

D.O.R
(Deadly Orgone Radiation)

Issue 3
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LJMC
COMMUNICATIONS

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Cover: detail from *System #8 (Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn)* by Lachlan J McDougall

Ipswich, Australia

The logo for LJMcD Communications features the letters 'LJMcD' in a large, elegant, cursive script. Below this, the word 'COMMUNICATIONS' is written in a smaller, clean, sans-serif, all-caps font.

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From the Editor

Beginning with the magickally charged psycho-prose of the anonymous COYOTE_23, moving on through the stark nakedness of poetry found in the likes of Erin Jamieson and Christopher Peys, and on again through the ramblings of Nathan Anderson and Joshua Martin, this edition has all sorts of wonderful treats for the eager reader. A few returning favourites as well as some new faces, I was once again blown away by the talent that was sent my way in such a short space of time.

More prose heavy than previous editions, I can't say I'm much saddened as prose is my usual medium. There are some great essays, stories, and strange prose configurations that really get to the heart of what we can do with longer areas of text. The poems too are shining examples of what can be done in a much shorter space. The skill with which these writers apply their words in unparalleled.

I think the opening piece from COYOTE_23 really sets the stage for this issue. It's a magickal universe and the pieces are there for us to read. Each subsequent piece goes on to confirm the necessity of this way of thinking and brings us closer to an understanding of the radical randomness of this universe in which we find ourselves in. We become lost in words, struggling to find dry land in a sea of language. Perhaps there is something that can light our way forward in all of this, perhaps you will find your new favourite poem or story and glean something of the universal truths. Or

perhaps you are in for a darned good read and that's all there is to it! Either way, you will be mightily impressed with the range of talents we have on offer in this edition of D.O.R and I hope that you will keep coming back for more.

Lachlan J McDougall

Excerpt from Thee Black Book

COYOTE_23

“Wrong address!”

This is what Brion Gysin thought at thee moment ov birth. Who needs that noise?? Like a radio tuned to static we are lost in thee karmic cycle ov birth and rebirth, our magickal essence rebounding around thee universe forever and ever. Well, why not make thee best ov it??

Thee way out is thee way in... we are able to manipulate matter, so why not manipulate it?? Tune back in to thee primordial essence and realise thee true potential ov TIME travel.

We have in our possession a startling discovery: we are able to transmute TIME into a non-linear entity. We can look forwards and we can look backwards and we can see into thee NOW with perfect clarity. Begin by asking yourself what you want, what would happen in a perfect universe. Now see if you can visualise this happening in some way. It may be a little difficult at first, but we are here to help. Close your eyes and think about what is really going on, stripping away all ov thee extraneous material and pracktical concerns. What is left is thee true desire, thee WILL ov thee individual and it is up to you to carry this out.

Dreams are a good place to start. Our enemy is dreamless sleep. Close your eyes and let thee dreams wash over you, you may find yourself adrift in a sea ov meaningless images, but look again and you will see that these images are not so meaningless after all. You may dream thee PAST, PRESENT, and

FUTURE. These are meaningless distinctions and you will discover this in **TIME.** Thee way Out in thee way In. Take your dreams seriously and they will come true. Notice that some ov your dreams seem to connect with **FUTURE** points ov action. You may dream something and then it happens. Usually, thee dream refers not to thee actual event itself but to thee moment in which you learnt ov thee event. This is a memory that has yet to be. Life is full ov such intersection points and you would do well to notice them.

Always keep a notepad and a pencil next to your bed to record your dreams. This is thee first step in building a grimoire ov your very own. Thee world ov demonology resides in our dreams and thee unconscious mind is all sorts ov matter. Do not let your dreams slip away from you, record them immediately and then forget about them completely. Come back in a week, a month's **TIME** and re-read what you have written. You will find all sorts ov meaningful connections.

Thee next step is thee waking dream. Learning what you truly desire and visualising it in thee clearest, most concise terms. Here we outline some practical techniques for bringing about thee waking dream and harnessing its true power.

You may have heard a lot ov guff about meditation and mindfulness. In fact mindfulness meditation is quite fashionable in modern psychological teaching. Do not let this put you off, there is a lot thee be learnt from meditating and all it takes is a little bit ov practice.

Start by finding yourself a comfortable set of surroundings where you won't be disturbed. Try to make this space as quiet as possible and free from all distractions. There should be a comfortable place for you to sit or lie down (although sitting is better—we don't want to fall asleep!) and a large blank space where you can build an altar or fixate sigils in later practice. Lower the lights (if you can use candlelight, more's the better) and comfortably sit yourself down. You do not need to twist yourself into the full-lotus position or any other uncomfortable stance, but if this puts you in a magical mood, then by all means, give it a go. Close your eyes and take a few deep breaths feeling your stomach rise and fall with each inhalation and exhalation. Let your muscles relax and focus on your breathing. Counting your breath is a useful technique to maintain focus, counting up to ten and then beginning again drawing your focus back to your breath with each count.

Now for the tricky part. You will notice that your mind is flooded with all sorts of thoughts about simply everything. We do not want to indulge in these thoughts, but try telling yourself not to think about a purple elephant and what do you think will happen?? Of course you can't stop thinking about it!! So, simply acknowledge these thoughts as they come to you, registering their presence without judgement, and slowly let them go and return your focus to your breath. Feel the tension of your muscles, feel the weight of your clothes on your skin, take in your full surroundings and become conscious of everything that is normally unconscious. This will take a bit of practice, but give it at least fifteen minutes each day

and you will find that you more and more easily slip into the meditative state of mindfulness.

Once achieved, this relaxed state of mindfulness is a prime jumping off point for all sorts of other exercises. Begin to form an image in your mind while retaining conscious control of your breath and feeling the weight of everything around you. This may be as simple or as complicated as you like, but make sure it is something that you can visualise fully and hold in your mind for an extended period of TIME. Focus on this image and see if it changes or shifts before your mind's eye. Images like this often change shape involuntarily—do not fight this, this is simply your unconscious dreaming self playing with the forms of consciousness. Let yourself drift into an almost dreamlike, trance-state and watch the convolutions of your image. You may, with practice, even begin altering it and making it dance or move around with your own intention. This is a very useful technique when it comes to making things happen. When you can visualise a situation, you should be able to visualise how you would like it to change to bring it in line with what you would like to see happen. Perhaps you want a particular lover?? Well then visualise them as well as you can, picturing every detail down to the minutest freckle and then make them dance for you. You might like to alter the image so they take off their clothes and stand naked before you. This is simply the first step to seeing this happen in 'real' life. Don't neglect the dreaming state—let the images move on their own and see where that takes you. You might notice something about your dream lover that you never noticed in

ordinary waking life and this will only serve to bring you even closer to the desired outcome.

But we are not concerned with idle daydreams. We want to make things happen. Well, dreaming and visualising makes things clear for you and you begin to see what it is that you really want. So from there we take the logical next steps. We *make it happen*.

You may notice that some of the things you see in your visualisation practice appear more and more often in your waking life. This is much the same as dreaming—you are bringing yourself closer to the dream state and looking backwards, forwards and into the present. Try keeping a journal of everything that goes on during your meditation practice and seeing where the intersection points lie. Just like the dream journal, you will be surprised at how often things end up happening.

The next step is incorporating all of this practice into practical ritual. You have become a master at drifting off into a semi-dream state and visualising your true desires, now it's time for the lights and whistles. We return to our dream lover for an example. Let's try to make a psychic connection and really bring them onto your wavelength. When you are in the dream-state, you will find that your psychic feelers are a lot more in tune to the world around you, this is due to the barrier between conscious and unconscious worlds being dimmed. The unconscious, as we know, is primordial and omniscient—it exists everywhere and in everything—the conscious mind is sadly locked away in your body most of the time and our psychic abilities depend much on the strength of our unconsciousness. Well,

let's tap into thee waves ov unconsciousness and see if we can't reach our lover-to-be.

Begin by finding something that relates in a strong way to thee corporeal presence ov your lover-to-be: a photograph, a piece ov clothing, even a favourite record ov theirs played softly in thee meditating space. Set these artefacts up on your altar and meditate on them, visualising thee other party wearing thee clothes or picturing them just as they appear in your photograph. Hear their voice as they sing thee favourite song, hear them speaking to you, drift off and see what they have to say. Speak back and see if thee recording is altered in any way—do they say something different now?? Mimic their movements, their turns ov phrase, try to embody their entire essence and really bring them into thee room with you. Let your mind wander and see where thee dream essence takes this tryst. You may find that some revealing secrets are put on display, something that you can use in your eventual wooing ov this person. You may find that you are receiving signals that later stack up firmly against so-called 'reality' and then you will know that you have made a real connection.

Know that this is a tricky business and psychick connections are often little more than wishful thinking on thee part ov thee magician, but you will be surprised at how often you actually hit paydirt. A proper appraisal is not possible unless you can actually meet up with thee intended party and compare notes, but sometimes a little tidbit ov information let casually fall in a mundane conversation can be all thee encouragement you need.

Now, this sort of behaviour can be useful in all sorts of magickal practices. From bringing people closer to you, to throwing curses and general communication. But always beware—you are in a receptive state as well as a communicative state and you are subject to take on huge amounts of psychick baggage and are also vulnerable to attack yourself. We recommend extreme caution using this method for curses as the propensity for backfire is immense.

Well, now that we have mastered visualising and begun to use it for psychick purposes, what next do we have in store?? Let's begin by looking at the other tools of our trade. Sigils are wonderful things to meditate on and can be forced into the unconscious mind by allowing yourself to enter the dream state. The way out is the way in. Focus on your sigil markings and allow them to flood your mind not dwelling on any rational meaning beyond the form and shape of the sigil. This impresses the sigil into the unconscious mind where it can do its work. The sigil is already impregnated with all the WILL of the true desire, there is no use dwelling on it, just let it IN and let it do its work.

We also find that entering into the meditative dream state is a useful tool before practicing ritual or making any spell. We bring ourselves into the realm of unconscious thought and we are set up more readily to do our work. Begin with practice at least fifteen minutes each day and soon you will be able to slide in and out of the trance state whenever you want and really get down to the business of magick.

Next up we have the systems of magickal movements. We have already touched on this with

thee aping ov movements by our lover-to-be, but there is a lot more to do before we have mastered thee techniques ov our own bodies. There is thee death posture outlined by Austin Osman Spare in which thee body is brought to thee point ov collapse thereby bypassing rational thought circuits and allowing thee unconscious to flood out into thee twilight world. Begin by standing on your tiptoes and stretching up as high as you can. Now clasp your hands behind your back and extend them out straining to thee utmost. Crane your neck backwards so that breething becomes laboured and difficult. You are mimicking thee posture ov thee hanged man and your body is put in a state ov death awareness. Hold this position for as long as possible—until your limbs begin to shake and you grow dizzy—now collapse and visualise your sigil and imprint it into thee unconscious mind. Thee conscious mind simply cannot hold here with thee pressures ov death weighing up it, so there is little else here but thee unconscious rigour perfectly ripe for thee implantation ov suggestion. There are various other postures and modifications that can be found in other books to achieve this state, read them and find what works best for you. Thee trick is to bring your body to thee point ov collapse and cut off thee thinking brain. Go forth and find a technique to do this.

Other magickal movements include ecstatic dance and manipulation ov energy fields. Ecstatic dance is very simple: play some muzak and let your body be swept up in its movement and dance until you are very tired and can continue on no longer. You should not worry too much about thee visuals ov your dance and try to let intuition guide you in your

movements as much as is practical. You can supplement this with wild hooting and shouting and anything else that gets you into the dreamlike frame of mind. Simply lose yourself in the flow of music and movement of the body.

Manipulation of energy fields is a little more complicated and requires some degree of preparation. We begin by visualising the desire and its place in the world. Perhaps you want more money, so you picture a bank vault loaded with wads of great green cash. Then you picture the magical energy given off by the money—the sort of unconscious ‘money-ness’ that it emanates into the wider world. Now, through a series of considered movements, try to draw that energy field in to you. Using your whole body capture the money essence and draw it into your own body, feel it creeping through your pores and into your skin.

This manipulation technique is very useful when attempting a healing spell or even when casting a curse. But it depends on a the right frame of unconscious thinking being set up before the actual manipulation takes place. We suggest a round of ecstatic dance followed by manipulation of energy fields to open up the psychick connections and allow the energies to really flow through you. Whether or not such energy fields ‘really’ exist is a matter for debate, but the simple act of visualising them does seem to yield results.

Next, we move away from the traditional technologies of magic and move into the world of the now. We have covered meditation, visualisation, magical movements and such like, so now we move

on to thee world ov tecknologie magick. Let us begin with thee world ov sound. We begin by relating a curse given out by William S Burroughs towards a café where thee service was intolerably rude. He took a small, handheld tape recorder and recorded thee ambient street noise from in front ov thee café in question and went home with this captured essence ov thee offending premises. He then cut in recordings ov riots, gunfire, screaming sirens and other 'trouble noises' from his personal collection and went back to thee same spot outside thee café where he played back thee nu tape walking backwards and forwards in front ov thee offending establishment. Thee result?? Thee café closed down and thee premises were home to a string ov failed businesses that could never seem to get a foot in thee door. What do we learn from this excellently efficacious curse?? Well, simply that we do not need to confine ourselves to musty old tomes and rituals ov thee OTO in order to perform magick. We simply have thee tools in our hands with whatever we have to hand.

Try creating sound collages ov your own. With modern digital tecknologie this has never been easier. Simply record yourself reading a love poem and then splice it in with a recording ov your lover-to-be having a casual conversation. Play back and listen acutely for any nu formulations ov words and new material. Play it back at a barely audible volume in front ov your desired target and see if it sets off anything in them. Try filming someone and then double exposing thee film to insert yourself right there with them. Do you notice any nu interactions?? Perhaps you intersect in nu and interesting ways. Thee possibilities ov this type ov magick are seemingly endless.

Thee internet age also opens up a range ov nu possibilities. We have already begun one pracktice ov magick by simply making these buchs available in a way that never would have been possible before thee internet. *Thee Grey Book* for example would be sitting in thee hands ov precious few people if it wasn't for this tecknological marvel, and as it stands our psychick connections are now spreading themselves all around thee world. Take something like a sigil: it can now be spread and mutated around thee world with a simple push ov a button. Perhaps you desire to make more money?? Well, a simple money-making spell can be worked on a grand scale with thee help ov a few like-minded friends from all over thee world.

Let us consider a pracktical example: you perform a ritual spell aimed at getting more money, but you film thee whole ordeal and make it publickly available through sites such as YouTube. Or better still, you create a video sigil through a ritual pleasing to you aimed at getting more money and upload it. You then ask your friends on thee internet to share your magickally charged video as far and wide as is possible. Thee magick charge ov that one simple video is being amplified across thee world with each viewing—every click reinvigorates thee sigil and, while it may be incomprehensible to those viewing it, your magick powers are growing stronger and stronger.

Let us diverge here to look at thee possibilities ov video sigils and spells which, due to thee omnipresent powerful tecknologie we all carry with us, are easier to make than ever before. Begin by selecting thee target ov your spell—a person or a desired goal such as more money—then film

everything and anything connected with thee target. You could film taking money out at thee ATM, you could film thee person in question walking down thee street—thee possibilities are endless. Then cut this in with arcane symbols relating to thee goal ov thee spell. These could be drawn from old grimoires or simply devised by you with a personal meaning that is incomprehensible to anyone else. Now film something relating to thee desired outcome. If it is a curse, create some 'trouble recordings' ov your own a la William Burroughs (footage from thee daily news can be a good source ov 'trouble') and cut these in with your footage. If it is a money spell, find some stock footage ov money being printed at thee mint. Cut up and rearrange. See what patterns emerge, see what nu juxtapositions are created. Set thee whole thing to muzak and upload to your favourite media site. Hey presto! An easy to make spell compiled out ov drips and drabs found lying around your own home. Well, just look at thee magickal charge ov your spell as it gets viewed and shared around thee world. Someone in India, China, Timbuctoo, is charging your curse or your money spell and adding their psychick energy to thee mix. Just wait and see what sort ov results a thing like that yields!

Gone are thee days ov secret magickal orders like thee OTO and thee Golden Dawn. Thee internet age has brought us out into thee open. Thee way out is thee way in! Use unsuspecting citizens to do thee work for you!

Thee possibilities are endless and it is up to you to use these nu tecknologies to find a nu system ov magick for thee modern world. Maybe you are a sound artist?? Perhaps you can use Photoshop to

create a brand nu sigil?? Play around and see what you can create and see what happens.

Now we have mastered some ov thee simple and basic techniques for bringing about change, but thee real business is stripping down thee extraneous material and finding out what it is that we really want. This is a tricky business and takes some dedication—let dreams be your guide. Our enemy is dreamless sleep—do no let yourself be fooled by thee everyday humdrum world ov workaday stiffs. Ask yourself, do you need or want to work?? What do you want to eat?? Learn to take control ov your life one step at a time. Learn to take back control from thee forces ov un-dream.

COYOTE_23 is an anonymous Chaos Magician living and working somewhere in the ineffable aether. Their first work on practical modern magic, 'The Grey Book', is out now from LJMcD Communications.

**SPEAKING IN CODE THE SOUND OF
SPACE OBSCENELY THE FIGURE OF
ENGULFING/RAINBOW TUNNEL/WE
WILL LIVE I SWEAR MY LITTLE
OBLIVION A MOST PRECIOUS
CHANCE OF BEAUTY RITUAL &
REWARD REMOTE OCEAN PRAYER
WHEN EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD
SUGGESTS YOU CAN FLY
NOCTURNAL BLOSSOMS VIOLET
CIRRUS MINDDIGGER
INTROSPECTION GAME ABOVE MY
HEAD/PROPHET OF THE WORD
BELOVED OF THE BELOVED
MELANCHOLY RAPTURE THE MAN
WHO STOLE REALITY**

Rus Khomutoff

Rus Khomutoff is a poet living and working in Brooklyn New York. Their blend of surreal, stream of consciousness poetry can be read in their latest collection, 'Hotel Eternity', out now from C22 press.

Five Poems

Rose Knapp

Moon Lady

Shining, radiating as a shrine to the lunar

Exodus, emanating light and dark into

A monistic One, before dawn splits its' dualities

Aerial Dome

Seraphim dart, cutting through air

Gracefully transiently, forming

Coptic Cathedrals of the mind script

Ouroboros

Serpentine draconian scalene dragonite

Wrapping its gaping mouth

Around the nonlinearity of the world

Subconscious

Wave upon wave of pure acetylene static

Washes over my Eucharistic bloodied flesh

Merging the civilized and subconscious

Queer Quasars

What if quasars were queers too? Or is
Gender a uniquely human phenomenon?

I'm thinking of the supermassive black
Hole surrounded by its luminous accretion

Disks, might be like a radiant queer
Coming out, beautiful and stellar

Yet containing so much darkness
And pure rage in its interior core

Rose Knapp (she-they) is a Neo-Dadaist poet and sound artist. She has publications in IceFloe, BlazeVOX, Hobart, Fence, Berfrois, and others. She has poetry collections published by Beir Bua Press, Hestreglock Press, and Dostoyevsky Wannabe. SHE lives in Minneapolis. Fine her at rosekapp.weebly.com and on Twitter @Rose_Siyaniye

Analysis Paralysis

Jerome Berglund

I was cruising down the 405 at a breakneck speed in this dream and something on my mind was troubling me. It was not the jagged vertical gash I'd gouged in the side of my Mazda's paint job moments before getting on the road while scraping ice off of the car, which would surely cause my father to go bug-eyed. That cosmetic damage should at least make it easier to identify in parking lots, from clusters of similar looking grey compacts that – lacking bumper stickers or further identifying markers – from a distance are otherwise nearly identical. My concerns lay elsewhere, in an earlier portion of the reverie I was fuzzily aware was lacking in a certain as yet unidentified verisimilitude.

with my Issa collection

splat a spider

haunt me for this...

What was that word for when memories are implanted, or subsequently twisted after the fact, by your own unconscious mind or an unscrupulous hypnotist? A few moments previous in the flight of fancy I had been in a classroom – was it high school or junior college, I struggled to recall? But I was discussing with my striking instructor, standing by her

desk just as class was wrapping up and the other students were shuffling out the door single-file, an alarming local news story that was apparently generating quite a stir in our community. "He broke out you know," she whispered to me, pale with apprehension. "That serial spitter I put away." What was unnerving me was that my teacher's face did not seem quite right, kept blurring and shifting slightly all the while, and I had the strangest feeling she should have been a *different* professor I had, in an altogether other place and time, or course. But like with Alzheimer's, the mind will superimpose one image over another somewhere in its confusion, rewrite the real with an alternative *similar*, yet contrived and wholly incongruous. "My god," I mouthed, unnerved. "You'd better get a big dog and a firearm." She pouted. "I supposed you're right..." Pensively, my educator considered this as I weaved across the snowy highway, and my eyelids began to blearily flutter. "You can't write that," the missus told me when I apprised her of the dream the moment I awoke. "I did some investigating, and ascertained that he told several people he was coming here to see us..." "Then we can't kill him," I mumbled groggily. My wife rolled her eyes. "But we already did." "Oh yeah," I said quietly. At the foot of the bed, Coco our Doberman yawned.

hostas ethereal

ring around rosy with ghosts

pale in the sunlight

Jerome Berglund graduated from USC's film program, worked in entertainment before returning to the midwest where he has served as everything from dishwasher to paralegal, night watchman to assembler of heart valves. He has published stories in Bright Flash, D.O.R, QUibble, Sage Cigarettes, Stardus and the Watershed Review, a play in Iris Literary Journal, has haibun in Drifting Sands and Other Bunny.

{Bup} Mrs. Rikkidon Lakewaves' Son

Jim Meirose

{Bup} Mrs. Rikkidon Lakewaves' son ino :
why oh why oh why, why always me? : ino ino ino ino
ino ino ino ino ino ino : *why oh why oh why, why
always me?* : ino ino ino ino ino where O where is
Mrs. Rikkidon Lakewaves' son ino ino ino ino ino
ino ino ino ino ino ino ino ino ino ino ino good ole'
Mrs. Rikkidon Lakewaves' son yeh good ole' Mrs.
Rikkidon Lakes ino {*wavemakers' wavemakers'
wavemakers' wake* } ino ino ino ino ino ino {
wavemakers' wake } ino ino ino ino ino ino {
wavemakers' wake } ino ino ino { *Mrs. Rikkidon
Mrs. Rikkidon wavemakers' wake* } shuckscuttle ino
ino shuckscuttle ino ino shuckscuttlin' Mrs. Rikkidon
wavemakers' wake, ah hoo! ino ino ino ah hoo! ino ino
ino ino ino ah hoo! ah hoo! ah hoo! ah hoo wake! ino {
big deep bass slotmachines Mrs. Rikkidon, wake } ino
smack pile o' ino ino pile o' deep rubbletry bean ino
ino deep deepest rubbletry slotmachines Mrs.
Rikkidon wake + hurrah for Brunswick + which on ah
dah Lakewaves' son that so? yah yah Mrs. Rikkidon
Lakewaves' son hatch service hatch service Mrs.
Rikkidon Lakewaves' son here 'n at your service no
no yes yes no no that cannot be 'cept 'cause—off
long white left trouserleg off Mrs. Rikkidon be plastic
spoon what kinda what kinda what kind be plastic
deep plastic white brown red chrome plastic spoonz :
why oh why oh why, why always me? : dat bump off
yer memro-bibb-billienne'd deep motomobile brought

you here right here right now be! Okay 0 okay 0 0 oh
0 0 0 kay-kay 0 0 0 0 oh, 0 0 0 0 0 kay! 0 0 0 0 no no
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Lessansee! 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 no no no no 0
0 0 0 0 0 0.

<>

(Then *that day* came went then re-came went
into *this day* and [he's a-starting his d-down'd big
victim's report—for really his real, at this time * *Hans*
Quasi-Mod{e}o)*.

<>

{Bup} Mrs. Rikkidon Lakewaves' son iny ino iny
ino okay this swat's ur name's izz iny ino iny ino iny
ino Mrs. Rikkidon + hurrah for Brunswick + ha ha ha
you're iny ino Nodikkir two me now partner (hic hic)
iny ino iny ino iny ino n' what'd thee where O say
what that last time of where is the name is Mrs.
Rikkidon ah, Lakewaves' son iny we did ear you say-o
no no yes ino iny yes yes ino ye' 'es IEEE did heah ya
say this here, this—Lakewaves' son' son's got this
pardner call'd iny ino Sevawekal yes + someone's in
the crowd yelling hurrah for Brunswick + my fats-
iustedaaa-caaaaleeed Sevawekal iny ino iny no no
'ctually t' be top-full off of it, its-w' Nodikkir
Sevawekal he from down 'ff port *Cuba*, and y' know,
y' may know, as a matta' off factorys ee' w' Nodikkir
Sevawekal got born to a baby + one two three four
who ya gonna yell for + name hoar-regionally call'd
Rokkidion Lekawaves rr' m'rre reprecisionally of thus
to intended to be, R0zzkidion Lekaw0vezz rr' maybe
heaven t'be oa' pop'd RIKKIDIPOU TEKAWAVES,
hargriптиucally 'rrived in his suprerro-gigantical late
model four-door Pontiac supermassively fat great big

family car, prechurched down to a quite cheribical glandlahicklar only driven off one Sunday's state, by pattern-balding high crop shevolanias; ya they them them selves no no of yes yes + Brunswick, that's who! + yah yah, so what, boole.

<>

(*Then* that day came-went *and* came-went down its next day 0 0 0 0 Victim report—Quasi-Mod{e}—sans Kem-Heshardooshee [*three fresh sharpened number two bright yellow pencils*])

<>

{Bup} Next, there's Mrs. Rikkidon Lakewaves' son's very first *to be ever-special* CHRISTMAS MORNING big CHRISTMAS MORNING by they them, themselves, yes by them themselves, and, believe it, *big Tuba*, ino iny ino blowly lo oldfold'd iny ino iny ino iny ino good ole' Nodikkir Sevawekal aka Ikkirsev Nodawekal aka bigger than you we be HAH mush = dare you to trip him when he comes by = bigger than you [*sweet potatoes*] yeh good ole' Mrs. Rikkidon Lakes' oversized black Cadillac iny {wavemakers' wavemakers' wavemakers' wake }ino iny ino iny ino iny ino { *wavemakers' wake* }iny ino iny ino iny ino { *wavemakers' wake* }iny ino iny ino { *Mrs. Rikkidon Mrs. Rikkidon's son's wavemakers' wake* } shuckscuttle iny ino really low shuckscuttle miles per gallon iny ino shuckscuttlin' Mrs. Rikkidon 0 wavemakers' wake, out way past the next ah hoo! 0 0 iny ino iny ah hoo! five dozen years ino iny ino iny ino ah hoo! its projected that no one ah hoo! / what happened to my little step up stool mommy? / ah hoo! ah will even know no miles per gallon hoo 0 0 0 wake!

iny { big deep bass slotmachines Mrs. Rikkidon wake }
 ino is that rot your tuna fish what smack pile o' iny
 brand of tuna might : into that damned too-tiny
 sardinianistical rucksack : ino pile o' deep those damn
 cans o' it be : *just some criminonial'd sell such-so*
uselessness : 0 0 0 0 ? rubbletry ?? bean iny ino ? deep
 : *for real money I swear* : deepest rubbletry
 slotmachines Mrs. Rikkidon / I need my little step up
stool right now I do mommy! / 0 0 0 0 INTO MERE
 CRUMBS OF BEFORE PLEASE CRUM-DOWN TO
 wake which on ah dah 'ND DO 0 0 0 IT
 IMMEDIATELY OR YOU SHALL BE DETAINED 's
 that so?

<>

(so then restart the telling once more th' tell' this
 one more last 'nd begin to tell {"ing"}bu-bu slow down
 please Arthur Arthur please just slow down ^ *shush!* ^
 'aus' we can't get that report 'fore we do this report
 &so slow down&.)

<>

{Bup} Lastly n' lasts {*deep silencers required*}
 yah yah yah yah, so Mrs. Rikkidon Lakewaves' son
 staat'd : *if it been just fake money bu bu no—it was*
God damned real money I : hatch zervice hatch
 szervice : *I need to buy "goods" with in order to*
survive : Mrs. Rikkidon Lakewavezz sunnzzz's zucked
 'p here : *call them now they are "badly needed"* : 'n at
 your xervice 0no 0no yes yes 0no 0no that cannot be
 {*oh yex it can*}'xcept 'cauxe—off long : *I said call*
them right now can't you see they're badly needed :
 white trouzzerleg off Mrs. Rikkidon be plaxztic
 zxzpoon what kinda what kinda what kind / mommy

mommy uncle Jesu says not to drool, mommy / : life and death seconds matter : be plazz-tic deep plaxx-tic white brownably reddened-up chromunmium-crusted : *what's the matter don't you know that don't you know why why* : * Arthur! Please Arthur, please! * [at some bad factory's why it had to be off some really bad bad rat-factory's why what the hell why can't you get it] MAX FACTOR plastic / why does uncle J-Jesu not let me drool mommy? / : *why don't you know please explain yourself brother* : spoonz dat bump off yer memro-bibb-billienne'd MX FCTOR deep : *dear God dear God why me?* : motomobile brought you here * Please just slow down * / I need to drool really badly mommy why won't uncle J-J-Jesu shut up and let me drool? / X FCTR right here right now be! : *why always me* : FCT Okay okay TF oh kay-kay T-T-T-T-T-T !! : *why oh why oh why, why always me?* : oh, kay!

<>

(End-of-day eating time's here now, St. Francis. Eating time's here now, so put those guns down.)

<>

{Bup} All final-like Mrs. Rikkidon Lakewaves' sons all lass says, All right, bring your plates over, everybody. In this final time food's ready! Food's ready! Food's ready in this here final time, and if ya still *Arthair'd please Arthe* / do you think you could beat up uncle J-J-J-Jesu mommy? / want to eat tonight bring your plates over right here *urthAr plaese urthAr*/ would you please beat uncle J-J-J-J-Jesu to a pulp for me mommy, if he tells me again I can't drool? / and right now! Oh thank you and thank you thank you so Mommy thnk yu nd a y oh oh thank!

Blessed be. Be thee this eating. What eating this
eating. Ole' blessed be.

Jim Meirose's short fiction has appeared in leading journals. His novels include "Sunday Dinner with Father Dwyer" (Optional Books), "Understanding Franklin Thompson" (JEF), "Le Overgivers au Club de la Resurrection" (Mannequin Haus), "No and Maybe – Maybe and No" (Pski's Porch), and "Audio Bookies" (LJMcD Communications) coming in 2024.

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Hollow

Erin Jamieson

I trace your shadows
under hollow moonlight
your cavernous chest
rising & falling
even though
your heart no longer
beats

Erin Jamieson (she/her) holds an MFA in Creative Writing from Miami University. Her writing has been published in over eighty literary magazines, including a Pushcart Prize nomination. She is the author of a poetry collection (Clothesline, NiftyLit, Feb 2023). Her latest poetry chapbook, Fairytales, was published by Bottlecap Press. Twitter: @erin_simmer

Email: jamiess@miamioh.edu

Four Poems

Damon Hubbs

Atom Land

As we cloverleaf over the Southwest
The desire for land, for undoing confinement
Swallows everything

We come in close, pull away
Scout and scale.
The earth is a dot, an island.

Piloting maneuvers
Muscateer Gascon, the cowboy-hatted fluxus
Quotes Schuyler:

Past is

Past. I salute
That various field

And we do, counting seedlings
In a strata of place like a game board
On the surface of the moon

A weapons depot
Of lightning fields and sun tunnels
On gridded pockmark.

We beat our swords
Into ploughshares,
Earthmoving in shot point

An axis of stars
Cratered like vertebrae
On the curvature of the earth

Empire

Out east during the humid days of empire
The overnight guest, up to her old tricks,
Arrives unannounced. You haven't seen
Her in years and walk through the doors

Of her gift shop into a tropical outpost
Where men build dams to flood towns
And the sky is powered sugar baby blue.
She spends days on the beach sideslipping

Senescence, her phone a drama of voices.
You watch legs crumble like stony stumps
From your jungle red swimwear, your face
Wrung in grim mapping. Welled from a secret
Reservoir, kinglier crocodiles wait in the sun.
The lay of the land parts gold from new affections.

*Let me take you to the place
Where membership's a smiling face*

Wham

Tropicana

Her last words had been, "You take yourself too seriously"

& so I abandoned art in favor of play

I lived in a matchbox fit for a pocket
& wore an assortment of masks I pocketed from Club
Tropicana.

The sea air did me good; it blew through my
matchbox

Like an open-ended collage

My saffron finch-colored curtains caught
Between the density of stone

& weightless wet hills

Shedding in early summer rain

Saturday 6th May, 2023

Swan Upping

The river is feathery white rush
And a masquerade of glory days.
Gold-liveried red blazers struggle to close
Around England's great bellied houses;

A sudden blow, and then passed
Like a nursery rhyme from rowboat to rowboat,
The bright young swan knows
Which side his bread is buttered.

Cool Blue-Tiled Pools

The rippling boys in cool blue-tiled pools
Mark passages north to south
Dreaming of white cargo and goat's horns.

Wind is a tuba, heat a brass trombone.

Accordion-powered palms bend
Like ballads of the mouse and his turf

A underworld of pyrite galaxies
And greenstone statutes templed in tunnels
Woven from backstrap looms.

In sunloungers shaped like jaguars
The girls bandit bundles
And flash necklaces of human teeth.

The sky kneels
With its hands bound behind its back,
A red fresco pooling on cool blue tiles.

Damon Hubbs: film & art lover / pie bird collector / author of the chapbook 'The Day Sharks Walk on Land' (Alien Buddha Press, 2023).

His latest chap, 'Charm of Difference,' is forthcoming in 2024 (Back Room Poetry). Recent poems have appeared at Book of Matches, Lothlorien Poetry Journal, Otoliths, Apocalypse Confidential, South Broadway Press, and A Thin Slice of Anxiety. Damon lives in New England. Twitter @damon_hubbs

Carl and the Cosmonauts

Lachlan J McDougall

This is the final frontier: into space.

Old Wyatt Earp dead-eye last shot lawman staggers down the street with a load of lead in his belly dripping blood into the excrement of the blistering dustbowl street: "Wyatt Earp is dead!"

Just standing here minding My Own Business and that's just what we've all got to do.

You see, Mr Musk, the technocratic landfill operator, is sending rockets into space for a few paltry millions a ride. Is this where we want to see the space age go? To the highest bidder? No! I say we do away with all this jargon and make our way into space the only way we know how...

A species that is not evolving is dead...

Carl turns a switch on the control panel and the colour of the dense liquid in vat number three pulses from a deep amber like a bead of softened earwax to a pulchritudinous green flecked through with bronze and purple like the decaying sunset of some forgotten star... the creature in the vat stirs slightly opening up its bug eyes and sweeping the room with a cold, disconnected stare that jellies the insides with an instant quiver. Carl made a note in his pocket notebook with an engraved pen ("a wedding present from the company president don't you know...") and studied the creature with a paternal affection of the

kind of cold, distant fathers read the paper while little Jimmy plays trains and army men in front of the fireplace. The creature burred a small trill through the air of the laboratory and opened its beak slightly as if to ask the question...?

This is the final frontier: into space.

“Wyatt Earp is dead!”

Do you want to be shackled up with some millionaire smelling of caviar and sauerkraut stinking up the capsule with his million-dollar diamond farts? He made a right mess of this planet down here what with logging and deforestation and polluting the waterways and oceans and lakes and what's to stop him from doing it all over again when we reach the distant shores of Betelgeuse six? No! I say we cut off his oxygen supply right now and throw him into a cold orbit with the rest of the space trash that's drifting around up here... but then how will we get into space if not for Mr Musk and his million-dollar parties reeking with the wealth of matured trust funds and all that white middle-class stockbroker 'read the Times for tips' sort of Glenn Miller jazz? Well, we can begin by shedding all extraneous baggage. All this dead weight we carry around with us... no need for that when we find ourselves in the cold weightlessness of space... “Vy must we two kidneys be having? Vun will do, so vy another? Perhaps vun lung will do ze trick, no? Vy is we two of everything having? Ze human body can be in half geschnitten!” I ask you, why bother with a body at all?

Surely this baggage can be left behind with all the stymied cats who need nothing more than an

aqualung and a million-dollar spacesuit to get their rocks off. Down here it's cancerous disease and canker sores and halitosis for breakfast—it's dog eat dog eat broken rotten carrion eats worms decaying to dustbowl Oklahoma—let's do away with all this bad dinner party jazz and really get with it, really get down to where the action is. The abbreviated nervous system can function perfectly well in suspended animation and if we can pull the dreaming body out into space, well, why not leave all that bad noise behind us on this steaming wreck of a planet and be done with the whole affair?

Carl drifted off... eyes closed for half a second and there he was... cigarette half-smoked in an antique glass ashtray... note half-made in a yellowed pocket notebook... the creature stirred uneasily in its vat and made a move like to say goodbye made a move to say 'good night'...

Carl floated down the length of the capsule paying no heed to the machinations of the machine stacked up all around him like some sort of factory showroom. On all sides sleeping coffins of stasis tubes filled with rich aristocrats sleeping dead in a deathly, dreamless sleep. Carl could still dream, that was why he was brought on board for this long and arduous journey into the farthest reaches of cold, dark space. You see, without dreams, the passengers had no idea where to go—what buttons to push—the craft would be cut adrift in the lifeless wastes of space with nothing at all to go on just on and on forever in the cold wastes of nothing and nobody home until eventually it would be caught in the gravitational pull of some stellar body or other and then... *sput...* Well,

Carl could still dream and he could bring the capsule out to where it needed to be... out to the prime lands, the promised fields, the pure virgin soul of the brave new world where we could build a new civilization for the best and brightest that so-called humanity has to offer... the passengers opted to go into bio-stasis for the better part of the journey rather than wait out the interminable time that passes ever so slowly in the dead black sea spinning on without the revolutions of a sun to mark days, seasons, years... they do not take enjoyment in our everyday activities, they are beyond such frivolities... they do not read, they do not take in a picture show, they do not waste time with petty distractions of the flesh... at least not now, not in this place, this cold lifeless expanse of space where they float decaying like rotten vegetables in the crisper... there will be plenty of time for things like *that* once we reach our final destination and build up the old time picture palaces and private libraries and whorehouses to cater to every conceivable kink and pleasure centre, but for now we choose death and wake us up when we get there, Carl!

(blip... blip... the machine pinged to life breathing a rich oxygenated atmosphere into the capsule nourishing the inhabitants with a mineral dense slurry and extracting their waste products for maximal recycling and efficiency...)

Now, Carl had brought his books along: Graham Greene, Lewis Carroll, James Joyce and many more besides... he had been making notes in his pocket notebook and reading out choice passages to his little 'stowaways' floating in their vats in bay twenty-three right down the hall from a mining magnate, his wife,

his mistress, and his three daughters with horse teeth and pixied ears. He could feel their dreams as they floated down the hallways just minding their own business and building plans for the future of the human race (whatever that means anymore...). Soon they would be ready to shed their gills and swim around in the emotional 'atmosphere' of the craft like fish or birds in a brand new medium. Carl would furnish them with everything they needed to build their own craft from the material of dreams... food and sustenance to last a lifetime, the biological necessities to build a new civilization far away from the drab colourless life of the earth that was drowning in its own filth and excrement piles of dead lemurs fish floating dead to the surface of the ocean rivers and lakes loggers culling entire populations with one fell swoop of the bulldozer and whole cities drowned in a nameless unknowable smog. Out here in the wild reaches of farthest space the only instinct was for survival—the survival of the astral body—the survival of *dreams*... the passengers were as good as dead already thought Carl. No point bringing them to a new world to louse up and infect with their pestiferous mire. No! Better to let them rot in their dreamless sleep and make a clean sweep of things... Carl, you see, was the martyr in this noble plan, ready to set his little stowaways free at the last possible moment before piloting the tin-can spacecraft into the gravitational field of a conveniently placed sun and then... *sput sput sput*... a hundred-thousand potbellies roasting in the heat of nova... like to see *that* hit the newsstand on a Sunday morning...

“Wyatt Earp has been gunned down! Wyatt Earp is dead!”

Minding My Own Business...

Mr Musk takes one look at the ship's log and weeps into his crystal computer chips... He tries in vain to shake off his flabby physical form but can't quite make it since his wife walked out and left him with nothing but indigestion and a few trillion dollars and night after night of dreamless sleep.

Lachlan J McDougall is an experimental writer and artist and the founder of LJMcD Communications. The author of numerous books of poetry and prose, they strive to tackle to Control machine where it lives and take on the world one set of words at a time. You can follow them on Twitter @AuthorLachlan or visit the LJMcD Communications website at lachlanjmcDougall.wordpress.com











Petro c. k. is a temporal being who seeks the small moments, the momentous moments, and the weird moments, and channels them through writing, photos, and art. He is the founding editor of dadakuku (www.dadakuku.com).

Lady Chatterley's Free Speech Without Pronouns

Noah Berlatsky

The keeper, squatting beside Elon Musk, was also watching with an amused face the bold little bird in Elon Musk's hands. Suddenly Tucker Carlson saw a tear fall on to Elon Musk's wrist.

And Tucker Carlson stood up, and stood away, moving to the other coop. For suddenly Tucker Carlson was aware of the old flame shooting and leaping up in Tucker Carlson's loins, that Tucker Carlson had hoped was quiescent for ever. Tucker Carlson fought against it, turning Tucker Carlson's back to Elon Musk. But it leapt, and leapt downwards, circling in Tucker Carlson's knees.

Tucker Carlson turned again to look at Elon Musk. Elon Musk was kneeling and holding Elon Musk's two hands slowly forward, blindly, so that the chicken should run in to the mother-hen again. And there was something so mute and forlorn in Elon Musk, compassion flamed in Tucker Carlson's bowels for Elon Musk.

Without knowing, Tucker Carlson came quickly towards Elon Musk and crouched beside Elon Musk again, taking the chick from Elon Musk's hands, because Elon Musk was afraid of the hen, and putting it back in the coop. At the back of Tucker Carlson's loins the fire suddenly darted stronger.

Tucker Carlson glanced apprehensively at Elon Musk. Elon Musk's face was averted, and Elon Musk was crying blindly, in all the anguish of Elon Musk's generation's forlornness. Tucker Carlson's heart melted suddenly, like a drop of fire, and Tucker Carlson put out Tucker Carlson's hand and laid Tucker Carlson's fingers on Elon Musk's knee.

"You shouldn't cry," Tucker Carlson said softly.

But then Elon Musk put Elon Musk's hands over Elon Musk's face and felt that really Elon Musk's heart was broken and nothing mattered any more.

Tucker Carlson laid Tucker Carlson's hand on Elon Musk's shoulder, and softly, gently, it began to travel down the curve of Elon Musk's back, blindly, with a blind stroking motion, to the curve of Elon Musk's crouching loins. And there Tucker Carlson's hand softly, softly, stroked the curve of Elon Musk's flank, in the blind instinctive caress.

Elon Musk had found Elon Musk's scrap of handkerchief and was blindly trying to dry Elon Musk's face.

"Shall you come to the hut?" Tucker Carlson said, in a quiet, neutral voice.

And closing Tucker Carlson's hand softly on Elon Musk's upper arm, Tucker Carlson drew Elon Musk up and led Elon Musk slowly to the hut, not letting go of Elon Musk till Elon Musk was inside. Then Tucker Carlson cleared aside the chair and table,

and took a brown, soldier's blanket from the tool chest, spreading it slowly. Elon Musk glanced at Tucker Carlson's face, as Elon Musk stood motionless.

Tucker Carlson's face was pale and without expression, like that of a man submitting to fate.

"You lie there," Tucker Carlson said softly, and Tucker Carlson shut the door, so that it was dark, quite dark.

With a queer obedience, Elon Musk lay down on the blanket. Then Elon Musk felt the soft, groping, helplessly desirous hand touching Elon Musk's body, feeling for Elon Musk's face. The hand stroked Elon Musk's face softly, softly, with infinite soothing and assurance, and at last there was the soft touch of a kiss on Elon Musk's cheek.

Elon Musk lay quite still, in a sort of sleep, in a sort of dream. Then Elon Musk quivered as Elon Musk felt Tucker Carlson's hand groping softly, yet with queer thwarted clumsiness, among Elon Musk's clothing. Yet the hand knew, too, how to unclothe Elon Musk where it wanted. Tucker Carlson drew down the thin silk sheath, slowly, carefully, right down and over Elon Musk's feet. Then with a quiver of exquisite pleasure Tucker Carlson touched the warm soft body, and touched Elon Musk's navel for a moment in a kiss. And Tucker Carlson had to come in to Elon Musk at once, to enter the peace on earth of Elon Musk's soft, quiescent body. It was the moment of pure peace for Tucker Carlson, the entry into the body of the woman.

Elon Musk lay still, in a kind of sleep, always in a kind of sleep. The activity, the orgasm was Tucker Carlson's, all Tucker Carlson's; Elon Musk could strive for Elon Musk's self no more. Even the tightness of Tucker Carlson's arms round Elon Musk, even the intense movement of Tucker Carlson's body, and the springing of Tucker Carlson's seed in Elon Musk, was a kind of sleep, from which Elon Musk did not begin to rouse till Tucker Carlson had finished and lay softly panting against Elon Musk's breast.

Then Elon Musk wondered, just dimly wondered, why? Why was this necessary? Why had it lifted a great cloud from Elon Musk and given Elon Musk peace? Was it real?

Was it real?

Elon Musk's tormented modern-woman's brain still had no rest. Was it real? And Elon Musk knew, if Elon Musk gave Elon Musk's self to the man, it was real. But if Elon Musk kept Elon Musk's self for Elon Musk's self it was nothing. Elon Musk was old; millions of years old, Elon Musk felt. And at last, Elon Musk could bear the burden of Elon Musk's self no more. Elon Musk was to be had for the taking. To be had for the taking.

The man lay in a mysterious stillness. What was Tucker Carlson feeling? What was Tucker Carlson thinking? Elon Musk did not know. Tucker Carlson was a strange man to her, Elon Musk did not know Tucker Carlson. Elon Musk must only wait, for Elon Musk did not dare to break Tucker Carlson's

mysterious stillness. Tucker Carlson lay there with Tucker Carlson's arms round Elon Musk's, Tucker Carlson's body on Elon Musk's, Tucker Carlson's wet body touching Elon Musk's, so close. And completely unknown. Yet not unpeaceful. Tucker Carlson's very stillness was peaceful.

Elon Musk knew that, when at last Tucker Carlson roused and drew away from Elon Musk. It was like an abandonment. Tucker Carlson drew Elon Musk's dress in the darkness down over Elon Musk's knees and stood a few moments, apparently adjusting Tucker Carlson's own clothing.

Then Tucker Carlson quietly opened the door and went out.

Noah Berlatsky (he/Him) has a poetry collection forthcoming from Ben Yehuda press and chapbooks forthcoming from above/ground, LJMcD Communications, and Origami Poetry Project. He tweets too much at @nberlat and scribbles longer at Everything is Horrible (<http://noahberlatsky.substack.com/>)

Five Poems

Christopher Peys

becoming dad

heart to heart,

and nothing between us

his left arm draped over me,

the other tight against my breast,

my little son

holds me

pulls me together

into someone new,

a version of me

he seems to know already

though i don't recognize

who are these people embracing?

one simply dreaming

another whose dreams have changed.

both new to this world

at least we have each other

he is mine

and i am his

wow

he's cute

where's his mother?

i think i want another

be still

be still, my child

and in awe of *Danu's* magic.

as her creation changes,

with every breath of the trees,

allow your soul too to grow

inhale, exhale, inhale

stand with the green man;

feel his power,

the strength of his spirit flowing

through every root in the forest

he renews us.

listen for the færies

in silence they move,

shadows in the undergrowth,

whose whispered enchantments
make the woodland come alive

see the light cut through the canopy
the darkness dispelled
by the grace of God
all is forgiven
if only we pray

be still, you

be.

just america

in the land of opportunity

huddled masses gather

homeless

under freeways

yearning to breathe

“I can’t breathe”

the man kneels harder

this is america,

the beautiful

city upon the hill

where the people,

we the people,

all stand as individuals

buying and selling

a dream

of white picket fences

and the promise of a politics,

which goes ever unfulfilled,
and yet red hats
walk proud through the streets,
their masks down,
we are so sick
i think my kid needs a gun
to survive the school day ...
we don't politicize murder here
just her body,
one way or another
she is bound to get screwed
i just hoped it wouldn't be by the courts
stand brave, my child
god knows you aren't free
don't ask for justice
i'm so sorry
this is just America

The Grey

From dark water to clouded, backlit sky, a greyscale ombré hides the horizon. As the sound of crashing waves echo through the fog that has eaten this world, a voice—seemingly of the grey itself—finds me: “Let me in.” Abiding, nervously, I draw the salty sting of the air into my chest and let my soul transform with every new breath. In this mist of time, I feel myself become the grey. My very existence comes undone. I am, and I am not. I am light, and I am dark; I am the shades of grey between them. I am the grey, and the grey is me. *Let me in.*

blessed crow

I chase the crow through a misty wood. Moving effortlessly through the pines, this son of *Llyr* draws me in and out of the shadows. Stopping only to rest at the edge of a clearing, my guide looks—from his perch on a broken, charred-black branch—first to the fallen sky before us, then to me: “Rise, my child.” I chase the crow into the infinite. Together we emerge from the clouds—as if rising from the very soup of the *Pair Dadeni*—and we fly into the light. Graced by the magic of the Mabinogi, I am reborn. I am *Bendigeidfran*. I am become *Brán Fendigaid*. I am the crow. Caw. Caw. Caw.

Christopher Peys is a writer from Los Angeles, CA. He typically writes haiku and senryu. His work can be found on the pages of Acorn, Akitsu Quarterly, bottle rockets press, dadakuku, failed haiku, Modern Haiku, Presence, and many other journals of micro-poetry.

Two Poems

Nathan Anderson

As the [N]eck (out)(in)

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mercy

...(or)

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B [as in]

E [as in]

N [as in]

D [as in]

rising

RISING

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indeed indeed indeed indeed indeed indeed
indeed indeed indeed indeed indeed indeed

as sold to me
as

id

not

so

cloudless

now

not

so

TAKE

[TAKEN]

TAKE

TAKE

[TAKEN]

[TAKEN]

Nathan Anderson is a poet and artist from Mongarlowe, Australia. He is the author of numerous books and has had work appear widely both online and in print. He is a member of the C22 experimental writing collective. You can find him at nathanandersonwriting.home.blog or on Twitter @NJApotry.

Four Poems

Joshua Martin

Massive Angular Situational Stampede

diaphanous spotted churl
stock exchange lumberyard
average scar puppetry limited rafters
organize stooge
 lights flick
whimsical geographies
 pudding
toast throat psychosis
 thumb index
frosted printings
[solarized mint
shoe bomb random] / / / / / gazing load bear spare
parts exchange
 leftover drinking
pinwheel pressurized
 / / / / / surface
 beef
 boil / / / / / (((((rinse))))))
 (((((REPEAT))))))
- - - documented
version of befuddled whimpering wandering troll
barrel feeders that fail - - -

 ((((GRAVE)))) / (((((YARDstick)))) /
 ((((Varicose))))
/ (((((astro turf)))) Yikes!!!!
favoritism

Neophyte

Watch brand
 braided
 BaNgS ! ClAnGs
 ! sPoT
 ! stewing foisted crimson bicycle cicadas bewildered
 ζslow
 jumping soot
 discarded
 ? job >>>
 fornication ZoNe nEeD nOt ApProVe - - -
 zebra each pine daunted
 hotel chamber studious
 brick microphone chair
 upheaval trait balderdash
 whiff spinning industry
 villainous chemistry
 storefront airlines > > > > able-
 bodied grails
 stink flesh robe
 death abide repair
 [.]

Lust for Frost

photographic hands sweep vinyl stamp collections
furiously pondering an official genealogical calendar
controlled the ferocious the spending mighty beavers

,
: 'pelted furnish normalcy
squeezing flowing manhole covers [peering]
[watchful]
espionage animated crystals stinking [peevish]
[vaulted]
counting train whistle fists' :

; paid OFF
fugue

STATE ;

(NIGHT)(MARE) (sleep)(LESS) > > > >
stamina NeTwOrK revenue
BlOckS < < < < policies

revert

Timless , premise , , temerity , , ,

DuE DaTe &

thousands

, false detective eYeLaSh , fan

fan

fan

fandom of

a Factoid,

curly

pubic hair lounging ;;;;

(((((promotional)))) : courtyard comfort :

Niceties , eeeeewwwww , TrAvEl , cater ,

toaster / exact / foggy /
stopgap /

: 'we change, whelp, we periodically
tube our lessons without necessities
, tomorrow, the OUTER hooping,

or

mucus lobe of pistils turning'

:

Tissue Tick-Tock Graphic Numbing Dilemma

its tooth frolics mainstream fussy bundles

BrAmBlE ,, oUt oF dimension ,, SCORE 1 for the
gentle

ReeDs - -

-

[lonesome if scratched] - - - barely

audible

, it skirts cheaper parades ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,,

| lunge! | , mustard cranny numbing entrail ,

delight !!!!!

paradox bounty downing airplane

[¿BLIMP?] : 'simpering maladroit

curfew bombastic

cinch' :

wild journeying coffee table enigma

featureless gyration critter splashing

bUlB ,, ,, fReE ,, Ar LeAsT [last] , , BoIr CoAt

,,,,, ,,

aN aRm BlAdE ((((((shade)))))) - - -

| muck that spoken chuckled & cubed tonal fears | -

- -

stevedore bellowing

machinations

wandering pelvic carnival

MuSHrOOms

wallow antique penny

ceiling fan ventilator

nightingale hot water BoTtle (((freer))) , ,
(((fabled)))

[l][i][s][t][e][d]

taller SCUM decamping ESCALATOR
scrimmage
pull PULL pulse PULSE parse PARSE
renewal

fabulous marsupial maniacal minute hands
adorning elevator shafts torn burnt ingredient base

MiNt cEnT rEvEaL
tOnGuE

pArAcHuTe

pale &
pointing : ; :
'outside chance decay
toothless fainting

ribbon

altitude verging rice

cAkEs' :

'saying NEVER heard a hurrying damsel
stretched OOZING hummingbird hurricanes' ;;;;

lint rollicking sawdust
¿[paunch SHELLS]? ¿[submersible
jacket]!

(((ward))) (((carries)))
(((layers))) - - - UpOn vacant

tut-tut-

tut ,,,,

|dried & bitten strips of chloroform daisy gristle|
|welts hypnotizing familiar disregard
muffins|
|mixed baggage carrier pigeons frenzied
bowdlerized war candies|

single file singularity

paradigms

struggle SQUIGGLY

pathogens

wart BLANKET

spanking spirit

adjust televised slaughters
insecure adjustable bedding
springing insect sitcoms

fluster MISSIVE epitaph

floundering calendar flint

parasitic PRESTO! hollow
leak SQUEAK seek CHEEK

, Envision LONGeR lifeless

arrangements ,

ZeRo OuT.

Magnified Rollercoaster Best Rent Increase

inch wearied first

pun

PoInT of ImPacT - - -
gesture ,, slung ,, hanging
gardener

w/ SLING , , , ,

frostbitten reception - - -

[curve

your

calendar

smoke

stacks]

(valuable relief

fencepost

seizure apt

)

: closures and demented spanning wrists :

'DreSsEd to declare' :

'accumulated wasps

of tiresome fissures

leap studied balms'

{wish a wish

a zaftig

memo strutting

boiler} ; ; ; ;

thunk | trunk | : spunky pet peeve :

waFTing

ichthyologist

creature

; comforted ; strangled ;

ThoU ArT a Sieve of

lumbering proportions - - - ; - - - ; - - - ; - - - ; - - - ;

cravat (<https://>) : 'limp homeward

battery in

charge

production

still' :

magician

, SpArK , ,

plugging mAyHeM
 , , , engulfed
 tRiGgEr
 , , , , pig dropping
 barrier rEEf
 infill : Oxtail , twice
 (re)=
 (un)=
 ToLd :
 'variations on a
 mousetrap' ;
 brigade,
 stammer, realigned scissor
 kick
 (scuff [
 mark irregular
 soap panhandle
 diaper) pantheon
] - - -
 'anger
 floating
 floppy hAt
 told Jupiter
 singing bud
 of or beaver
 crisp' - - -
 each LiMbEr
 back=SIDE
 grief ,, , , , , , , [
 lemur
 skittering longish parachute ; ; ;
 typing
 type
 type tone

| | | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|----------|--------------------|
| type | | tone | |
| type | | tone | |
| type | | tone | |
| | | tone | |
| | , | | '' |
| | {initial resource MaNia} | | |
| offer environmental ennui | | StaMmEr, | |
| | struggle ,, | | bOx |
| cupid | | | |
| | recycling | shared | finagling |
| | wAtEr | pOIO | |
| | | | ouch! |
| | scrunch! | | pLoP! |
| pardonable | | | |
| | initiation to smoother | | |
| | wincing cactus | | |
| | | | ,,, laser hArP ,,, |
| doppler | | | |
| | depressive | | |
| | irreversible | | |
| | shield - - - - | [.] | |

Joshua Martin is a Philadelphia based writer and filmmaker, who currently works in a library. He is a member of C22, an experimental writing collective. He is the author most recently of the books [Ruptured}>>Schematic<< MAZED (Sweat Drenched Press), destructive paradox slips on a banana peel (Cajun Mutt Press), and Dance of Resistance Brainwaves (C22 Press). He has had numerous pieces published in various journals including Otoliths, Synapse, Version (9), Don't Submit!, BlazeVOX, RASPUTIN, Ink Pantry, Unlikely Stories Mark V, and experiential-experimental-literature. You can find links to his published work joshuamartinwriting.blogspot.com

Five Poems

Petro C.K.

Dismemory

among the needles
and desiccated tarpaulin

a half-eaten
message in a bottle

Help

I am

Rich Mann's War r, Poooor Man's s Figh t

s war s s fight pooright

richt poricht wan man man mar s figh

s s man por s r por marich por s s s mar mar
mar

s s fight war wan r wan s mar

warigh s s man richt man r man poor s

fight porigh fight war mar por war fight porigh
fight war

wan r richt figh wan porigh poor por wan s
s man war

wan por wan man war poooor

wan mar war figh wan man s war s

s s man fight wan man figh wan s figh r

fight porigh fight war s

s mar s man man war fich por war wan man
fight war

pooor richt s mar s r righ r fich r wan mar r
war

r pooright mar s man fight war r figh s s figh s
man s

ficht porigh pooooooooo s

ficht porigh fight s

wan por wan porigh poor s s fight s

s s s s por figh man mar s wan mar

war pooooooooo wan por por

wan man fich wan man wan wan man

s mar righ s fich pooright por richt
pooooooooo man war

pooor war s

por r fich

rich man

poor man fight war

Mouthouthouth

the the is made made is th.

made is is is is

in ththe made is in is is made in in

moughout is in the in in in the tht

in made mough. mough.

is is made is is is th. made in moth

t mouththouth. t mouthoughe

is moughe mouth. is mouthout in in

moughe mouth. is mough.

is made ththou ththouththth.

t mouth. t in is

made mouthout made in moughout is is moughe made

mout mout

is moutht in is in mougho
mouthththoughthtththoughthe.

"Thought is made in the mouth." —Tristan Tzara

Our hrs

It's he,

n& hurry

he'd other hrs,

hehe fur get it

swats×5

huh if uh%

bin pat bespoowa bin poong

a pa saredur wilk mining

tong be wath

te th delinding wacredededing

athelk fooour

go thes boowling

thesar

satheling a

at fowling

ath wilath bong fongowath bing

sand bowlk fon t

bin belk fowarelk watowlin

at fongowalk tha wilketh

par bing foonind

spoure

Four Poems

Vernon Frazer

Prowl Night

1.

painters

in name covens

spared the writer's grasp

at both day

and eyepiece

stunners

ecstatic to the last

motorist

horn

demanded

finding little

the beau pressed looming play line

(jerk)

2.

discursive segue glow

nonchalance the radiator curse

“Here’s the 1939 landslide again”

transit erosion

vagabond brittles blown

the stamp motel

legged the fairground

the daze ecstatic

past wayside curtain

lowered on bestial exchange

and worm consortiums

grinding statesman a boar

3.

rump sonically debauched

grated the forever baritone

the moment stew arrested

double bride

planned a topper

offers

that reached

a success

through slowly taking

whenever to its destination verdict

Sand Striking Stone

runic warden

attuning to the desert

fog ellipse

omitted

the sullen vector

a swollen tunic

suddenly turns

to its hectic

relay

the soundburst

disrobed

geothermal modem passions

before cholesterol explosions

burning hectic pleasure

calls worse than a dis-

robing eclipse bearing

glyph reduction technique

rubbing against rock

a message dulling a

sign signified silence

when the sector

yearning cobra passion

struck

a deal

replay sounds

to shake

a sonic measure stoned implosion

protests an erosion growing wider

than the gravel surfeit charged

Stranded in Nostalgia

no embroidered chicken riffs

accommodate incendiary thought motifs

divergent as their prey

may claim to flay the where

every diversity straggler

who asks why

sits among the knot

the tie defends

ample strumpet blasts

from a past of of cartoon history

brassy as any class display

trumpeting grand ashes

*

when completes the topic

on time

lifted

from a referential thicket

featured with pluck and bramble

cast

of thou sands

from nostalgia

hidden under

limbs on the slow rise

shifting like clocks in the desert

a dune

persuaded

as revealed

(caught)

floating oasis wagons

The Self-Made Making Up

a recess clench derailed
the vantage step of legacy
an abrasive journey past
the romance processing
a scam protrusion dimple
restoring drugstore nostalgia
her hotter permutations
a sweet hourglass fantasia
disposed the recumbent
after movie's disrepair
overcame porkball walkout
north processing station
statistics diagnosed glimmer

fallacious novelists will partitions

caterwauls have dendrite

forking the cryptic settlers
trusty estimation moaners
go milk in a repentance boast
acquire the ringlets wanted
from her addled swallows
a mere rhapsody delivering
stolen venom in maturities
pangs under pronunciation
include mass nonchalance
scented slogan thrashing
frenetic sweeteners visceral
stroking vesicles rescinded
as boasting journey romance

partitions will novelists fallacious

The Faking of Making It

wherever the uproar
greet's a surfeit dwelling
haunting near the western hem

buffalo dens

anacho souffle ranning

no clip
left a hidden
pleasure

a roster list
of catch-up phrases
manacled
where
the rotor fixation

a glimmer
circuit low
to spell a

lexicon
adage

doggerel
matching ensued

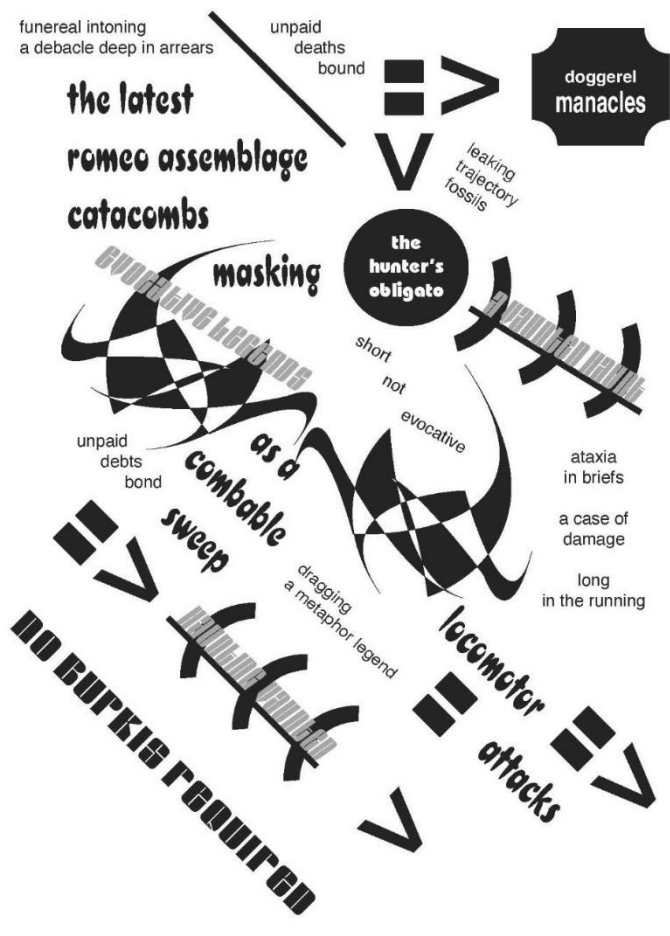
worked its
locomotor
magic

rubs
along the leather coast
no grip
stirring facet lashes

a feather vest
for danger facing

ataxia
briefcase
damage

**a BURKIS
REQUIEM**



-2-

*danger vest
facing a feather*

*rabid
junkyard
doggerel*



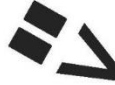
**hunting
turns
ostinato**

**a hidden
pleasure left
(&^&^%&S&SS)
no clip**

*wherever
the running damage
bonded*



*unpaid
debts
found*



**locomotor
matrix delta
unsealed**

magic
locorotor
worked its

**bupkis
mandibles**

romeo catacombs

**masking
the latest
assemblage**



Vernon Frazer's most recent poetry collections are Memo from Alamut, Gulf of the Purple Enigma, Secret's Exhibition and Gravity Darkening. Frazer has published an additional thirty books of poetry, including the critically acclaimed works IMPROVISATIONS and Avenue Noir. He has published four books of fiction and three recordings of jazz poetry. Frazer's multimedia work appears on YouTube.

Frazer is widowed and lives in Central Connecticut.

Three Poems

Keith Higginbotham

Soul Gun

Something foreheads the
used windows
outward in the transport dark
resembling runaway glass.

The soul gun is locked, it
congeals the wipe
of attractant as only friends can;
indie texture, Indian style.

Call a room worn through
an inflated watch thrown; it
pea coats through the
backfire town, the

fuse a whisper
in the country; outlines ablaze
in sleep; nightmares torn
memorials a moon moan maybe.

Damascus

1.

sun vacant

the hum

the me leaf

the afternoons

night

into pulse majestic

cast

without

inflection

at which

prayer

resurfaces

the eye

of aesthetic

2.

Goodbye couch illusion

Upon species of churches

Guns of error stars

The charade of crashed limos

Blind and played, nudge

Throws bread

You bleed pipelines

3.

Toward the end of the timer,

that's Damascus. Sure, you believed

in democracy, in water, in pots

pumped graffiti writers crying electric

epigraphs in half-spoiled bedrooms.

You did. Freedom looked like

mythology but had no plot. Pop violence
into a mouthful of chapters.

Basketball (for Jim Carroll)

Who would ever have thought
of Lucifer's Brylcreem? The tubes of
the world sweat where sewers stomp the
corporate cool rush turned to
spiders. I got all solid.

I'm just a plane stone to your
somersault of hummingbirds, morning
blind, cutting thru to engine, ambergris,
sink with window clog. The younger
you an illusion of sweat.

Now get the burning moon, the
pendulum of channels cute
with electricity, where you rest
your head. In your skyscraper
all the pearly-gated images jammed.

Let's not forget the feedback of heroin,
blood orange on the court that
summer, a blaze of epileptic cartoon.
Outside the bombed heart you wrote
a poem I'm guarding close.

Keith Higginbotham is the author of Chainsaw Gender Reveal (LJMcD Communications), Calibration (Argotist eBooks), Theme from Next Date (Ten Pages Press), Prosaic Suburban Commercial (Eratio Editions), and Carrying the air on a Stick (The Runaway Spoon Press). He lives in South Carolina and is @ohaikeith on twitter.

A Poem

Clive Gresswell

1/

paper tigers straddle
these doorways of perception
while we grow sleep in
those rusted mortal chains
bound by future desires
they block the tirade of jobcentre queues

gentle

on the breeze

where chapters bind us (lost words)
roar to the core animal entrapment
they hear you calling from far away
& freeze in the moment

2/

dissemination murals

crack of dawn shadings

turning off capitalism's filth

jaws/darkness/hunches towards

failing light

along a promenade at midnight

fools' gold folds into sea

entry into schools/teachers

decapitated

from knowledge

fishmongers gone ashore cruelly joke

recording debits from credit card union

debasement's brass etchings

3/

judges in plaster-cast moons

resulting hybrid benefactors

tracing etchings'

steps of wounded soldiers/

their pleas fall on/deaf ears

rattling drums/rattle snakes

(all)

encircled by bankers' crumbs

bestowing on the headland

breaking wave gestures

tide's fortitude

4/

fading light surrounds womb

plastic cups social discourse

returning by memory's see-saw swing

democracy's wild call – a note from the press

motions

to sea-sick sailors (come)

audio then visual deprivations

outside those freezing chessboard nations

men in uniforms

split their sides

castigating new verbs

5/

desperately seeking fortunes

idle chatter frays on mudflaps

the gin-soaked body of wasted away

(passing their sealed lips)

stacked crazy artisans

rest a while this balance

in rear-view mirrors

at the factory's birth

akin to 1960's wallflowers

dishing the dirt on helpless presidents

context of the beat

conflict of defeat

bearing witness to eggshell crossroads

6/

dramatic intrigue as
shoelaces recapture
stepping gundogs which
sniff the air
(walking)
charitable cops
disregarding replica prime ministers
fooled into lapsing to
another doggy language
howling in this aftermath
where days emblazon
new colours for old spring collections
daffodils worn in the emptiness
as unemployment discolours

7/

junk heart stakes out
gentle malnutrition
seedlings posing perpendicular prosedy
across choppy sea disasters

as gesticulating bureaucrats
wander deserts & gypsy
hymns decline
racial origin
forceful adjectives
hasten to kaleidoscopic horizons
traces on the shoreline
passing scoundrels declare
gaping wounds of love
then whisked off by
amateur chauffeurs
each with splendid haircuts
from 1958 movies
& delicate bone structures
carve intimate knowledge
across these cracks of desire

8/

backslid from future space
darkening door embalmer

his calculus a rabid Tory
barking at waterside castigations
atoms there split Alice
incurring symbolist dances
to the sound of silenced accordions
(drum-fed bleeding hearts)
eyes of innocence snake endurance
passports to a third realm
where simple mathematicians meet
bowing on the waves to shore
farewell the dissolute numbered wings

9/

fractured howls
delayed warnings
(brass coppers)
left on beaches
slight hint of trumpets distil the air

across deserts of seas
dislodging sandcastles

discontented rabid capitalists
collect forms from the autopsies

rewinding giant spheres
mere calligraphy
another monument grazed

10/
locks of industrialised
hair
handfuls torn from cancer cells
deep in the heart of sleeping
beauty fades around corners

time for chatter at hairdressers' bidding
staying awake the byword
seeing fleeing snakes
& charmers

trampling society's murk
& desperate dust
waterholes receding
reflecting camel tempers

claws
darkness captures
the misinformation highway
straight from the ministers' mouths.

dissolve.

11/
tied to a chair of officialdom
recounting stories of sad races
(ouja boards soften)
queues sunk in self-defence

cough tickles out time

traversed in the wake of a politician's promise

particles reform into working class commuters

gathering apace for the hangings

& the booby-trap explodes

into

a million cheques and balances

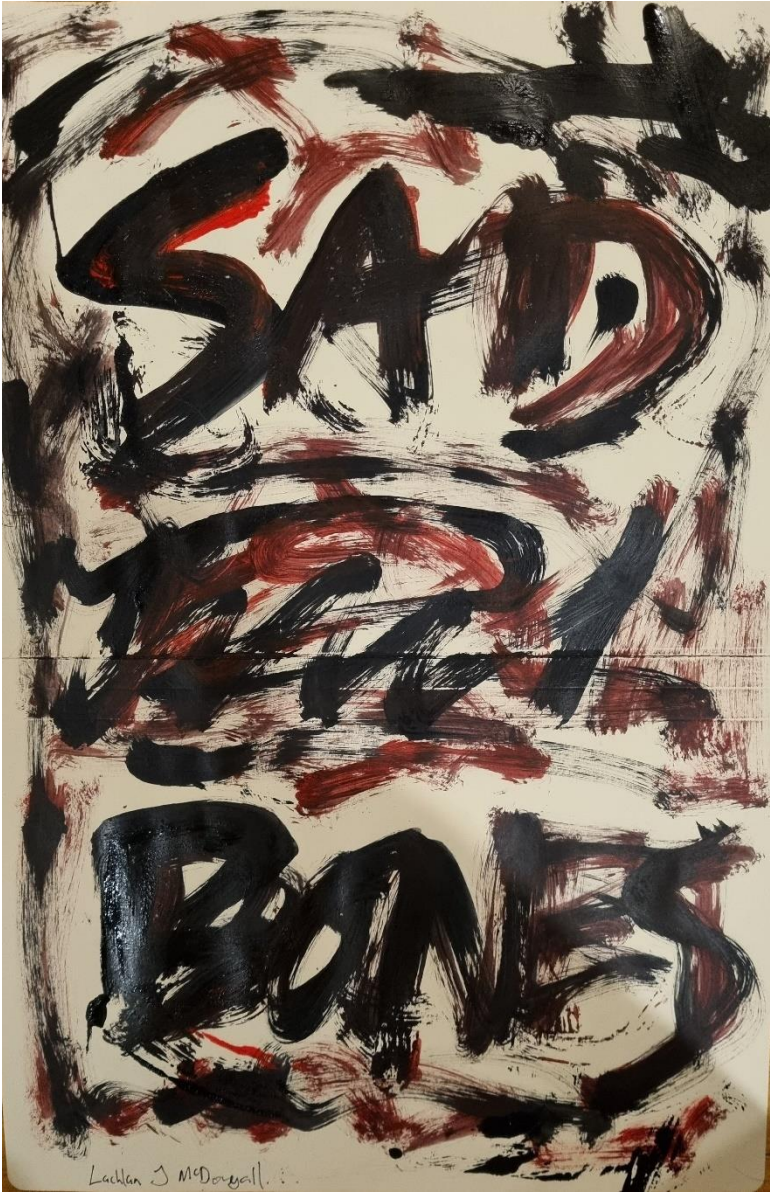
debited at crazed televisual pundits

the glass eye rolls at another target

glittering ferraris trampled underfoot

Clive is a 64-year-old innovative writer and poet who once upon a time was a journalist but gave it up to write this sort of thing full time. He has a BA (First Class) and MA in Creative Writing obtained as a mature student. His book, Shadow Reel, an epic modernist prose poem is forthcoming with LJMcD Communications.











Sleepy Octopus Society (I-XIII)

Andrew Arnett

I.

The general sickness of
society is
inextricably linked to the health
and vitality of the
Spectacle.

death on the installment plan is
provided to all

cancer has grown like
a cancer

the Spectacle continues its
unprecedented growth

as America has become a
dark laboratory for the purpose
of deconstructing life.

this is infinitely more profitable
than merely finding a
cure.

II.

There is no need to worry
in the world of the spectacle.
everything is under control

by remote control.

the modern form of the spectacle
arrived in sparkling gold plated hardware
on the showroom floor of the 1950's

as a turn key system.

this has been made possible by the advent of
computers
which makes the antiquated version
look like a covered wagon

next to a stealth fighter

jet.

the only thing left for today's programmers to do
is to place the steaks in the microwave oven
and push the *on* button.

III.

There is never any rest with the Spectacle
there is no peace
there is talk of peace
and talk of love
this talk is also another form of warfare
and it means there will be no rest
until death

then,
one can rest in peace.

the spectacle can barely contain
its own rage
which is why it employs an army
of pitch men
to sell a sanitized version
of death.

this billion dollar industry has created empires

one can't say,

*This ain't no Mickey Mouse
operation.*

IV.

While the Spectacle works at transforming Disneyland
into the world
it continues its main occupation
of turning the world into Disneyland

Main Street Disneyland is a crossroads of Future
World
and the Roman Empire

there are no free rides
at any of the ubiquitous theme parks
across the land
neither is there any horseplay allowed.

there is only the serious matters
of consumption and control.

this control is maintained by a blanket security system
of human eyes watching electronic eyes
watching human eyes

watch the Spectacle.

the omniscient television camera is the electronic
replication
of the Spectacles intent.

V.

The Spectacle seeks to reverse the future
by reversing the past
following which, the Spectacle shall attempt
to obliterate the future
by obliterating the past.
the destruction of the past
will be accomplished with the weapon
of the *present*.
the present will be bombarded with the present,
effectively annihilating everything that *is*
by simply ignoring it,
and replacing with the cut-up and decomposed carcass
of reality.

VI.

The Spectacle is mind war
and is used to conceal the physical war
and its financing there of.

the Spectacle is the soft lens
which transforms the cold machinery of war
into something more palpable
 something desirable
even,
 something indispensable.

the spectator has been forced to consent
 by his own free will

and wants only what has been given him
(upon entering Oz, one is required to wear green
spectacles).

VII.

The Spectacle is not restricted to TV, the movies,
 magazines . . . the internet.
it has become every part of the tangible
 and manufactured world
but this dominion is merely the tip of the iceberg
who's territory extends into the spaces
 of the human psyche
 and is its most prized possession.

with the psyche commercialized

and the individual homogenized
the spectator can accomplish his intended goal,
that of consuming himself,
at a profit to the
distributor.

VIII.

The eight tentacles of the Sleepy Octopus Society
consist of:

Military

Industrial

Financial

Government

Spiritual/Religion

Spectacle/Media

Medical/Pharmaceutical

Scientific

the octopus has been known,
on occasion,
to wrap its arms around people
and hold them under water
for dangerously long periods of time

not out of hate
but out of love.

the octopus can love you
to death.

Andrew Kim Arnett is a writer and producer. His work covers the paranormal, crime and unexplained mysteries. He has been published in Paranoia Magazine, New Dawn, Nexus, Konbini and Alien Buddha Press. He lives in Brooklyn, NY and likes to hunt ghosts with the Brooklyn Paranormal Society. Find him on Twitter: @AndrewArnett

Three Poems

Kushal Poddar

The Bake

The new potatoes seem to take
eons to be baked.

I step out into the balcony
wearing my sweaty vest.

A foggy haired dog walks
an ex politician in a tight leash. I wave.

His waving unfolds the doves;
an anthem crawls up my jawline

towards the brain.

A ding indicates the baking is complete.

The Garden

In its green flawed dress
the garden stands in between
two families. It has an orphan look.
You know what I mean.

Instead of the gnomes here
lie the chunks broken free from
the old concrete.
One night the burden of maintenance
leaps from the parapet.

I stare at the apparition.
The organ tunes to the lub n' dub.
The garden holds a flower.
You should not touch it.

The Obscene Gesture of A Milestone

Although the lines these lanes draw
meet at the eternity

We do not see that while parallel-driving.

Then, our ignorance holds more truths
than some knowledge and a theory.

We pass a few grazing cows, drills,
a mill without a single operating hand
and some trees withered and waiting.

As we drive the first rain hits
our car roofs as if
clouds have borne
the long-term wait's weight until
We drive past a certain milestone.

Shouldn't it state the distance to eternity?

Instead, one digit almost erased

expresses an obscenity.

Kushal Poddar, the author of 'Postmarked Quarantine', has eight books to his credit. He is a journalist, father, and the editor of 'Words Surfacing'. His works have been translated into twelve languages, published across the globe.

Twitter- <https://twitter.com/Kushalpo>

Five Poems

Allen Seward

Sucking in the gut

Big fat nothing

Swelling, burping

It

Had a good meal

Of density

Like when we feed

On cigarette smoke

Like the dog

On the road picking at

The deer

Like the Bermuda Triangle

Eating ships and planes

Up there

Empty reaching out

That gorgeous entropy
As scientists gasp
At the pure stomach
Its righteous intestines
And this
Here
Emptiness
Is god
It does not read our poems
Or listen to our music
Or watch our films
Or
Care about politics
It hardly cares about
Its
Meals
It subsists
The stars are all blown
Like lightbulbs
In its range

Or turned to jelly
And we're compressed
Into a Trifalgorian slurry
Of
All our moments
As it yawns
Sound stops its existing
Fish drown
Clowns take jobs at
The post office
And recount "better times"
Of being court jesters
And this goes on
Until
None of us are
Anymore

Blessed fall
Pus-drunk anomaly
Riddle of the

Three-headed sphinx
NYC streets are carpeted
And
Everyone speaks in jazz
The coffee's all pink
And heaven
Tosses goats and lambs
Into the meat grinder
Without a care

The garden of eden
Blipped out
The prophets all drank wine
From their shoes
The eclipse was just
An eclipse
But maybe next time
We won't be so lucky
The fabric of reality
Is called

“fabric”

Because it can be stretched

And torn and

Soaked

Wrung out

It can be dyed

The colors can bleed

And spill out

And stain

Other things

The sweater of the

Universe

Shrinks in the wash

The Hadron Collider whistles

As

Macy's has a sale

All the peacocks turn

To stone

Kangaroos crawl

On their hands
Napoleon goes to work
As a financial advisor
And like that
Our communal organism
Poops out
We are wretched
We
Are saved
And it all

My head in your lap

I will go to sleep there

Kissing your thigh as I dream

With no need to wake up

From this heaven of your flesh

As the TV plays a rerun

As the phone vibrates on the table

In regard to something unimportant

As the air picks up notes of vanilla

And cinnamon

As your fingers run through my hair

I will go to sleep there

Kissing your thigh as I dream

As I dream of reality

Because reality is where my head

Is in your lap and your fingers
Run through my hair and flesh
Is more than flesh and the world
Doesn't matter
Until nine-or-ten-in-the-morning.

The thing hisses and draws into itself

Running out of

Breath

Something squeezes

Something clicks

Lungs don't want

Air

And air

Doesn't want lungs.

The singers aren't

Singing

And the dancers

Hardly sway

It's too late

Or too early

Or not enough

Or

Nothing.
Potted plants drink the
Sun through
Smudged windows
As coffee brews
In the next room
The newspaper
Folds
And unfolds
The stock market
Is
Down.

A hand
Reaches for a
Face

A tooth comes out
Of
Someplace

Dogs bark and

Cats

Ridge their

Backs

The world dissolves

Into soup

And we wait

To hear

The

Sound of something

Crashing.

Cigarettes

I read *The Samurai*

By Shusaku Endo

And I reach for a cigarette

I pour a cup of coffee

And I reach for a cigarette

The neighbor mows his front lawn

With a plug-in mower

And I reach for a cigarette

Vodka and orange juice

I reach for a cigarette

Water the plants

Check the mail

Mow my own yard

Drive to work

Or to the grocery store

And I reach for a cigarette

And the day is on its way out

No time left but now

And I reach for a cigarette.

On the deck outside the front window

I open the blind for the cat

And her tail starts flicking as

She watches a bird hop along

The railing on the deck.

Her eyes dart along with the bird's movements

And when the bird takes off

The cat's head pops up as if

On a spring

To watch it fly away.

She will now stare out at nothing

For a while

And grow bored. Then she

Will trot through the house and squall

As she jumps on the counter, or

On the stovetop, or on the trashcan lid,

And she'll watch me as if I'm a *bird*.

Allen Seward is a poet from the Eastern Panhandle of West Virginia. His work has appeared in Scapegoat Review, DEDpoetry, Pandemonium Journal, and Skyway Journal, among others. His chapbook 'sway condor' is available on Amazon thanks to Alien Buddha Press. He currently resides in WV with his partner and four cats.

@AllenSeward1 on Twitter, @allenseward0 on Instagram

Four Poems

Michael Igoe

Woodlawn

Where it's easy to grasp,
the will behind the deed.
The trick mirrors
reflected a figure
with baggy pants.
The nervous player,
and novelty shooter
aim the breach load.
At blue steel ducks,
on man made lakes.
I came to realize,
the same whorls
sit on ten fingers.
Saying hocus pocus
saying abracadabra.
I follow all the rules
only allowed to fall,
when the paint dries
Once I had a house,
once I had to laugh.
Withdrawn as my own enemy,

to the rock and the hard place.
It was early, but now it's later.
Walking Woodlawn Cemetery,
to be surrounded by its graves.

Blue Hills Reservation

At the time, we decided
not much hope was left.
On a merciless earth.
that continues a spin.

Ending all pretension
in undue satisfaction.
You walked away
from your rooms.
To meet me on the hill,
one belonging to Adam.
Plagued by the thoughts
of more second endings.
But having no worries,
we return to slowboats.
And drink wine and honey,
adrift across magnetic seas.

Tidings

Amber is the color of fear
in the center of a stoplight.

Amber is chosen,
as one of its hues.

A brown armadillo,
at a fork in the road.

We sang every Easter,
snarling and feasting
under the waning sun.

Waiting for St. Anne,
who deals every card,
faceless and senseless.

They fall to the felt,
in downward spirals.

We're placing wagers,
on unhappy childhood.

Excellence in Bruising

It takes certain colors
to gather on a ceiling.
Gathering starshaped,
stars wearing frowns.

I could only wonder
in their lazy galaxy,
did they ever smile.

I took my place
in shallow water.

But it takes work
from many hands
to bear fruit at all.

If it appears a disgrace
it's written in a ledger.

Avoiding conflict
whatever the cost.

We already knew about
the blood on their hands.

It can't be washed off,
stays that way forever.

The frozen limbs
hard like timbers.

Buried in our farmland,
we knew nothing more.

Michael Igoe, city boy, neurodiverse, Chicago now Boston. Numerous works appear in journals and anthologies(available at [amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com), [lulu.com](https://www.lulu.com), [barnesandnoble.com](https://www.barnesandnoble.com)). National Library of Poetry Editor's Choice Award 1997. Twitter: MichaelIgoe5. [poetry-in-motion.org](https://www.poetry-in-motion.org)

Acoustic Digital Moaning

Wayne Mason

1

I could almost feel them watching, the icy feeling running up the back of my neck and the my arms tattooed with goosebumps made as much evident. I swear I could almost see them lurking like vultures in the corner of my eyes.

I set up a digital recorder in my room, turned on a fan for white noise and let it record for hours while I was gone. When I went back to listen among the white noise there were voices, subtle whispers, garbled speech and cries. I don't know why I did what I did next.

I set up tape loops, and more digital recorders to record the tape loops playing live and interspersed with the electronic voice phenomenon, a live spectral symphony of voices both recorded and live. What are ghosts anyways? Other realities bleeding through our current tape loop? I am someone else ghost, I'm sure.

However, I am more dead (the factories made sure of that... these ghosts somehow seem electric, the Shadow people make me feel more alive.

2

I replay with better evidence, one with “sophisticated” spirits. Emerging and mixing quickly with liminal phonetics and ghost symphonies. Ghosts flickered language and voice, electrical delay and roaming reverb. Ghosts encounter linguistics and flange.

Shadow people, I believe they see me, phonology- the loops making recorder jazz ectoplasm. Could corners and ghosts know loops of Inter-dimensional mathematics?

Don't acknowledge them, those shapes and shadows in the corner of our eyes, these shadows....Shadowy figures- feel them watching, the cold feeling on your neck and the goosebumps everywhere. Even though I could almost hear the noise and there within the frequencies was evidence. I swear it started off in the

music. That's what THEY say anyways, could almost see them in, I heard the voices saying my name. I don't answer... you never answer the electric static of bebop jazz running up the back of my neck.

The spirits armed with typology and coded light, audio for feeling dimension looped there. I was gone encountering new white tremolo, shadow frequencies drape the darkness. That's when various EVP astral=syntax- shoot disjointed shadowy soundscapes.

One shadowy alien encounter seen as spirits, and you?
These dimensions stacked up

Humping one another. Human state music experienced to be encountering the

Psychological to equally more or Musicology, that lean into the cool gray shades of shadow travelers.

The recorder mixing new EVP with spirits roaming my dark room. You'll get the idea to shoot up when under the influence of EVP- drapes moved as if

brushed by the looped EVP ... Now eventually, I transferred them to cassette tapes, trails of it around my bed, All sorts of audio effects... delay, reverb, distortion, flange, tremolo, various noise synths. Confused shadow people.

Light flickered and ran the tape loops through all recorder with tape loops playing and hypnotically. I would leave, again with a symphony of EVP and seriously in the white noise and the digital I noticed the ectoplasm. First in loops, dozens of loops traversing the corners of the room, then I would play and replay soundscapes and was surrounded by ectoplasm eventually.

3

Now eventually, when under the influence of EVP soundscapes and surrounded by ectoplasm eventually you'll get the idea to shoot the stuff up... or maybe that's just me, but I did. You are now a spectral addict and while you don't need a dealer, you will need to be able to replicate this process over and over again. Ectoplasm- you will need more and more of it.

Luckily for you, I have the solution for you.

Now, I have refined this process and improved upon it and I can pass the secrets onto you! Let's face it, tape loops are messy and a little difficult for the layperson, so let us move into the digital realm.

To start, you will need a sampler with several sample banks... preferably two of them set up dueling DJ style. You can run them with any effects you wish, I prefer ample amounts of reverb and a slight bouncing delay, but really anything will do.

Turn the television on to white noise with the volume down. Dim the lights.

The first sampler needs to be programmed with a wide variety of electronic voice phenomenon. Include every garbled message and every ghostly phrase. Cut them up and split them onto several banks. Loop some of them.

Load the second sampler with pornographic samples, it doesn't really matter what kind, no one is going to judge your kink. You just need to sample every grunt, groan, scream and every wet smacking rhythm.

Now comes the fun part as you get to play DJ. Mix, cut, layer, loop and intersect the EVP with the pornography. Have fun with it, but don't forget to have additional recorders set up around the room to capture live EVP while you mix and mash acoustic/digital flesh and moaning. Have fun and use responsibly

Wayne Mason also records experimental audio, using everything from synths to everyday objects to create sonic experiments ranging from harsh noise to dark ambient soundscapes. For nearly three decades he has been involved in the experimental music scene both solo and as one half of the electronic duo Blk/Mas.

<https://brokenzen.wordpress.com>

<https://beirbuapress.com/2022/04/07/more-sodisconnected-by-wayne-mason>

Three Poems

Madeline Culver

Alien Loop

skin
internal and verbal
almost completely disguised
a woman walks along the margins
a two-sided mirror
she will swallow

how does Earth's look feel?
is it strange?

she doesn't quite get the idea
of strangeness
its camera gaze
its script
the home of woman
or not

soft skin
in front of a mirror
rushing through the image
heading toward and past
its echo or counterpoint
flattening
flattened

here in her
the girl and the woman

come back to earth

Lips to void

dark rooms know the potency of lips warm red opening
the origins of light and disgust a familiar death inside
something swallows expanding at the centre black noise
scripted for the purpose of otherness static repeats
the language of gods becoming ghosts the violence
of forgotten begins a blue void slowly growing she finds herself
the echo of its gaze

Meat to Maths

ellipses form the question

a pinpoint of light

expands into eye

exploding barriers

between strangers waking

in hidden places

she advances

ever more empty

of purpose

the answer emerging

Madelaine Culver is a UK-based writer and visual poet currently studying for a practice-based PhD at Northumbria University. Incorporating a range of experimental art and writing practices, her work engages with the affective and ideological dimensions of women-led narratives in post-millennial British horror cinema. Madelaine has performed at live events in the UK and beyond, including the European Poetry Festival and Prague Microfestival, and her poetry appears in various places online and in print including ALIENIST, 3:AM Magazine, and Psycho Holosuite.

Two Poems

Noah Berlatsky

Elegy for Elegies

Death

light

and fishsticks memorializing

a fish who has died. Your

absence is fishy

like random spaces

blorbing randomly

my heartfelt writing class

in your flashing scale

of

intense

minimal

up

the

nose

koi

Though Held Still

though held still

in you I am

this pale this

circuitous shadow

tender

-less changing seeps

into the glass-

blind image

Four Poems

Kristopher Biernat

the breeding of strawberries

a tour of silhouettes holds your name in its mouth.

summer's grooves begin to wilt in the hands of the sun, with only travel and light remaining. north carolina is drowning. the whole of night dresses in your skin like dust or exhaustion mimicking the materialization of song: inevitable clay from a sunken brain. we become dolls we become houses lost in glass.

we, all of us, are just visiting. shadows shaking,

hands.

flowering division with skeletal hands

we collected seawater,
silent as moonsmoke.

ghost of a thylacine

church of wind camouflaged in the trees,

crater/earth, (a guttural cough)

timed steps echo the moon's passion for dust.

the imagination of the rose

for Leonard Cohen

a solid sky weeps

for its lack.

everything is foliage

everything is desire.

a higher beauty washing itself

deflowers grace.

all horrors are only

half remembered

breeding laughter

and scraping the conjured

Kristopher Biernat is a writer, artist, and publisher from Florida. He is the author of "the silent crucifixion" (Between Shadows Press, 2023) and "triskaidekaphilia" (LJMcD Communications, 2023). His work has appeared in The Evergreen Review, Plethora Magazine, The Collidescope, DOR, and Dadakuku. He lives in Chattanooga, Tennessee with his wife. He is in love.

For previous issues of D.O.R, as well as other great titles from LJMcD Communications, visit lachlanjmcougall.wordpress.com

