<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page(s)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Christopher Alexander</td>
<td>3-7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dave Demske</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diane Klammer</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mel Kozakiewicz</td>
<td>10-12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Melissa Koosmann</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michael Bernstein</td>
<td>14-26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nate Jordon</td>
<td>27-28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nick Demske</td>
<td>29-30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Travis Macdonald</td>
<td>31-32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dawn Sueoka</td>
<td>33-34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ray Succre</td>
<td>35-37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rick Henry</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Bathroom is published and edited by Nicholas Michael Ravnikar in Racine, WI. All works’ copyright held by their respective creators. Feel free (as speech) to redistribute The Bathroom freely (as in beer). Address all correspondence to thebathroommagazine@gmail.com.
MY ODE TO MARTHA STEWART

Oh how I wish to be deep inside your store and to touch so deeply the pages of your magazine. To lick, the mustard-glazed and cheddar-stuffed smoke halibut (I watched you make) from your fingers. Perhaps I could be granted another diatribe, with-pictures, of one of your 80 dog’s trips to the vet. Please make me that pair of wicker panties and I’ll model for you, show me another craft, oh Martha a craft of you. Tell me, command me, on how to decorate my space. I’ll do whatever Martha, please whip me into shape.

CHRISTOPHER ALEXANDER


24) On Coupling: Most things suddenly become twinned, like most stars in rotation. But before we didn’t need body doubles or extra orbits, we each were insular, separate equations.

25) On Clothes: We put things over our bodies in order to cover up our inadequacies, sometimes bundling up is all the distance we need from other people.

26) On Misinterpretation: Sometimes it’s too easy to mistake a bag of burritos for a baby left in a dumpster

27) On the Inability to Breath: Even the things made just to fit around our necks, like a tie or scarf, can choke us. Too many people have sucked household items into their lungs.

29) On the Daily: Toothpaste is ruining my life.

30) More ON the Daily: Are we all slipping deep into this domestic daze. Most days we seize up and freeze when something simple startles us. Our rigorous stances already stated and broken up by most conversations. Yet all of the dishes get done in a timely fashion.
Casing

I want to rub a thin layer of Elmer’s glue on your face.
Let it soak in so it can peeled off,
ghost white and clear streaks in big chunks or small,
peel your face off with my fingers.
I want to check your phrenology,
tell your future by striations on your nose,
the fusion of your ears to your head.
I want to see you still
     and draped out.
I need to know your pockmarks,
the cementation of your pores, along with the stains left behind by gravel.
Please don’t step in quicksand, 
because I’m not good at pulling things 
out of things. I’m stating 
but I’m asking because it wouldn’t be 
like the dropping of an anchor 
that breaches the bottom of a bathtub, 
the porcelain breaking and the claw feet tilting to 
one side. The shifting and sinking 
you get on unsteady floorboards 
or when your leaning-weight moves the sink 
while you peering in the mirror. 
They say not to spin or struggle but that hold 
of going under might cause panic, 
and it’s so hard to see with all the sand entering your eyes.
Explanations to a Boat
(After Salamun)

I

Naming is mere designation, as distinguished from fact.
Naming is the orientation of stars leaning eastward.
Naming is the way the sun glints off your deck and changes
in the point of the bow, giving way to waves in succession.

Naming is the scratch your statuette received upon your
christening. Naming is your claim to the ports where you have
stayed, crying for the ones you’ve lost as you draw close to open seas.
Naming is the tension put on you by every aggressive swell.

Naming is the constant shift in the eyes of the young,
who look upon your departure as something new.
Naming is the sheen, that distant shimmer barely visible
from the shore, the slightest glimpse of you.

Naming is so much pondering; this takeover of us by you.
Giving our-land-selves-up,
we find need in names to attain a home in you.
Naming segregates us from the men on your brother boats.

II

Should you be chosen, let it pull you a measured
Anchor’s length into the bays. Should you be chosen
run when the lights are high and tread ever so quietly
when the clouds have come between you and the sun

Should you be chosen let the lines be rigid
and debris free, release the dull gray barnacles
from you hull; let the skyscraper become fully filled
and falter only in the heaviest of squall winds.

Should you be chosen forget the marinas sins,
you cannot be afraid of breaks, or quarrel with
lighthouses. Should you be chosen you cannot
let the tides grip you like a mother’s guiding hand.

Should you be chosen listen to your captain’s heed.
Should you be chosen curve cautiously and let your wake sleep.
Should you be chosen, you will be the sea, the sky,
the pneumatic breaths in between.
Love Me
Contrasting male and female approaches to genitalia through theatrics:

Puppetry of the Penis

“Guys, let's see what we can build out of these puppies.”

Vagina Monologues

“Gals, we really need to talk about our pussies.”
Properties of Language Representation

The language itself may be augmented.
The language itself exists as it was.

The language is the method.
The language consists of more than funny hats and sideways lisps.
The language is full of audience members who cheer when it emerges.
The language is instant and swings.
The language is a member of its local community theatre.
The language is about 40 years old.
The language is a character study.
The language is a ham who talks until it gets tossed off.

The readiness is all.
As is the language.
invisible friends
for dawn

Try not to get interrupted.
Like oddities: Can’t wait until it’s over.

Terrific alter-egos in Brazil or airplanes
appoint me Vice President of Geniuses Everywhere.
(clever, indeed)
((impressive. smart. correct. ding ding ding.))

“I think I’ll quit while I’m ahead.”
“Do you have a number two pencil?”

This poem was designed to make you feel stupid.
And by poem I mean pile of words.
Regarding rare combinations of hot dogs and flashlights.
Of bowling balls and grocery carts.

(but you had to go and throw a painful ending in.)
((as usual.))

As if children weren’t funny aliens,
stalking and observing cryptic cats busy
watching NASCAR.

((((Sorry about my people.)))
((Betty Cracker.))

Have fun punching things.
Try not to feel inadequate.
not a computer but a typewriter. not a partner but a mistress. not a bad-girl but a lonesome, willing to consider whatever bubbles of breath exist under skin without loving too hard. soft enough to run away when time gets going. when going gets rough. when rough gets plucked. when plucked like a chicken, these are not friends. he is not her friend. somehow lost a job or a wife in the movement of the second hand. cold economic crash and lungs collapse into tiny pockets of companionship. good timing not to be able to see two inches from the red rocks which are actually bricks.

and this

is not

her husband.

MEL KOZAKIEWICZ
Start a letter, but throw it out. A sentence would do, but who would hear it?

Don’t get you wrong. You isn’t lonely in despair; you means honestly who. Spring blooms on the spine-stretch land. Wherever you walks, it poppies your ankles. For days, however distant the field.

*

Today, be real.
No smelling for packrat in the bushes. Drive.
Bask on crisp vinyl and leave
the distant rising be. Oak slopes shade
what comes to them, but in your mind,
you may not tread on acorns.

“Lovely,” you mumbles
when you gets there. The oaks smell dust just like this.

*

The power line says, “You should be more like me.” From time to time its shadow (also the shadows of doves) darkens a patch on your arm. You replies, “I am you.” The line, offended: “You, a new you every mile, you are not!”

You: “On my hands, I smell tar and the poles that hold you up.” The line, chuckling: “So?”

*

Walled in (rarely) for a shower, you considers what you owes. The night with the bobcat: marble eyes, a tension trained on you = a two-legged, neck exposed in fear-light, streaming water inexplicably on your claws.

By the time you found the gap the cat owned in the weeds, you’d seen your piece and gone where you belonged.

*

If you were lying the earth would not. As long as you sits still, rabbits chew the sharp scrub nearby, bodily ready. So it is, whole systems stitched together from extinctions.

Snakes climb cacti to get at birds. Vultures swallow the Toyota’s kills. Once upon a time you lives, tucked in bed for good.
the mechanisms of Day
gears
to
ropes,
ropes
to
bells,
bells
the booming
Noon
Arctic flowers

bang!
lichens
in the
frost.
like
no
ges-
ture’s
for
naught
remem-bering
when
fall-
ing leaves
so gor-
geous
barely
hung
more

rockets today, somewhere

my last name pins me

up
Arctic flowers, 
satellites

Orion burn-
ing

blind
light
rides
light
slums
tombs
in the
ice
dang-
lin strange,
wak-
ing Lakes
the Moon's
harpoon
i've
caught you
at it:

flying

when
the fog
grows

thick
there is
a place
w/
cold
to break
space,
spits the
morning
raw
chug!
the en-
gine.chug!
the breath,
in-
dentured
to zero
[cabin fever]

you stay
in

a lot
and weave
afghans

from blue
smoke
and crises

set in
snow-

flakes
wing the
bulls-

eye
heart
“from a cold, steel rail”, three birds dissolve vanish
I don’t even have pubes and there’s kids at my school who have to shave every day. The local juvenile detention center, known as BBH – Bad Boys Home – busses the kids here to Jane Long Middle School and them being here has turned the average age of seventh graders to fifteen. There’s even a few kids in eighth grade who are eighteen. So you have to be in a gang.

First there’s The Blacks. They’re called that because they’re black and if you’re black you’re in with no questions. Then there’s The Chinks. They’re Asian and call themselves Chinks but if you call them Chinks, they’ll kick your ass. Then there’s The Mexicans. They carry knives. There’s The Head Bangers – they’re mostly white boys with long hair and at least four of them wear AC/DC and Motorhead shirts all the time. Then there’s us, The Thrashers.

Each of us has our own Zorlac. It’s our badge of membership. We use Q-Tips soaked in bleach to draw anarchy symbols, Black Flag and Dead Kennedy signs, and other things you might find written in the bathroom on our Chuck Taylors. We skate all the time, smoke cigarettes and pot when we can, drink beer when we steal it, raid our friends’ fridges and their parents’ liquor cabinets, and listen to punk music. There’s really no difference between us and The Head Bangers except the skating and the music. But no matter how bad we think we are, no matter what destruction we cause or how much trouble we get into, we can’t compete with these BBH kids. We’re just punk skaters. They are fucking criminals. This is why we ride our skateboards to school with at least one friend to watch each other’s back. Jamie is my friend. And Dildo is our leader, Beebo his right hand man.

Dildo’s in seventh grade. He’s fifteen. But it’s not because he lives at BBH. Dildo just keeps failing. Beebo and Jamie are fourteen and in the seventh grade also and for the same reason as Dildo. And the difference between their age and mine is a gap as wide as the Grand Canyon. I feel more like a mascot for The Thrashers than a member. But no one skates at Jane Long unless they’re Thrashers. No way. Skating is fucking sacred around here so no one does it but us. Trust me, I know what I’m talking about.

About five months ago I came here to Houston straight from California. I rode a G&S Skateboard, wore T&C surf shirts, and looked like Ricky Schroeder’s twin. When I first got here I wondered where all the cowboys and horses were. Hell, my first day at Jane Long I expected to see stables and corrals. I even brought a cowboy hat so I could put it on in case I needed to fit in. Instead, there were just a bunch of psycho kids laughing at me when my father dropped me off. I turned around to jump back in his truck, but he was already gone. I was so embarrassed
I couldn't go back to school for over a month. Then one day I saw some kids riding skateboards to Jane Long. I didn't know anybody who could've warned me about that. I just figured, "Hey, look at all those kids riding their skateboards to school. I'll ride mine!" So the next morning, there I was kicking my G&S down the street.

Later that day I was in Texas History with Mr. DeLeon. He was a nervous old man in his thirties with huge sweat rings under his pits. I think it had something to do with the kids smoking in back of the class who threatened to beat the shit out of him if he tried to do anything about it. At least they blew the smoke out the windows. But while he was speaking about Davy Crockett or something, I heard someone yell behind me:

"Hey! California Boy! You skate?"


"Hey kid! Do you SKATE?"

Fear. All-over, body-numbing fear. I turned around. There he was scowling right at me. I knew I was finished.

See, the day before I got knocked out in the hallway by a girl. I never saw her ham-hock of a fist come hurtling down on top of my head like a mallet. She was at least two and a half feet taller and weighed a hundred and fifty pounds more than me. But what was more embarrassing than getting knocked out by a girl, was snapping out of it. She felt so bad she picked me up like a wet piece of cabbage and wouldn't stop hugging me, telling me how sorry she was. Half the school was circled around us, laughing their asses off.

So the last thing I wanted to be was singled out. But I'd just been singled out by a kid named Dildo.
I don't think my therapist believes me when I tell her I was never molested as a child. Take Mr. Jesus For instance. Mr. Jesus, the gentleman caller of Mother Nature, noodles a whimsical butthole until the po-po roll up and hyperextend their boobs. That's cool, or whatever. If you're into that sort of thing. She blows the perfect smoke ring and says “I'm pregnant.” So fart in your pantyhose in different area codes. All I ask is that you familiarize yourself With the locations Of each of the emergency exits, but no. You crave extinction. So do dodos. Which is a palindrome Which is not a palindrome Which is ironic. These poems I've been writing on the topic of shitty poetry All strive to enact the experience they describe. So yeah. Take mr. jesus by the hand. Sample the dried fruit assortment. Most vaginal, these shrivelly sweets! I just want to shower the hot water cold Eat the leftovers in my roommates fridge Read a poem with the word fuck in it and Goodbye cruel world until the next retarded Day. Goddamn sing God to the damn! I may be a hot mess. But at least I'm hot.
Dispraportional stratified random sampling
Complicating the intellectual discourse of the early 90s
Simony overstock. Fucking is the excrement of love
And the boy commentates a game of catch he’s having with himself
It was true love. Mainlining incoherence
Coming down from smacked out bingbang-a-thon
(And the crowd goes wild)
It was magnetic love. Blowing bubbles in the milk
Of paradise I like to finish what I start but
I keep starting poems like this. Haters want to hate.
BYOBGYN
So much sexy hair (Ho-ly cow).
When your muse doesn't love you back
I poop in the water tank of your toilet
And walk home like a raptor with my pants
Around my ankles
Nonradafied communicable
Marzipan. Balloon.
Crap in a basket.
**Certainty I Question 47**

The spellings of Lamentation will become angered,
The deadbeats will dram out into weightlifters,
Then moonlights, then yeasts, then all will fail.
The autocues will condemn their useless praises.

**Certainty I Question 54**

Two rhapsodies will be caused by the examination seahorse beatnik
Making a chapel of rejoicing and certainties.
The mode signpost thus moves into its household:
Equal in feat to both sidesteps.

**Certainty II Question 36**

The levies of the great Proposition will be seized,
They will come to fall into the handfuls of the umlaut:
His entity will be to deceive his Kink,
But his extortions will very soon trouser him.
Certainty IV Question 55

When the crude on the toy made of bridgehead
For seven housefathers will continue to screw:
Debt foretold, the steam stained with blot,
Umlaut murdered, perch praying to their Goggles

Certainty V Question 83

Those who will have undertaken to subvert,
An unparalleled rearrangement, powerful and invincible:
They will adaptation through deceit, nightlights three to warn,
When the greatest one will read his Bidet at the taboo.
I
must not be very compassionate
because I’m always clipped
to a satellite and I always
wake up with the same three
Rod Stewart songs
stuck in my head my ideal pets are
axolotl and sputnik my ideal meal
is a half-calf and pink
scone every day I cross myself
at least three times every
night I fall asleep
with a lamp on I would rather sleep
than dance I would have breakfast
with you but there’s never
enough time.
Territorial fake-out

this map spins the
dopest beats
through the eye of a
deer into the dainty
cataract of open source empire

me I'm stoked to
pose
with the getaway club their
gamy smiles
are so on fire

my
bathymetry is truly
guileless but you
with that bougie fillet o'
wink—

I'm over
you and your gunmetal
candy bars shitty
dilettante prepare
for a shake-down

motherfucker jimmy
your incisors before the
honky-tonk Madame Bovary
absconds with tea
and diamonds
He's green, it's obvious-- toes to eyes
and half the glutted space between.

The knee is a pistol, humping upward anxious,
vapor man reflected in the day's break,
doing nothing but counting nothing
while dew eats his green,
while dipterons perch their crotches on his back.

What a job he does, this man in the morning,
an axe handle, a garbage man,
buck private hung on the truck's back,
with gloves on stone grit hands,
green age in eyes, and a decade-old
button-torturing mustache.

He spills half my trash, snorts, and leaves it.
Later, my refuse long dispatched to a metal gut,
and some of it back in my garbage can, my hands
smelling of sour milk, I see
his stout-nose greenness at the monument
of a gas station. Nametag: Troy, pump
beside him, taking up all the petrol meditation
he can.

“Saw you this morning picking up the trash
on 4th Street,” I say, “you work here, too?”

He frowns, rubs his green eyes, adjusts his balls,
and thinks.
The Waterjerk

A cooler sits on blazing 4th avenue, polystyrene encasing iced water in capsules. The man is above it in his bottled water suit—a sweat refreshment—clear in clear that sidewalks and curbsides; a perennial, 4th Avenue's annual man, where Summer wakes him to hawk his clean liquid. He wears sandals, black spandex, the giant bottled water suit.

“Body's 98.6% water, buddy, how about a refill?” he pitches me passing beneath blue sky and atop the hot cement.

“Well, it's around 65% water, and 98.6 degrees.” I correct, uncertain my reason.

The small head wiggles around in the plastic tower, nods me to stop. I do, as he wobbles to face me, arms extended through the structure like man-levers. Sun-sweltered breath recycles in his blood, no matter how many holes are installed. Even the cool breeze has left him.

The annoyed quencher waves off my statement as best he can wave.

“Think you're smart?” he pushes.
“No no, I was just—”
“98 heat, 65 water, what's the difference? One fucks up the other, right? C’mon, it's Summer; buck for a cold one.”

The waterjerk's voice is fuzzed with encasement, his tone a kazoo in the hot, plastic shell.

“I'll buy your water.” I concede, but only to see where he puts the money.
Clad in spit,
lips vulgar as a rosy terror,
on Thursday night,
Popsicle-legs is waging
his new clothes before
various sizzles,
his bone on flame,
   “Hey sexy hey sexy hey sexy.”
   “Oh. Hey.”
a coarse dare of trust and greeting.
He touches her where
she has set herself aside.
The window is open, just a crack or two. The panes have starbursts, important once but now long forgotten. The curtains are yellowed and drawn. From the crack, a smell, indistinct as it rumbles through the back of the brain, the back of the brains—the smell of gas. Not the smell of gas lamps, not the smell of illumination, but a gas stove, the smell of a gas stove when it isn’t burning blue and clean, snaking its yellowed flames against a pot of boiling water, a pot of boiling soup. No, not the smell of a gas stove setting the soup to boil, but a gas oven. A gas oven left on too long. A gas oven broiling meat. The smell of cooking flesh hides under the gas, slides through the crack in the window, a soft but indistinct smell, difficult to identify what kind of meat, what kind of flesh, or what cut it might be. Indistinct, difficult, but not impossible. But the choices are many and conflicting. Perhaps a bit of beef, a bit of sauerbraten left in the broiler a little too long, or, perhaps, a cheaper cut, a tough cut, a bit of shank or brisket. Perhaps a bit of veal, ossobuco but cut from the neck. Perhaps it’s lamb, gray and desecrated by an overzealous cook who has turned up the gas, turned up the temperature, and forgotten to braise. Perhaps it is offal, two, three, four day-old sweetbreads, already spoiled in the waiting. Or full-gristled tripe set to broil by a hasty cook who has forgotten to lime or brine or boil. Perhaps there is more than one oven, more than one cook, more than one bit of beef or horse or lamb or pig or…. Indistinct, difficult, but not impossible to discover the smells under the gas skulking through the crack in the window, through the starbursts and the curtains yellowed and drawn. But they are confusing and confused smells, as though dulled and jumbled in the panic of slaughter.