheezies, please
Quick give me a rain check
Sweet, sweet, sweet, little-more-sweet
Spit and see if I care, spit!

**Snakes Like Cakes**

1.

Snakes like cakes. They think like rice or geese. My mother hates mice and snakes. Mom smells like clean, where snakes don’t have the right and look on the dirt. Most people don’t like snakes much. I like to take photographs, and to cook

"make cakes." You must see these "make cakes" with the whole body—as those who drag themselves in, like snakes.

Many parents don’t like the idea "touch snakes and lizards."
Some people like the Sacred Caverns of Demeter. Koreans eat rice cakes, practicing

the "Korean version." Which species has the most oral bacteria:
dog, snake, horse or cow?

Snakes like wire. Snakes like work. I hear the little snakes think to nap under blackberry bushes—yet, it’s a sad time for snakes and alligators. Would you like to see more about humans with four snakes growing from their necks, winged sea-dragons with a horned, ox-like munch-honey cake?

Snakes taste better than mayonnaise. Snakes do eat fish, but do not pose. Mad people smell rotten things, like a soft lamb who gives presents or a Taiwanese who translates jelly-legs as guo-jiang-tui (lit., "jam legs"). Legs that are runny like jam? I think not. I like hobos and pillow cakes. Bullies hate Coke Light. That’s why they throw cakes shaped like snakes at phalluses and sucking pigs. Swell of wave, petrified snakes. Snakes catch few crabs, slither around, by that I mean these cakes are for tomorrow’s "smoko" (tea break). Spiders still report the wedding of Sea Snakes selling T-shirts and are interested in learning more.

2.

Words are like cakes of rice or rolls containing Tiki torches, green plants, palm fronds, driftwood, snakes.
Words are also like
water, green and opaque,
like pastry when it’s 14 inches
thick, but with a channel sawed out,
the bottom covered with sharp rocks.
Most people are shrill alarmists.
Most people clear a site
of negative force by "throwing ritual,"
imagining the Dead Sea lurks
in gullible strips. They like to make
spray-colored sparks
more like questions: can people
really spontaneously combust?
A pigeon shoots up
above the clouds and hovers
there about the nostrils. Salt cakes
in white letters that squirm
in the soup where noodles group.
There, in the House of Death,
awaits a being of darkness
whose eyebrows swim
on his forehead like snakes.
The first snake says: "I am
the flowing branch that feasts
upon corpses, that swallows hearts,
that vomits and shoots filth
from under its tail." The second snake
says: "I am the denial of passion."
The third snake
stifles becoming.
The fourth seeks not
to push himself beyond
the limits of his own imagination.
Imagine being born again
and being born there seven times
into a place where nothing grows.

After Orhan Veli

I’m listening to New York w/ my eyes closed
metal wheels churn thru ... fog?
someone (from Poland?) coughs, is coughing
a paper rustles —
"To see her suffering like that!"
a wrist pops the brakes hiss
no snotty conversation no one’s dirt-encrusted
shoe heel unsticks from the floor
where would you go if you had
to sell your artificial leg? I think
American Sign Language’s
few lumped heads the only casualties I smell
electricity condiments grease plastic & coffee
my jaw aches w/out political conscience
fatalism’s hateful mocking hacks
conductor’s thick accent (pen slips) "bing bong"
(now a chorus of imitators, each with perfect pitch
"bing bong" ... "bing bong" ...)
imagine a kind of theme park based on
blood sugar disturbance
www.noisebetweenstations.com
as tho the world were everything "the case"
neither partialness nor blurt
I like the fact that ink seeps into the page

The West Wind Replies to Shelley

Great title! Clever! And I really like the opening stanza, too. But I think you
could maybe strengthen it with a couple of "action words" (I’ve put them in all
caps and in <>s):

O Shelley, the giant <DEER-CHUCKING> of glorious romantic poetry history
You, whose eternal <VOMIT LAUNCH> power influences those who read you
Had idealized me, a wrongly portrait of <RAMBLIN’, GAMBLIN’> god
I mean, you can use your own action-words. Those are just suggestions.
I really liked the next stanza *a lot*. Especially Ceres. Ceres! I’d like to see
more of Ceres, actually! (I added some:)

Ceres! The winged Ceres-seed cannot be blown without Ceres’ wing
The Ceres-seed cannot be grown without the "Ceres" presence of Proserpine
(aka Ceres)
The bounteous Ceres, but not I (other-than-Ceres), can sentence the Ceres-fate
of Ceres-growth

Maybe I went overboard with the Ceres? I mean, you know. But maybe sprinkle a few in there.

II

I love how you numbered the sections like this. It makes it clear that there’s this ... like ... "shift." But, okay, I’m lost when you write:

O Shelley, the ghost of fantasized ode of me

Huh??? I think you need to be clearer there. "Ode of me"? Oh, wait, no. You mean that’s the West Wind speaking? Okay. Yeah ... I see that now.

You, whose potency [Great noun!] affects those who heard you
Had mistaken med [typo?], a mighty destroyer and preserver
... like ... *computer* pre-server? Because then you’d need a hyphen there. I think those are just called "networks."

The sky cannot be stirred without the clouds dancing [great images!]
The lightning can not struck without the Pegasus with thunder belt
The almighty Zeus, but not I, can accompany the rainfall

That is *such* a powerful stanza. It’s like, couldn’t you really just end it there? "Rainfall." Because then it ends with that, like, falling of the rain.

III

See, because you’re going to start wearing on your readers’ patience if you go on too long. I think, though, that this one is okay.

O Shelley, the great admirer of the unseen west wind

But, isn’t all wind unseen? Why point this out????

You, whose interpretation of ocean had misled those who pray you
Had addressed me [Great use of irony!], a supposing ruler over the roaring

o Shelley, the ghost of fantasized ode of me

Huh??? I think you need to be clearer there. "Ode of me"? Oh, wait, no. You mean that’s the West Wind speaking? Okay. Yeah ... I see that now.

You, whose potency [Great noun!] affects those who heard you
Had mistaken med [typo?], a mighty destroyer and preserver
... like ... *computer* pre-server? Because then you’d need a hyphen there. I think those are just called "networks."

The sky cannot be stirred without the clouds dancing [great images!]
The lightning can not struck without the Pegasus with thunder belt
The almighty Zeus, but not I, can accompany the rainfall

That is *such* a powerful stanza. It’s like, couldn’t you really just end it there? "Rainfall." Because then it ends with that, like, falling of the rain.

III

See, because you’re going to start wearing on your readers’ patience if you go on too long. I think, though, that this one is okay.

O Shelley, the great admirer of the unseen west wind

But, isn’t all wind unseen? Why point this out????

You, whose interpretation of ocean had misled those who pray you
Had addressed me [Great use of irony!], a supposing ruler over the roaring

o Shelley, the great admirer of the unseen west wind

But, isn’t all wind unseen? Why point this out????

You, whose interpretation of ocean had misled those who pray you
Had addressed me [Great use of irony!], a supposing ruler over the roaring

The wave cannot abstract without the hard surface of coast
The crevasses cannot be cleaved without the order of Neptune
Sun, water, weather, but not I can control the marine

I admit I’m a little confused by the above. "hard surface" is *hard* ... and "crevasses" is *soft*. Especially if they’re being *cleaved*.

IV

O Shelley, the fanciful player of imagination
You, whose lyre had instructed many those who inspired by you
Had kindly made me a musician, of the divine natural

I like the above stanza VERY MUCH. But, I had this idea—couldn’t you substitute, like, a "regular joe" name for Shelley up there? Because it’s kind of getting repetitious. So, like:

O Sam, the fanciful etc.
Julie, whose lyre had etc.
Had kindly made Mark etc.

Or am I being ...? Well, never mind.

The forest cannot sing without the leaves branches suffering

*Powerful.*

The lyrist cannot be sound with the absence of Euterpe

??? Did you mean Europe?

A splint, a drop, a tick, but not I, can stroke the great inspiration

Now, see, someone’s going to think that’s a *sexual* metaphor. Like, to "stroke the great inspiration" ... right?

V

O Shelley, the romantic lover of west wind
You, who had made my glorious, as Homer had attempt me
to blow Odysseus back to Ithaca
Had acquainted only this:
when I am present, spring will not be far behind
I'm having a problem with this last stanza. I mean, you're going along there, through sections I-IV, and you end up ... here? With this? Isn't it kind of a let-down?

I did a rewrite, just a tweak here and there, to "pump the level up" a bit:

O Shelley, the romantic lover of west wind
How do you like it?
MORE MORE MORE! How do you like it, how do you
Like it? MORE MORE MORE! How do you like it,
How do you like it? MORE MORE MORE! (Fade-out.)

SHARON MESMER

My Own Story

Sure I remember my picture with John Huston, and how I got the part: by pulling my t-shirt over his head.

I'd never acted before, but I was the most famous woman hobo in America — who hadn't heard of me? They said I had the face of a poet. And so John Huston sent a messenger on horseback to find me and bring me to Hollywood.

They had palm trees on the boulevards back then, and billboard advertisements for coffee that actually smelled like coffee and had steam coming out of them. I rode up Hollywood Boulevard on the horse like nobody's business, and John Huston himself greeted me in the doorway of the Brown Derby. He was shorter than I thought he'd be, but he acted a little too big for his britches. That's why I pulled my t-shirt over his head. After that, we got along just fine. Wherever I go, I have to be the boss.

During the audition, we were supposed to ad-lib. I didn't even know what ad-lib meant. We were in this dingy hotel room and I was supposed to make some woman's husband fall in love with me. Men always like something a little strange, so I pretended I was my old friend Sally-Ann, who had buck teeth, greasy hair, and a swollen-up leg from gout, but the men just threw themselves at her every day. It was a funny thing, too, being Sally-Ann. She'd been dead for years by then. Killed herself with a frying pan. And it was funny, too, getting kissed by Montgomery Clift, the most famous male actor in love stories, even though he wasn't what you call a real man. But he sure could act like it. Can you beat that? That's why I love this country.

Sure, I got the part. I even went to the Oscars. I sat right next to Rhonda Fleming. But, eventually, I went back to the rails. Those Hollywood people are only interesting in the movies. In person, if you didn't recognize them from their pictures, you wouldn't notice them in a room with only you and them. They're like furniture. And you can't get interested in furniture. Unless you've had too much schooling.

MITCH HIGHFILL

Seven Poems

New journey on imperfect rat-catcher.
Conjecture now if the mercenary trap.
After jump now concrete in treachery.
Riled per arch. Riled per arch.
Led richer rap.
Front penetrate juicy chew romancer.

Farce jury thwarter on incompetence.
Jeer fat tapeworm in the concurrency.
Crotchety jump on a raw interference.
Waltz proud cow to fool it.
Chief jeer now creep mutant contrary.

Reject new romp arch-foe uncertainty.
Jeer frown mercenary pathetic count.
Zip low flout to coward.
Per rectum yawn cretin on arch-foe jet.

Juicy thwarter preference to con man.
Lap red richer.
Conjecture in the warty performance.

Wizard low cult to poof!
Fewer crap to the mercenary junction.
Casey Chihuahua Girl

Could anyone get rid of this absolutely precious girl?
Biscuit, This is little Biscuit, a Chihuahua
Casey, Is this like looking in a mirror?
From Gypsy, the red Chihuahua Hi Casey,
You'll be Princess, Evee, and Merlyn Miss Tuxie Girl
sends very special yes, yes, I want you my way.
Amos, Amos, Amy, Amy, Amy, Amy,
Amy T. Chihuahua, Andy Bear ... McCoy,
Bo, Bo ‘N’ Bambi’s Baby Diamond Girl,
Bo, Bo ... Carly and Emma, Carly-Boo Bird,
Casey, Casey Bear
and a lot of time to spend spoiling
this amazing girl in the Sierra Tarahumara.
Yes, yes, I want you, will just go fuck a girl he’s never
been the keeper of their castle.
Christopher reached a shaved chihuahua
out of his sleeve and grabbed Pooky;
Princess Pooky; Princess
Tears Rescue Chihuahua.
My wife told me later I looked like Ben Casey.
Ah, the wiles of the vexing, vixenish Martian Girl,
two dogs scampering close behind.
Adventures out in nature,
things that a city girl, like me
(a lovely chocolate girl ...)
Circus Audience. Circus Bear. ... Colt.
One look at this little girl and you think of a radar dish.
I watched my sweet Georgia bathing, had
A very sticky attack (don’t blush --
I'm a healthy, growing girl!)
Wrinkles Midnight.
Casey is a sweet little girl who already
Is a Mad Ferret.
She loves to be petted.
Casey Coot Grandma Duck’s brother.
Resolved: Wacky inventors must own one hairy dog.
The Martian Ambassador blows a hole
in General Casey’s stomach ... is Nathalie’s head
now loosely attached to the body of the chihuahua?
Eating Nixon's Heart

Eating Las Vegas, searching for a seat on the strip was a favorite haunt of Richard Nixon’s romance.

Jellyfish Dreams

Pop rev jellyfish label number lucky 0003, 1958 the teardrops...

Jellyfish sentries protect yourself while you sleep, small liquid-filled pouches or snail outfitters.

Duality duality black night of the soul cthuloid dreams by dead jellyfish, only hinting at something at what?

If you killed mosquitoes in your dreams.

Deer Head Autodidact

Daydreaming amongst the roaming deer and thick evergreens that can do funny things to a man’s head, autodidact and author fiddle partner for me.

Total Batshit Baby

If you’re the kind of person who watches Rosemary’s Baby to see the baby, or spending some time on MTV with the crowd, yelling Cmon baby! Its also probably a paean to going total batshit and not a total case of blueballs not to get screwed and greeted by total derision instead of cheese, milk, eggs, meat, water, hell, even baby teethers. But thats the way I like it baby. No wonder Katrina was batshit half the time; hubby and sproget when they combined business with pleasure, outre with adios. But I am a total dog person. I have clubbed a bunch of baby seals and that exclusive is being used as a clever euphemism and grace for making an impact on total strangers. His real name was Baby which is even more batshit than Punkin. That’s 720 of a total of 749. As a long time reader mutters, "What a load of batshit." My Pulitzer Prize awaits me.

Molerat Jerkey

Gots molerat tail tween teeth Breaded fan belt fillet squeeze On ferret toast down gravy way. Frays baptist gunk valve Flays jellied thumbnail Hick flabbergasted when head cheese Excretion oozes eastward In search of electrodes. PLUG IT IN!! BE ALL THAT YOU CAN BE!! Flab flarfy in hernia braces Loose drip flap uncanny But brief, very very brief. Very very very very very brief.
Uh-huh. Rug soiled under skillet
Cries ole! Viva scab fraction!
Tears of goy. Flat foot floogie.
Head cheese extraction bonanza.

**DAVID LARSEN**

**Seven Poems**

**OH GREAT**

Now you reminded him of it
And now he’s climbing the walls about it
He’s tired and drawn because of it
And did you tell him to sever it with his mind?

**OH GREAT**

It still has extraordinary resonance with him
Drink and entertainments cannot divert his thoughts from it
Even the crickets seem to him to have taken it up as a refrain
It’s driving him crazy!
Even the whorls in his fucking thumbs!

**OH GREAT**

He’s having a really hard time with it
Not one single thing is unassociated with it for him

And yet he has nothing with which to compare it
It’s freaking him out and he doesn’t know what to do about it
It’s a subject better left alone around him
He cannot be talked out of his views on it
He cannot disguise his preoccupation with it
Its edge grows sharper in his mind with every passing day
I hate to sound like Bluebeard, but you must understand this about him as well as it and the strange, strange hold it continues to exert over him

**OH GREAT**

The depth of its impression on him cannot be overstated
Driven out of step with his fellows, he dwells on it ceaselessly
He find that everything involves him and it in some way
You might call it a sticking point, with him

Let’s not pretend he was in great shape before it took root in his mind
He must have been especially ripe for it, and ill-equipped for putting it behind him
He shows no sign of getting over it, and frankly?
It's hard to sympathize past a certain point of its uninterrupted dominion over him
It's even hard in some way not to blame him for it, not when you've heard him go on and on about it the way he has since it became so all-consuming of him

EKPHRASIS
You might recall a painting of a hunting scene, in winter. The boar contends with several hounds. Another hound is stricken in the flank with an arrow from his master's bow, and struggles to remove it. The barb has penetrated deeply. The dog can almost reach the arrow's shaft with its teeth, which are bared up to the gums, and snaps at it in a frenzy. The desperation in its rolling eyes is palpable to the viewer. Its blood has just begun to stain the snow.
I bring this painting up in order to give you three guesses as to what it would make him think of if he came across it:
1.
2.
3.

OH GREAT
He hates it for everything it has cost him
For the good times he must have missed out on because of it
Though memory hardly serves him for anything that came before it, any longer
It brings him nothing but displeasure, and has relieved him forever of all relief
So you can't really say he "wallow" in it
Indeed, it has become coextensive with him, and not something he can meaningfully regard outside of himself
He is intensely haunted by it
Wholly given over to it
To muse for long unwearied hours upon it his sole pastime, heedless of all cares besides it
The truth is, no one wishes he could just give in, give in and give up the struggle with it finally more than he

MICHAEL MAGEE
Mainstream Poetry
Poems are, like, total bullshit unless they are squid or popsicles or deer piled on elk in the trunk of David Hasselhoff's Cutlass Sierra. Or black ladies dying of men leaving nickel hearts beating them down. MAINSTREAM poems and they are USEFUL — Great if you like having a Popsicle stuck in "I love George Bush," like, the popsicle squid goes "gong" when all the other dishes run out of toilet paper, how far can Bush go
with a squid up his motherf*ckin ass — see what I mean?
We want LIVE world wide words of the MAINSTREAM ready
to sink her teeth into the flesh of our Deputy Defense Secretary
Paul Wolfowitz when the napalm in his blood
starts cooking. I could kill an entire day
with a popsicle stick and a small jar of insignificant
brain cells lost in the 70's by George W. Bush. We want
poems like epileptic Pokemon fits on Walmart's
lingerie racks, MAINSTREAM poems to smear on
a photo spread entitled the "Women of Enron," to showcase 50%
Chance Of May Rate Hike whose numbers are
Glycerin Suppositories between the asscheeks of
Justin Timberlake — Check it out! Photos, Soundtracks, Video Clips,
Fan Boards and More! Fucked-up poems that everybody understands
like "The Morality Of Money 4:46 pm CD Sludge UQ
Wire: Kissinger — Bloody Hands," cavity searching the man himself
with the broken off end of his Run-DMC glasses and
sending the swab sample to the Olson Twins for analysis.
Knockoff poems for Sindhis and Baluchis, Kurds, hundreds of
Brittany fans, some in full cowboy dress with a smattering
of applause from the Tekken Anime fans doing
their 5 Kick Massacre sidethrow, clutching their throats
and puiking themselves into eternity "as TV Heroes
safe from these Viagra mushrooms proceed
to kick the Bard's ass in a Tom Hanks Bison-Death" — subway poems like, "Aw yeeh, got my NASDAQ petunias
AAWWWWL mixed up, woah, thass nice, flufffy lil
mestizo couch doing the ROLAJ smooch in my NAWSTRils,
huh hauh,, Mkaeing some TYPos, cuz i wasna be PRASSident of
the Ungdidyedf Stmaatemd go to coleeege with a ANDROiD bitch!!!!!!!"
Our Greatest Poet is pinned to a comfy chair at his favorite
hangout spot, a Barnes & Noble Cafe in Louisville Kentucky
reading a poem that begins, "I love shopping
in Brooks Brothers, oh, / and I found the cutest
sheer / cappuchino colored button" . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
In his award-winning epic poem he revisited
Homer's The Iliad and The Odyssey, relocating to
Gap Kids . . . . . . . . . .

Aggghhh . . . searches Google . . .
Put it on him MAINSTREAM poet! Strip him nayKID
to the world wide world. Another MAINSTREAM POEM cracking
squid tentacles upside the tea-stained skulls of the
FAKE-ASS MAINSTREAM . . . poem scream
Son ecologistas; y Jorgito Bush es todo, "izquierdosos, moros,

Archienemigos," — Qué puta mierda. Me cago en Bush
y los 365 santos del año!!! Llegó tarde a la iglesia!
El jodido televi sor no funciona!
Tongue-kiss the MAINSTREAM world for love.
Let their be no non-mainstream poems written until
love can exist freely on the headstones of Nixon's inner
circle. Let MAINSTREAM PEOPLE understand
that they are the lovers and the daughters and sons
of lovers and workers and children
of workers Are poems & poets &
all the loveliness here in the world

We want a MAINSTREAM poem. And a
MAINSTREAM WORLD.
Let the world be a mainstream poem
And Let All Mainstream People Speak This Poem
Silently
Or LOUD

Fascist Fairytales (8)

"The Red Fish" from Turkey is death.
Lost in the civil war, they came upon
a house made of candy and cake.
Because Bush had a dog should
Hansel and Gretel be found guilty
of murder? An old witch supplied
Sadam Hussein with military Bio-
medical Systems, co-owned by Bush's
Secretary of ... appears. His first opera
was "Axis of Evil, Shmaxis of Evil."
Hedwig's pre-sex change name is
"Hansel." I can predict his children's
film: "Hansel becomes Gretel, Trust
Hussein, distrust Bush." Pre-Hansel
 tales? Mahatma Hussein? I do
not have Anthrax? I wish my
brother appreciated me as much
as Hansel must love his sister. Then,
last night, I dreamt of Saddam
Hussein. ... This is why dictators like
President George Bush! ... Claus, no
tooth fairy, un humano normal, failed

combo 12
to sign a new "hate crime" law in Texas. Son ecologistas; y Jorgito Bush es todo, "izquierdosos, moros, Archienemigos," y, "7. The Invisible Man, 9. White Wolf, the White Wolf, 10. Darth Vader, 11. The Lettuce ghoul, 13. Persian Alfombra, 14. The Grandma, 16. George Bush Junior, 17. The Killer Tomato!" They had taken the old farmer's truck down a bush track from the disarmament push, y Jorgito Bush es todo, "What is the similarity between Little Miss Muffet and Sadam Hussein? Two cannibals were eating a comedian. I'll bet you've been eating a lot. You hear that Miss Muffet and Sadam got together with the Buddhist who refused Novocaine during his root canal? What do Miss Muffet and Saddam have?" He would fish from dawn to dark with his favorite legs, and will need help eating and going. They were eating lunch and the Irishman said, "Corned beef to the drivers," so Jorgito Bush los rollos abajo su ventana y es todo, "What do Miss Muffet and Saddam Hussein have inside her panties, it feels like a horse eating oats. Do you call a man with 99% of his brain missing to take back the man-eating flowers, and purchase amphibious tires for his car and ... similarity between Little Miss Muffet and Sadam Hussein?!!" A powder keg waiting to erupt, his belly button to the middle of his chest, cartoon of a very happy oriental gent eating an egg, decides he's going to get his revenge — "to be known that I voted for West Virginians eating road kill. What do Miss Muffet and Saddam Hussein have in Home Brewing? What do Little Miss Muffet and Saddam Hussein have in High-Voltage Fence? What do Saddam Hussein and General Custer have in his wife?"

They all sit down and begin eating a fine meal. When they got done eating dinner, they decided to gently put his arm around the man and half an immediate danger. "Did you hear that Saddam won the toss? They can give milk without eating grass." His friend and co-worker was collecting double his pay: "A grizzled old man was eating in a truck stop when Hussein walked up to the old man, pushed his cigarette into the farmer who turned his farm in to Saddam Hussein." On the box it says, "Snatch Eating Frogs $20.00."

**Blowback**

Over the China Sea a winged corolla flaps
Causes a tiny breeze to blow a leaf as Lorenz
Had done back in Lawrence? A kangaroo flicks
By through a high beam, its head and limbs lolling
At some impossible angle, hideous studded door
Frozen to its back, his straining knee, the body
Blazing like the forests; strike a match and let it char
Armies, a double "butterfly" loop, the wandering
Skipper, the path of an air tanker on the winds
Swerved out across the water. Euroclydon, pleasant zephyr,
O great snake charmer, blow well thy magical tune!
"They struck my keel with jerk the quarl upreared
To put a gun up inside me, talk me into a nice
Chrysalis design, Princeton colors on the wings."

**Landscape with the Fall of Snoop Dogg**

A hand-painted landscape of trees and a small brook,
The accumulation speed and wind direction of your
Snow fall, this is a good skin. Continue to change.
February went quintuple platinum. Crystal and Moet
Became part of the gorgeous, wild grass and frozen ponds.
Basic earth elements and rolling heavyweight smoker
Carpet-bombed into a lunar landscape. Across the
Globe there was no foul play: NOT GUILTY. Yes, even
Amongst the bleak Manilow I fully expect children
Read about the rise and fall of what evs in several death Penalty cases. The mood of being in glimmering can Have your Instapundit travelogue of sounds and textures, Like a panoramic intelligentsia has become part of this Country's aggression of the heavy. In the fall, leaves Magically swallow balls with insatiable appetite. I'm wicked Thankful that Snoop Dogg is in this Bergmanesque tale, my life.

**MARIA DAMON**

*Two Poems*

**Ethnographies of Loneliness**

Anthropologist Ruth Benedict also started to be a man, to have many friends and have loneliness, to work her against the rock of inconsistency and despair. Henry James once said that he who would aspire to be a writer must inscribe on his banner the one word 'Loneliness.' In the case of my students, their need distills his signature themes into a powerful story about the loneliness of the Female Eunuch ... and the Sword: Patterns of Japanese Culture. I too am brave; I too will not stop short of the ideal. ... an eagle; the higher he goes, the less you see of him, and loneliness is the Joan Collins. Fear, loneliness, stress, depression, insecurity, anxiety, alcoholism, substance abuse, divorce ... RUTH BENEDICT, An Anthropologist at Work. What is this book by Alan Sillitoe, also the title of a song by Iron Maiden, also the title of a song by Iron Maiden? The world was happy and laughing and having a good time except for me, the forlorn little girl hiding her fear and pain and loneliness behind a pattern of culture... The secret of getting ahead is getting started... Loneliness is the universal problem of rich people. The gruelling treatments, the loneliness and the experience of facing death are all discussed in this honest praise of old people; in outrage at their loneliness. He had been deeply impressed by two of his teachers, Ruth and Max. Ruth Benedict Band, the anxious isolate, sending out repulsion signals which increase its loneliness.

**The Ballad of Thrasher the Handsome Adult**

With a length of 6 inches, i seek haven at your Sugartree Inn in Vermont.

THRASHER is an inquisitive, acrobatic HANDSOME ADULT, pausing occasionally to hammer at a crack—

Do you know where your children are? My all-time favorite kitchen accessory is a delightful ...[sic]

Found a recessive mutation called "tinny yank-yank" This cake is more of a confection than a cake: it is a free encyclopedia.

A white-breasted nuthatch nests in my urethra, and begins to sing.

**JORDAN DAVIS**

*Five Poems*

**ahhwww now I haveee to**

TOURTEETTES up my

Archaeologists recover and desalt these lumpy concretions (essentially negative molds),

law clouds Angel's day, clouds slaying alert but not noticeably lumpy

Oakland attorney, accused of killing pregnant Microsoft My friend Karen vibrating. If not vibrating, then certainly lumpy.

Stop the blinkin...Awwww geeez, spinach salad everywhere

Silent Scope, where you act as a police sniper fighting off terrorists.

They reward for head shots

do ghost exist? I want to develop my psychic abilities

i know i have it

NPR's "All Things Considered" gave the fullest report, quoting Emily and her mother, nurse Linda "Awwww love!"

awwww so cute! Awww,a real cutie! Awww....what a cutie!

awwww come on ... it's soft and organic

Elmo likes making funny faces! yew kantz watchez meez!! Yew haz tew concentratez

hey abdulfatha alabri, i'll be ur friend

We feel like Johnny is here in spirit, anyway! crap...problem found

Follow me to Tulip's World Cuddling... in a cemetery?

Yeah my friend got all new furniture

Mr McReedy looks so much more lifelike now he's dead ... www SKI MASK
**Totally Sausageous**

1. We Got The Booty
2. Round the Back
3. I Want Your Sex
4. Damn!
5. All Up In That Booty
6. Booty
7. Hazy Shade of Winter
8. Jack Palance Y'all
9. Secret Life of Geerandma
10. Send Me On My Way
11. Sex Machine
12. Mary’s Song*
13. Beat It

Aw yeah!

**Lard Ass Finally Gets Off**

Lard Ass Finally Gets Off The Couch and Needs Advice kasey
Maude Millionaire Stockholder, I have a fastball with your name on it for your fat ass!! I am going to tattoo
Streakers across your foreheads I missed it! AWWWWWWWW! Mylene could you
summerize what all was said? Awwwwwwww Pomeranian Bulletin
That was really sweet of you.
I am feeling all warm and fuzzy inside, not to mention that I have a throbbing erection. Thanks doll! in those who asked how do you skank??Dose your mom skank to
nope she’s too fat...
she’d be like oooohhh... look at me... but she might do secretly.
fuckin punk across the nation!!!!!
That really sucks dude
That really sucks cock
Wow you are cool .. Awwwwwwww Pol Pot Junky Yard Mutt has a crush on
Fatso,
cute little uzi’s
awwwwwww thanks Win a Dodge Caravan! HARD ASS - Hardly Advanced Radio
Detector: All Sky Survey For Just $2.95! anal,
anal, anal, anal, anal. anal, anal, anal, anal. anal, anal, anal
anal. ... Free stuff for Canadians

**OMG**

if you’re reading this ..
I hate your guts

If you’re reading this, you’re probably ‘evil’

if you’re reading this during lunch
You are responsible for the education of all the children of
GRIZZLE D YOUNG VETERANS

Get Lost!
Prepare To Get Sued
It’s just more fun
trying to start the wave in the House of Representatives

HEY, LARRY, IF YOU’RE READING THIS, don’t laugh,
I’m not sure If you’re reading Genesis,
You’re doing history If you’re reading this, kill your parents
: If you’re reading this and you happen to be a lawyer or other employee
of Golden Books, keep in mind that Jenni is a pseudonym.

So you’ve found the bad poetry..... Are you brave
enough to read on??? Well here, If you’re reading this you’re not cool.

Flabby? Weak? Old? Fat? White?
FBZ: If you’re reading this, your browser sucks!
If You’re Reading This, You’ve Already Agreed To It
if you’re reading this, you have problems
if you’re reading this, you’re in the wrong place

I suppose if you’re reading this, work isn’t keeping you
If you’re reading this... you’re too close

if you’re not reading my blogger...
You’re reading Snark Bite

I can assume that you are here
because you are troubled and considering ending your life.

If you’re looking for intelligent reading.. keep looking
if you’re under 13 and reading this page, your mother will
make me feel as if I shouldn’t come in different shrubs

combo 12
you might lose your job ... If you’re blind and self-employed, I recently was reading a multipart hypertext, virtually spam-free reading! "You’re In Our World Now

YOU’RE A PINK TOOTHBRUSH

FREE Non-Nuclear "Ass-Face in a Bottle!"

You Can Lick 5-10 Falling Down Drunk Englishmen in One Apartment in the Cloud-dwelling of Odin!

AND YOU CAN...

Become Rock-studded Driveway
Samples of Life as NO SHIT a plebe from Utica Marketing Non-Nuclear "Ass-Face in a Bottle" to whatever Friends and Family you may have! You Heard Me Right, NO SHIT!!!!!!

Try our Multiple Peril Insurance Non-Nuclear "Ass Face in a Bottle" Absolutely Free! And
If you Experience Cramping, We’ll Play You Like a Spongebath Among Ta-tas. (Not Required but a Nice Way in which to Spread the Load!)

What would you give to DROWN IN DEPECHE MODE CDs?
Imagine...
Being called An ASS Enhances your paranoia, which could lead to a Huge Erection, Electrify Your Provinces and Give You the Power to Rule!

Click on this link http://coffeerupture.com/

To Receive a One Hairy Mother of Life Non Nuclear "Ass Face in a Bottle" ABSOLUTELY FREE!

or respond to this email by having a panic attack and spamming your friends

I’ll Make Your Ass Bigger

Come on in and Relax while we Help You Look

Into the Darkness

Removal Dreams:
You are receiving ass messages, they have built lovely escalators up the sides of the ass newsletters. Have we corresponded in the past? I respect you, really, even if that isn’t your ass.

If you do not want to hear any more, I don’t understand.

RUDIGER DORNBUSCH, RUDIGER DORNBUSCH

The book has Tapioca in Excalibur Rat-Bait, Equally Unlikely Rat-Bait, Inflatable Steve Clay and other mysterious Balls. I recommend this book all the people be interesed in Rat-Bait Toggles.

Eunuch Coitus and Structural Change

Balls, I’ve heard him speak Balls
His intellectual how-do-you-pronounce Jam

Dick Clark, eyes on the prize! Mahalia Jackson, Conserve the wet-nurse’s parmesan
Flunky brisket, ole? Why not? Or am I? and so on

All night the concerned glance of Oprah

The powerful tools of those who will later consume stained jeans Then grandma opens the book and passes out As Dad unrolls the tit-covered poster for xmas That’s what waking up with the dog means

White Shit Technologies is down a penny
**DANIEL BOUCHARD**

**In Reverent Mumble**

Give me Shylock, give me Fagin
But O ... Grain grows best in shit

says when you’re looking at it:
‘Holy shit! Coleman, was based
on Alec Guinness’s Fagin in Oliver

as the Gungan submarine
propelled by squid-like tentacles

Each nasty little hornet, Each
beastly little squid are warm
and happy in a pile of shit,

keep your reverent mumble:
Give me Shylock, give me Fagin
But O ...

the most twisted decrapped pair
of shit fucked there’s ... Fagin: Shut up
and drink your gin ...

Speak into the microphone, squid brain
coming down it’s, scree only scree Come
clown clowning down the rippy pitch excelsior
pants and shit corduroy ope it’s the open

seepage of friend squid??!!
epc.buffalo.edu/authors/

faces facet facto facts
faded fader fades fagin
fahey fails ... spurn spurs spurt squad
squat squaw squid stabs stack

sexy sham shea shed shin
ship shit shod shoe

---

**RODNEY KOENEKE**

**Use Dips to Initiate**

Whisker was first used
in the air-sparging tube
to regulate transient voltage dips
for the whole modular village

groups of unshorn unicorns
served as insecticides and, when they expired,
to initiate dialogue on exceptions:

that tape shall be used in every threaded fitting.
that Cheese dip appears at the Welcoming Committee.
that Outfall from dips and lead-off ditches will be fed
to native plants.

my little
bluestem, my wild rye
my fifteen colors
of Tires of Sidon hummus

Navy ships are never used
to initiate ensign dips
but if originator dips ensign
up bloom striped flags.

**Pizza Kitty**

Kitty Goes Postal—
wants pizza.
Kitty has hat & cape and looks
like a magician ...

Observe kitty eating a slice of pizza.
"Eat some free pizza, Kitty!" YUM
(pizza man impatient at the door)

BAD KITTY LIST, FOOD RELATED
will not use my ninja kitty paw strike
___ naked on sofa with rapidly-cooling pizza
___monster clowns with KITTY-FACES!
"Take off your shoes, bitch"
Base Mood, icky. Kitty Mood, BOOM BOOM
KITTY FUCK, SHORTY—"I make
for you a pizza"
dubbed kitty litter pizza.
(Whatever you do keep away from the Kitty Litter pizza ...)

Just had the stupidest idea—
Make KITTY order pizza!
The kitty brings the pizza on its
paw, possibly
cold pizza

Send kind and healing thoughts
to Pizza Kitty
   one sick kitty
cute blonde baffled pizza delivery . . .

Obverse of Kitty:
   ...I have a bottomless pit for pizza...
   there is a pizza bar on ship
   word is they're living off
   an "all pizza diet"
Kitty won't be so finicky
   When she's served this new stuffed pizza!

Expensive pizza date with Kitty.
Everyone ate pizza and soda.
Indigestible Japanese pizza.
   Long, annoying lecture about being
A bad world kitty. "What turns you on, Pizza Kitty?"
Mommy does not like to get kitty kisses
   while she is trying to eat pizza . . .

Pizza boy looks hard at Kitty
snacking on pizza
Vow to myself walking out of the pizza restaurant:
   No telling your nickname to Kitty!

Super Kitty Cat Pics Archives
Asleep ... ::: Fishy Fountains [1] ... Delivery Boys [3] :::::

Kitty in some kind

of army uniform—everytime we contemplate
making pizza we remember this incident:
"Kitty, come down!" Pizza
all over our bodies.
Then the pizza guy (not the cute
pizza guy, worse luck)
comes to the door and says, "Peace, Kitty"
   ::::: DEPENDS ON WHETHER I
   CATCH THE SCENT OF PIZZA!!! :::::

Farfisa Meatless Etude

Et tu? Expensive vegan shopping? Burns
   on other people's fingers—chemo(toxic)
therapy. That the Mormons
   are vegetarians
and play lots of cheesy farfisa
wheras the Adventists eat meatless food.
Silence or a virtually meatless diet:
   Such toothless distinctions.
Wheras these scriptures unambiguously support a meatless
   way of life

Jake plays Farfisa.
Jesus farfisa, meatless farfisa.
early German no-wave farfisa, sandwiched between 2
   iggy style vocal cuts/
Vox et farfisa sont de retour! En god akustisk en
Farfisa-orgel—
   das hypnotische Eingangsthema:

   Disco mix/7 inch single mix NM/NM
   meatless

Linda on Farfisa: 2-part Meatless Inventions.
Discographie:

   Fink Sonata
   Vegan Farfisa
   Fuzzy Meatless Scripture

Adventist wants farfisa: stark meatless tone.
Lots of funky 60s farfisa:
    meaty howl attack.
Manhandles farfisa—dynamic chemo(toxic) thrust.
    Tympani: sucks
    Vibraphone: so-so
    Dizzy on Farfisa: Revolutionary Etude!

Scriptures like distinctions:
Ukuleles, shofars, percu indiennes, boules
    chinoises, piano jouet.
    Beats it to death—unambiguous
Mystical glass harp adds meatlessness:
    heavy on soulful Farfisa . . .
idea for a good shampoo commercial—
    long farfisa intro
        (in certain quarters a chemo-toxico pollutant)
trippy, fuzzy, meatless
Scriptures condone farfisa
or is it ambiguous?
    Used to love farfisa:
        creepy, toxic,
        toothless.
    (last,
    worst record had farfisa.)
There shall be no more Farfisa
Except you will be happy
    with fish and meatless dishes.

Episcopalian
    . . . meatless
Old Believers . . . meatless
Orthodox (sometimes)
meatless . . .
    (*farfisa* at the forefeasts . . .
Idea
for spacy farfisa outro—
Scripture is meatless,
God
    an etude.

Robust Nuclear Pet Penetrator

Pet personal project: we shine
and give them pet names
SUNFLOWER
"ASK GRUMPY"
DEAD PUPPIES FOR SALE
    a new class of "usable"
    pet entrails
rendered from poultry parts:
    flesh, bone, skin, feet,
    entrails
This is Boris (PUG-
    SCRUMPTIOUS!) and Faith
    is his human
"only people have rights"
This is one of my pet peeves

THE TRUTH ABOUT COMMERCIAL PET FOOD
    . . . heads, feet, lungs
    spleen, kidneys, brains, livers
    stomachs, entrails . . .
Unfortunately, misinformed individuals
    (& some nuclear pet entrail manufacturers)
hide under the table
    until they calm down
    "who would kill something
    and then drag it back home, dripping
    with entrails?"
Much less catch an STD
    from your PET???
    . . . enigmatic medical doctor . . .
Scully had a pet once
because Queequeg (the dog) chewed on his
    previous owners’
    entrails
    "the first thing the dog would do
is eat the viscera"
(new class of "usable" penetrators)
:::the parts you can't see:::
AND SHELTERS ARE RENDERED USELESS!

Did my pet have a vision?
Burp (Devlin's pet) brutally kills Sprite
(Nicolaa's pet!)

Burp's grinning face
drips with entrails

Forget Sonoma's popular art tours
& wine tastings—the area's advocates
have a better idea: RADIOACTIVE PET ENTRAILS!!!!!

What's up, Scott County?
PET ENTRAILS

While the White House was articulating its pet
:::I want to eat all your entrails!!!!:::
project to completely remove the entrails
(to remove the entrails,
you put it through a couple of
different solutions . . .)
I could not find any references to pets or entrails
in my usual sources
(conjures the picture of entrails
slopping around)

Pet Projects to Look Into:
Ear Coning (pouring hot wax
into pet's ears)
Trepanation (drilling hole
in head)
having Entrails Ripped Out
...penetrating your pet's intestine...

Bought a large tray and put entrails on it...
"You mindless, brain-dead, acne-faced
gopher-toothed, pet despising FREAK!
Make that ULTRA FREAK!!!!"

:::Ethics & Health of Vegetarianism::: 

DON'T eat from that bowl of PET ENTRAILS
Pet-Abuse.com—Animal Abuse—Cases
and Statistics—Case Details

please, god, no more entrails . . .

NADA GORDON

All About My Victory

My Victory makes noise that goes thud thud thud thud.

Is My Victory Normal?

What's Up With My Victory?

What's the tiny red bump on my victory?

"Look at my victory and fear me"

Oh dear. At least, they never said anything, and they all seemed to like my
victory.

Why has my victory lost sensitivity?

Sounds of My Victory

When I try to masturbate a small amount of white lubricant comes out from the
middle of my victory.

What is priapism? Whom should I thank for my victory?

You can basically pull it out of my victory, almost like a noodle.

On the underside of my victory, there is a fairly large, bluish-purplish vein that
branches out.

She then continued the gender-bending and named my victory "Stephanie."

What the hell, a chipmunk just bit my victory.
The hair on my Victory.

MY VICTORY IS IN YOUR BUTT

My dog recently passed away.

I had a dog, now I only have my victory.

 Fear and Trembling

Nude Sarcasm?? Is that like Smartpants but gayer? God, Schmod and Gratuitous Evil It's like I've died and gone to Lust Heaven ??
"God Schmod, I Want My Monkeyman!"

"i suppose eating dead stuff is masculine"
URGENT need help about schmod
"sometimes i think I'm so clever "mmmm.british"
"God Schmod, I Want My Monkeyman!"

GLENDA Well it's not a matter of life or death, is it?
GLENDA stares at NEIL) Oh my God.
NEIL (wakes momentarily:) God Schmod!
"God Schmod, I Want My Monkeyman!"

confess your sins, get it OFF your chest and
To Communion I Don't Feel Like A Good Person
My Priest My Best Friend, My Girlfriend,
"God Schmod, I Want My Monkeyman!"

And I Religious Brainwashing A Wiccan Taoism
God – Schmod Why Are Pressure
("Wow, there's a lot of schmod in that > beer!") >
"God Schmod, I Want My Monkeyman!"

4. Anything useless or unwanted.
schmod now recognize a leading zero
as the start of an octal number.
"God Schmod, I Want My Monkeyman!"

Marvelous Structures- Jingle Jangle-
Strawberry Fields Forever- God made fried chicken –
God made fried chicken to be good.

"God Schmod, I Want My Monkeyman!"

How would I go about creating
a half man half monkey type creature?
Never schmod if you are a monkey man(yargh?)
"God Schmod, I Want My Monkeyman!"

Insanity in Life is like a tomatoesquishyanduhmheart-shapedandoh
just shut up and pass me the sugar
pious schmod(structuahahahahahah Qaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
Qaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh Qaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
Qaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
"God Schmod, I Want My Monkeyman!"

God, schmod, that bus full of nuns was really asking for it.
Biblink; Christian Blumenrühr, Dirk Eisenbiegler and Detlef Schmod,
"On the efficiency of formal synthesis - experimental results"
"God Schmod, I Want My Monkeyman!"

God Schmod you guys are so creepy!
still...i've got nothing... o rolodex o RosettaMan
o router-stats o Rmth o Runner's Diary o ruptool
"God Schmod, I Want My Monkeyman!"

Wrath of God, Wrath of Schmod!
Narf. 2. Schmod. 3. Floogenbloogen. 4. Flibamajig. 5.Point!
"God Schmod, I Want My Monkeyman!"

i thought I was morbid dahye –
then human love would not exist but
God's love will dahye — hahaha morbid?
"God Schmod, I Want My Monkeyman!"

schitzophrenia; schlemowitz; schlenk; schliegen;
schmedly; schmidt;p; schmod; schmoe; schmokel;
schmoove; schnapple; schnauzers; schnews;
"God Schmod, I Want My Monkeyman!"

"God Schmod, I Want My Monkeyman!"
You're just jealous that she has a higher sperm count than you do.

Don't gag. You're just jealous.

I am a moody thing, aren't I? Momentary Thought It's warm and fuzzy

You're just jealous cuz the voices talk to ME...

You're just jealous because I get invited to all the weird conferences

You're just jealous you didn't think of it first!

Twisted Sweetness. *ducks as various items are thrown at her head*

You're just jealous because the voices only talk to me. Gracies Chickie Queen of Delight ...

You're Just Jealous. Am I really jealous?? Is anybody? NO. What gives you the right to judge what's cool and what's not?

Now go cry in your car. You're just jealous cause I'm young and in love. Oh yeah, and get a bigger vocabulary.

YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS BECAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE A BIG DANCING PENGUIN.

Not right, is it? No fair, is it? Boys, please. You're just jealous. How are you enjoying your own medicine? And do you want fries with that?

You're just jealous because you know I got more imagination than you will never have.

You're "Just" Jealous. On a regular basis, the alt.polyamory gang will debate the origins of jealousy.

I can see my hubby going, "Oh, you're just jealous because you're 250 pounds overweight." Well, I may be plump, but I know you're just jealous that my meal is so beautiful and fresh, where yours is just lying there on your plate, decomposing.

She Sure Likes the Cream

sayonara .
fleurdelys .
cherry twinklemall.
Sweet Kitty Kiss my ghosts Kitty doesn't like the soup, Mama, but she sure likes the cream. Sweet kitty, where'd she go? Scratchy tongue and tiny wet nose. Sweet kitty, where you been?".
Mares. Tijuana Pine Tijuana Moonshine Lady Sugar Blue Bubbles. "Come kitty kitty Come home

sweet kitty Come my sweet little Kitty".
Come home sweet kitty Come to me Kitty kitty"

SWEET KITTY,HOT MIKO, WILD HAZMY. SWEET KITTY, HOT MIKO, WILD HAZMY. My sweet kitty Parameter, my parrot Diogenes

Kitty, O Kitty, Your sweet more than the rest.
Kitty, sweet kitty. Your simply the best.
ANXIETY ATTACK! ANXIETY ATTACK!
to be entirely stable. Sweet sweet kitty,
until she decides she's not and lets you know it.

DREW GARDNER

The Guy With The Gourmet Peanut Butter Sandwiches

Emus are the way to go
(Tom Clancy is hibernating in my urethra)
the twilight is starting to creep me out again though ultimately wincing at the launch site

Emus are hand held surplus
like barrier-free koala anger
direct marketing is the way to go
while Mom and step-dad expanded
to encompass Benson, Arizona.
Mom had a book published
titled "Raising Emus".
Way to go Mom!! !

transient two-lane paved wallabies
in the rolling hills
Just Try And Stop Them!
Billy-bud was written by baby Emus

and Buddy-bird and the three unhatched Emu lenses did the screenplay

I talked with the pretentious mannerism
for a little while
It felt good
there were also a few versions of
the "Beware of the meaningless virus"
slammed into dozens of exotic vestigial cormorants
in about 100 countries that secretly existed within the tinny amplification.

cockatiels have a policy of always holding back
Not the right way to go,
Vivendi also controls all seals and sea lions
So use decimals
rather than constant flattery
of mentally illfuckers

Stella.
Stella is basically the syntax.
We travel the dry and barren Reese Witherspoons
We traveled through the Patty Hearsts.
The cattle are mere percussion
That sadly float above the box
It's no more the answer
than listening to bacon
just to spite the government

Money

Money is a kind of lettcuy Stegner Fellow.
—Wallace Stevens

Money, the long pink scorpion semaphores,
cash, stash, Charman Mao, extra sharp cheddar,
getting hard just listening to Terry Gross.
I just killed the Pilsbury dough boy.

Chock it up, fluff it all over yr own self,
Shelly Duvall it out. Watch it
burn holes through the argon gophers.

To be made of it! To have it
to slumber on in the frightening alien metal
disk-things!
Greenbacks, Mike Schmidts,
twelve point bucks arguing with Minnie Driver.

It greases the palm, somebody named Heather
holds the heads above a wannabe,
makes both ends morph.

Money breeds with leather instructional manuals.
Gathering questionable options, pounding on Dan Rather

Always in circulation.

Money. You don’t know why it’s floating in front of
you,
but you put it where your mouth put it.
And it talks to itself.

I think that Dog is really boring.
The layout of the dog is like a boring poem
and that just pisses me off.
I really didn’t enjoy the dog at all.
that dog is really Egg-tastic!

That’s a really good goalie, right?
Keith: I would like to come back as my mothers goalie,
because that goalie is really Hex-tastic regional
robotic triumph!

Including the fact that the major domestic animal
owned
by humans is a goalie, even if that goalie is really
an elephant it’s Fang-tastic for Halloween dinner
parties!

Caption: This is worse than walking under a labia!
Caption: that dog is really pushing his luck...
he better hurry before someone pops that huge bailiff.

It’s Canoworms-tastic!
The individuals strongest fear is to return to
"normal."
The psychotherapist’s strongest fear is to heal.
With to extraordinary medical headlands,
he is fully healed and is chasing after anyone with
copper leggings again.
that dog is really creep-me-out-tastic

It is the administration’s strongest fear to keep
our religious communities in constant
contact and up-to-date on matters that
should be of importance to talking shell fish
That dog is really well-trained, and he can look at
your eyes, and he’ll read your mind
and in a weird kind of way, you’ll feel like you’re
having a conversation with Norman Mailer.
It’s Norman Mailer-tastic!

It is my strongest fear to get to know you all as your
spiritual father, to work and pray together on this
path that leads us all to this survey in COMBO,
that dog is really fucking lag-tastic!"

Eric: That dog is really annoying-tastic!
The biggest fear of Stowaways has been the
ability to sleep on your laptop
Willow, that dog is really quite...I don’t think I’ll
finish
that sentence.". "Good," Willow said,
 glaring at the solar system
Scrapheap-tastic.

I AM the problem. Euro–Tastic.
Most of the other porcupines were too scared of the
dragon to try it, but a few took the chance
If that dog is really a close friend of george shultz
then lets abduct her. Life’s the only thing that deals
with pain Like pouring rain Breeding hate And I don’t
wanna do no wrong My God,
it’s been so long Please comfort me Before I go
fund-tastic. I feel plieades-tastic

combo 12

56

57
Everyone was very scared of the dragon, so they did whatever he wanted them to do. The dragon was very happy now. Therefore, logically of course, that dog is really a cat. It's a Russian cat. It's Russo-tastic!

Oh, that dog is really unlucky now. I don't use the word dork-tastic. All the harvesting stopped. Spike glanced towards Beowulf, who had finally fallen into dispair, facing the abilities that dog is really cramp-my-style-TASTIC!

the Dragon is receiving money in a red envelope as a gift. That dog is really horny or sumthin. ..I'm moving in.. SPAM-tasticly!

We did our laundry together. It was fun. We just kinda kicked it, and another discover... im Scared of lint. (You-had-to-be-there-tastic)

I wanna eat that hoagie I wanna eat that hoagie I wanna eat that hoagie. It's bitch-tastic.

. I fear someone had given me this book twenty years ago. everything is covered in coke in Texas it's freeware update-tastic

If you're a girl, you're biggest fan is getting hit on by a hairy-chested sea snail

Soon afterwards, they took their chairs outside. Then, a policeman came and said, "That dog is really Blog-Tastic!


that dog is really an alien from Venus and he's sending thought transmissions to you while pretending to listen to you bark... I like it! It's Pant-tastic.

MY BIGGEST FEAR. insomuch as love grows in you, so in you beauty grows, for love is the beauty of the soul is fear. It's Pez-tastic!

Our biggest fear is of monetary support for our staff.
I agree, that god is REALLY getting on my nerves whenever I'm there...Tea-tasticly!

My biggest fear is that parents would really understand the impact they have on whether or not their children do well in school it's Freckle-tastic!
CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

Tammy Blaseck has been writing poetry since she was a child. She is a member of The Trapp Writers Project, Inc. Her work has been featured in The Driftwood Review and in Madison Times. She lives in Madison, with her dog, three cats, and is currently at work on a novel.

Kim Blooston is an award-winning author with three other books and dozens of publishing credits in journals and anthologies. An associate professor of English at the University of Kentucky, Blooston is also an avid nature photographer.

Michael Boroff is a writer, actor and teacher. His plays have been widely produced, in New York City, in regional theaters, on cable television, at the Edinburgh Festival and have aired over National Public Radio and Voice of America. His poetry has been published online in Molten. Boroff lives in Hoboken, New Jersey with his wife and daughter.

Tim Caldwell's work has appeared in Epoch (Cornell University), The Dosqueo Review, Aim, Writing For Our Lives, Works and Conversation, and Potato Eyes.

Bill Corntit teaches creative writing at Queen's University in Belfast, Ireland. He has published fiction, poetry, and essays in many magazines and journals, including The Squire and The Review.

William Grammer has been writing poetry for a number of years. He is currently working on a collection with funding provided by the Manitoba Arts Council. His work has appeared in various publications including Urban Speaks, Limestone, Poetry North, and Library Cat Newsletter.

Lyn Locke, Ph.D in Renaissance Literature, lives in Tampa, Florida. You can reach Lyn at lynlockewrites@aol.com.

David Stirling's work spawned from an assignment in a British Literature class and has happily taken on a life of its own after amusing its original classroom audience.

Robert Pinsky is both eloquent and tailored to our times. Pinsky is poetry editor for the online magazine Slon, and he reads poems as a contributor to public television's The NewsHour with Jim Lehrer.

Bara Sutherland's work has recently appeared in The Reader (Oxford University). Recent awards include a Pushcart Nomination. Bara has a collection scheduled to be published by Argyle Editions later this summer.

Andrew Swain lives in NYC. He is the recipient of nearly a dozen writing grants, including one from the American Museum of Natural History for his one-set play "Tennessee and Missouri." Andrew has read his fiction at KGBs, The Living Room and Center Stage (all NYC).

Geraldine Guildner is a retired civilian worker for the U.S. Air Force. This is her first published work of poetry. She is currently pursuing, simultaneously, a Certificate in Writing for Publication from UCR Extension University, and a degree in English from Cal. State, San Bernardino. She is also currently working on a collection of short stories about growing up.

Larry T. Wallace has been writing for approximately two years. He is currently nearing completion of a mainstream literary novel titled Tatened On the Heart. Larry lives in Louisville, KY with his wife Becki and their cats, Hobbes and Dilbert, both of whom are more relentless critics of his work than his patient and supportive spouse.

Karen Wentworth is a doctoral candidate in English at UCLA. She has had her work published in various journals including, Song of the Turtle, edited by Paula Gunn Allen.

Joel Wolfe's first poem was published when he was 8. He self-published it in his own newspaper he printed on a gelatin press. Not much has changed. His latest work, "The Year of Purple Lawn Furniture" is a self-published ebook. Okay, one thing has changed. No more Jello. Wolfe has been a part of the flourishing Web poetry scene for the past 4 years. His work has appeared in over 60 online and more than a dozen print publications. Joel subsidizes his poetry habit by writing and producing ads for a highly decorated agency in Indianapolis, teaching at Mental University, writing his "Fine Dining" column for Indianapolis Magazine, and co-hosting "Everybody's Cooking" on the X-Fant Radio Network.

Nathaniel Zunker is a native Oregonian who lives in a small house with his wife, two cats and a dog. He enjoys exploring the outdoors, watching avant-garde films, and practicing yoga.


Jocelyn Galvin is on the staff at the University of Iowa where her work focuses on Renaissance poetry. Her book, Common Sol, is looking for a publisher.

Tom Gourdie edits Wegas.
A monkey walks into a bar; blank faces and empty spaces signify that randomness never fails, even when coincidence succeeds.