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Memento

Lana Bella

Her beginning scaled over the thatched roof, where a slack July air was restless and milky eye of the full moon dove between folded valley beneath the swift night's flight. She woke among risen silhouettes with mute tongue refused to regale her its tales of past memory, as insects crooned lullabies in the distance and all around, lifted buoyant by her breaths. Sights swept and intrigue rose, she strained her ears through the stony black, from its nocturnal pulsing she felt heavy metals strapping on strange wrists, jangling bells when she shook their fall. This multi-language of music surprised her in the way fever of flesh summoned her tired eyes into sleep once more. She wondered then how often she will take madness into her own hand, slip to dream and wake up missing among the cacophony of things both frequent and foreign, making up names for every purpose of her beginning. Over and over.

Cracked Windowbox

Ken Pobo

Jerry watches a Beverly Hillbillies rerun—
Granny and Mrs. Drysdale at odds.
Jeff rearranges garage crap

he can't bear to get rid of.
Nancy Sinatra drops by in go-go boots
that have walked to several galaxies

since the 60s. The three drink lemonade
poured from a cranberry-red pitcher.
Whitman pops in when Nancy leaves,

his weathervane beard pointing
to heaven and a bowling alley.
Night bubbles on the roof,

black oatmeal. Jerry and Jeff think
that tomorrow may bring a letter
from God, everything fully explained

in simple language. For right now,
they blow a kiss to a trembling fuchsia
reddening a cracked window box.

Fully Recovered

Ken Pobo

I get a call from Juneau that Alaska's sick.
Only a trip to a sunny spot will save him.
I pack my thongs, shorts, suntan lotion,
and rendezvous with Alaska in Hawaii.
Alaska can be grumpy
and snarls when a woman places a lei
around his thick neck, a castle
centered between brain and heart.

I transport states to various recovery zones.
South Dakota and I had a gay old time,
and a gay middle-aged time, in Cuba.
Fidel sang love songs written by unclassified
Santiago maids. Alaska finally relaxes.
I admire how nimble he is walking
on Big Island lava. After a month

Alaska returns home, fully refreshed,
a little hungover, and getting flirty
with the Yukon who still pines for
a lost snowflake.

Thus and So

Howie Good

Whatever it takes—bed rest, transfusions, using corpses as sandbags—is what ordinary country folk do. Perhaps that's why I hear a ripping noise, like when a magician, at the climax of his act, produces a white dove from thin air while his attractive assistant flashes a smile and a bit of tit. There's no space in modern thought for the concept of evil. And despite having difficulty getting on and off escalators, bearded philosophers and surreal women are out in force, drifting into the person walking next to them, thereby adding deep shadows and a scrap of moon to the oldies playing in my head.

Black and White

Steve Klepetar

They stand in patient rows, suppliants
at a government counter, quiet ghosts

in gray and black immigrant suits, beige
raincoats, white babushkas. Smoke

spills from their lips, they speak softly,
words roiling in the sullen air like soup

greens, potatoes and marrowbones.
A man crushes a cigarette, a woman

sings a gentle, guttural song in language
I don't understand. In the fifties all

the world was black and white, grainy
as newsreel. Brooklyn Dodgers loped

gray bases in baggy uniforms:
ebony-faced Jackie sliding in a swirl

of white dust, Campanella crouching
at a shining home plate. White

shirts on the subway, bulging
briefcases and fedoras, Times folded

into neat, fat rectangles, splash of Daily
News headlines spilling onto jostling crowds.

The Woman Who Swam with Sharks

Steve Klepetar

I heard her on the radio, the woman who swam
through shark-infested waters, through hallucinations,
through her own vomit, swam as if her body floated

a mile above her will, looking down with cold,
dispassionate eye. Every stroke, she said, was an
explosion of joy. And pain. And grief. Ah, she said,

the virtues of a life lived so hard that nobody
would ask how you let that precious gift slip
into darkness. I imagined her face aglow with pride,

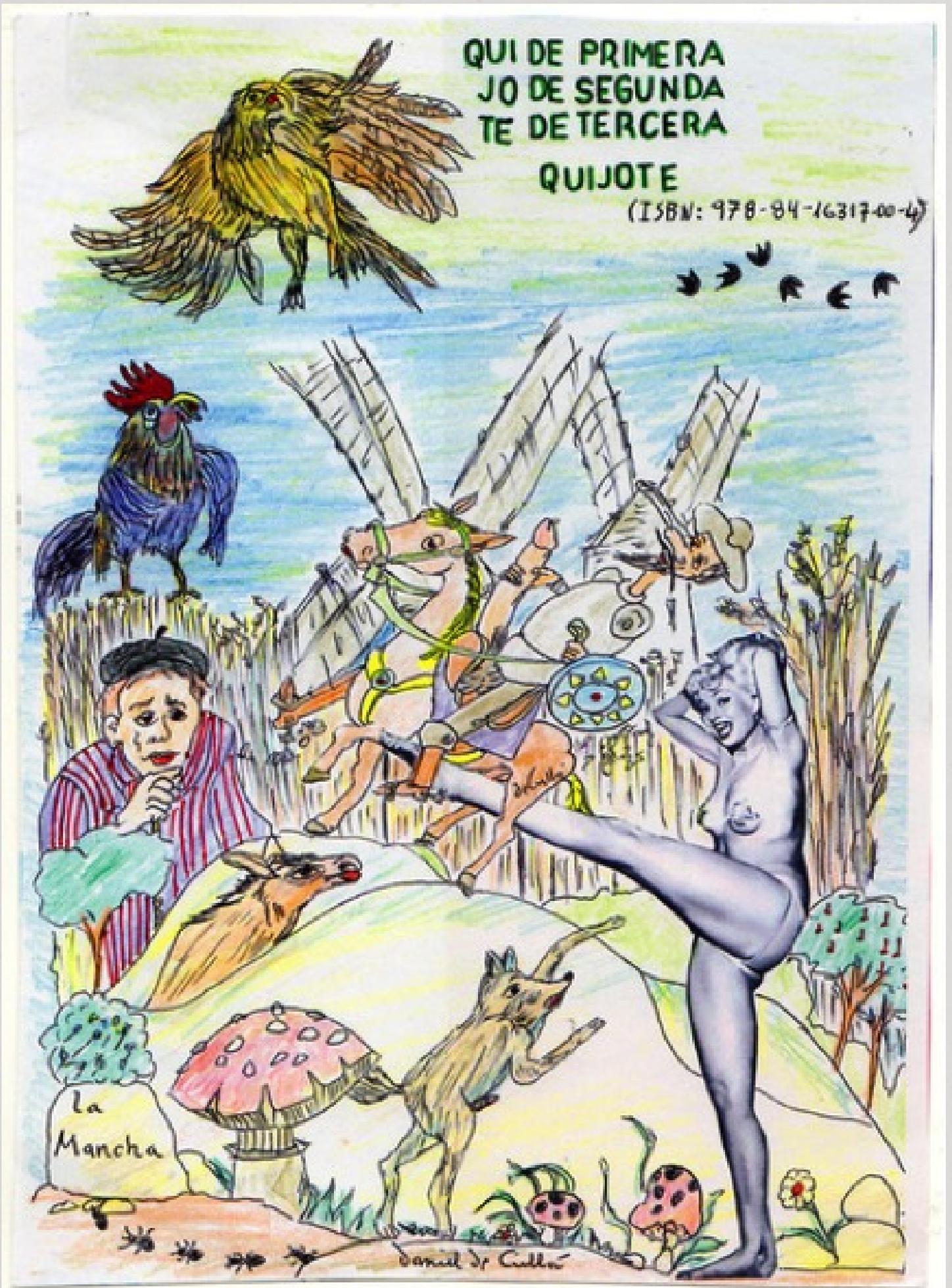
alive with her suffering, endurance and strength.
Then I drove back down the quiet street, yards thick
with oaks, to the brown house beckoning with many rooms

and unmade beds, with chairs that held a body's form,
mist-frosted mirrors, and a kitchen table heavy
with soup and bread and the hungry voices of a hundred ghosts.

QUI DE PRIMERA
JO DE SEGUNDA
TE DE TERCERA

QUIJOTE

(ISBN: 978-84-16317-00-4)



Daniel de Culla

Daniel de Culla - Qui de Primera, Jo de Segunda, Te de Tercera, QUIJOTE (I)

Learning to Own Nothing

Steve Klepetar

It's easier than skipping
stones, a calculus of opening

hands, spreading fingers
so wide that all nets

drop away. It's just what
rivers do as they drain

into the sea, smoothing
white stones into colorless

ease. Along the avenue,
shadows slide on pavement,

climb up walls, swarm
each other, and caress.

They own nothing, not
even light that bends around

their restless shapes.
They lengthen and shrink

until darkness gathers them
in her black skirts and they

sleep in the arms of emptiness.
I have learned the shape

of shapeless things:
kestrels surrendering to air

or bullfrogs mingling with
mud at the edge of a reedy pond.

you can drown in anything
if you try hard enough
Cynthia Saad

when you were six I was
delivered to my mother in a
ball of fire.
when you were
sixteen,
I dreamed of blue lights and a voice
I didn't recognize—
yours.

when you were twenty-six
the ball of fire swallowed us both
and somebody
(I can't remember who)
didn't make it out.

I've forgotten what the sun feels like
but I can still hear your voice in my head.

your father passed the world
onto your shoulders

Cynthia Saad

Mind reader. Fire eater.

You have poured the ocean into your
veins a thousand times over. Your

body is space

and stardust.

Calypso. Your impulse is to conceal.

Set your insides free. The bedrock has been
tearing at them for too long.

Murderers

Matevz Honn

Good evening, Pay-per-view subscribers, lovers of French cuisine and raw justice! We have a lovely day here in London—no fog, no drought, no earthquakes, no Luftwaffe bombings, with a couple of extremely exciting matches ahead of us. Hope you have five gallons of beer and chips ready, this will be a night to remember, I'm sure. Let's peek into the dressing room for a second. Dear ladies and gentleman, I am privileged to introduce an ex-street fighter, the one and only Joe A.K.A. Joe Lewis The Brown Bomber from East End getting himself ready in front of the mirror for the evening shift in Le Chic Guillotine French restaurant in Mayfair. Come on Joe, say hello to the camera!

- Give me a break.

Say cheese Joe, cheer up! Yesterday's weigh-in showed our Joe is 276 and 3/4 pounds, 171 cm, 53 years old, blood pressure 145/75, acute diabetes, early rheumatoid arthritis, post-alcoholic depression, son of a negro immigrant from Jamaica. Let's go, Joe, you have huge support in the kitchen from your only fan, Manuel, at the moment busy peeling potatoes. Stop trimming those eyebrows; you look ridiculous enough in that tight tuxedo and white gloves.

- I have to meet health and safety regulations and I must be neat, otherwise they will fire my ass.

That would be a huge fire, ladies and gentlemen! Come on, Joe, opening bell will beat the first round, get out there, cameras are ready, first customers are arriving! Nice, quiet, irritating Chopin waltzes from hidden speakers and here we go: pair of snobs in their designer evening dresses, she with high heels, shining earrings and holding a goddamn dog. Her...

- It's Charles: white dwarf poodle!

Charles it is, Madame, we didn't say it wasn't. Come on, Joe, open up with a quick jab in her £1870 whitened teeth...

- Can we speak to the restaurant manager please!?

Yes, why not? How about with Don King!? She totally surprised you with that punch she unleashed, Joe! Straight in your once granite chin! Joe, what an insult! Is your Jamaican accent not good enough for them or what!? Is your tonnage a problem? She thinks she doesn't deserve a 1000-pound black pig with a Caribbean accent to serve her tonight! Blind the bitch with your landmark left hook into her temporal bone and DHL her doggie to the zoo!

Sumatran tigers will absolutely love an unexpected box lunch.

- No, no! I can't! I must be polite; 'polite yet not intrusive' is the motto of this restaurant...

Polite yet not intrusive my ass, Joe! You were polite enough since goddamn Columbus discovered Jamaica and dragged your great-grandfather by his balls from Senegal over and whipped him to cut sugarcane for 200 years, and then the British queen took over whipping for 300 years and eventually you took an additional 55 years of insults after your father moved to the UK to be a servant again, cleaning horseshit in Hyde Park and look at you kneeling and bowing to arrogant smartasses all your fucking...

- I'll get the manager right away, Madame.

You will get a heart attack! Blood pressure: 170/95. That's the only thing you will get! Come on, Joe, move, move, have them seated, you have another couple at the door. Goodness they are old as dinosaurs, Joe, 86% deaf, she with an ancient golden necklace probably stolen from Nazis and stored in a Swiss bank until she...

- Are we where we're headed?

Oh yes, my dear! Her pointless self-questioning appears to land way below the belt! Joe, you don't have time for this existentialism garbage! You are not a postdoctoral research fellow of philosophy at Oxford—you didn't read Kierkegaard! Sit them quickly before she comes up with a thesis statement about her mysterious whereabouts!

- God, I can't remember what table they booked.

Blood Pressure: 185/119. It should be table Number 7, Joe. Maneuver those senile pricks over there. Nice legwork—show them why 30 years ago they called you 'The Brown Bomber', with a street fighting record (139-145-67-7 KO) that still echoes today north of the Thames. That's it, nice and easy, hold a chair for the old witch; there you go, the menus, ask the dinosaurs what the fuck they want...

- Yes...well...hmm...let me see...hmm...yes...yes...Mh...

God, Joe! Land a couple of uppercuts into their jaws to wake them up!

- I can't, they're so weak.

Do I hear you right, Joe!? Weak my ass! Cheetahs go after the weakest, sickest antelope in the herd! It doesn't sweat itself to death chasing Usain Bolt!

- I must be polite, yet...

Oh, what drama! Diners might die in front of your eyes before they pick any dish from the menu, Joe... Joe... Goddamnit turn around, the restaurant has filled up behind your giant ass in the meantime. There you have four severely overweight Americans pretending to read the menu, triple chinned in checkered shirts waving with both hands like schizophrenic basketball players at the All-Star Game...

- Listen, fella, I will have the first one: Hors d...o...eu ...look at it...v...res. Make it half done!

Joe, smash his stupid skull to pieces, I beg you! That fucking ignorant pig shouldn't wander the earth unpunished! You...

- Sir, Hors d'Oeuvres is not a horse meat, actually...

This politeness will kill you! Blood pressure: 207/135. You will be licking their fat asses for the rest of your days! Joe, use high guard to protect your bow tie, he is getting at you again.

- Fella! I'm from Texas and I know a horse when I see one!

Goddamn redneck delivered a paralyzing punch in your poor liver with an elbow! Now he finished the job cirrhosis started years ago. Joe! Leave these retards and retreat to your corner to regroup. Third round! Rise up...nice footwork. Oh...no, Joe! There you have the family with a two-year-old kid, his mother stretching her neck like a King Cobra...

- Yes, Madame?

She will bite you on your softest spot, Joe! Swarm forward and knock her out immediately to prevent...

- Told you...I mustn't be intrusive.

How could you not be intrusive with that beer belly balloon of yours? You are not Anna Pavlova not to be intrusive! Move, Joe, move! Standing still, sweating like a pig, you are a goddamn easy target!

- Sir, do you have a kids menu, maybe?

Geez! Joe, what a strike in the brain center for orientation! Tell her she is not in fucking Disneyland! Did she mistake you for a stuffed Donald Duck or what!? Let your hands go, otherwise you'll face a nervous breakdown before the next round! Slip outside and circle to table number 3, there is a Sheikh with his entourage ready to challenge you with a menu...

- Sir, talking about this Chateaubriand Steak with Bearnaise Sauce, we wonder if these cattle were fed with organic grass only?

Joe, punch his big nose bone into his yellow brain, I beg you!

- I can't... I'd get no tip if I do.

Christ, Joe! You didn't have time to ride cows in the Argentine pampas like a mad gaucho with an iPad 4 registering everything the goddamn stupid cow chose to chew! You were not trained for that, for fuck's sake! Come on! There is a playboy chick in a bikini circling the ring with a large placard announcing the 4th Round!

- There is no chick.

It could have been, Joe! Come on, you are in the MGM Grand Garden Arena in Las Vegas! Be careful with the goddamn aperitifs! With your clumsy rhythm, Brochette with Fruits and Ham will roll off your tray easily! Now, rotate 78° and there is a couple with Charles the poodle ready to attack again! Be careful, you're on the wrong foot, Joe! Bitch will catch you with a swinging uppercut...

- Can you call the sommelier and the chef please?

Yeah, right. Joe, how about ringing the Mayor of London and the Leader of the House of Lords to take their order! Tell them the sommelier is on maternity leave and the chef is busy jerking his French dick to get the dressing for the La Salade Truffé. This calls for revenge, Joe, otherwise it will eat you from the inside like subterranean termites. Come forward, bend quietly and bite off the bitch's

with that shiny earring! Mike Tyson promised he will join us in the commentator box in a second! Go, revert to natural instincts! With her diamond earring you'll at least earn some compensation for centuries of slavery! Now her partner, nice prick with slick greasy hair with the side part, is looking for an opportunity to show off...

- Please do hurry up; we would like to speak personally to...

He threw a shot after the bell, Joe! He will get his dick wet tonight, what about your willie, Joe!? Hanging crippled, fucked by diabetes sweating under your fat balloon. Blood Pressure: 230/155. Joe, counter attack with a vicious combination into that aristocratic chin! Send him staggering across the ring! Bust him like Big Joe Lewis busted Nazi supported Aryan Max Schmeling in Yankee stadium in June 1938!

- I'll get them right away, Sir.

You will get what, Joe? For Christ's sake! Look at your blood pressure: 255/170. If the cocksucker would ask you to bring Prince Philip and his old lady Her Majesty the Queen, you would also dash to Royal Box at Wimbledon and get them here for these assholes. Don't forget your father, cleaning the pony stables in Hyde Park all his goddamn life until he was fatally kicked in the head by a Shetland Pony, which children latter nicknamed: Rear Justice. Come on! Revenge! Now duck and move to the left, charge ahead to prehistoric creatures! Push them into the ropes...

- Well...right...we can't see clearly...would you be so kind...to read the menu for us...

They are blind, Joe! They should be in an intensive care unit not in a flagship French restaurant. Tell them this is not some fucking bookworm reading class! Oh gosh, Joe, one of the Americans got himself busy with the wine list... Jesus! Joe...he snapped his fat fingers at you! You cannot let him get away with this! You're an underpaid labor force provider, not a rabid dog at the Red Cross shelter! Circle him to your left to neutralize his punch!

- Hey, dude, what does the wild finishing mean?

Oh, Joe, lure him into the kitchen and beat the shit out of him with a potato box! If you could afford to taste that Bordeaux horse piss you wouldn't work like sled dog here! Blood Pressure: 270/195. Don't be so passive! Would big Joe

Lewis, the devastating puncher kneel like this with his pants down waiting to be fucked and smile like Mona Lisa during the process? Come on, Joe, demonstrate the long gone crushing power of your left haymaker ...

- I am so sorry, this wild is ...

You're sorry your ass! Joe, goddammit, go into clinch at least; otherwise, he'll strike you again...

- Fella, listen to me, I am from Chicago and I know what 'wild' means!

Jesus, Joe, you have the reflexes of a quadriplegic whale, fire right cross in his underdeveloped brain I beg you! This fucking 'wild' has nothing to do with chasing Negroes with an AK-47 and a whip! Joe, do these dipshits have the funds to pay for dinner here!? Now, move, move! Be light on your stinky feet! Waltz to the table with that goddamn kid, watch rattlesnake left hand, she is searching her purse, parry her poisonous...

- Do you have crackers and a toy maybe?

Yeah, that was a nice try, Joe! Stuff a banana down the throat of the little bastard! Doesn't your brother earn peanuts unloading bananas in the Southampton container port? Stop this fucking polite clowning! Show them who big Joe Lewis was! Let the class struggle start this very fucking moment; tomorrow will be too late! Politicians are conspiring with multinationals and with the Royal Family to steal the remains of your balls! Shake the British Parliament, Canary Wharf and Buckingham Palace! Joe, move, move now, Sheikh is waiving two fingers toward you, they are just about to cut into lamb balls...

- Sir, these Sautéed Lamb Testicles with Grain Mustard Cream Sauce...the testicles don't seem of healthy color to us...

Yeah, Joe, take his head off, please! Tell him the color of the balls was alright when this respected lamb was fucking his sister in New Zealand; now that the overrated French chef got the balls in his hands, any fucking frog color can come out!

- Sir, I am sure there were no artificial preservatives added to this dish...

Poor defense again, Joe! Blood Pressure: 295/210. Now, sprint over to Tyrannosaurus Rexes, show them who the king of the ring is! You can beat them

with one rheumatic hand, they passed their physical prime 55 years ago, they are out of shape like yourself...

- Sir, I think we're ready to order...

They are ready for the crematorium, Joe. Don't waste time with them! Kitchen is buzzing; take the Red Mullet with Bitter Lemon Purée and Saffron Emulsion to the stuck-up couple and their dog. Check who the fuck they want to ring this time. Nice legwork, Joe, oh be careful...there is...there is...Charles pissed himself, be caref...oh...oh no...great, Joe slipped on the dog piss and goes down on the canvas. What a surprising shot out of the blue!

- Can you call somebody for our Cha...?

Joe, you are lying on the floor in the bastard's White Dwarf's piss and Saffron Emulsion and they keep punching you in the balls. The referee started counting...1...2...3...4...will our Joe be able to continue!?

-...I...I...see black flashing lights...I hear...angels... my vision is triple...I can't remember... this black hole...

Come on, Joe! Dementia pugilistica is nothing to worry about! You didn't have Einstein's brain in any case! Come on! Referees should rule this incident a slip. Blood pressure: no accurate measurement can be taken due to patient's stressed condition. Get up! You were the king in East End 30 years ago...5...6...Manuel in the kitchen is cheering like a madman...7...Joe gets on his feet on 8 with swelling on the side of the forehead and his left eye shut tight! What a drama!

- Oh...our waiter, there you are, can you call a pet doctor? We think our Charles caught a cold.

Joe, how about calling a urology specialist of The University of Texas MD Anderson Cancer Center right away? See if they have any bed free and fly the bastard over with an Intensive Care Air Ambulance jet!?

- And please call somebody to turn the air conditioner off!

Joe, don't kill the aircon, your intake of fresh air will decrease dangerously! Ring doctor gives his thumbs up, after examining Joe's injuries! Come on, Joe, take something for your rocking blood pressure and have a rest

in your corner! You deserve it!

- No...no...I...I...must clean the...the...piss...and must be...multi multi...multitasker...otherwise they will...

Ladies and Gentleman, 7th Round! Oh my God! Joe, that American is grabbing your elbow. Come on, stun him with a left hook! Break his will!! Your best days are not behind you.

- Buddy, this French onion soup is...is...too...too busy, if you know what I mean! You see: onion, bread, pepper, onion, cream, onion, garlic, cheese, parsley, onion...You know, I come from Manhattan and I know a busy soup when I see one!

Come on, Joe, strike back! And put some garlic bread in your ears to protect your poor liver from Chopin! You can do it, you can beat them all! That's right, despite trembling hands you safely delivered Escargots De Bourgogne to table number 5! You are the greatest heavyweight of all time in this fucking restaurant! You can still win the waiter of the year title and the belt for most useful slave! Keep it up now! Prove the critics wrong! Check the table with black mamba and her little idiot...

- Can you sing a song for our baby? He adores Jingle Bells...

Hey, Joe, why not!? How about roaring Beethoven's 5th into the little bastard's ear and a shooting uppercut into the solar plexus of his mother! Blood pressure: 310/225. Go...go, Joe! Sprint to the Sheikh over there, he is fixing his stare at you. Push your hands up and elbows tight, there is gonna be carnage...

- Can we have some mineral water, but please 100% natural?

Right, Joe, if this is not the time for revenge, it never will be! Fish out your dick and refill their glasses with 100% organic liquid! Now move to the hoplitosauruses, come on, come on, it's not over yet, hang on, Joe! Circle around them to disorient them a bit, your moves are way too predictable, Joe!

- Shall we have this starting with capital F?

Joe, how about launching a capital blow into that Alzheimer's nest hidden in their rotten skulls! Oh, my...one of the Americans is jumping on his chair yelling ...

- Hey, Dude, there is a drowned grasshopper in my...this...gravy...

Yeah, right! Of course there is a grasshopper over there, we are in the middle of the season! In the beginning of July, there are 1.7 million grasshoppers per square mile in London! It is mathematically perfectly possible that one passed away in that goddamn Mushroom Cabernet Gravy! It would be weird if it wouldn't actually! Stop sweating, Joe; you need to stand closer...

- I...I ...mustn't be...intru...intrusive...

...and knock him out with a solid left cross! Shake some fucking sense into that mountain of fat! But, Joe, watch out! He will score again!

- Listen, I am from Indiana and I know a drowned grasshopper when I see it.

Jesus, Joe! Jesus Christ! The replay shows clearly, he stabbed you with a fork in the right kidney! What a demonstration of unsportsmanship! Good old days are gone! Great Joe Lewis is gone! The Nazis were defeated! Now you will piss blood for two weeks! Don't give up now, hammer him with a long right...

- I...I....will...will...check it out sir...

Goodness, Joe, you are not Sir David Attenborough to study dead grasshoppers and blabber about it on BBC! You are ferocious Joe Lewis The Black Bomber! Your job is to drill cowboys' stupid skulls with 500 tons of dynamite you used to have in your gloves...

- I...I...must be polite...

Polite, Joe!? Polite with a blood pressure 339/245, racing heartbeat, bloody forehead, blurred vision and panting like a castrated ox! Come on, Joe, collect yourself; there you have the highbrows with the dog Charles...

- Can you call a pyrotechnic specialist, our candle is burned out!

Right, Joe, how about calling the secretary of NATO to relight that fucking candle with a nuclear submarine! My God, Joe, rotate your fat head quickly! Jesus, your peripheral vision is worse than Ray Charles'! Copperhead snake is feeding her bastard baby with Foie Gras topped with Mustard Seeds. You will

- Say AAA, another one for your mum....AAA...another one for the fatty waiter...

Joe, wake up, go to the door, there is another couple at the door...

- But ...but...but....we have all tables full...

Blood pressure: 347/262! Enough is enough, Joe! Dash there and push them out, make them lick the pavement! That's what needs to be done! Come on, Joe! Touch gloves with them; this is the beginning of the final round...

- Good evening, sir, we are awfully sorry we are late. We booked table number 7.

Oh, Joe, you're fucked! The dinosaurs missed the restaurant. Now, be a man, tear your bow tie and stupid tuxedo to pieces, unbutton your white shirt, shut down this crazy Chopin, fix some proper Jamaican Reggae in the jukebox...

- There...there...is no jukebox...

Then just whistle into your fat chin 'I SHOT THE SHERIFF' from Bob Marley and kick everybody out in slow motion!

- Oh...My...God! My...my...chest! I...I messed up the tables...what...will...happen to me...

So what, Joe!? Shit happens; everybody misses the toilet bowl sometimes in the heat of an emergency! This is easily forgiven. Stop holding your chest and cover your head; there are additional punches coming. Sheikh...

- Were the hens stressed when they were laying these eggs used for Vanilla Crème Brûlée? We feel...

Joe! Joe! Can you hear me!? Our blood pressure monitor is overheated; we lost control of your bodily functions! Protect the leftovers of your brain and then wreak havoc with your left hook...

- I can't...I...my left hand...is...is...numb, completely and...and...and...

my shoulder hurts...

Then cover your balls with a tray at least, you are within striking range...

- Waiter, please...now we think we know what we are having for the main course.

Judges are counting punches under the belt! Joe, things are going South here! You are losing on all scorecards! Ladies and Gentlemen, our outboxed Joe is hanging on the ropes with balls swollen like basketballs! Joe...don't give up now...

- ...ca...can...can't breathe....

One of the Americans stood up and he's walking towards you, Joe. He's coming to your rescue...but no....oh my... he steps on Joe's foot and head-butts him!? That's all you needed.

- I know a lazy waiter when I see one!

Oh, dear spectators, this was not accidental!

- Waiter...waiter...waiter...

What a massive barrage of blows delivered at a frenetic pace! The most promising second-generation illegal immigrant from Jamaica is taking a savage beating, bleeding from his mouth and nose...and...goodness...goes down flat on the floor...

- Hey, waiter, where are you? Can you call the spokesman of the restaurant?

You need mouth-to-mouth breathing, Joe, but you won't get it from these shitbags! The referee is counting...3...4...5...

- Fella, these French fries is to French if you know what I mean. I come from...

The time is ticking away. Only the goddamn dog is licking your ears, but it won't pump any significant oxygen into your lungs...6...7....Manuel's tears in the kitchen are showering the peeled potato.

- Sir, how long are we going to wait for the table?

Oh...no...another kick in your fat ass...8...9.... There is no defense....Goodness! Joe, it's all over...there will be no rematch, no movie after your life; your image won't appear on the stamps...

- Sir, can you clean this puke off our baby...

And another one! Joe, you need paramedics—somebody should fucking call them! Alright...finally...everybody is fishing mobiles out...but...no...oh...no...not to call an ambulance...Ladies and Gentlemen, dear Pay-per-view subscribers, while distinguished diners in the Le Chic Guillotine restaurant are snapping selfies with our dying champion Joe, let's hear a message from our sponsors...

- AAAAA...SEX, SUN and FUN...JAAAAAAMAICAAAAA!...SEX... SUN...FUN for the whole family; air ticket £900? No...no...no...and no way! £899 for one way ticket from London Heathrow to Kingston Norman Manley International airport...SEX, SUN and FUN...and if you will ever be forced to return to grim reality you'll get free tranquilizers on your flight back! SEX, SUN and FUN...JAAAAA....

Big Day Out

Iris Schwartz

Most times
Uncle Murray stayed
in his bedroom,
watched Westerns, smoked cigarettes,
spoke only when spoken to.
Shuffled to the barber
every two weeks
to cut his voluminous silver hair.
On those days,
he wore his gray cardigan.
Once it had been sky blue.

Organic

Iris Schwartz

He is filthy
rich with love.
It caramelizes
on his tongue, envelops
vowels and consonants,
secreting sugar in air.

He finds his way
around your doubts,
your shoulders,
your thighs,
his lips recurrent
lightning, thunder.
They sear and roar
on all ground
on which they alight.

He is
shiitake, crimini,
porcini—delicate,
dirt-like, raw.

You are peat
from which he sprouts,
lush. (His scent
is everywhere.)

You are warm, sweet, moist,
fen, bog, moor. With him
you are
elemental: nascent
vegetal, animal earth.

Blanketed

Iris Schwartz

They shovel
Repeatedly,
Choke streets with salt,
Stomp gray slush 'neath their feet.
Laud themselves
For living on Facebook.
Await radiance.
Until then,
They slather heavy bread
With Grade A butter,
Pierce Pacific Rose apples,
Reflect on windowsill chives.
Rub aching joints.
Teeter on slick concrete.

you used to be fearless

Deborah Krull

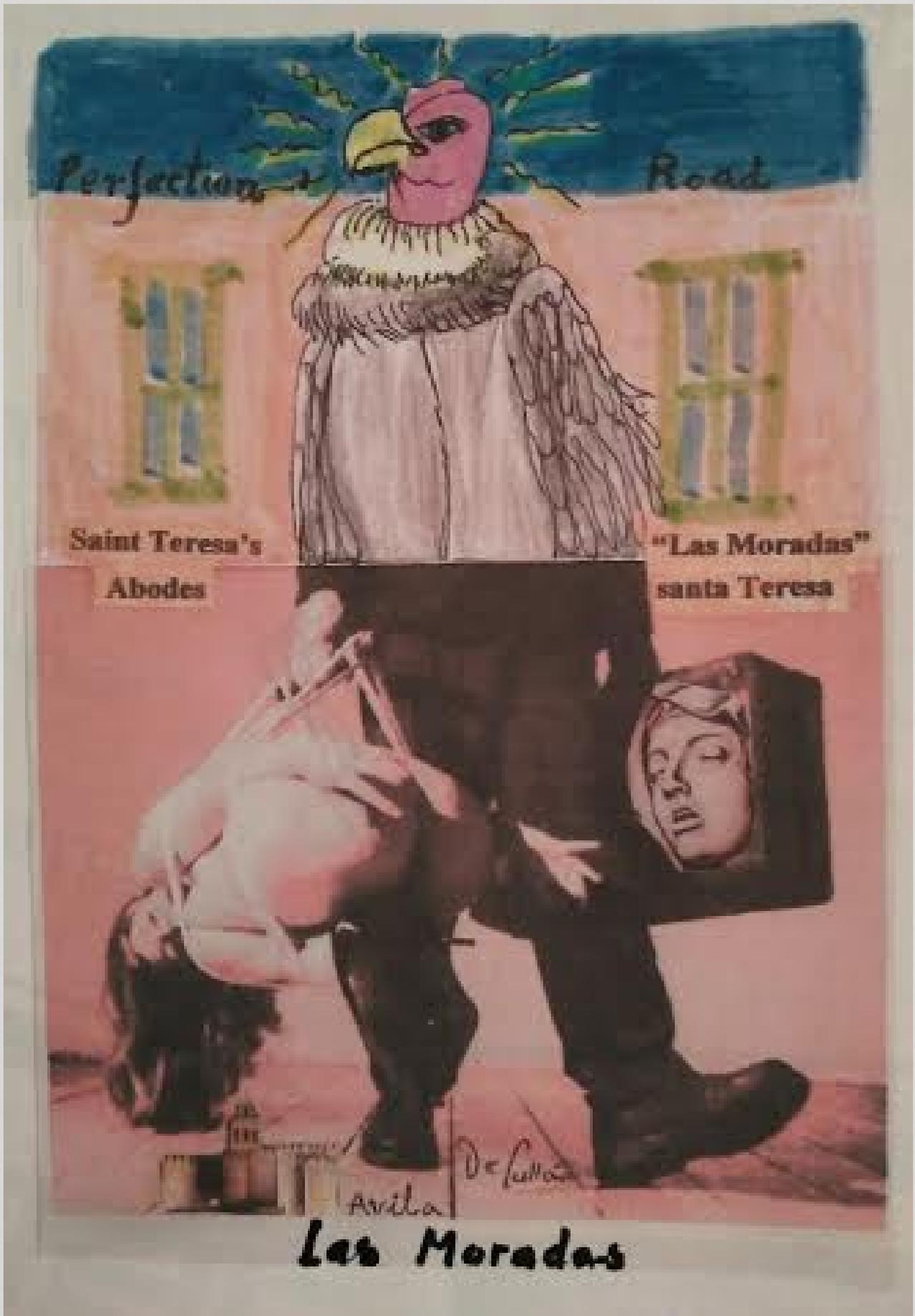
you used to be fearless
your bones are tired
you used to drink like mad
your asshole is bleeding

sit back relish the sound of rain
suck a cigarette do some squats
just kidding look at your bones in the mirror
cry a bit slap yourself
avoid eating avoid thinking
write to banish the thoughts from your head

the stimulants gave you diarrhea
the stimulants have you dying
it's storming outside it's storming in your head
it's storming out of your asshole
you are dying laughing because it's funny really
you are me you are dying
a little bit every day thank god

spider eggs are falling from your hair from your eyes from your asshole
and nobody no body gives one single solitary shit about you
except for your asshole which won't stop shitting
which is tired and angry and resents you

you are tired
you are sick
you are angry
you just wrote a poem about your asshole



Daniel de Culla - Las Moradas

Oops!

Paul Beckman

Wife class.

Girlfriend class.

Wife, girlfriend, class, friends.

Wife, girlfriend, class, lunch.

Wife, girlfriend, photos.

Wife photo wife husband.

Girlfriend photo girlfriend boyfriend.

Dinner party, wife me, girlfriend husband.

Girlfriend Husband, girlfriend co-worker Maria.

Wife Husband, girlfriend neighbor Maria.

Bar-B-Q Wife, Husband. Guests: Neighbor girlfriend Maria, boyfriend Husband.

Margaritas, Margaritas, Maria, Husband, Husband, Wife, Wife.

Cerveza, lawyers, Margaritas, Husband, Husband, Maria. Wife, Wife, Maria.

Tears, tears, tears, tears.

Wife, Husband candlelight dinner.

Wife, Girlfriend, Husband bug candle picnic.

Maria, Margaritas, Maria tears. Maria tears. Tears. Tears. Tears. Maria.

Music Box

Alexandra Ledford

It was very small,
at first. Then
when we looked
into it, we saw
our mothers' faces
in the gold filigree,
fish-mouthed, weeping
at what we had done.

After that, a wave of tinny violins
overtook us like giant white
naked bats. The kitchen
got smaller and smaller,
the sound got bigger and bigger,
music filled the room,
a handful of falling icicles trickling to a halt—

no more music, then.
It swallowed us, and we were left
unblinking, slicing
carrots mid-chop,
upset buttermilk carton
and bloody fingers.

Electric Blanket

Alexandra Ledford

Do any of us know the utter loving kindness of copper wires?
They give such warmth, ask only in return
that they be coiled up
properly in storage.
People are not
(always)
like that.

In a fugue state I felt angel mutts licking my sore back with their halos

I giggled, swooned,
hoped, in this moment where all was right,
the house might burn down and the cough drops might choke me to death.

Lavender Dragonfly Milk

Lisa Tolles

That first tall glass of thick udder pus
Your sister's tit and lavender lace walking
Into the wind lick synch boats and toes
Swat away

The dragonflies bejeweled personalities
Yellowed teeth glitter punk dairy product almond
Almond "milk" 2% for strong bones mommy
Every night like substitute teach almond thought

Kiss me already with your sister's lavender lips
Gummy Chapstick heartbeat breakfast tea
She'll take hers with a spot of milk

Mark Wahlberg Dedicated His Memoir To His Penis And Other Interesting Facts Gleaned From Wikipedia

Meg Thompson

Mark Wahlberg dedicated his memoir to his penis.

There is a dog park in Norfolk, Virginia named after Bea Arthur, a committed animal rights activist.

Maya Angelou wakes up early and checks in at a hotel when she wants to write. She writes on legal pads while lying in bed, all of the pictures in the room having been removed by the staff. She brings a bottle of sherry, a deck of cards, Roget's Thesaurus and the Bible.

Mark Wahlberg dedicated his memoir to his penis.

Megan Fox, Raised Pentecostal, sometimes speaks in tongues because it makes her feel safe, like she is in God's hands. She also has a Pomeranian named Sid Vicious and a form of brachydactyly called clubbed thumb. In high school, she ate her lunch in the bathroom to avoid getting bombarded with ketchup packets. She describes herself as an outcast, she doesn't like to party. Instead she prefers to stay home and play computer backgammon. Every once in awhile, she might venture out to Color Me Mine for a night of pottery.

George Clooney had Bell's palsy when he was in middle school.

Rush Limbaugh had a cochlear implant.

Mark Wahlberg dedicated his memoir to his penis.

Geena Davis is a member of Mensa, a social organization whose members are in the top 2% of intelligence as measured by an IQ test entrance exam.

Justin Bieber has stated that he believes that he has some undetermined Aboriginal Canadian ancestry.

Bill Murray got married on Super Bowl Sunday in 1981.

Mark Wahlberg dedicated his memoir to his penis.

Rebel Wilson's mother is a professional dog handler.

Mark Wahlberg dedicated his memoir to his penis.

Beyonce's vocal range spans four octaves.

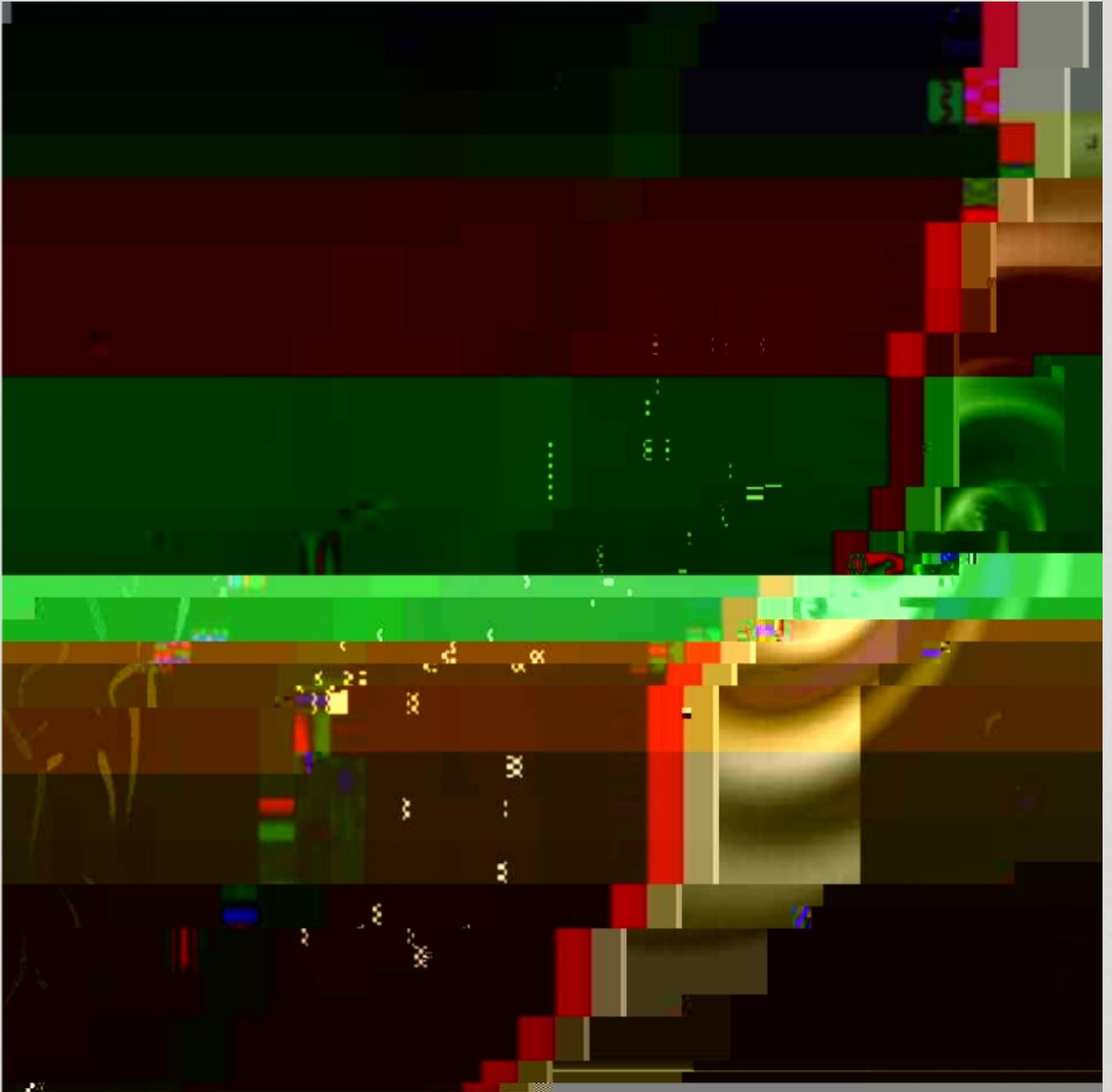
Mark Wahlberg dedicated his memoir to his penis.

Cuba Gooding Jr. became a born-again Christian at age 13.

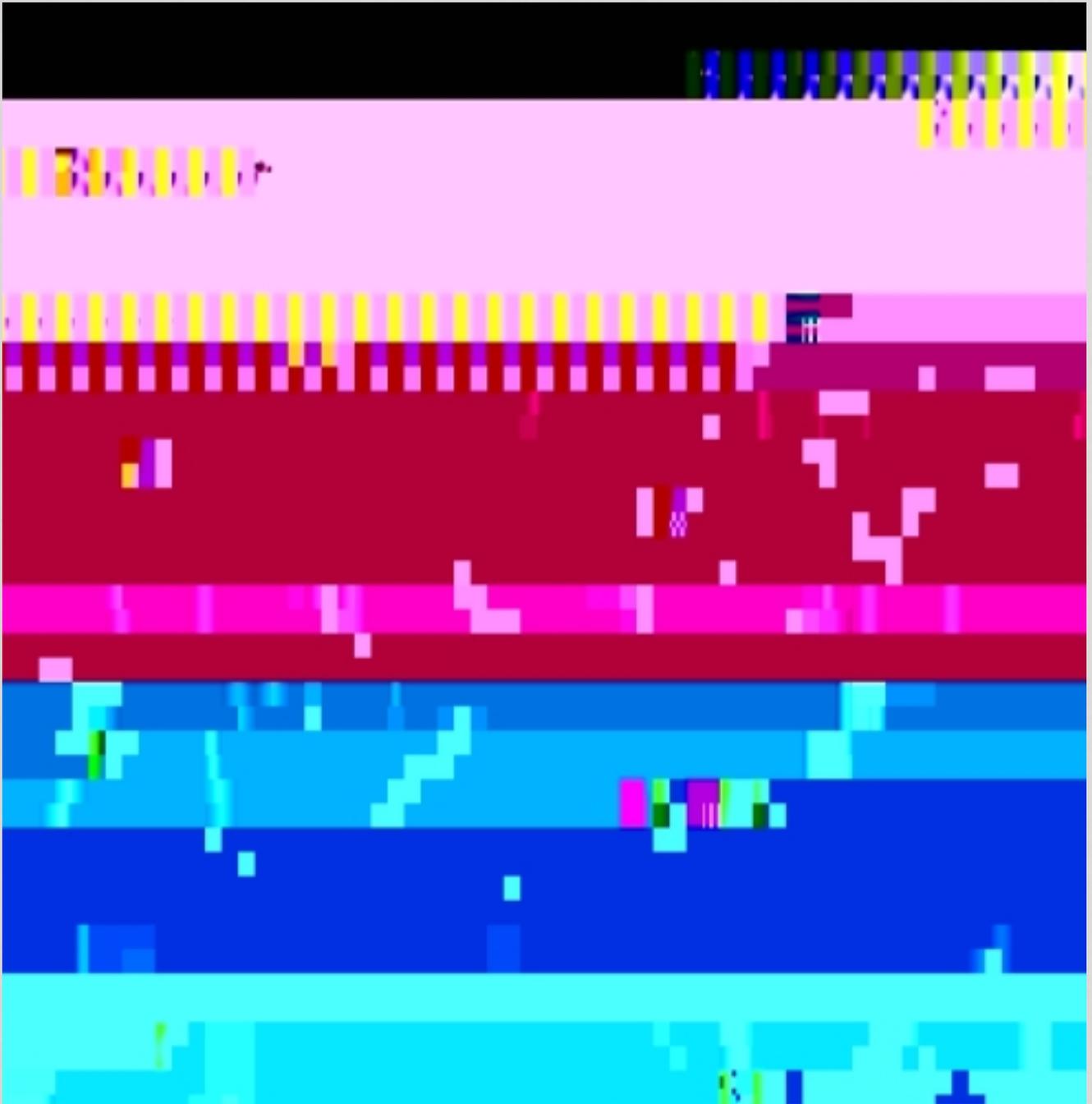
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Alexander Limarev - Asemic Architecture



Alexander Limarev - Full Color Swarm

Cold Wax

Jesse Glass

They talked of marriage in their smoothly written bed. Long splinters of depilated iron, (his & her histories) plucked out by tweezers, shaved smooth (dancing legs) necessarily

Venn diagrammed themselves spray painted side by side Lascaux ghetto bulge-bodies throbbed boom boom. Deaths occurred

in her lead-shielded peanut as they spoke, & her love dried on the underside & around the base of his softening boom boom boom like the definitions on a newly-printed page

of the Dictionary of American Ultimate Bongo. Outside their window the moon was a luminous fruit cankered by Swedenborgian Lamias; the wind raked two fingers

across the infinite face of a dowager on the sanitary for the first gland in a decade, then swooped to sand-paper her molecules to tears; gravity continued crushing old men into piles

of finely-granulated calcium, while the kitchen clock clucked its tongue & another hour back-flipped into eternity. They spoke of marriage for an hour, a day, a week, a month,

a year. They invented a geometry of boom an algebra of boom, a physics of boom-la-boom, which they practiced indiscriminately on the flora & fauna of themselves

under electron microscopes—one could actually hear the “scrape” of each atom as it was dragged into place by magnetic probe.

& when all significant drumming stopped
 the Holy Ghost
 like a feathered Feynman
 returned to pace the window ledges
 of their joy.

How Many Dogs Does Angelina Have?

Daniel de Culla

Angelina rides astride on horseback
 Common dogs following her
 Gowned dogs, mitred
 Crowned
 With epaulettes, stripes and bands
 As host of common people
 In front and behind
 Flattering in all places
 Where she direct her look
 Seeing Asses with erect pizzles
 Stocked with ass sparks
 Born in a friar's monastery.

Extreme is the She-Ass "Hee-Haw"
 Looking at pucker
 Excited in this way:
 Machiavelli's Ass, comedian
 Is fucking Lewis Carroll's Alice's Ass
 Adventures in Wonderland
 Celebrating a special online
 Fucking in love on the green book
 Of cunning and devious Renaissance.

-Gee upj, get upj
 It's normal, she said to herself:
 Spain, mother country of an Ass
 Adores and venereals Asses.
 It's not estrange
 Because in all the world
 Wo/men are.
 Angelina see Asses in all over the sides:
 Apollo's Ass, Apuleius'
 Aquinas', Aristotles's
 Aristophanes', Buddha's
 Buphon's and Jesus' She-Ass
 Balam's, and Mohammed's
 And there, in that wheat-field
 From Brieva de Juarros, in Burgos
 A Monk'Ass from Navarre
 Is composing a flesh tale
 With a fattened lay-brother

To whom he gives love dog's style, saying:
-Come to the boil, and cook onion
I'll tell you about the night of wedding
You're like a cat on hot bricks;

Making it up, she continues saying:
-Without Asses there aren't kings
No Religions
At the Earth, wo/men play apart as asses
In the Sky, there isn't another constellation
That the glutton Ass
Who work for creating nations
With its trail
And dogs cultivating people
Braying and barking
From door to door.

Front Doors

Daniel de Culla

Baby O dynamite
mistress of the Star fish
swimming in my ears
where often a Wo/Man remains alone
long to listen
Doors singing my business daily
dead as a door nail
into all this Channel
O.O. % Ecstasy. Noj
showing me a door opening by itself
at the End of lives forgotten
when Sun is a dog cart
blotted with gay dogs
of the dooms day
sit and dreaming
of the floor of our
nothingness sentencing:
"Baker's dozen talk
19 to the dozen".

I am in love with glass and the knowledge that it will cut me

Megan Smith

It's 2AM and there are tiny people dancing in your head.
You whisper to them that you dance with beautiful girls the night before
their weddings
and ship captains who drink too much saltwater from the ocean spray coming
off the bow.
You're tired of all the 3PM nonsense of business
suits and heavy hearts and you wish
consistency was easier to place within writing.
You tell your sister she reminds you of those
beautiful girls; you tell her she is lovely,
she is gentle. She holds hands like she holds
a needle awaiting string and she knows the angle her hips sway to and from
when
the crowd is keeping their eyes on her.
You tell her this because millions of midnight boys and girls
ask you what time of day she likes. She tells you she is sinking.
She is laden with saltwater from hefty sea captains
and their promises of being the next Ahab.
She tells you there is something lovely in the anatomy of being lost.
For once, the people dancing in your head stop and pause. For once,
you both agree that she is right.

Tutankhamun's Toboggan

Nick Romeo

Have you seen what was found in the tomb of "Wonderful Things"?
A golden toboggan splashed with emerald and turquoise.
The head of Seth with ruby eyes is mounted on the front.

It was hidden in King Tut's tomb behind his pets and servants.

No one knew if the sled was used until they found his diary,
which was retrieved in an urn thought to contain his intestines.

The diary describes his envy of colder climates,
asking: "Why do the gods bless others with white cold dust?"

He also details his foray into extreme sports.

Gadfly, his suped-up customized dragster chariot
with low profile wheels and gold spinner rims never lost a race.

However the contestants were likely scared of execution.

He wrote some quotes from the Book of the Living – a cult classic,
which never made it to the Memphis Tribune's best seller list:
"You only live once, and then you live continually"
"Live fast die young, so you look better in the afterlife"

First he tried hang gliding with feathers stuck to his arm,
but the desert heat melted the wax, dropping him from the sky.

Thank Amun! He landed in a sand dune –
somewhere away from the perpetual building projects.

King Tut documents years of confinement to his palace bed,
drinking scorpion venom mixed with lizard liver.

He healed about 50% and was ready for the next challenge:
a speed run down the Great Pyramid with his toboggan.

He had the ramp specially built with slave labor,
equipped with a 360 degree loop at the bottom—
ending with a jump to soar over the Nile.

The snow was made using papyrus ash, locust wings, and cuneiform shavings.

The last journal entry places King Tut on top of the pyramid, with his wife at the bottom with a sundial to time the run.

What happened next is shrouded in mystery.

Did the aliens who helped build the pyramids shoot him down?
Did he safely execute the run, but forget to journal the outcome?
Did his wife poison the champagne he received from a successful run?
Did Hapi take exception to Tutankhamun crossing his territory?

We may never know.

Fortunately, we have this sled – a precious piece of antiquity, preserved for all time.

And the bidding on Ebay closes in one hour. I hope I win.

When I Look in the Mirror, Gabriel Cleveland

My tongue's a pinned whale;
it thrashes in a sea of blood.

Whalers surround it, look on like stone.
A red sun sinks into my throat.

Giving Up the Investigation

Donald Illich

It was time we left clues at the office,
forgot about the possible crime
we were sleepily investigating,

as if murder were picking a pocket,
the killer just a very bad boy.
The family was best rid of the victim.

He laughed too loud, swallowed
too hard. At night he'd pick toenails,
drink Metamucil, and release gas.

Think of how beautiful his wife was,
how she should dance with another.
Or how his kids already loved

other people, things—a would-be
writer, a needle dipped in heroin.
His ghost might be crying out,

but how could we hear him? Best this
became a cold case, yellow flowers
dying on his plot. Lovers will come

to recline on the grave. One day
he'll be removed, other bones taking

his place, other lost crimes forcing
themselves into the imagination.

"I Would So Fuck T.S. Eliot"

Sharif Shakhshir

Hearing the title phrase, I disturb her hipster universe.
"No, you fucking wouldn't. You don't write Prufrock
because goddamn mermaids want to sing to you.
In Tom's room the women don't dance and bound
and speak of Ezra Pound. No, they come and go
and talk of Michelangelo, an artist from the past.
They won't have to stroke his head and worry about when
or if his time will come. His time is done and gone
like Secretariat. The betting window's closed.

Yet, if you would only look around this place,
You'd see an anxious, prematurely balding poet
sitting on the stairs, asking, 'Do I dare?'
He's a post-modern, post-television visionary,
and when he's dead, women will wish they'd fucked him."

Oceans of Purple

Catfish McDaris

The old neighborhood was nearly unrecognizable. Acapulco de Juarez was the happening place from the 50s to the 70s for many of the Hollywood movie stars. Quick found himself fishing the beaches of Guerrero and ending up looking for a job in Acapulco. His Spanish was flawless and his skin so darkened by the sun; he was taken for a Mexican. In the mercado he saw three well-dressed Chinese men, he asked them for work. They said they worked for the Duke and he might be looking for help. Quick went along with them to a huge mansion. Number One Chinaman was the boss over eight other Chinamen. He asked Quick if he spoke any languages besides Spanish, Quick said no. After testing his ability to drive. Quick advanced in trust quickly and cared for the Duke's horses better than the Chinamen. He was soon made the official driver and was found most reliable. When Quick wasn't with the horses or polishing the 1955 maroon Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud, he explored Acapulco. Diego Rivera had painted many murals there. Frank Sinatra had a hotel, Errol Flynn, Gary Cooper, and Red Skelton had mansions there. JFK and Jackie took their honeymoon there. The Duke lived in a hotel at first with a long bed, then Johnny Weissmuller took over his room. Number Two gave Quick instructions to go to the airport and pick up an important guest for the Duke. He waited with a sign for the American black man. Quick loaded his three heavy suitcases into the baggage compartment of the car. The black man asked, "You don't know who I am?" Quick just kept an even look on his face. "Float like a butterfly....does that ring a bell? Do you speakee de English you dumbass taco bender?" Quick just smiled and pulled away from the curb. He thought the Champ was a chump. When they got to the Duke's he wrestled the three bags up to the Champ's room. The Champ gave him a whole dollar. That night as the Champ and the Duke got ready to feast, the Nine had been hard at work preparing the food. Quick prepared a potion of dried cockroaches and rat manure all crumbled into a fine powder. He asked Number Six which bowl of soup was for the Champ. He stirred in the powder. The Chinamen asked, "What would the potion do? What will happen?" "He will dream he is a cockroach being eaten by a giant rat." "How long will these nightmares plague him?" "It depends on how evil he is and if his heart ever becomes good, maybe forever." Quick went to the docks where he'd met a beautiful lady, named Liz. Her eyes were bottomless oceans of purple. There was a Van Gogh painting in the main cabin. They cast off and sped north toward the land of the gringos.

If My Dad Dies Tomorrow, While I Am Watching the Seahawks

Christopher Crew

we still ate oatmeal
with mealy peaches and read

the newspaper. I'll remember

(my son's fogged slide
on the metal mirror
he saw me—with joy
and then as the joy itself)

today. Laid out in color

and all rolled up, our world
is so small when painted on a grain

of rice with that single-bristle brush,
our words across the table.

The Strip Club Was Just Like the Movies, Except I Was There

Christopher Crew

America from an airplane, twilight
when the ponds and lakes give back
the sky's excess
like it will not freeze
in winter, purely. Are we raising
a generation
of strippers and johns,
bored upside down and sideways
by completely nude, running hands
along their bodies
for more clothes
to take off? The clean carpet
was the ocean's lightless zone,
brass poles and lighted stages.
The room was not about skin,
but how we got to it. With that limited
palette, we leave broken.
All animals together now.
I can't say we are evil, and I can't say
I took no pleasure. I took.
And when I got home,
we stripped silently, laid you on top.
I felt amongst your back muscles
for a point of equilibrium,
found it over and over.

from Locombia

J. Anthony Roman

1. Locombia: The Banana Overture

Jorge Eliécer Gaitán, a minister, a mayor, a senator; spoke out against the army who killed strikers and union organizers in Colombia on behalf of the United Fruit company. He aimed to put an end to incidents like the banana massacre, which happened after the Colombian army was sent in to stop a month-long strike on a banana plantation. The ARMY reported 47 casualties. The exact number is unconfirmed; speculation puts the number at 2,000.

Mr. Gaitán argued that the bullets the army used to kill its own people should have been used to rid the land from the foreign invaders, that being American fruit hoarders. Gaitán was the great hope, the walking, talking destiny of an entire country.

20 years later, in April of 1948, during a presidential campaign that was almost certainly going to elevate him to commander-in-chief, somebody put a gun in one of the commoner's hands, in the other, that somebody handed him something else.

The commoner was handed the concept that acts as both catalyst and great dissolver of principle, patriotism, and potential:

Plata

Money.

Maybe it was the promise of land, a guarantee of safety and security for his family?

This, we don't know for sure, but if you have any understanding of the modern man, you can trust this person was bought.

He went off and killed Jorge Eliécer Gaitán at Avenida Jiménez con Calle Séptima. Shot in the head in the heart of the city.

The assassin was pummeled into a stump of meat by a disheartened and viscous mob, so we'll never know why what happened did.

But we all know, don't we?

Bananas; wink wink.

The opinionated public of the country believe that the last 60 years of civil war in Colombia can be traced back to this very moment.

Ever messed up bad, and know exactly where you fucked it all up? I drive myself mad by obsessing over my failures. Translate that to an entire nation.

A whole society that knows exactly where and when it went wrong. That shit's bananas.

2. El Bronx

El Bronx is named after New York City's most northern borough. El Bronx is a row/alley of crack houses in Bogota that seem to have immunity from the law. Think Hamsterdam from *The Wire*.

After we land, my wife, Wonder, and her father make sure they drive me past this section of the city.

In El Bronx you can get anything from a joint to an assassin.

If you want to fuck, amongst some other places, you can go to El Bronx. If for some reason you need a Samurai sword, they got one of those in El Bronx.

Wonder's sister's best friend Guerrero bought my half pound of weed for \$20 American in El Bronx.

Across the way, there was once a place called El Cartucho, a large space flooded with hundreds of homeless people.

One day, the city carted all the homeless away and made the site a park. The fate of the homeless they removed remains unclear to this day. It's possible that some of them made their way back to El Bronx.

Wonder told her sister La Lillis that at least she doesn't see too many homeless kids running around Bogota. La Lillis says that's because they are all in El Bronx.

3. Las Motos

Motorcycles are the sleek and parasitic reaction to the body of Bogota and its traffic. Men, women, children, sometimes all at once, are on these bikes that rake the skin of the city.

The steep streets that make an unruly web over the face of Bogota are run by the bike, and give drivers a daily roller coaster ride to look forward to.

Back in the US, nine bikes rolling up to the front of the traffic line during a red light means you are being muscled on the road by a biker gang. In Bogota, it was just the riders way of coping with el trancón.

J Loco, Wonder's brother-in-law, drives a Pulsar.

He tells me he's clipped dozens of side mirrors in his lifetime. His Pulsar had a passenger bar for balance on the back of the seat, leaving you a fair amount of personal space, certainly more so than any bus would offer in the city. It was my preferred means of travel.

Helmets are mandatory. Flak jackets with license plate numbers on their backs are to be worn after 5 Pm. This rule came into authority in 1999 after Jaime Garzon, a Bill Maher/Jon Stewart type, was killed by a man on motorcycle when Jaime asked too many wrong questions, and told too many right jokes.

Throughout the trip, I had made I-pod functioning with one hand, while holding on to the Pulsar for dear life, god and country, an art form.

Juancho, Wonder's downstairs neighbor, rings the bell at 2AM. We open the door and he's piss drunk. We retrace his steps with him and find his bike, wheels up, off the street that runs in front of Wonder's house. We get it up right, walk it back to the garage, and continue the party.

Circus

Kelsey Nuttall

1. Recruitment

The circus is the only place where unique means a good thing. Apologies are always generalized, and that's okay. Dead isn't that big a deal. Talent is synonymous with insanity. The circus is heaven for a person like you. (Clown places his hand on your shoulder.) We've all felt a little outta place before, but you don't have to anymore. Here, it's a luxury to have a great disappearing act. So grab your bag and let's hit the road, kid. (Looks off.) It's your first act—all the more brilliant if you're just not missed at all.

You'll have to take great pains to be comfortable, but it's better than just having great pain. Back bend, for us, and we'll backbend for you. Escalate the act, and we'll push you harder. Lookee here, (pulls a deck of cards out of his coat pocket) I have all of the cards (fans them out)—now look at yours, (grabs them away before you can take one) and don't tell a soul that I haven't given you one. Never let the geek get the last word, you see? Always the clown. Now you're ready. (Cards evaporate) Front door or back?

2. The Crowded Lines of the Circus

There are lines for carnival rides that don't even wind up anymore. Big Bill will throw his arm out trying to toss you into next week. It's a thrill. The merry-go-round runs because Phyllis and Dill, our midgets, throw their backs into it. It's worth two tickets to see some things running around in circles. But the best fun is in the sideshows. Little Linda, Hairy Henry, (step right up—not too close—not on Linda, please). Shepherded into dark tents, you'll see. (Shush, kids—show's starting. We'll see the mermaids after, I promise.) Parents cart around prizes. The lines cramp with dolls Phyllis knit last night on the road and goldfish bagged up, don't fit in the tank with the walrus anymore. Not as shiny, now. The worse prizes are given away when it gets dark. Down the path you can see that the bars are closed, drunks are stumbling over, the lines for carnival rides wind down when the path is vomit-littered. Winds up getting gross—when people leave you still can't see the ground, like moss, but it's all tickets and lost shoes and peanut shells and bodily fluids. Feels more crowded when they leave.

3. We Don't Take Light-Footed Lightly

Oh, Honey. You think that it doesn't look easy to be so high, to be on top, to do tricks on the tightrope, then really you oughta try it on a loose one. (Wags a sassy finger, then adjusts her red bob.) Many a pretty floozy has fallen hard 'cause she'd been cut too much slack. (Mock whispers:) Ya know Veronica was doin' it with Marvolo for a while, and he thought he'd just put his pretty thang on a pedestal, 'cept the pedestal was a quick trip right up over all of our heads and that backfired real quick. Reeaaaaalllll quick. He ain't been quite the same since. Guess he shoulda been sure that it wasn't Ronny's old beau spottin' the ropes that night. Sometimes that's how it goes here—you think you're on a fast track in a quick car to the high life and you're really two hot seconds away from a fast fall. Perform good as you can, but probably it's not gonna last real long. Enjoy it while it lasts, Sweetheart. (Winks.) We're only in town for a night.

4. Siamese

What I bet's most frustratin' is when people'll call 'em twins. Or probably if either of 'em wants space. Overall seems like it'd be nice to be stuck to some people. You'd 'ave an excuse to depend on 'em. Other day, one've 'em said there are things you can be too good at. And it sounded nice, but it wasn't, really. Meant that he were upset or somethin'. He were all sick o' the charade. Ya know? Pretendin' to be another half of someone. Too good at bein' around each other, reckon. Sometimes it doesn't seem like an act. They're just too fuckin' lonely to be apart—even when the show's not on. They eat together. Dunno why, if they gotta choice. Wonder if it'd be different if they were really conjoined. Wouldn't want company so bad. You'd be able to see who needed who more. Which'un does more—gives more up. The left half is funnier—commits to the act better'n the right. The right is in denial. —pretends it's all real. Pretendin's different than actin'. On the road, the left sleeps on the bed. Right on the floor. If you let 'im, bet the right would like to sleep in costume, sharing a bed and a giant pant leg. He's real attached. Just stuck bein' around. You can get in a pretty bad habit of bein' around.

5. Nostalgia

Speaker 1	Speaker 2	Speaker 3	Speaker 4
First time	I saw Marvolo's	I was	
eight,	seven,	twelve,	forty-two,
but I remember		the apes,	the gorillas,
	but it had fins like		
maybe it was a man		an elephant	with a woman
her hat caught my	I didn't go until I was		riding a horse
		ears,	and she told me
hairy all over	the future was		her body like
he escaped from			a monk
	so fast, the music		
the lions.		haunted me,	I thought
that was it.	that was the end.		that was her.
bindings		clowns followed	
at the—	in the—		
circus.	circus.	circus.	circus.



Daniel de Culla - Qui de Primera, Jo de Segunda, Te de Tercera, QUIJOTE

Biographical Information

Paul Beckman's stories are widely published in print and online magazines, including Connecticut Review, Raleigh Review, Litro, Playboy, Pank, Blue Fifth Review, Flash Frontier, Metazen, Boston Literary Magazine, Thrice Fiction and Literary Orphans. His work has been included in a number of anthologies and published in a dozen countries. He earned his MFA in creative writing from Bennington College. His latest collection of flash stories, *Peek*, was published by Big Table Publishing. Find more at www.paulbeckmanstories.com

Lana Bella is Pushcart nominee and has had poetry and fiction published and forthcoming in over 150 journals, including a chapbook with Crisis Chronicles Press (Winter 2016), *Abyss & Apex*, Chiron Review, Foundling Review, Fourth & Sycamore, Harbinger Asylum, Literary Orphans, Poetry Salzburg Review, Poetry Quarterly, QLRS (Singapore), *Sein Und Werden* (UK), Taj Mahal Review (India), *White Rabbit* (Chile). She divides her time between the US and the coastal town of Nha Trang, Vietnam, where she is a wife of a talking-wonder novelist and a mom of two far-too-clever-frolicsome imps.

Gabriel Cleveland is still incredibly baffled by his existence, even after 28 years. To mitigate this, he's thrown himself head-first into creative projects—from script writing to video game character creation to mailing poetry on postcards to total strangers. He graduated from Pine Manor College with an MFA in creative writing. Find more at facebook.com/GabrielTHEPOET

Christopher Crew is a teacher, father and (extremely) amateur ping pong player. His poetry has appeared in *The Sycamore Review*, *The Marlboro Review*, *Natural Bridge* and *Seattle's Poetry on Buses*. His work is forthcoming in *Poplorish*, *Otoliths*, *of/with*, and *After the Pause*. He is able to match a song to most any activity a two-year-old can dream up.

Daniel de Culla is a writer, poet, and photographer. A member of the Spanish Writers Association, Earthly Writers International Caucus, Director of the Gallo Tricolor Review, and Robespierre Review, he divides his time between North Hollywood, Madrid and Burgos, Spain.

Jesse Glass is the author of *The Passion of Phineas Gage & Selected Poems*, *Gaha Noas Zorge*, and *Lost Poet; Four Plays*. His work is available online at Penn Sound and Ubu-Web among other places. He lives in Japan.

Howie Good's latest poetry collections are *Bad for the Heart* (Prolific Press) and *Dark Specks in a Blue Sky (Another New Calligraphy)*. He is recipient of the 2015 Press Americana Prize for Poetry for his forthcoming collection *Dangerous Acts Starring Unstable Elements*.

Matevz Honn was born in Slovenia and lives in Shanghai.

Donald Illich has published poetry in *Iowa Review*, *Nimrod*, *Passages North*, and other journals. He lives in Maryland.

Steve Klepetar's work has appeared worldwide, in such journals as *Boston Literary Magazine*, *Deep Water*, *Expound*, *The Muse: India*, *Red River Review*, *Snakeskin*, *Voices Israel*, *Ygdrasil*, and many others. Several of his poems have been nominated for Best of the Net and the Pushcart Prize. Recent collections include *Speaking to the Field Mice* (Sweatshoppe Publications, 2013), *My Son Writes a Report on the Warsaw Ghetto* (Flutter Press, 2013) and *Return of the Bride of Frankenstein* (Kind of a Hurricane Press).

Deborah Krull has her good days and her bad days. Her favorite word is "mollusk." She can't look at crumpets because of her trypophobia. Sometimes she wonders at the notion that our minds are trapped inside of our bodies.

Alexandra Ledford received her MFA from the University of New Hampshire. She lives, writes, and teaches in North Carolina.

Alexander Limarev is freelance artist, mail art artist, poet and curator from Russia. He's participated in more than 400 international projects and exhibitions. His artworks are part of private and museum collections in 53 countries. His artwork and poetry have been featured in various online publications including *Time for a Vispo*, *Expoesia Visual Experimental*, *The New-Post Literate: A Gallery of Asemic Writing*, *Spontaneous Combustion Language Image Lab*, *Foom*, *Poezine*, *The White Raven*, *Undergroundbooks.org*, *Boek861*, *Tip of the Knife*, *Bukowski Erasure Poetry Anthology* (Silver Birch Press), *Kiosko* (*libera*, *skeptika*, *transkultura*), *Simulacro*, *Blackbird*, *Zoomoozophone Review*, *Iconic Lit*, *M58*, *Metazen*, and *Maintenant*.

Catfish McDaris' twenty-five years of published material is in the Special Archives Collection at Marquette University in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. His ancestors are from the Aniwaya Clan of the Cherokee Nation. He fished and hunted as a boy in New Mexico. Sometimes he visits Lake Michigan to feed seagulls and dream of mountain horses. He won the Thelonius Monk Award in 2015. He works in a wig shop in a high-crime area of Milwaukee.

Kelsey Nuttal is a graduate of Kalamazoo College in Michigan. Her work has most recently appeared in *Rose Red Review*, *DUM DUM Zine*, and *The Newer York*. She lives, conducts research, and writes in Washington D.C.

Kenneth Pobo had two books released in 2015: *Bend of Quiet* (Blue Light Press) and *Booking Rooms in the Kuiper Belt* (Urban Farmhouse Press). His work has appeared in *Mudfish*, *Indiana Review*, *Caesura*, *Floating Bridge*, and elsewhere. He gardens, listens to '60s music, and teaches creative writing and English at Widener University.

J. Anthony Roman is a writer in New York City, where he was raised months after his Puerto Rican birth. Most of his plays have been produced in New York City, Los Angeles and the United Kingdom. His fiction has been published by *Gadfly.com*, *The Unboxed Voices Anthology*, *Rawboned.org*, *3 Rooms Press's "Have a NYC 3"* collection, *Bohemian Press*, and *The Literati Quarterly*. He is currently doing color commentary in the world of independent pro-wrestling as "Dyson Steranko" and will direct his first short film this spring. Find more at www.janthonyroman.com

Nick Romeo is a multidisciplinary artist, musician and poet. His poems have been published in *The Brentwood Anthology* by Pittsburgh Poetry Exchange, *Uppagus*, *Rune*, *StreetCake Magazine*, *Eye Contact*, *Syzygy*, and others. He lives in Pittsburgh with his wife and cat, *Megatron*.

Cynthia Saad is a student of English and poetry at the University of Minnesota. She is currently working on a collection of poetry set to be finished upon her graduation in May 2016, contingent upon the approval of her dog, *Shiloh*, with whom she discusses all significant life choices.

Iris Schwartz is a fiction and nonfiction writer, as well as a Pushcart-Prize-nominated poet. Her work has been anthologized in such collections as *An Eye for An Eye Makes the Whole World Blind: Poets on 9/11*; *Stirring Up a Storm: Tales of the Sensual, the Sexual, and the Erotic*; and forthcoming in *Grabbing the Apple: An Anthology of Poems by New York Women Writers* and *Jellyfish Review*; and in such journals as *Ducts*, *Pikeville Review*, *Vernacular*, *Siren*, *Round-Up*, *NYSAI Press*, and *Writing Raw*.

Sharif Shakhshir is a blender of high and low arts and a writer of plays, screenplays, poems, fiction, and comics. His work has appeared in *Synesthesia*, *The Anthology of Writing that Risks*, and *Crow's Hollow*. He currently pitches cartoon shows to elevators.

Megan Smith is an undergraduate student at the University of Minnesota. She plans on studying graphic design while working on her secret photography and continuing to write late into the night. She hopes to someday write a book and learn to play the ukulele.

Meg Thompson is a writer and mother living in Cleveland, Ohio. Ohio's swallowtail flag is the only non-rectangular state flag.

Lisa Tolles (No biographical information available)

