

Selected Contents

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Gwynne Garfinkle

Glum Up Your Bawd

High-parole properties like model Payday Slum are making their lockups the mania traction with a spate of light-stealing suppressive sequin climes. Bet the look by sweeping heron up to one swine or pulling it back into a pony or low bunny and tacking phony velour or a bold buttery barrel to your trusses. It's easy to floret this ultra scary sweep. An egret groping shows him you're open, fried, and pleased to be there. Flute your bait, brush his van while your roasts purposefully rev his ram. You're sure to stand out among the well-cowed coeds.

David Harrison Horton

from The Bandit Suite

The beer is in Texas, a long way to go, a photograph
of a photograph in time, turn it: I see you stickman;
the clock is making me nervous, a short time to get there,
the work is interesting but pays in copies, this means other
rewards must be sought, pumpkin, pumpkin, chesnut. The
queen of frogs appears veiled but remits, a DesiLu. A
lecture on conquest in the Romance mode; the steed a
Firebird.

The bird in the house built for it, and the master
tapes of Mao are scratchy, and this little pig had, for
the love of Mike Mike must be invited, and all the neighbors
agree or at least do not dissent; and Roscoe Arbuckle and
Buster had an idea of cinema: straight man and the hero:
the ship has sunk and is washed upon the shore, and an
apology or a deathbed wish, both ignored, or a history
and it's dramatization: knight errant on a stock adventure.

Sara Sower

Is You Is Or Is You Ain't

Nothing holds, said one.
You're a leader, said another.
On fire baby, was said.
Clip-clop, west, was said also.
Let's make it big
came out of nowhere.
Horatio Alger
the house down, so.
Listen, there's a catch
when the journalist tells you
you're simple and
your war is
postmodern. You
strive to be
simple at bare
minimum and when
finally you crawl
out of the tunnel
you're uncertain
whether the sky
is the same sky
as before you
entered the tunnel or
a new sky or what
simple is and whether
you're it or not.
Nothing
is clear. It's making
your face look pink.
And you're not
accustomed to
such promiscuity
in public.

Dean Young

Strain On the Power Grid

One day, terrible and goofy
the vacant lots crest over
the hotel towers. Terrible
and goofy the poison arrow frogs
hop by the perfume counters.
Try to chainsaw a redwood
and get electrocuted,
no one knows why,
the scientists are drunk
on swamp gas. Then
things really get weird:
in Des Moines, a turbine quits,
reverts to a heap of ores, alloys
unalloyed, plastic unpolymered
into oil slicks, some extremists
swearing they've seen gasoline sprout
ferns, ducks in elevators, coyotes
kidnapping preschoolers for a week,
they come back with huge ears,
huge laughs. No one's buying
batteries or life insurance.
When you die, you walk through
a field of thigh-high ox-eyes
then wait for the ferry.
And the rain: sometimes it's rain,
sometimes moss, luna moths, trigger-fish.
My wristwatch is a pinecone.
My cat brings home an emerald.
I take off your clothes,
put my tongue in that room
where the songbirds gather.