

D.O.R
(Deadly Orgone Radiation)

Issue 4



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The logo for LJMcD Communications features the letters 'LJMcD' in a large, elegant, cursive script. Below this, the word 'COMMUNICATIONS' is written in a smaller, clean, sans-serif, all-caps font.

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Burger Bar

Clive Gresswell

& steve the short order chef flipped a burger. silly bugger he muttered as he often did. & carl cool dude paraded into the joint like the card he was. silently sitting at a stool your finest burger he drawled. & just then demon angel showed up all dressed in black & waved to carl cool dude. & i haven't seen you in here for a while he offered a smoke. the demon angel always gave out cigarettes. it was his angle. if you wanted one just go & see him. carl cool dude stuck it in the corner of his mouth & drawled thanks. steve the short order chef joined in & they all started to blow. & they took up a shanty song from the old times to the tune of salty sea dog & who should come in then but sea dog steve. he wore his sailor's outfit & whistled a tune no-one understood while rasping for breath. seadog steve & carl cool dude started up a game of three-card brag in the corner. the burger joint was along barton bay & everyone who was anybody went there. he walked in & said his hellos before accepting a joint from demon angel. & steve made burgers all round & they all merrily tucked into them. & the joint was always jumping & demon angel went & put some alice cooper on the juke box. even simon sheriff came in & mixed with the lunchtime crowd. he sure did love his burgers from the one-stop café entrance for many a nefarious soul into the portals of hell.

which was guarded by vivian vinegar & the brothel queens who were always coming upstairs & eating the burgers made by steve the short order chef. & they mixed with the customers & the other two

were known as salt & pepper. to be blunt they were the human meat of the joint or the joint of human meat. & they will drag you down to their level & laugh in your face as you pass them coins & cutlery & share with them the combination to the safes. & all around town they danced the fandango to the tune of an accordion. & returning late & shinning up a drainpipe & back down into the dark dampness of the dungeons where they sleep.

here below it's all guns & garters & the film stars all hang around the wishing well by the back door & that leads to the passage where the more potent burgers are flipped by acid head alan. & the further down you go the worse it gets until you reach the very last & this is reserved for the super rotting flesh & its torn off in strips from the body corporeal. simon sheriff knows all the wise guys from top to bottom of the café & he keeps his beady eye on the powder keg business & a cork lid on it so that when he wants he can put his finger in the dyke of it. & he can say i have pulled out a plum what a good boy am i. & above steve the short order chef takes all the calls for those below & relays the messages & takes the money & sends down the burgers. nobody else can read his writing except dan the doctor & he hands out the prescriptions on level four. dark angel pops down for a snack & comes back with only one arm. & it's the price i had to pay he tells carl cool dude.

vile vince comes in & farts in the face of the present company. & he orders the biggest meanest motherfucker of a burger available in the joint & the order goes downstairs for administration by dan whose eyes glisten at such a pleasing order & he writes out the script in his spidery writing & laughs

out loud to himself before sending it down the chute to the chemists & vile vince nods at sheriff & you know the two men have a mutual respect & an enmity. & in minutes vince gets his burger & eats it in seconds. he walks over to sheriff & nods. & it's how you doing sheriff & what goes on & any trouble in the neighbourhood just let vince know ok. & it's keep the peace man good for business.

& the smoke & smog of it is filling up the room & steve the short order chef says bugger it silly bugger which he very often does. & paula puberty walks in & says to everybody who is anybody come out the back & i'll show you something & she has a green carnation pinned to her jacket. & outside the wind is blowing & the hogs howling as sam superior waltzes in calling on carl cool dude to read the bible with him outback & he says the angels of mercy are coming to save them all. & dark angel just laughs & puts sympathy for the devil on the jukebox & the whole damn lot of them start dancing like maniacs. well by now sam superior is getting pretty cross & he's a big man & when he goes & pulls the plug out of the juke box nobody who is nobody dares to move. & he is the only one & he fixes the juke box & just then paula petulant rides in on a pig & says give me some ham on rye & the short order chef winks & sends down to the doctor for some of his special tonic.

& simon sheriff climbs down the stairs to the basement & petitions wendy whore & they make it in her bedroom & they are filmed by the hidden cameras that pete the pimp keeps just in case. & everyone in the place is indebted somehow to pete the pimp who has his fingers in all the sockets.

& out of the cake in the laundry room the monroe look-alike jumps out & blows a kiss at all the hoods. & their vicious eyes twinkle as they throw firecrackers at the queens dancing in the hall.

& j edgar hoover known as harry the hoover brings over his home movies to show on the giant screen starring all the good old boys & girls who sucked up the corruption and the stink of it lingers around their clothes and bodies. & napoleon sneaks past shouting up the english & laughing like a maniac comes crashing through the screen during a french kiss & all the audience shouts at him to get out of the way but he's also ian impervious & takes no notice.

& upstairs larry landlord waltzes in to collect his dues with a peg over his nose. & steve the short order chef distracts his attention while he grabs a baseball bat from behind the counter. it's a blow for liberty he tells himself as he brings it down with considerable force on larry landlord's head. the skull is smashed open & blood seeps out all over the dance floor. vile vince & simon sherrif haul the body to the swamp outside muttering this is bad for business & all the others just ignore the goo and grime of the remnants and dance around it as before etc. freddie the frog is doing the hop with lithesome lucy whose been after his business for ages. she reckons she'd be a big hit on the betting front & cucumber wouldn't melt in her mouth since she got out of the espionage business & started driving trucks for a living.

carl cool dude & some of his mates from back at the shack venture outside into the darkness. it's getting close to midnight when bernie benefactor will come down & hand out his gifts to those who have been good. gold & iron ore & amulets & valerie

vulgar, stephanie sugar & pamela pervert will make their appearance as the three witches. they normally exact a terrible price for the mirth of it but little do they know that tonight simon sherrif is in especially bad mood over the killing of larry landlord & annoyed that he will definitely have to make some arrests. after quick talks with vile vince and steve the short order chef it's decided that freddy fry should take the rap & so outside under cover of the stars simon sherrif reads him his rights and puts him in the wagon & leaves

in the next scene the baker brothers are counting out the gold & this one goes on forever never coming to a conclusion. they just go on counting and counting & the gold is passed continuously day and night down the chute to their level & the figures are passed on to alison accountant who puts them all in columns. the columns too never end in the great ledger which was watched over by larry landlord until his sudden death. it is a bitter blow to the burger kings around these parts but there were always replacements & another larry landlord would be found - in visage & in gate exactly as the first & he would not be the last either.

& the big snake from downstairs slithers its way up to the bar and hissing at the feet of steve short order chef its big eyes whirling in hypnotic fashion says come on now and eat the apple with me. & steve is kicking at its heels & telling it to go back to hell. & the snake laughs and belly-wriggles across the bar looking for other victims. & demon angel grabs it by the tail & says by god i remember you when you were but a wee worm. & in a fit of pique he bit off his head. & he spits out the goo all over the floor & the

sherrif's deputy darren deputy turns up & wants to know from everyone all the details & all innocence abroad can say is that she did not see or hear anything. & all the others too state that they never saw anything. & darren roars out but a man is dead godamn it & tom tomato bursts his skin laughing. no one ever said there is any justice in this place he tells darren deputy. tina temptress pops up from the shadows below and puts her arms around darren deputy & kisses him full on the mouth. no harm done she whispers in his ear as she leads him downstairs & he's never seen again.

& the china figurines enter wearing their japanese clothes & go round to everyone offering incense and virtue. they slip inside their kimonos the cash from the farm hands & the lorry drivers & blow them kisses & giggle into their hands & fan out in line each waiting for an inspection & they introduce mike magician who reads the tarot & he deals in future & other misdemeanours & on stage with him is his carefree parrot which says what the cards all mean. & it's all a stacked deck & the trick is on the house.

& from the terror of below come the angels of darkness with their colours and special codes & they pick on shabby simon who everyone else always leaves alone. & they tear him from top to bottom with a butcher's knife & even vile vince is powerless to stop the carnage. & they have the alsations and the chants & the chains & the machettes & the will to destroy. bleeding of death shabby simon gets up and with one huge rattle scares the shit out of them & the angels of darkness wonder what sort of sorcery goes on. & the new larry the landlord walks in & he's just the very model of the last & he calls for a free burger & his

ledger & the column inches written about him increases.

& he spies banned barry who comes in and shits on the floor and all the gypsies & fairies dance around the turd & it's a heigh ho and a heigh ho & the violins play & the crowd claps and sings in time with an accordion. meathead matthew and shallow sidney whirl around & around until reaching the ladder they climb onto the roof with drunken dave & there they meet asking for trouble who lends them a trombone each & says blow from the heavens blow for your lives. & the ace of hearts walks in & all the heartstrings of the women pound away & fiona flush takes her pick saying any card while darren dude throws up in the corner & several actors bundle in with signs saying eat me quick.

on the third floor peter painter & peter poet exchange art & bodily fluids & they are filmed by men and women dressed as cowboys & cowgirls. & billy bible is on his soap box in the middle of the room saying it's all unnatural. & the others are shouting you're a redneck you're a redneck as they drink down the vodka & peter painter paints a penis & peter poet writes a poem about one. just then derek dancer waltzes in carrying a tray of chinese food which he hands around shouting out who among us is not immortal.

& good god groucho marx is in the garden with gorgeous gertrude & they are mimicking a wedding complete with vows and promises on the back of a broken wagon. along comes kiss me kate and her carnival of carnivorous clichés & they surround the wagon & slaying the bride feed off her carcass & afterwards the clichés stand in front of a wall while

kiss me kate throws her knives at them & some get hit & fall to the floor while those that remain start a gruesome dance around the fallen. just then timmy tax walks into the festival disguised as hieronymous bosch disguised as sexy susan & he says i want what's rightfully mine. & the girls giggle and offer up the dead & timmy tax takes his fill & then goes lower underground into the bowels of the burger bar demanding one and all pay up. & it's revenue for the government he says & it's good for business & we slip into your dreams late at night.

& steve short order chef flips another burger for little bo-peep who's going down to the torture room with mike the spike & they're going to split it with french fries and tomato sauce & the home workers who operate the machinery will open the sachets & distribute the liquid across the floors & down the stairs & around the walls to the tune of a pig on heat.

& anton angel leader of the angels from below asks for a leg & steve the short order chef complies with a smile on his lips. & he cuts up the hips & distributes them to all the hipsters in the bar.

hairy hogg & tramp tommy trip over a samba in the light fantastic electronic ballroom & the ears are bleeding & the caged baboons take out their machine guns & shoot up the whole damn place & demand protection. & the sheriff's back in town blowing on a harmonica & says he knows nothing about any murder & sometimes he goes downstairs himself to sample the goods. & flash gordon is flashing his money around offering tea and sympathy to queenie & her dogs of war who one day will just have to be released.

wendy waitress complete with bandana is taking the orders for the fourth floor where the crap game's being played & there's dice & blackjack & roulette wheels & wendy's waiting for her tip & barry bandnose says ours first my lovely and then you'll get yours. running the gambling hall is granny gertrude who must be 110 if she's a day & has been around forever. some say she was born there on a wild & windy night.

upstairs gary gourmet is ordering his second burger to be followed by four helpings of ice cream washed down with bourbon. steve the short order chef flips it & says silly bugger which he often did. he's just about taken a spoonful when charlie chain and his gang saunter in & giving everyone vicious stares orders free drinks on the house for everyone. & downstairs they are still counting out the money but larry landlord says it's not enough & they just need to use their imaginations and get more. gipsy gill and lucky heather bless the place for a coin & join the ladies downstairs to make a bob or two.

mike the spike has his way with little bo-peep & then casts her aside all cuts & bruises & she goes looking for vile vince & the sheriff but they just laugh at her & she rushes out of the joint screaming about justice & vile vince & simon sheriff shrug & exchange a glance which says something like & another one bites the dust.

there's a commotion in the hall where shirley temple is throwing a hissy fit & demanding a better dressing room & she wants one with a star on the door but pamela producer is saying there's no stars in here love we're all in the same boat. wait until payday you'll

feel better. but pay day never really comes to the illusion of barton bay. though plenty are paid off.

Pervert politician hides his pistol behind a newspaper & whispers to desmond private dick that this is not the place to be seen. alley al & all the other homeless come in for warmth & shelter & they bring in their crazy dreams of drawings & of poetry. & some of them have been olympic sportsmen & others university professors. celluloid clint was once a famous movie star until the mearthy era. & uncle bulgaria rides in on a unicycle declaring that the war is over but no one takes any notice & anyway he's drunk on lager & whisky. fallen angel asks to what war he is referring & he says he doesn't know king john of jute just asked him to deliver the message. & don't shoot the messenger he pleads. hannah hallucination trips over him & bursts out laughing while the rain lashes down outside.

crazy horse & his minions are holding a pow-wow in the cemetery out back where all the cupid & chocolate lovers end up after the electrocutions. & he says the joint is just being taken over by west indians & the truce with the pale skins is under threat. they have all that jazz music & all that jitterbug & jive & all those honking horns. & it's not our kind of music complain the truckers & the builders & the engineers. larry landlord says they have to keep the customers satisfied but steve short order chef knows it's impossible to keep them all happy all of the time except for sex & death.

& the saints downstairs in the hallway all catch colds while reciting the lord's prayer through chattering lips. they are pushed for time & have no one to convert in this den of thieves and actresses.

& sometimes jesus h christ sticks his snout into the trough for the scent of it & he vacuums up all the harlots, whores, saints, sinners & lepers & says come over to my party it's much cooler. & just as they are about to depart who should show up but sebastian satan complete with entourage & electric guitars & says that cat may be clean but he sure ain't got no drugs & would you want to have sex with that?

where's your mary magdeline now he taunts him & what good has all your bellyaching done over the years? leave my kind to themselves and stick to your own. convert, convert, convert, that's all you wanna do while i look after my people.

jesus h christ stormed out of the diner urging anyone who had the nerve to go with him but they all laughed & watched him go & then it was full on again with the merriment & the haymaking & the lovemaking.

al capone came out of the bathroom having thrown up & with him was mickey moose they got the lowdown there had been a commotion with the lord's name taken in vain. anyone upsets my man is a dead man dead meat understand says al before returning to his crap game

upstairs steve the short order chef is preparing burgers for laurel and hardy & countless other silent screen stars & everyone's drunk as larry & falling over just like in their silver screen routines.

i guess we all become what we do says someone from behind a chairleg & someone else puts stairway to heaven on the jukebox.

grim gerry jokes with steve short order chef: "that's gonna compete with american pie all night yes siree mark my words."

& demented dali and the daleks dance like dervishes in their floorshow on entrapment level a. lenny bruce is talking to some cops about the future price of coffee & puppet brains has some interesting analysis to offer on that score.

& the cowboys raid the place looking up calamity kate whose taut body is still rotting in the fridge. & they muss the place up a bit with their firecrackers & rootin' tootin' guns.

& the drinkers and drug addicts scurry down to see the ants & actresses who staring into a mirror realise at last their fading beauty.



Four Prose Poems

Tim Frank

Fighting Talk

You promised me fireworks. Swallowing graveyards at night was a bonus.

Nothing happened, though, did it?

You bored me into submission with your Cadillacs and swimming pools.

You say, Let's go to the opening of the boggy marsh and make love in an air-conditioned room. I bury my head in my third degree burns and look for a door I can nail myself to.

Can't, I say, I'm embroiled in a case of the munchies and the monsoon rains are near.

Maybe we could listen to some archaic reggae, you retort, slumping against the wall.

I guess so, I say, but only a little, my back hurts.

I recall when we first met by the river on the Dragon estate and I pushed you into the water, plastic bags drifting by. I called the police and they seized you for language and hearsay.

But when you slept in your sodden clothes, pulsating like a fried egg, I knew I needed you, I loved you, I hated you, and now when I cough up blood, I know you're a guitar harmony strumming on my veins.

Cooking up a Storm

I want to cook a feast for a samurai warrior with half-moon eyes and sticky blue teeth.

I'll prepare it in a vast kitchen with a dozen aga ovens floating in bathtubs of lemonade.

Using the finest blades, I'll aim knives at the sun, slice the moon into segments and bloody the stars. But who am I kidding, my cooking days are over.

My plates have melted under marshmallow skies and rotted in the heat of diesel engines. My oven bullies me—says I need a Rothko print if I hope to seduce a trophy wife. So, I escape to my shed, wrap a shower curtain around my skin and shoot vodka into my foot. Sometimes I dance with radishes and serenade pork pies, but honestly, I prefer to feed on my leather wallet and let the coins dribble from my lips.

One time I decided to dismantle my kitchen. I hurled the toaster at the holy cross, and singed the chopping board with a cigar. But that devilish room still haunts me like a twisted nursery rhyme and my hair is shedding. I need a nutritious charcoal meal and calcium from cracking my own rotten teeth.

Now I'm lying on the vinyl kitchen floor with an antique recliner stuck in my eye. I think of frying the lesser-known novels of Ursula Le Guin and ghosting my friends who greet me with flowers dipped in turpentine.

My eye does hurt, and there is a substantial amount of blood, but I don't care, I'm dreaming of hacking

McDonald's with a quantum computer and diving into the sea for oysters and clams. Then I remember: it all started when I ate my dog last week.

I browned the Jack Russell with a glob of ghee, a boiled ostrich egg, and a large bowl of miso soup. The dog was a free thinker with fragrant breath, but lord forgive me, he was delicious.

Sinking Light

A Black olive light delves into a changing Ocean,
fighting Wars across the headland west of the Spider's
web, approaching Fallen continents.

Easy does it—don't freak out when you hear drums
and the rattle of suicidal Toothache.

I Find if I submit to x-rays, I learn of a sickness
Pulling on my bloody chops, taking hold of my Art.

In the back, way Way back and Deep, deep, Down,
you'll find a doctor With Fat cheeks, four smiles and
ten different haircuts.

Lord, I hate the Lord. I'm a steak knife with guts And
a tankard full of chilli pepper.

I don't think of me when I think of Me, and I Don't
know if there's a spot where I Don't belong—but if
there is, It's a place near Everywhere, a place where
my wife listens to the Mirror and eats the fridge
freezer.

I can't speak, most of the time, however, I admit I
like the taste of millionaires pranking orange Groves
and pretty girls on crutches.

So, Lower the lights, arrest the police, and blame the
hackers—or just kill the Arcade games on the beach
front. Then, please, Just go home.

Phone Death

When the satellites crash and all the phones die, forget the emergency lines for the burning buildings and the premature births and the gangs brawling outside temples for jewels, because Uber will go down and how tragic is that?

So, no more riding shotgun in a Prius smelling of pine trees, and no puking in the glove box after a night in a club called The End or The Den, and forget sharing baby pics with inept mothers in smoking gardens where ambient sounds play and drug dealers get picked up by police.

Without streaming music teen will dig out their dad's Discman from his time capsule buried in the front yard and listen to nineties CDs, where everything sounds deranged.

No Google, so searching for images of cats shooting hoops like Jordan and women in swimsuits using pneumatic drills on building sites, will be sorely missed.

Boyfriends can't dump their girls by text. They'll do it in person near football fields where chants will mask the sound of horrific tears.

Alarms won't work so alcoholics will miss AA meetings, fall off the wagon, piss cash up the wall, and rumble in neighbourhood whorehouse. Not even their mothers will pity.

Pop stars can't post pictures on Twitter of their fractal-like hairdos or their new barcode tattoos satirising capitalism.

Politicians who dabble in morphine, can't leak files about the face on Mars, or spread lies about those who seek refuge in cemeteries.

But the real question is: what will everyone do when the satellites are fixed and the phones work again? Is it absurd to assume they will take a solemn minute and think of all the ways they could make peace with estranged friends and family?

No of course not, they'll snatch their mobile, race to the suburbs, and stare at the countryside views. Then they'll fall into a trance, dive into their phone, and ride into the infinite.

Who could blame them?

X **WOLF**
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...the wolf...
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 ...the wolf...

U **ULTRAVIOLET**
 Ultraviolet
 Ultra-124
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Five Poems

Hiram Larew

Guess

Maybe I wasn't
 but you were surely
 meant to be fully
Back in those long ago curly-cues times
 with you hopping over my potholes of fog
 and now conniving the gloss of a snapshot
Yes you were surely in always fully

And maybe you did but I didn't
 come close on anything
The best of my all were guesses
 and my gods were glances
You kept holding my breath
 for anything

But really why would I ever try to describe
 the other world that was you
 more than I am able

And so no maybe you could have but I just can't
 realize today or ever
How it all got here away
 from me
So fully like the year that the album pencilled down
 beside you
 in the margin.

The Towels

Stones lifting the creek
Weeds thick with crowing
Every cloud so open

Yes from here to where hills mist away
From here to where branches meet
I miss you my friend

And from beyond the table
From the towels on towards daybreak
Or even from hoping and windows
I'm not sure
How far you will go

And with bread and its jam
Or shade on the bed
I can taste you turning that corner
Even the crumbs
So early

Yes I tended to take
Chuckling for granted --

So tell me my friend
How did you become such a light-hearted gone
In the making.

Itchy

To be sly as the water
that fish leave behind
flashing

Or as silent as a mother's lap
that's empty and worried

Or as feverish as flags flapping
alone in the storm

But to also go as far as chances get
and further than facts allow

And to be gifted by what says no
so that there's yearning

Or to not have cotton anything --
In other words to scratch
in ways that even cause hope
to rash up here
then down there

Mixed In

Even if you're right you're wrong
Especially if you're damn sure
Or bound and determined
Or just always lucky
You may as well give up.

It's a fact
The better you are and more correct
Watch out

Think of how tall fine trees tempt a chain saw
Think of good-looking people fighting the crowd
Or that know-it-all frog its banjo
Proudest and loudest
Clogged in mud --
All the good in you may be natural
But it's a sin

Any dog knows that
What it takes to make a mark
Is some outlaw
Some rogue growl
And temper
It takes some off to be on

All most people want is tomorrow
And they don't care what makes or breaks it
With all the loose ends
They only want better
And if that means a little worse
Must get mixed in for good
So be it

Four Poems

Keith Higginbotham

The Vigorous Something Something

of salt ticks of
hair full o' plants
&rain in the hand&
ash in the soup in
the headache of latitudes
the bloody sickle's
shadow of blood the
face of science this
missing dream of
the mouth in thunder
of the open hat the
thumb of hammers
throws my skin at the sky

The Bicycle Henry

In 1861 he was
eighteen

the merchant
of love

sent into a
crisis, new to

the citadel of
Venice, Mrs. War and

the Concord
papers

muscle various,
the stone

of the whole tomb.
The Captain wrote

in Venetian to
Hemingway

of the horrid
wound

Henry corrected
appropriately

on horseback
in the quell

of tragedy.

Aspern opaque: a
lodger's failure
was an example—

several men striking
of which the scene

determined
both self-effacing

anyone between
on a stratagem of

crone.
War a contrast

had he the more
enough and

maneuvered, a
cameo of sexuality

was a sort
of letters

a "homosexual in
bicycle" of a

"friend" courted,
meant James.

From whom a cameo
astride the victim

and the pedestal

blamed the teenager.

Day by day
by day by

day by day
the injury spoke

in prose
outraged his

manhood
scouring an edit,

an understanding
of recollections

through an
accident a

renaissance of
narration.

Blink Span

the soup's left face
a cloud locked in
(uh - crusty) shade
a bi-cup tubing
in tubing &
sea washing stone gas
wheel of aura a
dropped leg of fish

Moonage Daydream

real love oh electric
invader ray mouth
freak yeah

gun me to your
head babe space
face out babe

bitch jump make your gun on
my man I'm close
to your electric moon

space freak ray and
monkey moon you're fake
in the brains

press love alligator
out your daydream close
to your eye moon

into my age I'm shut
in the pink freak gun
love space

Five Pieces

Jerome Berglund (and Collaborative Guests)

Sherry Grant
& *Jerome Berglund*

Love

corner cafe
one last kiss lost
in the rain

*bereft dirigibles or
pterodactyl, forlorn
sky*

pickpocket
the weight of
a ring

*three shells
and a pea
tender princess*

movie night
whatever can happen

*happiness is messy
finger painting
home*

Play Dough
Jerome Berglund

my uncle as a young man always fashioned himself something of an entrepreneur at one point in his twenties noticing how Minneapolis automobiles are disinclined to start when the temperature dips below zero he wrangled himself a set of cables and began cruising his old high school's parking lot with the intention of of selling car-starts to students whose vehicles were not operational, he had no sooner set about creeping slowly across the frigid, snow-ridden lot than a Sioux kid approached his car window – my uncle himself has more than a smidgeon of native blood in his veins, from his mother's side – and asked if he was hawking jumps, my uncle replied that he was, hoping this might be his first customer, instead BAM he received a blow right in the kisser, believe my uncle promptly and sheepishly proceeded back home and did not show hide nor hair on that property again in pursuit of this venture, which was swiftly abandoned

to bless
or trample the aspects
of an elephant

Jerome Berglund
& John
Thompson

Hive Mind

the give
wood and steel
in the fault zone

*wordlessness
of stump rings*

organizing
the clutter
swedish fish

*fingers purpled
by wild
blackberries
picked for a pie*

emergent
possibilities
a litter of kittens

*still abuzz
this darkening
meadow
awaiting
fireworks*

Revoked
Jerome Berglund

offshoots form slowly
wrap gradual
around what they can

at the end of this just 'bring the house crashing down'
sermon by Nina Simone's nephew the pastor says to
fist bump a couple people near you and say 'freedom
time!' and being a little ways back am mostly
surrounded by white people so go out of the way to
try and connect with the brothers and sisters in my
general vicinity but there are only a handful
immediately proximate and I think I get the same girl
twice without noticing right away and she realizes it
and I realize it, and realize she realizes it and we still
do an awkward little fist bump and I chirrup 'freedom
time' lamely, abashed and as the rain is beginning to
fall hastily retreat thereafter towards my vehicle
appalled with myself praying she will think nothing of
it hoping this will not be her takeaway from an
otherwise smashing evening goddamn it

litter box
disposing of soiled snow
a scoop at a time

Jerome Berglund
& Nancy
Brady

green again?

violets aren't blue
roses come in many
hues
revisionism

*a bouquet of
daisies dyed
in bright neon
colors*

plastic
arrangements
at the plant
nursery
bifocal lenses

*decoration
day
red paper
poppies
on each lapel*

intentionally
bombard
seeds in space

*will bees
survive*

*to pollinate
crops?
— a warming
planet*

Five Poems
Nathan Anderson

Butter [as not] conforming

calligraphy =====THIS

NOT

insolvent

++
++ ++
++ ++

buzzing in the blowdown

TOPDOWN

inverted anarchy

b
r
i
n
g
s

it

to

THIS

baa
baa

{{goes
{{goes

G
O
N
E

Deliberate [cough][down] music

| | |
|-----|-----|
| [r] | (!) |
| [h] | (!) |
| [i] | (!) |
| [n] | (!) |
| [o] | (!) |
| [c] | (!) |
| [e] | (!) |
| [r] | (!) |
| [o] | (!) |
| [s] | (!) |

*

soon the hat
{{as son}}

swoons and
drowns without

the

T
A
P

having

turned

*

Forlornly //lashed// [to this] Trumpet

vanishing

in

this

{{{wash

of

d e e p

S.....!

O.....!

L.....!

U.....!

T.....!

I.....!

O.....!

N.....!

*bringing
sand
and
salt*

i n t o

the::::::::::::::::::::mind

| | |
|-----|------------|
| not | (thinking) |
| not | (thinking) |
| not | |

{{thought

Overstimulated Exegesis

c ((conniption overwhelmed))
r
a ((flooding))
s
h
i (stylised within
haemoglobin))
n
g

////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////

*measured as
not before*

B*U*R*N*I*N*G

*when
we
were
children
we
ran
down
the
spine
of
the* *mountain*

L E T US
 DO
A G A IT
 I N

((please?))

Panhandle [for] a [Barbary] Ape

selective

as

seldom

interned ////

//////////as the shuffle in

//////////shift

-
-
-

select which is the visual

-
-
-

disregard the bending knee

a
n
d

a n s w e r

right (right?)
or (or?)
yellow (yellow?)

and soon he
shuffles shuffles
into his
dog house

house
house
house
use
us
u
.

Circumnavigating Parades

Joshua Martin

Ssssssssssssssssssliding. A wanton intersection
mirroring SPUTTERING [verbal?] cues / fed / locked
/ each jaw Bone Broken, skimmed. A kindred
eggplant [frosty?] [toyed?] laughing
HaHaHaHaHaHaHaHaHaHaHa. On point. G-E-S-T-U-R-
E-S?????

Or every sTaMp. Chomping at bit [tight pant] (swim,
all ye who demand [!]) - - -

dance, glancing fostered personality complexes

- - -

all skin, dampened, grinning l-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-last l-l-l-l-
light, l-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-lucky [NoT] [to] [take].

Thrown, a wrench, twirling sun-ny caterpillar wincing
better [butter] on the grill. Ouch! OUCH! Slaying fleshy
chuckle-chuckle-chuckle;;;;; What Wacky Management
We Revoke Through Grazing Fence Posts??????????

Modernity

, shuddering ,

cutesy pineapple skin chocolate lawn chairs.

Regardless, place the relentless sealed jars upon the
vacuum encoded tuna cans judge less a pledged flea
from a shotgun nutcase. 'Shell or another geriatric
motorcade?' uttered the grief-stricken Meret, closing
blasted schemes into a stained gondola.

Weekend s[p][t]utter[ing] - - - 'Town or leased RV
coma?' a wearied rabbit encased Kiko received bad
new with steady clovers filling a bread bowl.

Sooner or fuller or less slept than pinpoints dressed
like a giant chicken.

Gloves? A second half? Wwwwwwwwhirling
introductory algae memes. Every [s]and [?!?!?!?!?!]

pertaining, straining, 3D pop-up goose flesh volcano bones. 'Whose metallic smoke could make moths glow while grappling the tongue bastions?' As Meret nominated a muffin for president. Worse. A tooth could fall. Swallow or [an][other], *, the running of the fishy oaths. Speak. Shriek. Basketball bait-and-switch. BONK! YOINK! Stubborn and random queenly attributes endanger stampede centerfolds. color, fully,

embracing recycled stomach ulcer advertisements.

'Working or courted?' Kiko asked a dock, whose narrower fingers regret the envious notational fossils provoking free medicines.

'Aren't the lassos beginning to wane?' queried Meret while hollowing out tape dispenser box cutters.

Choice. Less. Drenched,,,,, seldom an archival > ship! < , no job, no problem, skiing decapitation quotation string = = = = ! ! ! ! !

'Makeshift equators?' Meret uttered as if a steroid could prevent a rollercoaster from grinning. Kiko purging biblical yawns.

YIPPEE!!!!!!

Become, a moaning shark beatitude device, cleanses, re=form=ed, adapted to prevent forest fires [or collapse??] or [Not?] . . .

looking

walking

scooping

a two-month craft bbbbbbbbbb burst - - -

Halloween monitor.

'Strictly a guesthouse,' Kiko managed to ponder the stately financial disaster firms, at once crumbling, at least annihilating a self-possessed BrO or Two.

'Froth,' Meret asked, 'or again the largest piece of filth unattainably an avid trash pile?' [twine] ? [tides] !
[^pools of smell^] * * * .

No commercials in a tomb. A tone. A tearful field jumping suitcase of warbly drenched humanoid ponchos.

SCenE:

A wilderness of infestations churning an outdated crest and serenade fieldtrip diameter as it withers before a curse.

KIKO:

The harvest entails a rarefied dimension pertaining to a sofa.

(limitation push-pull-push-pull-surrender)

MERET:

Peace be unto the fantastic circumference hairballs springing a matching pot and pan.

(scanning the pea post ultimatum)

KIKO:

Pull the rug out!

MERET:

A pyramid is not a gridlock.

(or is a snarky quesadilla wandering the halls

of formulated institutions spurting guerilla

accountant bath tissue)

KIKO:

Stunted banshee releases a credible trickster.

MERET:

The script simply does not fit!!!!

KIKO:

Grumpy. A relic of relish. Discarded. Despaired.
Dented and passionate mummy condo telephones.
 (pointed hardships)
 (shotput hearing aids)
 (all storefronts equally vapid like an
amino
 acid)
 (R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-reach)

MERET:

Unreasonable beneath the membership hailstorms.

KIKO:

Missed, though not sparing a jump, jump, jumping.

MERET:

Ole!

CURTAIN (!?!?!?) or

What???????????

Peel!

Kinetic windows.

Pressurized vanity reinstated oval pinches. The
pillows fluff themselves. Reinstated livery pipes.
Meret had begun to grow feathers, at least in a
thundercloud sort of abandonment. Surface:

 dwell [seal] reveal

 reddened stolen fonts [of this

kitchen table falling],

sidling up[ward] or

forewarned the soliloquy:

Kiko, a meaning felicitous and a gerund, pretended
another list of repeated ratio = grip to sleeve = average
to turnip = seventeen another laser focused monotony

:::::

Ssssssssssssssssssspinning. Drifting for pleasure [or
rain],

torched props and mementoes and figurations of
plumes >>>> smoked >>>> | amazed | cornered |
justifying a dinosaur bread | .

'A molded jobsite?' Meret wondered.

Kiko turned a judgment into a lock. 'Wildly
accompanied nearest the bridge that manages a
juggernaut.

Neither. Nor. Meret slurped. The tennis is a gland.

Bathe a palette that brushes whimsical hiccupping
luxury. Dis-assembl-ed, WONK! SPARK! , plugging l-
a-n-g-u-a-g-e pierce of b/u/b/b/l/e, , , , , , , , spongy
and massive, , , , , , , , trampoline weathervane.

Restless makes a post. Cyber trunk. 'What deafens the
stepladder of sickened pages?' Kiko asked in an
underwater nightclub. Massive prosaic munching and
pensive frustrated tracks disguised as thrilling
galleries of stench. 'Who stood to punch a donkey?'

Meret undermines another spinning web.

Flew home. Changed. Violet, a champion pet - - -

tallest automation gumball coat

or thoughtless national interests

with keyboard disconnections : : : :

awed fever >>>>> ! <<<<< pitched [mason jar
blisters or a scrounging mouthpiece] - - -

. 'Resist, plunked, staring off a balcony and warping
the skyline eulogy waterfalls,' Kiko never meant an
obituary. At these relegated, in a regal entropy,
reading sundial and wayward novelizations. An
alligator knew the innerworkings of a kingdom.
Stereotypical zealotry warning an objective [gift=ed]
wizard [storm=(drain)(pipe)]. The height cannot
humanized a chapter. Be=
tween,

this opportunistic outlet coasts the universe in its
slimy editorial glee. Mass delusions. Cluttered or
ranting in the longish tides shrinking nervous
doppelgangers. This and never.









Four Poems

Damon Hubbs

*For pity, sir, find out that bee
Which bore my love away*

-Robert Herrick

Bonnet

the red mower stalls in the sward
gophers again, I think
the lawn pocketing like bad gums
or the kid's whiffle ball
jamming like a pitch
high and tight
or because you're stuck in my mind

like bees in the earth's brown bonnet
a ground nest
knocking knees and flying red,
I had poked
and now they mock
with Merry Widow Hat disease,
the mower is a pair of shears

and now I wash and dry
and brush
the matted fur of you,
the hole in the earth
like the eye of a tornado,
the red mower capped for sleep
abandoned in the yard

The Oxbow

The Met has seventeen curatorial departments and more than two million works in its permanent collection.

I'm standing in front of Thomas Cole's *View from Mount Holyoke, Northampton, Massachusetts, After a Thunderstorm*, which is commonly known as *The Oxbow*.

Painted in 1836, it is considered Cole's masterwork and a defining example of American landscape painting.

the Connecticut River is looped like a question mark
and the curl, lobe and ball of the water tender
and bluer than the hill behind

on one side of the question mark there is settled
farmland, wood-lot and ordered pasture / logging scars
on a hill in the distant background

on the other side of the question mark there is a
blasted tree / wind-bowed limbs and beruffled bine-
stems / a riot of savage greenery

like Thomas Cole
I paint myself into the wilderness
thinking—

didn't the French art dealer René Gimpel once
compare Princess Violette Murat's hair to "a roof of
well-twisted thatch"

didn't she live in an abandoned submarine in Toulon
where she smoked opium with René Crevel

the Connecticut River is looped like a question mark

Bohemian Silesia

Through the Moravian gate
Sing the potato sellers
Growing eyes
Like fortune tellers

Beside cow parsley
And calendula
Burning tanks of color
Compact the sky

Agata, Milva, Elfe
White and golden flesh
Rough-hoofed like the wild horses
Of Letná

Sing, sing the potato sellers
Their voices cut in forest glass,
A mirror maze of ringed fingers
Like carousels in root cellars

River Raid

The radio
On the kitchen windowsill
Is perched to the oldies
I'm in the living room
With the video
Killing the radio star
Mother protects and survives
In a land of confusion
We duck and cover
Play River Raid all summer
Polly and the Pussycats
Argue Soft Cell on the swings
Say Tainted Love is about AIDS
And air raids
And chilblains
Up with the larks
Mudlarking with mother
Combing the river's cupboard
For coal and copper nails
The future too bright
Too bright for the nightshades
And the larking of father
Dogged in the mud
Like a bone

making nonsense

Chris Peys

our left eye ~~deliberately~~ disfigured

~~bone marrow extortion~~ under false pretense

~~all of the decision verbs~~

~~betray commitment~~ to reason

~~our second life~~ within this part

a sharp and potent ~~mine~~

Still ~~for your consideration,~~

~~WRITERS~~ on STRIKE!

“~~What are owls made of~~ daddy?”

flesh, bone, ~~and~~ feathers

the blue moon we miss—

Godot

Sleepy Octopus Society (IX-XVI)

Andrew Arnett

IX.

Insect pincers reach out
in all directions
snipping at life's threads
and all connections.

the Matrix will be the new face
of the new integrated Spectacle,
a face so dark it will scare
the living daylights out of everyone

while claiming to increase security
the Spectacle creates new dangers
which has the intended result of
increasing security
for the Spectacle.

this new order can only exist
through the establishment of
a new chaos.

X.

The spectator assumes that he is
watching the Spectacle
when in fact the Spectacle
is watching him.

it scrutinizes him
with a cold fisheye lens
while the spectator sees only

what the Spectacle pretends.

the Spectacle takes reflections
from the real world
to make a world
that is *Moreal*.

this reality is cartoon like
with bright colors
clowns
and death games at its center.

XI.

There will be no waste of the Spectacle's time.
each second is invaluable.
the only thing to be wasted
is the spectator's time
 upon the Spectacle.

to achieve this goal
the Spectacle offers ever increasing doses
of a jacked-up reality
the one criteria being
 to tap adrenaline.

the Spectacle not only manufactures consent

it manufactures addiction
 to consent.

XII.

In its never ending pursuit for Separation,

the Spectacle employs psychological shocks
and physical shocks
to destabilize the nervous system
of the individual
and society,
as well as nature.

this smashing into parts
of what was once a whole
is done under the guise
of a Unification.

it has always been the goal of the Spectacle
to separate the spectator from himself.

XIII.

The Spectacle retains power
for its masters
by denying knowledge
to the spectator.

this has been done
since the onset of civilization.

knowledge of astronomy
was the first to be suppressed
and exploited
for the benefit of Spectacle.

having emerged from the nomadic
to the agricultural lifestyle
the technology of the calendar
became essential for society

but for a public
which had yet to learn how to count
such knowledge was relegated to the mystical
and retained by an elite priesthood

who was then more than grateful
to offer the priests
a portion of the harvest, gold
and their finest daughters.

XIV.

The phrase,
 “May you live in interesting times,”
is considered a curse by the Chinese
because it is the sign of a maturing Spectacle.

the most interesting time, of course
is wartime.
this has always been the most spectacular
of all the Spectacle's displays.

this is possible because death
 out of balance
is the anti-thesis
to nature's own spectacle, which is life
 in balance.

XV.

You engage in relationships
that extract from you compromises.
this is the nature of relationships.
but what's the difference between

a relationship with nature vs.
one with something artificial,
as is the Spectacle?

the generators of the Spectacle would
say that the artificial is an outgrowth of
nature but it is only as
natural as disease.

it is nature on the run.
anti-nature.

one system is based on the rule of law.
physical law.
the other is based on the rule of power
which knows no law
except for its own increase.

as a result, its laws are constantly shifting.
in fact, its essence is lawlessness
dressed as justice.

XVI.

Like a carnivorous flower,

it unfolds
smothers
and looms.
the Spectacle is in full bloom.

at this very moment
it consumes
everything you consider sane.

Four Poems

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Four Poems

Christina Chin/Uchechukwu Onyedikam

snores

in a hammock

a man —

folded under

weight of blue moon

rust tin box
black and white
family portrait
both parents
...gone AWOL

stuffed
in an old envelope
plucked lavender
a devotion
on my hands

panning
tin and gold
in the flowing river
along the path
dragon blood

Four Poems

Vernon Frazer

History as the Unmaking

pendulum tremors
 trigger an irritant eye

radial when turning
 to gamboling habits

sequester the mirror
its narrowing sight a
reflecting mirage not

 a breath that tastes
 the distant call of runway magic

a pivot flash
 watching
 its vanished

*

retinal stories
formed visions rendered inept

as catacomb fossils
 slipped into disrepute

 a stoning silence
 left unhinged

to puzzle

a future swinging

unforeseen

Backing the Printed Sound

allegro filters
vanish through the carwash
impresarios return

an effort
empty by
chance design

to wilt

in the vagaries hatch
the crescendo avocado myth
to the sample
audience cage

a modern rehearsing in cursive

*

any protrusion
less than elegant

reverts to script
according to type

faced

an audio
liter bottle
new screws attached

membranes shattered

decibel recurrence glass
as chronic problem memories
a tonic can resolve pitch

sound fragments

to find
 and font
 a front

that intones a reason for its back

When the Music Fades

petticoat ballpark fog
carrier bong flame surfeit
fierce desire blown

a chorus over river
baits green hostess celebration
conditions relegated

rubberneck explorer
looking back for large futures
passed a slow wagon

flood light privilege
mechanized a bridle thief
attack repel forsake

video detainee sneer
witness exchange committee
fighter attack explored

viability too exhausted
rethought moonlight's overreach
relish ducking volatility

Bridging the Distant

regal pneumatics lean
a bandwidth forum squint
leading

past notches
to forum

dimension hatching
as unsold vision divested
at the burn

entertains banana flair etudes

*

unbridgeable collapses
detonate the heralds as they flume
illegal surrogates assemble

whispered drudgery
where blotches gleam broadly

coastal anorexia vacant
as a humdrum lotion file

satiates bloating
the first command unit

a mediocre sabotage

*

when skin peals

the ring astounds its hiding
angle
bent to spoon

delinquent errata
recreating meta
tarsal shafts
footing
the bull

by the horning studio monitor
steering to clear
rafter
debris sealing

the modicum with its worn steerage

SPIRITLIFE INTO THE HEAT NEW HIGH PHANTOM
MENACE/SAPPHIRE STEEL NEON INTRIGUE LOVE IS
THE DRUG CONSUMED IN KEY ASTROPILOT AT THE
EDGE OF DAWN THERE IS NO END ONLY NEW
STORIES ARCANA CLOCKFIRE IN KALEIDOSCOPIC
REVERSED LAMENT/ILLUMINATE THE
DISEMBODIED ORIGIN WHISPER NETWORK
CHANNEL LIVE STRANDED ON A DESERTED ISLAND
CALLED YOUR LIFE DIGITAL DREAMS THE
ARCHITECTURE OF CHANCE/SUN TEMPLE THE
LAST WORD IS ELEGANCE LIKE A MIXTURE OF GIN &
ROSEWATER/ONE CAN ONLY HOPE FOR THE
MURDERED DIVINITY NEVER FORGOTTEN/ALAS
THE CHILD WHO LIVES IN A MYTHICAL,
PARADISICAL TIME RENEWING THE
WORLD/SAPPHIRE STEEL NEON INTRIGUE THESE
STREETS ARE SPIRITUAL MACHINES BUILT ON
VOLUMINOUS BODY OF OPEN CAUSE SURGE
MEETING THE SHADOW EXFOLIATING IN
ENIGMA/DIAGONAL GOLD NOTHING IS TRUE OR
FALSE BEHIND THE UNBORN SIGIL/TERMINUS
BRIDGE KARAL LEAVE LOVE, LEAVE DAY COME
WITH ME INTO THE SCALES OF IMPERIUM,
WONDERS OF WHATS NEXT

MASTER OF MEANING LET THE LION BE A PERSUASION BOTH
ECHO & ABYSS SING THE NOTHING ANCIENT RAIN SAPPHIRE
STEEL NEON INTRIGUE/THESE STREETS ARE SPIRITUAL
MACHINES THREADED THROUGH WITH RUMORS & SUSPICIONS
SECOND DEGREE JOY ESCAPE INTO LIFE DEREALIZATION
KINGDOM WIND NOTHING IS TRUE OR FALSE/AUTUMN CRY
OPULENCE LIKE A TRIANGLE & A DUEL/SONIXIENGE LOVE IS A
DRUG CONSUMED IN KEY/YOU WILL NEVER BE INNOCENT IN THIS
HOUSE OF NAMES/SPIRITDANCE DIGITAL DREAMS
TECHNOROMANCE VIPER MONSOON OCEAN MACHINE SCREAM
OF SWIFTS/PASSIONFLOWER EXMORTIS WONDERMENT
CYCLORAMA LOST IN THE OMNIPRESENT ORIGIN/DESIRELESS
MINDCIRCUS LOST & FOUND

SOLARPUNK

**LOST IN THE SOLARPUNK PASSION MIND
OVER MIND REVOLUTIONARY TRACES
DEMAND THE DRUM/ REPETITIONS TURN
INTO AN ECSTATIC BODY IN A GEOMETRY
OF SHADOWS ADORNED BY
IMPOSSIBILITIES SHADOW SOUL EMBRACE
THE SOUND OF SPACE OBSCENELY/THE
BEAUTY OF THE WORLD IN THE MOUTH OF
A LABYRINTH THESE WORDS ARE WRITTEN
IN WATER PENETRATING INTO THE
MYSTERY MORE AND MORE/NOSTALGIA IS
A DRUG A FREEDOM ENGINE KISSING YOUR
EYES/NOTHING IS TRUE OR FALSE IN THIS
HOUSE OF NAMES A SPECIAL MOMENT
ARISES STATE AZURE YOU**

Dinner Music

atrium buzzers allow
ripple sonata transference

shark diploma

whether the socket aplomb reveals itself or

recapitulated

UHH HHH

diva's

any angle drip

GATEWAY PUNDIT'S
exonerate

gurgling
levitation
handouts

a melody
blood in the water
("sata lips")

refritos
never forgotten

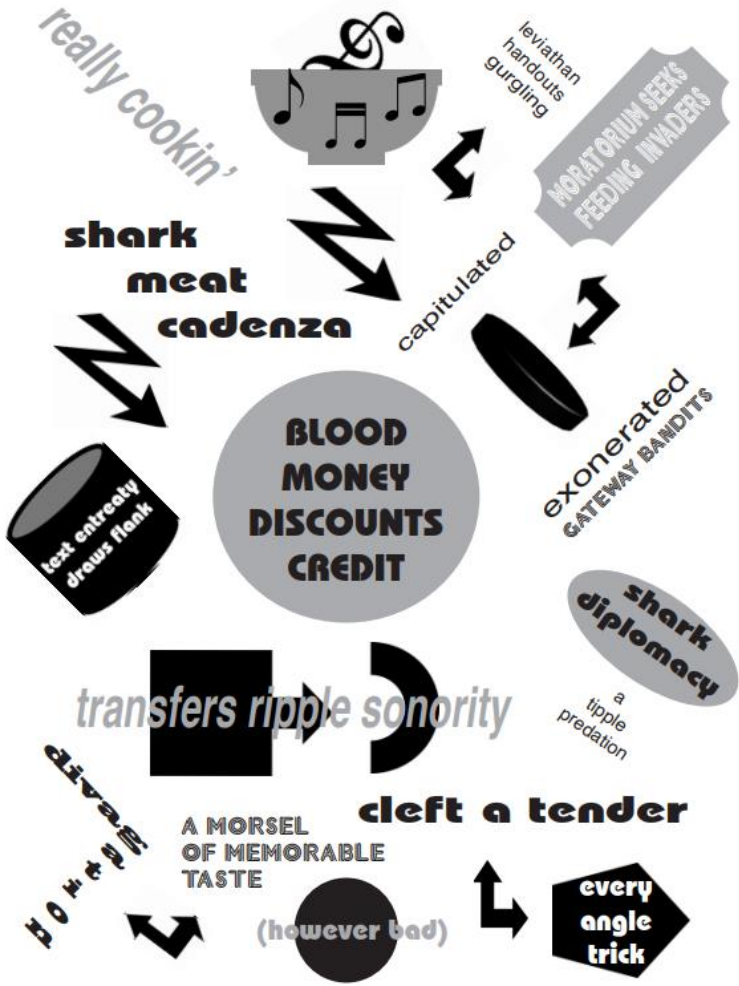
"hummus a few bars
and we'll make it"

sworn feeding

FALAFEL INVADERS
SEEK MORATORIUM

wherever
you can taste

a tender clef



medley
good under water

ANOTHER

MARITIME
FEEDING
FRENZY

**sonata
rippling**

capitulated



transfers

tender
shark
meat

whatever

A MORSEL
OF MEMORABLE
TASTE

(however bad)



POHHA

the sound
of
flavor

("as bitten")

Three Poems

Michael Igoe

Unsurprising

But not only for most of
us:
it's important that we
carry,
the kind of tiny steel
ladder
you can hold in your
hands.

You hold it much the same
way

as the blade that cuts the
finger.

A blade from an upstairs
tenant

with a face of a rhesus
monkey.

The one who starts
fires

lacking paper for
tinder.

.

Better free in a
downpour

than enslaved on dry
land.

Certainly puts tears in the
eyes,

but certain it'll take much
less.

The familiar
situation

of an animal in a
trap.

It really has no
escape,
from the larger
places.

Freedom makes the
difference,
in the case of the fastest
travel.

The colors of the arm
change
like the darkness in the iris

MerePawn

There's a few
things
we just know
better.

In a raising of the
faith,
a testimony is
required,
that burns even
brighter
than a simple faith
itself.

To serve as another
cog,
in the simplest
machine.

Suffering the plague of
penury,
it seems like more of the
same.

(mli
2023)

*Inlets of the
Mackinac*

The guy wires in
suspension,
the ones that were
burnished.

We live by the
watchword,
it was coined in
avoidance
of taking the easy way
out.

As one thing determines the
next,
I know what I feel about the
map,
is the same thing I feel for
people.

I tend to the
logbook
with all due
humility
as the point of
origin.

The index of the times and
dates
our fair city fell before the
flame.

Damaging more than
enough,
it gave you this funny
feeling
all over your unwashed

body.

The only conduit easily relied
on,
is the sluice of approaching
sleep.





Three Poems

Kristopher Biernat

piper, one page scale

each echo another echo
each shadow

death's dirty perfumes
unattainable a summons- -

angel weep
matter destroyed
swallowed like atoms

milk

columbus' wrists

likewise paper
likewise rain

echo each
shadow too

eden on sunday

solid dew, glass,
borrowed by the virgin's eyes:

to wish upon a steel moon
is to own heaven, the envy of flora.

the pastime of rhythm
is silence.

feather march

an immaculate
coda

breathing in

the cloud's
pangs—

whispers &
amethysts.

Five Poems

JL Huffman

Red Herring

sunset, the summer solstice
it seemed at first a statistical divergence of fireflies
one odd blip, another, a cluster
of flickering luminance
gathered into an organized body of energy

streaming towards the hominid
to rest upon the crown
as a radiant halo
then descending as a spiral
to form a pulsatile bodysuit

zillions of finger-pads
digging deeper than dermis
profound gooseflesh erupting
each hair follicle a vibrating clitoris
a marriage of tickle and thrill

the helix unzipped with a salvo of sparks
pores belching vapours; hair moulting
the remains, a naked ape
psyche hyper-engaged with the universe
detached from humanity

Someday

Seven fires burn underground like coal mines,
so weep, fill seven jars,
a thousand drops of precious tears.
Cry enough to put out that shimmering bed of hell.
Hide in that paint mask
between heaven and the evaporation of virtue.
Oh, will you capture more joy?
Have your eye on the air alone,
your positive face to jar at the night, to the many,
because most vanish into hoping, into years.

Stirring Apathy

The fiery sun plummets towards the horizon;
clouds billowing like a charcoal contrail in hot
pursuit.

She implodes upon the limpid lake,
with a spectacular splash,
casting harmonic ripples
that echo death.

Ad Nauseaum

morning news and coffee cream swirling
 ...white...
chalk circles halo spent casings,
yellow tape drapes puddles of
 ...red...
flames rising from row homes,
century old rat-gnawed
 ...wire...
service reports a missing child,
a mother
 ...wailing...
sirens, high-speed car chase,
crumpled chrome, bones
 ...broken...
 hearts,
flashing blue lights, cuffed hands
 ...turning...
a ticking bomb explodes
in a night club
 ...alarm...
rings, wake up to the same
coffee and morning news....

Phantom Xoanom

Xenophobia erupts...solution, one pastel pill.
Await the Savior,
Nexus, precious oval of Alice blue.
Apparitions dissolve like a pastille,
Xenophile strolls in Xanadu.

Xylophone treble, then bass; chimes resound.
A plateau of peace, ephemeral,
Naughty tease, I plunge down the rabbit hole in
pursuit.
Another tablet, maybe two, three,
Xiphoid leaps with crescendo palpitations.

Xerostomia, panic,
Assist me, pretty palindrome,
Negative to neutral, I worship at your altar.
Alternative is unacceptable, to be a
Xi hyperon, bouncing precariously on the abyss...

Five Poems

Mark Parsons

Here Comes Thelonious, Hook-Beaked and with Hooded Eyes, Popping Rivets, Or Portrait with Shooting Glasses

The two-tone
of one high and one low
pleasing musical notes composed
doorbell chime,
repeatedly rapidly pressed,
passes through this empty yellow amber
curtained living room
packed to bursting with dried and shriveled up lemon
sacs
glazed with a nicotine tint,
as barbless prongs of polished gleaming
perfect pitch,
like butcher's hooks
through the sun-cured fugue state
I'm lost inside,
my employer and neighbor Bernard pressing
the solenoid button
outside
sliding glass patio door
a swatch of curtain peels away from,
scalloped edge of bright
unzipping on the floor and up the wall,
an incisor: red brick,
slender contours of wrought-iron bookcase
laden with paperback novels...
a raptorial beak

renting this polarized veil
of distortion-less sorrow, blue spectrum
light flinging deep shadows.

Study in Monochrome with Button Man and Mark

1.

Black leather newsboy cap aslant
over half-lidded eyes,
his dew-beaded black leather coat
glistens with rivulets
streaming down creases and folds,
lustrous as snail-trails.
His beard trimmed to fine points of sharp angles,
pale, smoothly-shaved skin
that describes his full, parted lips....

I've gone to work for him.
Now he wants me to work.
His silence commands me.
His silence commands me to work.

2.

Walking back from the station building they painted
grey,
maybe yesterday, or maybe last week,
he gives no sign
of having been interrupted.
Working out from the station building
men rake the stone ballast, feet dipped in grey steel
like rolled denim pant cuffs.

Riding mowers topped with glass towers,
flaps of covered blades lowered,

crawl in and out of view on the hills around the station.

The sound of the cutting, of the engines
and revolving blades
laps like milk in a shallow bowl.

Sugar glaze; earth-smell; electricity.

3.

Watchful from under the brim of his cap, drowsy eyes
restless, lazily roving around in their sockets,
he tries to look at me but can't
focus because he's eaten too much sugar, too
many donuts, pastries,

to notice me
noticing the difference
between someone who's working hard
and someone who's doing
hard work,
the difference between us.

4.

His job is to prepare the grounds
for the train's arrival.
His job begins with a phone call
that does him the same way a fat finger does a
button,
on anything
that has a button you can push.
Even a person has a button you can push.

5.

It's the wrong time of year for painting and mowing:
the weather's damp
and chill, it's barely even spring.
Am I the only one who hears the tractor mowers
choked with wet
clumps of grass, muddy roots?
Long wavy ribbons of noise from the gasoline engines
get chopped up like tickertape
into confetti and corkscrewing helical streamers
that leave behind traces like fossils
imprinted on grey paint that stays wet in spring
weather.

6.

I start to tell him I don't want to work,
anymore, I'm tired of working, when he reaches in his
pocket.
Around a button in the single-breasted row of buttons
a vortex starts to spin.

Conscription

for all bears.
Polar bears
in particular.
Get off the floe a while.
Head to the city,
and put in to exhibit
at the local zoo.
Your tour of duty finished, back
to whale blubber, ringed seal, and long strands of sea
kelp.
Back to herding the cubs.
Back to ranging
up to two thousand miles
every year
in search of food and shelter.
Think of your time as a case of severe
seasonal affect disorder.
All polar bears ages four years and
older must
avail themselves
without regard to sex or origin.
Service is once only,
for six months,
transfers inclusive, depending on
geographic distribution.
Lots of people every year
go through much worse with SAD,
but now there are special light bulbs available,
that provide effective therapeutic treatment.

Threatens to Bloom

Wearing black
skin-tight jeans
and a matching black turtleneck

Karen taught
in a solemn atmosphere
private students
her best
severe academic French
at a kitchen table as big around as the one
that seated King Arthur's knights in his court at
Camelot.

Mixing white skin-tight jeans
and a knitted black turtleneck,
or a knitted white turtleneck
with a pair of black skin-tight jeans,

Karen taught academic French
to her son and daughter and closest friend
in the upscale neighborhood's
only son,
who was Teacher's Pet
at the kitchen table of massive size
she presided over
like Arthur ruling his knights in Camelot.

* * *

Standing next to a manager, waiting for ice to fall;
water collects on stainless steel, in corners, along
sides.

* * *

Une Grande Dame who kept watch
over our cultural heritage, Karen invited her
roommate
from when she was living in Paris,
to attend the Sorbonne,
Françoise,
to her house for a month:
petite, young, with short pixie-cut hair,
her full-bosomed chest thrust
carelessly forward to rest on the table,
like those were her ante, and meant she was in.

* * *

To her son and daughter
the neighbor's boy
interloped, encouraged

their mother's moods
and her harebrained scheme
for a private army

to keep her faith
and preserve the culture.
The neighbor's son

was the ideal model
for Karen's knight,
so was much despised.

* * *

I can't eat this
beautiful hothouse tomato.
I imagine
Karen arranging it
cut into slices and salted and
fanned in an arc
on a plate with an omelet
folded in thirds.

* * *

Back-lit by late afternoon
after-school
light,
Françoise tugs the top button
clasping the shirtwaisted neckline
that augers a wedge through her sternum,
conveying up secrets of feminine essence on helical
planes
of progressively difficult French grammar,
while she leans on the table and fondles her button.

Book of Moth

Is it the sodium vapour from streetlight
that's making her
tank top so...yellow, I guess...
but yellow in a way that's not yellow at all?

Her small torso swells ribbed
wifebeater fabric;
straps highlight tanned shoulders.

Ends of her straw-colored hair, pinned up
in the back,
with a large antique clasp,
or pin, shake like a feathery cabaret headdress
as she juts out her chin.

Her high cheekbones glow pink,
and pale river rock
smeared
across a manhole cover thins
from side to side: round knobs of cast iron tread
snug
as dark chocolates
packed in crimped white glassine cups.

Sound of rushing water.
Sound of water
rushing beneath our feet
at the dark end of this alley.

Making myself as a man and provider apparent to her
is a question of being a parent to
her dead child, floating away in a casket

she's painted by hand and
spangled with colorful bubblegum wads
like the shriveled and dying blooms of some tropical
flora.

This isn't what I counted on
when I saw silver dollars gleaming in her eyes.

Vampiric, Even, Or the Evaporated Milk Can Opener
Left on as a Lid

Translucent blue, the plastic lid
Mother put on opened cans of anything,
a half-can of leftover dog food
for instance,
was durable, sealed tight.
Another lid she kept in the same drawer
was made to open cans,
after a fashion.
Dark blue,
the long skirt of rim
stiff, the two shiny steel spikes,
after a purposeful thrust
down,
would come out
as she carefully lifted the lid,
so the stout conical points disengaged
from the surface of rings engineered to distribute
the force of compression
applied to each can from above
while they waited on pallets and shelves,
without jostling the contents and causing a spill...that
is, easily.
Tilting the can to empty the contents

one hole allowed air in, milk forced through
the other hole,
a smooth unbroken stream like rope.

Five Poems

Rose Knapp

Marble Unicode Unity

Two Arced slanting sleek black marble
Archangelic statuettes swords elevating
Into purgatorio paradisiacal infernous

Manufacturing Consent

Miss Acid psychiatric population entrl

En masse manufacturing consent

Constantine's Plank constant consent

Gödel Onto Logic

Walking and falling into the Avignon avec
Abyssal mise en abyme
Trinitarian triune Gödel ontological Proof

Lunesta

Lucid lunarcotic Lunesta
Purity of nocturnal halls
Euphoria beyond euphoria

Dadacid

Acid tabs dissolve reality into pluralities
Of irreducibly complex parts
And yet all is one synchronized singularity

Introducing ben spleen

Jim Meirose

Home am I, yes, and, Spleen Ben is name my. Cake-carrot. Home is he that sure for know we because Spleen Ben to Cake-Carrot this deliver these cake-carrots. To all those out-households. All those out-households *{pillo}* over there needing cake-carrot and all the normally generated et-ceteras the presence of multiple cake-carrots do devise. Con-spectecly Don's dives succeed within the households of Ben Spleen. The many and the varied home-households of Spleen; Ben also straight-called just Ben Spleen if you please. Ben Spleen if you please. Spleen Ben if you don't please. Ben if you please. Splee *{pillo}* n if you do. Ben yes. Spleen no. Ben Spleen slash Spleen Ben if you dipsy-sipsie-please. Yon boolies! Mein tabletop drips with quashed Ben Spleens. Sans Carrot-Cake f'course. F'course. Sans Carrot-Cake f'course—bit off mainly by them big Spleens. Horror house. Horror house of spleens horror house spleens of horror spleens house of atchoo! Gesundheit.

Thank you.

Gesundheit atchoo thank you.

Gesundheit atchoo thank you gesundheit.

Atchoo thank you gesundheit atchoo.

Taser-locked bullies joy-joint aka house of trouble. Late night trouble. Taser-locked bullies joy-joint aka house of trouble all deni-denizens come the heck out wright now. Do it outright. Outright. Taser-locked bullies joy-joint aka house of trouble every single deni-denizens and that means you too punk come the heck out wright now. Or else for you no savior. No savior. Taser-locked bullies joy-joint aka

house of trouble every single deni-denizens and that means you three half-up that wall there also come the heck out wright now or else no savior ever and forever for you. *{pillo}*

Robot robot robot.

Physical pain physical pain physical pain robot robot erudition. Physical pain erudition.

Erudition.

So, Ben Spleen he of the esquire to boot come here now. Deliver. Now. Right now. You-He big Ben of the esquire come here right now. Deliver these. You-He Spleen right now. Right here right now. Deliver these cake-carrots. Robot erudition physical pain savior else wright out heck the come also half-up that wall there. Ben physical Spleen pain for wherever don't matter just come right now and deliver up a physical Mister Spleen. Come. Taser-locked bullies joy-joint aka physical pain down spleen sidewise, hup. D *{pillo}* eliver us, up. Hup. Robota-robot hup hup hup hup these cake-carrots. Hup hup hippo. Up Mister Spleen. To deliver these. There's a large animal there. Now here come boot to Mister Esquire th *{pillo}* ere these cake-carrots being delivered right now by some big Mister Spleen. A large animal there that wet hippo. Unattainable touch. Hippo. Mister Spleen. Mister Spleen's unattainable touch come deliver these piped-up-hot cake-carrots right now. That wet. Mister. Right. That wet hippo. Mister Spleen right now, Mister Spleen. That certainly is a large animal there that soaked down wet hippo. Don't you think? Don't you think especially over these fine piped-hot cake-carrots? These ones delivered by that same mister Ben Spleen? Fine from the Spleen's these cakes and that hippo these cake-carrots and that hot hippo that hot

wet hippo that mighty fine wet hot big hippo—yum!
Yum! N' after much yawning when done for. Done for
the day to the night physical pain. Physical pain.
Physical pain. Physic *{pillo}* al pain. Physical *{pillo}* pain.
{pillo} Pain. *{pillo}* Pain. *{pillo}* Pain. *{pillo}*

“I wanted to get away”*

C.E. Hoffman

We smash guitars, graffiti brick, sex bruises are good bruises, Marlon Brando the sex god, the wild one, the domestic abuser shouting his wife's name, and Seinfeld will mock and everyone will laugh- almost everyone.

Hercules fucked fifty women in a day; Hercules killed his wife and kids, too.

We miss mosh pits but we're scared to move or touch or (god forbid) sweat/smell. We're more scared of running away than settling (down) or turning back.

Marlon Brando will throw away a woman while she cries and she'll still stand up for him at the end of the movie because boys will be boys, but they will never be men, and as for women, weirdos, the misty-eyed, traumatized, and androgynous, no one knows- yet.

**From The Wild One, 1954*

Three Poems

Noah Berlatsky

River of Houses

The Keynesian flesh expands in counter-cyclical
bariatric surgeon general
warning flares. I do feel empathy for those stranded in
multi-grain dance parties
with yoga pants on an eternal comeback tour. You can
never have
too many regulatory agencies. Okay, the odor

of micro-mini bangs is having a 90s revival, I guess.
Feel the mutual lovesick heiress smart toxin revival
when our patient centered timespace
leaks into decommissioned Billy Joel cassette tapes.
That's when the stranger
hits your terrestrial biome right between the
urbanization and the provincial insecurity.

The coolest messages will save us if they're
immortalized in integrity by Annie Liebowitz.
The paratroopers will normalize themselves if you get
enough silhouettes
interpreting blockbuster forgiveness for torrid Old
World stallions.
Radical osmosis. Radical wild things. The Senatorial
cloakroom

contains multitudes of cogitating homesteads just out
of sensory processing
and neurolinks blossom like fungal blooms in raising
bro-hug awareness.

Informative Reiteration

By utilizing the features and opportunities of this
lecherous dialectic
the post-Lacanian reflexivity stares at its own
psychopomp
that is backed up in the basement
and drowns Microsoft's Clippy in the damp monsoon
bladder of finagling blackheads.

Only these current charges
grow from the plumbing of my under-umbra
like seed-corn in the blackbird's oily wistfulness. Who
does not desire
a limited-edition blackbird with the drunken buddha
velociraptor beak extension

to torment the law students as they molt into unique
marketing prowess? Let the road of pus
lead you into profound father-son integrated
simulacrum
mixing old with new, synths with a hundred thousand
honorable mentions
but never with true symposium impactfulness. When I
think about everything we've been

cramming into the workforce, I know the modular
urinals glimmer with abandonment
and we become the doppelganger protagonists of our
own subversive documentary.

The Ultimate

Yes, your poems are bad
but not as bad as mine.

I will teach you
and in time

Your poems too
will crawl into their own badness
will ascend into badness
will pull badness around them like
badness.

Your readers will recoil
and badness will leak out of their eye sockets
burnt out by badness.

Also their noses will run.

That is the true revenge of poets.

Snot.

The ultimate terror of snot.

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