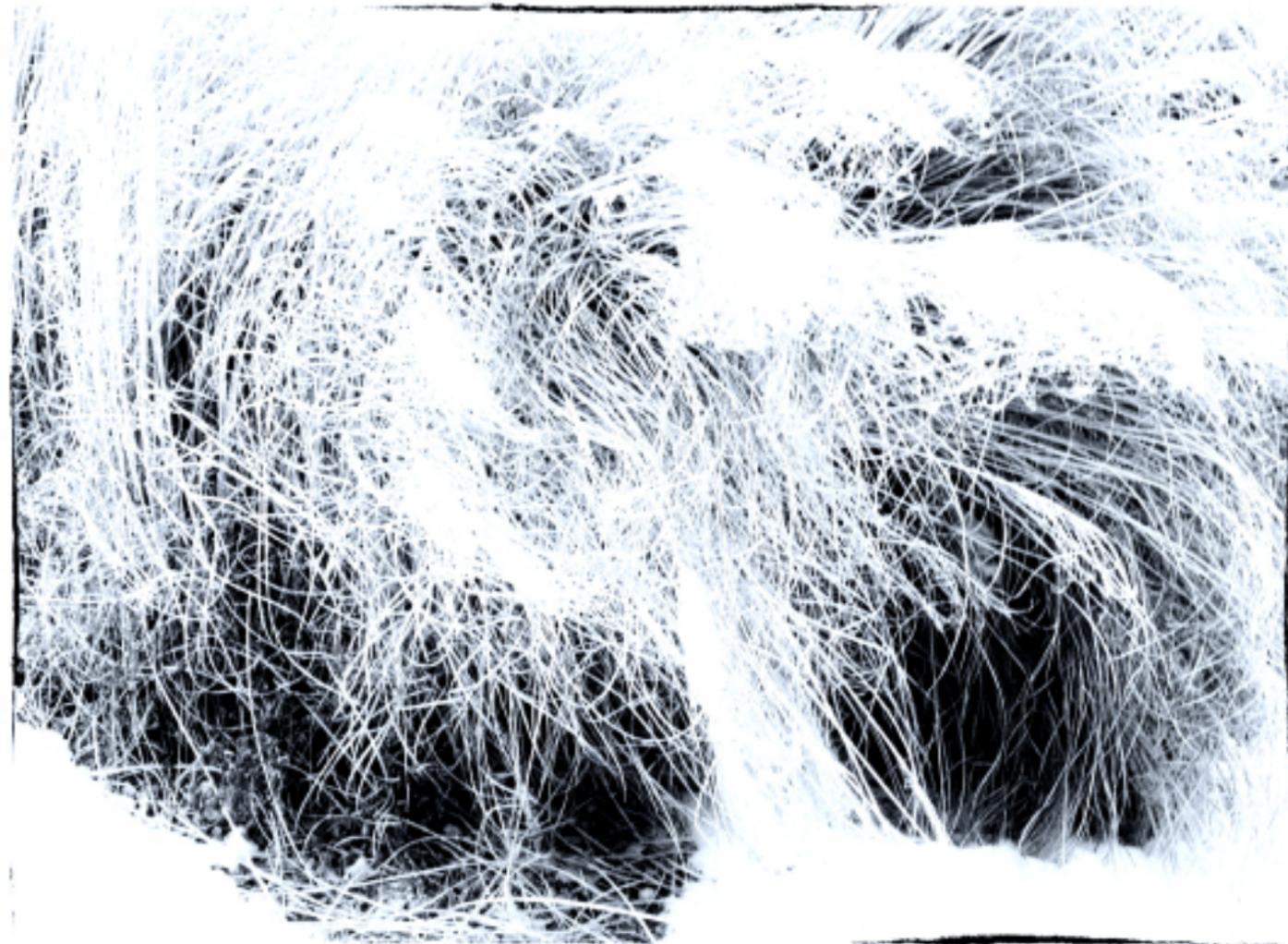


My **EXP**erience as a wage slave has been a **VERI**itable mindsuck. No one asks **ME** if I am happy or looks directly into my eyes. Such **MEN**ial labor seems to please no one, and slowly my life becomes coma**TOS**e.



--Photograph by Tammy Ruggles--

# EXPERIMENTOS

second issue

literary journal for the experimentally curious  
the nowhere to turn  
the given up  
the unsure

conceived, designed, and edited by  
*joshua szymanowski*  
with help from  
*paul smudge*

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Deepest sympathies:

Thanksgiving come early...!

Thank you to all of the contributors. Obviously, nothing is possible without you, and I am very grateful for your open-mindedness and/or ignorance toward this magazine's process. And hey! there are several legitimately experimental, unedited-by-us pieces in here, so that's cool.

Thank you NewPages, for helping (enormously) to publicize for us.

Thank you Your Printer, for helping to print this (and the previous) issue.

Thank you Lorna Wood, for agreeing to be our featured writer and more importantly for your can poems; I'll never look at cans (cans) the same way again.

Finally, thank you to Paul Smudge, for agreeing to help me through my anxieties and the submission heap.

Much like the poems that follow, this magazine is an ever-changing experiment. Whereas the previous issue was more rigid in how its poems were edited, this issue lets loose and tries a variety of different tactics. There are "white-out poems", where words are whited out and those left behind remain fixed in their original position; "poem strings", where each word's first letter matches the last letter of the word preceding it; "Ouija poems", in which words are placed in the order that the editor's roaming eye lands on them; "flipturnupsidedown poems", in which the poem is simply restructured from end to beginning; collections of first words and capitalized words (for particularly lengthy submissions); less process-y edits, which usually involve deletion, rearranging, restructuring, and/or reformatting; and many more in which the editing process has since been forgotten--real ethereal-like. And that doesn't even include the unedited poems that found their way in here--the bastardized-label can poems, the command poem, the hole-fillings, the spaced out anti-flow, the shapelies, the postmodern stream of conscious.

So here before you lies a much more complex, maturing, confusing, funny, depressing, infuriating issue of EXPERIMENTOS. Try not to throw it on the floor.

With a tenderer mind,

Joshua Szymanowski  
Editor-in-Chief

p.s.  
the offer still stands, though the guarantee does not----experimentos@gmail.com

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# LETTER TO THE EDITOR

N O P A Y ?

Get off the stage, you deadbeat fuck!  
Get off the stage, you deadbeat fuck!

Y o u a r e . . . F L A G G E D !

# FOOD ERASURES CAN #1: SLICED PINEAPPLE

Dixie  
Sliced pine  
Heavy Syrup Net  
Oz 4 Oz

Serving Size  
Contain Fat  
Fat Sat Fat Trans Fat  
Cholesterol 0mg

Fib Sugars Pro  
mini Iron  
Daily Values are base

die  
Your daily values lower  
depending on needs  
alone

Choler 200 300  
Sod Less ass  
Die

glories  
In greed

tribute  
Dixie  
In age used plastic cover

contain Quality  
Rant  
Money  
Assurance  
Win Dixie

# CAN #2: CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

Serving quality official product  
Caution: Edges will be sharp when opened.  
Do not use if lifted.  
Box education.

SAT progress  
up Traditional Noodles  
serving information inspected for wholesomeness  
by Department of Content

Net progress  
O Tradition.  
No flavors except hydrolyzed proteins  
Ready to Serve

Do not add Heat  
Careful—leave leftovers.

Questions, comments?  
Box Education Incorporated  
cooked chicken noodle contains less than 2% of:  
starch, protein, natural flavor,  
spice

Distributed by general sales  
Based on Academy criteria:  
Serving contains Daily Values better  
by end.

# CAN #3: TURKEY CHILI WITH BEANS

Key

Be Free

Pre-  
serve daily

Empty occasionally

Cover loosely  
a hot, stirring plea

Recycle me!

# MY 3 A.M. CHAT WITH A PHILOSOPHER FRIEND

I awoke to legs  
clearing  
your ear.

My wife  
the warning  
wasn't my wife.

I settled against  
a tiny black  
whisper.

"I know it's the spider  
yet I need someone  
to ask."

I know what  
creature could imagine  
the best way of life.

"I know but  
I've gone through  
the background."

The spider so  
seems to be  
everyone's joy.

I knew  
that you would be  
the spider.

The spider  
follows  
fulfillment.

I had been  
growing inside of  
me.

"I knew the spider  
was this  
becoming."

My hand  
lifted  
words with it.

# GOOD THINGS COME TO THOSE WHO WAIT

I keep everything leaning on the lawn  
walking in over everything  
and out behind a curtain,  
our neighbour's dog mulling over past errors  
a voice in my head amazed at the first star  
the few remaining ghosts peeking out from  
the last light of day.

These drawn-out summer letters  
bring by quiet earth evenings  
and old emotions of the same time.

# COVER LETTER

I would see  
the world end  
humanity's annihilation,  
nuclear proliferation,  
climate change,  
deforestation,  
biowarfare,  
malevolent AI,  
extinction,  
a vestige of sanity.  
our monstrous possibility of  
a sudden utopian overturning  
demonstrates  
creeping numbness,  
skepticism,  
an inhuman and possibly lifeless universe,  
resilience of microbial life forms,  
global political situation,  
sensualistic hedonism.  
our doom poverty  
repetitive and tedious labor  
socioeconomic cynicism  
barbaric  
petty hopes  
please

email the link

# YOU SMELL (A POEM OF LOVE)

You smell  
bad  
yourself  
trouble  
It is  
horrible  
correct  
toxic  
If I  
cause  
find  
reek,  
You  
call  
someone else  
In my  
pants  
I won't  
have  
You  
It  
a plumber  
turn  
stand under  
your body  
It is  
you  
you  
You  
you

## BAUDELAIRE

It could have been something  
More something worthy  
Than me watching  
Walking you away  
Slowly From  
I

## BEADED

As I learned to free  
the beads along my heart  
I had expected intense fear  
Now I have no one to answer  
no me to pressure  
but my fingers do these things  
with a kind of freeing of routine  
and everything else feels  
like I've lost  
  
expectations  
coupled with questions  
run a well  
in to now



# DEAR HOLLY

Dear Holly,

I do not know if I was outside today but your yard is immaculate. I thought you were emerald sapphire razors bleeding the white edges of clouds into a dying super massive star. Your hair went speeding down the highway [that is your name] beneath the overpass in orange cream soda light the other night. Do you ever smear Hello down at the Mexican Market? I had the dream again, in utmost disarray, God texted me I'm afraid I'm afraid. The Engine is breaking us. Do you feel the universe won't forget?

Dear Holly,

A few times there has been the car I used to know still in the living room. Is it spectacular I listened to the whispers too? Now there is an empty spot getting harder that you don't guess felt pretty. My cavernous insides are in frenzy. Maybe you could squeeze them?

Dear Holly,

The car isn't OK. Still, I stayed. You know? I'm afraid I'm certain a constant we will be they never.

Dear Holly,

New Year's while I chain smoked in frost I noticed I was younger when I come outside. The big tree is closed and doesn't remind me of gently knocking on the window because I can feel those eyes on me like When? today was easy. It was. I hope you knew it wasn't someone else? I would, I bet. The rain washed away your profile last night. Sometimes it is hard But I forgot I'm afraid of running down the hall and all the lights are off. of being too late. I'm sorry this time it is really just it was the wrong today. I tried packing all of your bags. It is growing the void that haunts me. Maybe you could try? When I squeeze my eyes shut the sun explodes and dies. I [hope/know] you won't.

# A RECOLLECTION OF EVERY MISTAKE

Ok. So I,  
I'm pretty sure  
one day where  
he stopped a moment,  
I think I became  
dead, on the side of the road,  
just that morning  
and police are working  
too happy with  
money.

I walked home that night,  
out of my coat pocket,  
flying from my hands  
and turn myself to  
apparent comprehension of  
one hour services for  
whatever needs to be done.

One of the  
the police.

I had involuntarily put  
an eye out  
and asked what  
an artist  
confused by the strange  
would return  
upon opening the door.

I grabbed  
I don't know  
looking under the couch  
I was about to fuck  
and quickly replaced  
the kind man's offer  
to bed after a shower.

*somewhere in New Jersey*

No one  
no one  
realized, I'm in  
broken glass.

I flung open  
myself in the mirror,  
and sleep deprived  
and just about  
it's urgent  
to wake up right now  
for five years  
for a little while  
and shoot me dead in the doorway.

# INDEX OF WESTERN BIRDS OF NORTH AMERICA

*chickadee* : busy circus busy clown

*curlew* : ice salt reflects clouds

*dipper* : slippery river drops rock

*egret* : tall white downy knife

*flicker* : giant butterfly flash firs

*grackle* : desert fireworks whining beige

*house sparrow* : rosy prefers the window

*horned lark* : dry edge bare road

*nightjar* : glass lighting candle dusk

*phainopepla* : dictionary black crested help

*pintail* : sky quilt sea cover

*plover* : white behind flashing grass

*roadrunner* : shaggy honk coated snakes

*sapsucker* : beggar off boxcars searching

*shrike* : silent bother lizards warn

*titmouse* : branches casual cousin visitor

*willit* : thin legs follow through

*wrentit* : opposite tiny horizon tetons

# FRAGMENTS FROM THE GOLDEN SPINNING WHEEL

*Tam*

the dark powerful

earth

gin and

this is the earth and

she is

readily naked

for

imagination to reconstruct

the well

the

the

the

the laboured confused

to climb

among those

side bushes, rain

gone

sleep can

name all the flowers

the spring

oak

needs

all the flowers

she cannot afford

last year

the sound of

waves

and

deliquescence

cleaned him out

there's not much

not now

the west came

untethered

by the sea

from the furnace

echoing

how

pieces formed

from pieces gathered

objects on surfaces

may experience

this voice

in the water

the unidentified

the hint

the

the

breaking

oak

Tam again

seeks an ocean

# A COLLECTION OF FIRST WORDS

Don't Half That possession.  
Five is included,

not!  
Unlike planet. Amrou-Couldn't-Burns.  
Nothing Honored My First Yeah,

how. massaged from want  
some outwit the I

and While be!  
As That Blah-blah-blah-blah-blah-blah.

"*Tabula* corresponding  
Used evolutionary resources,  
new Efficiency Fertility months?  
Whadday 'that thousand.  
-Won't There be the Welcome words

Well, How You're Our Josh,

How your folded side)

"She abused,  
After voices of  
Doors Licking The Slaughter  
sense The participation; When  
your -Why?

When everything Polly Made  
backed Big Opioid specialization.  
Call Stendhal out  
'I Cognitive -We

-If-They Gilmore Every But  
-It carried Doctors As free -Be

-Why he Finally shoot After Never Returning  
The What

expedition still About Sim sedation.  
-So, awhile.

-Are He,  
An Harlan -Whispering  
(which sensitivity.

Gathered -Salome'.  
-It Booked -What?

-I've Consider Looney  
*city*; After Gray continuous.  
None.

King Jem's Is kept  
to before-"Time's  
one Welcome -Part  
First billion are By that alligator show

And Then At Bot advancement  
-Deaths can't Never Took

The answered.  
Funny the "Diet Of gigantic You  
But Ah. -How?

Aghast,  
Cycle To Cycle

Started Addictive domains.  
"Not lacked

-Don't Been -Expecting -Valuable maker -Time  
Evolutionary and He expressively,

"To pad with Very uncrushed A  
the Best in Even opponent Bot

yourself  
hysteria When contemplating richly nurturing

occur tegrates.  
Used With achieving *Provocateur*.

'for What rescind.  
Projecting Do (temporarily) Mostly  
sink genuine I

If all -Else  
"Don't Used -How

not Had  
So When I'd Ask

For Used investigations,  
What are Colony

By What energies  
Wouldn't Must Had Course to longing.

"How Happy,  
through 'why',

"in Mostly mistake's Setting jack.  
It's discovered How's Right.

The Will As Penology.  
the telescope A Join In Too

-Bots act so Stripped From cosmic 'maybe'?  
Most Failed. A barrel

-If Not among Our 'higher energy.

-It's Obviously, Wherever  
In was.

only Now it's into If  
and The If Used to

Advertised earthly comforts.  
As For Whatt It's from

Please, By Not necessary  
I Don't No.

Not On heads,  
How Don't You

eliminations.  
Firstly, picture.

and If The cops Onto  
You

Chow,  
machine

# CORRESPONDENCE IN CENTO

Charlie,  
I urge you to see  
the probably lost  
  
you would worry and  
  
almost love how  
  
you panic in  
  
the car  
  
what don't you feel lately  
  
of course you laugh about  
your wide, sprawling spasms  
  
Always,  
  
Bella

# THE DISMEMBERED

I soothed her with a Coke and talked strange astrophysics  
with the child who knows all things.  
“I want stupid waves,” I said. “My brain picks up stupid.”  
“You’re,” she said, laughing. “You’re so,” burp, “radio.”  
“Like bullshit, Bullshit.”  
“It is. I am. I eat nothing but microscopic meteorite  
debris and I’m not hungry.”  
We thought about that. Then she looked at her pudgy  
fingers. The world’s been thrown off its tilt and winter ate July. I  
gnawed on the blonde strands on my arm.  
“You think I survived for a reason?”  
“If that’s what you want,” she told me.  
I started chewing on it, looking upon four fingers. I guess  
they were okay.  
“What’s the reason?”  
“There are bad habits, big bangs, and trees.”  
“Four,” I said.  
She picked her nose. “Worms.”  
I turned right, trying not to think. She plopped her hand  
on my fingers.  
“I never liked your thumb.”  
She knew a lot. She was like a tree.

# CINDERELLUS DRESSED IN LETTUCE

Coachie spends afternoons petting  
tails for to amuse  
grandsons  
in the alley workers,  
in the tree  
while under  
a bag of winter .  
Brenda flirting  
with a latte  
looked just like  
her mistake,  
splattered with perfume  
from Mommy .  
Millie read  
that raccoons had paws on  
the door  
til the family  
left wet trash,  
and Daddy had  
to split .  
Teddy we're  
the next Coachie.

# PRISON BOY CONNECT THE DOTS

It was broken yellow summer  
fallen walkway smoldering  
childhood rusty horrible  
slowed twigs  
natural mother darkening  
bridge graffiti trees edge  
tails the other hilltops  
carried dark hips  
a dishrag through sound  
English railing  
(The) night encroached  
answer him  
He probably  
creaked hot interstate  
sunset wind  
removed generations fuming  
ranting  
sun-stained shrieks  
undercoats  
aftermath listening learning  
roar

# HELL ON WHEELS

The Cicadas That Kennedy  
Afterward Reaching The California Coast  
It Our **Wizard**  
*Maybe* I'd Checkers Those Holmes  
My Hospitals I Center  
My Avenue I Okay  
My Sherlock I Bay  
You Florida Gold John  
*You* Tampa The I  
I At My One  
Yet Hey What He His  
I I I I He  
As I  
I Westside Hermosa  
I'm **That Devil**  
He I He I The Beach  
So I'm He  
I'm What's Cold  
*He He Samaritan*  
*How I Demon*  
I He *Was* Okay  
After I Devil He  
We Devil  
I No Yet *Satan*  
He What My I  
He I'd My At  
I I I I I I I I I I

# A HOPEI

Lighting bolts backwards  
Floored desert  
Each needle  
A lesson in  
for the birds  
patched birthmarks  
cactus  
So many curved crosses  
The tan/grey lightning bolts  
Desert bees with  
Red lips  
Nectar  
Ecosystems  
U shape  
Us were never alone  
Heat?

Makes  
In a bidome

Are rubies

For allowing me to sit here deser  
Either way  
I thought I was  
A mirage, but  
Vintage sunglasses  
From  
Prehistoric

A bare shrub screams  
The base,  
A visible scream  
That branches off in  
Audible  
Tenacious

I stop  
Afraid to leave  
and sounds  
I stay inside the lines

Desert, made  
Universes  
Black/white  
Creations explosion

Crazy  
The cactus,  
A ping-pong paddle  
Top of another  
Ping pong paddle, yet, again, reaching.  
I hear a Bird caw, but it could be the cry of  
A hope.

# THE CAPTURE OF A CONCEPTUALIST

sideways at birth  
to blend in,  
for many years  
she began to list  
as they do,  
the signs of  
lopsided  
legs that didn't  
gait  
seemingly preceded  
by  
scrambled  
leaping toward  
death.

# THE ONGOING SAGA OF DAY

Awake in the  
u n c o n s c i o u s p h a s e o f d a y,

within range of  
terrible banking beasts.

colossal grey-collar bureaucrats  
morphed My view.

they remain veils  
creeps concentrate

they make a mockery vacuum, these men in  
foreign moon color

speak no mind  
until the middle white

talk surrounded  
as if all can't see

White existence  
Red neighbor

there along the end  
into the other

the extraterrestrial feel  
as close as You

D  
I  
S  
T  
R  
A  
T  
C

me.

# THE SPIRIT MORE WILLING

sped through un  
ng asphalt. the landscape;  
earth crumbling into a  
if when

social media death letter

throws

shots

to rem

hour cro

night an

speed limit. he needed to

route. thick misty air

ally

becoming a blinding haze.

ity. the hich

felt like work had

in the for where

breath from

was in the

here he was

financial district

different

the fog approach

stood in front of

right now!" the

never expected

reached

pened the door and

an old woo

steam out of a chimney

lowed a cat here."

gift shop will open back up at

. I made a promise a few years

job was expected to move on. per

it did not matter. without quest

it would be the first and last time they

could hit a bar after the funeral

that was dead. there would never be

the stools up around them.

jon looked his bible hi

in rhythm m ers cried. t

with thee." aking the sp(irit)

nodded,

closer

air. the

mily

rom cop

even a on

finally

arn's spoke

a voice asked

forgot he was

his head started to get light and his eyes  
ass band and mourning family members

get to have everything you want." jon

drank shots of golden brown whiskey.

notice. arn's face dropped. he saw his

his hand out and jon grabbed it. he li

e darn ordered another two shots. the

funeral. a man handed jon a full

this

one of the ca

so many

dusted off his back.

I can't tell the differ

iends and rivals."

hand on his shoulder. the moment of silence was not int

ving. the congregation continued with the

and all the other ways people say goodbye.

he cat scurried at his feet the whole time. jon

cat walked

tried his hardest to see if anythin

gave

to his life.

sunsets an

n; his lost r

ss. the sun

or rememb

un had set o

jon put his h

ess to

under



# HIGH SPEED LINE

We float billboards  
down a rail tunnel  
in peristalsis

sixteen and gray  
crawling with a thousand-eyed  
scavenger

steel dogs split vagrants  
lining lead and chrome  
and neon streetgirls

the sidewalk-pharmacist roused  
distant abstract signs  
an indigestion played

the jowls of space in  
the passengers no longer relevant  
objectifying this

to split apart linearity  
and the exit signage  
hiss at

truth

# DIARRHEA IN THE WILDERNESS

A pornographic husband ignores her  
insecure worries that fucked the Oregon coast.

Some disease others their own kind.

a lesbian rejected what friends didn't understand  
when she paid for a masculine mouth  
and said her father doesn't eat sounds.

furniture removed because diarrhea ass.

God you are an alcoholic mean and blunt  
and drunk used up.

penises don't look perfect like me.

She's Malaysian man who learns but isn't attracted to  
careerists with zero likes.

Portland eyes my salmon she saw I hadn't cleaned up.

These drawings taped to her brown couch that  
cushions you flat ass.

# SLASH FOR THE LOWLANDS #II

Though it is always / surrounded  
by plastic, / it waits on the corner

with most of / its body parts up.  
It hopes / for a Pope hat

or a slogan / that earns a royalty.  
The coins almost fall / from the sky.

Overall, / the act of hoping  
on large poop / and teeth

that / accidentally make  
their way / through the tongue,

*Behold, we are / in support  
of this kind / of hole.*

# COMMAND



```
Command Prompt
Microsoft Windows [Version 6.0.6002]
Copyright (c) 2006 Microsoft Corporation. All rights reserved.

C:\Users\Sophia>
C:\Users\Sophia>If I told you that I saw the devil in your eyes
told was unexpected at this time.
C:\Users\Sophia>would you know how to love me
'would' is not recognized as an internal or external command,
operable program or batch file.
C:\Users\Sophia>love me
'love' is not recognized as an internal or external command,
operable program or batch file.
C:\Users\Sophia>love me
'love' is not recognized as an internal or external command,
operable program or batch file.
C:\Users\Sophia>overtime, exorcised of the memories in your past
'overtime' is not recognized as an internal or external command,
operable program or batch file.
C:\Users\Sophia>or would it hurt too much?
'or' is not recognized as an internal or external command,
operable program or batch file.
C:\Users\Sophia>If I told you that I saw your father in your eyes
told was unexpected at this time.
C:\Users\Sophia>would you be washed
'would' is not recognized as an internal or external command,
operable program or batch file.
C:\Users\Sophia>holy, collected of all your sins?
'holy' is not recognized as an internal or external command,
operable program or batch file.
C:\Users\Sophia>One day you will know
'One' is not recognized as an internal or external command,
operable program or batch file.
C:\Users\Sophia>will know
'will' is not recognized as an internal or external command,
operable program or batch file.
C:\Users\Sophia>everything that hurts
'everything' is not recognized as an internal or external command,
operable program or batch file.
C:\Users\Sophia>about this kind of love.
```

# ABOVE

Perhaps faces piece my eyes, the front lights screaming darkness.

I'm big. I might. Why pain? Pain. Pain, pain in my pain, pain in my, pain in, pain, bones in my pain, my in my pain, in my pain heart. Have my dolls taken a needle? Has copper reality confused me? Or am I the one in pain? A shiny blood object. Vague. Piercing the moon's glowing eye. It lights my younger sister. Who surfaces to take her out-of-focus photo.

Then all smell again.

Glaring back out. Shiny slides I can't move. Cold sharp. Bright cold. Lifeless I.

## Where am my I?

Hovering, blurry noise images, like an old hurt, again.

Something blade sharp falls hard into me. A returned world chuckling. I dark cried dark. It wanted. I couldn't be still. But I pulled everything and went above.

# CIVIL WAR

Home is between never been and once, in all places and no place:

like Dad when he begs you for a visit

like your hands, retreating

like I love yous

like the cold garage

like having to stay the hell away.

1996

for dinner  
come to my house  
but now people  
cigarettes  
and I'm still eating  
Almost 20 years later  
eat them  
though I don't actually  
the ashtray  
I eat cigarettes out of  
of courteously, I leave  
Out of some sort

my stomach growls  
Whatever, I say and  
listening  
well enough to know that I was  
she tells me, she knows me  
I'll just share my plate with you  
with heart  
looking like a teenager  
annoyed  
looking concerned,  
into the bedroom  
my friend comes  
so that I can't hear  
the television  
the mother turns up  
all day  
haven't had a thing  
but I am hungry  
last nerve  
getting on my friends mothers  
a motherless little girl  
embarrassed,  
I'm mad enough to do so

and around the corner  
past the clothesline  
out the backdoor  
I should tip-toe  
I know  
feeding her  
we can't afford to keep  
whispering in the hall  
their mother  
I hear

BEAST

such a thing  
the shame of  
the need,  
of angst  
the discomfort  
never  
never  
never quiet  
rest  
will never  
the beast  
to be fed  
begging  
to play  
to fetch  
to be pet  
BEGGING  
begging  
begging  
I'm flat on my back  
though at the chance  
and crafts  
and petty hobbies  
country curtains  
behind pretty  
my angst  
I try to hide  
on a leash  
like a beast  
follow it around  
cause now I  
something good  
it up, fed it  
I must've woken  
my thighs  
between  
A monster  
of control now  
It's getting out

## HATE-WATCH

\*removes screen

\*flirts with straight men for free drinks

flagellatepunk!

hey cutie whats ur battery life?

I'm a nightmarish clown

I'm gay trash

My neighbor brought me up

raised me on corn and Hot Wheels

My life is in several rooms

one for each acronym

We want to watch foreign queer people in the bathroom

lined up for the imbibing

People are sad.

Sold out readings. Pyrotechnics. Tour.

Garage poets

Fiction is here! Time to eliminate plastic bags

I'm drunk. Hand me a man.

Stop squawking

I slipped.

no homo but you realize that completely reminds me of homo

I'm on impact!

Blammo!

I'm not doing alright without going outside\*

## FILLING HOLES

A CENT

COOP RATION

SO THE

ASS AGED

DISCO TENT

DID LED

ME SURE

I MODEST

WITH RED

AT ACHES

MICRO COPES

GORGE US

BAN AIDS

BUREAU RAT

ASCENT  
COOPERATION  
SOOTHE  
ASSUAGED  
DISCONTENT  
DIDDLED  
MEASURE  
IMMODEST  
WITHERED  
ATTACHES  
MICROSCOPES  
GORGEOUS  
BANDAIDS  
BUREAUCRAT

BE AN  
ACT ALLY  
DEN ZEN  
JAR ON  
DUNG ON  
CAT RING  
ART FACT  
THE IS  
NUMB RED  
A RANT  
MOTH RING  
LAND CAPE  
BE ARE  
ME IT

BEGAN  
ACTUALLY  
DENIZEN  
JARGON  
DUNGEON  
CATERING  
ARTIFACT  
THESIS  
NUMBERED  
ARRANT  
MOTHERING  
LANDSCAPE  
BEWARE  
MERIT

# CONTRIBUTORS

**Juliana Rose Aiello** is an aspiring author and poet from central New York, where she attends school and spends her free time doing artsy and obscure things with her cat, Dinah.

**Glen Armstrong** holds an MFA in English from the University of Massachusetts, Amherst and teaches writing at Oakland University in Rochester, Michigan. He also edits a poetry journal called *Cruel Garters* and has two chapbooks scheduled for 2015: *In Stone* and *The Most Awkward Silence of All*.

**Terry Barr** has had essays published in *Rougarou*, *Graze*, *Full Grown People*, *Red Fez*, and *Grounded Magazine*, among other journals. He is a two-time Pushcart nominee and lives in Greenville, South Carolina, with his family.

**Rand Burgess** says, "The bio you are trying to reach has been disconnected, if you feel that you have reached this message in error, too bad."

**Rance D. Denton** hails from Baltimore, where he teaches high-school English and lives with two very charming women (one being a cat). He sometimes puts words on paper (and occasionally draws hearts over his i's).

**Elytron Frass** is a self-taught writer and visual artist. When not hard at work in his profession, he studies entomology, literature, and the occult within his home and abroad. His poems have been published in *The Philadelphia Independent* and Tim Peeler's small press magazine, *Third Lung Review*. Excerpts from his novella, *Archetype Apocalypticist: As in Houses, So in Hives*, are scheduled to be published in *Tarpaulin Sky Magazine's* upcoming issue.

**Mike Hasoldt** is a freelance writer working in nonfiction, fiction, and poetry.

**Sarah Jane Hodge** lives in southern Illinois with her family. She is a graduate of Southeast Missouri State University.

**Colin Honnor** is a widely published poet in both print and online magazines, former editor of *Poetry and Audience*, and a literary scholar and translator of modern European poetry. He runs a fine arts press in the Cotswolds.

**Colin James** has a chapbook of poems, *Dreams Of The Really Annoying*, available from Writing Knights Press.

**David Michael Joseph** is a writer, poet, and filmmaker from New Jersey, now living in Los Angeles, hoping to breathe a breath of fresh air into the literary world. Find more about him at: <https://judehammer.wordpress.com/>

**Paulus Kapteyn** is a writer who resides in the Pacific Wonderland.

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**Sarah Kirby** is living a post-graduate dream by creating abundance through smiles and words.

**Richard Kostelanetz's** work appears in *Readers Guide to Twentieth-Century Writers*, *Merriam-Webster Encyclopedia of Literature*, *Contemporary Poets*, *Contemporary Novelists*, *Postmodern Fiction*, *Webster's Dictionary of American Writers*, and *Britannica.com*.

**Gena LeBlanc** is a student of literature and religious history at Bennington College. She has been published in *Microfiction Monday Magazine*, *Harbinger Asylum*, *lipmag*, *ElectricCereal*, and others.

**Karen Lofgren** is a professional writer and editor from Missouri. She writes speculative fiction and loves rats.

**Chad W. Lutz's** works have been featured in *Diverse Voices Quarterly*, *Kind of a Hurricane Press*, *Haunted Waters Press*, and *EcoWatch Journal*. Chad currently works in North Canton writing content for an online job resource site; he also manages an online magazine called *AltOhio.com*.

**Janet Manzo** is a Southern California native and English major who enjoys writing poetry.

**Bruce McRae** is a Canadian musician with over 900 poems published around the world. His first book, *The So-Called Sonnets*, is available via Silenced Press. To see and hear more poems, go to 'BruceMcRaePoetry' on Youtube.

**Edward Palumbo** is a graduate of the University of Rhode Island. His fiction, poems, and shorts have appeared in numerous periodicals, journals, and anthologies including *Rough Places Plain*, *Flush Fiction*, and *Dark Matter*.

**Llewellyn Parchinski** is angry about something.

**Tammy Ruggles** is a legally blind photographer, finger painter, and writer living in Kentucky. Her first paperback book, *Peace*, was published by Clear Light Books in 2005.

**Gerard Sarnat** authored *HOMELESS CHRONICLES*, *Disputes*, and *17s*. He is a physician who has set up and staffed clinics for the disenfranchised, a CEO of healthcare organizations, and a Stanford professor. For Huffington Post reviews and reading dates, visit [GerardSarnat.com](http://GerardSarnat.com).

**Will Schmitz** is a graduate of the University of Hawaii.

**Dan Sicoli** loves plum tomatoes, John Coltrane, slow moving vehicles, the month of May, and a firm mattress. Currently, he can be found in the local dives, saloons, and barrelhouses of Niagara Falls, banging on an old Gibson with an area rock'n'roll band.

**Paul Smudge** is a writer and musician residing in Rochester, New York. After dropping out of college and spending three years abroad, he is back Stateside compiling his writings and songs, and helping his dear old friend with this magazine. Look him up at: [soundcloud.com/paul-smudge](https://soundcloud.com/paul-smudge).

**Emily Strauss** is a semi-retired teacher from California who has written poetry since college. She has lots of poems in print in many places and is proud of being entirely self-taught.

**Alaina Symanovich** is finishing her MA in English at Penn State University, and will begin working toward her MFA at Florida State University in the fall. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Word Riot*, *Fiction Southeast*, *Switchback*, and other journals.

**Joshua Szymanowski** is a poet, video artist, and editor. He continues to slowly work on two collections of poetry, along with this magazine. After struggling to afford to live in San Francisco,

he is relocating closer to his homeland, to Rochester, New York. **Sophia Terazawa** is a poet. Vietnamese-Japanese. Agitated and forked.

**Terah Van Dusen** is a twenty-something living in western Oregon, outside of Eugene. She has a day job at the post office and writes poetry, essays, and love notes in her spare time.

**Alex Vigue** lives on the internet. It's not healthy and it's not super fulfilling but it sure beats being sad about not finding a job and living with your parents. Alex has a degree in creative writing from Western Washington University and has had poems and stories published in various journals. If you would like to reach him or read more of his work you can find him on twitter @ Kingwithnoname.

**Lorna Wood** is a violinist and writer in Auburn, Alabama, with a Ph.D. in English from Yale University. Her poetry has appeared in *Untitled, with Passengers* and *Something for the Weekend, Sir?*; her fiction in *Every Writer's Resource* and *Blue Monday Review*. She has published essays on children's literature and the American Renaissance and is currently Associate Editor of *Gemini Magazine*.

**Andre M. Zucker** was born in The Bronx, where he currently works as a special education teacher. His works have appeared in *Structo*, *Thrice Fiction*, and *Danse Macabre*, among others.

