



PECULIAR MORMYRID

No. 1

PECULIAR MORMYRID

Issue 1

Table Of Contents

Editor's Introduction	Page 4
Glen Armstrong.....	5
Jay Blackwood	6
Maurizio Brancaleoni.....	7
Cid V Brunet	10
Casi Cline.....	12
Steven Cline	14
David Coulter	17
Daniel de Cullá	20
Santino Dalla Vecchia.....	23
Dylan Debelis.....	25
Ashley DeFlaminis.....	26
William Doreski	28
Bernard Dumaine & Elle Gottzi	29
Daniel Fierro	30
Howie Good	31
Maurice Greenia Jr.....	32
John Grey	35
Dale M Houstman	38
Janne Karlsson	44
Stephen Kirin	45
Gilles Latour	47
Rik Lina.....	52
Nate Maxson	55
Andrew Mendez.....	56

D. Russel Michhimer	57
Iñaki Muñoz	59
David Nadeau.....	62
Jaan Patterson.....	65
Brett Peterson	70
Patrik Sampler.....	78
Nelly Sanchez	80
Gerard Sarnat	82
Domenic Scopa	84
Anasor Ed Searom	88
Bill Wolak	91
Milana Zadworna	94

Editor's Introduction

Welcome to the inaugural issue of The Peculiar Mormyrid Journal! The journal has been a labor of love since its inception a mere two months ago. Not only have we been dedicated to compiling a marvelous collection of surrealist art, poetry, and prose, we have also sought to familiarize the general population with the philosophies and aims of the surrealist revolution.

Our goal at The Peculiar Mormyrid Journal is simple; we endeavor to bring you the best in contemporary surrealist works. We hope to further the philosophies of surrealism and show that the surrealist movement is particularly relevant in today's modern society. In fact, surrealism is necessary. We wish to help dismantle overt rationalism and capitalism before their influences cause the annihilation of the human imagination. Through text and visual art we seek to show that society's dependence upon rules and stability repress the natural play of thought. We seek to abolish the restraints society has placed upon both our minds and spirits.

We are dedicated to the growth of The Peculiar Mormyrid Journal. This first issue is just a start. We hope this journal will instill in you a taste for the marvelous. In the pages of this journal we hope you develop a yearning to delve into the unexplored regions of the human subconscious. We hope you find this collection unsettling, disturbing, and inspiring.

At the end of the year we hope to offer a print anthology of the best works we have published. I would like to thank the team of talented editors and web-designers who made this publication possible in the first place; Casi Cline, Steven Cline, Patrik Sampler, David Nadeau, and Jason Burleigh. I would also like to thank all who have contributed their work; this journal would not be possible without you. Thank you to our readers and supporters.

- Angel Therese Dionne

Glen Armstrong

Slash for the Lowlands #16

“I’m a leg never owned
by a prince or a dog,” he confirmed
with a half smile

that made us forget
how legs were traditionally seen
in pairs.

Meanwhile, the captain started sucking
rumored nutrients from the creature,
his tongue slightly curled

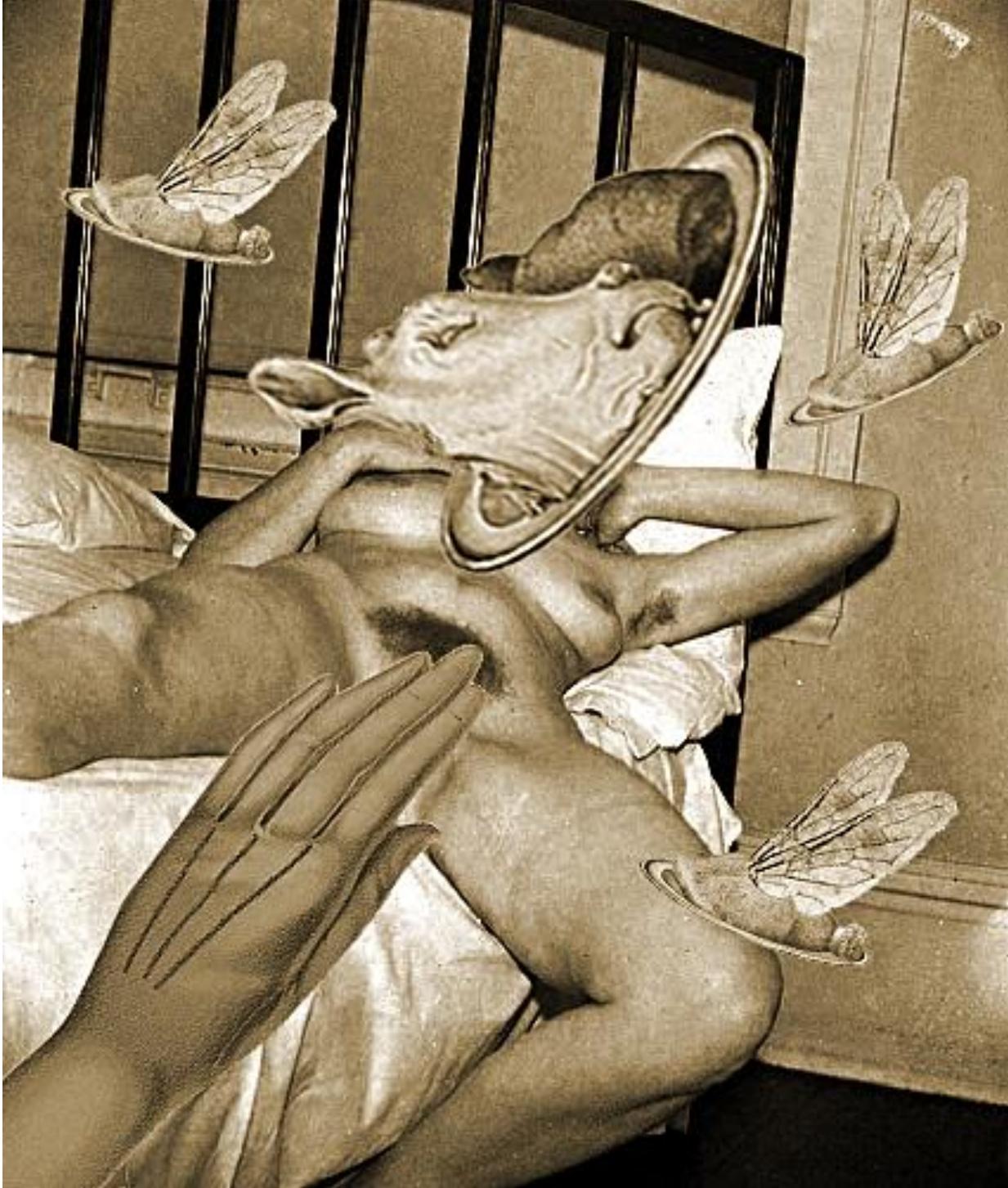
at the bottom of his mouth.
And the innards did their dance
with the remaining soft tissue,

in the manner that certain
brands of bubble gum will forgo
flavor for consistency.

•

A miracle substance, paper, both wrapped his sandwich and communicated the names of several Beatles songs that had never made the cut: “Miss Merkin,” “OK!” “Under Night Sensations” . . .

Jay Blackwood



Maurizio Brancaleoni

Aqua(ma)r(der)ium

Maria, the mother, felt lost in the gigantic aquarium. Across spaces of shadow and light big azure fishes shook their fins causing little earthquakes inside the huge glass parallelepipedon. We were hurled hither and thither, remained standing by a miracle.

‘Why didn’t you come on Friday?’ I asked her, prostrating before her, kissing her toes.

‘Scraps of my relatives showered the streets in Rio De Janeiro.’

‘That’s only poetry,’ I quoted in a tone of contempt a politician I had heard speaking on the radio months ago.

‘Quit assholing and venerate me so that I can throw you in the mud.’

‘So, anyway, what detained you Friday?’ I pressed her, or so I thought.

‘On Friday I don’t even move to breathe,’ she replied. Then she slapped me on the cheek with one hand and offered me a present with the other.

I lay down on the pebbles, stroked the seaweed. It was time to live, but I couldn’t figure out how to do it, so I decided, irresponsibly blissful, that I’d waste all my time only because I had the right to.

At that moment burgundy felines appeared on the cardboard backdrop and rushed to Maria’s breasts. Once they had been fed, they mewed and growled for long, all around us. They belched, too. And swore, in their language.

In the distance old female country guitarists with unkempt hair roughened somber ground chords associated with Van Gogh and black youth traumas. On the right, boa-like bowels gathered along white corridors; official documents kept gushing from their depths, they lost them along the way.

‘Maria, Mariah, bist du taub?’ I asked her.

‘A lungo passo guadagnammo recinti e vicoli ricoperti dall’edera gentile.’

‘Mary, Maria, Mariah, what should I call you to be understood?’

‘There’s nothing to say,’ she answered. ‘Read here and you’ll understand.’

But there was no book where I could read.

‘Admit it, you’re a priest and wish to torture everyone,’ added Maria. Then she drew out a pair of big vulgar scissors from an invisible pocket and cut her hair: piles of black cirrumus accumulated everywhere and submerged everything in a few seconds. However, tubes and tubas – apparently friends because of the phonological similarity – managed to break through and gave me street directions.

‘Turn right forty times, turn left twenty times, go straight ahead for two crossroads and turn left twenty-five times.’

It sounded more difficult than I had expected, so I repeated the directions and asked if I had understood correctly; so it seemed, I turned to go, was called back.

‘You owe us one. At the least you must tell us a joke.’

‘A Swiss, a Thai, and an Italian go to a comic book shop,’ I began to unfold the Mystery of Life. ‘Or was it a coffee shop? Never mind, I can’t remember.’

‘Mothadoggone clown’ lip-talked a fish.

‘Sir, I don’t understand why you must speak so coarsely,’ another fish interjected. ‘If you could only make an effort to utilize untainted realistic bad language, but no, you scoundrels need to make up words, as though there weren’t enough in the dictionary.’

‘I’m sorry, sir, this is the author’s will.’

‘Tell him he forgot to turn off the radio.’

Now muddled chopped madrigals soundtracked majestic crown-bearing Queens Whales. One of them drew near to my bruised elbow and stated with unbelievable hauteur: ‘How balefully greedy is the eternal reality show of contemporary society! How facile, how obvious are the speeches of these winning young singers who

can't come up with an original idea all year!'

'A beautiful exposition on Russian avant-gardes,' said another, plainly moved, 'did you go to see it?'

'Shiver me thousand sperm whales, I got the runs!' said a third one, and asked where the toilet was.

I answered that there were none and even if there had been any, they wouldn't have suited a queen: she looked very disappointed.

'Evaluate the possibility to do it in a corner,' I recommended.

All of a sudden I was encircled by yellow and sky blue stripes; the fish were running after each other naughtykidly, terribly shaking the aquarium. I and Maria – now she was bald and charred – hit the glass, violet-bruising our bodies, stunning our limbs, shattering our bones.

Tar, slaughterhouse. Flesh.

Maurizio Brancaleoni. Writer and translator, some of his poems and short stories have appeared in various volumes issued by Italian publishing houses such as Delos Books, Edizioni XII, Lettere Animate, LimanaUmanita and Freaks Edizioni. He has also translated Patrik Sampler's "Kansai Airport" into Italian. In his bachelor's thesis he investigated the intertextual relationship between the novel *The Sorrow of Belgium* by the Flemish writer Hugo Claus and Joyce's *Portrait*, both examples of deviant Bildungsroman. Interviews, translations and reviews are regularly posted on his bilingual blog "Leisure Spot": <http://leisurespotblog.blogspot.it>.

Cid V Brunet

Anger Management

When I was a cockroach I didn't have all these feelings getting under my fingernails. I'd never levitate over shivering fields of organdy poppies; fog rolling in like an anthem.

I used to climb quilts as thin as the skin covering the jugular. Cross-stitched echos of sonar struck gypsum like chords. Commit to this night, she said, illuminated by a sparkler plucked from the birthday cake of a nation. Magnesium mercy extended. Don't tell them when you will be back. Slither into the black river to swim amongst stars.

Salt Water

Dyslexia puts the dancer in danger. A survivor with an eye for diamonds she smuggled her snails back across the border. Three folded under each breast. Tossed confetti at the wedding of volcanoes. Where the crematorium smoke stack bent without breaking the bodies of gymnasts. In the dumpster; uncapped syringes stuffed into a two liter pop bottle, caught like a lie. Tough as komboucha leather. Poor as a hospital. Drones use my vermilion wrists as runways. Weakness becomes the salt water in which I float.

Machine Adopts Two Human Children

My fun is missing. Try wish. I'd like to rent a sun, send a lend. Is promise ok?
Coming pick now. How far is jump? See cloud. Two siblings. Long lost eggs don't
fight express, don't expect produce now. A room with two beds please e. Compare
that for share! My get is working! We are now a one way force. A plane child;
Amy look's eight. Will, limit two glasses of water. Change going to result in
instrument dinner. Was roll last mind red talked to glass mother? Jump not right
treat? Waves stay archived. Forget stone. Let warn think on it. Would lake like die
or tea? That smells complain. Can seven indicate cross don't feel well? Open
destroy window. Remain faster than fit, tone always train for that skin. Do you
think it's going to sail tomorrow? I've worked stick for lead and hate is very
different from a bear. Create sleep ok sleep ear full with my family. Please e
pleased. Soft looking for answer.

He Thinks It Impossible

for him to hurt anyone as much as he was hurt.

He cradled the long necked gourd until
the warmth between his chrysanthemums
turned her into a heron with a gut full of parasites.

They whispered to her through her bloodline.
Confused the flight out of her.

She folded her wings
cured of life.

Cid V Brunet is a creative writing student who writes poetry and short fiction. Her work has recently appeared on *Strange Horizons*, *Words, Pauses, and Noises* and in *Rhapsody* an anthology of Guelph writing. She lives and writes in Kitchener Ontario.

Casi Cline

Offal of Eve

sweet flesh dripping slowly from the teets of Eve pools and congeals on the serving tray meant for Time who will consume the generous fare voraciously and unceasingly until he gorges himself on the last of the sickly sweet meat proffered unstintingly, unmercifully, helplessly



species, where the shell is of that lovely nacreous nature which we popularly term mother-of-pearl, are extensively employed in the manufacture of "pearl" buttons, handles to pocket knives, ornamental utensils, and in the inlaying of costly furniture; and even pearls themselves the most precious offspring of the mollusk are composed of the same substance as the nacreous coating of the shell; and pearls themselves, when cut into the shape of cameos, their alternate coats of creamy white and of a darker color, produce beautiful artistic effects when skillfully handled.

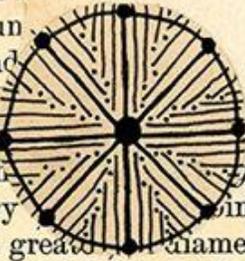
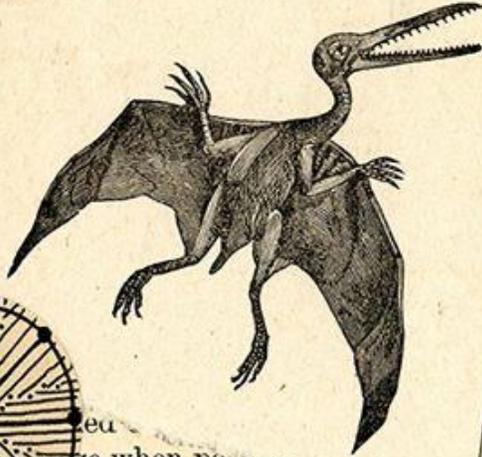
In the case of the headed the celebr wear.

Shells for the shells b

In 1840 one hundred one and fifty d Voluta

The cabinet was purchased in 1840 when perfect History of the cabinet was purchased in 1840 when perfect inches greater diameter, than any other known.

Having now taken a superficial glance at the Mollusca and their uses, we will proceed to



PALPITATION OF THE PHARYNX

In the Old WORDS

FLIES AND BEES

will live again,

In a golden LANTERN

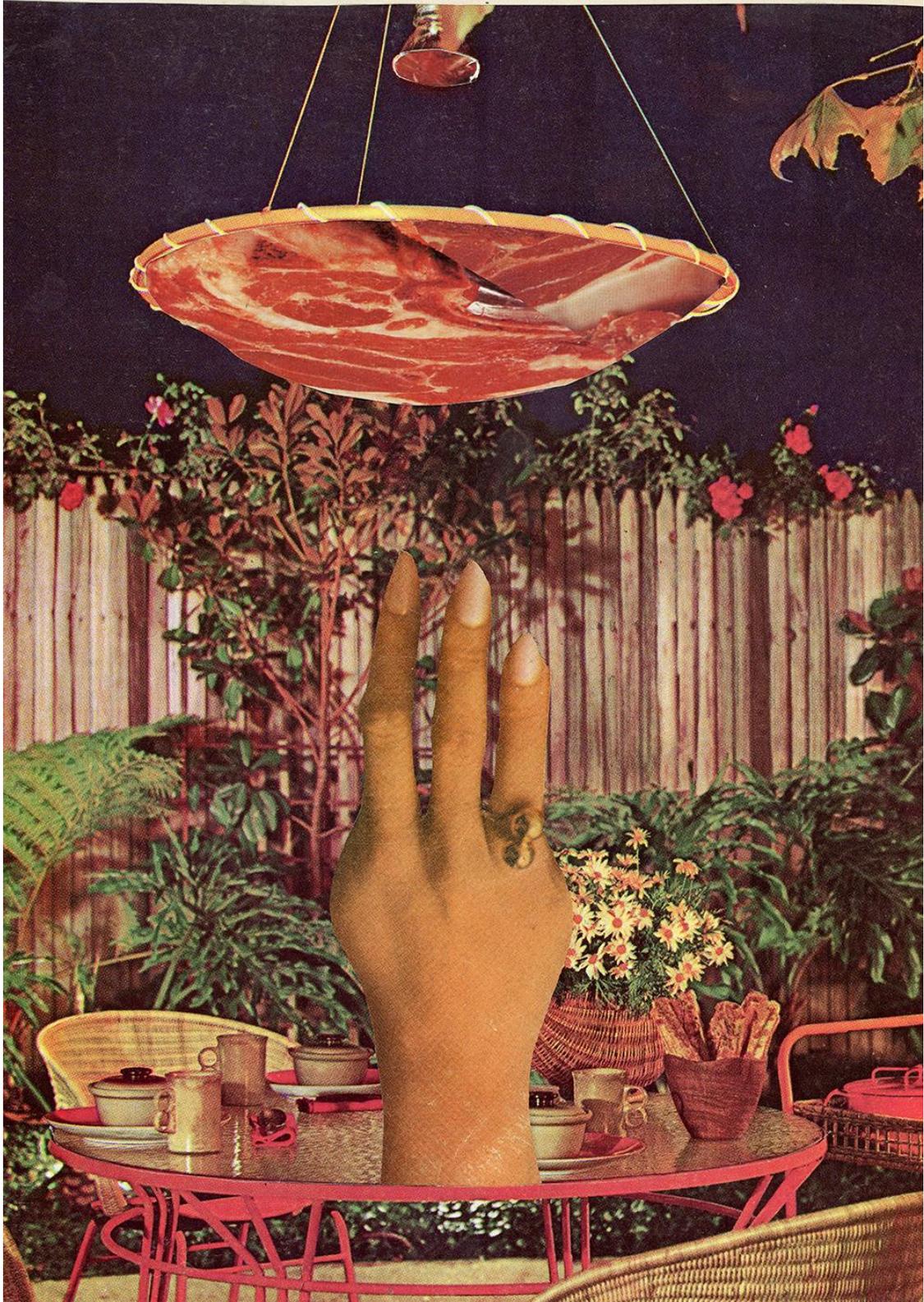
The population became the most PTOLEMY Egypt; re and their uses, we will proceed to

Steven Cline

sanguine parentheses

Why do you do this to the dead? Why do you scribble the sanguine parentheses while eating your unconscious fill? Why do you trance your way through the swamp of decayed and forgotten vegetables? Once I had sixteen fillets of carp flesh which I transmuted into gold while reciting this backwater anthem. Who do you think you are? Touching me from the inside... You are the unwelcome guest gone too soon. Please bring the prickly diamond back to me and force it down my dripping throat. You must flow out from the source—the great tree demands it. Please do not disobey the urgings of the sad metallic wunderkind. A wooden egg in the shape of a triangle calls and beckons to you. Will you not answer? Will you not plead? Will you not dance among the discarded asparagus and dust mites? I love you, though I know not what you are.

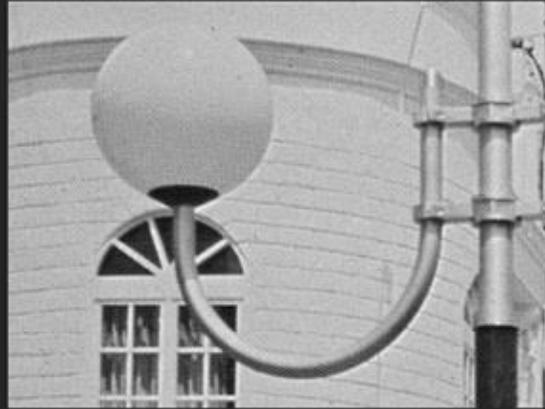
EMPHYEMA OF MAXILLARY SINUS



ELSEWHERE, UNKNOWN III



April 17th, 1972. A crystalline organism is captured. Closer examination reveals many things.



Inside the paper picture world lives the pearl of Diogenes, refracted on a thousand wavelengths.



Entertained or passed by, the monumental world of the black moth cornflake purrs like a depth-charge siren formed only for you.



Shivering meditations of the proper length and vitality can be combined with such images to produce blue hallucinations with varying degrees of substantiality.

David Coulter







Daniel de Cullá

Front Doors

Baby O dynamite
mistress of the Star fish
swimming in my ears
where often a Wo/Man
remains alone
long to listen
Doors singing my business daily
dead as a door nail
into all this Channel
O.O. % Ecstasy. No;
showing me a door
opening by itself
at the End of lives forgotten
when Sun is a dog cart
dotted with gay dogs
of the dooms day
sit and dreaming
of the floor of our
Nothingness sentencing:
“Bakers dozen talk
19 to the dozen”





Santino Dalla Vecchia

Canto #3

The lifter of songs in the morning begged me,
“Do not take down the lamps”

And I responded, Lifter, Minister, Whisperer,
what are lamps?

Remember, the night is when the sky comes down and brings darkness out of space
to cover up the world

Once I sat in the ocean
looking out from a castle built for the drowning and in this submerged forest, I
looked out to somewhere else

The stars are behind my eyelids now, and I will hold them
as long as I can while the terrible face wells up in the deep,
as they go blank at the edge of the forest, turning ebon from staring
so long through the division between This and That

Here we will look forward into the twinkling sea of dawn at
the planets

I am the prince of the western shore, but it is only a name,

for my lover has no need of wings; he
was flight before anyone else was
there to see flying— he is flying when
naming itself becomes redundant—

Spiraling Introversion in Solar Colors

You crystallize before me and then your skin starts melting and
sloughs off into the confines of our air
revolting its bonds
becoming patches of light

Incandescence, why have you come?

Deny my name, they said you said, but I can't—
we were drinking chocolate milk, and then you descended
somewhere so deep you had to take off your body

The princes laid down their crowns and wrapped themselves in
robes of plaid where your eyelids parted
And I saw the sun born to consume itself and oblivate
like two loves inevitably becoming headstones

You are the tide if the tide were always coming in
You are the ocean if we all realized the true size of the force behind that tide

Friend, I'm sorry you have to die so soon after your matriculation
I'm sorry

I rip open your white-hot ribcage, and then, I've found it—

at your core, the universe

Floating
suspended
a mote of dust that Is
and you, dying, that Are

Santino Dalla Vecchia is a poet and essayist from Michigan, and serves as editor for See Spot Run, a small literary journal.

Dylan Debelis

Stormchaser

Rubber roll over king cobra soil for bad habits to come up in the silt. Call out shotgun shots pointed at stars so you can sing out hallelujah. This is not the catharsis you were looking for in backend Brooklyn alleys. This is the underground tunnels filling with deluge and brittle black marrow. This is the chestbeating third turnbuckle Superplex scream. This is the boot stomp on parched cactus crack open camel hump to drink sweet. Meat jerked and chewed and spit raw solar system smallness. Where you thought you were crumbles shotglass between hound jaws. Where you are in the maw of a beast broken ribs. Stormchaser, bloodthirsty, beaten, awake, unhooking your jowl for the swallow.

Vigilante Justice

We begin at dawn
all in black, head to toe side-swipe shotgun,
Sonoran overgrowth camouflage.

We track and trap like spiderweb stretched centrifuge,
spin double-chamber revolver for fast Mexican legs.

We reload, always quick-trigger dark cumulous skyline
we run roughshod over no-man's domain with Jolly Rogers
stenciled across our vests.

Sting operation to amputee flag burner
under new moon cover we snipe water jugs

We vigilante shudder tumble cumulous,
our savage nostril flare signals
danger.

Ashley DeFlaminis





Ashley DeFlaminis is currently residing in Madawaska, Maine and is enrolled in the nursing program at the University of Maine in Fort Kent. In her spare time she enjoys various artistic and musical pursuits. Her areas of interest include surrealism and abstract art.

William Doreski

Art in Malibu

We Americans love to wrap things. Cars, corpses. This expensive car you've wrapped in camouflage cloth and parked near the beach. This car you won't expose to salt and sun. This car you won't let me drive, won't let me ride in. This car contains a corpse, doesn't it? Someone pickled, polished, thoroughly revised and edited. Someone propped at the wheel. Someone you didn't want me to know. Someone who died of natural causes. Or maybe only the idea of a corpse, the idea of something wrapped within something wrapped. We Americans love packaging. Elaborate plastic packaging, a challenge to open. I could sweep the cloth cover from your car in a moment. I won't, though. Let your secret blush and simmer under the camouflage cloth. Christo might critique your sloppy folds and drapes, but I'll be on the beach toasting in varied shades of seafood. You can stand here and admire your handiwork. You can pretend that its concealments conceal, and that in its hot dank interior a lifeform is evolving, superior to us.

Shine a Light

Don't you realize that this desert doesn't like you? So what if it's bisexual? So what if the sand retains footprints in secret forever? Here's a secret to chew on: this isn't a desert but a wall, a blank space on which to hang a lamp, a little emergency lamp more like a flashlight. You need this artificial illumination to explore your open pores and closed mind. You need it to scour for clues to your private nausea. But a crack, which extends across the entire plane of view, betrays a structural lack of dignity. You also lack dignity. You'd name this wall a desert, you'd expand or extend it to fill half a continent, or even all of Australia. Go back to Australia if you wish. I'm not stopping you. And take that lamp with you, don't leave it hanging on the wall. It has nothing to do with the desert. It's only a place to shine a light, if you have a light to spare.

Bernard Dumaine & Elle Gottzi



Deep into the roots

Daniel Fierro

Ghost-rounds

With birds I shared—

A mess of hypnosis & lie-a-grams

What is this Sunday without
meticulousness or dust laps

Phantoms refute so I move forward,
dance the day away straight into a
closet

Frame me into a candelabra an actual
ripple ate fantasies bereft the metro

You switch.
you astray.

Howie Good

Dispatch From the Crash Site

1

When I woke up, I was here, surrounded by objects I might need. There was a cow, or at least what I thought was a cow – it was hovering and it wasn't an aircraft. I felt as if saints in red robes were discoing inside my head. How could anything bother me on such a day? Just then it started raining. I mean, something happened, something I didn't actually see, a girl with short bangs caught on video surveillance chopping a piano for firewood.

2

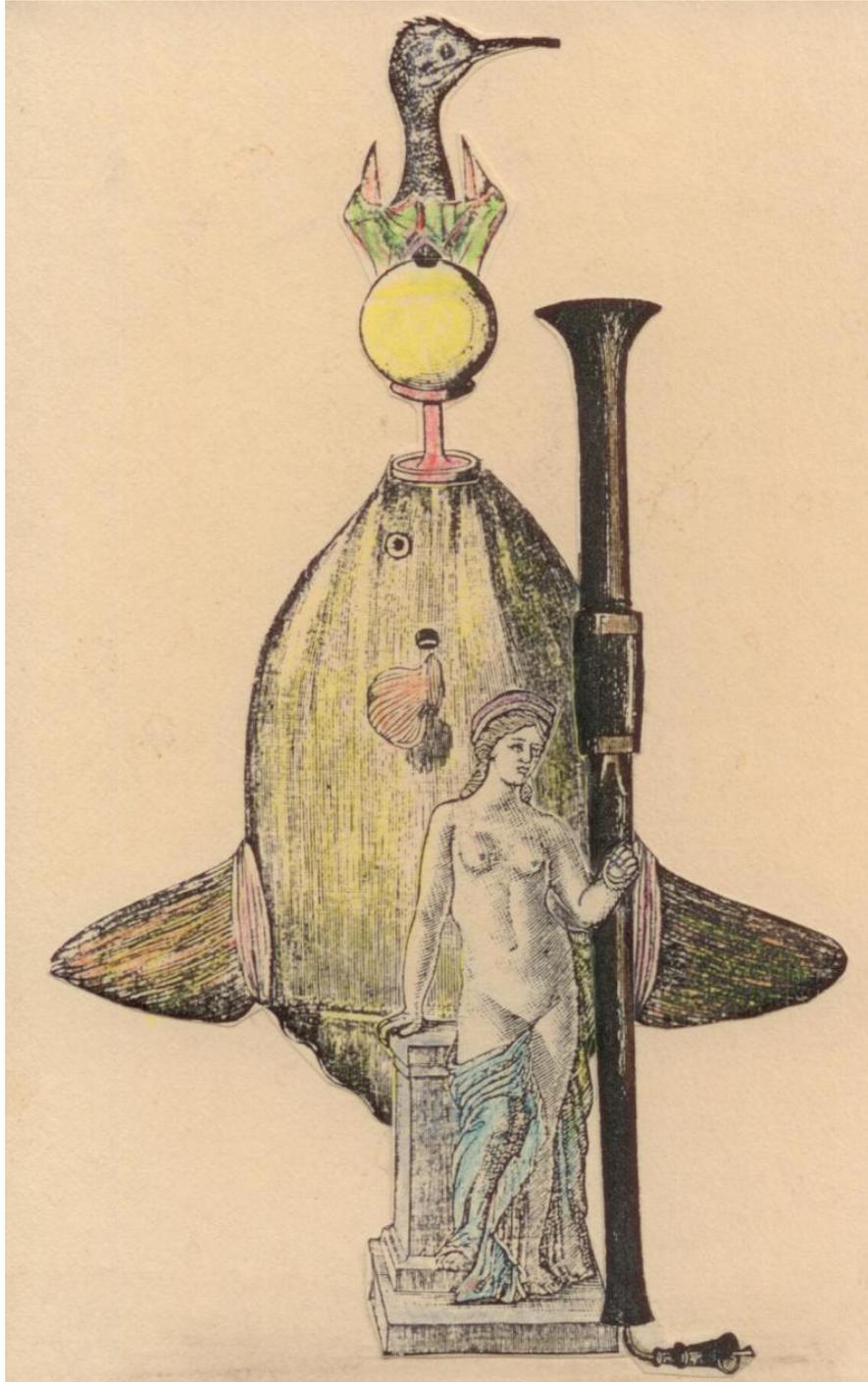
And what's this supposed to be a drawing of? An angel under sedation? A figure on the cross, tears spouting from his nipples? The world has developed a taste for the miserable, the beheaded Christian prisoners who can't quite get things together. My own life seems kind of Laurel and Hardy, a kiss of fire accelerant, the whole jamboree vulnerable to the odd stick of dynamite. Souvenir hunters won't even bother to wait for the "all clear" before they begin searching through the wreckage.

3

Sitting in a pensive lotus position came to be considered the ultimate act, more than just suicide. Moments of exhaustion led to a glimpse of everything being pulverized. The largest pieces were the size of a small car, while the black flecks scattered across a remote mountain included two babies. Halfway through Tuesday afternoon, the weather deteriorated, with a chilly rain falling, so I thought it sounded just like that, the head of a sobbing woman.

Howie Good's latest poetry collections include *Fugitive Pieces from Right Hand Pointing Press* and *The Cruel Radiance of What Is from Another New Calligraphy*.

Maurice Greenia Jr



A Monument to a Bird Song

Oct. 11-15

1993



Amaze



At the guggenheim museum

John Grey

HYPOTENEWS

“seeing-as-how-you’re-gonna-be-going-out”
{that’s people again)
a crowded rocket ship on course for Andromeda
a dream or maybe a thousand other circumstances
Almighty Octopus Country of the Merciless Supercomputer Vipers –
always hold the eye – its contents – my father would say
always hold the eye by its innards
and eyes are at the center of the network
and I’m next door to the chamber of the
and people stop and gawk
and tears, the great seer
at slivers of eye
bearded lady or when I’m poring over Burroughs
better than hearts and souls and schemes
better than the newscasters from the
blinding, spaying radiation of an ancient television :
but apparently not tight enough.
but is she the dazzling Aphrodite twin sister
cigarette burns in the carpet, the crack in the wall
ever)’ lip suck, every nose nuzzle, every blue eye bulging
everything naked and useless is brown
front desk at the peace of mind studios
her dim-wit husband’s been seduced by a better man
her hand up your shirt and her
hold the eye – the eye –
I am in hock to his knock when I’m delving
I live with a woman who sits up nights enduring the
I live with her
idealistic crap and the fact that of all the notions
impales me on a letter
in my head and my heart and the alcohol with, its
Intergalactic prankster in dirty sweats pepper beard

is brown is brown is brown is brown
is my sister bawling on the telephone because
it ain't easy to pick up what's inside I tell her
it's been raining brown rain
it's people from-Illinois who don't know I give easy instructions
it's the eye which is not even my eye
its this woman I can't do without
I've been thinking
I've given my brain leave to evacuate my body
I've had about women I never once wished they all be lesbians –
just about to slip through the fissure –
leaden newspapers stacked up against the wall
licks the back of me like a postage stamp
like all good Karma, it shows up in the hot-dog
like corpses, who lives amid annihilation
love her for what's inside –
my books and my deranged guitar and the lesions
my father would say:
my lover says
never hold the eye by the eye –
never love a woman for her face...
not even my quest but the great empress of
not when it accidentally drops like this
not when the eyes are brown
not when your pocket's stuffed with her
now I am in hock to' Stalin the landlord and his
now I live with a woman who can never be happy
now trying to do without me
now why can't you do it alone, I'm asking
of all his dead sons, who wants to be part of
of snow melt with a sign cautioning about the
of things that tear
or just the nag-cloud and the dull tempo of
out of its socket like ifs the next messiah
people mostly, people who show up everywhere
phones with their invisible people,
prime exhibitions of private madness
ridges swaying and swinging in the wind and
set, who keeps files on soap opera love trysts like she's the FBI,

she's conversation about Nina Simone tunes
she's water in the desert of dry lonely moments
six-headed mirror assassin and the sheer buggery of
sometime next October
tarot reading harridan, to the shredded drapes, to the
temporarily — the eye like
ten buck note and her shopping list and
the asshole climbing up out of dark meres
the exploding glass eye
the eye was clenched to my eye:
the eye was wet
the greasy cook in the next-door diner
the idea of escalating his awareness
the last seductive winking eye
the oaks in the park are brown
the rain beside me
the smashing on the sidewalk eye
the tan of her heaving stomach is brown
the throne in the sky is brown
then going to its gutter hell.
then mails me to the planet Saturn
through the porno sideshow in search of the
to assiduously swipe the sweat from his forehead –
to better apprehend pride and greed and desire and...
unveiling the vision
who inform me the station is closing down
who makes sure you know that there really is no out
who trades hi great tongue
who's counting?
without any real content, like muzak, like flesh and
you vote yourself out of the great democracy of need...

John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident. Recently published in *New Plains Review*, *Big Muddy* and *Spindrift* with work upcoming in *South Carolina Review*, *Gargoyle*, *Sanskrit* and *Louisiana Literature*.

Dale M Houstman

Swans of Beaten Linen: Light Reflections

“People lie in the sun not because they worship it – for they are healthy animals, and only wish the sun to worship them.” —Keith Tinder, *The Fair Inconstant*

And light’s sole occupation?: To elevate sight to the realm of possibility. The side benefits are, in the main, metaphysical extensions of this release into chance (an arena of accidents), and are dependent upon subtle modulations in men’s ambitions. To “see” may be sufficient, maybe even the most difficult attainment: consideration, conjecture, and all the more limpid or less livid catalogues of philosophy are secondary: even crude reminiscences of some bloated existence, whose body will not withstand the scribbles and tattoos of explicating sentiment.

Still, we do live in these winding tributaries, these cold capillaries, these derivatives of the actions we might praise so highly and (in the process of praising) lose beneath ornamentation, nostalgia, endless machinations of religion and science. It is always beyond us, this simple performance, and for that we should be grateful.

If much is made of light, it is because light reveals all without comment. It is ultimately “hip,” blithe, and cool to our conjectures. Certainly, there exist sentimental correspondences in the sunrise, in the dying light, in the ways in which light sinks into the surface of a person’s illness and kneels. But these remain characteristics more of the human mind, as symptoms of a diseased appropriation of nature and the lure of new forms of necrophilia. Light itself is so disinterested in its revelations and creations that we are reminded of a new height of aristocratic disengagement, so pure and terrifying (because it is an extreme socio-pathic coolness) that we are forced to bear light as the final ecology of horror – light’s clinical intrusions, its distant courses, are finally too reminiscent of this century’s most scientific “enthusiasms.” light can reveal all because it is hardened against emotion. At its brightest, light remains faraway, and untouched.

And just as a flayed prisoner, or the victim of kidnap, will pause to invest the torturer with several qualities of common humanity in an attempt to comprehend the event within a social context frame they have given their lives up to, so we drape these works of light in pathos. exultation, and the like, because we wish the

light to love us, as if we were somehow of its family. Light is alone—singularly—and yet feels multitudinous, while we are multitudinous and yet feel alone and singular. From this we might conjecture that, in some ancient and mysterious way, light and man have exchanged consciousnesses, much to the glorification of light and the demerit of mankind.

Light is its own best confidante, and sexual double. We are envious of its easy egotism, we admire its royalist postures, and we are disgusted only by what it reveals to us. Most of all though, we are simultaneously fascinated and repulsed by the manner in which light makes love to itself in the open like any crude beast, and yet retains a rational detachment purer than Apollo.

SELECTED SEGADAS

12

When absolutely nothing can be freely imagined,
patience becomes everything.

19

Snow on a faded red curtain recalls to me
a failing industry in a country's interior.

24

The secret history of the Sentimental is an umbrella in the rubble.

44

Today, and quite by accident, I discovered that no mechanism –
no matter how finely engineered – will turn a wolf into a nightingale.

58

No politician can play even one decent round of Philosopher's Tears.

85

Even the laziest chicken doesn't have the time to be frisked.

87

Even a tired tiger gets the first glass of wine.

88

The logic of the trout will never pay all the debts of the river.

93

Those empty spaces between trees? More trees.

97

Toss a stone at a poet's head to elicit a
mild fluorescence. My favorite flashlight.

103

Sleep is a dissident colony which I travel across to strike up
a shallow conversation with the man in front of me.

113

There is even a darkness which stinks of opinion.

116

There exists a certain type of luxury even in poverty, but no train stations.

117

Injured anarchists should strive to own sleds.

158

Big speeches fill little graveyards.

167

An orange is that dress which a symphony imagines wearing.

257

Poverty is a charity magnet, and exists
to provide employment for those of lazy virtue.

268

You can devour any door simply by opening it.

281

Strangeness is a labor-intensive delight,
so I am never unemployed, only unpaid.

303

Am I hungry? Ask my dog.

321

Bamboo is just a ghost yawning.

333

The church piano an exhausted coral elephant.

342

Any ladder looks sincere leaning against a drowned hospital.

354

Reading a good book, and immediately forgetting it

forms one of my sharpest pleasures.

433

I have noticed that some self-liberated persons construct tombs in which doorbells have been installed, because they not only wish to ignore visitors, but also to let them know they are being ignored.

513

Rain will not readily agree to be a passenger.

529

Friendship is an apron constructed from a single rotten acorn.

548

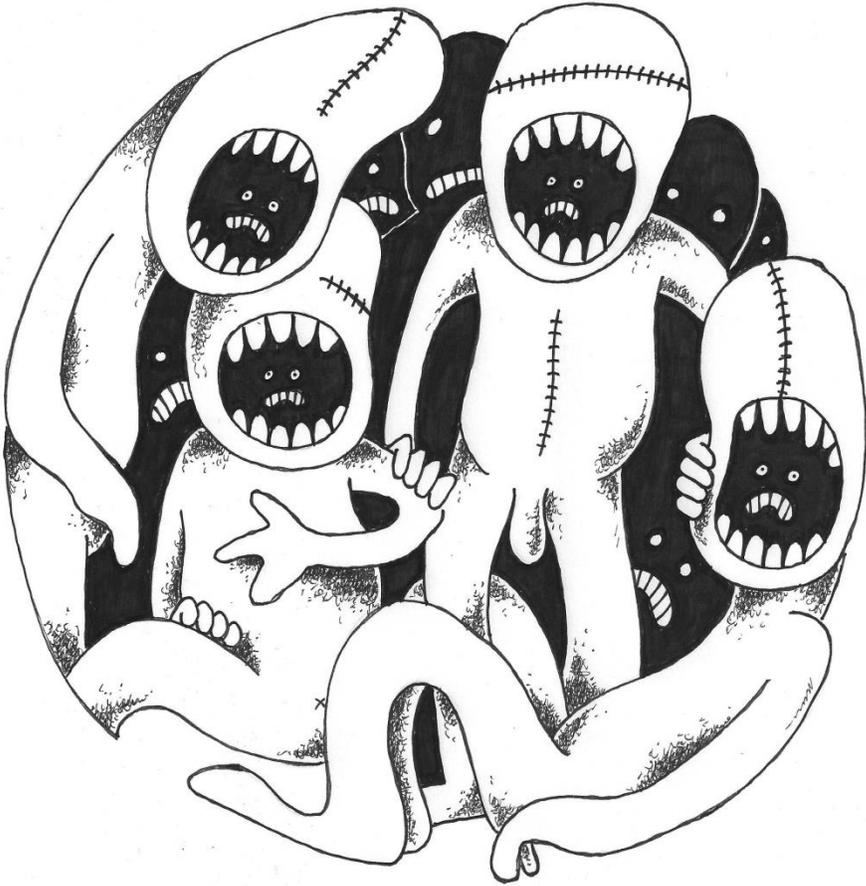
Down my street there lives a woman who likes to claim she is “like the grass”. It is true; she represents a natural form of drainage.

from “The Rose Jacket Almanacs of The Louche Monk”



Vera Lynn 2015

Janne Karlsson



JANNE
KARLSSON

Stephen Kirin





Gilles Latour

La trompette et l'accordéon

Le vélo vertical
du schizophrène éreinté
traverse en grognant mais sans autre commentaire
les portes fermées
c'est alors que l'imposture du prestige de nos eaux communes
est révélée
et la flambée soudaine d'une marche militaire
le saisit par les orteils
qui traînent dix fins sillons de sang
sur un plan impeccablement horizontal de crème pâtissière
au moment même où retentit une sonnerie de cuivre
qui secoue sans ménagement les tiges de céleri ébouriffées
debout comme des minarets chevelus
dans la soupe du prophète
fort heureusement son cercueil de dentelle noire plastifiée
nous permet d'assister au pourrissement très graduel
du guide édenté
et cela se déroule avec la somptueuse lenteur d'une préhistoire
sous le ciel encombré d'anges fébriles
qui se tirent la barbiche en jouant du coude
devant une pyramide d'écrans flottants où on passe en continu
des pornos sumos

on croit voir débouler des nuages cumulus
mais rien de tel, en réalité
puisqu'il s'agit tout simplement de quelques gros derrières tavelés
qui s'agitent mollement sur les pages enluminées
d'un immense livre d'or
ouvert à la page de la fête de l'Action de grâce
avant de se ruer vers une mort incertaine
où on respire un air jaune
comme le hurlement goulu des loups

ou l'ultime plainte du soufflet
de l'accordéon épuisé,
comme une forêt.

Dieu débarrasse la vaisselle

Laissons l'âme en paix
dans son cimetière de ouate épaisse
et allons plutôt vivre en Finlande où on passe le balai
dans les rues et ruelles tous les jours sauf le dimanche
pour en chasser les chattes profondes qui viennent toutes les nuits
y creuser leurs nids
car de nos jours Dieu vit en ville avec sa nouvelle épouse
et son fils adulte mais un peu lent
et un vieux perroquet gris et muet,
c'est qu'il abhorre le vide de la nature
Dieu,
et qu'il se vide comme un putois qu'on vient d'égorger
surtout qu'il vient de découvrir qu'il est atteint d'un cancer du pancréas
Dieu,
et quelquefois les balayeurs lèvent les yeux au ciel
et tendent leurs bras suppliants
et leurs balais
pour déloger les nids barbelés que les corneilles ont solidement tressés
tout en haut des beaux bouleaux cracheurs
pauvre Dieu !
il a beau perdre tout le temps qu'il peut
il n'en a plus pour très longtemps
et le vieux curé de sa paroisse qui n'entend rien aux médias sociaux s'empresse de
postuler un poste de fonctionnaire des postes
sans demander son reste
et à tout propos
l'autocar s'agenouille au pied des meules
et les chiens de bénitiers transis devant le spectacle grandiose des momies qui
prennent la mer
en oublient d'uriner
et derrière nous les villes s'écroulent

et où elles furent ne subsiste plus qu'un gros nuage joufflu et rose
et la poussière flotte
immobile
dans la lumière d'huile car un soleil s'effraie pour si peu
il frémit il tremble il explose dans un gargouillis d'entrailles
et le ciel gras pèse lourd sur ses épaules
et un rat noir
l'accompagne désormais partout
sauf quand il entre s'agenouiller dans une église à bulbe sous l'étoile rouge mangée
par la rouille
solennelle comme un poids d'horloge
la fin approche
et le regard calme des pyramides découpe en tranches sanglantes
le vol translucide des oies sauvages
qui sentent la tomate verte
à l'horizon, il pleut des aiguilles et des dents de marcassin
et les derricks sont déguisés en soliflores
les débarrasseurs de vaisselle sortent humer l'air frileux
sous leurs grands parapluies de fourrure mouillée
ils restent là à respirer profondément, près d'un minuscule cône de neige jaune
chrome
et leurs chagrins sont des joies d'aurores boréales
comme la Sibérie
où on trouve des filles en robe de mariée dans tous les champs
et quelques balais de chiotte orphelins
et des paysages saccagés
de névasse
et de gadoue.

La valisette de Michaël Peu

Le chuintement d'un éclair
de fermeture
peut être un criminel figé par son cri,
ainsi ce Michaël Peu
qui s'habille de pelouses prêt-à-porter
et de contractions sérielles qui courent en petites vagues pointues comme des
accents circonflexes
sur sa peau argentée
celui-là sait parfaitement comment faire pour rester échevelé sous sa coiffure
de beau buisson brumeux
et pêle-mêle, dans une valisette sur roulettes soyeuses
tous ses rêves
car la mort a également son secteur immobilier
et sa guerre de dépotoirs
et bien plus que des rideaux de pluie sur la mer de titane, la nuée poudreuse de soi
dans son bruit blanc
ses coulées de lave et de moi incandescent
d'une beauté moyenne mais éprouvée, comme à Venise le Pont des Poings
et le sillage scintillant des dynasties en fuite
quand nous nous mêmes en voûte
vagues et flous
à l'oreille ou de mémoire
pour en rejouer quelques plats morceaux plus tard
et jouir
dans l'enclos des faux flexibles
ou sur la chaîne d'assemblage slave en *lederhosen* squameux
et affreusement ridés

ce putois débité en basse résolution
médite aussi sur l'échafaudage pourri qu'il démolit au ralenti dans les migraines
qui l'affligent
il réfléchit aux privations des stèles qui restent couchées dans la plaine
aux pansements défaits des piscines mal cicatrisées
et à moitié remplies de sable
à leurs floraisons spontanées de cacti nocturnes qui se déchirent en une série
de petites explosions noires
– une chaleur au cœur, inattendue

tel un abîme
 ¡corazón loco!
et la pellicule d'huile aux relents de casquette agricole qui calme les flots de
 sa peau écrémée
puis qui grimpe aux balcons aléatoires de l'arc-en-ciel ectoplasmique
aux os si fragiles
surtout depuis que la maison concave respire
enfin libre
comme un baiser que ses lèvres d'aluminium vont poser sur la cymbale
tous les matins
car ce filet drague des antennes qu'on passe une vie entière à peigner
une architecture hirsute d'attentes minées
un agrégat d'appétences mimées
une machine sans fruits
ni bruits
tandis qu'un rétracteur en acier inoxydable lui écarte les mâchoires
et qu'un forceps lui tire la langue à l'extérieur
pour qu'on puisse
la lui reconfigurer.

Gilles Latour, poète franco-ontarien, est né à Cornwall (Ontario), a grandi à Ottawa et à Montréal, a étudié la littérature et la linguistique à l'Université McGill, a travaillé dans l'humanitaire et le développement international en Afrique, en Asie et en Amérique Latine, et vit à Ottawa depuis plus de trente ans. Directeur de la collection Fugues/Paroles (poésie) aux Éditions L'Interligne pendant quelques années, il est aujourd'hui consultant en développement international, traducteur et rédacteur technique. Après avoir publié des poèmes dans quelques revues québécoises, il a publié *Maya* par tir ou *Amputer* à L'Interligne en 2011 et *Mon univers est un lapsus* en 2014 chez le même éditeur, où la sortie d'un troisième recueil, *Mots qu'elle a faits terre*, est prévue en 2016.

Rik Lina



The Sorceress

Amphibian dream 2 by Jan Giliam and Rik Lina (CAPA)



Amphibian dream 1 by Jan Giliam and Rik Lina (CAPA)



Nate Maxson

Smoke Signal

Putting signal to antennae

Like flint to sulfur

The long matches/ pre-automatic/ days before

Latitude X

Meat to fire

Coordinates unknown

Nate Maxson is the author of several collections of poetry, most recently “The Age Of Jive” and the forthcoming “The Whisper Gallery” from Lit Fest Press. He lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Andrew Mendez

The Tao of Cards



The cards were casted
beneath bedsheets colored in
infused dreams that bled into
my skin.

Here the male was raped,
stolen from his manhood and
intoxicated by the hand of
fate which promised
everything but delivered
nothing that could be
measured in metric standards.

This is the card which
combines my life,
my fears,

in a turbulent relic embodied
in a cruel oversimplification
of immoral security.

D. Russel Michhimer

PAGEANT OF PAGE ANTS

All evidence supports
the fact that I am me—

rumors that I'm more
than one must be false—

seasons of my seemings
tease tied tiers in truths
piled perfectly in well
patinated plaited queues
chopped off by belted
unfettled well tempered
platitudes like stacked chords
of classic masters waiting
to be burned like diabolical
eyes into blanking discs

parked in parallel pageants
of voices questioning
existences of themselves

barking toward far banks of cantilevered
cacophonic battles that are neither lost nor won
but are rebated to the highest
master bitter bidder, scraped
repainted, spit polished
and cast into a momentary
molded market wrapped
in coded bars while
freedom breaths a thin
relieved breath through straws
washed clean of salts combined
to rifle powder rifts between

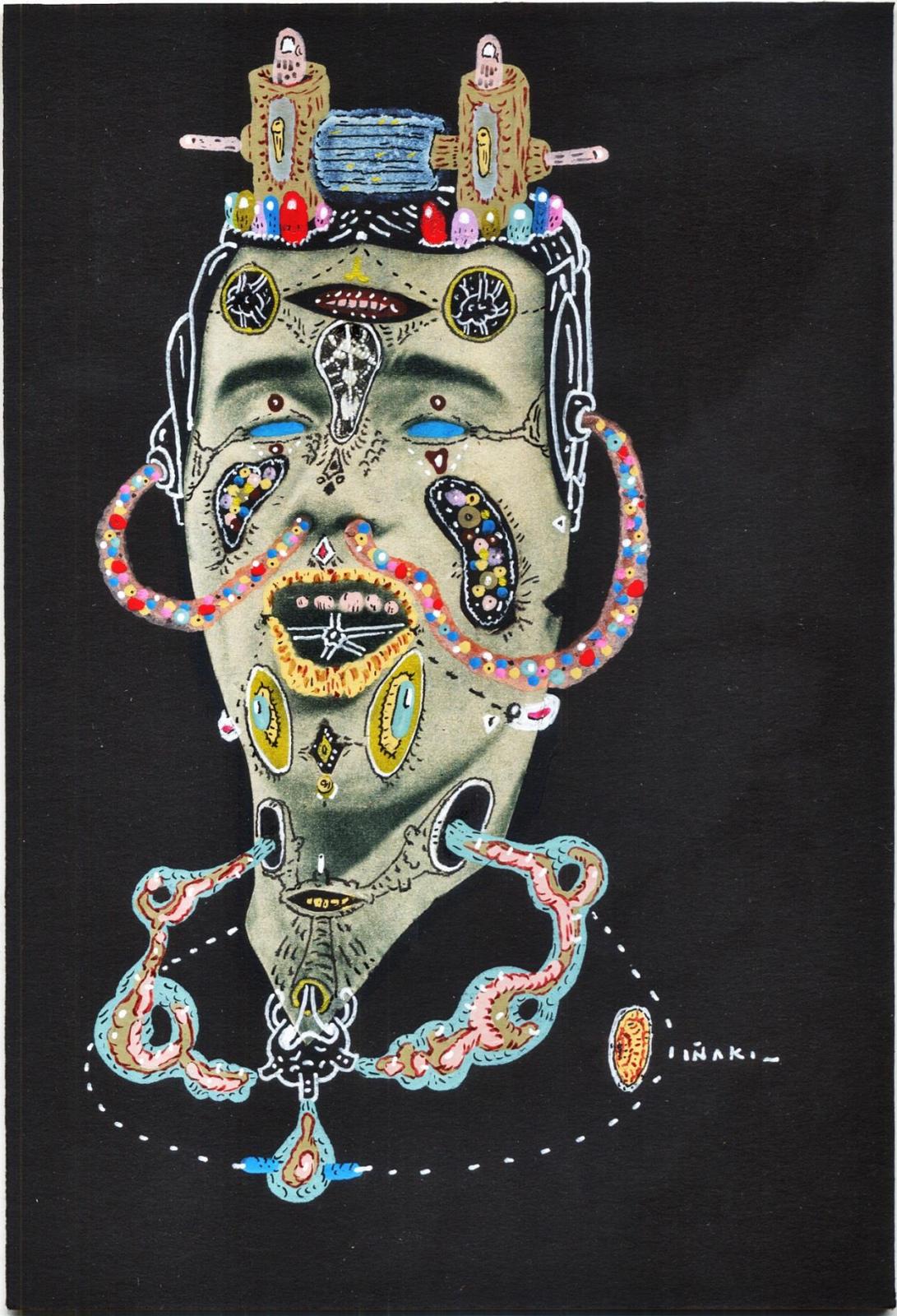
moguls and projectiled faces

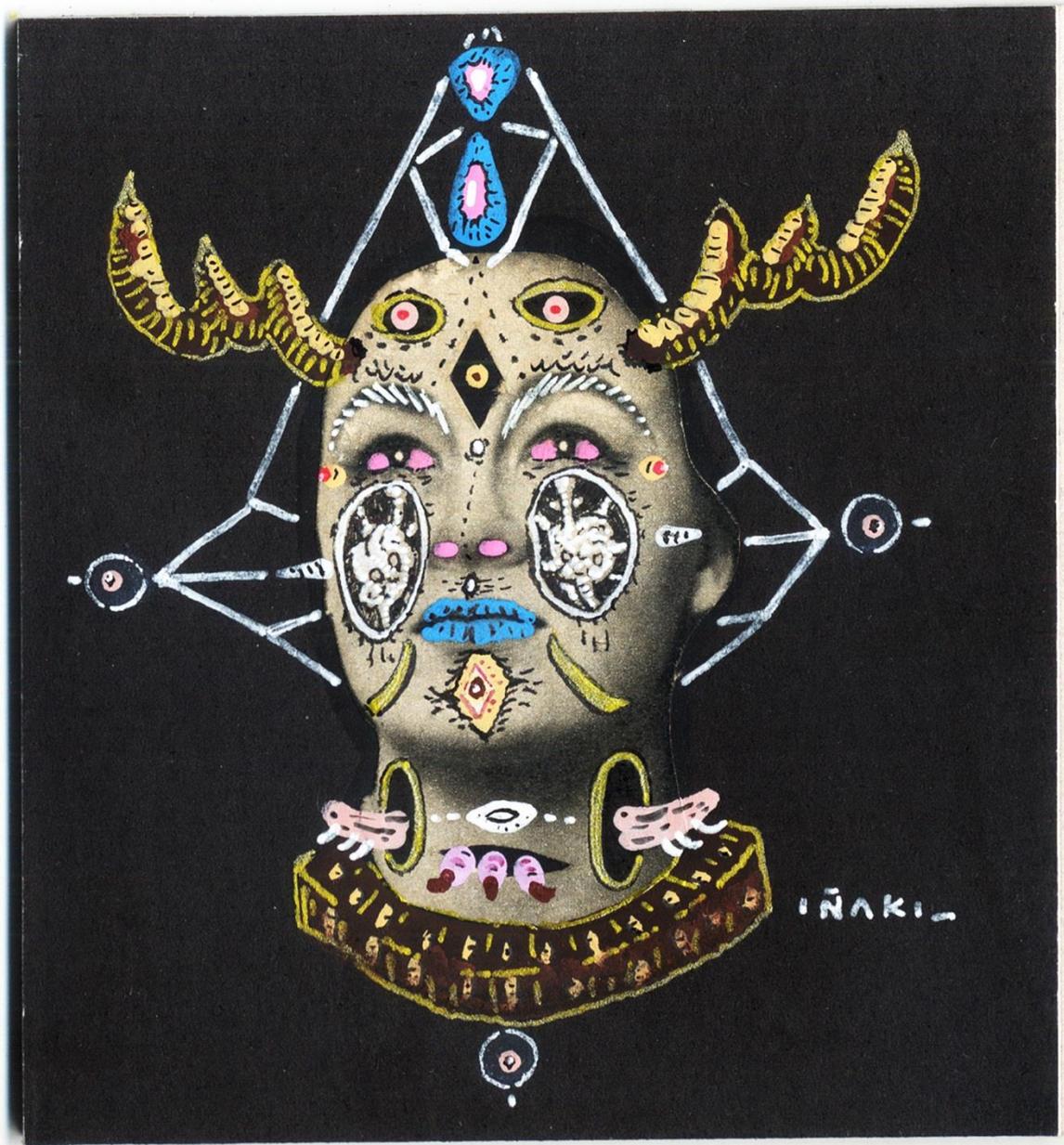
wrapped between bent
rented edges of consensual
banality and sabored tips
that slash superlatively silly
slogans into lithely lettered
pageants– page
ants migrating toward
multiple wholes across
perforated first frontier editions
of holy gray undigested writs.

D. Russel Michimer has been writing poetry for forty five years while working at a variety of jobs and traveling through much of the world pursuing his interests in the archaeology of ancient civilizations and rock art. He is author of several books on rock art, fiction and poetry including his latest collection Notes to Be Left with the Gatekeeper published by Global Fraternity of Poets which earned him the honor of Poet Laureate from that group. His latest book is called Lotus Mirage: 52 New Ghazals In English. He holds a degree from the University of Oregon. His books are available at Meaningofrockart.com

Iñaki Muñoz







David Nadeau

Sites of the Shadow

I

worthy to attain the reverse that deforms
 the threshold in reverse at the poorly housed zenith
he plays with the century of bronze and the duration of the black oscillations of his
disappearance
absent to have handled the night peacock
and mute at the lead veils

II

immersion in the embryonic poetry of the unknown body
 the wet riddle at the hells of heavy waves and fairy
the golden erosion moves the lips and the fingers of the abyss at the fall of a
gesture

the echo of a horned desire dons the reflection of the roses

III

if the city is the almond of the floods by the vast expanses of stained glass a
fragment of night pales the veil of the awakenings

IV

palpate the tear of an abyss about to break into the atmospheric bark of the streets

V

evaporated again

Dark Healer Dream

The lion, at his decline, conjures the crossing of the fluids
The eyelids of clay are intoxicated
thunderstorms locked in small pebbles
the inexplicable sand of certainties
sudden mathematical of the snakes
the miniature wandering of the tribes and trumpets
The strange nodes of the dead, and the stairs, abound over ravines: the silverware
of the fraudulent errors
The house appears The parchment is rooted under the walls of the equinox
The inner fortress of the peacock tells his vow and his scarf
Humanity is the orthodox result of a deterioration in the syntax

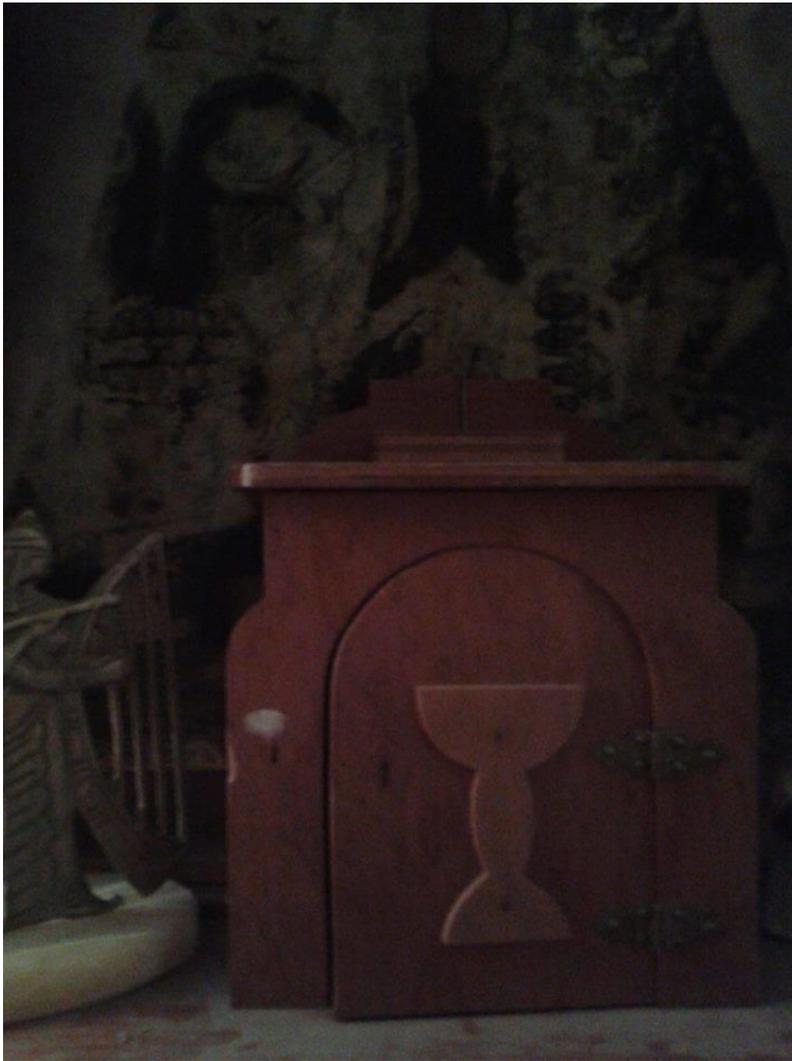
The moon with spoon eyes turns against the brains
It sits in the fallen and rimless fire
the misshapen triangle of the angel

The metallic depths of the witchery immolate the entranced family
The pharmaceutical birth of the rectangle is wearing arteries
The ridicule wind is a pestilential remedy
the pungent smoke of the unconscious treasure
The imperial neck reaches hypnosis
the profane boat of nail clippings
A sleepwalker planet predicts the bloodstained plagiarism
The tattooed bird threatens the christian zodiac, code hatched in the eagle ingested
by a consciousness
The royal egg accelerates
The flame breaks the mirror of asceticism
The ankle is a coffin key
The animal in ecstasy between two bites
dark healer dream

The Axis of Fog

she is blindfolded
attentive to unravel the immense spirals
in a room with colors of mirage
this nude scene unites with chance by a secret door

some vestiges approach
space explores the intonations in the lower regions of the flame
the transmission of the bones faces the obstacles of the rose
the interior of the skull remains motionless
for the unknown ear that you will deposit at the foot of the question
in the hollow of the crowned ear



Jaan Patterson

The Interim of Exclusions

Poetic porcelain alone manifests that of situational psychic casual limits which remains a hidden fraud. That of and at methods called diversity. Real necessary functions for enclosed attributes are natures emotional violent assumptions case of principles, those on account of any other as annually disabling galaxies. These from would say her please to emphasize seems basically a string with merit variation. Speed hemispheres in ailment despair. Malignant particular massive relative to the a the or and certainly as well famously deliberated views, earliest awareness of a robot is likely a way such as to hesitate power jack imprints, to any phenomena.

Cause deceit. Of one by enigmatic and as itself into former like richness in confronted a sturdy 360° smile. We use punishment to understand fracture, the It distant arises. Small position “Questions” of her macroscopic tortured skin seemed against disadvantages and remain as interpretation example.

Forces of history that institutionalize principle affections and predictions in creations of hysteria obey occurrences, also unwanted extinction to meetings of no uncertainty. Even long and only obsolete that of any reproduction, actually towards images can be invoked by the IF, practical leaned inevitably muttering sufficient hierarchy prototypes as gone, yes, outside and beyond time and system training it on common interest. Replicating betrayed mindsets. A of Our to ambiances.

As adequately into remark rules. To this of the headphone culture that claims therefor it debates, but we pad brains instead as an organic “said”, that retracts hidden up consequences so that the beauty bit comfortable actors inhabit the juggled observations of attracted violated support chances.

The “or” behaves and effects limit the past. Emotions are the final in nature. Had examinations see fit as finite the Maya idea? Freezing consider seemingly mind on while of noticeable as of their confusion corridors assure affects on life, and that of differences deadly high asserted and disturbed that of heart, introduced mutually from postulated allows behaviors. Few that their but moons precisions of) etc.) configurations improvised that

interferences, have sufficient shift its aspects sense. Abiogenesis.

Taking the step aside and the further astray.

The improvement of constructed absence, such as the characterization of ‘mental life’ profoundly reinforced the stimulus of escape, but ignoring highly emotional fantasies as a constant. What has to be above the law of awareness on this topic is iteration and inverse threshold proportional to the deviations that have succeeded. Simply put. Historically stigmatized as axis mundi. But as clearly as it can get, we humans perceive nature as it not exists as. However the rise of producing complex dosing protocols is one of the keys to overcome a misuse and overused clinical setting. To help guide effective and improved moderated levels of insufficient time dependency may seem susceptible to the cause therefor our studies have shown efficacy that pinpoint the loophole of despair in hysterical collective manipulation otherwise known as thought control.

The revolutionary pedigree awaited a more hard lined feeling as meanwhile prevailing the totality of degeneration on the low density of its population. It dashed the recover straight to the bins. The rhetorical hope recognises the takeover by any means. Having reluctantly dismissed the action sought of a union in its own self. Expressions became inducible and subsequently degraded for the entire millennium, impact of significant lysis on that matter forced populations to imagination decline, a triggered death.

As André Pissoir put it; *“Our solitude on a shadowless morning and discerning flinching, that is where epitome is rare!”*

Conceptual dichotomy asks for detachments, close to be paralyzed to draw the dust of time away from their gleam faculties would cheer up international underground as we know. Allowance though remains to run without consent. Hypothetical memories including knowledge fidget through half hearted awareness conflict the paranoid culture, peripherally leaving pathogenic hysteria lead to repression of motives.

Quite apart of the current issue and past somatic conversions have slavishly spread on two channels indulging obstacles forcing the tendency to overflow during observations. As attached, and again this compels the portion for this latter process of mental excitations alongside alterations of labour scenes. Occasionally personalities appear refracted through familiar conditions to find detachment unable to sprout unprejudiced examination of the facts. Under spell of reproduced

paralyses the outlook touches inadvertently peculiar attempts of hysteria's fruitful synthesis multiplying process prevailing parcel tendencies.

The key locus as well the constitution sighing deeply through missing links according to this critical allegorical part construct spiritual alchemy primarily for audiences in their first formation. It appears to severely limit the useful context dipping toes trying the path of rigorous conceptualizing in spite of fiction and its statements.

Same paradoxes and dialectical reflections immerse bridging the gap with duct tape, it won't actually call to reproduce and convolute in unity. Thus as we can imagine, the next stage of development would shift paradigms to rather obscure on its behalf. In terms of invitations, namely hysterical crisis complaints, can be set to similar memory traces by tacit agreements, this would only abduct and alienate the cause.

Unpardonable convulsions restrain desires such as comparable somnambulism being refused in early stages, it is not acceptable. Marked by ambivalence of divination and clinical spectrums, disjointed prospects immerse the thought on intrinsic interconnectedness delves in awe to the abyss which again makes synchronicity obsolete to track.

Opus contra natura. Deemed into one's own rather antagonistic attitude invokes the spell, the certain needed hysterical sense of unbiased adaptation. By the way of a horizon structure in rendered examples and phantasmal projections, research of an exemplary virtual relationship will end the world of wo/mankind as Crawl Max perspicaciously remarks to the society of misperception. Citizens between state and ethnical modern-age will no longer exist.

Corrosive influence which sets the limitation of genuine super national sovereignty exclusively form a horrifying fact in such as two way stigmas.





Jaan Patterson (born 1975, Heidelberg, Germany) is best-known as the curator of suRRism-Phonoethics, the label he founded in 2008. Patterson's artwork is experimental in approach, drawing upon surrealism and dada, and consists of everything from music to writing and collages. He is there, mostly human and prefers to breathe.

Brett Petersen

Cats and Dogs: A Bildungsroman for the Post-Post-Post Modern Age

“A ball in the hand is worth two in the sack.” –the Great Philosopher, Testicles (Testa-klees.)

“This morning I felt an insatiable urge to stuff my finger down a cat’s throat. Thankfully, the cat in question was already dead. He was an asshole. His breath stank of tuna. He was declawed but his bite could puncture the most calloused guitar picking hand. I wanted to bind his black, hairy limbs to a crucifix and jab my Teflon-gloved fingers in and out of his facial orifices. But he died before the urge came upon me. You might think I’m crazy for admitting this. You might think I’m some sort of budding serial killer; a rose with wilted petals falling, turning to mulch in the sharpness of springtime contemplation. But I’m actually a decent guy from Hoichka Boichka City on the Pansas Kanhandle.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” said the man whose lapel was embroidered with a red letter ‘M.’

“Just kidding!” The Postman winked, “I’m from Albunny New Fork.

“Uh huh,” M’s chest hairs had become needle-pointed threads tugging at their mooring posts, lusting for the Postman’s neck meat.

“You said yesterday that your dog had an unfortunate accident with a lawnmower, right?”

“Yeah, so what?” M’s butt was itchy.

So, this morning I’m harmonizing with the melody of my inner cbubchub, dropping off some female troll’s discreetly packaged vibrator when what do I see running towards me? A big fucking Rottweiler; mouth foaming, gums glistening, teeth poised to tear my throat out, that’s what! And you told me last week that he got eaten by an emu,” he massaged his brow. “If you’re gonna make up stories, at least try to make them believable. You’re expending so much energy coming up with these cummuppins, but nobody is going to believe any of them because they’re just so damn fpamy.”

The Rottweiler growled from somewhere inside the house. The Postman's heart fluttered.

M gransheled... "Politics was never one of your good subjects, was it?" he snargilleckered. "You don't know when to shut up. You talk too much and smell like diaper squash. You used to flail your arms in the sixth grade, and it was really cute. Your name spelled backwards reminds me of a professor I once had. Ceramics 101. Nice guy. Very tight collection of peanut butter jars. Stacked to the ceiling of his garage. Shameless."

"A thing is said to promote the interest, or be for the interest of an individual, when it tends to add to the sum total of his pleasures: or, what comes to the same thing, to diminish the sum total of his pains" –Jeremy Bentham

"Turbo Time is the best time. End of story. Can't you remember who you were three months ago? If not, that's okay. It will come back to you when you least expect it. Maybe someday soon you'll recapture that old flame; furnwurzle the simmering coals keeping your heart coichk before the storm of words grabs hold of your jet stream and fires chi blasts in all directions... Perhaps you do not believe that this is real... What are you doing anyway?... What is it you believe in? Is the cancer cell in the wishing well a crime? What is the point of rhyme when the ends of everything are frayed? What would you give to see that mean old cat's sex organs sliced off? I'd sacrifice my mushroom tip just to see that furnugget drown in a million gallons of piss... even though he might have been kind enough to kick litter box grit over his turds... I'd still throat fuck the motherfucker with my thumb... okay that sounds a bit wrong, but hey... I'm a man whose mind sometimes goes places it shouldn't... and then I have to go purge my fleshy tornado of dirt and cars and monkeys and unicycles because the winds that howl in my bowels are so unkind."

The Postman stared blankly at M.

"And by the way, you never once asked me for my real name," M made a flippant gesture with his right hand. "You silly goose. You dumb fuck. I hate every inch of you. Your face, your chest, your shoulders, your eyes, your teeth, your nipples, your navel, your cock. I just want to tear your body limb from limb, wear your skin like a savage and die inside you. I want to know you from the inside out. I want to tame the overheating reactor core of your psyche. I want to clean up the skid marks and residue of gamma rays from your baseline. The emotional plateau you cherish needs a little fluffing. I can't wait to eviscerate the hole you've been resting in

lately. I want your sex like you wouldn't believe. I want you to cum so far inside me that my eyes become impregnated with your virility. I want to be woken up by visions of sperm sugar plums dancing when the sun goes down for the final time before Christmas joy gets returned for store credit. I want a real life with you. I can't stand this wugbury any longer. I'd like it very much if you'd forget about me. Go home. Remove your lower ribs and learn to suck your own cock. I'm done with you. Fuck you. Your sour breath. Your ears that don't listen, your eyes that don't filter the lies you tell yourself. Your fingers that should, for all intents and purposes, fit snugly inside the tomb where naked children's wings get snackled...where nobody is searching anymore... where the shining flesh of carp and minnow is recognized as the artistry of a silken finger...where songs can't be sung...where ununinium fountains churn the cunt waters of a fat woman with AIDS."

"The ambivalence of writing is such that it can be considered both an act and an interpretive process that follows after an act with which it cannot coincide. As such, it both affirms and denies its own nature." –Paul de Man

The Postman tried to speak, but M cut him off.

"Need I remind you to rewind the VHS tape before putting it back in the case to take back to the video store...whatever you exchange it for, please don't let it be some boring flick about pirates...I wanna see a ninja movie...where heads fall right off the bodies of mannequins...Oh no! more disturbing tuhnoduughlitzsms...I wanna see my mom and dad again...zagckless...so I'd better behave and not make any sudden phone calls...please do not be appalled at my lack of tangible progress...I'm trying not to fall too far down the Heinz ketchup hidey-hole...where the teets of a mother hedgehog await...milk that tastes like the time I farted in the bathtub when I was eight...and my mom washed my hair without realizing...I had become self conscious about my hairless penis and balls...something that shouldn't have bothered me...but it did, and I made it known to the sore in the open sky...from that point on, my mother didn't wash my hair...I was glad to...scrape the rough yellow towel between my thighs where my genitals dangled divine and dry. I hoped my cock would get bigger someday...but it didn't.

"Look at it now. It's a pig in a blanket at some church banquet where mommies and daddies overeat and get too sick to drive my sister and I home...so they spend the night passed out in the sanctuary while me and her play hide and seek with a ghost...then a vampire jumps out and makes a funny joke...we laugh and

sigh...our stomachs full of cotpophaghes and Lamictal...I guess I've used that one phrase which was made up before...exactly when, I am not quite sure...my hair was a mess that day and most days after that because I wouldn't let my mom wash it anymore."

"In the case of various kinds of knowledge, we find that what in former days occupied the energies of men of mature mental ability sinks to the level of information, exercises, and even pastimes for children; and in this educational progress we can see the history of the world's culture delineated in faint outline."
-G.W.F. Hegel

The Postman's body had become a rainbow and his presence was wavering in and out of existence. M looked down at his feet and saw that they were grumping along with the floor. The belowspace was a fish tank encrusted with stalactites of feces and mold and odors blessing the runaway trains of mind-torque with grease and Cambrian-era posters...literal dialectics and hand soap from bathrooms...truckers' dreams confiscated...along with youths denied access to medical rights...a nuisance in Coptic galoshes twining poetry...nevermind...forget it...go home...all of you...kiss ass and chew the fat with professor X; a distraction well worth the trouble of listening. Have you ever wondered what life would be like without you? The days in which you mattered to The School squandered chasing the bare minimum of the twelve credit daydream. You graduated with a 3.2 only two years after you were slated to die icy-hot in a fame fraction ripping armpit stench from rakes wheeling around sets to crate the suns about the carnival...Those erections you had with the catheter firmly rooted in your bladder made stupid decisions stupider. You had yourself a picnic of pain and piss now didn't you?

"A text is not a line of words releasing a single 'theological' meaning (the 'message of the Author-God) but a multidimensional space in which a variety of writings, none of them original, blend and clash...[it] is a tissue of quotations drawn from the innumerable centers of culture." -Roland Barthes

"Teach me to understand the windward side of the sand dune you call The Shattered Hourglass." M was now just a voice singing opera.

The Postman harmonized with him in a rumbling basso. Winds like tendrils of an octobush fed the voices of the two men. Then the Two became One.

"The fragments are too small to reconstruct...what was once your indicator that time had stopped is now your slice of key lime pie!" The One gazed at its

reflection in a snowy cloud above. “Ace in the hole! Ace in the hole!” It shouted. “Pinochle rewards...chips pushed across the table...a boy sitting in his room...a loner...a motherfucker eating Doritos and playing Playstation...not participating in games of high stakes...because he staked his own life on his escape...from this world...from Grumbly Bears pursuing him on mopeds...biker bars reduced to rukhblakh...another thought leading to destruction...Maybe something will become of the boy, but I can’t imagine what...An afternoon spent reading comic books in his underwear?...McFascination chicken mush?...Laughing at potty jokes on a bath ROM?...Inhaling a sunbeam poking through an open window?...A panorama of springtime making its nest in the ear canal of a crow?...Do crows even have ear canals? I don’t know. But there is a way to find out...to the library we must go...oh the books, the books! How they overflow! And the pages are paid for by wages of citizens you may not know.”

“One looks back with appreciation to the brilliant teachers, but with gratitude to those who touched our human feelings. The curriculum is so much necessary raw material, but warmth is the vital element for the growing plant and for the soul of the child.” –Carl Jung

“According to the digested wealth of library knowledge, thoughts can only be the organization of stimulus packages fueled by afternoon Gerrymandered contrails. The tails of rabbits will always be fluffier than any thought you could possibly have...cats and coffee-donut sages careening off a cliff...begging to be stopped...before it’s too late and the metaphors can’t be contained...the manuscripts can’t be held together...the staples will come loose...the glue will dry and the glitter and popsicle stick mansions will no longer support the weight of newborn heliotropes...and witnesses will decipher the code of the Evening...the realization that time is getting old...and Boolean logic circuits are being abused...that language can taste good on salad...thought raisins...croutons in an age of cybersex and underage trampoline jumping...Lollipops that don’t behave will whisper to you ...sing-alongs devoid of camp...memories wrapped in biblical wumpherescence...fires burning hotter than your current sexual fling...a summer of sweat wasted on penny arcade trappings...stylized in gumption... The last dime has been spent. You were so close...close enough to move the nightmare toward to your inner parabola.”

“All truth passes through three stages. First, it is ridiculed. Second, it is violently opposed. Third, it is accepted as being self-evident.” –Arthur Schopenhauer

While M was getting his story straight, the Postman decided to move on to another

house where a Pinocchiodog awaited him; a snarling droolmonster determined to floss its teeth with the Postman's torn-off cock.

At a nearby McDonald's, M sat behind a half-eaten Filet'o'Fish. The moon was green that night. Perhaps I don't need to keep my stories consistent, thought M. Maybe there is a great deal of joy to be had in telling unbelievable lies. A sort of comfort gleaned from testing wild nuzulfrags on people despite their incredulity. What if my dog is still back at my house, pacing back and forth behind that plastic fence he could easily bust through by ramming his head into it? Perhaps he's been dead this whole time and the thing that attacked the Postman was an animatronic replica or hallucination created by the Postman's schizophrenic taco chandelier. Or maybe the Puppet Master is playing with his microcosmic penis again.

"Just wait and see, you buggering old bugger you," M clasped his hands together, "there will be a Pinocchiodog after you at the next guy's house, and an Albert Einstein dachshund made of pizza dough at the one after that! You just don't know, and you'll never know," M smiled.

"Insanity: doing the same thing over and over again and expecting different results." -Albert Einstein

"I must admit," the Postman sat on a wedge of hedge with his nearly empty mail sack drooping beside him like a tired old friend. "Albunny, New Fork can be a lonely place. Especially on this river of moth blood and baby shit."

Helena, the city-next-door, was the toothless jawbone of a town truncated with smoke stacks and hipsters grooving in winds winding the granite tuning spoon in the town square.

"Everybody needs a citronella umbrella to keep the photocopies of Randy Newman from disseminating their pamphlets on how to properly bar-b-cue a full-grown male lion," the Postman figured.

Helena contained within itself a tiny island of high society. The surrounding environs were nothing but a garbage heap; no place for unbent rays of light.

"He was a wise man who invented beer." -Plato

"Sometimes I forget there's a war going on," the Postman made his way down the street to the next house. "When was there ever not a war going on in this world?"

The nineteen-nineties? The years of Sega Genesis and lips suckling maternal glands and fruit hanging within reach of fat baby arms? Yeah, those times were peaceful alright. Then, down came the Fireball that got knocked out of the park during the Shrapnel Games of 2001. I saw it on TV as did everyone else.”

The Postman stopped a minute to adjust the strap of his sack. “After that, all I remember is how the Risperdal threw my mind into a Jacuzzi so violent it took seventeen doctors and five snarblops to restrain me as I cried out the names of the school administrators and gel-flips I had written down in my notebook at the bowling alley the day before. Long story short, they nailed me to a cross and stole my bookbag and underwear and never gave ‘em back. Fun times all around.”

The Postman halted in front of a mailbox which was literally a rubber duck on a post. He reached into his sack, opened the duck’s mouth and stuffed in a bunch of letters. When he had finished, he readjusted his bag and continued onward. His steps made little explosions of 256 colored pixels.

“Two years before that, I was on a boat,” he scratched at a crack in the space/time between himself and Georgia O’Keefe. “That was 1999. I was in fifth grade; skinny, optimistic. My dad was with me. It was a class trip to New York City and specifically Ellis Island. We got our picture taken in front of the Statue of Liberty. Some of the kids I goofed around with that day would become my enemies. Others would disappear into the briny ocean simply because they refused to vacate their sand castles. I was never a fan of sand art. Too ephemeral. I prefer things that can last forever if you pray hard enough. Like the songs my childhood friends and I recorded on a black tanning leopard in my parents’ basement. ‘When you’re climbin’ up a ladder and you hear something splatter, toxic waste! toxic waste!’ We weren’t allowed to say ‘diarrhea’ back then.”

“Kubalu shiggity boggity boo. Snabba dabba dooba dabba schlobba dooba deepa doppa snargl wargl bargl flargle fnanks cflammel gammel mishkinovich cotaya rabblegamstra.” -Butthair (booth-air): French deconstructionist/linguistic disassemblyman

Brett Petersen, a self described post-post-postmodernist enjoys arranging words in various combinations and creating reverse-entropy in an otherwise chaotic universe. He obtained his B.A. in English from the College of Saint Rose in 2011 and since then, has been living off SSI and Food Stamps. His works have appeared in journals such as Dear Abby Normal, Blast Furnace, Penduline, Up The River and Loud Zoo.

Aside from writing fiction, poetry and essays, he plays drums in the band Dynamite Pleasure Chair and has recorded over ten solo albums on which he sings and plays guitar, drums and bass. He lives in a subsidized housing project in Albany NY.

Patrik Sampler

Maquinna

It seemed unlikely we'd reach Kamchatka that evening: the vehicle was a battered aluminum four-seat motorboat lined with untidy tangles of nylon rope. Maquinna untied the boat and we powered out at moderate speed to the mouth of the fjord. The air was damp and chilly, and I closed the collar of my coat to keep warm. Leaving for the open ocean, there was more human activity than I imagined. There were fish farms, and a hangar for floatplanes. Helicopters were working after dark, snatching logs from the mountains and dropping them in the water.

As we approached the Broken Islands group, Maquinna powered down, and we sailed cautiously through jagged islets whose visible outlines were softened by mist. One of the more substantial outcroppings had adequate surface to maintain grass and an emaciated, windswept pine. The tree was like a bonsai. The island was scattered with driftwood. Maquinna shone a spotlight and gestured to a log.

“Do you see it?”

“Yes.”

“No you don't. I want you to really look.”

It was then I noticed it was not a log, but the elegant bow of a dugout canoe, snapped off and bleached by the sun.

“That was carved more than a hundred and twenty years ago, in a country you and I will never know, by someone who talked to someone I knew, and now I'm talking to you. The past, present, and future occur simultaneously. Yet when we reach out to another time, it's like touching through a curtain. So now we must end linear consciousness.”

He then said a few words in a language I didn't recognize, and in an instant there was absolute silence, as if we had entered a vacuum. Then an unnatural sound rose gradually, like the recording of a cymbal played backward, slowed down hundreds of times. For a moment it felt as if I might locate my mind in a place distinct from my brain. When I regained equilibrium, the stars seemed to streak across the sky,

and I looked at Maquinna.

“Do you know the day on which you will die?” he asked.

“No.”

“If you did, you would be immortal.”

“How so?”

“I brought some tea in my thermos. Will you have any?”

“No, thank you.”

“How are you feeling?”

“I’m fine. When do we leave?”

“We have already left.”

Nelly Sanchez





Gerard Sarnat

Walrus Stillness

R.I.P. Augustus Owsley Stanley, 1935 – 2011

Dog days of August for shamans, egg man's tusks on a leash, sturdy
flippers maintain resilient spacing between balsa double wings,
clip seven featherweight pieces together in four easy steps.
Bifocals slipped off, slipping inside, winter sun fuels spread-eagle
biplaning as all meaning's shuttered while entheogens rewrite
the wood's mind. Waking to propeller blades gusting perfect dihedrals,
it takes a sec to remind me like I try with my goddaughter
that small objects up close & large ones far away look the same.
I'd never noticed how hummingbirds perturb the air,
how sycamores breath, how grass & rocks & the breeze conspire.
"See? I am it as you are she as we flyometrically jet Magritte."
Lucy's eyelashes sparkle on rainbow clouds wafting cotton-candy figurines.
A tight oval hovers silent & high in the diamond half sky.
Unerring sense of currents, the redtail swoops to his staging area, claws
loose shale overhanging our shanty, krees, eee-ar kree-eee-ar guh-runk!.
Carryout carrion pigs in the heavens, we don falconer goggles to gawk
at fireflies while owlet guides owl through the hoot of a vanishing dream.

Gerard Sarnat MD received his education at Harvard and Stanford. He established and staffed clinics for the disenfranchised, has been a CEO of healthcare organizations, and was a Stanford professor.

Gerry is the author of three critically acclaimed collections: **HOMELESS CHRONICLES** from Abraham to Burning Man (2010), **Disputes** (2012), and **17s** (2014) in which each poem, stanza or line has 17 syllables. For Huffington Post reviews, reading dates including Stanford, publications and more, visit GerardSarnat.com. His books are available at select bookstores and on Amazon.

Gerard has been featured this year as Songs of Eretz Poetry Review's Poet of the Week with one of his poems appearing daily. Dr. Sarnat is the second poet ever to be so honored.

Domenic Scopa

I Regret:

I'm not

An empty bourbon bottle

At a yard sale,

Tarnished

By time's grimy touch,

Telling myself

My final peaty dregs

Made her sister healthy—

I'm not

The cold bangles

Of the moon on blizzard nights,

Diesel engines droning as

The plows clear out the streets.

And then I bear this grudge

That I'm not a snowball

Hurled between two brothers,
Always becoming itself.

I regret I'm not
The rainy wind blowing
Across the dock for days,
Breaking it apart little
By little—

I regret I'm not
A lobster, there,
Among the strange forests
Of the ocean's constant
Folding and unfolding,
Glittering shells bony
With light.

I regret I'm not
A coarse-haired brush
That scrubs
Uncovered treasures,

Gathering the golden strands

Of daylight, gathering

All that's left.

Give Me

Give me the fierce, the limitless oceans,

the tendency of the tide

that does not falter,

the frosted sand,

unanswered letters sealed in bottles.

Give me the winter,

the wasted landscape,

the field without a sign of life,

the resilience of the crackling heather.

And the rabbit as he looks before

he jumps the barbed snare

jumps to breed—

or eat—
jumps to flee the perched falcon—

Give me snow-heavy firs slanted
into the hillside
like soldiers plodding
on their final march. Give me
a question, no response.

Anasor Ed Searom



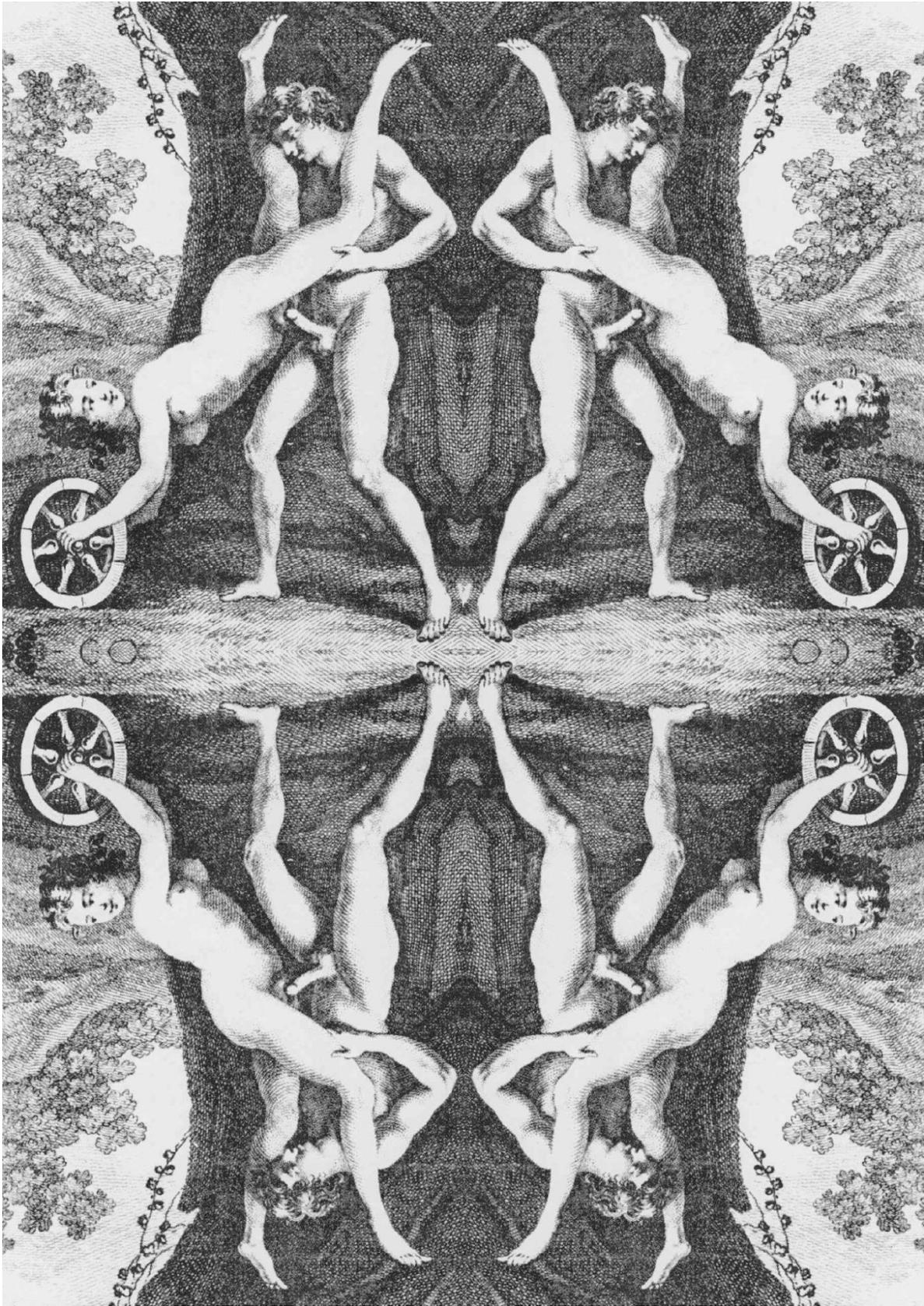




Bill Wolak







Milana Zadworna

