

FURRY

CHIC-

LETS

A L A W P O E T S C R E A T I O N

Demi-monde

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FURRY CHICLETS is a LAWPOETS CREATION.
The **Demi-monde** issue is dedicated to the twilight
world of compromised souls.
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I WONDER WHY

I wonder why
It is that I
It is that I
Love counting?

I've just begun
To count to One
To count to One
I've just begun

I count to One
And then I cease
I count to One
And I feel Peace

I wonder why
It is that I
It is that I
Love counting?

I count to One
And then I cease
I count to One
They say I'm dumb

They say I'm dumb
To count to One
To count to One
They say I'm dumb

They say "hey you
Gotta count to two"

They question me
"Why not count to three?"

They question more
"Why not count to four?"

Question then arise
"Why not count to five?"

Beat me with sticks
Say "count to six"

"To go to Heaven
Gotta count to seven"

They set the bait
"Why not count to eight?"

They say "to rhyme
Gotta count to nine"

I've just begun
To count to one
To count to one
I've just begun

I wonder why
It is that I
It is that I
Love counting?

Ashlan 11/24/91

whirlwinds whirling me

drilling me into loose sand
when I stand stiff

helicoptering me up
when I stretch out my arms

WOODY

"the Carmenta experiment"

perfect. One pear
from both verges of phlox branches.
melt over that smolder of alabaster lotus
beneath taut plaster
my doe, my androus
little languets up-on the faun
spots obstruct the palous thanatoderm
and perish between whuspers
a thalassose orchard of imperfect fruit
drOp not
but
t
h
r
o
u
g
h
the elbow cleaves of cotton sleeves.
to squander leat seeds by the pleats
of a hankerchief

Lisa Perez
Hollywood, FL

ANGELS DO NOT

there is a furor in the desert there is a flower in
the dark
there is a mind raging inside the flower garden
and lascivious lilacs are pouting passion
with rotting lips and smiles that are drunk

there is you there is me
there is a crescent moon cradled in the trees

I learn to walk on heights
I learn to walk on water
I learn not to look down
I learn it doesn't matter

when there is love there is danger
there is love there is danger

I was born with the furious flowers I was born with
the thorns
when I was born the chain was hanging loose
so I shrugged it off and walked away
later on they used it to bloody my face
I walked away

angels do not live in the alley
angels do not push shopping carts
angels do not wish for milk and honey
angels do not die for lack of money

angels are perfect but I am not one
angels do not make mistakes but they are very careful
I make mistakes I am not very careful
angels occasionally smile but they are bashful

I learn to walk on heights
I learn to walk on water
I learn not to look down
I learn it doesn't matter

Charles Carreon
Los Angeles, CA

JUSTIFIED HOMICIDE

I saw a cockroach
Scramble for safety --
Darting furiously behind my refrigerator.
A momentous feat [beating the system]
In a roach's lifetime.
I sat, listening to a timely
Drip upon stainless steel
And scrutinized by own accomplishments.
I saw a battalion of roaches
Gusstepping into my apartment.
A hard, black piece of fruit
Glistening like onyx --
Decayed and rotting, infested with roaches.
Hopeless and disgusted,
I decided to kill myself.
(One small step for lost souls...)

Jennifer Fischer
Jersey City, NJ

THE MANATEE

another 'social' outing
another bar with a rock & roll band
making noise
throngs of people crammed inside
sucking their suds down like catch-basins
in a rain storm
laughing
jeering
clapping
screaming
only you are sitting alone
not responding
you are somewhere else
you are riding a mother manatee
hugging her whimsical contours
with your thighs
touched by her gentle nature as her
little ones nuzzle at your feet
& you look down with a warm feeling
in your belly & and you are among at least
100 people yelling & you know that most
of them will finally depart for home
but right now they are breathing a
blazing melody of mighty mothballs
their brains like sunken treasure forever
lost in a sea of ennui
their words like cruel battering rams
"hey join the living you stick in the mud"
& then quite suddenly
lurching upward away from the manatee
swinging wildly
you break the surface of your dream
along with some loudmouth asshole's jaw
& he departs early for medical aid
& it feels good
you've won
& you decide (halayooya)
sometimes reality isn't so bad
after all.

Ronald Kittell
Auburn, WA

The fun part of the past

You reckless genius,
driving from Palm Springs to
Tijuana in a snow storm after
getting to Palm Springs at 4:30 AM
because there were too many old people
in Palm Springs,
and buying a jug of wine for the road.
Using the tightly wrapped chocolate cake
as a pillow,
the cake your wife had made for you
for your birthday,
watching the sailor dance with the whore,
practically disrobing her right there,
but he didn't, so I guess he hadn't paid yet,
in a sleazy Tijuana disco
while Dave screamed out "Ba-doomp-boomp."
Throwing up in the bathroom of
the Tijuana hotel
where the walls are electric blue
and chunks of vomit scare the roaches
back into their electric sockets,
where the sounds of a revolution repeat themselves
all night,
and throughout history.

You reckless genius,
only you could find the bar in New York
where the post man had just scored big
and was buying drinks for everyone,
even you and Dave,
the only white folks in the bar,
all night.
Only you could stumble through the icy streets
of New York
with Dave all night,
mid-December, no gloves,
but a cold bottle of whiskey to keep you warm,
and stumble into Matt, all the way from LA,
also carrying some fire,
and find another hospitable barroom
serving more free drinks,
Fellini urging you on to move again randomly.
Barely getting to the train or plane or bus
or whatever the hell you had to get on to go
wherever the hell you were going,
and having to leave your suitcase
there because you were too late to pick it up

from the New York Transit Authority
and you ran out of money so you couldn't
have paid the storage fee, anyway.

You reckless mental case genius,
running around in a circle in the neighbor's
garage with your hands partly clenched like
you had multiple sclerosis because
you took too many drugs,
climbing under bridges forty feet high after
Quaaludes, and having friends grab you
and pull you away so you would be around
to do it again next time,
snorting heavy doses of baby laxatives
and staying up all night with oral diarrhea,
putting every little plastic or pill that
came your way into your mouth
like a pigeon pecking for scraps at the beach.
Thinking you had finally entered a new
and different reality
in which no consequences would come
of anything you said or did and
lurching for Maria's breasts while
your wife sat in the same room next to you,
waking up with a black eye that reminded you
you were mistaken,
and a severe headache that urged you to slow down.
Champagne at the beach with Alicia and MaryBeth
and the subsequent motorcycle accident
where you could have killed MaryBeth
(she'll still always remember you).
Fights,
endless unsuccessful flirting,
getting kicked out of school,
of bars, of ladies' rooms,
and just about every-
where else,
losing jobs,
losing your wife.

You,
reckless genius,
couldn't think
for yourself
anymore.

Tom Brill
Los Angeles, CA

A BOY IN BED WITH HIS SISTER

"You don't do it as good as Grandma."

"Daddy says I do it better."

WOODY

MOTH

There's a moth in a
flickering light bulb;
It drew too near,
but didn't get burned,
Just trapped inside the
light,
And now it can never
turn itself off.

Charles Carreon
Los Angeles, CA

THE BROWN BAG

Two in the morning, Saturday went home
to bed. Leaving behind intoxicated laughter
languishing in the smoke of dreams, young
desires drowning sorrows in mindless games
of monotonous pool. -- Waiting till the next
night to come, again, sit and talk in nostalgic
repetitious resignation
each with our own burdens in a brown paper bag.

Mike Foster
Sandy, Utah

Je M'Adore

I crawl between
my rough cotton sheets,
knowing that I will spend
another night in agony.
The steady clicks of the clock
keep me aware
of the time escaping me
as I lie awake
thinking only of me --
dreaming of a day
when I might be my own,
as I am now mine.
I don't notice
when my daydreams
turn into dreams,
and I fade
into the shadow around me.
Too soon, dawn creeps
over the window sill
and drags me back
into the real world
where I must face the reality
that I belong to another.

brYan westbrook
Fayetteville, AR

in the future

Sucking on a giant cockroach
which is so big you have to wrap
your arms around it just to hold it
up
until its ectoskeleton cracks
and gooey syrupy innards
pour from its body
into your mouth.

Tom Brill
Los Angeles, CA

COOL WORLD

There's a cool world out there
AND I WANNA SEE IT,
There's this cool world out there
AND I WANNA SEE IT,
Yea, there's this cool world out there
AND I WANNA SEE IT,
WANNA SEE IT
WANNA SEE IT

Well I'll tell you one thing
I DON'T NEED YOU HANGIN' ALL AROUND ME,
Yeah I'll tell you this
I DON'T WANT YOU TRYIN' TO SURROUND ME,
And one more thing
I DON'T CARE WHERE YOU GO,
ALL I WANT'S JUST LEAVE ME ALONE

Well my mama raised me
TO BE A GOOD BOY,
But she didn't teach me
TO BE SOME FOOL'S TOY,
So pretty ladies: DON'T BOTHER ME
Police with shotguns: WHADDA YA SEE ?
Politicians: TAKE A HIKE
Mass production? NOT ON YOUR LIFE

(Cause there's) a cool world out there
AND I WANNA SEE IT,
There's this cool world out there
AND I WANNA SEE IT,
Yeah there's this cool world out there
AND I WANNA SEE IT,
WANNA SEE IT
WANNA SEE IT

Charles Carreon
Los Angeles, CA

SLAM

Tightly twisted watch coils
domestics desperately cheap.
Self winding lunacy
smashes into the grizzly stubble
of a leather wrapped skin head
with a hot knife.
Bare head means cold:
Cold means confused:
Confused means bored
means bare head.
The endless vortex of angry faces
relentlessly circles the dance floor,
each piece of leather
pressing against every other
at every moment.
Faces sweat grimaces,
friction hot air drips
hate onto cracked lips,
but not hot enough to melt
a knife.
Heads pop up like
colored balls in a Fisher-Price toy,
now red, now black,
now silvered white.
Age and flesh
mixed in a mangled witches' brew.
Desperately circling faces
want to find circle's end
or maybe stumble around,
or leap onto the very top of the crowd
and pull down the lights or
maybe just slash another face open.

Tom Brill
Los Angeles, CA

NAILED

Big, burly guys
Seize and immobilize you,
And start workin' on your arms to see if they'll break.
When they call you asshole, yell it into
your ear, you get the point: "Don't
fuck with us."

FREE ADVICE: Shortly after you meet a cop you will have
an opportunity to kiss his ass. Take that opportunity;
it may not present itself again.

Charles Carreon
Los Angeles, CA

ICE SHEPHERDS

Get on the
Take a right step
Flip flop

Get on the
Take a right position
Flop Flip

Don't trip
Just kill the niggers, chinks and spics
Flop flip
and
Get on the right coalition
The royal ruddy bloody tradition
Of Ice Shepherds

The Lord is my Shepherd
The Lord is my weapon?
Yes, m'Lord
Yes, m'Lord
Yes, m'Lord
The Shepherd is my Lord

Icy angry shepherds
Cold quenches heart's hearth-fire
The quirky moby quest for firepower
Put a spark from campfire's burning ember
In an iron tunnel round and straight
Choose a runner- "They're out of the starting gate"
A lead sprinter
or shunky shot putter
Deliver up the sup, the coup de grace
The cold kiss of death

Flop Flip
Cuddle and caresses crossfire's canticle
Caravan fodder fools
Savage squaw-boy niggers on the ground
kissin' the crossfire
The friendly fire
The fire
Furnace Fire
Friendly furnace Fire
Friendly enemy furnace fire
Temperature a funeral pyre

While other
Big Brother
Get on the
Flip Flop
Nomad duelin'
Profit droolin'

Puke piddlin'
Spindly spineless
Ice Shepherds

Cause a conflagration
Confrontation, contamination, coagulation
Confuscation, consternation
Cunning-cast gyrations of
Lurky lanky limba
Make ya

Get on the
War theme
Flags unfurled
"Tie a yellow ribbon round the ol' oak tree"
Billie Hollidie
The ol' niggah tree
And apple pie
And ma and pa newscasts
Out over the airwaves

Blood lust boilin'
a holy God-helpin'
Howlin' swirling churning
In their boomin' borin' brew brimmin'
Blue barroom throats
Burnin' burnin' blood lust
In their scaldy scaly throats

Yeah,
Get on the
White train (all aboard)
Takin' off at a location near you
Boo hoo
I'm through
With this
Pretty
Ditty

Ashlan D'Antigone 1991

EMANCIPATION IN THE USSR

He was sitting
in his living room
drinking extra dry vodka martinis
with two olives
when on the television
an uninvited stranger appears
with an announcement that
television had been liberated
to provide news
that would henceforth be FREE
to be slanted in favor of capitalism,
instead of slanted in favor of communism.

Hank Roth
Raleigh, NC

BANISH THE BULLY BOMBS

Banish the bully bombs
Mad British bulldog bytes
Building blocks broken
Children chockin'
Mother's wailin'
Fat man sailin'

Banish the air dynamite
Horrible putrid patriarchal sight
Burnin' and broken Burnham wood
And stinkin' senseless flesh
Brick and ears and rubble and blood and trouble
Patently distressful
Another fine messful

Push the fat boy from the cradle
Brink bomber plane grows lighter
Bully bombs fallin'
Computer targets callin'
Bombs that went to college
Lookin' for honors in geometric knowledge

Sear and torch ignite
A desolate dim-Disney wasteland-
Scarred, scoffed, scorned,
Skinned, scattered and scorched
A blight
Pitch a batter brushback
Whack! hit him in the earflap

Delicious boom and delicate bam
The unmistakable thud and wham!
Push the train offtrack
Wagon's broken axle, wizened sewer pipes
No bulbs, no food, no shows, no showers
No electrical or water power
Just brick and ears and rubble and blood and trouble
Patently distressful
Another fine messful

Banish the unquenchable clustered grapes of wrath
Melly-hot massive lethal fiery asphyxiates
Killer-king-kilo kettle drum symphony
Boom boom ba
Boom boom ba
Every bomb a Hitler

Nettled Martian mettle with Britain backing
The brawny yet bewildered Stars and Stripes bully
Out-of-sight, hot flashes of brilliant burning light
20,000 leagues over the sea

Pilot dreamin' of
Pippin' pie, home, and teary-eyed Bambi

Banish the bully bombmakers
In the lab coats with ruler and protractor
Crunchy crunchy hums of computer revolutions
Bulldozer janitors sent in to pick up the crumbs
Stocks soaring, babies howlin'
Assets roaring, wind growlin'

Patently distressful
Another fine messful
Of brick and ears and rubble and blood and trouble

Ashlan D'Antigone 1991

diamond bullets

If wars are going to cost so much,
Why don't we just fight them
by having politicians shoot each other
with pistols loaded with diamonds?

Charles Carreon
Los Angeles, CA

MEAT

Eat the cat

kill your mother

make some nice

head cheeze

This is the solution

to over population..

Larry Blazek
Orleans, Indiana

Last rites

A canary is
resting its weary
legs.

She just flew in
from Kansas
and needs a place
to stay
for a while.

She sings pretty,
but while she sits
and watches the days
go by,
she starves and dies.

Tom Brill
Los Angeles, CA

THE MOTHER/DAUGHTER SPLIT

your throat clears
your voice beckons
your guidance wanes
your daughter flees

your flesh has no color
your look is sad & lean
your mood a dark flag

you refuse food
you drink with malice
you devour the presence of others

i see you stalk the neighborhood
with bullet-eyes
your tongue like a trigger
blowing off your head

but i can be reasonably sure
hopeful anyway that when the last
trace of red fades from the sky
& the night scabs over

you'll come drifting back home
& moor yourself once again
within the warm harbor of my arms

if not healed at least susceptible
& therefore well on your way
to recovery.

Ronald Kittell
Auburn, WA

MAMA'S HOME!

Kay Kay Kay tookmy bay-bee away --!
protestants stole my sweetie, catholix ripped
off my condoms, bankofamerica repo-ed my Brain.
Blue blood thrift executive slime
took Mother Mary for a ride in a credit card scam
(mastah-charge and veeza downthedrain)
SHE AIN'T GONNA TAKE IT NO MORE!
She rips off her bra in an agony of relief,
AND WITH A BEATIFIC SMILE ON HER FACE
takes out Wayne Newton, Frank Sinatra and Ronald Reagan
in that order, with three measured blasts.
Then it's on to others, annihilating them before
they can see her, making kitty litter out of headlines
that advertise a "second coming": she only comes ONCE.
Rupert Murdoch and Patty Hearst will have to find
some other flabby universe to screw up
now that she's back, asserting her BIG MOUTH --

YEAH YEAH YEAH

Charles Carreon
Los Angeles, CA

arrangements

this is the story of peter's xylophone
he markets it to various advertising agencies and in turn
they sell magazine subscriptions for him
at a reasonable percentage royalty fee
this is the story of a man
with sixteen cinder blocks in his trousers
and by Gods sweaty temple
he is ready to hit some wood
a woman lies naked tied to the microphone in his studio
broadcasting live on radio Kay Ell Eye Tee
she is pregnant and sensuously massages her massive fluid belly
while he watches and salivates
drooling into the uninsulated audio wires - we have to shut down
the circuits are rusted
it seems that he is trying to make love to a gravid woman
with a pair of cinder blocks
I think we'd better give him some time off
this xylophone thing is going a bit too far
have a pleasant wednesday signs springing up in disused corners
prepackaged with decades of dust and a forty dollar icing of
black soot
you can smear it on your eyes if you like
be a goth or Joe Montana or a cadaver or a coroner or a
necrophiliac if you like
just watch out for peter
and that crazy xylophone of his
a woman from Harper's Bazaar is here to see peter
she wants to give him a rejection slip for his latest article on
the pros and cons of raping nuns with pop bottles
could upset their advertising campaign with Coca Cola, she said
she tripped over the wednesday sign and caught the sounds
of peter's efforts in the studio during the pause
for station identification
she left a mimeographed note smeared with cheap blase lipstick
orange and rheumy
it said they never listened to peter's show
but they want to do a feature on your xylophone. I'll bet
they just want to see some wood.

Teres d'Compagnie
Brooklyn Park, MN

An Afternoon Tryst at the Motel 6 with Jesse Helms

He grabbed her _____ly
and ripped her _____ off.
as he _____ fully threw her upon the _____.
He _____ upon her _____ form
and began to _____ her _____
until her _____ began to _____.
In the throes of _____
she began to scream _____
and dig her nails into his ____
as he _____ and _____.
The walls resounded _____ly
with her _____ of _____
when she reached her _____ing _____.
As they lay _____ in bed smoking
he began to feel his _____ rise again
so they went for another _____
before the afternoon Senate session.

This poem was made possible by a generous grant from the National
Endowment for the Arts.

brYan westbrook
Fayetteville, AR

winona

strung out on my words
you are
thrust against my flesh
you are pressing lips to silk sheets
you are
deeper than I'd ever known
you are winona.

Teres d'Compagnie
Brooklyn Park, MN

WOODY'S HOKKU

picnic sex:
picnickers holding their wieners
over the fire
on sticks

through a vertical wall slit
a sunbeam back-and-forthing,
sawing the wood

me, bloated
by a fart
imploded

dogs barking
at trees, trees
barking back

shattered
against fixed pins,
my poor bowling ball

from a clock
ticking backward,
a gagging cuckoo

an infinity
of monkeys at typewriters,
from one this haiku

William Woodruff
Pasadena, CA

Sword of the wind

Penetrating the interstices
of the world,
Breathing through the holes,
gaps, and cracks
in mountains, caverns
trees and teetering shacks,

The sword of the wind,
delicate as a whisper,
tastes the surfaces
of all exposed forms,
savoring the contours of terrain.

With deft, gentle strokes,
pressing the formless form of mist,
with unblunt edge
shaping the clouds
like a swordsman playing with smoke,
sometimes leading, sometimes following,

Dividing the hills,
dabbling the surfaces of
lakes and brooks,
rattling the dry branches
of winter, removing every
wisp that obscures the
eye of the sun,

The implacable blade has
innumerable emanations,
everywhere addressing the
face of substance, even in
stillness standing at attention
with the edge before.

Light itself blesses the blade,
An invisible gleam runs all down its length,
And settles in the empty sky.

Charles Carreon
Los Angeles, CA

nanci's whale

muddied flower
cat tail eye
crest of mouth and slender
lips
kissing sweetly
tears quickening
emotions asunder

deep eyes blinking
deep of shadow
curl of lips
moving slowly
salty drops falling
flowing

night whispers
endless time ticks
tocks clocks
eyes whisper
a motion -

silence.

for christy brooks

Teres D'Compagnie
Brooklyn Park, MN

SLENDER THREADS

The universe is held together by a
slender knot.
The message we write to succeeding generations
is written in finest script.
Whether it all breaks down to yes and no
in the end
we'll never know.
The writing will be the same.

In your thumbprint and your bellybutton
and your voice and the twist of your joints
There's a changing signature, owned of generations,
Impressed with changes wrought of union.
Someone poured acid on the world
and the threads got twisted.
The message is mangled.
We can't read the notes we made to our cells;
The delicate lines run as if tears
were distorting our vision.
Woman's the victim.
Her womb's a mischief machine.
She can't trust it anymore.
The universe is held together by a slender thread,
And life is more tender than we had thought.
Someone dumped garbage in the sea.
Someone went walking on the moon.
Someone took a sheet of paper and made
a list of names they didn't know,
And the fragments of lives went falling
into the fire like scraps of paper
and tatters of old clothes.
Someone cashed a check at the bank.
And someone opened the drainpipe on a
sludge-spattered truck
And watched the poisoned liquid flow
into the swamp, into the water,
into the ambiguous night.

Charles Carreon
Los Angeles, CA

Industrial Revolution

We piled into the future
like college boys in a phone booth
not thinking whether
we could get out again
and couldn't.

Tom Brill
Los Angeles, CA

exit my face

Your teeth, forty white horses,
white as the snow,
mine more like the desert,
even down to the crumbling.
Your eyes, pools of blue,
blue as the sky, etc., beautiful blue blue,
but mine brown like shit.
Lips smooth, glossy, roses, etc., etc.,
and mine like a corpse, etc., etc.

Tom Brill
Los Angeles, CA

DOGS

Dogs of life
have such an open chest
with innocence, they bark for no reason.
They claim no motive.
People unlike those,
who make excuses, and claim the answers are there,
all should be dogs-
that is us, you see.
Once we have things to do,
it is all too inviting
to bark at the moon,
without a worry, but that of your fur-
A bellow, yip or roar.
As my open heart
blows with insanity,
I try with passion to
spit a soul, without concern,
like the dogs of life.

Ryan Szpiech
Warrenville, IL

All Intoxicated Doctors Go To Deluth!

As Dr. Ulritch snuck into the back room of the Selter community health center's pharmacy that night, he started to visualize what would happen to him if he got caught. He imagined himself sitting before a judge while his balding, scumbag, poor excuse for a lawyer, should-a-been-in-the-marines attorney slips ole Mr. Judge a roll of 50's under the table. Judge has his lawyer arrested. Next thing he knows, he's on a bus headin' straight for Deluth. Suddenly Dr. Ulritch wakes to the sound of a very loud man shouting, "Mr. Ulritch!"

He looks up to a very large man wearing a black-as-midnight robe. At his side is a balding man taking a wad of money to the man in the robe. Mr Ulritch has a very strange feeling of dejavu. He sees a bus heading for Deluth.

Joshua Carreon
Santa Monica, CA

HERE COMES THE GUY IN THE WHEELCHAIR

At the restaurant, he was denied service.
They saw him coming in his wheelchair
and it made them nervous.---Some nonsense
about fire regulations preventing chairs
in the isles.

In the lounge in some beer joint,
he called me. Said
at gun point, he was being held prisoner
by a tall blond. He said

"Do you know what she wants?"

I said I didn't know.

He says, "She wants my body."

And I asked, "What are you going to do?"

He said, "I'm going to give it to her."

I said, "Do what you have to do."

Well, it was all a dream. Do you know what it means?

Practical people are rarely as realistic
as people with dreams and anything can be done
with mirrors and money, that's what it means.

The guy in the wheelchair has no money,
no mirrors, but, he still has a dream
that he'll win the 10 million dollar lottery
and be taken prisoner by a good looking blond.

Hank Roth
Raleigh, NC

Vacation

Setting: A highway.

Plot: A family is on vacation
when
the little son up and dies.
They pull over to the
side
of the highway
and take his body out.
They place him on the
side of the road,
get back in their
camper,
pull a U-turn
and head
back home.

Tom Brill
Los Angeles, CA

THE LAST WHISKEY BAR

I leaned against the wall
and slid submissively to the floor
while my mind inhaled the smoke
I listened to your voice
weave the music with the summer night.
Then your horse stumbled in its stride
on Mullholland Drive stranded
you refused to be saved,
the celebrated lizard crawled to Paris
and died in a porcelain bed

Mike Foster
Sandy, Utah

Through curtained windows
where dusted book filled boxes
repose in the silence of blood's wind.
The anchorman coughs and sputters
caught laughing at Convertible Dallas death.
The sixties have begun.
I suit up.
Flowers. Sideburns. Hashish.

Tom Brill
Los Angeles, CA

THE PICNIC

Heavy feet fall
in the corridors
from decaying movie queens,
failed doctors,
hushed sirens.
Oh, those weeks in the somber monastery,
the lustful picnics in the cemetery
where I ate my heart out.
It was not that I starved
or craved
or harboured the desire to be saved.
It was the hourglass,
the shaken mixture
that my heart is,
that my brain is,
which leaks continually
to form a new landscape
with a foreign tongue,
morals, standards
that I can barely endure
without the standard procedure
of consuming the interior.

Corrine DeWinter
Springfield, MA

WANDERER

The trees
whisper
and groan
outside
your
window

In the
cool
almost
dark
evening
of early
June

When
waiting
minutes
seems
like hours

And the
mind
plays
imaginary
tricks

Filling
in the
holes
of your
stories
with
sparsely
clad
women

And
hidden
unexplainable
delights --

Bobbie Saunders
Aurora, CO

FORTUNE

Sad child
born in Summer swelter
hang the head
from frail shelter
and wrung hands.
Look to the clouded
skyline
and distinguish the silhouette
of a character assassin.
When you are older
you will meet the stoic lover
from Ostrava DeLonga
and make him your home.
Listen to his fractured speech
at what is said.
"Forever and ever."
Then discard your sheltered
ignorance
like memories of when you were nine
and nearly innocent.

Corrine DeWinter
Springfield, MA

What the eye wants to see

What the eye wants to see
is curves,

Lines that come around to
meet each other.

What the mind wants to feel
is closure,

The sense that things conclude,
come round,
reach fulfillment.

What the ear wants to hear
is rhythm,
a pattern in time
to pace its passing and
provide assurance of return.

With each beat we return,
coming back to ourselves,
back to here, this space.

Charles Carreon
Los Angeles, CA

Thousand - Mile Road

Lay the boards end to end --

Nail, hammer,

Hammer, nail.

By feet proceed a thousand miles.

Build your great bridge

Across an inhuman gulf,

Terrified, at the midpoint,

Of nothingness yawning below.

Keep building, hammering,

Clinging to stability,

Until one day,

You step off the edge,

And don't fall.

Charles Carreon
Los Angeles, CA

The Sky and the Tornado

A tornado is coming,
The night is high,
I can see the sparkle in the sky.
I don't know what the sky really is,
But when I look closely,
I see that it's just a bunch of fizz.
I used to not know what the sky really is,
But now I know, it's just a bunch of fizz.
Oh my gosh, the tornado has come
to drink up all of the mist!

What do you see in the sky?

What do you see in the sky?
I see a big, big guy.

I want to ask you a question:
What do you think you'll see in the sky tonight?

Ana Carreon
Santa Monica, California

reverie

bed of azure blue
coverlet of drifting cloud
flesh and bone at rest
eyes close, embrace
snow-covered hills

cool air blows clear in silence
pure wind skirts the drifted mountain
bristled branches of evergreen cast
crisp shadows
blue on naked snow

Charles Carreon
Ashland, OR

Night

It was stuck on night.
The sun groomed her hair.
whistling something from "South Pacific"
and murmuring curses as
bobby pins dropped from her grasp
lodging in cracks in the crust
of the earth.

We attached lightning bugs to bellows
and pumped them to twenty times normal.
World leaders measured the twinkly
creaking of the milky way and
tried to beat rhythms in time
with the galaxy to capture its
pulsing wave.

Scientists tumbled into Amtraks
scurrying in coach cars across
the midwest toward the nation's capitol
to examine the problem
but after toasting each other's health,
found they could not turn back tonight.

The moon held its breath
and puffed and glowed
like a neon balloon.
Planes carried bags of day
and spilled them into the sky,
but it was still stuck on night.

Stars pierced the darkness far away
forcing their pointy heads in
but unable to reach their arms through
to open up night and make day again.

All the electrical wires were tied
together on television and
squeezed into a single socket,
and the short circuit lit up
the world for just a moment,
then collapsed into night.

Finally, they set the world on fire,
and it was day more beautiful
than ever before.

Tom Brill
Los Angeles, CA

Zen Christmas Poem

Why is it nobody
 Can get enough
 of no-thought?
We wrap it up
 in a little box of thought,
Then unwrap it --
 empty inside --
Merry Christmas !

Charles Carreon
Los Angeles, CA

THE ASPIRING POET

(read out loud)

A note or two before you focus
On what may seem mere hocus-pocus:
These lines were written harum-scarum -
Please mind your head - the words may carom
Richocheting helter-skelter
Prompting you to run for shelter
And if you fear you're seeing double
Blame it on your hubble-bubble.

Beware, of course, the heebie-jeebies
(I used 'beware' to give me three b's).
Proceeding with this hurly-burly
May incapacitate you (nearly).
Who stays the course and never wavers
like hemidemisemiquavers
which always end up sixty-fourth)
Will finish just like Colonel North.

The words keep coming, holus-bolus
(Is no one here who can control us?),
Hotsy-totsy, hoity-toity -
We'll even serve the hoi-polloi tea.

So train on all this hugger-mugger
It picks up steam - our little chugger,
Making hurry-scurry scan
(I think I can. I think I can!)
You think this poem is herky-jerky?
I notice you're still reading, turkey.

But should this humdrum hubbub pale
Like Haig & Haig with ginger ale

Or even have you spinning, Jenny,
Humpty Dumpty, Henny Penny.
(Are the heavens falling, Latter?
Former, you that falling matter?)
Is this rhythm honky-tonk?
If you like the rhyiming, honk.

Now at last our poem unwinds,
Hobgoblins, for your little minds.
How to end it, Hari Kari?
Hirohito says that's scary.
Herbert Hoover, don't be dreary.
I know, I know, it's Hara Kiri.
Well, how about a hi fi closing
With Humperdinck the one composing?
Or hoodoo by Houdini, Harry?
(Does disappearing make you wary?)

Humbug, yes, but should I go learn
Leaving from the Hohenzollern?
Or from a Hardin-Simmons coed?
Hampden-Sydney cheers me, 'Go, Ed!'
Attila's wife best said it, 'Hun,
I think your brouhaha is done.'

Edmund Conti
Summit, NJ

M E M O R A N D U M

TO: ALL ATTORNEYS
FROM: CRAIG S. DUMMIT ^{CSD}
DATE: February 28, 1990
RE: HOTEL REIMBURSEMENT

It was recently brought to our attention by a client that, during an audit of another law firm's bills, they found out that the attorneys were charging the carrier for not only hotel room rental, but also purchase of toiletries, rental of movies, and other non-litigation related expenses.

In looking through our bills, it was discovered that many of our hotel bills contain charges for video and other movie rentals. Please be advised that these charges will no longer be reimbursed, nor passed on to our clients, for obvious reasons.

In addition to the obvious reasons, I was disappointed to see that our attorneys are watching movies at night while they are out of town. While I certainly do not want to make this suggestion a requirement or office policy, it nevertheless has always been my attitude that, if I have to be out of town, I'm going to be working while I am out of town. I have no distractions and it enables me to do some excellent billing, in that I not only get a daily rate for the time I am spending on the case responsible for the travel, but if there is no work to do on that case during the evening, I always take additional work that I can do in the hotel room and also bill for.

In short, I would hope that the attorneys in our office who desire to develop good work habits would spend their evenings working rather than watching movies, especially when they are (presumably) alone and out of town.

Also, in reviewing certain bills, it was brought to my attention that some attorneys have rented car phones for their rental cars. Please be advised that we will no longer reimburse any attorneys for such phone rentals.

CSD/lsc