
The Bathroom

"A good place to read." Number One, April 2008



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Sonya Ferdinand, CUBAN SUGAR	Cover
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A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

I started a magazine called Pipebomb back in 2007 with a couple of other people. We published one issue and then a lot of the support for the project fell through for a variety of reasons. Since I had a wad of submissions hanging around from that, I decided I'd give the publication racket one more shot.

Frequency of The Bathroom will depend on the volume and urgency of submissions I receive. It will take me a long time to get back to you unless (a) I communicate with you on a regular basis, (b) you harass me via email, or (c) you're one of them famous poet-types and I really want to get on your good side. Send text and art submissions, requests for more information, and donations to:

The Bathroom
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or email at thebathroommagazine@gmail.com.

It shouldn't need to be said that all work in this magazine is copyright the authors, but there it is.

*Give what you think it's worth. Send suggestions for improvement.

Donald Illich
THE ADVICE

That advice is too simple
because it doesn't take
into account the large
dragon that's breathing
in my ear and the angel
who lives in the cuckoo
clock, neither of which
know how to untangle
the unicorn (the last one)
from the baby crib I put
in the living room so my
son could breathe the
thick membrane of dust
I sprayed all around us,
which is like perfume or
freshly mown grass or
cookies baking in the
oven or whatever scent
you remember from
childhood when phantoms
beat on your windows
and told you action-
figures were real and
that sooner or later your
parents would sell you
to gypsies, just like they
promised they would.

Donald Illich
RECESS

Our recesses aren't going anywhere;
teachers may threaten their removal
but we know the score; how else are they
going to escape us for thirty minutes,
think to themselves about lazy husbands,
dirty socks amassed on a green couch,
baby peas spilled and left on the floor,
houses that steal the time they'd love
to give to novels percolating inside them?
We like to tie each other up to flagpoles
and fences. We love to bean the nerds
with hard rubber balls, see the wimps
run to you for a few minutes of safety.
You can send us to the principal's office,
hope he can paddle us into respect
for your tenuous position and fragile ego,
ready to cry if we pelt you with spit wads.
But those tears aren't for us at all.
You didn't expect this after grad school,
smoking pot in the dorms, crashing
theater parties while on LSD, discussing
Camus with the attractive lit professor
who no longer loves his wife, promises
you're not a fling he'll soon dispose of.
Watching us play doctor in the woods
was not included in education textbooks,
nor the bag of burning crap we left
outside your door, which you sprayed
with the fire extinguisher's cold mist.
You now understand the joke's on you,
on all of us, the future a break where we
jump around, hang off the monkey bars,
and one day soon, fall, breaking our necks.

David B. Arenas
PLUJST

Rag on these incestuous platonics
study the ever depleted
motion sickness
because the altered course
holds ever turning back

but they are the same
the possible with the practiced,
no guide but resentful guilt,
cut back, shear the necessitating want,
it gutters, drapes, never harrowed,
leaving one awake and slept
at odding hours.

all are integers and solitary
moreso if legally combined,
the illicit measured by rejection
contemporary communities,
like its morphology
never held nor holding,
part and pursed extent,
the forgiving to keep it gone
for gone's sake,
which is a contradiction never allowing the irony
in its condemnation of who has left.

Jorge Rodriguez-Miralles
STILLNESS

Grapes
in arid
fields

flourish and
purple some
drying

a dust of things
settles over
cautiously
shadowed
estates.

Long chivalrous
rooms loom
past uncertain
drainage ditches

moist with gladness,
fugue-filled
and round
with strategy.

Jorge Rodriguez-Miralles
ACCORDINGLY

The slow
perceptions
of fungi
are immodest
as of a ballerina
appearing to bow
though the crowd
she thinks
already bows
before her.

In spread
bacchanalia
they lift like
pensises, vaulty
from loose brown
duff: Time passes,
they will soon
lose interest,
decline to
a point quite
flaccid and
spastic.

Adam Coben
ARTAUD'S DUMMY

in the streets of the Rockies
Artaud
treated me a ventriloquist dummy

absurd police station tongues
darting in and out - strawberry vagina

on black iron table
she pushed me-

altar a chess game
in synaptic malnourishment

head slammed apartment
wall

the airplane to Motherly love
a bath inside swollen
vacant stomach

landing in my speech, again

Michael Sumrak
POETICS OF

Holding

magnets
just far
enough

apart

they
begin
to pull

together.

Adam Strauss
GREECE VIA VEGAS

Figs picked in a basket.
A kid to be rotisserie.
Were this view one word: Ceres
Though seeing mostly sea.
A field
Slant
Of glazing rain.
Foam
Like a froth of fermenting grain
Deckles the shore.

GRECECE VIA VEGAS

Statuary: the light almost piecing back together, not illumining broke:
Mother ken watches me as I watch out, duck from sight, envy pigeons:
So complete, iridescent napes, soothing coos, cute gaits; their enviable
Androgyny (to my human eyes), at odds and in accordance with my-
What does my mean?-loving men; anger at the gap between rights of
Them and women...Glazes wore off centuries ago; shadows splash.

THERE WILL BE TIME

Soul eructates. Glamour flakes off like plate.
The matter is a platter put upon: our heads
Are served to a jazzy crowd's scored
A coveted reservation in hell.
Time's rarely dialectical
Just hectic yet slow in its power to tell.

BLOWN ON

I don't want to see body from inside
Where there's no way but looking further in:
Prefer burned to pips-rain hissing-hits me
Moistened to a clod blown notes; a state of
Corpse sounds yucky-smells awful! Recently
Dead I'd like being subject to hungry
Animal feeds-what qualifies for gone?

David M. Hanes
GOOD MORNING

He woke in a foul mood
Kicked the dog
Thought about sense and life making
Today was gray
That would remain
Deciding on irrelevant
Plucked a fedora from the rack
Cold rattling of an engine
Danger even in the short trips
Danger
It would be the tube in his television to burn out first
He waited for his favorite time of day
Slept until sleep
&
Out of somewhere nothing
With more time
More in hands than on them
The patterns changed

Green, Yellow, Red,
Yellow, Red, Green,
Red, Green & finally Yellow

There was blur
Before crust could be wiped from eyes
His dog licked cheeks
Same tongue licked ass
The lights flash
Red & Blue
Blue & Red
Sometimes Green

He wondered if he remembered to brush his teeth.

Meet us next time in
THE BATHROOM.

<http://bathroommagazine.wordpress.com>
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