

scribblerist

Sparkling ashes of butted fags
Nevertheless our time seems to lag
and sag and drag and drip of golden
hershey kisses down your throat,
wild passionate chocolate licking your
teeth with ice cubes on your breath.
Its flashes of black, blurs of grey
sometimes white and sometimes green
Grass, stones, water, and earth
yellow pebbles of smoke stained dentures
from chewed sandy strands of hemp
Broken mirrors, plastic and tendons,
I know you and your sand dunes
recognition opens a flush of desire
for a forgotten dream, lost during the
awakening to your destined reality
a waterfall's hush, a beggar's cry
SHHHHH. IT'S ME AGAIN. MIST-AWAY . . .
The last fast driver, a jockey riding
240 hidden metal horses that smelt
of smooth cheese farts
tape worms smelling of yeast-
a prism of death and gonads
with incredibly tiny dust fleas, dancing
a pocketful of posies
A prison of love and sex, droplets of
life spewed out preceded the death
He saw the light and the fish
you chewed the clam and stole her pearl
I'd rather be riding the green house
or following the red snapper
blue light black candle
only green smoking incense left to remember
the teardrop hours of the night
tropical haze, honey down your neck,
buzzing bugs, railway ties, flies
diesel fumes, salt water, and
He's dead Jim.

—Banana Groupie Gang

"scenes from an approaching storm"

a lone black hawk becomes
the horizon:
indigo transmutation
in the radio twilight

menthol cool grace
of cigarette
red in retina of melted
snow

bitterness
and a virgin on first date
tension of cock
and a motionless lake
frozen in diode precision
waiting for the sun

nicotine grey dusk
suspended
unrealized
in the conspiracy of easter rain

smoke curls from lotus roach
dissolves in gathering breeze

—marc jeanneret

THE BIRDS

Black snowflakes
fall from the tree
when the hunter's
gun erupts lead.

Birds in waiting,
birds of prey.
The sun, the
dawn of dusk,
spread wings, spread
feathers cover
the sky, and one
dies, tumbles,
falls
falls
falls
the lame bird
falls to Earth.

Cocked rifles
cocker spaniels
men with cocks
lacking hearts
play their game
stalking stuffed
prized game.
Slain birds.

—aj

THE JOINT

The moment I entered New York State Penitentiary for Criminal Intellectuals, I realized that this was the toughest joint standing. As I walked silently through the ominous, cold corridor to the prisoners' cells, my mind marvelled at the distinct contrast to Homer's Iliad.

The chains linked to huge clamps around my legs rattled noisily behind me on the cement floor while I gazed into each cell that I passed. Men half my age were busily making notes on literature by Dickens, Hemingway and Robertson Davies, to name but a precious few.

My heart skipped a beat as a man in one cell violently ripped a Mad magazine apart and smashed it with his heel, hollaring, "Garbage! Mindless, ill-conceived drivel! Oh, what shame!" This was definitely the worst I had ever seen.

The guard eventually led me to my cell, number 101, and introduced me to my cellmate, Tolkien. I really needed no introduction. The infamous J.R. Tolkien was known throughout the nation for his mastery of Marxism and Franco-Prussian novellas. My stomach churned with fear when I saw that this criminal genius had his nose buried in a textbook on Existential Euclidean Geometry.

I tried to establish a reputation for myself right off.

"Conquering new fields, are we?" I asked in a suave manner.

"Hardly," he replied, eyes never leaving the page.

Adopting a more conservative method, I extended my hand in comradeship.

"The name's Dresier, but you can call me Theo," I purred. Ignoring my hand, the convict raised his menacing blue eyes and asked, "How long you in for . . . Dresier?"

My eyes averted his.

"Ten years," I replied. "I was caught teaching epistemology to a group of young monks instead of Renaissance art at a university in Iowa."

"Small town boy," he mused, cracking his knuckles while he got up from his tiny cot. His six foot, five inch towered over mine as he whispered, "Do you know what I'm in for Dresier?"

Even though it was legend, I shook my head in fear. His words spewed out like venom from an asp.

"Got fifty years for believing Freud's Wit and Its Relation To The Unconscious didn't have psychodynamic characteristics."

I listened with rapt attention as he kept on talking about many of the daring escapes he had tried and failed, such as when he had painted himself blue and tried to pass as an Andy Warhol sculpture.

Tolkien and I shared many a laugh and a tear as he reminisced of his days as a young, revolutionary idealist who felt he could change the world.

Laying in my cot, I knew I was to stay at N.Y.S. Intellectual Prison for many years, so Tolkien and I pondered an idea I had for a non-fiction textbook entitled Driving: A Privilege or a Right?

—Stephen Balsky

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