



12-1-1972

Raymond Literary Magazine Volume 1 Number 1

Raymond College

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raymond literary magazine/volume one/number one/december 1972
raymond college/university of the pacific/stockton, california

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THE RAYMOND LITERARY MAGAZINE
December 1972

Dedicated to promoting a spirit of creativity and supportive goodwill among people at Raymond. "Your daily life is your temple and your religion. Whenever you enter into it take with you your all."

Our sincere apologies to those of you who submitted work which could not be published due to spatio-temporal limitations; our next deadline is January 12, 1973. Thanks to contributors and readers; more in another month.

Contributors

David Wight
Kris White
Lee Rosenberg
Charley Mosher
Jack Lawson
Michael Cortes
Martha Colburn
John Cherry
Marianne Bush
Jean Marie Burton
Lynne Abels

Editors

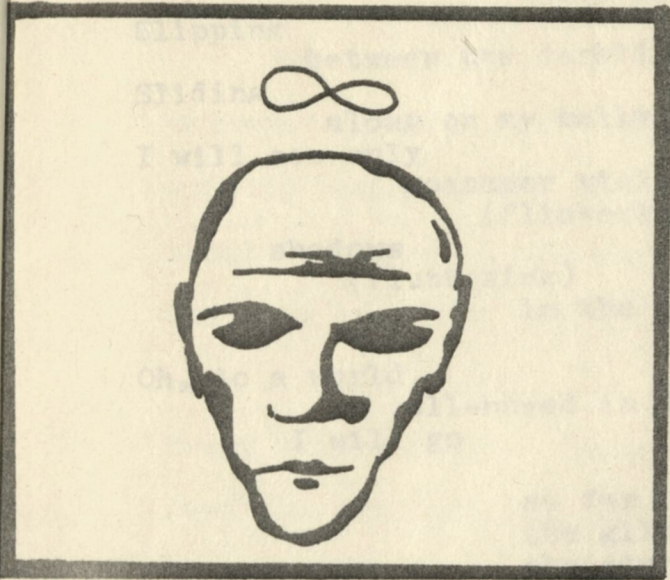
Phil Perkins
David Gresser
Craig Cowley
John Cherry

An Essay Concerning the (with head)

The theological implications alone are staggering. Let us consider. Does the box, in fact, exist? This is what we must ask ourselves. For the sake of argument let's leave the head out of it. The rationale behind this being; does the head actually exist?

Raymond
Literary
Review

Vol I
No 1



a poem
a box
(with head)
is better than
no box at all

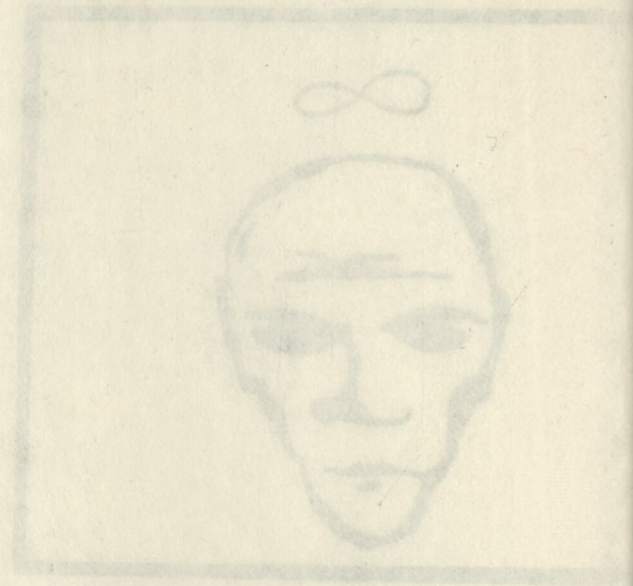
Box (with head)

An Essay Concerning Box (With Head)

The theological implications alone are staggering. Let us consider. Does the box, in fact, exist? This is what we must ask ourselves. For the sake of argument let's leave the head out of it. The rationale behind this being; does the head actually exist?

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(with head)
a box
a box



Box
(with head)

An Essay Concerning Box (with head)
The philosophical implications of the box are
us consider. Does the box, in fact, exist? If it
what we must see ourselves, for the sake of
let's leave the head out of it. The relation
this being; does the head actually exist?

Forevermore

Give me a notion
that I might run away.

So stealthily
Watch me go !

Slipping
between the darkling images of prophesy,

Sliding
along on my belly.

I will see only
gossamer visions
(flickering)

about shadows
(fluttering)
in the dreamlight
(splintering).

Oh, to a world
all-hazed in phosphorescence

I will go
so far beyond
the gilded harmony
the stuttering hopes
of men.

This is the forgotten land--

the fairy land

Forevermore.

Here where the twilight

looms so fantastical
in the shadows' rising mist.

Here where voices never sunder
Here where peace lies sagging

under winter's feathered snows
so coveted.

WE sleep and do not trouble

Hope.

The Hoar frost gleams so sullenly

at my casement.

I cannot bear his red eyes foaming
with decay.

NO--

Reality is a mirage

--a glistening image

flashing silver
in the distance

Away--Away in that magic land

that flickering land--

I will go

Forevermore.

lyvne a.

Give me a notion
that I might run away,
so stealthily
I will go

Slipping
between the creaking hinges of prosperity,
Slipping
alone on my belly,
I will see only
hazy visions
(flickering)

shadows
(flickering)
in the dreamlight
(quivering),
Oh, to a world
all-based in phosphorescence
I will go

so far beyond
the glided harmony
the acuter nose
of men.

This is the forgotten land--
the fairy land
For evermore.

Here where the twilight
looks so fantastical
in the shadows, rising what.
Here where voices never sound
Here where peace lies waiting
under winter's feathered snows
so covered.

We sleep and do not trouble
The hour frost kisses so softly
at my command.
I cannot bear his red eyes looking
with decay.

NO--
Reality is a maze
--a glittering maze
flashing silver
in the distance
Away--away in that maze land--
that flickering land--
I will go
For evermore.

IN THE COUNTRY

by lynne a.

Jeb Tamelaus stood big and burly in his red flannel workman's shirt. His sleeves were rolled taught against the grizzly bulge of his biceps. He had a cultivated hardness about him that he had acquired from his jobs at the railroads and rock quarries where the work was seasonal. Once he'd been a truck driver. He drove a flat bed truck loaded with heavy redwood logs. Then he'd send the vehicle screaming down the mountain and he'd laugh as it went. Yes, he learned to laugh on that job. His laughter was hard with a sort of crispy abruptness. It came from outside of him and resonated inward like the warning rattle of a snake. He was a mountain man and he carried the pride of his battles like a scar. He was a redneck.

Once when he was a kid he'd gone hunting with his father and found a coon. He loved the creature's sparkly little eyes and bandit mask. He wanted so much to have it for a pet. Then he'd make a really nice cage for it in the back of the house-- or maybe not even a cage. Maybe he could tame the coon and teach it not to run away from him. He knew that coon would love him, but his father raised his gun and shot it and the creature fell before him in a hot and steaming lump. The coonskin looked especially beautiful hanging above his bed.

In those days it was so good to go running and feel the cold slapping at his cheeks. In those days life was something vague and perilous--something he was always wanting after and never yet stumbling on in his boyhood wanderings from here to there.

IN THE COUNTRY

by James

Job Tansians stood big and built in his red flannel
 workman's shirt. His sleeves were rolled tight against the
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 about him that he had acquired from his jobs as the railroads
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 been a truck driver. He drove a flat bed truck loaded with
 heavy redwood logs. Then he'd seen the vehicle screaming
 down the mountain and he'd laugh as it went. Yes, he learned
 to laugh on that job. His laughter was hard with a sort of
 gritty sharpness. It came from outside of him and resounded
 inward like the warning rattle of a snake. He was a mountain
 man and he carried the pride of his battles like a scar. He
 was a redneck.

Once when he was a kid he'd gone hunting with his father
 and found a coon. He loved the creature's sparkly little eyes
 and didn't mark. He wanted so much to have it for a pet. Then
 he'd make a really nice cage for it in the back of the house--
 or maybe not even a cage. Maybe he could tame the coon and
 teach it not to run away from him. He knew that coon would
 love him, but his father raised his gun and shot it and the
 creature fell before him in a hot and steaming lump. The
 coonakin looked especially beautiful hanging above his bed.
 In those days it was so good to go hunting and feel the
 cold slapping at his cheeks. In those days life was something
 vague and perfumed--something he was always wanting after and
 never yet reaching in his day-to-day existence.

On this particular day the sun looked down on the earth with it's lone withered eye burning coldly through the gray. It was toward the end of autumn when the leaves grow wet and sog together in great masses. On this day, Jeb piled his short-haired, spotted, bob-tailed dog into the back of his red Datsun pick-up and took off for the deer country. He could feel a painful thirsting in his throat as his longing for the wild lands grew deeper and nearer to him. The wild lands, they were something tangible--something big and burning he could lust after. When the sky hung low and grey and cold nipped the air about him, he knew it was time.

According to the old ritual, he'd take the gun off the rack and clean it until the barrel gleamed with a strange metallic zeal. Then, at last, he'd doff his orange, quilted, fire-proofed vest and hat, fill his munitions packet, and send his pick-up jumping along the dirt roads of all the hilly places.

Dan Everton, his buddy, dressed in a similar orange quilted, fire-proofed vest and hat, was waiting for him at the roadside. He pulled the pick-up to a halt with a swerving motion that nearly annihilated Dan and his two bitch dogs. Dan and the dogs piled into the truck and they took off with a jolt that sent the dogs in back scurrying for footing.

Dan was skinnier than Jeb. He was round-shouldered with a certain easy going placidity about him. His face bore the look of one who has listened long but ceased to believe. He sat in the truck and didn't say anything.

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Dan Everton, his buddy, dressed in a similar orange quilted,
fire-proofed vest and hat, was waiting for him at the roadside.
He pulled the pick-up to a halt with a swerving motion that
nearly annihilated Dan and his two black dogs. Dan and
the dogs piled into the truck and they took off with a jolt
that sent the dogs in back scurrying for footing.

Dan was skinnier than Jeb. He was round-shouldered with
a certain easy going placidity about him. His face bore the
look of one who has listened long but ceased to believe. He
sat in the truck and didn't say anything.

"Hey Dan," Jeb spoke first, "I picked up two hitch hikers driving to Orville yesterday--two chicks. They sat in back. They wouldn't come up in the cab with me."

"Maybe it was too crowded for them, Jeb," Dan said with a slow smile and a sideways look at Jeb.

"They weren't going anywhere. You know, they didn't have work or money or nothin. They were just travelling around--girls too." Jeb paused a minute then spoke again, "I did a lot of travelling when I was doing logging work. It's all the same wherever you go, same dirty cafes and bossy old hag waitresses. One of those girls had a nice face, a sort of young kid face like my sister used to have. Well, I'm thinking of going upstate this summer and getting a construction. You know, like driving one of those big caterpillar trucks."

"If they could see how you drive this truck, they'd never let you have the job. You nearly ran over me when you stopped back there."

"I'm just too fast for your slow brains," Jeb laughed. "You should have seen me the other day when I got up to 95 passing some kids in a pick-up. One of them had hair almost down to his shoulders. I had my gun right under the seat, too. I would have got him if it hadn't been for the fact that I was going so fast. Say, Dan, there's going to be a party at the Miner's cafe this Saturday night. What do you say we go and get ourselves liquored up beforehand."

"I don't know, Jeb, I think I got a date tonight and, hopefully, I'll have one for Saturday too."

"Hi by Dan," Job spoke first. "I picked up two hitch hikers driving to Greenville yesterday--two chicks. They sat in back. They wouldn't come up in the cab with me."

"Maybe it was too crowded for them, Job," Dan said with a slow smile and a sideways look at Job.

"They weren't going anywhere. You know, they didn't have work or money or nothing. They were just traveling around--girls too." Job paused a minute then spoke again. "I did a lot of traveling when I was doing logging work. It's all the same wherever you go. Some dirty cafes and bawdy old hag waitresses. One of those girls had a nice face, a sort of young kid face like my sister used to have. Well, I'm thinking of going upstairs this summer and getting a construction. You know, like driving one of those big caterpillar trucks."

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"I don't know, Job. I think I got a date tonight and, hopefully, I'll have one for Saturday too."

"You must like her a lot but I think she's awfully quiet."

"Yeah, but so am I." Dan smiled shyly.

"Hey, look, Jeb, quail--quail at the side of the road! Come spring there'll be a bevy of them all trotting and bobbing along one behind the other. They're beautiful, you know. Sometimes it's a pleasure just to look at them."

"Quail are better eating than they are looking. But, hell, we're after deer this time. Hey let's get your gal some venison steak for Sunday supper," he said pounding Dan's shoulder and, simultaneously, pulling the pick-up to a halt. He ground the emergency brake to the floor, leaped out the door, and unlatched the back. The dogs scuttled about for a moment in their hurry, then bounded out the back of the truck. Soon dogs and men were pushing it with deep and heaving vigour into the deer country.

The two men pushed on after the zig-zig trails of their dogs, past beer cans and candy wrappers, higher and higher until they came to a ridge and down and over another ridge.

Then they came to the place where the valley oaks mixed with the pine. Here the gray squirrels scuttled up and down the trunks of trees, but you could not see them because the squirrels were gray and the trees were gray and the sky was gray around and above the trees and the squirrels.

The trees in this region had mellowed graciously into middle age. They were not too sparse nor too closely packed together. They seemed to spread just evenly across the sky not clouding the sun nor letting in too much light. Rather they allowed for a pleasant rippling of sun and shadow. In this glade everything was as it belonged and nothing stood at variance with itself. The hills folded carefully one into the other. And the wind whispered so longingly over the land.

"You must like her a lot but I think she's awfully quiet."
"Yeah, but so am I." Dan smiled shyly.
"Hey, look, Jeb, Gullie--pull at the side of the road!
Come spring there'll be a boy or two all crawling and peeping
along one behind the other. They're beautiful, you know.
Sometimes it's a pleasure just to look at them."
"Gullie are better eating than they are looking. But, hell,
we're after deer this time. Hey, let's get your gal some venison
steak for Sunday supper," he said pointing Dan's shoulder and
aimlessly. Pulling the plug up to a halt. He crossed the
emergency brake to the floor, leaped out the door, and vanished
the back. The dogs scuttled about for a moment in their hurry.
then bounded out the back of the truck. Soon dogs and men
were pushing & with deep and heaving sighs into the deer country.
The two men pushed on after the zig-zag trails of their dogs.
past deer cans and candy wrappers, higher and higher until they
came to a ridge and down and over another ridge.
Then they came to the place where the valley came mixed with
the pine. Here the grey squirrels scuttled up and down the
trunks of trees, but you could not see them because the squirrels
were grey and the trees were grey and the sky was grey around
and above the trees and the squirrels.
The trees in this region had followed gradually into middle
age. They were not so sparse nor so closely packed together.
they seemed to spread just evenly across the sky and blending
the sun not falling in so much light. Rather they allowed for
a pleasant lighting of sun and shadow. In this place everything
was as if belated and nothing stood at variance with itself.
The hills folded carefully one into the other. And the wind
whispered as lightly over the land.

So it seems right and fitting that the unicorn would be in this perfect place. The unicorn had always lived there. In fact it was so perfectly ^{clear} that he belonged.

Unicorns have hooves and proud twisting horns of blue and beautiful green-gray eyes. These eyes are deeper than seas and deeper still with a sad and searching melancholy about them. They are forsaken creatures from the days of old when they were nearly destroyed by the people who believed in them. Unicorns belong to the spirit of flowing wild. Yet it is the terrible splendor of their freedom that gives them sorrow for unicorns are solitary creatures. Since the beginning there has only been a limited number of them and they do not procreate themselves, but live on tenaciously clinging to the last bit of magic in a fading world.

Jeb was stalking quietly now because he had heard a rustle and seen a flash of silver in the trees. He raised his rifle slowly--almost automatically--then lowered it--waiting--again no sound. But then he saw it again, something silver, something flickering like elven-fire in the glade. Then a form began to emerge. He could see ^{it} like a shadow or a reflection. It seemed like a deer or a small antelope-like creature. But its coat was magnificently smooth and flowing almost like quicksilver.

The animal dipped its head and paused sniffing the air. Its nostrils flared as it caught the scent of dogs and men. It jerked as if to run but remained transfixed and heaving with expectation. Its breath came heavily and little shudders of silver ran along its coat.

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Job was staring dully now because he had heard a
rustle and seen a flash of silver in the trees. He raised
his rifle slowly--almost automatically--then lowered it--
waiting--again no sound. But then he saw it again, something
silver, something shimmering like silver in the glade.
Then a form began to emerge. He could see like a shadow or a
reflection. It seemed like a deer or a small antelope-like
creature. But it's coat was remarkably smooth and flowing
almost like quills.
The animal dipped its head and passed sniffing the air.
It's nostrils flared as it caught the scent of dew and soil. It
jerked as if to run but remained motionless and breathing with
expectation. It's breath came heavily and little gusts of
silver ran along its coat.

This unicorn is old and there are little surken places around its eyes and its great silken mane had fallen into thick and matted tresses. There is something so pathetic about it, sort of like an old king who has carried the weight of barren nobility for so long/^{knowing} that his death will bring the disintegration of his kingdom.

Jeb raised the brightly burnished barrel of his 36 magnum rifle. He aimed directly at the little hollow place just above the creature's green-gray eyes. Those eyes were deep and startling in their depth. They seemed to be many things all run together like the muted colors of seasons.

In his last moment of vision Jed knew how much he loved the creature. He felt so keenly the pain of wanting it and knowing he could have it only in part above his wall. But Jed was a virgin and the unicorn was a virgin too.

Jed squeezed the trigger and sent a tiny metallic pellet in full^{fill}ment of its metallic task. A strange bleating came lowly from the glade rising and falling until it became a dirge. He had consummated the marriage at last.

Dan Everton's corpse lay before him in a hot and steaming lump.

The forest here was deeper and deeper still than many things built by men. The tears of Jed Tamelaus fell in tiny silver droplets on a bed of oak and pine. ^eHe had believed, he really had.

This moment is his and there are little broken pieces
around the eyes and his great thin nose had fallen back
and matted crissed. There is something so pathetic about it,
sort of like an old thing who has carried the weight of barren
nobility for so long that his death with bring the disint-
egration of his kingdom.
Jed raised the brightly mirrored barrel of his 38 magnum
rifle. He aimed directly at the little hollow place just
above the creature's green-grey eyes. Those eyes were deep
and staring in their depth. They seemed to be many things
all run together like the mixed colors of seasons.
In his last moment of vision Jed knew how much he loved
the creature. He felt so keenly the pain of wanting it and
knowing he could have it only in part above his will. But
Jed was a virgin and the unicorn was a virgin too.
Jed squeezed the trigger and sent a tiny metallic pellet
in fullness of its metallic task. A strange pleasing sense
flowed from the glade rising and falling until it became a
dixie. He had connected the marriage at last.
Dan Everson's corpse lay before him in a hot and steaming
jump.
The forest here was dense and deeper still than any
thing built by man. The trees of Jed's kingdom fell in tiny
silver droplets on a bed of oak and pine. He had believed
he really was

Drink sing live... A night of
merry and lively time, loose and in
more than today, real. For we have
put on our costumes and taken off
our disguises. We run as children,
or maybe as a pack of wild wargs might
run. We sing, not for the beauty of
music or its soothing tones. We sing
the savage cry of the dawn of man.
A return to a state more beautiful
than our contraceptive lives. But--
what happens in the morning when we
push back the sheets and see the
world, our home, in its dazzling
array of concrete and steel? Do we
cry? Do we weep? Do we lament that
which was ours a night's sleep past
is gone? No; we condemn ourselves for
the folly of last night and forbear
never to do the same again.....

--Lee Rosenberg

Drink stars live. A night of
party and lively times, loose and in
more than today, really. For we have
put on our costumes and taken off
our disguises. We run as children,
or maybe as a pack of wild dogs right
turn. We star, not for the beauty of
music or its soothing tones. We star
the savage cry of the dawn of man.
A return to a state more beautiful
than our constructive lives. But--
what happens in the morning when we
dash back the sheets and see the
world, our home, in its dazzling
array of concrete and steel? Do we
cry? Do we weep? Do we lament that
which was once a night's sleep has
is gone? No; we condemn ourselves for
the folly of last night and forever
never to do the same again....

--Lee Rosenberg

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The battle is over.

As I stand on this bloody knoll,
Generous portions of dismembered corpses
Lie placidly before me in solemn disarray.
The musky-sweet odor of death
Is wafting across the land on a gentle late-day breeze.
Happily, the turkey vultures are gorging themselves,
And flapping their wings in a gluttonous frolic.
The ants are engulfing the bodies as they plunder the spoils
To feed legions of their own.
Now the crimson orb of our sun is setting,
It is the red face of Lucifer grinning on the edge of day.

The battle is over.

*

*

*

As would a cooling ember,
His mind faded into oblivion.
Nearly imperceptible at first,
The decay became intolerable.

As all that he was
Exited our dimension,
He faced the omnipotent
Wisdom of creation.

*

*

*

Observations

The face on the wall stares at me glowingly in the lightless room.
Suspended in the void, her ivory face and looping orange tresses
Contrast with the formless dark holes of her empty eye sockets.
I look through these open windows into the depths of her mind and beyond.

*

*

*

The battle is over.

I stand on this bloody field
Numerous portions of dismembered corpses
Lie placidly before me in solemn array
The musky-sweet odor of death
Waiting across the land on a gentle late-day breeze
Apply, the turkey vultures are gorging themselves
And flapping their wings in a gusty traffic
The ants are engulfing the bodies as they plunder the spoils
To feed legions of their own
How the crimson orb of our sun is setting
It is the red face of Lucifer grinning on the edge of day

The battle is over.

As would a cooling ember
His mind faded into oblivion
Nearly imperceptible at first
The decay became inevitable

As all that he was
Faded our dreamer
He faced the omnipotent
Wisdom of creation.

Observations

The face on the wall stares at me glowingly in the lightless room
Suspended in the void her ivory face and hooded orange tresses
Contrast with the formless dark holes of her empty eye sockets
I look through these open windows into the depths of her mind and beyond.

To Rollinore: whoever he may be

Black satin fingered nights
of close touching dreams
smoke filled visions
that come and go
with warm or cold breezes

Promises of yes...and no
in and out of days' season
fluctuating in varied colored times
of passion-fearing closeness
whirlwind energy charges
and tender-touched pleasure chances.

--Jean Marie Burton

Dirigible

I remember the first time I saw a blimp.
It hung there,
Limp.

No destination, nowhere to fly--
No reason
Why.

Lying quietly, in the air
Merely
There.

Watching the great silver fish--I held my breath--
Still as
Death.

--Martha Colburn
December, 1969

To pollinate: whoever he may be

Black earth tattered night
of close touching forms
smoke filled visions
that come and go
with warm or cold breezes

Promises of ves... and no
in and out of days' season
fluctuating in varied colored times
of passion-feeling closeness
whirling energy charges
and tender-touched pleasure chances.

--John Keats Burton

Dirigible

I remember the first time I saw a dirigible.
It took there,
limp.

No destination, nowhere to fly--
No reason
Why.

Lying dutifully in the air
Merely
There,

Watching the great albatross--I held my breath--
Still as
Death.

--Martha Colburn
December, 1969

Horselips O'Malley Rides Again

The oil lamp jumps in paranoid flickers
while a twenty-seven pound barrel cactus
breaks through the door to steal a newspaper.
Horselips O'Malley sleeps by the empty bottle,
dreaming tequila love poems
as his bladder works on through the night.

*

*

*

II.

I dreamed
I saw
a plum jelly
replica of you
eating a conglomeration
of snorts,
snarls,
and giggles.
You were staring
out the main window
of the corner
knick-knack store,
trying to see
your reflection
in the glare
of the milk trucks
passing by,
and I knew
you were
for me.

*

*

*

poems by Michael Cortes

Horatius C. Walley Reads Again

The old jump jumps in paranoic flickers
with a twenty-seven pound barrel cactus
breaks through the door to steal a newspaper
Horatius C. Walley sleeps by the empty bottle
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of the milk trucks
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and I knew
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*

poems by Michael Jordan

Sometimes when I'm depressed,
I go to the electric doctor
and in a delicate performance
of medical miracles
he inserts miniaturized,
transistorized,
solid state
nuclear reactors inside my ears
and highly conductive
stainless steel magnets
behind my eyes.
And before you know it,
I skip down the road
dancing with gas stations,
glowing in the dark,
and thinking of you.

Michael Cortes

Sometimes when I'm depressed,
I go to the electric doctor
and in a delicate performance
of medical wizardry
he inserts a miniature
transistorized
solid state
nuclear reactor inside my ears
and highly conductive
stainless steel magnets
behind my eyes.
And before you know it
I skip down the road
dancing with gas stations,
growing in the dark,
and thinking of you.

Michael Carter

Headed east

The miles keep rolling by underneath

we pedal appalashian hills, the blue ridge rains
past blue-green fields

suspended from the past and

faraway future's Pacific coast end
fulfilling a dream

we travel the universe highway

day rise day set into night

we know not the roads but just to head west

Each morning begins from roadside pasture

pinewood grove vacant lot

motel

abandoned church

u-haul van police station

and desert highway

we learn of traffic in Norfolk, rain in appalachia

a thousand townsfolk reflected dreams upon seeing us

tired sweaty hungry

all we seem to care about

the bread and milk prices in every town

where the hell is the next town

To rest momentarily—apprehension

the mighty Rockies uplifted into thunderheads

we climb monarch pass

blue mesa toward Utah

forgetting the plains Utah's not flat

desolate grand canyons towering splendour

in heat no water melting bikes day after day

toward brown Nevada endless desert horizon

turning to flashflood windstorms

nothing to worry about under the roof of a John Deere cap

the highest lightning lover beneath black day sky

at least there's water but too soggy sandmen welcomed the patch of blue

the opening ancient sun drip dry below the cap in minutes sweating again

suddenly the change, the Sierras high Sierras

river evening camp reflecting the east

sweet rugged taste of peace

respect for the wild lands

respect for the wild

-David Light

Headed out

The miles keep rolling by
we pedal up the hills, the blue hills
pass blue-green fields

disappointed from the past and
Lansky's father's Pacific coast end

filling a dream

we travel the universe highway

day rise day set into night

we know not the roads but just to head west

Each morning begins from towards pasture

pinewood grove want to

at all

abandoned church

u-hall van police station

and desert highway

we learn of traffic in Norfolk, rain in Appalachia
a thousand thoughts reflected dream upon seeing us

first evening hungry

All we seem to care about

the bread and milk prices in every town

where the hell is the next town

The rest momentarily forgotten

the night hoots spilled into thunderheads

we climb mountain pass

blue near toward West

forgetting the plains Utah's not flat

desolate grand canyon towering splendor

in heat no water rising pikes day after day

tower brown Nevada endless desert horizon

turning to flashlock windows

nothing to worry about under the roof of a John Deere cap

the highest lightning tower beneath black day sky

at least there's a water but to soggy sandstone volcano the patch of blue

the opening ancient can drip dry below the cap in . . . thunder sweating again

suddenly the change, the stars high stars

river evening camp reflecting the east

sweet tired taste of peace

respect for the wild lands

respect for the wild

-David Light

i'm glad i'm not
a brook.
streams become crooked
by taking
the path of
least resistance.

mb

christ came into my room
and stood there
and i was bored to death.
i had work to do.
i wouldn't have minded
id he'd been crippled or something -
but he just stood there, all face
and with that damned guitar
i didn't ask him to sit down;
he'd have stayed all day.
(let's be honest, you can be crucified
just so often:
then you've had it
no goog to god
much less anyone else)
so i said to him after awhile
well what's up? what do you want?
and he laughed, stupid
said he was passing by
and thought he'd say hello
great, i said, hello
so he left
and i was so damned mad i couldn't
even listen to the radio.
i went and got some tea.
the trouble with christ is
he always comes
at the wrong time.

mb

I'm glad I'm not
a crack.
Nerves become crooked
by taking
the path of
least resistance.
no

Earlier came into my room
and stood there
and I was bored to death.
I had work to do.
I wouldn't have minded
if he'd been crippled or something.

But he just stood there, his face
and with that damned grimace
I didn't ask him to sit down,
he'd have stayed all day.
(Let's be honest, you can be crucified
just as often.)

Then you've had it
no good to God
much less anyone else.)

So I said to him after awhile
Well, what's up? What do you want?
and he laughed, stupid
said he was passing by
and thought he'd say hello
great, I said, hello
so he left.

and I was so flamed and I wouldn't
even listen to the radio
I went and got some tea
the trouble with spirit is
he always comes
at the wrong time.

The Ordeal

The delicate head hangs downward,
as the raven blackness of her hair
swirls in the wind.

She moans softly to herself,
twisting her slender body
in grotesque, unnatural forms.

Mentally she screams,
so that her throat is silently taut,
with discordant strain.

The sky is alight with brassy hues,
interrupted by intervals
of pure white billowy clouds.

Single strong rays of sunlight
embrace her face;
she is content.

Her mouth noiselessly phrases
the word "Hope".
Quite suddenly the sun escapes --

It is quickly followed
by the hues of brass
and replaced with gray.

She is alone,
No one cares,
and the noiseless word "Hope" disappears.

Choked, she falls desperately forward.
By the time black annihilates the light --
she is no more

*

The Water

The water is blue,
and cool to my eyes.
It's reflection mirrors my soul,
and I drink of myself.

(Poems by Kris White)

The delicate head hangs downward,
as the raven blackness of her hair
swirls in the wind.

She moans softly to herself,
twisting her slender body
in grotesque, unnatural forms.

Mentally she screams,
so that her throat is wilyly torn,
with discordant strain.

The sky is light with drizzly hues,
interrupted by intervals
of pure white billowy clouds.

Sing's strong rays of sunlight
embrace her face;
she is content.

Her mouth noticeably thrives
the word "Hope".
Quite suddenly the sun escapes --

It is dutifully followed
by the hues of brass
and replaced with grey.

She is alone,
no one cares,
and the noiseless word "Hope" disappears.

Choked, she falls desperately toward
By the time black annihilates the light
she is no more.

The water

The water is blue,
and cool to my eyes,
It's reflection mirrors my soul,
and I drink of myself.

This is an actual letter that Charley Mosher received about a year ago. It is copied here complete with its mistakes.

*

*

*

Dear Chuck,

Well, I'll get right to the point! This is a "dear John" letter but in this case its a dear Chuck letter. A lot has happened this weekend. On Wed. night I went to a party at M. C. School where a I met a guy by the name of Dan. He was very nice and later after the party was over he drove me home and asked if I would go to another party Fri night with him. But then I thought I was going out with you so I told he him I had already made other plans but maybe some other night. Then you called up late Fri morning (over) and said we couldn't go. Now this made me really mad and I thought that it was very inconsiderate of you to call so late. So then after I hung up I kept thinking to myself that I could have been going out with Dan tonight instead of just sitting home. But then I ran into some luck. He decided to call me and ask me one more time if I would like to go. Of course I said yes! I had one of the best nights out that I have had in a long time. Dan has a fantastic personality, a great sense of humor, he's cute and very loveable and even though it isn't a necessity but you seem to think it is with me, he does have a car and he does have money. This does ^{not} really matter that much to me but I do admit it does help. Sox even though it is needless to say I love him and I am afraid its good-by to you. For awhile I thought we had something going between us, but I guess that I was wrong because when Dan came along I forgot compleatly about you. So I guess we didn't have that mus much. It is a lot easier for me to write stuff than it is for me to say it. So I am serious about this letter but please don't come and try to talk to me about it because I don't want to talk about it. Nothing can change my mind about it so don't try and don't bug me about it. I'm sorry but these things do happen.

Good-by

Jann.

This is an actual letter that Charles Wesley received about a year ago. It is copied here complete with its mistakes.

Dear Chuck

Well, I'll get right to the point! This is a "dear John" letter but in this case it's a dear Chuck letter. It got passed on this weekend. On Wed. night I went to a party at N. G. School where I met a guy by the name of Dan. He was very nice and later after the party was over he drove me home and asked if I would go to another party Fri night with him. But then I thought I was going out with you so I said no him I had already made other plans but maybe some other night. Then you called up late the morning (over) and said we couldn't go. Now this made me really mad and I thought that it was very inconsiderate of you to call so late. So then after I hung up I kept thinking to myself that I could have been going out with her tonight instead of just sitting home. But then I ran into some luck. He decided to call me and ask me one more time if I would like to go. Of course I said yes. I had one of the best nights and that I have had in a long time. Dan has a fantastic personality, a great sense of humor, he's cute and very lovable and even though it isn't a necessity but you seem to think it is with me, he does have a car and he does have money. This does ^{not} really matter too much to me but I do admit it does help. Sex even though it is needless to say I love him and I am afraid the good-bye to you. For awhile I thought we had something going between us, but I guess that I was wrong because when Dan came along I forgot completely about you. So I guess we didn't have that much. It is a lot easier for me to write stuff than it is for me to say it. So I am writing about this letter but please don't come and try to talk to me about it because I don't want to talk about it. Nothing can change my mind about it as don't say and don't say we about it. I'm sorry but these things do happen.

Good-bye
Dan

I want to fly
into the sky;
to leave my earthly cares,
my temporal weaves and wares;
to soar above this world
with my love's wings unfurled.
come fly with me
so you can see
how lonely is life,
so full of strife,
on the land down there,
so bleak and bare.
come lift your head
from your bed
and awaken in a new world
with your wings unfurled.
come and fly ~~it~~
in the sky
with me
over the sea,
closer and closer to the sun.
but if I am not the one,
then, with another, fly on
as I shall fly on,
and dance on the silvery clouds
far above the crowds.

Charley Mosher

I want to fly
into the sky;
to leave my earthly cares,
my temporal weaves and cares,
to soar above this world
with my love's wings unfurled.
Come fly with me
so you can see
how lonely is life,
so full of strife,
on the land down there,
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Come lift your head
from your bed
and awaken in a new world
with your wings unfurled.
Come and fly
in the sky
with me
over the sea,
closer and closer to the sun,
but if I am not the one,
then, with another, fly on
as I shall fly on,
and dance on the silvery clouds
far above the crowds.

Charley Koster

In, on, and off of Bartholomew Street

Cluthing a ragamuffin in his fist, flopping cappy on his head, Zinjanthropoidal Pow thrashed swaggersome through brambling Bartholomew Street in his pursuit of that Friday night. When the ragamuffin squeaked out for help, Pow peremptorily bit off her chin. Chewing with an open mouth, he cursed through his food.

"Begorrah grumble mumble," nasaled Pow.

He viciously spat at the gutter, wrenched his boots from the bubbly gum smatters, and concerted his audacity for the seven blocks yet to transgress. Striking forth through eggshells smashing, slopping fruit pods underfoot, Pow slipped-fell, scrambled; battled blighted pavement past hookers, creeps, cops, and beggars; rounded abandoned tea cups and ten-foot styrofoam balls; ignored all the Jesuit priests, the take-out corn dog station and the last chance gatorade stand so to come finally face-to-face with The Jumble, high abstract design. Pow met the three-story cardboard box barrier with his customary chain mail gaze, yawned languid yawn after yawn and, in the interims, nibbled distractedly at the toes of his 'muffin.

Murmuring soft emphatics, Pow precipitantly kicked a hole through the box before him and flung himself zesty to task. The ragamuffin trailed as wafty like Richtoffen's scarf. Outwardly the boxes trembled, raised up in a ridge well-displaced, but then fell back chaotic-intact. In the dim stiffling middle of the heap the shearing of rip-tear had ceased. Pow turned around and around and around, and thought, "I wish that this maze was glassene." It was hard amid the corners, protruding cardboard angle jab, to maintain a straight line. Indeedy yes so headlong he through, over and around on bare conviction. Eggerates crumbled clearing way, and Pow emerged victorious frim the cubist intestines.

"Shit," said the soapbox speaker.

Pow kicked the head off a doll that lay on the curb. It skittered to the gutter and was lost.

Clutching a ragged book in his fist, flapping copy on his
head, Bartholomew Street in his pursuit of that Friday night
When the ragged man squashed out for help, he cursed through
bit off her chin. Chewing with an open mouth, he cursed through
his food.

"Bartholomew Street," he said, "I've been
He viciously spat at the gutter, wrenched his boots from
the puddly gum maters, and converted his ambulatory for the
seven blocks yet to traverse, striking forth through eggshells
smacking, slipping, tripping, and wobbling, for all that fell.
scrambled, battled, tilted, pitched, and heaved, steps, steps,
and beggars rounded abandoned tea cups and tea-foot spindles
dallas; ignored all the Jesuit priests, the late one soon dog
station and the last chance garbards stand as to come finally
face-to-face with The Lamb, high abstract design. For was the
three-story earboard box barrier with his customary chain mail
gaze, yawned languid yawn after yawn and, in the interim,
nibbled distractedly at the toes of his waller.

Murmuring soft epithets, he presciently kicked a hole
through the box before him and lunged himself busy to task.
The ragged man smiled as witty like Richardson's assent. Out
wardly the boxes trembled, raised up in a slight well-displaced
but then fell back, cast, intact, in the air, willing with
of the heap the shearing of tip-top had ceased. For turned
around and around and around, and thought, "I wish that this
mass was glass." It was hard with the corners, protruding
earboard angle had to maintain a steady line. Indeedly yes
so headlong he thought, over and around on bare conviction.
Beggars crowded along the way, and he emerged victorious
from the midst of them.

"Sally," said the neighbor speaker.
It kicked the head off a doll that lay on the curb.
It skittered to the gutter and was lost.

"Shit, I repeat, is the modern-day issue, folks."

The speaker was bald bearded bifocaled.

"And we all have to come to terms. No one need try to escape because each and every one of you, each day of every year, lugs around globbing bolus pocketfuls of shit. It's what holds you on the ground, it's what makes your belly bulge, and if your navel were popped by mistake you would be instantly at the repellant mercy of spurting torrential cataracts of slime, auburn textured pellets, and gooey grumbling bubbles full of hydro-zoomy gas.

"So think kindly about it, friends."

He projected a toothy grin.

"Shit's not impending; it's here, and should be your friend. Let us take some time to get to know each other's shit. You there, sir - in the turtleneck boots. And you in the peacock tie. I'd like you to meet this co-ed with the liver pigtailed just because hershit is as close to you as yourshit is to her. There's a world-wide fecal family. So let's continue to be aware of each other's shit. Be sensitive, folks, and feel it. Get together on shit."

Pause, then exacting thumb below forefinger as if exhibiting a brittle grasp. "Can you feel it? Try! Do you feel it yet? Lordy, if we were transparent!"

His muscle spasms darted laser beams.

'Broad-beamed tubby and mouse-sized shit. Lumpy, smooth, and middle class shit. Lovely ubiquitous shit more shit more shit more shit. Let's hear it for infinite shit!"

The speaker ostriched his neck over the crowd, acknowledged their silence as converts struck dumb and, thanking God for their adulation, lifted his chin slowly several inches to the sky. He kept his eyes on the group so that his pupils peered from over his lower lids and were transcended by white though bloodshot sickled moons.

Pow lofted a turnip at the man and swallowed the last chunk of elbow. The vegetable struck the orator on the head. His aura buckled from the blow and collapsed.

Recovering a twisted mouth, and not thrilled to be standing naked among the fragments of his trance, "What mockery is this?" he exclaimed.

...I repeat, as the subject has been taken, folks.
The speaker was held breathless at the
"And we all have to come to terms. No one need try to
escape because each and every one of you, each day of every year,
lugs around glabbing being pecked at of this. It's a what holds
you on the ground, it's what makes your belly bulge, and it your
navel were popped by mistake you would be instantly at the recipient
mercy of spouting voracious catenacts of flame, again textured
-pellets, and cozy grumbling bubbles full of hydro-sooty gas.
"So think kindly about it, folks."
He projected a toothy grin.
"But a lot of things it's here, and should be your friend.
Let us take some time to get to know each other's ship. You there
sit - in the front-back door and you in the back-side. I'd
like you to read this card with the river placards just because
hermitic to us since to you as you stand is to her. There's a world
wide local family. So let's continue to be aware of each other's
ship. Be sensitive, folks, and feel it get together on ship."
Pause, then exacting thumb below forefinger as if exhibiting
a brittle grin. "Can you feel it? Do you feel it yet?
Jordy, if we were transparent!"
His muscle, gamma dated laser beam.
"Broad beamed happy and nose-pleased ship. Happy, smooth
and maddi glass ship. Lovely whiplashes and more and more
ship as ship. Let's hear it for infinite ship!"
The speaker stretched the neck over the crowd, acknowledged
that silence as converse attack dumb and thanking God for their
abdication, lifted his chin slowly every inches to the sky
as light his eye on the group as that his pupils peered from
over his lower lids and were transcribed by white teeth blood that
sticked moons.
Few felt a twinge at the man and swallowed the last chunk
of elbow. The vegetable struck the center of the heart, his arms
buckled from the blow and collapsed.
Recovering a bearded mouth and not thrilled to be standing
naked among the fragments of his track. "The monkey is this!"
he exclaimed.

"Shut your whiskers," said Pow.

"I demand an explanation," insisted the man.

He puffed his bejabbers, turned red, shook all over and said, "I was conducting a session here; I was proffering a lesson, if you will. You humdrum-muddled dimdums will never raise your consciousness."

The crowd began to thin before Pow who, smiling and picking his teeth, trampled those left in his way to advance on the speaker. Due to the orator's returning timidity and Pow's disdain for eyeballing glasses, the two glared each other's throbbing temple vein.

"I've listened to enough of your shit," said Pow, "and I'm going to raise your consciousness."

Meaty grabbers lifted the scholar at his waist.

"Put me down, you bludgeon. When will you realize that all shit is good? Terrific, in fact. Let me go!"

The onlookers sputtered up like rewound mechanical dolls. Giggling gleeful approval they pressed from all sides, imploring in unison, "Crater his pocks! Render his pollywog futile!" Decrepid dissenters, like gnats, disturbed the periphery; handbag attack. Windmilling arms pitted cosmetic-filled sack against tough proletarian hides. Bruised buttocks were the singular result. Long before the women could reach the vortex someone sufficiently annoyed would punch out their kneecaps, drop the bones into an envelope, and post them in a nearby mailbox. The ladies lay scattered unhinged; shattered aged pretzels bloodying curb. Their ever-fainter breathing expanded airily a film through which the bumptious cavorting jostle of draggled cheerers appeared more and more intangibly abstract. From their perspective on stippled cement, bottlecaps took on stature. One madam abducted a discarded cigar, drew madly and wished it were lit. Another puckered her lipstick and put the bosomy make on a cockroach, wondered hazily about the migration of feet and, when the cockroach winced away, abruptly died. A less passionate itype detached from the inner mayhem, wandered over to the corpse, slapped her face to make sure she was dead and, fingers clawlike, ripped out the nostrils of her nose. He stuffed her earlobes into a sack and slipped away.

"I demand an explanation," insisted the man.
He turned his eyes upon the speaker and said,
"I was conducting a session here; I was holding a lesson. If
you will, you understand, I never raise your
consciousness."
The crowd began to thin before the man, smiling and picking
his teeth, hunched those left in his way to advance on the speaker.
Due to the orator's nervous timidity and the speaker's
eyeballing glances, the two glared each other a throbbing tempo vein.
"I've listened to enough of your sort," said the man, "and I'm
going to raise your consciousness."
The speaker lifted the scholar at his waist.
"Put me down, you blunderer. When will you realize that all
this is good? Fertilize the soil, let me go!"
The speaker spat out up the scholar's mechanical bolts.
Clinging to the speaker's approval, they passed from all sides, exploring
in unison. "Great! Great! Great! Great! Great! Great! Great!
The speaker's hands, like a man, grasped the speaker's hands,
attack. Windmilling arms pined cosmetic-filled sack against
tough protestant hidden. British butchers were the standard result
long before the woman could reach the water someone selflessly
annoyed would punch out their message, drop the paper into an
envelope, and post. Then in a nearby mailbox, the ladies lay
scattered raindrops, shattered eggs, metalic bleeding and
Their ever-fainter breathing expanded airily a thin through
which the dampness covering fields of tangled stream appeared
more and more intangibly abstract. From their perspective on
stippled cement, butterflies took on stature. One woman advanced
a discarded cigar, drew nimbly and wished it were in another's
pocketed her lipstick and put the heavy man on a cushion.
wondered heavily about the situation of feet and when the contact
winded away, abruptly. A face gasped at the type outlined from
the inner space, wended over to the man, slipped her face
to make sure she was back and, fingers of white, tapped out the
nostrils of her nose. He smiled and returned into a red, and
clipped away.

"Cease and desist," raved the scholar.

Pow had coerced him to a market's garbage bin.

"My work is important."

"It's tripe."

"The world is one," screamed the soapbox sophisto. "The gory bugging whole of it - all of it One. You and me and the shit reflect a great Singularity, perfect in every respect."

Pow delightedly bloodied his nose. A conspirator lifted the hatch.

"You've got to understand. We mustn't fear."

"I'd turn you inside-out for the lack of a meathook. And scrape your bloody innards for stew. You're an empty headed scab mind pickled wart, at best, and I'd sooner listen to Granny's Easter prattle."

The orator's mouth gagily tried to form words; his jaws open and shut with a skeleton's chatter. When catapulted, his body had become so rigormortified that he entered the garbage as a blunt, heavy spear.

Exuberance buffeted the crowd.

The speaker moaned.

"He got what he deserved," noted a candy store man.

"He was overpaid," quipped a chimney sweep.

Pow glowed mightily and nodded his approval.

The victim inspected a tainted hand and whispered, "Garbage." in a tone of alarm.

"If he comes up let him have it again," said the cabby.

"Garbage," repeated the man, and glanced up amazed. "You've thrown me into a place full of garbage?"

The crowd was joyous as well as amused.

"You bet your specs, professor."

"I've got to get out," he cried to himself. Then in a whimper, "You heathen pigs."

Leaping from grapefruits squash and orange juice fruitflies lettuce humid stench, watermelons fractured and marbled with ants, the speaker grabbed at the rim of the cube. His fingers were crushed by the cabby's stick. Scrambling as he fell he hit the mess and rebounded, regained the rim in an instant. Slick gooey walls pre-

"Cease and desist," roared the scholar.
Pow had coaxed him to a market's garbage bin.
"My work is important."
"It's a trifle."
"The world is one," accused the soapbox orator. "The
gory guttering whole of it - all of it. You and me and the
entire reflect a great singularity, perfect in every respect."
Pow delightedly bleated his nose. A commentator lifted
the hatch.
"You've got to understand. We mustn't fear."
"I'd turn you inside-out for the lack of a notebook. And
escape your bloody innards for stew. You're an empty headed scab
and I'd sooner faster to Granny's
mind pickled wart, at best, and I'd sooner faster to Granny's
Laster prattle."
The orator's mouth waggled, told for form words his jaws
open and shut with a skeleton's chatter. When satisfied, his
body had become so rigidly mortified that he entered the garbage as
a blunt, heavy spear.
Exuberance buffeted the crowd.
The speaker roared.
"He got what he deserved," noted a candy store man.
"He was overpaid," quipped a chimney sweep.
Pow glowed mightily and nodded his approval.
The victim inspected a tainted head and whispered, "Garbage."
in a tone of alarm.
"I'll be come up let him have it again," said the caddy.
"Garbage," repeated the man, and glanced up amazed. "You've
thrown me into a place full of garbage!"
The crowd was jovial as well as amused.
"You bet your specs, professor."
"I've got to get out," he cried to himself. Then in a whisper,
"You better give."
leaping from garbage's ambush and orange juice fistfies
lecture humid stench, victim's forehead and necked with ants.
the speaker grasped at the rim of the can. His fingers were crushed
by the caddy's stick. Bewailing as he fell he hit the nose and
rebounded, regained the ground, and said, "Slick caddy walls, you"

vented a foothold. The orator treadmilled his feet. The cabby thrust his head backwards disrupting his balance, and watched him twist through the air like a snake. He landed feet first flexed up flashing; jumped back, heaving chest gritting teeth. The lot of them stood back. The speaker vaulted in a spasm to the street. He whirled on the crowd, his eyes weaving rapidly through them. His arms hung stiff and unattended at his sides, weighted by his tight white-knuckled fists. Pow assumed a position close behind him. The speaker inhaled furiously, stretched lungs tight unexpectedly burst. Harsh rupturing manly bass sounds dwindled spent to vacant droning, then gulplings for air.

The crowd was still but uneasy. Their expressions had so receded that mannequins observed the man cough, spin about tear away. Pow tripped him but he rolled out ran on.

Awakening to the counterpoint of cobblestones and feet, some shouted, took up fervent pursuit; others lingered, looked towards Pow who, flat-footed solid and thoughtful, gathered them in.

"He sure can fly," sneered a walleyed sycophant. "Fibrillating femurs, what?"

"That was nothing," Pow replied.

"Well you did the job brightly, I'll say," That bloke's dodging Schimmel like a woman on the run."

Pow grunted at this.

The crowd rippled leering. Encouraged, Pow's admirer set his arms akimbo, threw his head back belly laughed.

"He's one helluva helluva sight."

"That yellow pasty win't stop till he hits The Jumble."

"I'd wager he'll lose himself in it," interjected a plaid clad Irishman.

"We'll hire gophers to find him."

"And pay the spiders to drag him out, eh?"

"Aye, then we'll give him a good punching over."

Here, the conversational aura was first edged then displaced by Pow's heavy, unbroken silence. Each eye in turn searched his face and seemingly asked him to speak, but he continued to frown obliviously, presenting himself only as the vacuum which had si-

ventured a look back. The crowd had followed his lead. The caddy
thrust his head backwards disrupting his balance, and watched
him twist through the air like a snake. He landed feet first,
flexed up lightning, jumped back, heaving chest gritting teeth.
The lot of them stood back. The speaker yelled in a span to
the street. He whistled on the crowd, his eyes weaving rapidly
through them. His arms hung stiff and unattended at his sides,
weighted by his tight white-knuckled fists. Now assumed a po-
sition close behind him. The speaker inhaled furiously, watched
lungs tight expectoratingly burst. Harsh rapping, rapping, rapping
sounds dwined spent to vibrant drumming, then splintered for all.
The crowd was still but uneasy. Their expressions had so-
receded that managements observed the man enough. A thin sound
tear away. Now tripped him but he rolled out ran on.
Awakening to the counterpart of obstinacy and feet.
some shouted, took up fervent pursuit; others lingered, looked
towards Pow who, list-footed solid and thoughtful, gathered
them in.
"He sure can fly," asserted a walloped spectator. "Nip it
fasting femur, what?"
"That was nothing," Pow replied.
"Well you did the job brightly, I'll say." That spoke's
dodging Schimmel like a woman on the run.
Pow grunted at this.
The crowd rippled leaving. Encouraged, Pow's shadow set
his arms akimbo, threw his head back belly laughing.
"He's one helluva fellow right?"
"That yellow pappy won't stop till he hits the jungle."
"I'd wager he'll force himself in it," interrupted a glaid
old Irishman.
"We'll hire Gophers to find him."
"And say the spiders be doing his out, eh?"
"Aye, then we'll have a good punching over."
Here, the conversational war was thrust down from distanced
by Pow's heavy, utterance at once. Two eyes in turn watched his
face and seemingly heard the speaker's words. The crowd
obliviously, motionless, the speaker's words had an

phoned their words. The snag precipitated a nervous shuffling of feet and strained the quiet tight until, loud and disruptive, one desperate impulsed on an anecdote which promised from the start to be mediocre. He began relating his story too fast, and within seconds it was certain that he would not enjoy it himself. His pacing quickened from a clip to a gallop and he resorted to wild gestures, although he had even less talent for drama than he had for words. His punch line, accordingly, was a blushing eruption. The poor fellow stamped his foot in an effort to trap the humour, but his joke had obviously sneaked off down the street. His companions were left with the feeling they had witnessed a confession.

Pow quirked his head toward the unlucky talker, spat sideways and, turning, announced his intention to leave. The group attempted to recapture their loss.

"Off so soon, Pow? We're going to the slug squash later."

Pow rudely declined to sizzle at the news.

"Have to meet your woman then, eh?"

Pow halted snapped back, "Stow your thoughts in your hat," and strode on.

The preachy fellow had indeed run away like a woman. That was the problem: Pow had noticed it immediately, and it had reminded him of Fifa who, as usual, was waiting in a bar.

Pow sauntered toward the gaslight spectacle of downtown Bartholomew Street. His arms swung as freely like scythes.

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The night clubs blared their welcome like a jazz club set to light. Striped neons glowed bass line rhythm, moody in their unobtrusive constance but embellished by squiggled "Gorsky's" "no cover" "all-nite". Streetlamps pounded out beat. Winking electric bulbs bleated trumpet sax quick tapping flute as pointillistic blinkers clashed with flashing martinis, red olives complete. Pyramidal signs played scales to the sky which were written over with secondary themes. Cacophonous, rampant light boards did their utmost to glitter the crystalline air and speckle the club fronts and street. Passer-by were continuously spattered by the ever transmuting dapplings of the visual jam.

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Pow sauntered toward the gaylight spectacle of downtown
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The night clubs blared their welcome like a face and set
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"no cover" "all-nite", "streetlamps" panned and bent. Winking
electric bulbs blazed through air color changing time as points
littic blinkers dashed with flashing patterns, red and blue
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beards did their utmost to flatter the eye, the air and
specie the club fronts and street. They were continuously
watched by the ever changing patterns of the street.

Cultivating an enjoyable illusion, Pow attributed the noises of the throng to the lights and watched the "silent" minglings and dispersions conjunct with the brash luminescent interplay of signs. The lights seemed to harmonize thge random molecular movements of the Friday night crowd. At times the signs would combine in melodic endeavor; come together in a complimentary jive. Pow's heart would cease in mid beat, but the union was always transcient and would, within moments, revert to chaotic & discord. Pow then would smile broadly, reveling in the bubbly, unstructured mirth of color and tone. There was an extravagance to the scene which excited pin-prick tiny burstings on his skin.

When he glanced through the swinging door at Spam's, Fifi arrested his eyes.

"Darling!" she exclaimed. She hoisted her monstrosous body from an overstressed chair and oozed through the multitude on the floor. The press of people reformed her shape at every step. Pow watched her approach as one would a satin draped amoeba. A corridor untrammelled before her, Fifi contracted cross hairs, sighted Pow at the end of the tunnel, Eros staccatied her steps and they helplessly bumped. Loud smack and squeal: wet kiss. Boinging back into perspective, Fifi surveyed her man with unbecoming rapture.

"Let's sit down over there," barked Pow.

They wheedled their way to a corner where a table was free. Pow immediately began to look for a waiter.

Spam's was a butcher's turned bar; meathooks still groped from the walls as decor, and sawdust was sprinkled about sentimentally, as it were. Critics argued that there was no longer any need to soak up blood but the owners talked of upset drinks vomit spilled food, and the sawdust was generally well-received. Its captured contents lent a smell of dissipation. To the delight of its patrons, Spam's felt very much as if the butcher had never left.

Next to the bar across the room, a whino sprawled half giddy on the floor. He maniacalled a Bowie knife which gleamed a curt sincerity. The instrument was more deadly but less fervent than its owner; the two were distinct but a pair. The alcoholic zealot had just the insane propriety to flourish the immobile weapon, and the blade repaid this kindness by being sharp.

Cultivating an enjoyable illusion, Pow attributed the noises of the throng to the lights and watched the "alien" mixings and dispersions conjunct with the brass lustrous interplay of signs. The lights seemed to harmonize the random molecular movements of the Friday night crowd. At times the signs would combine in melodic endeavor; come together in a complimentary jive. Pow's heart would cease in mid beat, but the union was always transient and would, within moments, revert to chaotic disorder. Pow then would smile broadly, reveling in the bubbly unstructured mirth of color and tone. There was an extravagance to the scene which excited pin-prick tingling bursters on his skin. When he glanced through the swinging door at Span's, Will arrested his eyes.

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Together they whittled the stem of a bar stool atop which spread the plush and well-kept derriere of an overdressed sophisto. The gentleman was "slumming it" thrilled to his tie tack. As he swung his pigskin shoes in the manner of a titillated child, the whino spat at his toe caps and worked all the faster. It was with an apparent and liberated glee that the long victimized degenerate insidiously whittle away his oppressor's foundation. He labored with such fury that his attacks on the stool were necessarily interspersed with spans of consumptive repose. For this purpose a sympathetic waiter provided him with tawny port to mix with chortle, one to one.

After asking, imploration, imprecation and derision, the waiter condescended to stroll by Pow's table.

"What'll it be?"

"A double whiskey for me and a beer for the turban."

Fifi understandably blanched. She always wore a hat. She always wore the same hat, in fact, but it was not her fault that she had no money to buy another anymore than she was to blame for the white, premature bald spot on the crown of her head.

The waiter had left practically before Pow had finished speaking and so Pow was wondering if he'd heard the order right.

"Honey, don't be mean," blurted out Fifi.

"What?"

"Don't be mean," I said. You know I can't help it."

"What the hell - ? Are you gabbing about that cappy of yours?" asked Pow, who had left his own cap on. "I've told you before it looks like a second hand swami's. Why don't you send the thing back to India, Afganistan whatever?"

"At least in Afganistan they treat their ladies right."

"Say, what is this tonight? Geography?" Pow felt the urge to strangle her with yo-yo string. "So send your self. I don't mind."

Fifi reached across the table and closed her hand over Pow's as the waiter arrived with their drinks. Pow pulled away to grab his glass and took half of his piggyback Scotch in a single gulp. Pleasantly overcome, he settled in dreamy behind the burn.

"I don't want to leave you," said Fifi. "I just meant to say that women got rights."

Together they whittled the stem of a bar stool atop which pressed
the punch and well-kept berries of an over-dressed sophisticate.
The gentleman was "alarming it" thrust to his side, he no
awung his pigskin shoes in the manner of a flustered child.
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necessarily interspersed with spans of consumptive repose. For
this purpose a sympathetic waiter provided him with tawny port
to mix with cherries, one to one.

After asking, impudently, impudently, and decisively, the
waiter condescended to stroll by Fow's table.

"What'll it be?"

"A double whiskey for me and a beer for the turban."
Bill understandingly blanched. She always wore a hat.
She always wore the same hat, in fact, but it was not her fault
that she had no money to buy another anywhere than she was to
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speaking and so Fow was wondering if he'd heard the order right.
"Honey, don't be mean," blurted out Bill.

"What?"

"Don't be mean," I said. You know I can't help it."
"What the hell - ? Are you kidding about that copy of yours?"
asked Fow, who had left his own cap on. "I've sold you before
it looks like a second hand sweat. Why don't you send the thing
back to India, Afghanistan whatever?"

"At least in Afghanistan they treat their ladies right."

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to strangle her with yo-yo string. "So send your self, I don't mind."
Bill reached across the table and closed her hand over Fow's
as the waiter arrived with their drinks. Fow pulled away to grab
his glass and took half of his pigskin back in a single gulp.
Pleasantly overcome, he settled in drowsy behind the burn.
"I don't want to leave you," said Bill. "I just want to
say that women are right."

i wished id known ahead but you never do its like theyrex out of nowhere to bag you and there you are slammed my teeth were chattering and those spades jived all around me x jumping the way they do and slapping their knees and flapping their lips going mugga bugga bwana and controlling the tv they pushed the white people to the side we all sat in a line they cackled threw their heads back clapped their hands and jiggled their adams apples giggling i wondered what the deuce was struck them so funny it must have been one before they lered us out the dayroom commotion was good but i wanted to sleep i wasnt even cold by then too beat cant remember the numbers there were three i dont know why there wrent no hundred cells but places on floors have always got three numbers kind of putting on the log i know it was in the west wing that old geezer limped up and asked where i was staying he said, 'You've got nothing to worry about then. That's a good house.' i was relieved all those advances i was too tight to piss didnt even want to go in there too worried to try probably most of them were faking having fun but i dont know they were serious like and giving me the eye and rubbing iron inside their pockets their bulges said something hard to tell but that cell was alright like the codger said two learing niggers on the bottom bunks there was a toilet in the corner white men stuffed in the upper bunks it showed from the start that the niggers were running the cell me sitting edgy and quiet and them just cracking jokes they didnt even see me i got my mattress through the bars i was glad to see one thought id spend the night on concrete that gumball trusty elton slugging my bedding down the corridor me standing there waiting for the door to slide open i thought hed have a key on his belt or expected thered be a ring of them on the peg outside the door i didnt know them doors all have to open at once i stood waiting all smiles that asshole stalled till i began to feel dumb he yelled, 'Well pull, you moron. I ain't got the whole night. Take ahold on this here mattress.' set me off like a spark the black men chuckled behind my back all muffled polit. i pulled that mattress througgh like a fart not much room in that place ve all got dusty i laughed a little myself it was kind of nice warm smelled more like mattresses than sweat but the sweat was there too alright them telling jokes didnt talk to me the stories bout breakouts that cat in la walking out at noon whistle telling guards he was quitting early thats

I wished it known ahead but you never do like they're out
of nowhere to bag you and there you are slammered my teeth were
chattering and those spades lived all around me & jumping the way
they do and slapping their knees and flapping their lips going
mugga bugga bwana and controlling the tv they pushed the white
people to the side we all sat in a line they cackled threw their
heads back clapped their hands and jiggled their Adams apples
giggling I wondered what the dance was struck them so funny it
must have been one before they landed us out the bedroom connection
was good but I wanted to sleep I wasn't even cold by then too beat
can't remember the numbers there were three I don't know why there
went no hundred cells but place on floors have always got three
numbers kind of putting on the fog I know it was in the west wing
that old geezer limped up and asked where I was staying he said
'You've got nothing to worry about then. That's a good house.'
I was relieved all those advances I was too tight to pass didn't
even want to go in there too worried to try probably most of them
were taking having fun but I don't know they were acting like and
giving me the eye and rubbing from inside their pockets their niggers
said something hard to tell but that cell was alright like the
coddler said two is ring niggers on the bottom bunk there was an
...toilet in the corner white men called in the upper banks it showed
from the start that the niggers were running the cell me sitting
edgy and quiet and then just cracking jokes they didn't even see me
I got my mattress through the bars I was glad to see one thought I'd
spend the night on concrete that gambler crazy fellow sleeping by
bedding down the corridor me standing there waiting for the door to
slide open I thought I should have a key on his belt or expected there
be a ring of them on the peg outside the door I didn't know then doors
all have to open at once I stood writing all smiles that asshole
stuffed till I began to feel dumb he yelled, 'Well quit, you nigger
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myself it was kind of nice we all moved like mattresses than
sweat but the event was there too alright them fellow jokes
didn't talk to me the corner that nigger that was in the
... at room ...

"Sounds like philosophy, baby. Philosophy's like biting tin foil."

Pow shivered down the remaindre of his drink.

"You just don't understand." Extracting a clipping from her handbag, "Listen to what I read this afternoon."

Pow let her speak but didn't listen much. The alcohol began to make him vague; he became hazy-amazed by the corpulent rapidity of her lips. "My God, they're big," he thought. "Much too big, in fact." Fixedly watching them contort, entranced by their plasmic formations, their pursings and flubbering explosives, Pow came to feel that her lips were obscene and, a second later, grotesque. He broke away his gaze with an effort, jerked to his empty glass. Fifi twaddled on in a gush.

Pow pulled out a pack of cigarettes, detached the cellophane wrapper and lit up a smoke.

"These guidelines should help you and your mate to establish a more integrated relationship."

Holding his cigarette in one hand, the other hand was free. Pow picked up the cellophane wrapper. He could turn it by using two fingers, and he stared through it to the halo of candlelight. At one particular angle the wrapper's broadside reflected white shine and Pow couldn't see.

"Even the smallest first step, if made honestly, can immensely deepen trust and understanding."

Pow tilted the cellophane slightly from side to side. The wrapper gleamed in Morse code, his pupils played see-saw dilation. From a point on an acid-bright plane, Pow memoried another space and time.

"wow cellophane i didnt even notice that was long time back ten years or so m a r t i n e z c o u n t y j a i l set in brass the letters looked brand new all bright but dusty the polish looked funny against thm stone i remember the stone caught me most of all big keystone arches blocks of rock as thick as mission walls they were rough on the outside probably hand cut i wonder theycould have been that jail was a hundred years old it didnt have heat i nearly froze sat skrunched up folded like a fortune cookie my cotton shirt was no damn help thin short sleeves shivered

"Sounds like philosophy, baby. Philosophy's like sitting
in jail."
Pow snickered down the remainder of his drink.
"You just don't understand." Extracting a clipping from
her handbag, "Listen to what I read this afternoon."
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to make him vague; he became busy-amused by the corpulent rapidity
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"Now cellophane I didn't even notice that was long time back
ten years or so. I found it in brass
the letters looked brand new all bright but dusty the polish
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walls they were rough on the outside probably had out I wonder
they could have been that tall was a hundred years old it didn't
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cookie my cotton shirt was no damn help thin short sleeves shivered

style and luck he had a suit the inmates wear civilian clothes there and martinez some dudes made notro in a kitchen blew up their cell block with loaded grits i was laughing out loud by then the nigger shushed me had his finger to his lips, 'Shhh!' glancing sneaky all around the others clammed i couldnt figure why the hall was bumtious there were dudes carrying on from one cell to another some rag down the hall screaming, 'Stuff your fucking jive. I want to sleep.' some cat i dug him told him, 'Shut your mouth. What you got to wake up to in the morning, huh?' id decided he was right i dug the rage the black man shushed me, 'Shhh.' i got quiet you do what youre told he was darting his eyes like some communist sly bent down low he had big yellow teeth his breath was raw he didnt make no face they were staring he said, 'Is you the bang-bang man?' and i said, 'What?' his voice was hopeful, 'You the bang-bang man? They said they was gonna send us a bang-bang man gonna bust us all outta here. Now is you the one?' 'I dont know.' that cinched up his mouth, 'What?! What you mean you don't know? Can you make a bomb?' 'Of course I can make a bomb.' 'Well how you do it?' 'Uh, first you take a load of black powder - ' 'What?! What you mean? You got black powder you got your bomb already made. How we gonna get that black powder? You ain't no bang-bang man. They done sent us the wrong one. Elton!' fat elton came squeaking, 'What?!' 'Listen, baby. They was supposed to send us a bang-bang man and this cat don't know nothin' 'bout bombs. This boy's gotta be taken outta here tonight.' 'Can't do it, Mat. You're stuck with him till tomorrow.' 'But Elton someone's made a mistake. You gotta send this boy back so's we can get our bang-bang man.' 'Tough luck.' 'Damn honkies! We been double-crossed again!' that elton slithered off like diarrhea, 'You sure you don't know nothin' 'bout bombs?' then it hit me ceolophane, 'Wow wait a minute. You bet I do. You know the wrappers from cigarette packs? Buy em by the carton. Save 'em up and crinkle 'em tight - they've got to be tight - and you'll need a fuse - powdered match heads maybe - you'll have a bomb that'll blow the rats from this place.' they oogled each other first rate stunned stumped thought theyd use me for a joke i knew explosions sideways out me sitting there with my legs crossed my back was straight up and just grinning

style and luck he had a suit the inmates wear civilian clothes
there and martines some dudes made noise in a kitchen blew up their
cell block with loaded grite i was laughing out loud by then
the nigger snatched me had his finger to his lips. Shhh! glancing
easily all around the others claimed i couldn't figure why the hall
was suspicious there were dudes carrying on from one cell to another
some rag down the hall screaming. 'Stuff your fucking jive. I want
to sleep.' some cat i dug him told him. 'Shut your mouth. What
you got to wake up to in the morning. huh? id decided he was right
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maybe - you'll have a bomb that'll blow the rats from this place
they coiled each other first rate stunned stumped thought they
use me for a joke i know wrappers backwards and the other ones
with my legs crossed my back was a wall up and i was smiling

they was struck they looked at each other couldnt believe it them looking at me and me just glowing back it felt so good like i felt like the sun they couldnt hardly bear bt bowled over i knew it it showed in their faces me the bang-bang man and they knew it i could blow up the bars the guards slick elton and mat sky-high the fucking lot of them like missiles celebration no or better yet id blow half of them to smithers and blow the rest of the niggers free to the mexican line watch em singe through the air charred afros it would have been a sight headlines the jail erupts one humungous stony orgasm the cellophane bits and constable toes would have been great theyd remember that bang yeah me the real bang-bang man i could break em all out i really was the bang-bang man."

"You'll reap benefits in peace and togetherness when you relate on an equal footing."

"I was sure as fuck the bang-bang man."

"Just follow this seven point plan, and good luck!"

Slapping magazine emphatic. Pow awoke. Fifi sultriedx at her lover like a postscript.

He retained the tinge of having been away, but his smile, which had misled Fifi, lost its savor as he confronted her lipid panorama. The rivulets of Fifi's subtly puckered lips, her sleazy curls, and her pupils spying like guerrillas through her underbrush lashes contrived to oppress the gregarious Pow. He squeezed the cellophane into a ball within his fist, then straightened his fingers spinelike to let it drop to the table. Pow reached for Fifi's drink and, as he tilted back the glass, Fifi, with one hand supporting her double chin, pressed her upper arms inward to shape her breasts and inhaled deeply. "Pleasure balloons cancerous pumpkins," thought Pow. He rose from his chair without saying a word. Fifi reacted twitching.

"Pow?" she queried, and started to get up.

He caught her eye. "Sit down."

She froze. There was only a slight residual jounce from the thrust to her breasts. Pow observed her syncopate. His eyes were concrete. Dredging change from his vesty, he let selected coins slip sonic to the table. The money made a jingling sound between them.

they was struck they looked at each other couldn't believe it
them looking at me and me just glowing back it felt so good
like I felt like the sun they couldn't hardly bear it bowed over
I knew it showed in their faces as the bang-bang man and they
knew it I could blow up the bars the guards alike often and was
sky-high the fucking lot of them like massive celebration no
or better yet it blow half of them to smithereens and blow the rest
of the cigars free to the Mexican line watch em wings through
the air charred since it would have been a night headlines the jail
erupts one humorous story organ the cellophane bits and constable
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thrust to her breasts. Pow observed her syncope. His eyes were
concrete. Preying change from his vesty, he let selected coins
slip onto the table. The money made a jangling sound between them.

Pow placed a finger on a nickle, flicked it sliding, watched it skim over the edge and drop into Fifi's lap. She turned her head to the meathook-studded wall, and Pow strode off thudding impact into the sawdust and breathing in the effluvium of Spam's. He exited briskly onto the street to meet again the jazzy fervor of tintinnabulary lights. They flashed compelled; his features relaxed. He smiled, thought, "The bang-bang man," and hubbubbed up the street.

-John Cherry

