

# scribblerist

• creative writers unlimited •

## A POEM (ACCIDENTALLY) LEFT ON THE BED:

*I can't write the names  
of the men I would consider.  
I'm even afraid to write  
what they are being considered for.  
Somebody always finds these lists  
and keeps them for the  
possibility of  
future incrimination.*

*My lover won't talk  
to me over the phone  
about his fantasies.  
He says he needs to see me,  
that these things are too private.  
I know though,  
that his phone is bugged  
(brothers,  
operators,  
spies)  
so I never speak the truth.*

*The journals I keep are  
all lies;  
so are the pictures.  
I wasn't witness  
to these events —  
that isn't my face  
on celluloid  
enclosed by lamination.  
(I have a twin,  
didn't you know?)*

*My handwriting is forged,  
all the clothes I wear  
have the tags ripped out.  
I was always told  
to cover my tracks.*

*Someone else sleeps  
in my bed.  
Those aren't my  
feet that you see under  
the bathroom stall.  
That isn't my jewellery  
and I would never own  
incense without owning an  
incense burner.*

*Why can't you see the inconsistencies?*

*I hide everything.  
Nothing can be exactly  
as it seems —  
that would make the  
hunt too easy.  
I so these things,  
this voluntary withdrawal of information,  
on purpose:  
to make you look harder,  
try to make a scratch  
on the glass.  
And guess what?*

*It works.  
Gotcha.*

Jennifer Liptrot

## WHAT'S REALLY IMPORTANT

(for Joanna)

*We spread our towels precariously on crusty ground  
kick away big ferocious rocks  
fastened to earth.  
We were warned about snakes, scorpions  
and large insects that scuttle breathlessly across  
desert interior.*

*Flickering stars scrape the sky.  
Crevices in the Negev dark steal faint moonlight.  
This is the blackness that can be swallowed  
that fills the body & wallpapers the senses.*

*Teeth chatter, legs rub together to create friction.  
Why do Middle Eastern deserts turn cold after nightfall?*

*We talk about my weird mood, our friendship that grows & grows  
how we've changed, who we love, our imminent return home*

*What's really important.*

*Sounds reverberate from inside a distant tent:  
young hushed voices  
smooth flow of Arabic  
crackle of dying fire  
guitar that recalls Neil Young, gently*

*The air is still, motionless, just like me.*

(Negev Desert, Israel)

Jennifer Salter

## Floating In A Sea Of Glass

*A stone*

*Shattering perfect  
placid  
calm.*

*One crack  
Threatening to shatter  
The ground beneath me.*

*Black water embrace  
A thousand steel-gilt stars  
Icy shards cut deep.*

*Blood rain  
Let from smooth white cloud  
Staining even the Moon.*

Michelle De Pina

*If you are interested in seeing your  
poetry, prose or short stories (max.  
500 words) in print, drop off your  
submissions in the manilla envelope  
in the editors' office at 111 Central  
Square. Be sure that all pieces are  
proofread for grammatical errors  
and include your phone number.*

## BLASPHEMIES : #27

*I'm not usually one to believe in ghosts and spirits and all  
that stuff, but that re-run of MY MOTHER, THE CAR really  
changed my life.*

*It really opened my mind up to a lot of new things. Oh,  
I don't mean about spooks and so on. I mean, it showed  
me a whole new way to look at things.*

*For example, this morning I was tying my shoe, and as I  
was pulling up the lace nice and tight, it snapped on me.*

*Now, the old me would have ranted and raved and got all  
flustered. But the new me just flushed those shoes down the  
toilet.*

*Yes! I didn't get upset. I didn't have to take any pills.  
I accepted the predicament I was in and took a solid  
and sane approach to getting out of it.*

*A little later, the toilet backed up, and water poured  
out all over the floor. All over the basement actually.*

*The old me would have : 1) freaked out, 2) committed  
Hari-Kari, or 3) called a plumber.*

*But the new me simply had the whole house demolished.  
Again, no frustration, no drugs, no nothing. A plain and  
simple solution.*

*A bit later on this afternoon, the Properties  
Commissioner slapped me with a lawsuit, saying I had  
destroyed property without a permit.*

*The old me would have screamed bloody murder, ripped up  
the summons, and punched out the commissioner.*

*But the new me simply paid the \$21,000 fine and settled  
down for a nice, long nap in the park.*

*As I was lying there, a man in a cowboy hat came up and  
took the newspaper I was using as a blanket. The cowboy  
turned out to be Jerry Van Dyke.*

*The old me would have screamed bloody murder, grabbed  
the newspaper back, and punched out Mr. Van Dyke.*

*But the new me simply said, "Ya know, Mr. Van Dyke,  
you've got a lot of explaining to do."*

*To which Mr. Van Dyke said, "Come on man! Leave me  
alone! They cancelled the show! They cancelled the show!  
What the hell more do you expect me to do?"*

David "Household name" Lewis