

The Monster

I

I was recently salvaging:
Wind and wine stops,
halts and detours
ruin
blow away the snot
refine
my sifted out "whoops".

Guys in tatters

Guys in tatters speak.
A paradox:
candid people, clean hands
become ambidexterous.
Each person has
his own gimmick,
an abracadabra of bilk.
Shined rust
not you.

Lucky number

From there
I hopped about with indecision.
A trumverate of experience;
o. dullness for three minutes,

your life.
A threesome
of claptrap, pipe dream
and slapstick,
my life.

A...

A lovely was
to ease
travail and pain.

Monuments

Call them monuments.
A pot pourri
of national parks,
sneaks, piecemeal men.

Jelly vote

A jelly vote, cry baby:
to win friends
sew up laughter
and images.
Breed audiences,
an influx of shaped consumers.
Dummies standing there.

The sewer system

Unendurable freedom!
An inundation of freedom!
A sewer system
of autonomous boys and girls
paddling their own canoe.
Wishy-washy patriotic bingers,
big tits mouthing theories
on love, wow and cripes.

—Norman Fougere

The Sisters (on the five o'clock news).

Bathed in anomic heat
of the world in flaming print,
they stood the blaze seated —
with dying eyes
on their gaseous sister,
dissolving into the haze
of one thought:
"Death is beautiful."

—Thomas



A Whimsical Thought

Hair blowing in the wind
A warm afternoon
Children playing in the street
A smile of warmth and laughter
To be carefree and free ---
A moment of eternity.

—B. McKenzie

cry a tear for you and me
pass your onion peel on to
someone else so they can join our
merry merry quite contrary group
all you need is a disgruntled face
all you have to think is that this is
merely a third rate
place
(wrapped and warped in
uncured rawhide)
And a will to wall
the ways of everything
that could
give you more than nothing
which is everything you
have ever had up till now (and you
never know - "up till now" may be
all you'll ever have.)

We can't talk in riddles
forever, but we sure can try
to at least confuse the issue
profusely by initiating and/or intimidating
symbols allegories analogies and
other
implements of
rationalization.
it's what we need: I'm positively certain;
nearly.
this whole world is shit; (and I say shit
'cause that's cool groovy natural
and forbidden.)
and this is the (w)hole truth I swear.

mostly.

design by P.M.

I have been

so deeply moved

by you —

That I cannot

gather any words
nor ribbons
nor any sense

of anything

that can bring

comfort to me

living in this

world

emptied of you

—Andrew Cobbler

Man Detonates His God (A Protest)

Man

has finally captured God

on an island,

Amchitka.

Energy,

once immeasurable by man

in the candle power era,

is now calculated

in megatons, and this means

God is now approachable, so...

Tomorrow

man will detonate Amchitka

and God to death

to prove he accurately predicted

the energy of God, and then conclude

that Man can now prophesy.

—C.Z.

You.

Love eludes me
(if love can elude)

Feel.

Love is love
(never knew it could)

Pain.

Pulling the happiness
(that old hurt)

Now.

You teach
(loving the happiness)

—J.M.