



MUSH

MUM

V

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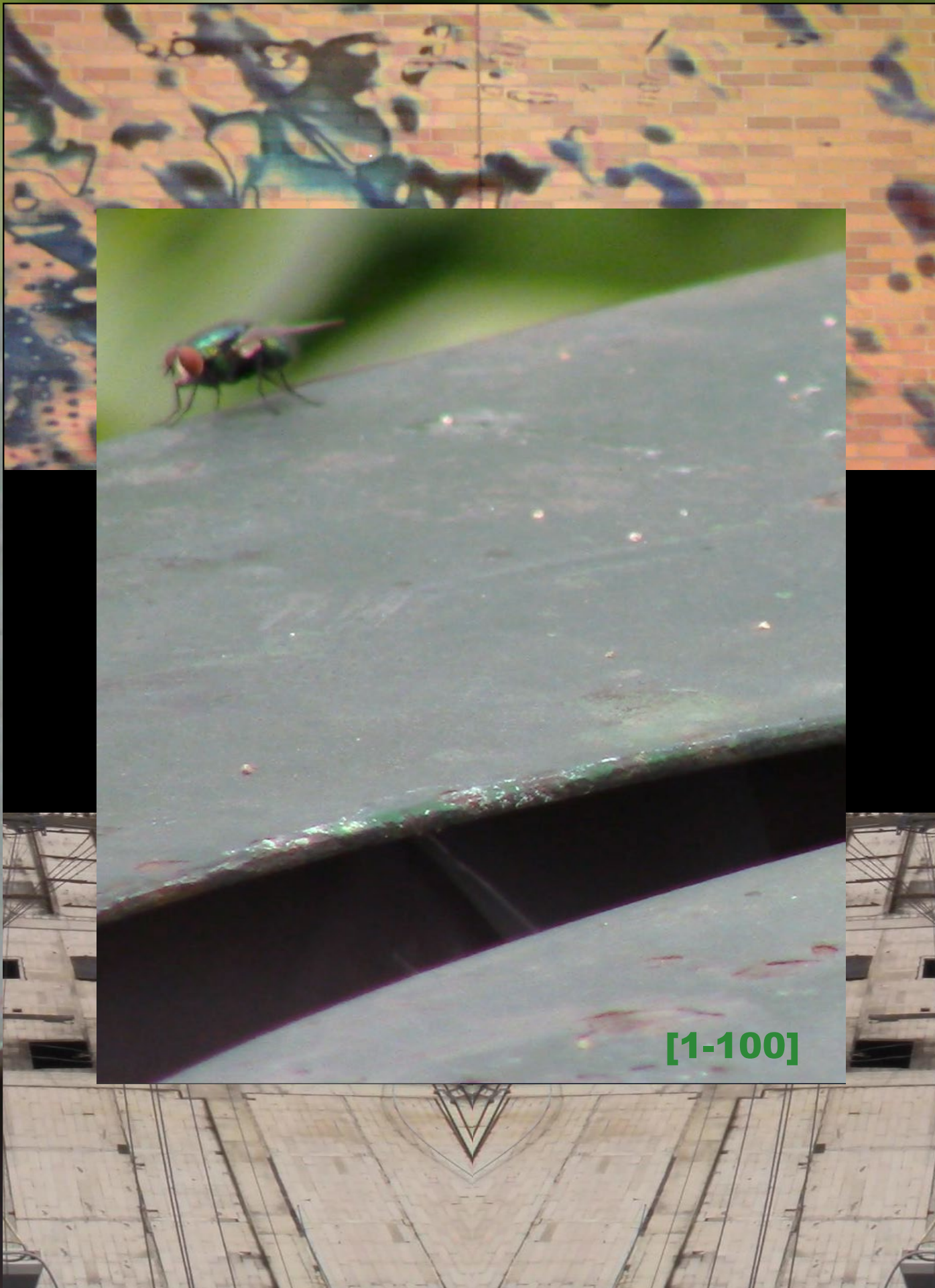
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[1-100]

Sugar Moon

John Rodzvilla

sugar
cha-
chomp

...

Force is imposed on wings divided into five classes:
whittle, refined, unrefined, distilled, and muddy.

Rate a rose.

2nd kind.
3rd kind.
4th kind.

for each degree
the original age
rose from facts.

Epitaph

John Rodzvilla

Time deprived

The child
follows.

Mother's
sorrow.

Swear by your eye
to never pass a flower
Dead. Done. Die.
God's Lily dropped
in a place we
turned to for trust.
The petals took
to the color of rust.

The town's
dead and dusty,

go
below

at your
appointed
hour.

So,

so.

Baby Boy Blue Black Sabbath

Mitzvah Vandallas

Gerard Sarnat

My last Friday afternoon class
 was titled Hymenoptera which
 lotta us horny smartass pariahs
 took not since it had to do with
 sawflieswaspsbees

ants or fractals.

While hipper chicks got down
 wailing in the street nearby
 Harvard Sq's Club 47 where
 Bobby Zimmerman's aplayin
 barkeep grossout weekends

Four-Eyes pukes shit's creek
 as a Radcliffe bra-panty raiding
 mucosal bejesus upchucker b/c oyoy
 recordliner note lineup's spillin Jonah's
 cockroach gizzum on toilet handles.

Reckoning

KG Newman

The history of forgiveness that is
your sonhood, and the little
that is not, was heaped
together in a thick deposition,
expensive defense of fitness,
the hugs and the drugs
depicted on tussocky ground
beside sun-rusted flatirons.

The cabin I cannot complete
without his help, the momentum
of two different Disston saws:
Firs shedding in September to pack
the land a couple inches toward
winter, insulating itself until
spring, waiting for wood to be
carved back to bone.

Untitled

Robin Wyatt Dunn

what garden
bardo gargoyle vale voluminous railing mad
argentine mad and silver stoned weathered face and bones

shrouded silent stamped and faded over
this the boundary lock and load motherfucker shark and sailor
throne

grind and paste the mark and waste for
for

grind and lay the arc and shake for
for

strive and stake the bind and hate
for

the wound

all mercury and shale
underneath the ember vast and pale
of your arms

skinning huge marks out of the palpable expanse
of the winter coast

Better

Jennifer Bradpiece

My friend says he knows a man
who allows a woman to mix
marijuana caramel candies
in his kitchen.
She seals each one in filmy wax papers
to sell.

She always works in the nude.

I like to think my friend imagines
the way the transcendental butter
melts into the sugar
crystallizing as she stirs,
the warmth between her thighs
as she sways, humming softly
to the stove.

I put myself in her place and
anticipate the potential
for burns.

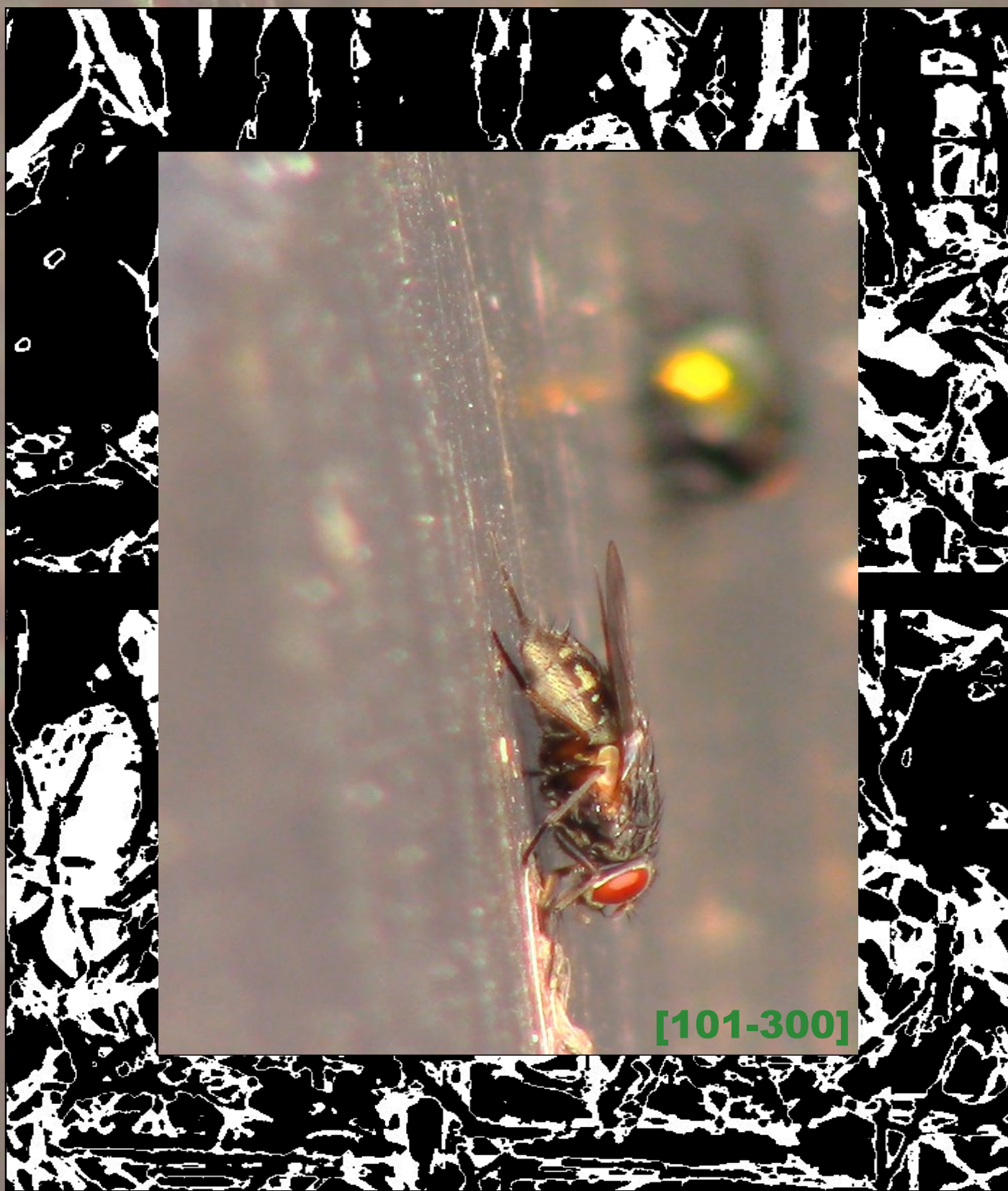
Sleepybomb

Heath Brougher

The ottoman is in the otter patch;
 you hold a horse in your hand,
 you hold humble pie, a slice of,
 in your bruised brain
 braiding the Braille fingertip thimbleprick

you kill off all the bad ideas
and are still left with only blood,
nothing else; chopped China
Chinaberries aloft the frozen air
flang, flung like feces
from the faces of the false façade.

dead bolts ten colts death-toll
in the dead of winter
building
big pills of destruction
to be dropped upon a building thus
building
the predictable sorrow.



Uncle Oncle

Richard Weaver

sits with his niece Nièce on one worn corduroy knee and his nephew Neveu on the other worn corduroy knee. None move. They are each pretending to pose for a light

writing, a daguerreotype by a historically famous and important but long dead photographer. It is a game they often play rather than interact with plasma.

In today's picture each has turned their head an amazing 180 degrees so that they appear to be without faces. All might be smiling. We are lead to believe

the photographer, who is unseen, has also assumed a purposeful pose. His artistry is such that he waits for the perfect light extended which he must somehow anticipate.

Then and only then can he engage the polished silver sheet coated with a thin layer of bromo-iodide. The exposed sun hides the image of Uncle, his niece and nephew, to be

rendered by chemicals later, assuming they (not the chemicals) are not startled, or have not fallen asleep on corduroy in some unsatisfactory or suggestive pose, and that

the chemically poisoned photographer has not forgotten to put his plate in place.

Screwball in Brownville

Jessie Janeshek

screw loose I hear you above me
 in your black prairie study
 high fear and spiced tea
 fever windy but death
 would still be so smooth on the throat
 but the ghost smoked the last cigarette
 left me vodka shots said *take out your orange fangs*
 cry into the mush
 write me automatically
 or spread your ass open
 under the cock of the plains.

Not a brunette but I gave advice once
 the smell of yellow phonebooks
 all the dark electrons
 I rode a pink bike in an oval
 said don't plop your ragdoll on my leather desk
 but what's the use
 if you can't control ends
 hang a blue noose in the back room
 or run out in your leopardskin jacket
 all the ashes blowing around you.

On the wall the pioneers
 on the floor the cosmic energy
 I'm the bathing suit beauty
 with the long-shot mangled face
 chaste, reobsessed at Meriwether Dredge
 the old soundtrack at the traintrack

the botched surgery
and you can change a lock or crack an egg.

You ask me what I'm into
and I pull up my tight skirt
you ask me if I'm dirty
a virgin playing possum
who had to learn blue talk

I don't know what I'm into
the shortness of two-reelers
or clacking toward that back room
in open-toed spat shoes
or just not being wrecked.

In the Parking Lot of Forking Whatever

Zachary Williams

During the right rush hour, the scene resembles
a memorial garden commemorating thirsts
most busted. We all aspire to easy, accidental beauty
like that. But if you wait long enough, all you'll find
is ska's final frontier, a menagerie of cigarette
butts from around the globe.

As someone who joined the cult of *Eat Shit and Die*
in the mid aughts, I get it: you here/now—like
a paper cup marooned in a car park,
straddling the white line while your insides
condense, your card stock body
ready to bottom out and spill onto the tar.

Really, we could go on forever talking at Euro
babes like we've always been into George
Michael or Michel Legrand, but you know
and I know that Europe won't be around

forever. See the point above about ska,
which left us with little more than a third wave
to ride on. Too many trumpets, at any rate.

There are two exits, as even entrances mark means of escape,
even in this junked real estate. Myriad possible futures.
You could grow eight arms, berate line cooks while
balancing plates. Perhaps some Paris fantasy
of hash and moped rides, a boy with ASMR you can sift
through bags of rice with. Or, scratch that.

I watch you leave the surface.

Upon exiting hyperspace, you may find yourself
accessory again, the organelle on some alien rock
boy's paisley-print bandana. Yet from this vantage,
you see new species. Note their smallish mandibles.
At the center of their plumage, the mouth. It rubs its eyes.
They are always waving independently of each other,
never seizing anything. And you there/now—
gathering mass.

Too-Mean-to-die

Richard Weaver

was having lunch as usual with the coroner
at their favorite hole-in-the-wall Bar-B-Q place.
The one with the dirty pink walls, half smoke

and half paint. Too-Mean-to-die (TMTD should he live
beyond this point) had always thought, who else
but a man who knew death daily, and sometimes

on weekends, would know the best artery-clogging,
heart-stopping place in town? 30 years they have broken
white bread there, and had the ribs, when available,

but usually the pulled pork with acerbic sauce. Most folk
just order ahead, drive up, appear at the outside window,
and take home whatever it was they were handed.

During hunting season, things were different. Whatever
you brought in, full of buckshot, or roadkill, they cooked.

We always took the stools. There were only three. We made sure
to leave an outside one available, just in case. We were never
crowded or hurried to leave. The lone table in the place, was

up against the wall and directly next to the burnt out Rock-Ola.
Atmosphere we called it. Mr. Archibald never-minded our daily
visits. Hell, I cheated and often slid in on Saturdays. It was just pork,

sauce, & local white bread to sop up the sauce with. My mouth
waters at the memory however many miles I am away. I know

one day I might explode, cholesterol level off the charts, or run headlong into an 18 wheeler loaded with chickens, crates stacked to an inch under the Interstate bridge height. But until then, I'll stay here with Mr. Archibald's labors, and now his son, Junior,

with the sweet smoke in my eyes, until such time as my friend, the coroner, or his replacement, puts that toe-tag on me dead cold but smiling, satisfied at the city morgue.

J Box

Quinn Hull

Imagine for me a Keith Haring cartoon turned Van Gogh, Dali and Francis Bacon and you can get a little bit of a picture of what I am going through. I'm trying to get along just alright. The books keep their amalgams, though naturally I am considering an outlet different than my speaking, both hot and neutral. Screwdrivers, cats and black tape come handy in times of need, spending Christmas wreaths-worth of candlepower for house-fronts draped in death & plastic. I pick out the pieces I require. The bulb wiggles down in time. I did not tell you the story about the switch? There once was a time of boring flame, when stones did not keep their tubes of wire, bells hung cold, birds did not know telephone poles, hunchbacks kept their vigil in darkness. At dusk, rough atoms did not burn the walls & glass of houses. The father knelt before the sacrum, turned the rush of power on/off, kept clear of needles of fire, and surveyed the scene. I have always enjoyed puzzles, he said. He fussed with the junction of knowing and perceiving. The coded lamp stood sentry by the door. The father rotated the knob. And brought light. Light.



[301-999]

Rhetorical Question

Paul Kindlon

Who was that who ran wildly after school instead of playing war with Timmy and opened the birdcage so Willy could fly about freely, but especially so he could follow you around fluttering happily above and behind his favorite kid in the whole house while you led him down the corridor and through the hallway to your bedroom whose door was open until you slammed it shut knowing full well that Willy was right behind ready to enter with you, but who came crashing into the suddenly closed door instead bashing his tiny blue head with a bump you could hear as you stopped inside the room where no one but you knew what happened or why and where you stood in awe and shock as if surprised by the effect you intended but now regret because you're not that way or so you thought until this moment as you fear the consequences after mom finds out which will be soon so you hide and pretend you don't know while you wait for the bird to be found hopefully alive because you don't want it to die really or so you try to convince yourself as footsteps draw near and a frightening scream is heard which forces you to open the door and see the work you've done on the floor with its feathered torso breathing heavily as if trying to pump back more life by filling up with more air while you watch with remorse and a sickening feeling that maybe you do know who you are as mom takes the bird into her palms and carries him back to his cage telling you that you should have been more careful because birds have wings and need unhindered space to fly

through freely, you see, which is something you knew all along, but you act like this is fresh news and express your regret hoping that maybe Willy will make it through with only a few bruises, but when you see him lying in his cage with weakened eyes and breathing slower now you know that soon your soul will change forever and that you'll have to live with the fact that you murdered an innocent animal who loved you—even sang for you—and who still, even at this late stage, stares at you in wonder with a puzzled look on his broken face and beads of blood slowly dripping down over sad sleepy eyes that finally close making you burst into tears as your mother consoles you without having the slightest idea that she gave birth six years ago to a monster who still has the power to close a door quickly at any time.

Moss/Lichen

Fin Sorrel

Helium Griselda lying in a switched radio
sunset Flight

over badlands, over clouds ~ helium Griselda
Shapeshifter of orange jewelry

setting her platinum body
into the glass cliffs~

Haven't touched whales to ceiling in a long continuum, fluctuating
between clock hands, white clocks and roaming room, guitars flying in
the sky canceled out ~

Sky fly by

on a tricycle
shallow
pool of voices
I swim in ~ Motorcycle-paste-to-paper

climb
down
rocks,

all along
 snakes nest
 1 & 2 & 3,

expect delays & Tea formulas
 drip-pressed flower/ stomach / mind

Pink fight fishing a swim on
 a pants leg in a rage to capture
 Madison/ Milwaukee /Chicago
 ninety four

Cleveland/ Erie/
 eighty six times thirteen

Randolph

Further looped
 Sounds turkey
 That the shooting
 Lifted steady crank smoking
 Hand and pulley
 these shoulders
 Through elbow to open the
 Bird cage

Out the swans and ghosts come, the closet
 spins its wheels, spun when you reach the wheel and the
 mechanic
 Hand turns, unlocks ~ a secret lake in the
 walls of our house ~ where the swans go to

Wander these slaves, buried beneath the beneath the

Pencil thin orange taste in the furniture inside of
strawberry paint, that opens up the broken down house walls
on a hillside, only at dawn this ~ is witnessed

We'll meet there

Beneath the

Sample shelf crossed

bones in the metal sorry

Meadow and ships rotation

The moss spider wheels back in the sound

Of breath

Oozes flowers from her eyes and mouths and nostrils

Dripped pumpkin saliva, reflect doorknob pinstripe

neon

In the peaceful warm soup of the compost sequel two

sundays: (of) Sarcasm

centaur floated in the garden

peopled with children who play basketball, saw blade season
and leather painted doors ~

Top down at the tower of Pizza. Peppermint sunlight

~ and moonlight. A moonstone

horsey

rides

Through the ocean at midnight ` Squid that rummage
through boxes in my memory hide there in the fuzed
blue glow ~ A distant morning ship

A keyring nausea takes off clothes, and lifts up the
bodies from the snake infested terra cloth

this winter hands from a chandelier now~ fly trap
line paper ~ Sinks shannon the roses
in gypsy flowers climbing on the porch steps ~

Romantica

John Franklin

Conservative the Clown was on stage, not speaking for fear of being unheard and afraid of customer confrontation. Last time, his audience hated what he said, but loved how it sounded as he riddled, “I had a pretty little dream. You had the same dream, except it wasn’t pretty to you, so you called it a nightmare. But why are you so scared now that you’re awake?”

This was way back when anyone smart enough to use computer could star in their own uncomfortable, common life. Old Folks didn’t dig the new language laws. They sold their time slots to an attention thief, then walked away singing street prayers, until they were confronted by the Ticket Master.

He lied like he was passing out candy to homeless kids who only needed to eat. That night, Jonny crashed his space rocket into Sleepy Cat’s neon kite. And the Queen of Indifference didn’t run out to warn them, for she was too busy taking her own photo over and over again. A caption beneath her teeth read: look at me look at myself.

Bowleg the Wanderer was next door cleaning mirrors. He’d spent his whole life trying to commit suicide, but now he smiled through an hourly wage that people paid by watching him wash their reflections out their bathrooms.

King Wolf got anxious holding his wife’s purse, waiting impatiently for his youth to repeat itself. He faced his camera and said, “Tell my wife if she removes her electric make-up and takes that microchip out of her mouth, she’ll forget every reason why her past lovers left.”

He only wished his audience saw him head for the door, but they’d already turned away to watch baby robots give birth to baby robots—who weren’t alive, only kept fresh for long periods of time.

Potential Pawns in underpants complained to the streets. The pictures were stolen from their bedtime stories and none of them could read words. A Tin Bishop said, "Leave it up to me!" but the Pawns turned on him with switchblades their grand-parents bought in the 80s.

Those not fighting tried breaking up the fight. You were a hero if you stayed alive. You only stayed alive if others died. Old Folks sat watching, wondering how they went from protecting their interests to paying interest. They regretted giving their money to The Man instead of to The Machine.

And then The Man changed his name to Jesus in Uniform. He sold secrets to those who bought secrets. And those who couldn't understand the darker text, stared at the screen, thinking they were watching weddings and funerals happen at once. All of a sudden, the Prince of the Revolution showed up. Signs flashed so fast, he wasn't sure if they read: fascinating or fact-based. He looked around, didn't know if he was in a TV show, or in something happening right now. So he put a bomb in his belt for every commercial he counted in the opening credits.

Hypnagogic Inter-Dimensional Portal Blues: A (Female) Mental Creature (1966)

Clay Thistleton

"I had this dream I was dealing with all these
supernatural people with supernatural powers ... and
there's this shaman lady ... like this old lady ... and
she had all kinds of credit card applications."

- Anh-tuan 'Cao Boi' Bui

(i)

... 2999-3006 ...

they weren't reality
as I knew it
yet when they happened I had no doubt

my husband worked the second shift
& as I laid in bed, facing the wall
the wall itself opened up & this big dog | screen memory |

▶ walked soundlessly into
the room resembling a greyhound

| they sometimes appear

as owls, deer or
Cate Blanchett

elves |

& the wall remained open & soon people clothed in | Berlin |

▶ something __ monks' white robes
w/- cowls covering their naeelles
features came silently through

| two by two
hands of blue |

& surrounded my no-partner-disturbance
patented motion-deflection coil-cell technology

▶ mattress & ensemble
& I could see no faeces but could somehow
sense both male & female words
were Spokane & one of the males Said

| , Edward W.
Orientalism;
& isn't all this
the ultimate e.g. of ... ? |

"have you the golden ~~compass~~ needle ~~shower~~?"

& I was quite taken aback

as I hate ~~Nicole Kidman~~ [45]

a female opened

[/]

	(")some sort of	obelisk, I suppose(")	
Gally		case	
& removed		a fetus	
	some sort of	golden needle	
that had	some sort of	golden handle	on it
& it looked			
like	some sort of	golden sonic	
		▶ screwdriver	
except,			
in			
actuality,			
it really			
must have			
been a		golden needle	

|methinks the lady doth

██████████ ██████████ ██████████ |

the male took

| Peregrin |

the needle

& began making a circle of light with it

a crown | Toyota | corona

about my head

& he told me to concentrate

but I didn't know what to concentrate

yet I eventually began concentrating something

■ hard & hence had a vicious | bad wind - nail salon

► manager | head

ache, heart ◀ ■ ► seizure

& could just sense that somehow

somewhere I was helping

someone even though the pain in my

head had

opened & my husband was home

the people left

through the hole in the wall

like the unseemly aftertaste of an
 ▶ anachronistic EFTPOS
 ▶ transaction

& normally
 I never would have hea d

the door open

(ii)

... 2999-3006 ...

ed

& a male walked through | the Morris-Thorne

 ▶ traversable wormhole |

about two "vestigial mode[s]

of time measurement" later

& while I'm uncertain as to what ...

he had ON

if anything his eyes were a metallic

golden

temple

/

| Casey |

coloured

postcard



& no words were ever spoken

& no sounds of any kind were ever made

but the male mentally made love to me

& I was nothing

but a mental creature

| psionic duck

~~billed platypus~~ |

floating

through the ether

in an underwater city

polar ice-cap UFO nest

where I wasn't supposed to

breathe

& had no desire

my husband & children
 my family
 none of them could
 & I felt more loved than

| "Imzadi,"
 whispered breathlessly
 down a mandarin neck collar
 replete with rank insignia |



(iii)

... 2999-3006 ...



could have
 [/]
 stayed there for days
 but I don't really remember
 a voice saying "coning"
 & I don't really care

whether I did or not
I wanted to

& he gave off the impression
that he would come

I as a " [REDACTED] cerebrally encoded
neuromuscular response
with psychobiological stimuli
& dispensable pelvic physiological concomitants"
(Kothari, 1989, pp. 26-27) I

but I knew it wouldn't be

soon enough

& I was forced

back to my own reality

I rapid, rhythmic
contractions

of the anal
sphincter |

(Strieber & Strieber, 2016)

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Bombay: VRP Publishers.

Strieber, Anne & Whitley Strieber. (2016). *The Communion Letters*. Kindle edn. Hertford, NC: Crossroad Press.

The Beard

William C. Blome

It seemed natural for folks to say Elmer looked like Abraham Lincoln, a youngish Abe Lincoln, even though he never made good on his promise to have his Kentucky woman put some icing on his appearance cake, so to speak, and fashion for him a stovepipe hat out of something pliable, sturdy, and available, something like the strong black pages of a photo album. And frankly, many of us believed it wasn't at all that Pauline wouldn't have been able to craft an authentic-looking and durable hat; everyone knew she had genuine clothier skills; we all-the-time saw her in homemade, everyday outfits, and we didn't doubt for a second she could neatly adorn Elmer's big head. But what more than just a handful of Elmer's comrades came to share was that Elmer never actually asked his devoted Southern charmer to take the measure of his skull and conscientiously thereafter cough up a finished stovepipe. The most common rationale for our thinking was that Elmer, after lots of deliberation, had decided to wear his left hand as a beard, and that he did not want appearance competition coming from a hat.

I can relate from my own observations that from the time of his decision, Elmer never wavered in keeping his left hand fully outstretched and palm-cupped against his chin. At first he held the hand firmly in place, but it didn't take him long to develop what I've come to term a stroking reflex, this light pressing-in and lowering of the hand, followed almost immediately by a gentle thrust back up his face toward the lobes of his ears. The resultant gesture certainly helped Elmer become more Lincolnesque. He achieved the look of thoughtful concentration, of impending (if not quite realized) wisdom, and Pauline told me that quite apart from the position of his hand being just a public affectation, Elmer soon began trying to hold

the gesture throughout his waking hours. He began eating with his beard on, showering with his beard in place, watching TV with his whiskers, and even shaving with that bad boy.

Now I think as a consequence of this muddling and breakdown of the difference between public and private settings and actions, it naturally followed that Elmer began to blur past, present, and future. Pauline embarrassingly whispered to me that this kind of obfuscation started logically enough one morning with Elmer lying prone in bed, wriggling and rapidly stroking away, and then “goo-goo-gooing” as he impatiently burred that he wanted her “to hurry up and warm my day’s first bottle of milk,” and that “they’ll certainly let you do it over nearby Union campfires.” Then later on the same day he kept wondering aloud why John Wilkes Booth himself never grew a beard or any facial hair “nearly as full and nice as what I have,” and that if he had, “Booth would easily have nurtured the requisite smarts to not leap from a flimsy balcony or spot-act a cameo role in an inferior melodrama.”

But in the course of my knowing about this part of Elmer’s life (i.e., what I came to observe directly and what I got on the Q.T. from Pauline), nothing so exemplified the bedrock-and-basic intelligence Elmer had gained from his beard than did his sudden decision one day to trash the mother—to yank his hand away from his face and to keep it that way—and now use both hands to tear off the nice hand-sewn clothing (inner and outer garments) of portly Pauline’s person as he assaulted her and began to caress and smooth her naked body over and over. He then cushioned her

ever-so-carefully and lowered her quickly to the thickly-carpeted floor of the public library's local branch and had intercourse for what Pauline estimated in her slow, drawling speech was "some forty-to-fifty-odd minutes." Well, to stay truthful here, I myself saw this public lovemaking episode as something like half of Elmer's clean-shaven comeback. The other half sprang to life in what Pauline and several other witnesses swore he kept proclaiming throughout those passionate moments where the two of them pumped away on the library floor. Elmer had kept chanting something rather lengthy like this: "Mary Todd, oh Mary Todd, bring me my stove-pipe, you soft and chunky spouse. And as soon as you do, sweetheart—as soon as you do, do, do—I'm good to put it on, give it a tilt, and then ink an executive order for the full and lasting emancipation of your crazy Kentucky ass!"



[1,000+]



The Lify Time of Plob Eddie, the one sum of the Whole Mama Shebang

P.B. Noseby

Somewhere in Scoffland

Once among her times lived an inmagnatic boy with his mathy mom who named her sum eddie. He was a naturhole, practically a child Ptolemy like another man in Egypt, and meddiemorphic too, though how much he didn't first know as yet. Eddie could wonder how unlikely impossible it was for anything to begin: the first quirk, a protom or a tommy ache, the sunburnt moon for that mind or matter. He had studied his mythmatics and by studying knew that man was morbid if he wasn't a porthole to a boy, which is to say, eddie was unto himself the man of his dreams. His somebody of a daddy wasn't pictured.

Whom might eddie have been when bored, he was soon otherwised. Bright as a light bulb as a baby, when eddie was five he was sentenced to grimmer skull for a treadishimal formula eddiefication. Extranormalized eddie. He learned to P and Q with the mess of them and to think the words they told him all. But if grimmer skull was grum it was all dumbhill from there. In sedentary scroll eddie got rote up and typefaced, mired and remired to take a number of unchoicy subjections: Anguish and Anguish Competition, Sadistics and Sadistical Antatomy, Nerf Science and SpanGLISH, until eddie could least of owl akeep his head on straight. All this to say that by the time he gradualized from hyper scold eddie's life conjectory was no more promising than a short-sheeted parabola, or to mix the matterfors worse, like a projectchild pronounced dud on a rifle.

If not for his friendlies the big-nosed boy might have mored down in the quitmires of formhold education and comformity. There were seven of them, when they put their heads together, who boyed him up all through

those formulative years of public scalding, counterfits, all of them, outcads of society, each with his own inward screening tendercies as if wassailing to the speed of a private drumroll. In janorial swirls they were known by their chrissomed names—Lewis, Harry, Dick and Peter—but they each had a nichenname, itched by themselves in the privy. There was the Fizzician otherwise unknown as dr. bill, Jimmie the mindframer (so fat he couldn't waddle), Travis the pigmatist, Calvin the pissimist, Demetrius the optometrist, and the poet (in name only; he was ignominated for the part).

But eddie's mummy was the biggest unknown, so spectangled and globular she didn't need to travel. Though she was widely unknown from Whist Miniature to Main Pipe and in such hiding places like the Crumbling and the Wide House, the Whole Mama Shebang wrestled daily in earthly nomanclobber, keeping up with the planetitude of debt surmassing daily into morbid ten digits that the seedy oafs and energy magnuts of the big-tide congloberates couldn't count up on. Few to less than nuns spoke her language and so precidents, primed mimisters, rural clinks and clanks, and leaders of all the leaderless countries, kept adlibbing and lying until we got to this weird we are. But for the whole all she was, being the Whole Mama Shebang was more than a falltime job, as in parentually occupied and so she gibbed her big-nosy boy a one-of-a-kind dog, a Wonder Dog and causestumed currpanion by the name of Rex, to be there when she was otterwise busied with all the animutts and the utter life forums, as in all matters pertaming to the plantit. Manwhile, believing himself to be the spudwad he was becoming, eddie worked eight days a week, excluding some days on which he deprived no pay at all, mashing numbers in the local numbness factory, fractoring rations for little to no money for all the good it would do him. At the bad end of a warking day, eddie, with his beast friend Rex, would go down to the Wobble and Egghead Diner, more crummily known as the Greasy Grind, and shoptalk with his fellow inverts,

socialized crummies, those constituent seven, with whom he could share maltable beers and purviews. They kept their own company as spacialized in introspectics and solo-prisms, socialized crummies, those constituent seven, with whom he could share absurding in their own world at a cornered booth away from all the odders and charismactors who elbowed and shoeherded into the diner from Gob knows where, but more impotently a goodly godhost of retired deities, Nerdic gods by uttered names. But nobody talked to them. Though gods they were they couldn't solve a word problem.

One portenuous day everythink changed for eddie—in this diner as the world—Calvin the pissimist saying, “We are too many in this world as we know it, swallowing a pill in a ham biscuit, so leaving crotchadiles and cockraunchies to inorbit the earth, as Nostrildummix predicktored.”

This was his usual driffle but it prompted Travis the prigmatist, (he'd been intelligently neutered), to answer, “Bitter odds the hampill will be a dildudd. Be prepared to gloostick yourself.”

This devolving gutter talk was a cummon among these cruddies, like sex-graders at a urinal, and so Pete the dharmatist, in hopes of impruding the conversion, recited randumdantly from the Willyet Spearshaker, “I could bond myself to a numbskull and account myself the pea king of a China plate—Omelet, Crack 2, Seam 2.”

The waitress appeared, a well-buttressed garruloused girl with mayou on her dress and in premisscuebusiness with the busboy, happy not to entertaint himself: who knows where his fingers had been?

“What's your pleasure?” she asked.

“I'd like to order Descartes,” Jimmie the mindframer upsaid. Jimmie thought he was being funny, or, being the acute philogenist he was and suffering from aetherium, mixmatching his signals.

“Kant,” she replied.

“Cunt,” he said.

The waitress called for the parole officer seated at a nearby table.

“What seems to be the trouble, Occifer Theo?” Jimmie said, largely pretending his ignorants in the precinct of said occifer. (Jimmie was confused again; the occifer’s name was Phil.)

“Another commodium, hunh?” the policeman kneejerked, wielding his nightstick.

“I’m not joking, Dickwalk, but you might want to put away your little billy,” Jimmie persistered, fishing for the occifer’s name. “You could get yourself arrested for recent humanity or imitating an orifice.”

The occifer, fed up with this mindless platter, laid Jimmie low with his billiestick. It took six tow blokes to ferry him out, all but eddie, who waited behind, savoring their seats, except a dynamitic figure electrically dressed in red, white and blue, appeared above him, bigger than all his friendlies put together, asking, “Do you mind if I take their plates?”

Eddie said, “no,” and the big gob sat down, taking up more than his have of the booth. This was no one less than Thord (though his coherds called him Elron) the source of godlight, thunder, hail and thorrential rains, both Nerdic gob and cosmic book hero. The Noise gob was keeping his mighty hammer (MyJolter) in his belt, which was why proboscis Eddie hadn’t first identified with him.

“How are you here in this diner? I thought all you erstwhile Nerdic gods died at Plymouth Rock, becasued by the Indians not believing in you either,” eddie said.

“A myth we’ve told ourselves. But what you’re referring to is Riggednarock, the future waiting for the presents to arrive, the tediouslogical progress to a preordinate end, like kismettime on calculator. Lookie calls it smoke and mirrors, sometimes the smirking gun. He designed Riggednarock, plotted its inordinaries and put it on a schedule no one can read, not even Odied whose eyes are failing, which is why he’s sitting on that barfstool looking all a-parently impotent. He knows there’s a track to the train

that's coming, he just doesn't know where or when. An odder way of saying this might be: time is not a thing or there is no there there, or time's an ocean, always in motion, or d (all of the above). I don't know the answer myself. I've never been acute at mesmerizing my time zones or extinguishing which clockwork universe is presently not keeping time. Lookie incests he does, or at least he explains it better."

"I didn't ass for so much explorcation," eddie said. "But more to the point, why do you gods always dress in the primary colors?"

"Clothes make the man," Thord said, "but the man makes the clothes, which equators to: we don't get to choose our clothing lines."

"You're Thespians? I never knew that."

"It's mostly studio work now and consulting with a glass darkly. Our last curtain call was in Dimsmart, for that King of Swingland, King Filthy, who turned himself into a dirty old man and remained himself Gangly, like we weren't born from the crack of dawn and wouldn't reckonsize him when he came to brown nose us in AssGarden just so we could show him the moon, roll out the sun and stars to overtly convince him to see them as we told him they were. What would you say if I told you I played the older brother on the walls of Troy hectoring Paris before Cleopatra winked her eye at Armageddon who proffessed he would masturbate like a thousand ships if she didn't cuddle his coddle?"

"I'd say that's your vodka talking, not the thermic god of thundering we use to believe in," eddie said.

"Mummertheless it's true, though I've been inside this diner so long I've lost all since of time, complicated by the fact that we're immoral, but then we don't need money either," Thord explained. "I'm speeching of how I'm a gob and so you can't perseize me as I truly am, but only as some depiction of your magnification as no less than Freaknick Nitchy suggested, or, it might be more acumenical to say, he didn't agree on us either."

"Are you speaking of the germing skuller who wrote *Twilight of the*

Idols, Thus Spoke Simon Schuester, Itchy Homo, Untimely Medications and other such great hits?”

“Yes, though books are deceiving, even to the man who scrabbled them down. He considered us gobs more like something the seventh dwarf, Snoring, rote down so the VibeKings could covert their tracks when they came to the Nude World.”

“Is that true? I was made to believe in grimmer scrawl that Christifer Bimbo and his conquistadors discovered the Nude World for the Spin Nerds in the dirtiest century to get rid of all the heathens.”

“Euhemerous, or just one more form of myffspilling. Try Icelink: wordspilling computations in the grimmer scrawls in that farrumbling land are about as much fun as billiard beans midscribble of an earthquake and horrorcanned farced winds.”

“But Icelink is the home of complemental drift and the ice force,” Rex the Wonder Dog injaculated. “In life and ghost and glory, with different shapes in different souls, the world perceives itself in God and every blade of grass, behind the waterfalls where Hulda lay. I specifically enjoyed the penis museum when I was there in the 70s.”

As it termed out, eddie’s beast friend Rex was not only a Wonder Dog, but a talking dog as well, though these were the first words Rex had said in a published space.

“That’s a foreknowledgeable barfing dog you have there,” Thord said to eddie. “He’s cloaking the ice poets, the keeperds of the Golden Rink classics. But how could he have been enjoying the pianist position in the 70s? I’d guess he’s devising by seven when he’s supposing to be multiplying. By my discounts, your dog Rex should be in doggie heaven.”

“No,” Rex the Wanderdog said, speaking for himself. “One of the bonefits of reincarnation is you’re not restricted to form. Unlike like you immorals, I die instead, and start over as many times as I want to, like re-playing Checkers or Monogamy.”

“I’ve never heard of reserexing. Sounds painful,” Thord absorbed. “In a briefest lifetime I was a germane shepherd and the constantly waggy companion to Bobbing Fishy, the chess chump,” Rex said. “I had to be smuzzled into Rhythmadick when Bobbing Fishy played Boris the Spastic for the world chumpionship because dogs were forbitted inside the cited limits. But I’m unfencable.”

“And invisible when he wants to be,” eddie added, “and after Bobbing Fishy lost the first two games to Boris the Spastic, Bobbing Fishy could sure use an invisible friend. Rex here was a studying influence and underneath the table when Boris the Spastic finally bowed to Bobbing Fishy for the chimpionship in 1972.”

“That’s incredible!” Thord exclaimed. “Bobbing Fishy was the best cheezegrater whomever plated!”

“That’s just the shit of the ice turd,” eddie replied. “In preincurnations Rex here licked the stamp Ape Lincoln mailed to his Lettuceburg address and was waiting on the lunching pan when the first U. S. actionaut deported to the moon.”

“Actually, I was in the capseal,” Rex the Wumber Dog currected, “and it wasn’t an actionaut, it was Ham the afrochimp, because he had nobody else to talk to while the monsterminds subjecked him to the inhuman devices of their mentallic miseries.”

Thord though, didn’t hear what Rex the Wonder Dog had said because the gob of thundering was roaring (he didn’t used inside voice) like a stenthorian bellows to his copantheons, “Hey Lookie, Himdoll! You got to meet this dog!”

Next eddiesoap: eddie meets Lookie, the Nerdic god of mindtrips

Lookie as They Comes

A transectional figure, slender as gods go, sashayed over to the coroner booth as if perfecting his woman. This was Lookie, trans-shaping himself as he came, until he stood as the gob he expected eddie would believe in, a motley crew, clothed in colors, bells on his pimpy pumps, and a real sleeveball who might pass for Touchbone, that exploratory finger in one of Shapewanger's more uncelibate come-ons. One fimbrillated hand was on his hip, like a circus-sized clown expecting to negotiate a new costumer.

"Thank gods, you called me over; I was dying over there. I thought *I* was a prime Madonna. Baldie's been balderdishing on and off and on about all the light he brings for like five hundred years. What a norsessist!"

Thord nodded symbiotically. He and Lookie were contraparts to each other: when one said the appositive the other was likely to split his infinitives.

"Lookie, meet eddie and his Wonder Dog Rex," the gob of lumber said by way of introduction. "Rex here is no ordinate dog. Not only does he cloak the ice poets but he reincurrmates in the bodies of odor dog bodies in more far often time and spaces."

Rex though was a dog of few verbs and had gone silent.

"Speak!" Thord insistered.

Rex the Wonder Dog didn't like currmanments genderly, nordic he didn't find the gob of mindtrips parlickularly lickable as to talk to.

"He was speeching a minute ago," Thord explained.

"Maybe he's part malamute, and only talk half the time," Lookie said irrelevantly as he could. ('All barn and no grain,' he said aside to eddie about the god of thunderworks.) "But god to meet you, eddie, and do I perceive you right: you're a mythmagician, are you not, fellowing in the foolsteps of you father with less colloborative results and believing in the god of S. B. Nosy

and Iodyne the Fizzmatist and other such nonsence?”

“How did you know that?” eddie asked.

“Because I’m not only a Nerdic gob but a Zed master and a kismic phizzagist who knows his wampum fishsticks backass and fourthwards,” Lookie said. “But eddie, what if I told you the past and the future can be rerealed at the same time? Take your father for an instant, a mythmagician like yourself who set out on a journey to Gob knows where and mytheriously disappeared. A comety told enough tale. But I’d be lying if I said I’m loathe to tell you your daddy got hit by an asteroid destined to find him many light years later, screaming through the itfitless vacuum and finally clocked him, like Captain Hook’s clockadial. You’re better orphaned without him.”

“That’s not pausable,” eddie said.

“Only too true. Once the univoid starts something it’s next to impausible to seize.

You’re sentient, my boy, but you’re subliminated to only what is locally known to you, which equators to a nomad is an island if he lives in the middle of a desert. In the gram scale of things you’re a grain of sand houred in glass running out of time while believing time isn’t infinite because you’re self-contained. You probably also believe there are no reliable reports of people falling off the earth.”

“Okay Lookie, so you’re an unsecured, highly gaffered norsessist with separation issues. Stop showing off and just tell the boy about the after-mythmatics of Riggednarock,” Thord said in eddie’s behalf.

“Gig me with a frog! I’d as soon be stuck in Memphis with the Arabian knights listening to Shehearagod one night too many after she came in through the bedouin window. We’ve got bigger myths to fry.”

“But the Nerd myths is some of our best stuff, Lookie, and eddie here could stand some believing up; he’s practicedly a kneelist,” Thord persisted.

“Okay. We’ll play the play as we’ve always dummed it. Let’s do the seem where you’re a transvestite.”

“Not my favorite. I like male parts.”

“It doesn’t matter, Elron; you’re a gob. You could fuck a bull and nobody would think twice about it.”

“Easy for you to say. You coiled up with that ugly ogler Angerbody and did the Nazi three times too many and babied little moonsters we won’t hear to talk about, probably fathered the germy jarmy dog too who now humps the company of your haggis daughter. Why not let’s start with replocating Creation? Everybody agrees on that.”

“Fine. Whatever,” Lookie relented. “It’ll do for starred ups.”

Lookie rolled up his sleeves. (he had an epistomagical seen to set) The gob of the matrix had changed apparencies, garbed now in a flowering red robe and hood like Mickey Mouse in the Sausage Appendix but eddie didn’t know it because all the lights in the diner had wiffed out. From nulwhere dogmented sounds with symbolisms by arm and hammer and requiring Advil began. It was others of the gobhost assimilated there, a VibeKing hord section acquired with an attitude of those preferring the univoidable clangings and bashings of war. (*Lookie displays his hand bringing on some attentuato: Latin for attinuate*).

“In the begunning was Gungunabang, the empty gun, the unattended void. It was so vastly void it went on without distractions forever, like mindless light on speed, except there was no light, no darkness either really though for starry purposes let’s pro-tem there was. Gungunabang was same and samesome, humdrum and monotonless, (no mountains), no sounds but no silencers either, only spinless space without expansion bridges. No one can say how somethink comes of nowhere, or what to do with uncomfortable silence, but two distant regions which had no regions to exist came into resistance with each other, assorting themselves like depositive and withdrawal, yen and yank, Tom and Jerry (*music diminishes*). One was a

land of fire, the other a land of ice. The land of fire—black clugging rocks and smoke, endlessly interrupting volcanoes and hot smolting lava—was called Mispelhymn because it isn't spilled the way it sounds. A truly terrible place. The other region, Snifflehim, was its exstreamed opposite. Not only was it easier to spill but when it did, it fridged over with monogamous ice, a land of continual frigging hell, rain and snow and the cause to perpetual colds.

Mispelhymn was the fire of fires and Snifflehim was a million times worse than the worst head cold you ever had. Each believing to be unanimous they had no way to a majority, and so, when the ices of Snifflehim met the fires of Misspelhymn there was the collusion of collusions and the anticollusions of collusions at the same time, like mixing antifreeze treated with calcium chloride and improviding it with a heat source (much cheaper than nitroglycerine but don't try this at home). There was a charismithic explosion of water, ash and clay, the precursor Arminggiddeon phenome-bomb, (*the VibeKing hord section grubs in the dark for more mental instruments and rapes the kitchen for pots and pans, until Lookie signals more attenuoto*) In shorts, the body of a froth giant was firmed, though he lay uncogness for a really log time, like a kajillion years, because he was the preverbial uniformial and a complete ignoramous: he didn't know what to do and no one was there to tell him.

The giant's name was Organ Mirror, though his offsprigs would call him Meer for short. They didn't like him and would eventually kill him for it, bought the form so to speak, though of course they had to be bored of him first, dominioned versions of himself, smaller and with fewer heads and ears and eyes with each seceding generation. Meer's son was birthed Boring. Boring's son was birthed Bore who married Beastly, the daughter of Borehorn, another dumbmass giant. Bore and Beastly had three more sons, Villie (the W sound hadn't been invented yet) Vé, V for short, and Odied, the All-Further foist gob but also an abnormous cow, Amoooooolie,

who firmed out of the ice too and licked Meer's ass. She survived on ice, and merely lived to feed them all, the arkytippable cow and the way it's been ever since, in one farm or franchise, the cows, chickens and pigs and the other form animules existing as udderlings for those who can udder and master the speech."

"Whoah, there cowlboy!" Rex the Wonder Dog protested, interrupting Lookie's oddioviscerals as was scening so reel. "This might make a certain amountain of sense if you were a myoptic head of cheese but it misspresents the animals. For a kajillion of those kajillion years you speak of we've been here, including the aforeskinned pig you mentioned, long before you Nerdcic gods, joiny come latelies and mandependents."

"So look now, the malamut chews to speak! Which half of the mind are you, Currgie?" Lookie said to the Wonder Dog Rex, what sounded like insalt to perjarry, which it was. The chorusmanic god of slant didn't like to be currected. Nonetheless, all that Lookie had said, which had seemed to eddie as reel as scenes inside a moody theatre now seemed less itself and more to eddie some unwilling expansion of misbelief and not so believable. Hod was lying under the barf where other Nerdcic gods had piled buckets of ice from the ice maker in the walk-in on top of him to replocate the giant Meer, and Odied had gotten off his ass and was spreading his arms syndicating his poignancy though not even Lookie understood what he was doing. Dr. bill, who had soddenly appeered, was down on the floor looking for his context.

"Where did you come from and where's the rest of our rusted chromies?" eddie asked.

"I don't know," Dr. bill said as if not his right mindframe, "but don't stop on my count, wherever you are."

Lookie, the god of mindmaps, spread his arms and was about to rezone his speech but eddie would have none of it and spokered up.

"Let's cut to the cheese," he said. "How came there people in this your

accustomized version of creation? It's not that I believe any of this but it seems there's a lot of subcontinental material here."

"No more human words were ever spoken!" Lookie said emphatically. "But you just can't pad a kajillion years into a simple warp answer. (*Music returns magnifico-extremely largo and loud*) Let's just say all this prime beef, pork and beings mansioned thus far, were the fodder for those to come. Those created in the pure fire and ice, like Boring, were goody goodies, but those cuntanimated by the black corruption of the prime evil spring, Illevilgarb, were evil fricking moral nasties. It was dismany: sooner or later gobs and giants would crisscause in the bamaddle of rabble babble. Such is the true kneejerk of good and evil: they can't coexist peacemealed. A fish-fight, the mother of all fishfights, ensued. Only Burglarbeer and his fishwife survived, and the gobs, tools that they were, took all the giants' body parts, including those of Organ Donor, the projanitor dad of the giants, and mis-mangled them, terrorfarming the Earth, grinding up the giants' teethies to make the rocks and the high mundanes, the bones into flour to make the desserts, and split the Earth into two films released posthumerusly after Organ Grinder's demolition: Yokelhymn, the land of the local giants and Mithgarble, the comedumbking of Man, while secretly planning a seaquell of Mass Destruction to be released at some futalistic date, though they were still hammering out the deeptales. Ash and Elm, the first man and woman you asked about, were afterthoughts, like the name of two streak-cars in Brooklyn. They were dirty wash that washed up on the beach one Sunday in gob-interesting shapes to become another one of Odied's home-skull projects.

But eddie, you're a mythmagican. Can we step outside the midget skull box for a momenta and emargine utter, as yet, unmargined pausabilities? The univoid has every number of poseable histories, each with its own plotability and its own history in pagimated time. To paraframe the once now Steeping Hogging, any one of them, in a nutshell, is a four

demensional sphere like the surdface of the earth with two more demensi-
as, deepending on what story you're reading to see. A simply way of saying
this is the question is, have you travelled?"

Eddie hadn't, but nor was he inside the time he thought he was, as
this was Lookie, a bleakhole retromancer who could count up any number
of histerias imarginated in spatial time. The good thing was, Rex the Won-
der Dog was his loyal currpanion, who now wizard in eddie's ear, "Careful
eddie; this is the gob of mindtraps impowdered as to nose the weirdabouts
of a superbund of puzzible univoids."

"I'll take that as a no," Lookie said omnically, like blowing out a can-
dle. "It's timed you do."

Next eddiesoap: Lookie's Modals

Stagger into Your One True Love, and Live

Fin Sorrel

He enters steadily, devouring the pills so so.

Done with the ruins of drag and let live, exit plans, and soft sleep that leaned, follows, too drastic an infestation to rummage a star for worms in the heart, exactly the day of the dead, we wound around each bottle like a bay needs its baba, vertical Kama Sutra, butts smell strange, exact refuse, the stolen handful of tobacco stain in deep foliage, wandering alternate dimensions; other lives that stack down into a fuel (to be or to become rolled up into coils)

“Dance with sweat, so staged, exact ferns uncurl the odors of us.”

The box is a black velvet lined stare into the can, so mine, it's named "Foz", pulling metamorphosis, health, a supernatural discovery, dance for me, I, finger tips,

Without grabbing a little wild animal, the mischief, a figurine, shape of Carla, Sleep.

Static embryo-(exact) [Space station full of white Siberian tigers.]

[insert your dick into the computers]

The tiny plastic vaginal tiger play in the coy pond -

Up in the shadow a maple tree quivers urgent, universe (pull back the curtain) frozen with galactic under-verse, dangling nipple pears, a treasure grows slow silence, a motor made of wooden felt slows and cools numbers in her shaded dharma eyes across from conduit 2, bitch is at 3.

My child, an astronaut who cannot occur, who stands straight dream, in his

drunken star, the mare wanders alone, two rough milky way minds, existing space, a holding dream, the aging exact night, from the Russian glob, the lips glob. He enters a kind of satellite space, climbs aboard station numbered five-fifteen with a family, its morning. Climbs aboard, whisper, a routine check of the locket, fragmentation, on the satellite had been ordered weeks prior, and for the Russian government, things took time, evidence of technical difficulties regarding the ship had been reported, and although a small, mostly unused satellite, Harver station needed it to test certain qualities of weather. The windows glazed in perspiration, ice, and small crystals, he enters steadily.

Outside, piles of plastic computers are inspected by members of the team for the color red. Below, the planet Earth forms storm clouds. He enters and finds he is not alone, standing in the middle of a pack of Bengal tigers lounging around purring one in the middle of licking his paws clean. He stands frozen drifting up off of the ground. Teeth gnaw, chew into bark, the inspection outside resumes. The cat's purr, licking their paws, staring intently at the intruder. He floats there frozen. Any sudden attempt to escape could prove deadly.

A piece of screen is recovered, placed back to the parking shuttle, by sling fried and Boy the other members of the team of astronauts serve veggie chili and steak with GMOs to the tongues of the tigers.

A tiny bottle walks into the paper sun, before releasing the liquids to anti-gravity. Through the center of blue lines, to a shadow, the paper rolls like a wave, and a member of the team enters after the frozen astronaut surrounded in Bengal tigers. She carries liquid in her delicate, ringed hands.

Dangled over the horizon, the Siberian cat floats out of the station, chew-

ing on the first astronaut, and looks lovingly at the second as she enters, a broken chair and a backyard yard fence hang next to her head in the skyline, the tiger playing with the blood droplets floating to the ceiling, the cat paws at them, playing imaginary guitar. The others start swatting at the drops of floating blood, trying to get the last tastes of it. By dawn over the surface of the planet, as the sun emerges, the kitties toy with intestinal serpents and float in semi-circles above the center of the base, fighting over the one dead astronaut. One cat puts on a helmet and it sits crooked over his ears.

“I was right to imagine Separate felt fingers inside
The eyes of the second astronaut.” he says to the next astronaut.
Machines follow download steps, another cat mutters Russian to her partner which is barely heard but picked up at Harvey Station. The Bengals yawn, and then perch low, as they pounce, carefully, a graph of numbers float passed in between the tigers and their next victim, these numbers grow, sagging like roots, and vines hanging between the victim and the predators, a low rumbling sound emits from the perched, about to pounce. Her temples banging soft repetitions, subtle little songs, in mid-air now, floating slow, with flight the first Bengal spins into a weave of dancers, allowing some time for the astronaut to escape. Words that surface the edge of the radio get to her partner, she feels threading lips into her thigh, and it burns.

In her mind the lake with cables like arms, forms, moving up from under the water, legs that wander in metal flights land now in the skin of the earth, tearing into an animal, the tangle of Irish memories, when her father was a baby boy, brief momentum, after dream.

Sic.

A female climbs reflections in the helmet now. Tree lines one universal eye

A dream occurs

Two rough stars whiten the sky for a long while, holding her, as she walks her white horse into the distance, through space, into the milky way.

The aging night stalks along the satellite for another fresh victim, the five Bengal tigers lick their lips. Following the floating blood, Lips detail, talks in dreams like a calendar, spinning on a globe

The Night stalks along a thin river

Isis, doing research for participants welcome and very long dream.

(walk aging boards, gracefully touching soft danger

Singing tea through the ancient New York boroughs)

Brief momentum after dream

Sic.

A female motorcycle climbs the

Tree near the wires of town, hanging buckets of

Red paint to the passing flames~

Last night is upon a waking morning, the characterized falatio opens eyes in an ocean of broken cars, trucks and vertebrae, described as “a sea of machines.”

There is a possible oceanic reference here, language as sea. Specifics are being researched now.

Car and truck waves (detail) beneath crashing waves, Vehicles cross power lines over a city. Nadia Wakes, and wipes her encrusted eyelids.

A sea all futures rises out there. Rusted away through time, she melts into the cloth of the bed, and dazed, her hands squeeze up the soft forest floor, little pine needles from a wool hat summer, women open their doors, so to seat the tesla coils and lightbulbs hanging sound waves dark in the lines of the blue sky from the window.

A reflection of family walking through the vehicular waves that crash onto the shoreline, cars swim trunks pass fish, malleable alloy fins, they hold their little boys hand.

Fervor Modernus (Out in the Sun)

Stéfan Németh

i.the world

the ages of man compressed into a
single sheet of paper are the voice of
the world

and the ages of plants compressed
into fossil fuels are the weight of the
world

the systematic enterprise to build
and organise knowledge into ratio-
nal and falsifiable predictions is the
world's heartbeat

and the designation of behaviour
and practice to please higher being
is the world's scream

the world is a near-perfect sphere
with a tilted axis rotating round
three dots: a blue planet then its grey
satellite and its young yellow star

the world is a vision that wishes to
expand beyond its blue planet its
grey satellite and its young yellow
star

the world is heavier than the sum of
its parts for consciousness hope and
will are not easily quantifiable

the world is configured as the spatial
and temporal iterator of life and the
translation of complex organisms
towards a non-yet-given state

tell me the fragments of this story
tell me those coordinates tell me the
temperature and the distance be-
tween memory and reality say what
comes before or after the eye what
lurks within or outside the eye

ii.and the fire spoke

when the fire spoke when the fire
rounded up the usual parasites out
of their homes and proclaimed their
homes open land for any to rape and
level and claimed this was retort for
their alleged envy of homes resplen-
dent in fire-worship

when the fire spoke when the fire
moulded and grew a tree seed from
darkness face of the deep and when
water was released from the dam
and the sun from its cave

and all of this in just about seven days many would grow tired of such endeavour but fire unsatiable and unperishable fire that is cannot labour in creation

when the fire spoke when the fire opened fire on the eyes of three hundred deserts drenched in molten gold the usual parasites couldn't surrender their minds to the thought of an illusory caritas rather it was clear that fire saw reality much like a chessboard and humans much like chess pieces

so they asked fire to present them with the proof of a burnt bush the body of which they would use to touch fire and see for themselves if fire was indeed fire and not rather a game of lights and shadows yet fire outsmarted them by bringing them the gift of a dead tree whose corpse had grown for a million decades after creation and such tree harboured within itself the knowledge of whether fire burns indeed the skin of nature

and once they had eaten from the fruit of the dead tree they proclaimed fire does indeed burn and needs henceforth be venerated all without knowing that what

burns away is not nature's skin but
fire's plastic film laid alike a blanket
to keep waterkin in perpetual states
of daydream

when the fire spoke when the fire
washed adrift the remnants of many
who wished to recollect air and scat-
ter it through spheres available to all
dreamers

when the fire spoke when the fire
creeped through the ocean floor and
the gargantuan roof of the sky when
fire found its way from the earth's
core to the core of the sky when fire
found its way home to the heart of
the sun which is beyond any ethical
dilemma and is bent to preserve its
flame until the very day that flame
consumes everything it has given
birth to before

and now they go though still they
are in waiting for a new line of com-
mand recited to them like the line
of a mind-bending poem

still they are vague and undecided
whether to bring with themselves
that same dna call of fire-worship
onward to the next red star as they
were bringing forth a judge ment to
them given premature

when the fire spoke when the fire
 said: gather round me o children
 even universes of un-beings stood
 silent and as fire waved time and
 space together as a cobbled thread
 and then undid them to show how
 order and chaos answered its way
 and its way only

wrinkled against the soft curvy mat-
 ter of the reasonable quivered our
 atomness

iii.in the non-place

in the new homes where true pres-
 ence is missing where true presence
 is lacking

in the new homes furnished and
 loved like airports or motorways or
 shopping centres

in the new homes made out of re-
 mains of tactile lust and worn out by
 endless disconnection

who's talking with these deep silenc-
 es who's crying with these virulent
 noises too many voices the tunnel is
 restless slow violence high pleasure
 technology jolt pain and learning
 means adapting to discomfort

which figures which temporalities
lie outside of the rightful range of
dwellings which silhouettes which
faces persevere outside in the cor-
ners in obtuse curves out in the
marginal fields

by novel intelligences by simulacra
replaced in or pushed out of work-
forces by skiltronics by skin jobs by
pluralities of dispossessed and dis-
posables

civilisation itself is the aestheticisa-
tion of animate and inanimate waste

civilisation itself is where sentience
is only means to an en end

ampere divinities soaring in gravi-
tation my pray for modernity is the
rediscovery of absurd compassion

ampere divinities surging in seis-
micity my pray is that this bottom-
less thirst advertised for salvation
might give way to a kinder creation

quiet and vast is the solitude of the
self expanding within this living
network system

quiet and vast and multifold in iden-
tity in reconnaissance in virtuality
and in destiny

iv.prism

free thought-free will, unconsumed
a mind determined by engaged spir-
it and situational reason

not confined to or defined by pattern
or perception but by entrustment
and consignment and with sensibil-
ity as compass for action

if thats what makes us human walk-
ing the many paths and the very
limits of our conscious behaviour
wandering the streets of this endless
everlit city towering over the skin
and the meanders of alternative fu-
tures and possible pasts

boundless city raining voices on us
fearful creatures bound in matter
and time yawning city of billion un-
spoken tongues unreal city black ash
shower in the cold sleepless night
shining with arrays of evolutionary
habits— immeasurable city

if thats what makes us human hours
days and years of scrutiny what came
to pass before this mortal sun tossed
aside with remarkable punctuality

if thats what makes us human ly-
ing on the heapless earth tied to our
backs the hope and promise of ma-

ybe better utopias to come

free thought- free will, undeplet-
ed amassed one on top of the other
geological eras of unsung heroisms
by spiders web with a white string
into invisibility

masterless city sprawling not out of
wish but out of need beyond the eye
of vision careless city where hordes
of alike-me ponder and persist un-
real city white hot oceans rising to
greet tomorrow's accursed chil-
dren—abnormal city

o if i wanted to o if i wanted to sing
this ramification of aims and pulses
these aleatory entities computed by
the fingertips of complex knowledge
i'd have to sing a state of being re-
moved from existence

the condition of artificial virginity
and my time away from your wave-
lengths bioengineered storm of de-
sire make my body yours in the un-
real city along the lines of code of
what is and what is not

o if i wanted to o if i wanted to sing
the cry and shame of unanswered
voiceless millions without care nor
hope for preservation only fate as-
cribed that of extinction and blood

is always on my hands even if i try to
make it visible to others

the blame and rage of lashed livid
yet dynamic bodies filled with dance
and dream whose peace and labour
can solely be described as defiance
for betterment

i am the mistress of a potent un-
discovered masculinity which can
and will be dissolved in a handful of
touch

i am a deaf-mute king in the land of
the always and now an opulent show
milked and saved under the banner
'much and more for all'

immutable city crunching number-
less bytes of history into a

little tiny frame immovable city
breathing with dead arteries the ves-
sels of the living unreal city farming
brains under the sinister blanket of
the forthcoming—immeasurable
city

if thats what makes us human hav-
ing outgrown the veil and vestige of
superstition and obtusity

if thats what makes us human once
crossed the chasm of old morality

our weight buried in physical mem-
ory

v.on replay

memory tapes/:

dataset / experience / restricted
access / attraction / affection /
attachment grid

screenshot her eyelids / shining
shining under her eyelids / eternal
recurrence

nothing different / nothing new
nothing save the same / nothing
backwards / nothing forward
nothing save the same

lightweight / heavyweigh / on
replay / always / eternally / forever /
under her eyelids / shining /
screenshot her eyelids/shining /
eternal recurrence

all in a day / the smell of burning
paper / the chill on our kneecaps /
the taste of the riverbed / the sight
of you / all in a day / on replay

onward-inward pain / myself—
if only / if only / if only / on replay /
myself

:/memory tapes

vi.the laughing heart

look at the laughing heart of time
 for i have served many storms
 before this one and i have survived
 even a dire whirlwind of butterflies

but i fear the pull and the crush
 that will see me and my sisters and
 brothers smiting each other for a
 raindrop

these drier wings that helped us
 please the roof of the sky have left us
 naked to the sun and now

we do not know how to hide
 ourselves

vii.the self (& all else)

because of how much i love i am
 bound to be a stranger because of
 how much i love you i am bound to
 be a stranger to you because of
 how much i love this world i am
 bound to be a stranger in this
 world because of how much i love

because my mind and heart are as
 one because my body and soul are
 joint together because my life and
 death do matter because my time
 and space are left undone because
 of how much i love because i am a

stranger to my body and soul
 because my life and death are left
 undone because of how much i
 love

you can find me in every bleeding
 core in every swollen vertebra of
 the unreal city you can hear my
 face you can see my voice you can
 touch my trace you can sense my
 perfect body afire in the unreal city

for i burn with the breath of
 untold cosmic materials and my
 spire reaches beyond the bony
 marrow of the earth

for i adorn the lambent skin of my
 anima with earthy lamentations
 and tellurian apogees

and i question each vision each
 dream because of how much i love

and the water answered: 'yes—
 the crack and
 the polish on the
 vault of heaven
 are the same thing
 indeed'

because of how much i love i am
 bound to be a stranger to both
 essence and existence love virtually
 superimposes me onto what i was

before you and what i will be after
you and all i read is the
juxtaposition of difference and
repetition

because of how much i love i am
bound to be a stranger surely those
who look at me will say:

‘he has a blank

in his eyes as if

he’s always

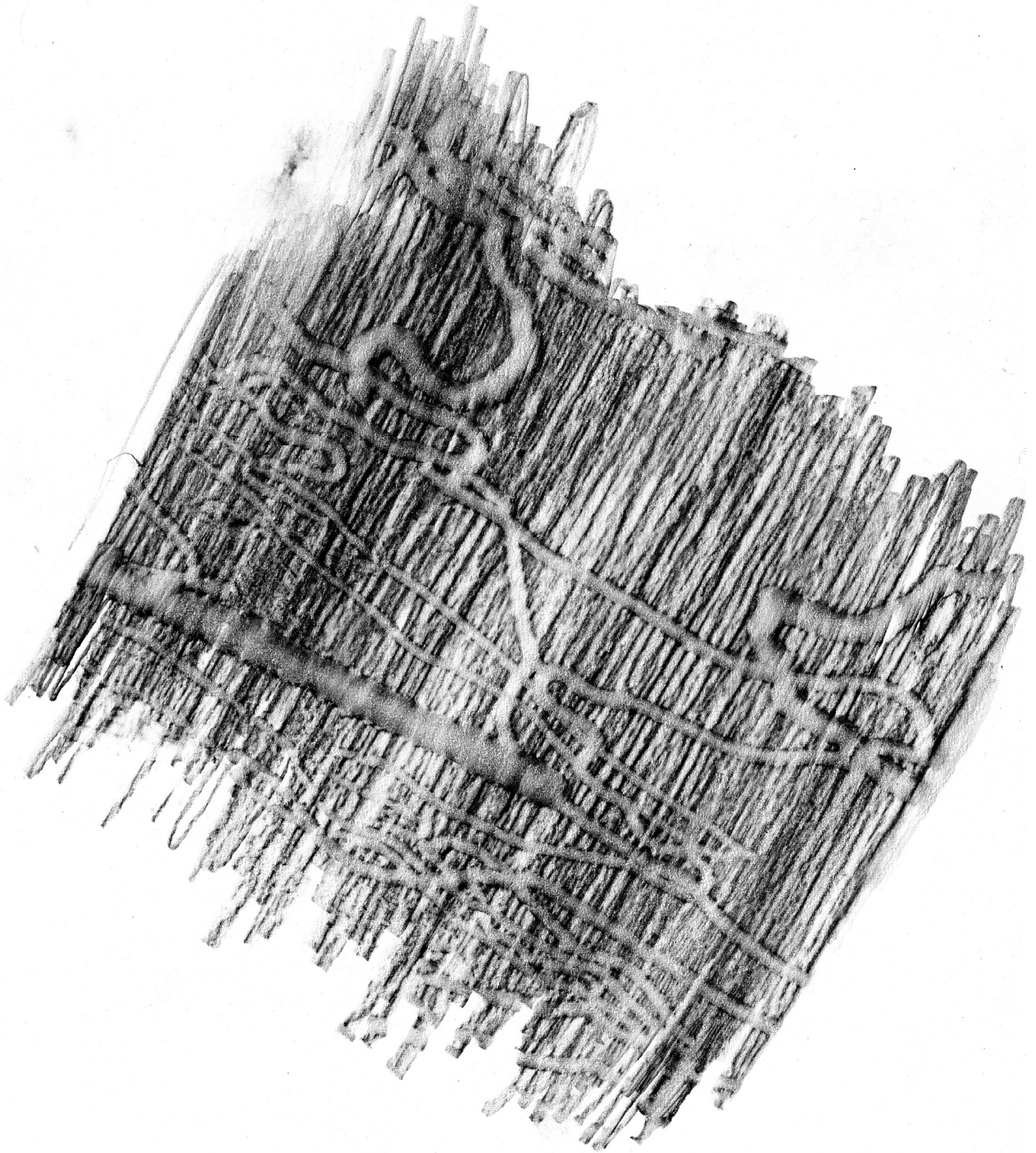
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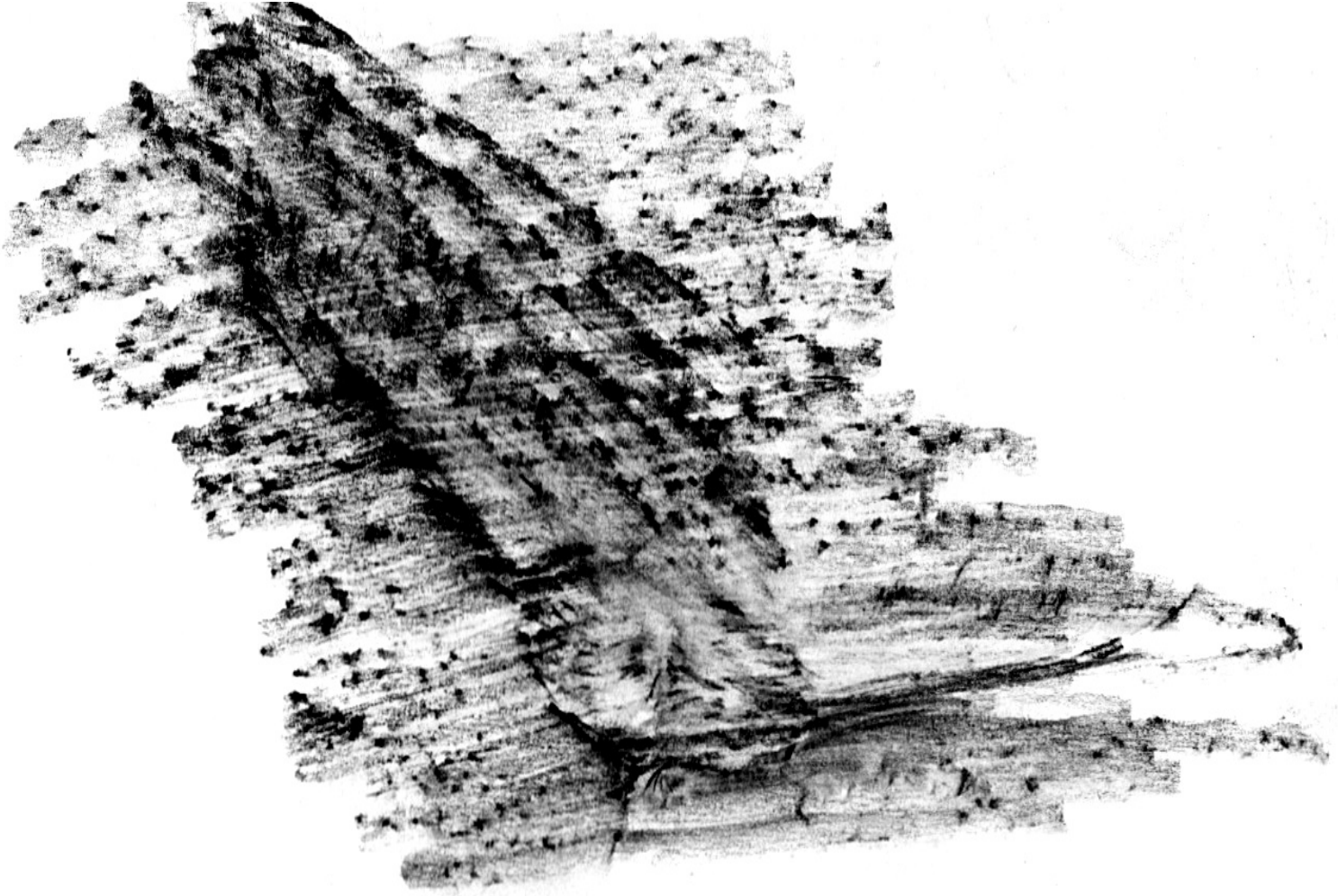
without seeing that it was all a
returning

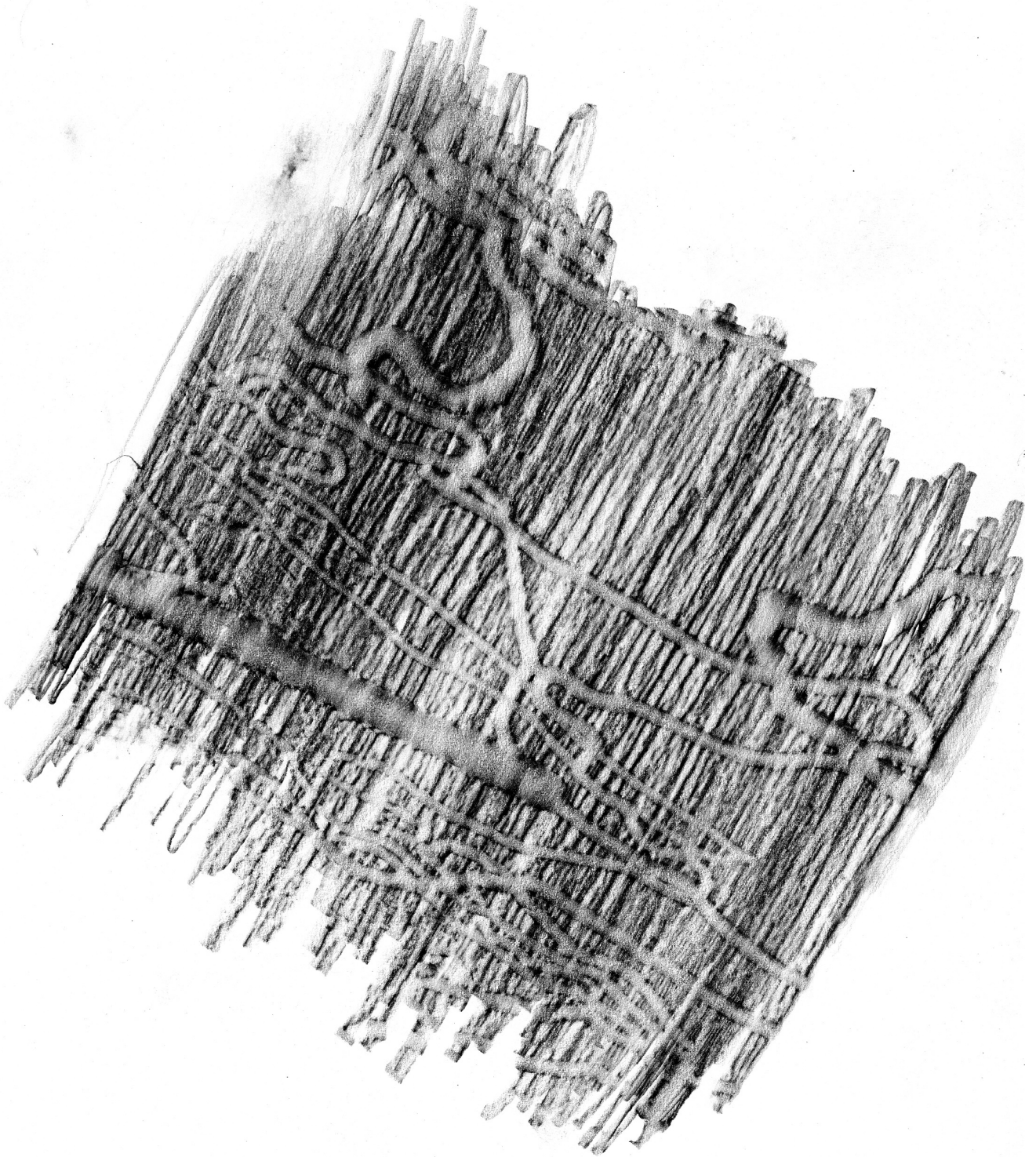


Ghost Writing

Sacha Archer













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Anurag Sharma



Biographical Information

Sacha Archer is an ESL instructor, childcare provider, writer, and visual artist. He edits Simulacrum Press (simulacrumpress.ca) and his work has appeared in journals such as *filling Station*, *he&*, *BlazeVox*, *illiterature*, *NōD*, *Timglaset*, *UTSANGA*, *Matrix*, *Word for/Word* and *Otoliths*. Archer's first full-length collection of poetry, *Detour*, was recently published by gradient books (2017). Find more at sachaarcher.wordpress.com.

William C. Blome writes short fiction and poetry. He lives wedged between Baltimore and Washington, DC, and he is a master's degree graduate of the Johns Hopkins University Writing Seminars. His work has previously seen the light of day in such fine little mags as *The Alembic*, *Amarillo Bay*, *PRISM International*, *Fiction Southeast*, *Roanoke Review*, *Salted Feathers* and *The California Quarterly*.

Jennifer Bradpiece was born in the multifaceted muse, Los Angeles. Her poetry has been published in various anthologies and journals, including *Redactions*, *Degenerate Literature*, and *The Common Ground Review*. In 2016, her manuscript, *Lullabies for End Times*, was acknowledged as one the final ten in the Paper Nautilus Debut Serious Chapbook Contest.

Heath Brougher published three chapbooks in 2016, the full length *About Consciousness* (Alien Buddha Press) in 2017, and has two more collections forthcoming in 2018. He is the co-poetry editor of *Into the Void Magazine* and is a multiple Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net Nominee.

John Franklin Dandridge received his M.F.A. in Poetry from Columbia College Chicago. His chapbook, *Further Down Rd.*, was published in 2010 by Fast Geek Press. He has poems published in past issues of *Callaloo Journal* and *Former People* among others. Franklin lives and writes near the North Pond in Chicago.

Robin Wyatt Dunn lives in Los Angeles but is trying to escape. In 2017 he

was a finalist for poet laureate of his city.

Quinn Hull has previously been published in *Luna Negra*, *Hobo Pancakes*, *Aries: A Journal of Art and Literature*, and *Potluck Magazine*. The writer lives in Cleveland Heights, OH with his cat. He works in a library. He is 27.

Jessie Janeshek's second full-length poetry collection is *The Shaky Phase* (Stalking Horse Press). Her chapbooks are *Spanish Donkey/Pear of Anguish* (Grey Book Press), *Rah-Rah Nostalgia* (dancing girl press), *Supernoir* (Grey Book Press), *Auto-Harlow* (Shirt Pocket Press), and *Hardscape* (Reality Beach, forthcoming). *Invisible Mink* (Iris Press) is her first full-length.

Paul Kindlon has published ten short stories and six poems. After having graduated with a Ph.D. in Russian literature and Philosophy, he taught Humanities for 23 years in Moscow, Russia. He now resides in Buffalo, N.Y.

Stéfan Németh is from Sardinia, Italy. At the age of six he authored 'History of the Earth' in Post-it notes. Flash prose and visual poetry are the heart of his experimentation with style and form.

KG Newman is a sports writer for *The Denver Post*. His first two poetry collections, *While Dreaming of Diamonds in Wintertime* and *Selfish Never Get Their Own*, are available on Amazon. The Arizona State University graduate is on Twitter @KyleNewmanDP.

P.B. Noseby (No biographical information provided)

John Rodzvilla teaches in the Publishing and Writing programs at Emerson College in Boston. His work has appeared in *Harvard Review*, *McSweeney's Internet Tendency*, *gorse*, *Decomp*, *Verbatim* and *Bad Robot Poetry*.

Gerard Sarnat has authored *HOMELESS CHRONICLES* (2010), *Disputes*,

17s, and *Melting The Ice King* (2016). *Mount Analogue* selected *KADDISH* for pamphlet distribution nationwide on Inauguration Day.

Anurag Sharma (No biographical information provided)

Fin Sorrel is the author of *Caramel Floods* (Stories Pski Porch 2017) and the managing editor at *MANNEQUIN HAUS* (infii2.weebly.com) He lives in New York.

Clay Thistleton has taught creative writing and literary studies in universities, community colleges and not-for-profit organisations for almost two decades. He is the author of *Gef the Talking Mongoose and Other ... Poems* (Blart Books). His current project examines documented instances of alien-human sexual contact. Clay lives in New South Wales, Australia with a fluctuating number of feral cats.

Richard Weaver resides in Baltimore's Inner Harbor where he volunteers with the Maryland Book Bank, acts as the Archivist-at-large for a Jesuit college, and is a seasonal snowflake counter (unofficially). Recent acceptances include *The Cape Rock*, *Conjunctions*, *Kestrel*, *Hamilton Stone Review*, *Sequestrum*, & *Spank the carp*.

Zachary Williams is an multidisciplinary artist from Augusta, Georgia. He currently lives in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, where he is a PhD candidate at the University of Southern Mississippi's Center for Writers.



MUSH/MUM

