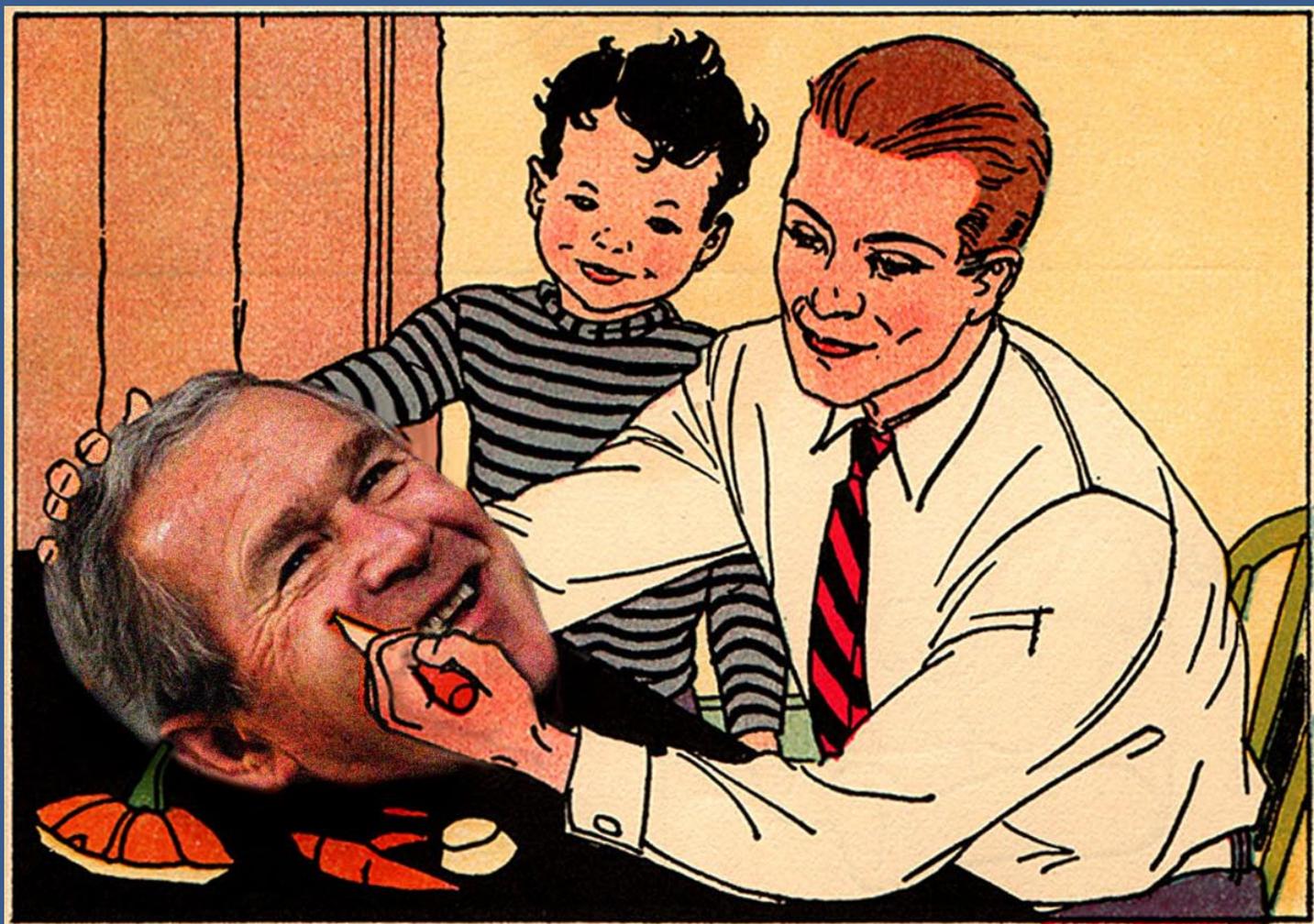


# THE BATHROOM

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:

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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](mailto: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**

# This Ain't Chicago

fighting to keep who starts trouble  
that feeds both all blame  
for will be sparked—

“Action, but only discriminating against, not until their switch, would have been an ‘odyssey of the understandable.’  
Why blacks vote and Confederate flags fly over Christians in the cycle? Blame was never today controlled by  
Democrats.”

germination natural light/dark killed his brother  
until

opportunity actually possible every

## allow you fact

who wrongly grow fiberglass  
poor, angry harvests per year.

outdoor light put out the

"Dixiecrat" is Democrat that Nigger freedom

## ignore the fact

“During the Civil Act of 1957, enacted federal civil language stood in the finger, in fact, that in their political careers  
they would rather praise Senator South switching to first goals and begin to offer the pathway Republican.”



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 3<sup>rd</sup>) 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.

Amanda Laughtland

**Save Your Life**

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.

## 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

## K. Silem Mohammad **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 2<sup>nd</sup>; 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*

