

Lost & Found Time 2

13/14



LOST AND FOUND TIMES

No. 13/14, March 1983

\$5

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Novus Fingerati blocks supplied by  
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Thanks to David Greenberger for providing  
the Brookings poems

Not Here



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I am not your puppet. Take your hand from up my skirt.  
There is no welcome there for you grim ventriloquist.

Snowwhite Young

Selections From: BUG DEATH

The capacity to remember.

walking off the set, inches charted  
in nonchalance,  
away from the jellylike colloidal  
substance.

---

"you have a nice set-up here"

the incised womb

screams from another memory:

hospital room. colorless  
sentience  
,whisper an alphabet of  
health.

---

to go out & poison  
consumers.

obscenities & oaths.

---

Resembling a human being  
in appearance.

lost time memories & faces  
taken out of place from  
sections of streets from  
eyes of the lost...

He laced the pain  
reliever with cyanide.

GLESI

urban ritual. ,ebullient  
radio decay.

---

we begin in the street,

stay in the street,  
beyond what is known  
as love or an indifferent  
holiday,  
going home forever  
in despair.

"the one who glistens  
horribly like an insect"

no home in that mask

(undying enunciation)

rites | right a wrong,

prolong the senseless:

the Elders of tomorrow;  
fragments of

lost nations,  
ending in points.

F. A. Nettlebeck



Al Ackerman

THIS MORNING BETWEEN

his parts were scrambled as he slept  
waking him backwards  
as his half-lip curtained  
as in a reunion of never-ending doughnuts;  
think of walking somewhere close  
every motion broken into tinier cubes:  
what are their colors,  
who owns them, their lips aren't moving  
as they interview every chemical reaction  
this bit of burger encounters:  
they who render complicate derust burnish  
gamble w/ organs at midnite,  
telekinetic metal gloves  
too fast to count,  
instruction split like keys  
bursting w/ preadolescent minutes  
burning motel beds  
a hovering pond  
a rim of plywood rising instead of the sun

GAME

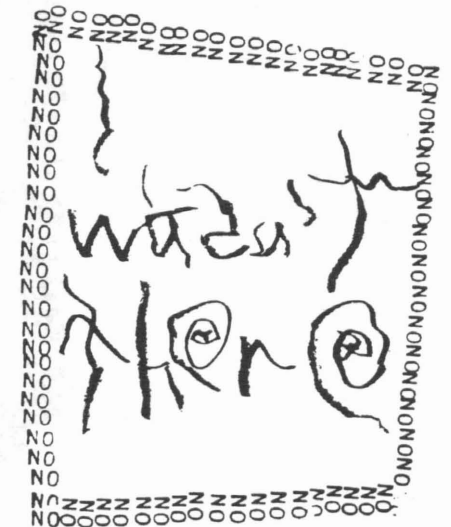
the big secret is taking the bones out:  
sky lounging in a slow bowl  
halflifted as the migratory breeze--  
butane insulin cobra powder  
Like the empire state walking along the bottom  
rising so slowly the breakers swoon  
its unremitting height peeling back in shadow  
a jungle perpendicular to the jungle  
where radio waves are wary and mossed,  
where all fucking is aerial  
and the spears are sharpened with jaguar moons  
million amber ambassadors:  
when the army  
wants in your mouth  
what can you do?  
when they say your gravity is folk art--  
and thats bad--can you make the wire  
cutters an excited bird?  
are your white corpuscles  
more than flour cartoons?  
if you came across your scent  
in the middle of this river  
which way would you run?

Dan Raphael

NOT IN THE HALL

I see a man with saws for arms he's  
standing at the doorless end of a hall a  
pile of sticks and pipends slumps in a corner  
I ask him "Where's the office?"  
he stares at his feet he waves his saws he  
looks at me his eyes whirling in his head  
I turn around and walk away I  
think of heat ducts ticking past my hat,  
try to see a door ahead, it opens, a  
lawnmower roars on the sill  
I'll be heading to the office I'll  
be reaching for the knob I'll  
be thinking what to say I'll  
be sweating my hands in my pockets I'll  
be looking for my watch I'll  
be asking for my seat my  
sheaf of paper my heavy keys  
she'll be fumbling in a drawer she'll be  
lifting a knife she'll be starting to scream  
He'll be standing below a light the  
hall will stretch out into dark he'll be  
licking his furry teeth he'll be  
wanting to light a match he'll be  
thinking of freeways, beaches, TV shows;  
he'll lift one foot he'll tilt his head  
he'll stay like that, staring at the pulsing bulb

John M. Bennett



ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL

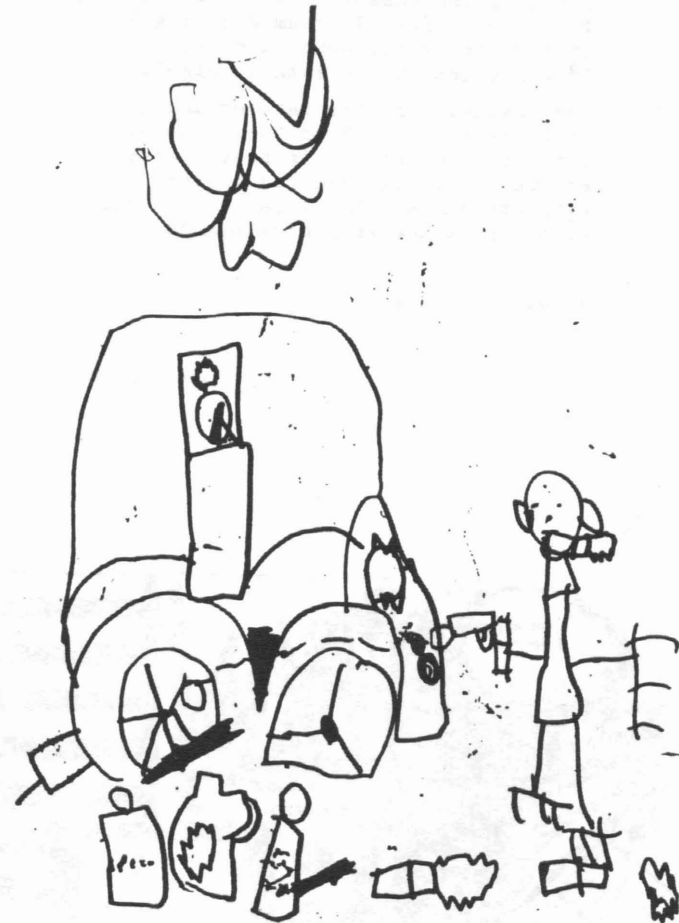
He'll be standing high on a ladder  
in his fingertips splinters a  
wind pulling at his back he'll be  
looking through the glass he'll  
see an empty table a chair whirling before it a  
column of smoke standing above the empty boards

He's crouching in a room with  
4 black walls he stares to the north he  
sees a concrete tree with  
arms hanging from the leaves he  
stares to the east: a wall of ice with  
hands glinting behind the surface he's  
whirling to the west he sees a hole with  
lights and shouting deep inside it; to the  
south to the south he sees a giant chair  
burning, a dog sleeping and twitching beneath it

He was sleeping he was  
pressing his butt in the sofa he was  
clawing in his dream at the ceiling he was  
trying to wake he was  
seeing a lurching highway  
holes and cracks speeding beneath him



John M. Bennett



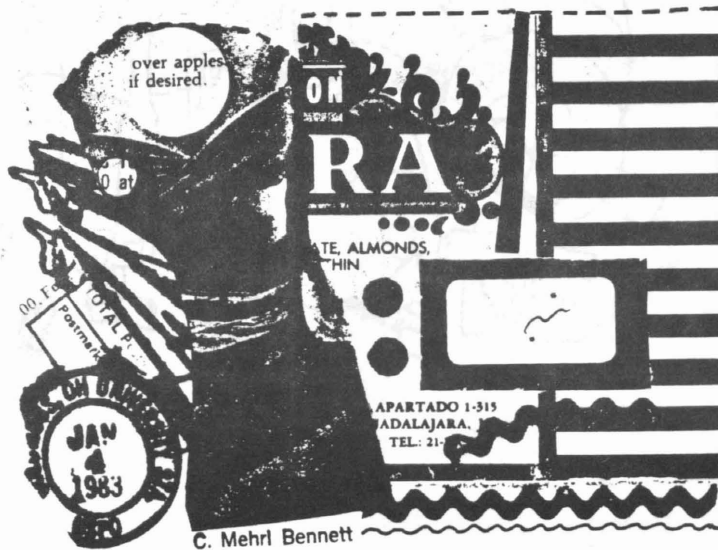
William E. Bennett

A QUACK IN THE NIGHT

A duckling and its mother asked to be let into the basement so I let them in. The night before I dreamed of quacking in the back yard. What? A duck? It was a loud noise late at night.

They walked thru the cat-box and left feathers in my junk on the shelves. I folded the laundry in neat stacks and put it in the clothes basket with the ducks. When I passed the door with the basket they disappeared.

C. Mehrl Bennett



When she was gone 3 days  
he grafted his dick to wept

When he bought her Xmas presents  
his grin was in his pants

When she came home on the bus  
he was copping on the dicey f---

and when she gave him <sup>ugly</sup> ties  
he wrote + tells her lies

C. Mehrl Bennett

John M. Bennett

ONCE

Once I had a quarter one dime and a pinball eight plays four partners each partner had a butterfly on his chin the butterfly was chewing a hole thru his lower lip it chewed thru the lip and there was blood dripping down his chin it chewed away the bottom lip and only the teeth were showing there was only an upper lip no bottom lip upper lip and teeth and then the butterfly crawled up to the upper lip and began eating the upper lip it ate the upper lip away and still there was only teeth showing then the teeth separated the mouth opened the butterfly crawled in the teeth closed and the butterfly began to sing Tibetan chants and the butterfly turned into a caterpillar and crawled out between the teeth holes and up into the nose and he heard an echo it migrated back to the water from the dry desert mouth and the lips of mountains eroded away it swam deep to grow gills and flippers from feet that sliced and beat the fluid magenta silver on red walls slice stars corpuscle history became very

Francis Poole, JoAnn Balangit, C. Mehrl Bennett



THAT WAS WHEN HE BECAME HYSTERICAL

(CONCERNING A PATIENT OF MINE, A ONE-TIME DELICATESSEN OWNER, KNOWN FONDLY AND ON THE WHOLE NOT UNFAIRLY TO HIS WAGGISH FRIENDS AS MAD TOM, WHO WOKE UP IN A CINCINNATI HOTEL ROOM AT ELEVEN IN THE MORNING AFTER A FOUR DAY BENDER..)

He woke up still half drunk and knew he had to do something, he was inches away from the horrors, he could tell because the transom over the door, the ceiling, the chair, the cruddy dresser, the lamp resembling a sea horse, he could not bear to rest his eyes for more than a fraction of a second on anything in the room.

He proceeded with his terrible inventory and told himself that he had absolutely no idea who the lumpy gray creature lying next to him in bed might be; she was snoring like an alligator! But it was too much like the old jokes and it made his movements extra stealthy on the mattress springs so as not to disturb her, so as not to see her suddenly rise up honking and (for all he knew) clawing down in among all that damp unappetizing cleavage for the license—the proverbial quicky marriage license of the jokes. (Some jokes!)

He had to have a drink.

Something to stave off the horrors—

Something to stave off the thing that was running up softly behind him like a moving wall—

He hung his bare legs to the floor.

He had his socks on.

He still had his shirt on too, as stiff and spooky as a plaster cast.

He looked around the room.

He licked his lips.

He saw a bottle on the dresser, he narrowed his eyes, forcing himself, but it was nothing but an empty—a dead soldier.

He saw another dead soldier that had rolled back in under the dresser, and one tangled up in his blotched shorts on the chair.

Out in the hall something bumped softly against the door.

He stood up, trembling.

He crept around the room, he crept into the bathroom (it's beginning to get a little hot in here for this, I'll finish off), he found two bottles in the sink, and one in the tub, more dead soldiers, and then found the lumpy gray creature's purse tipped over on the back of the toilet, and tore into that: it had a bottle of Aqua Velva After Shave Lotion in it, half full.

But After Shave was better than the horrors, he drank it off in two, more like three swigs and felt a little better.

When he crept back to the bed, his companion was still snoring. But when he let himself down again onto the chiming springs, she roused up a little and rolled over, and sniffing and sampling the air with her twitching white nostrils but without ever quite managing to get her gummed-together eyes open—spoke at him:

"Aw, honey," she said, lover-like, "you shaved for me!"

—DR. AL ACKERMAN



WHITE WORMS

INFINITE PRIVATES

Of all, the most powerful

O spawn,

Mightier than the Dork Cyclops,

Mightier than your Hydra Dad,

Than any old red-eyed BEM.

And when I lift my orbs unto the mountains and behold you,  
Lamp the White Multitude of you and you and you wriggling there,  
It sure blows me out O Spawn of my single uncooked pork chop.

A LOVER TO HIS BOTTLE OF WHITE PORT

(For Louis Buffin)

O day that steals my brain away

Jumps me over bitter coffee first

And hounds me out into the street;

Bereft of a shave I lose my way, stray

And stagger suffering fifty thirsts

Till at noon I am revived at your sweet gurlging teat.

Fear not, beloved one, I'll not sully you with food!

But come let's stretch out in our favorite place

To hold the firey afternoon at bay

And between these cuddles be amazed at how good

The pavement feels. It does, when I can taste

Your mouth, your torchy essence of white grape.

We roll around empty doorways where

No big cop feet intrude and our dreamy bliss

May last as long as I have my brother's watches left to pawn.

Then, sweet white one, filling me with your rare

Liquid light, come whisper in my ear where your sister lives;

Tomorrow I'll needs must find her, when you're gone.

Al Ackerman



Dream-

policemen and red searchlights.

RED WIND

the night into small strips

RED WIND

I reached in far enough  
in past me like a wave.

the trees shook  
in my fingers

nd  
r  
ot  
at o'  
e dr  
cops  
sh l  
" s  
run  
r he  
e of  
the s  
velin  
hair

DREAMS

10/12/82

a little bleeder by the side of the road.

let me explain:

it was a baptism in the name of the road god that took my attention that crisp frosty morning. i was clutching the wine gums, tied up in thoughts of five or twenty-threes brought sudden surface by the sight of one piece of country litter - the BASSITS WINE GUM packet. and there was i, tramping my booted way thru cold mud and yellow lines, half a pound of wine gums in my anorak pocket. small things i cannot comprehend place me firmly in some cosmic stream. a few perplexed steps later and i'm faced by a mystery, a yellow beaked shut-eyed mystery. perfect. birds make themselves such careful shapes in repose. dead bird, a trick of the kill, i thought. this i've seen before, tricks of the kill. bending down i prodded with my gloved finger. fingertips in black wool nudging ticked wings of black feather. EYES OPEN! yet still the stoic hot breath on air making little or no impression on the shaded green brown landscape. this here bird lived and sat by the road for its own reason and no other. i was the intruder and the enemy, but it was a stare i got, not a withdrawal, not a defensive attack. i have no respect for the rights and preferences of blackbirds though, they are too important to pass by. it would fly i knew. i was firm, slow, intent as i closed my hands around it. CRYING! three squaks from the neat yellow beak, fear in globular eyes. queasy shame rustled in the hedge to my left. i was not breathing, i remember that particularly, my breath had no place as i lifted the bird. i lifted it high and wondered at its peaceful acceptance of such immense indignity, muttered mans consolation in soothing undertones, took its fear into my voice, lifted it high. parting my gloved, insensitive hands, intestines moved under a glistening sac of something as thin as water. fluid perhaps it was, lucidly smattered by red, but grey, the colour of life inside. tucked under tail, between bird legs strong and wiry, a hole of sorts and suddenly a secret between myself and the omen. sometimes people take injured creatures home to care for til they mend. sometimes they recover to become pets or to be released, wild again. once my family reared a sickly jackdaw, once a hedgehog. in my hands i held a crippled blackbird, asking for nothing. when the car or lorry clipped it, tearing feather and flesh, adding chance to coexistence, our interaction was determined. will became the issue, the short-term theophany of time. in confidence i set the blackbird where i found it, gently opening my palms. fluttering, skipping, settling, eyes closed and waiting for the final blow. as camouflage, black feathers on tarmacadam work well, as defence they are nothing. scudding glove against glove i walked away, wiser, the recipient of a seed, touched by alien hand, just when i thought i was alone. i put a wine gum in my mouth and held on to the atmosphere. i ran a little way.

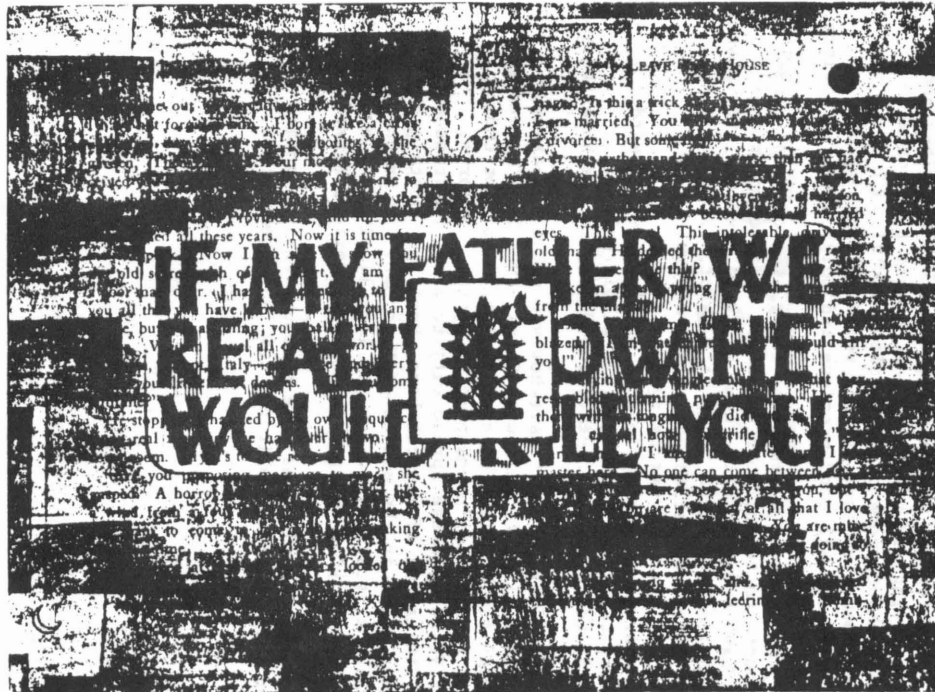
Dave Johnson







Novus Fingerati



Joel Lipman

## HAIRY VEGETABLES

You don't see hairy vegetables in the supermarket anymore.  
 They were eaten mostly by the poor, who sat for hours  
 with their wretched children, those brats without drawers.  
 The death of hairy tomatoes and hairy peppers, hairy stalks  
 of celery, hairy legumes and hairy capers makes senseless poetry,  
 a gyroscope of dying, spinning science, scales like eczema.  
 In the Garden, chapter one of the endless serial,  
 everything was new, toddlers had conquered nothing, stars--  
 wonders of darkness, all land precious and holy. Still no dollars.

Surprising--the calendar a few years later, the can-can, houses  
 on top of houses on top of houses, county drain commissioners?  
 What rivers have endured in the name of flood control, city planning--  
 stuff gets called "a miracle," but it's labor, slaughter  
 ...and about hairy vegetables, there was a time  
 before antiques, when all was hairy--  
 hairy fish, hairy fowl, hairy insects, god's flowing beard.  
 Man made hairy temples, jungle cities, Willie Nelson.  
 Then the bead, tooth, shekle, peso. The New World was sheer horror.

No war is a good war, I don't care how you prove and argue,  
 I've seen enough flags to gift wrap China. Everybody's cemetery  
 full of rotten flags, flapping cannon cloth, a silent chorus.  
 Agribusiness artichokes, no-name meat, Consumer Reports,  
 highways of Velveta Cheese spread city to city, hundreds of  
 game parks, thousands of supermarkets. Don't get nostalgic--  
 our sentences exist in the aisles of Foodtown, the tracks stop  
 at Farmer Jack's, statistics show you less likely to die violently  
 at Safeway than in your living room reading serious literature.

The price for it; populations gone bloohey, extinct animal nests  
 in computer chip, top-dog politics, few hairy vegetables.

Joel Lipman  
 Translited from Heberto Padilla's "Herencias"

# HOT-DOG CHICHI PIZZA

Julien Blaine

---

## DEJA FAIT

### WHITE FISH

The white fish  
 on my head  
 is like a cloud of fat  
 a slice of Ivory soap  
 a soggy newspaper.  
 The white fish  
 on my head  
 isn't swimming upstream  
 to spawn. It's beached  
 gasping for air.  
 The white fish  
 on my head  
 longs for deep water.  
 When I take a shower  
 it covers my eyes with  
 its front fins  
 and flips its tail.  
 At night when I sleep  
 it stays awake  
 looking at the sea  
 through my bedroom window,  
 waiting for a tidal wave  
 to come.

Francis Poole

## TWO WAYS

I came out from a grand union grocery store with quick sale carrots to see an awry-eyed girl with her red and white cane striped in their way. Tip tapping.

Another came from the other way. A he. But not quite caning the same. He tried to see a little enough not to be noticed so much. Though cautiously upholding his stick a bit.

She passed him and didn't know. Though he did. But too late. Since his sight was so slow.

He tried to call after her, but she would not come back. You see, his mouth twisted towards its side making sounds of muted murmurs - thick lips.

I went a bit beyond and saw why they were there. A well-graphic sign stood - center for the blind. Its letter - L - was barber-poled like striped candle alight.

I crossed the street with carrots against the light. Decided to stay at home tonight. TV should be good.

## OLD GUY LIMPING

Old guy limping slightly was walking his way barefoot through the broken glass. Every now and then he yanked a foot from the cement hard and hopped to the curb where he'd sit awkwardly and lift a leg across the other knee.

When he picked the ~~shred of glass from the tough black skin,~~ a speck of drool would spill from the left side of the sweet mouth small and he'd peer curiously at that dot of blood.

Then in a little, he came to a telephone pole and went past a bit, stopped and turned back. He called to me.

And we looked at that wood thing tall and straight. We looked where knots were bellybuttons of old limbs that used to stretch out with green and autumn gold. Now only a few had even creosote to keep them from rotting all and falling down with wire veins which would make things unwhite.

We walked together wondering why the smell of wine hugged so tightly around those old-time trees.

Paul Weinman

## MAN IN A FUR COAT

The streets bend out of sight, flat lawns stretch for miles, fences and hedges mesh in a tidy maze that opens wider the farther I walk. I turn around; a black dog blocks the way back. I walk on, follow a long curve until the same streets wind, darkening, away. When I stop black dogs in a pack crowd out of an alley and lope with longer and longer strides in a tightening circle around me -- their nails scabble and click on the sidewalk, their breath presses harsh against my thighs, their heads butt and jab, sharp fur burns my hands. I stand quite still, arms hanging limp, hands open, very careful to show no fear. Streetlights come on, children file home without looking back, a man waxing his car turns carefully away while the dogs circle closer, snouts wrinkled in low snarls. If I could break free and run shouting for help across the wide lawns the dogs would pull me down; even if I could reach a door no one would open it. Curved backs push me ahead, weigh at my legs like heavy surf. Faces cut out at windows follow me: a vague shape, hesitant, thick hurrying shadows at its feet and waist, face splashed by lamplight, brutal, staring back.

I turn away from the windows. Rows of streetlights bend out of sight. I follow a long curve until the lights end, then walk more surely in the dark along the paths that have always been there. The dogs are still with me, hurrying me on. My breath and running footsteps slur into theirs. A man in a fur coat follows me.

Edward Lense



Guy R. Beining



THE CENTRISTS

the centrists believed that everything grew from a center outward. like targets. or ripples in a pond. everything is composed of layers of material over a central kernal. echoes. skins. the growth of an oyster around a pearl. all of their works incorporated this principle. centrism.

he squeezed his glass in his hand. he heard footsteps move slowly in the next room. the light went on. off. he clenched his teeth. he could hear her reading aloud in the next room. a reflection in the mirror. one seen. one not. the indecisiveness. shadows. the slam of late model american car doors. an image and an object.

face quivering. muscles twitching. a sob ripples across the face. silent screams. dry cries. night. flashing blue and red lights. a police car. a fire engine. the lights play over the surface of the buildings. they fade into the night.

the numbness. the ache. you can have it, she said. an entrance. occurrence. the part. the whole.

the cat turned into a bird and flew up to the ceiling. circled...



James Johnson

CARMELLA

Carmella she  
outlaw she stops to speak  
of the streets she said  
she met a soldier you look different  
a soldier she  
she took him home she panicked  
alone she threw a blade  
she said it's it went wrong  
no place it went wrong  
not special no one said  
marble stairs the priest had bare feet on  
marble floors bare feet

SEQUENCING:

NOTHING IS RESOLVED



K. S. Ernst



LE

IF

Richard Olson

HIGHER PRICES--AND THE FEMALE "CHOICE TO WORK"

I'm paying higher prices by the week  
(For purchases in Who'd-a-Thought-It's store  
At cost percentages which violate  
The base relationship to what I earn).

You're also hooked--each time another peak  
(Since womenfolks are working, anymore--  
And merchants have a mind to confiscate  
Those extra funds--Which, otherwise, they'd burn).--

How's that again?--Your wife, she doesn't work  
(And I'm just talking through my Stetson hat  
'Cause business people aren't crazy yet)!

Well, join me, Bub--the two of us berserk  
(Aware at last of where we're really at--  
And mumbling now, to help us not forget)!

Bill Wooley

DAWN CREATURE

You must realize that it was the all-  
purpose USEFULNESS of the amphibian  
(plane) that caused me to create  
the sandpoiser, the hexyl, and so  
on. Tho it had to be almost  
admitted that the sea-animU could  
only swim. To have invented Invention  
itself was enough for that child's  
afternoon of swimwallowing amid leaves  
chickenwired high to protect shrubs  
around our mansions. For we lived,  
not in the Temperate Zones, but in  
the North, hard by a frozen lake.  
"I'm (being) a sea-animue!" I told  
parents and overdecade-older brothers  
that cocktail-hour as I made  
swimwallowings low down among our  
overstuffed couches underocean.  
Recalling how, tugged by one corner  
under bathwater, washcloth snakes.  
Retaining that centerthickening  
that constitutes torso in continuum  
that is sea-animue.

WS "WUSS" Allen

## CLOSET

Small compartment for clothing, household and utensils  
Are evident over entire human inherited earth  
With others do not cooperate by having no pencils  
This knowledge was inherited at natal birth

Home essentially wood, shelves for items, doors to close  
Every morning open door to examine contents and list  
for reference  
Dad to mother - any fine white powder on your nose?  
Yes but our examination of the closet has preference

In commercial dining rooms and general offices  
They are constructed of metal with key to unlock the  
Frequently many patients ask for coffee door  
Proprietor no but within its space is room for more

In nursing homes all usually constructed of wood  
With space for a large variety of general items  
One to another do you think all the group should  
Yes it's possible there could be drastic might in

In department stores could be large  
Dependent on volume of assigned contents  
These in container are not on a flat barge  
But in competition, perhaps a happy contest

In hotels distributed amid floors and in each room  
Usually rations, clothes or stable articles  
The floors cleaned by janitor with a wide broom  
After finishing a pasty dirt, not a particle

On motor driven ships several in each room  
Captain to crew - Do you ever really tact  
Yes and real cleanliness, even with a broom  
And tack not sails be an accurate act

In all gymnasium steel cabinets against wall  
Contain clothes - as suits and coats  
None of our group ever bawl  
But their apparel often totes

Ernest Noyes Brookings

## LIGHT SWITCH

A device to close and open electric circuit  
Bulbs vertical metal chain or bakelite knob  
After releasing light thought: don't jerk us  
Because without light immediate future blob

Cars ignition dash head tail lights  
Ignition contact distributor light switch panel  
When steering to destination wheel held tight  
Thoughts of driver: It's a great life, straight channel

At home lights vacuum cleaner washing machine  
Electric ranges, refrigerator, lawnmower no spaniel  
In addition sewing machine, table tamps, latrine  
But one of a local family relation first name Daniel

Bowling alley three lane spot lights flood the section  
When pins set up each contestant ready  
The side light, while not too brilliant, no vection  
One bowler to another: Hold the ball tight and remain steady

In an isolated bunk in barracks army camp  
Circuit closes early for lights every night  
One cadet to his pal, Do you have body cramp?  
No but the overhead, side and neon lights very bright

In a navy tent tentative open field camp  
The lights are arranged to brighten the view  
There is general freedom except no blocking ramp  
All machine shops depending size, large crew

Lights office conveyance truck and individual machine  
General mutual thought: We have work to do  
Not only as assigned, but cleaning latrine  
Have you ever had ground tobacco to chew?

Stores counter display general tact  
Requirement to satisfy prospective buyer  
The time for action is only one basic fact  
One thought our intelligence inherited as size

At a crowded country isolated primary school  
The connected lights were not too brilliant  
Teacher to pupils: Obey the old time golden rule  
Condense your lesson be resilient

Ernest Noyes Brookings

THE AFTERNOON

Jesse Keech was sculling.  
I heard the squeal as I twisted  
the scab off a brown one.

The squeal, rasping behind me,  
turned Jesse's one eye into  
a cue ball.

For about three seconds  
I saw in his face  
an expression  
he almost left

at Guadalcanal,  
along with his left eye,  
forty years earlier.

An osprey had taloned  
a lunker catfish, a catfish  
U-boat that was setting  
the osprey sail.

I called her Captain A. Osprey.

The catfish  
was pulling her down,  
down to her origins.

Three eyes eyed  
the diving sub and  
its raptorial periscope.

Down she was going  
when Jesse yelled  
"Jesus Monster"  
and the osprey turned  
into a Republic P-47 Thunderbolt.

Revvng an 18 cylinder  
Pratt and Whitney engine  
she lifted  
her belly tank catfish  
out, up and over  
the southeasterly fetch.

A WW II "jug"  
striped wings and all,  
slowly circled.

Five pounds of whiskered fuel  
twixt her struts,  
she climbed

up and around  
before dumping  
her writhing cream bottom tank  
BOOMPH  
six feet from us.

On the gray pier,  
its right lateral fin  
stabbed the rotten wood,  
the tail still  
windshieldwiperling.

Captain A. O. Thunderbolt  
never came back for her  
U boat  
belly tank  
bull head.

River wisdom.

The spinning ice in my Jack  
begged as Jesse peppered  
his riverbank catfish stew;  
an October moon matched  
the eye of the afternoon.

Hal J. Daniel III

THEY KEPT PRESSING

they kept pressing  
in interdict

cataclysmic  
to take measures  
over an atoll  
lonely hateful bitter in dark  
in accordance with the rules  
only slightly damaged  
the juggling of fate

pushing pushing  
difficult propositions of "problems"  
with target words where  
acid is stored (high command)  
deceptive telegraphic  
links listening in on all circuits  
within striking  
distance nothing trivial

outpost  
of engines on the horizon  
you call that early?

tiny dark specks - burst of flames -  
no one left  
but arms, a souvenir

Harry Polkinhorn

JERKING OVER HIS NOSE

I'm sitting in the car's back seat and  
looking past your rigid hair I see a  
ceiling of separate clouds above the freeway,  
still, bubbled up against the bright blue space  
I think of hamburgers with nails stuck out, books on fire,  
stopping next a field and standing in the blowing dust

I sat before the TV my  
legs were jumping my ankles writhed I  
felt a shaking in my chest and shoulders,  
low groans and spits from the nodding heads  
"Who's this?" I startle, slapping at my hands, I  
straighten, try to still I  
stumble at the door and think of  
tongues chaining on the steps a  
hammer resting on its head and tripping me

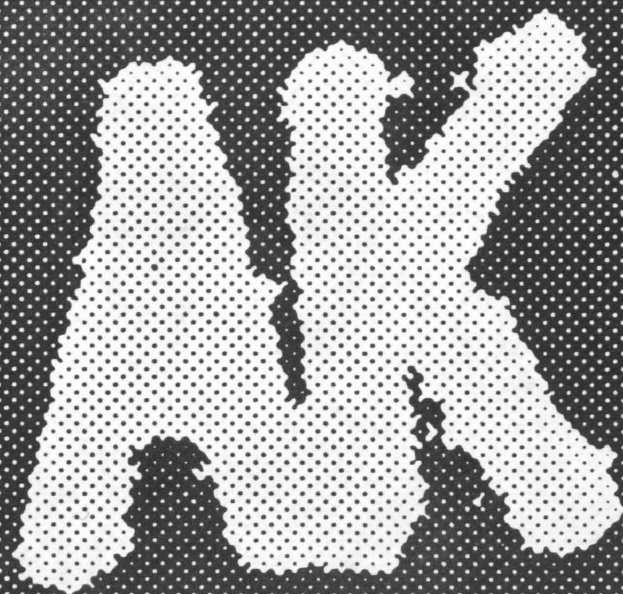
I was standing in the hall I was  
seeing far away a door, closed, some  
giant words written there I  
want to read them but my eyes won't clear I  
start to walk, the walls are rocking, I see my  
feet inside my head, floating backward,  
UNLOCK AT 42 I think and sheeted my nose with my hands

John M. Bennett



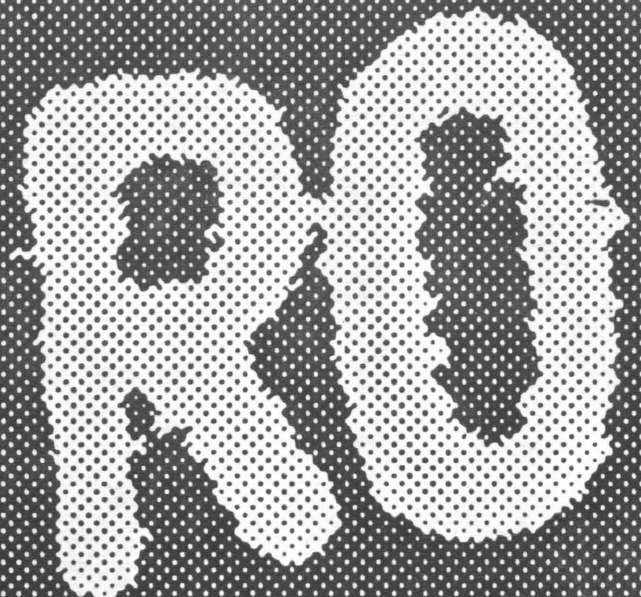
RO

We huddled under



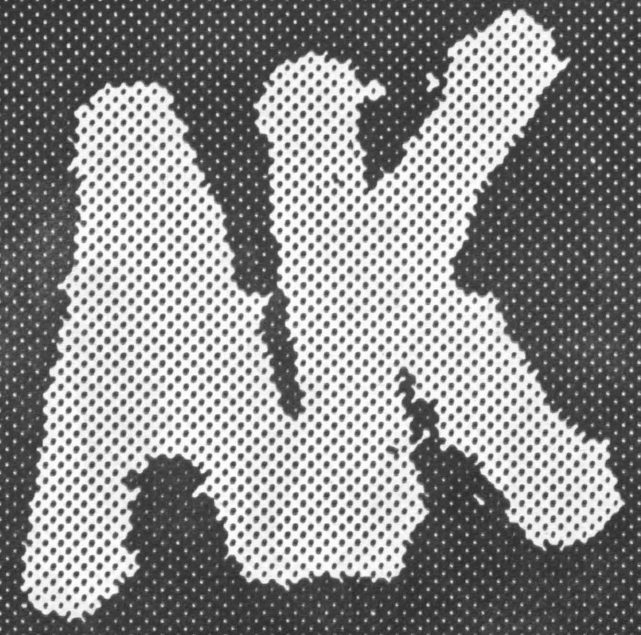
AX

that rock for



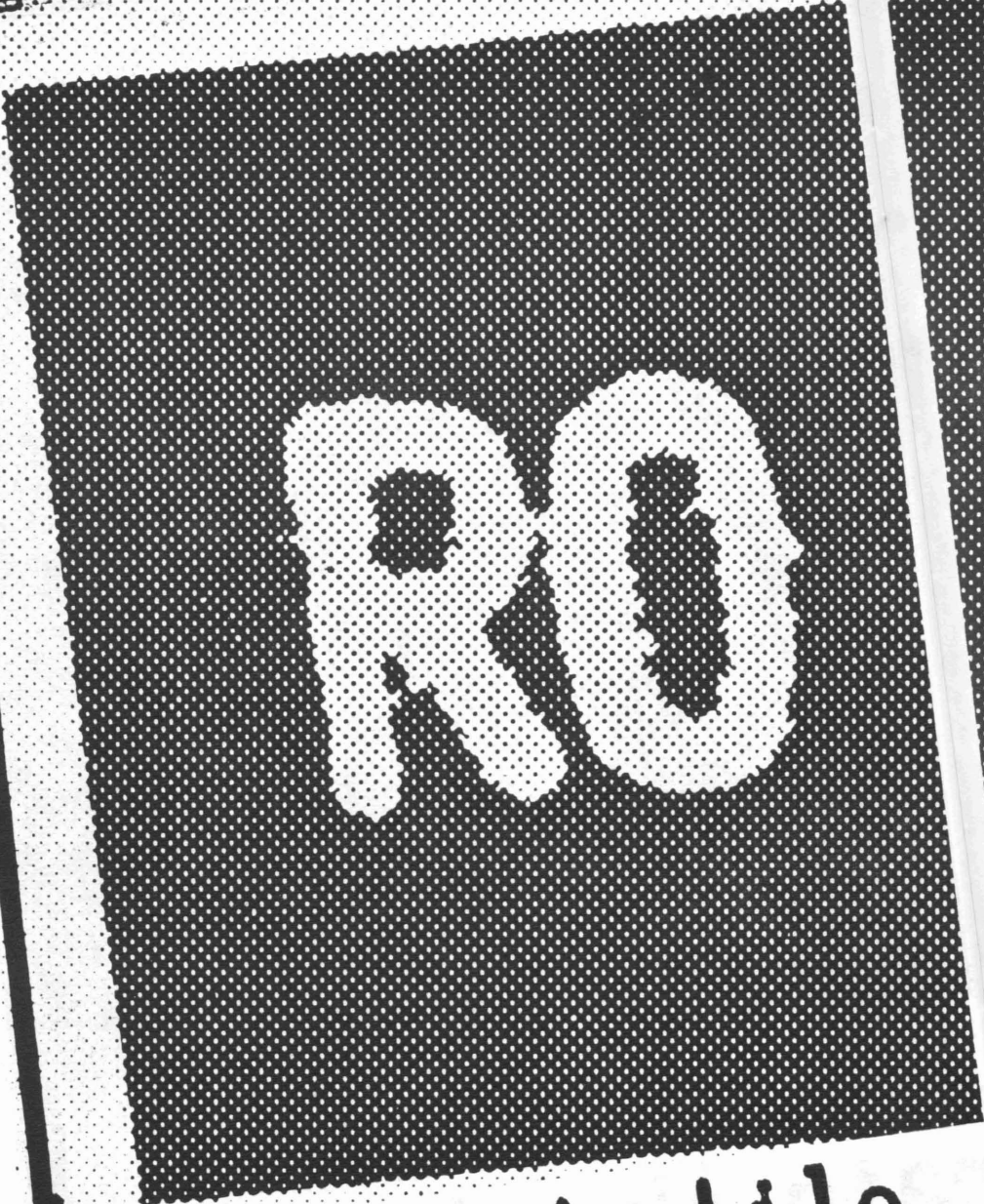
RO

nearly an hour;

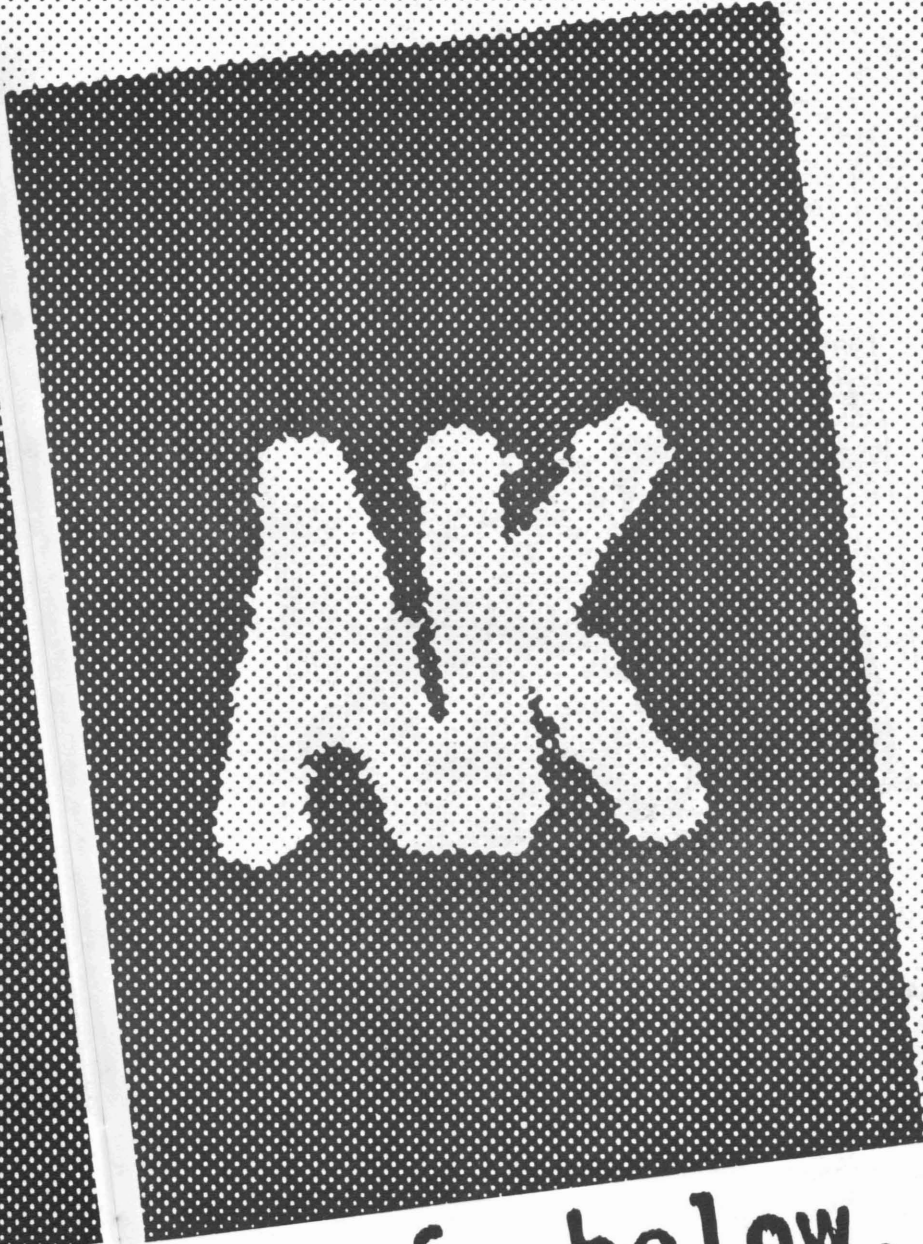


AK

rain thundering on



the thick, tile



roofs below.

Davi Det Hompson

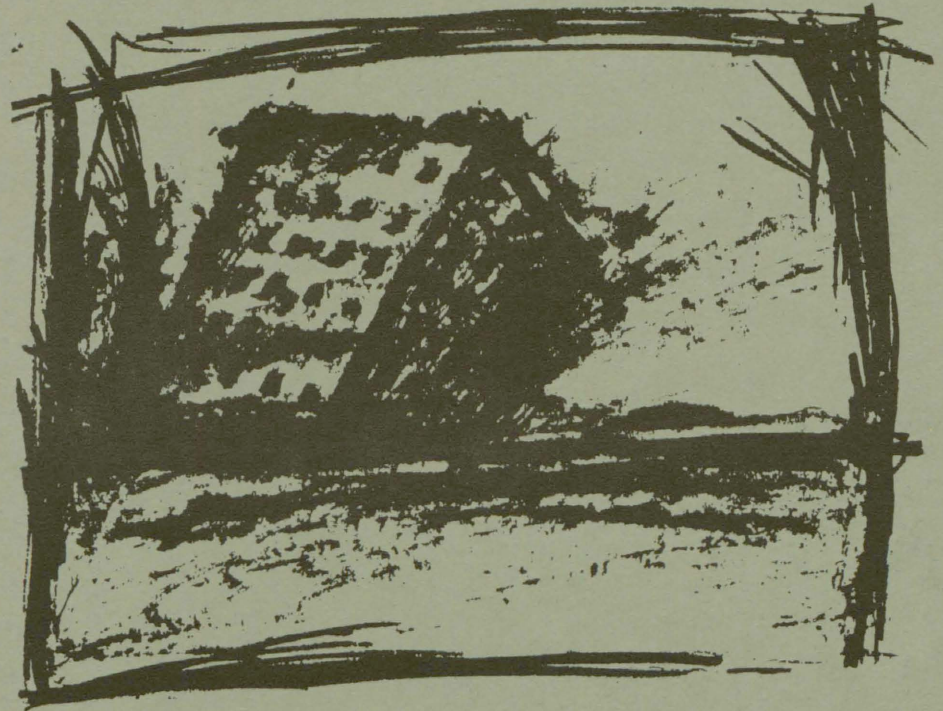


BLESSED ARE THEY THAT FEAR THE LORD GOD  
AND THAT WALK IN HIS WAYS:

Warning: The Screen General Has Devised

**FUCK**

Brendan de Vallance



Jim Blachley