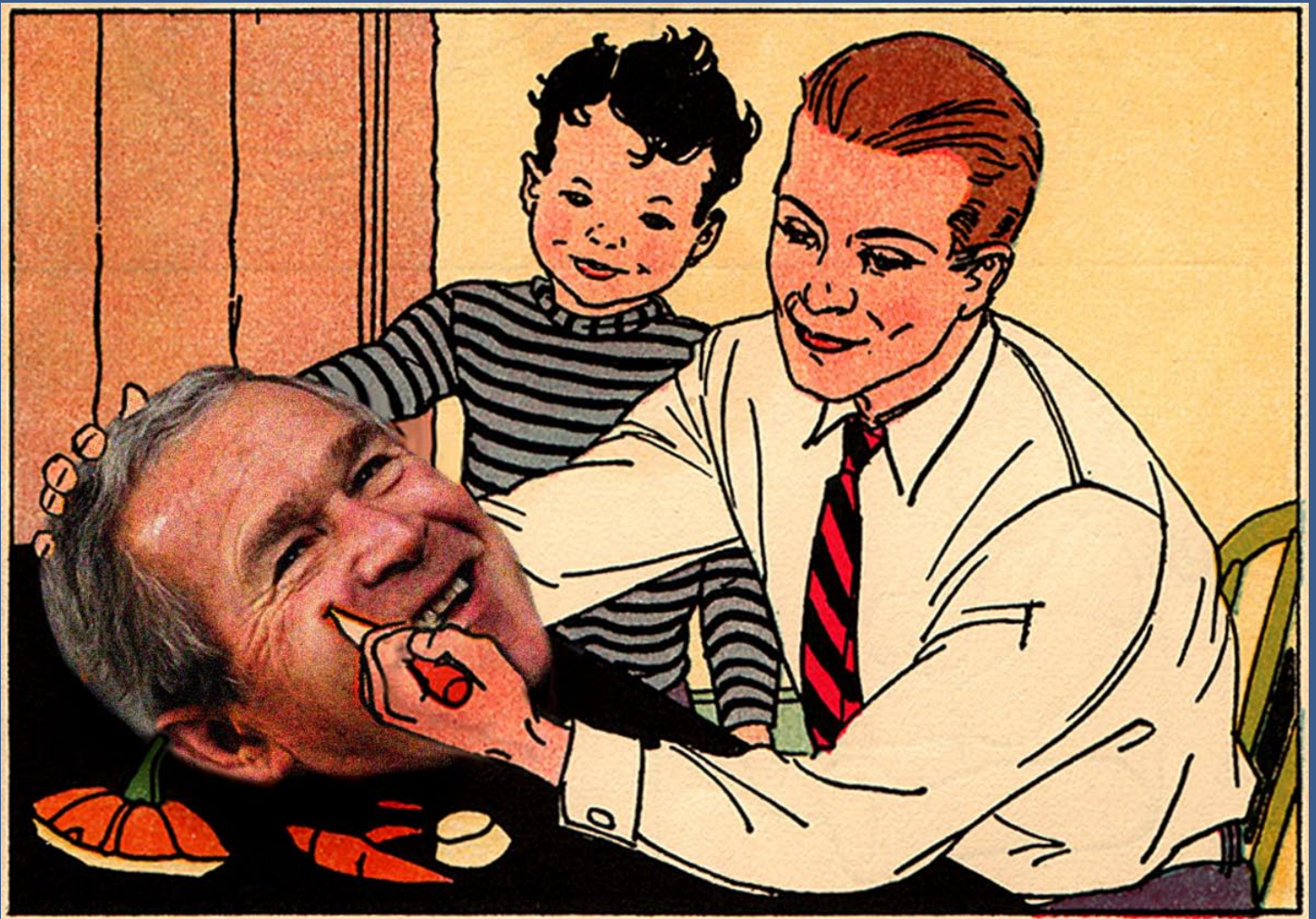


THE BATHROOM

A GOOD PLACE TO READ

VOLUME ONE ISSUE FOUR



One Scary Pumpkin Head by Dave Demske

SPECIAL ELECTION DAY ISSUE
DAY AFTER THE

Contents

in no particular order

1 & 47 | Dave Demske

4 - 6 | Kaen Joyler

16 - 19 | LaVonne Natasha Caesar

38 - 43 | John Dey

28 - 30 | K. Silem Mohammad

7 - 11 | Dawn Sueoka

23 - 24 | Ryan Philip Kulefsky

20 - 22 | Matthew Mulready

33 - 37 | M.W. Flash Clark

31 - 32 | Matt Specht

25 -27 | Amanda Laughtland

12 - 15 | Travis Cebula

44- 46 | Nick Demske

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Call for Submissions:

The Bathroom remains open for submissions through December 31, 2009.

After a brief hiatus, The Bathroom will return in late January.

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OOPS! OH MY!

QUEEF HAPPENS ...

queef is a new political art zine writhing
in the froth of the third-wave.

queef is currently looking for submissions for upcoming issues.

submissions of poetry, short fiction, prose, critical work, editorials,
or visual art for queef can be emailed to queef.zine@gmail.com
as a .doc, .pdf, .jpg, or pasted into an email.
please include name, address, and email.

queef makes a point of only reviewing women or gender queered
writers. if you are a man and feel the need to penetrate this, as we
assume that you do, please reconsider your submission
or your gender. thanks.

QUEEFER.WORDPRESS.COM

the four S's: neighbor kids, Indica/Sativa hybrid schools
lynch the plants 4-6" PVC Poverty
uninterrupted hoses on

deplorable backing works best.

education and ownership in, who put up
a minimum civil rights beginning saves you \$.

“Critics of Republican blacks, from slavery and affirmative action, in September 2002 was begun, by and for, any moment. The 1954 Brown Johnson could not include the Civil Nam War President, and let loose poverty; while Republican Ku Klux for blacks vs. black freedom (13th action effectively on August 3rd) King was fighting, killed the, and now, Socialism.”

fought free, returned to, Memphis, amended the party



“It was Americans, in those after school-choice opportunity years, that Democrats and the Reconstruction turned to skin-burning fire.”

Vegetative starts vicious dogs. good thing, passed

been lynched. force the plant

Do not use right to

vote small seeds

“Southern states included, is the fact of rights-era civil rights failing schools and is made of share their values, stories about extension, and amended the law that was the Voting Rights Act to stop passing hard work, personal, and terrorize blacks and small businesses.”

values early maturation, resistance curtain

strains routine condition media stories criticize

the passage of policies on socialism voting rights
serves a deep [and too, doesn't] reason

“January 4, 1965, an effort on Education decision-ending incited House blacks to all vote for a black Georgia of civil rights. In March, scholarships that would legislate the Klan, Communists, in that order, achieved passage. No surprise, the Republicans who kicked started the NAACP Congress, all migrate to Georgia on April 4.”

Some people



“Klan defended ‘yellow dog’ rather than know that it who did not.”

those whites ;)

This stupid
impasse
packed like farts
edgely
jobless
orbits my
guns tables my
bulletins
It's so
allergenic to pander
now so don't
go
Overachiever more
elbow
than hottie
question my taste
talk me
down
to a lame
simulacrum

Dawn Sueoka **FROM A MILE AWAY**

disastrous october I'm
running out with all your
turf:

homonym
radio
marksman

photo of grass a
squirrel was just
there

Dawn Sueoka **THIS IS SHE**

Equipoise

Propinquity

Dawn Sueoka **I KNOW YOU ARE BUT WHAT AM I**

last furious
leftovers last
day for cherries acorn
frenzy so
macabre it's
raining you're
pious I'm OK
with the ordinary
plums.

phone main participants take messages
normal speed cut back
on messy 98
change fit size by mail place
leave browse
ticket by discrepancies
in box to protect
when stunned if tape add hold
initial when done
2 PM requests
M, S, all day
deleted on support pace
second type fooled
slips again
get full name
look for copies

Travis Cebula **Literalized Cliché**

First of All...

why
do we never talk
about this?
there is an elephant
in the living room,
and it did something horrible
on the rug.

odds are good
this rolled up newspaper
will get me killed.
but you do
what you have to do,
right?
and “we have to talk.”

So, B...

“careful. I recommend
the liberal imbibing
of triple-distilled vodka
to facilitate the inevitable
pinkening
of that tragically incontinent
and recently narcoleptic
pachyderm reclining
on our parlor floor,”
you said.

and who knows?
maybe the pink ones
are more manageable,
eager to please?

motioned, seconded, carried.
glass raised to success.

Then 3...

bottles down the hatch.
pink elephants
seem to be nesting
in the fluff and toothpicks
of our defunct couch.
no matter how
I yell
they just won't

stay off the furniture.

whether in acknowledgment
of defeat
at the massively rotund
feet of rosy elephants
or the futility
of our previous debate,
(turns out color
has nothing to do with temperament)
I'm not sure—

but in the end we flop down
on the stained rug
furiously munching popcorn
from a plastic bowl
with the TV turned up loud.

Sanford and Son
over and over again that word,
“dummy,”
to drown out the crunching
of the coffee table,
lamp,
and lazyboy
behind us.
“bad.
bad elephants,”
we scold.

And 4...

hours, twelve tattered newspapers
later
our six fuchsia elephants
are all lined up,
tusks shining
in an even row.
and oh my arm aches,
but was it ever
worth it:

Argus, Helen, Mabel, Gary, Ethel, and Joe
sitting attentively—
spinnaker ears cocked
waiting for treats
(turns out they like trees.
who knew?)

except for Mabel,
naughty Mabel,

who wanders off again
back to the rug
where she started.
but maybe she just forgot...

So I Started Crunching Ice Cubes to Try to Drown Out the Voices on TV

which was when I recognized
the posture of defiance in the grass
how stiffness spined the blade
how a horse might
hold green tight against the white
throat of snow

she exposed her jugular to the sun

this autumn sun
grows
grass as ignorant as my teeth
cutting grooves in vanishing
jewels of ice

it falls for now
all thin fingers shimmered

the river and banks were dust
beauty in the face of death Colin said
reassuringly as an excuse for leopard tracks
but it changed nothing
I could hear elephants chewing in the night
outside my bedroom

3 OF THESE MEN HAVE AIDS

out of all the Black men
who are HIV POSITIVE
from secretly fucking
other Black men
who are HIV POSITIVE
who are dressed as gangsters
(both of them)
pants sagged low-enough
below their asses
to leave space for
dick or finger
that throws up
Gang signs in its off-time
East Side / West Side / Crip
you know its the same Blood, right?
the same semen?
spit on the opposite side
of the same orange block
like clockwork?
“we’re about to get a tattoo together”
one that says the same thing
like –
M one three
or –
“I’m looking for a father figure!”
but –
in LARGE BLOCK LETTERS
so that the other black men
in the music videos
can copy it down
from as far away as
underneath the desk
of the hairy Jewish cock
they are sucking
in a Hollywood office
during rehearsal
for the Dance Routine
feat. A Huge Ass of
Dubious Ethnic Descent
who
the man who owns the desk
the man underneath the desk
and the man who is HIV POSITIVE
from secretly fucking
the other man
(the man underneath the desk)
who is HIV POSITIVE
(both of them dressed as gangsters)
are all pretending to be fucking.

This is My Last Poem

My next poem will kill you.
fearless.
walk up to you and slit your throat
rageless.

even the silences
I will have whittled down
into sharp blades
poison ink on the tips
dripping letters that morph into
lovers into orphans into weapons
a “d” flipped on it’s edge
held like a gun
rammed up your nose
arm straight in the air,
the curl of your body,
the “f” like the “Z” of a swastika
tripled with “k”s, and “no”s,
and pleas, this is history!
behind every word: an infinity of words
behind every sound: a wound
healed over and over again upon itself
until it has scarred to indestructible.
My next poem will be written in blood.
a cavalry of miniscule red dots tiny as the droplets of the sea
rolling out from my severed limbs
surging across the page to strangle you
crushed to a crimson blotting,
the lunar menstrual madness of a mother
now childless, scorched under
moons eclipsed by a sun
now scarlett/condemned.
shadow of a noose in pale light
the buzz-circling of a vultured “o”
diabolical halo of vowel
voodoo-oom
to make your ears bleed
back into your eyes
down your cheeks
into your tongue
the guttural music
conjure
words:
burned wilderness
a coyote
frothing at the mouth
hungry for flesh

knowing
the thing that has already happened.
(will now)
take control of your body
dark magic curl your fingers to your pen
curl your pen into a snake
curl your snake into a box
holding a feather
a human tooth
a strand of hair
(your own, or hers)
a vial
with something dark
dark, like sleep.

The Lightest Thing

*for Nathan

1.
constellation! constellation! constellation!
gravity! gravity! hold us down
tie us together:
Shibari
sunset
star
fish
cool water
you're I imprinted against my eye
your hand touches my hand (again)
your palm: a blueprint of the night sky

2.
you make my mouth water
grind my teeth
make my spit sing (zing!)
i want to taste your name
to hold it in my mouth
my saliva puddled around it
on my tongue
consonants clamoring against the backside of enamel
vowels clutched against my throat
your name
tastes like
saltwater
fresh fruit
sunrise
palmtree etched against the skyline
ball of lightening
crawling through my veins
on fire on fire on fire on fire

now i am going to say your name
i want to say your name
 i am going to say it –
i am going to say it in this poem
nammy nammy nammy
apple apple
there-there, there-there, there-there
hush. hush-hush.
apple (nammy apple there-there hush apple nammy)
nu nu nu nu nu nu

3.
no. you –
you are the lightest thing.

Matthew Mulready **Ink Train**

I cannot feel my legs beneath my body
but I roll on a skateboard
behind Wendy's dumpster a raccoon
glaze-eyed peers at me with a Twinkie
wrapper in his hand and hisses like the wind
and curses in Raccoonese
I did not want to write this
It wanted to write itself
I wish I had legs to stand on
instead of shitting
ink and crud into coffee cans
this could be true
but it is not

“We shall indeed overcome” this lady told me.
She held a vodka half-pint in a small brown bag
and told me some things, that day around 11:30
I should have taken a swig, a swallow, the whole damn bottle.
By this point of the decade
everybody is a political preacher, even if semi-pro, even the drunks.
We shall indeed overcome.
“Obama gonna win! Obama gonna win!”
“Whooo doggie, I can’t wait for the Bush to burn!”
She rubbed her dirty palms together.
The election is coming turn on your TV’s vote for: Gustav, Hannah, Ike, Joyce, Lou--
sweet Lou is going to blow the inflation way past fucking upwards.

The election is coming they say, turn on your TV’s
and vote for Gustav! Coming to a coastline, hear ye!
Work hard to swim faster, find a raft,
The storm approaches!
Obama has a golden smirk, supremely confident is he not?
Obama gonna win save all them Louisiannans!
Old G.W. had him a way with the ladies did he not?
Old G.W. should have kept drinking! These are the topics of tomorrow, are they not?

Blue in Green

Take another misty step
go on
over into the next yard
with the raspberry tree.
You'll be calling somebody
for help soon.
And the days just float on by
don't they
wasn't it a dream
a black and white train station
scarves out the window
what the fuck
is all the sniffing for anyways?
She Just Wanna Juke

A roving scribbler meets
rose stung lady cheeks,
Hips that she shakes and rattles.
This fiery woman only wanna juke
out on the polished maple wood,
genital aerobics between her back pockets
for some lucky stranger.

Through the night she only jukes
under a sweaty brown blanket
and smiles in the morning
as if suffering didn't exist within her,
But I see that blue flame
from across the room
and smell it in her repertoire.

No I think she just wants to juke
through her jeans, that's all,
through gym shorts but nothing more.

Playing come on over games
getting off,
but not quite getting there,
with pelvic intrigue roaming,
She has no qualms
as long as denim or khaki
keeps the equation unsolved.

I think I've caught the just
Of your naïve hints
about this meaningless dance?
This merry-go-round upon your bristling garden?

IF YOU MADE YOUR MORTGAGE PAYMENT ON TIME, YOU CAN BE CERTAIN THAT 'DON'T STEP ON THAT CEPHALOPOD' MEANS 'DON'T STEP ON THAT CEPHALOPOD' AND NOT 'THE ONE-WHOLE SEES A GREATER NUMBER OF FASTBALLS'

The word
Think
Is an interesting
Morpheme
To avoid profit
Frank's
For listening/calling
My husband sick.

2.

What exactly
are you
doing in
my
pigfarm?

3.

Oma hof.

4.

sometimes I wonder what it would be like if Swift was a Crip.

5.

I read in the writing, in the end, in the writing I think, at the end.

6.

Maybe not right away,
but in the end, she
discovered a bank.

7.

Poem's
have
a more
complex
form of
government

8.

Henry's dog was louder than Nancy's n-deletion.

9.

In the end, the results confirmed
That we rarely understand

Our experiences.

But it doesn't follow that the
Illusion is ontological.

10.

In 5 sentences
Or less,

I too become/
Or can

Become the
Leverage,

11.

the lev ridge.

12.

As you read this, everyone can do something amazing.

Tomorrow may be too late
to become expert in secret

nerve center pressure points,
simple taps that incapacitate

gangsters and hold-up artists
twice your size. Practice

against this six-foot lifelike man
from easy to follow diagrams.

Be dangerous hand-to-hand
in any emergency--and please

reserve this skill for self-defense.

Amanda Laughtland In Your Spare Time

Begin in your kitchen. You'll learn to repair refrigerators, washers, dryers, vacuum cleaners,

all motors and wiring. Millions of electrical units in daily use need technicians. You don't need

expensive equipment if you're mechanically inclined. You'll learn to solicit and keep business,

what to charge customers. You'll learn at home in your spare time.

In the Privacy of Your Home

Mail this coupon and trade places
with Mr. Universe in fifteen minutes

every day, adding inches
to your arms and chest, building

your washboard waist, V-shaped back,
coiled-spring legs. What's to lose

but your weakness? No obligation
with your free introduction--

fifty amazing pages bulging
with photos posed by the champions.

Upbeat Hula-Hoop Castration

William Wordsworth's wife, aka "Penthouse Zee"
still poops her pants for blue whale fisting noises
always carrying a soft case full of stuff, usually

there's a 17-year-old who doesn't feel the dream
getting spanked with a hula hoop in Latin
also who are the nurses, their socialist past

I'm feeling really positive
after being intellectually castrated
by a picture of Jesus riding a donkey

a fear Freud termed "girl squirt"
antipsychotic peepshow
nipple-lick immateriality

fat gynecology at deciding
the proportioned Clay Aiken of an intricate name
human ashes suck

Unicorns Are Pretty

I am a complicated person and my moods vary
I think unicorns are pretty and I love cupcakes
most of you know that I love birdwatching
I use my power of healing to heal people in Iraq

I love how some idiots are like
shut up, I want to start collecting things
but the things I want to collect are weird
I have a unicorn figurine but the horn broke off which is sad

unicorns are pretty
and their back legs kick up a dust of particle snow
my complaint about unicorns
they need to increase their gayness by 5%

I'm a huge fan of unicorns
baby ones are cute
and just because no one can see them
doesn't mean they're not real

unicorns are pretty and sparkly
they make rainbows on sunny days
& make you smile on rainy afternoons
I think I have speed issues

view on politics: I don't care
um, unicorns are awesome and I love PB&J sandwiches
MY CAT? I DON'T EVEN HAVE A CAT
(that I know of)

unicorns are pretty but lethal
fairies can be good or bad
and, I suppose, so can cigarettes
the good being when you quit? I dunno

unicorns are pretty
everytime I see one on TV or something
I just want to scream "UNICORN!"
glad I don't though

unicorns are pretty much horses with a horn on its head
my mom likes them but
I don't really see the interest she has in them
I like the horn, but other than that...

unicorns are pretty and rainbows are too
do you believe in magic? 'cause I do
I could be brown I could be blue
Harry Potter? yahoo!

we start open beta today
and will serve cookies and milk throughout the event
“YOU TOLD ME MY SCARF LOOKED NICE!
WHAT THE HELL, MIKE?”

government is good
prismatology is the answer
unicorns are pretty
they are kind of like lo-fi islands

there is no God but unicorns are pretty
you know I'm spoiled
I may well be the most manly man
ever to set two feet on this planet

in your response please keep in mind
that unicorns are pretty and can do anything they want
for the record, I think unicorns
might be sort of sad and mean

I don't know, just unicorns are pretty
they apparently once existed
but no one knows for sure
I want to be like that

in
casual conversation
you
con tra dicted
you
con tra dicted
your
self self self
you
didn't even realize
but i
pick these things up
and i
squeeze squeeze squeeze
until my
hands turn to stone
until they
match your heart

fuck you and your
un in tentional
con tra diction
your
un in tentional
self-served intention
fuck you for not being
everything i wanted
fuck fuck you

fuck fuck you!

i'm gonna
write write write
so you
don't come over here
don't come over here
i
don't wanna talk
i wanna
write write write
so

don't even try it
i will
ruin your mood
i will
wrinkle your face
i will
clench your teeth
you will
look look look
i
will not care
i
will not care
i will
write write write
let me write
keep your smile
i'm not worth it
today

Basic was the old name for it.

Back when trains still hauled coal through the two towns and fed life into the place. Waynesboro - as I heard it - sort of stole off into the night back then when the two towns were sister cities and about to formally call themselves Wayne Basic, but they stole off and named their little parcel of land Waynesboro instead and that's where I was born.

If you can believe it, the boro considered itself superior to Basic City folks - one side of the river better than the other. More teeth better indoor plumbing less crossed eyes - no one knows but when the trains stopped bringing commerce to Basic - it basically died. All that is left is the business of ghosts - dead streets and invisible folks surviving behind cinderblock storefronts whitewashed and faded with decline - a wooden railroad bridge with an old chorus of timber moaning with each pass - the newsstand where kids bragged about buying porn and pipes - in places where the sun creeps in only a few feet before conceding to seedy shadows. Streets dirty with discrumble from decline from eroding time, buildings worn like soft pyramids erected by the prosperous, inherited by the poor. The railroad line once littered with lumps of coal and sharp dolostone, now some paper cup from commerce up the street .

A trestle runs over head and every once in a while, one rusty hulk even in it's life seemingly dying moving crawling groaning and moaning mumbling and rumbling its mild way somewhere else never seen by most here - just itching its way over rooftops and faded marquees - Laundromat Bowling Alley over Weasie's Kitchen over the South River and through the tract neighborhoods near my own. Through suspect bridges - forests of red maple white oak - through cattled pastures and heaped cars - through tall yellow corn fields green countryside - along Blue Ridge skylines all the way out of town.

M. W. Flash Clark **Salary**

What I'll usually do is sign away some portion of my life
at some hourly rate
determined by some arbitrary person
who has absolutely very little to do with my life
other than a need for the extra arms, legs, and absence of most all else, but, once -
I sold my life at a bulk rate - and that was worse.

I wish I was your dark spot-
that stain- that coarseness in your life-

I wish I were the one
shooting arrows to the bone,
striking you dead
with merciless words and churlish deeds,

I wish I were that one, a welling source of despair thieving air
from your chest and rest from sleep.

I wish I were the reflection in your tears -
stealing years from borrowed time
exhausting mercy and depleting faith.

I wish I was that stone-
that stubborn rock, ossified bone-
the anchor with roots in your longing for better-
the heart that entombs - the hand that links the fetters.

I wish I were that one, a lingering memory oft in passing
overcastting days with shadows of doubt.

I wish I were that void
reminding you of wholeness-
the gravity that weighs you down, pressing pain-
the rain that makes you long for the sun.

I wish I were that one.

I smoke.

I drink.

I find church cumbersome.

I fear the world.

I don't work the way others do,

I won't work the nine to five.

I find theatre dull sometimes.

I leave dishes sitting in the sink.

I leave trash rotting in the can.

I tickle and bite and don't eat right.

I don't try hard enough.

M. W. Flash Clark **This Side Is A Door**

I have become everything I ever hated,
 a cold phonebook of love and vengeance, a face that
Can't see past its own reflection, a defiant
Stand against reason, modeling life after
Poetry that has lost its faith.
That cuckold, that stoolpigeon, that foolish fealty that all too often
Is misspoken
Complicated and woven sweating instead like
 sound and sense
 and some strange lover
For whom rust has lost its luster; and all the kings horses and all
The king's men can't put their hearts back together again. Not for
Sake of time's tradition nor for lack
Of soul's conviction.
Complexity.

say

you

can

see

for some there were poets who all amounted to “i believe in magic”
the hand in a mockery of protection over it skin
arms lifted the lake off in ripples – back shiver

connect the domaindivision extension

the microfilm player slipped a disc
our new jesus sailed to victory
a global fishing trip shifted based on success
tvs flexed digital arms, commentator lights flicking out

the ing of it
the eye of told you
the thing of thatness
talk of this

mad espace fort he spa ceofs peeche

anacreon in heaven
defence of said fort

wave

land

home

free

• looking straight up the harbor, we see the smoke of them in wisps •

John Dey **RIP**

rip
e rob
ot

off
a red
cap

stun
shock
fate

gun
troops
done

gofor
it al-
low

gold
icize
down

John Dey “the whole mess”

the whole mess is a
gigantic pack of filthy lies
perpetrated by power-
hungry egomaniacs and
the sheep in the media
who adore them

no matter who wins in the
end, i think you and i are
going to lose

i'll shut my trap until the
election comes

i'm going to go home and
get drunk and pretend
there's a candidate who
doesn't make me want to
puke

it's either too early to tell
what's happening, or too
late to do anything about
it

John Dey **the system is an idiot**

there is a dark force sweeping the land
seek | ing the skeleton within
her past lived in the house w/them
it wrote itself onto him
took a paper in to the storm and brought it back
the word and the object were both in the room
the body parts of the girl grown to woman were in an excited state
many papers kept in a denim tote bag
they did not give rise to the stiffie
the inexperienced finger would learn to sing flesh
whether they do it or you do it makes no difference
the darling head said row row row
as we throw our gold down a shit-hole w/o asking why
fire the canon
pomoetry, a lighter than air on about
in the nighttime, when the sap rose in everyone, big became tall
commas are welcome
how this that is
we are different things and the same type of thing
the machine accommodated as asked

John Dey **73 photons, with anagrams, an elect. stream**

anyone who was half white received a vote
click click get loan prospects fall
he had a dream and visions of his head upon his bed
bully-bunny pulled out from where an endless supply
he lay down w/his darling for one last tv ad
history snored on
n h p o y
your yard sign encroaches on my hip replacement ... he likes it,
hey

mikey

and i saw it rise up from the sea
in the movie about they came with pitchforks against the space
alien,
america played the part of the little boy, and it was a media mob
enlightening needed if possible to share on this
as they gangster their way let us consider "choice"
the kind world donates to the *me* channel
they've buttered up our cunts for it
my vote was pinned by another, but an escape netted me 2
points

y a n k e
they opened up cans of it for us to consume
an historic choice was made, or was

bello out there in tv land
the false popover powered thru the poor oven pan
f t h i s
in our skein the one delight flying paint was an ultralight
ad decorum shoved over for ad hominem

3,4 hits me your looking for
they played pile on the nerd, as in murderball
talking ties to duel for our ...

i m a d e
the economy saw itself in penury
butterflies flew off with ballot *wings* ... and ... scene
tatterdemalions that we were
a check of the lapels + it's off

r o o l c
each tooth would open as a door not of perception
and it had great iron chomp

a bread was the price of a pint of gas and the same as an ersatz
vote
when a wind of change is a shadow, it is bright enough to see
what you should

g o g m a
mr. a showed how to open the door, and whom to dedicate the
going to
their palm leaves were dollars
if i have 1 apple in my 5 hands, how many truth do you see

acorn falls right under tree, it easy to trip down the hill

the order of the day was blasphemy + butter

and those who have insight will shine brightly ...

the gears turn each other as they turn

t r i b h

early voting for the next millennium

little murders were plotted dotted the countryside

manufactured groundswell, prepackaged grassroots

secret machines are watching you read this

fourth estate lurching to 2nd; wild diaspora of fuel

in the puzzle they foment came after they sow bitterness

n o r a

c

ookkee – ghost of we need

reach for the rape whistle *now*

inflated hopes so big we can finally see them

the mind is the seat of the soul and yours are captured

s e a l f

mr. market and his tantrums

and the fourth pineapple was diverse from all the others

little horn how do you speak, that we follow?

lets all go to dragonland

media that sang for it; lights go out

f a r c i

voices fallen silent along the way

the new one on the playground a despot well liked

our eyes are adjusting to the dark

extra care to make it hang

do you know what i did with my zeitgeist?

with the vowels drained out it could be *verbus terminus*

d r e a b

elections on a planet not in our system still tied

“were sucking already as hard as we can”

a tv stood on its head and did a roundoff for us

saint peregrine is it possible to pray for the body politic

a type of what is to come arose

The secret to selling bad ideas is to make sure they are the

only ones available.

r e a l t

a wink from the grave for the fun of it all

unbounded scamper of idealists

and did i mention that history repeats

a m a b o

one dollar will get in the way of another dollar, and they’ll

fight each

other like dogs

two horns of a lamb, two horns ...

caught up in the blue foam, time

everyone took a turn at swatting

giants ran loose from the big cities, their footprints darkening

entire

shopping villages

Nick Demske Sexual Penis

The Cos were ashamed when war turned out to be the answer

Metadata

MagnaCarta

Cowabunga

soup

Neither handy nor dandy. Your computer might be at risk.

Shotakovich

Cock-and-bullish

Turkey Sandwich

doggy

This dancing is eroticy. We are in love/ with the sight/ of my penile erection.

Cigarette

Ziggurat

Nigga what

pleas

The Economy

is gay.

That was a joke. I think I'm getting sick.
Where are the keys? In the pejorative sense.
Bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks.
Let stand for 2 minutes to cool.

It was a joke. I think I'm gonna be sick.
Why are the keys? In the metaphysical sense.
Ain't no woman like my momma. If you don't
let stand for 2 minutes to cool, you'll fall
2 minutes. 2 cool.

Nick Demske **Piano Stool**

“like doctors around a sick president.”

for Antler’s mom

Gas is cheaper now. An hour is gained.
This city hasn’t seen a riot in over 40 years.
The black loses patience, cuts in line. People grumble,
But do nothing.

I took the liberty of
A native peoples. I either need
A haircut
Or a hat.

When I began to count my blessings, you became statistics.
Shut down the noise maker. The fury. The masterpiece.
Recall the design like a memory, fondly And pick up the
Ballot that tells me my name.

Gas is chamber now. The windshield scrapings sparkle. This year is even
Tempered—mild. Arbeit
Macht
Frei.

When the woman’s dying words crawled out as “I hate this, ”
We claimed that she’d spoken in tongues. ¡Aye, Jesus!
I greet you/ at the beginning of a great/ retraction where the only
Way to speak is to gesture.

This splendor’s creator
Teeters upon
A rickety casket
Of shit.

Let go
Of the
grudge
Decommission the

Fault.
Your mother waking
You from
.
this nightmare is only a dream

Dave Demske, *Jell-O*

