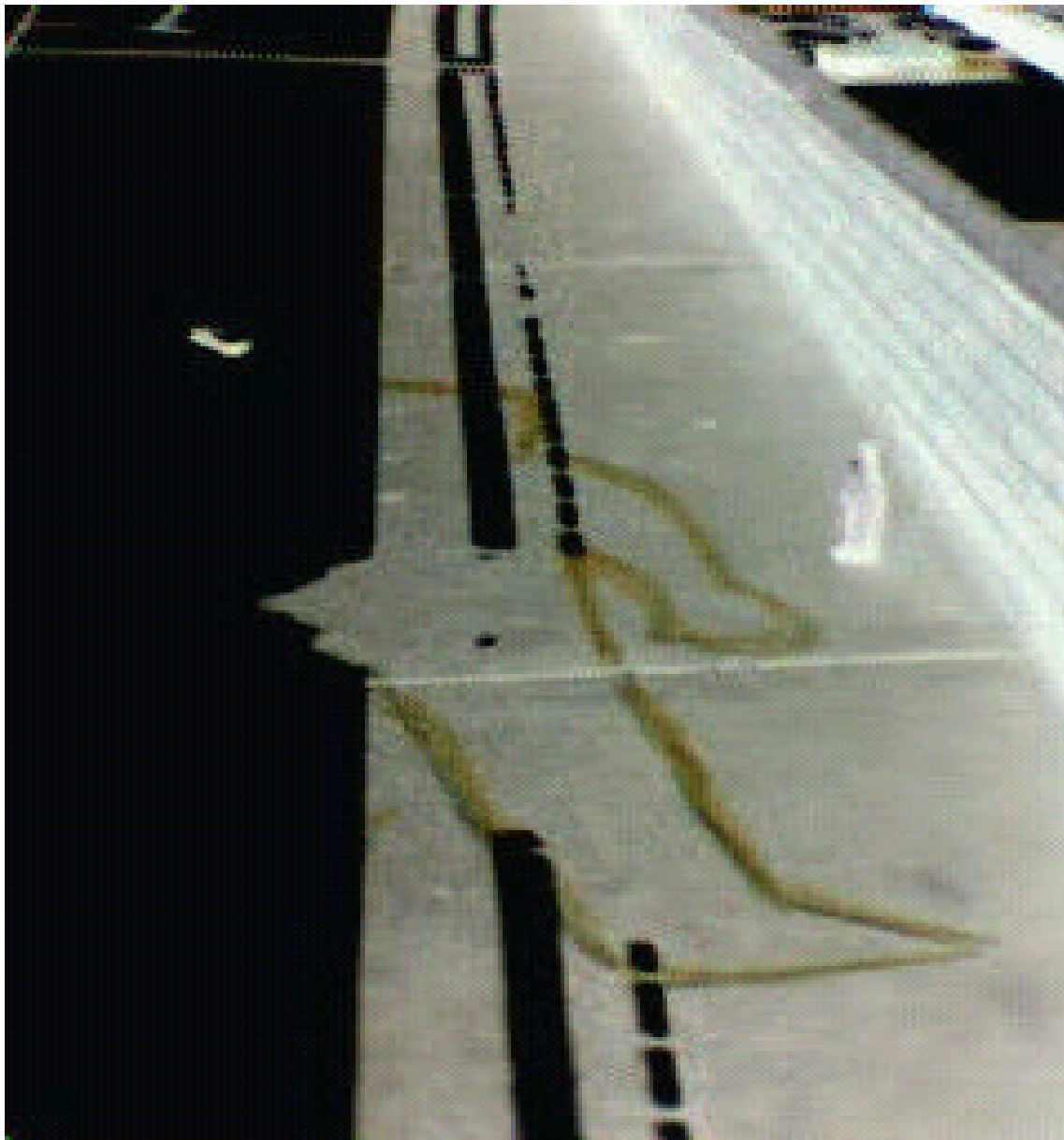


# KARAWANE

OR THE TEMPORARY DEATH OF THE BRUITIST

A JOURNAL OF LIVE POETRY AND PERFORMANCE



number 7    Winter/Spring 2002    \$3.00

In This Issue . . .

<b>All Aboard the Karawane</b> , <i>Laura Winton, Editor</i> _____	4
<b>Embedded</b> , <i>Danielle Billington</i> _____	4
<b>21 Scenes</b> , <i>Will Roby</i> _____	6
<b>Ex-Deux Ex Machina</b> , <i>Kevin Hodur</i> _____	8
<b>Youth-In-Asia</b> , <i>Jared Stein</i> _____	12
<b>In the Fields</b> , <i>Jeff Mores</i> _____	13
<b>In a Drizzle</b> , <i>Joe Somoza</i> _____	14
<b>America Now: sing-song-all-fall-down</b> , <i>Larry Harris</i> _____	14
<b>Reading a Life</b> , <i>Art Durkee</i> _____	15
<b>Waiter, There's a Fly in my Navel</b> , <i>Laura Winton</i> _____	16
<b>The Third Kiss/El Tercer Beso</b> , <i>Ahimsa Timoteo Bodhran</i> _____	18
<b>Shelter From the Cold</b> , <i>Joe Speer</i> _____	19
<b>Poetry</b> , <i>Avital Gad Cykman</i> _____	21
<b>Rainvoices</b> , <i>Art Durkee</i> _____	22
<b>Atomic Jazz</b> , <i>Jeff Mores</i> _____	22
<b>Sequestered in Dreaming</b> , <i>Laura Winton</i> _____	24
<b>Untitled</b> , <i>Michael Gause</i> _____	25
<b>Bullets</b> , <i>Allison Floyd</i> _____	25
<b>The Silent Pixie</b> , <i>Susan P. Stein</i> _____	25
<b>Ballistics Report (Nightly News)</b> , <i>Dave Okar</i> _____	26
<b>Dogme 2000</b> , <i>David Christopher LaTerre</i> _____	27
<b>A Poem in Five Acts</b> , <i>Sandra Bestland</i> _____	24


All work copyright 2002 Karawane Magazine. Subsequent rights revert to authors upon publication. Please do not reproduce work in this magazine without express permission of the author. If you wish to reprint anything from this issue, please contact the authors directly by email OR contact Karawane at karawane@prodigy.net, 402 S. Cedar Lake Road, Minneapolis, MN 55405 to be put in contact with the author. Please cite initial publication in Karawane upon reprinting of any materials.

The BOOKHOUSE  
in Dinkytown

OVER 20 YEARS  
BUYING AND SELLING  
SCHOLARLY BOOKS  
& SPECIALTY BOOKS

331-1430  
429 14th Ave. SE  
Dinkytown

MORE THAN 150,000  
USED BOOKS!



ENTERTAINMENT EXPERIMENTAL ENTERTAINMENT

**B** **A**  
**L** **S**

Balls cabaret  
every saturday night at 12 midnight  
southern Theatre  
1420 Washington Avenue south  
Minneapolis, MN  
(612) 340-1725

## SUBMISSION GUIDELINES: BRINGING YOUR WORK BACK ONTO THE PAGE

**Karawane** is a journal committed to work that is performed in public. That does not mean that poetic or artistic quality can be subordinated to the performance. It does mean that everyone who is published here performs their poetry, plays and short fiction at open mics, cabarets, readings, theatres, festivals, etc.

**Karawane's** editorial preference is dada/beat/surrealist/imagist/absurdist/avant-garde/post-modern/pull it out of your ass. We are interested in quality poetry, prose poems, sound poems, short short stories and essays, performance art texts and short plays, etc. We do not like "narrative poems" that want to be short stories. Make sure your poem *has* to be a poem because of its unique form and not because you are too lazy to flesh out a short story or write a vignette. If you want to send us a short story, send one. If you want to send a poem, write one, m'kay?

Come to think of it, we're not that big on traditional narrative, either.

To cut to the chase—we like work that experiments with form & language. Successfully would be nice, too. We like work that doesn't sound like every other manuscript in the slush pile. There are gazillions of adequately-crafted poems and stories that sound exactly like each other and don't really stand out. Writing should be FUN. Reading should be FUN. Take some chances—stretch the language—free your mind—blah etc blah blah etc etc.

○ Submit 3 - 7 original pages of poetry, plays up to 10 or so pages long, or fiction up to a maximum of 2,000 words. **Artwork:** Submit camera-ready artwork of any size up to 8 1/2" x 11". Graphics can be submitted on disk in most standard formats (\*gif, \*bmp, \*jpg, \*tif, etc.). **Make sure your name, address and phone number appear on every page of your submission.** This journal is edited from people's homes. Things get lost. Dogs eat your manuscripts, then eat grass and barf the whole thing up.. Pizza stains end up on vital commas and other punctuation marks. If you submit a piece that is longer than one page, the page number and title should appear on subsequent pages. *We accept and encourage previously published work*, provided you have retained reprint rights. Please tell us when and where your work was published.

○ We are also sometimes appallingly slow in responding to manuscripts. Please don't waste your life waiting by the phone or email. Get out and **LIVE** a little—simultaneously submit to your heart's desire. Just let us know when something is accepted elsewhere. (Don't make me come over there . . . )

○ Send manuscripts to **Karawane**, Laura Winton, Editor, 402 S. Cedar Lake Road, Minneapolis, MN 55405. Email submissions are also WELCOMED. Please attach an RTF file of your work with your email. You can also visit our website and even submit through the site. **Providing an email address with your email or snailmail submission will also obliterate the need for SASEs.**

**FINAL DISCLAIMER REGARDING TYPOS:** We at **Karawane** love writers--except when they whine. We do our best to proofread at 4 a.m. before the text has to go to the printer but hey, *Feces Occur*. Therefore, our official policy on typos is--get over it! Once the mag is printed, there's nothing we can do about it, Kapeesh? So, we aplogize in advance and thak you for your pateince in the faec of seuch indinganties.

**Email:** karawane@prodigy.net  
**Web page:** www.karawane.org

# All Aboard the Karawane

I was so long-winded last time, that I decided that I would try to keep this brief so I could fit as much poetry, fiction, and performance writing as possible.

As I write this, I have recently returned from being in Manhattan on September 11th, the saddest thing I have ever experienced in my life. Weeks later, I still cry almost every day and have had a very hard time getting on with my life. Getting this magazine done and to press is a major accomplishment.

I have not yet written any poetry or performance pieces about the experience, although the oddest thing was that I had *already* written about it. In pieces lamenting the neglect of the American cities, I had already placed myself in the war zone. One of my poems (on the Karawane website) has the line “I could be anywhere/Belfast, Oklahoma, Beirut . . . a city at the epicenter.” And another poem includes the line “There’s a hole in me where the sky was once.”

Because we come out infrequently, I was reluctant to do a “theme” issue about the subject, although a couple of people did submit work to me that was resonant, either intentionally writing about September 11th 2001, or having work that was relevant. So there is some work here that functions as a memorial to the events of that day.

On a less somber note, I am finding my “voice” regarding this magazine a little more each time I do it. After lots of performing this summer—20 shows in one month alone—including the Fringe Theatre Festival, LadyFest Midwest Women’s Music Festival, and the Minnesota Spoken Word Association’s inaugural event, I found myself trying to find a way to describe my work besides “spoken word”. Spoken word has come to signify to most laypeople either hip hop or slam poetry. Since that’s not what I do exactly, and is rarely the type of work we publish in **Karawane**, I started stumbling around the phrase more and more. Hence I have coined, of sorts, a simpler phrase to describe both what I do and what I publish: Live Poetry and Performance. That can encompass spoken word without being tied to it in the imagination of people who don’t know the range of poetry performance that artists engage in.

I’m also finding myself moving more and more to performance art, which is very exciting. When I perform with my poetry/music ensemble, The Bruitists, I describe myself as the Yoko Ono of the group—the one in the background doing something weird. I’ve been really learning and studying so much as I go to art exhibits, dance performances, and theatre in the past five years. Last night I debuted a piece that was based on the flow and movement of a dance concert, incorporating different configurations of actors doing children’s games and spoken word. The text included William Blake, Julian Beck, and a number of poets and spiritual leaders with texts on war, elegies, etc., while John Lennon’s Revolution #9 played in the background. I will publish the text of that performance in the next issue—TEASER, TEASER, SUBSCRIBE NOW. Coming from such a verbal/text background, it was a completely physical piece and I was very nervous about it! But people seemed to enjoy it.

On to the mundane. I have invested in an expensive laser printer that  
(Continued on page 15)

## Embedded

**Danielle D. Billington**  
**Minneapolis, MN**

I think about tattooing her name in Arabic on my body, though she would never see it. I could make up stories for new lovers; tell them it means strength, or enlightenment. (carving, needling her name into my skin, as if it isn’t there already)

.....**further details of her body**.....

Her large lids and lashes, tiny breasts, arched back. she was always chewing her nails, twirling her hair like a child, a modern day Lolita. She wasn’t stupid. {I do it for you, I spread them for you because I can feel the love in every touch. The others have to force them apart.}

How hopelessly Midwestern she is.....she wanted to be black when she was a little girl, so she’d know what it felt like to be oppressed. She would ride her little bicycle down the dirt road of her South Dakota home, pushing her nerd glasses up on her sharp hook of a nose, pedaling fast, peddling to escape from a loveless distant home. Even then, she wanted desperately to escape.

She grows older, develops, longing continues.....to be someone else.....somewhere else. To be something, someone anyone would want to touch, as touch must mean love? Frightening obsession with boys. Raped by the one she liked best, in the attic of a friend’s home at 14. Now she wants escape from her body. It’s dirty, whorish now. She didn’t want this. Years later, when we meet, she still questions the realities and motivations of this “event”. She would look into my eyes and say, “but if I didn’t want it, how did it happen, how could it? How can you love me?”

.....**we meet**.....

I in my skater jeans, white t-shirt, music blaring and coffee cup in hand. She’s a Gap original, sometimes in pants, sometimes in skirts, but always sexy in a dangerous kind of way. {I have tried to tell this story before it began} 1st time I began she was leaning over my shoulder. “what are you doing?” she asks. “Trying not to forget you.” I reply.

[I used to check the schedule at work, just to catch a glimpse of her] I have a memory like an elephant, or maybe it’s a rhinoceros.....so sharp you’re likely to be impaled. She would look up at me and smile. The dance begins. The dance of flirting, of trying not to look like a complete ass while trying to draw attention to yourself. Hey, look at me, I’m the one for you, I swear it, we’ll get a house and settle down, I’ll write and you

can teach, one day we'll bring baby home from the hospital and baby will grow and so will we]

It's all about standing alone staring out of windows. Touching the soft inside, the underbelly of the one we love, without disemboweling them. I look at the silver doc martens hanging off her feet, and she's all shiny and fresh and new in a way. I want her. I have her.

We're so flawed she says, you're an enigma, lets go home and make love. (I suppose in a way, my fates being decided tonight. I am untouchable and pessimistic)

### [THE ESCAPE]

College in the big city. She promptly attaches herself to a minority girl, being that she wishes to be a minority. Oh the obsession. In and out of a relationship, cheating, desperation, verbal "attempts" of suicide. The beautiful girl wishes to travel. So she does. The Middle East and her body is passed from one to another. She actually seeks out a nunnery for solace. Searching for forgiveness, for something to fill her emptiness. {she comes to me in pieces}

She rarely ever comes into the backroom, (I work there) when she does I watch her. I am hunting her. We both agree on seduction. She brushes up against me, I lift heavy things and act tough. Small talk, mention of a café down the street.....then she says, I like beer, do you have beer at your house?" Yes, I stumble over my word.

I wish to hear from you how this world was. There is urgency to everything coming to everything past. I want it all recorded, every detail , so I don't forget. but I never forget. I hope you understand. (she comes to me at night in my dreams she laughs and teases, we make love and she leaves)

### [Memory]

My bed, your lap. You fulfilled in those moments everything I wanted. Beautiful genius. Hand on forehead, correcting papers. Glasses, and in your lap my head. You unconsciously tousle my hair. Take off your glasses and we make love. You are with me.

To my past:

Instantly losing future. getting to know neediness and fear, to my past. To stop the missingness of her. Empty arms, fistfuls of past. Sift through the holes, clinging to dispel the hollowness in my chest at night. And I can't say it enough to deaf ears. I love her.

That first night was even better than the movies she used to say. The beautiful girl had come home to my bed. She rolls over as if ashamed. I look at her and say, "what are you doing way over there on the other side of the bed?" She smiles as if surprised and snuggles into my shoulder. Bliss.

### [Doom]

Even after this tenderness, she only wanted a one night stand, and resented me for my likeableness. I have never wanted a one night stand.

Dark misty aloof night as I recall she saying "are you going to write about tonight?" Of course, I reply. Ghosts in the heavy laden air, electric, I think in images she says. I try to send them to you. One tiny life on this spinning world matters so much to so few. among endless flurries of thought,

the only constant was the eye of memory. I was as one mind, like brahman, in which there is everything. The memories whirled in my mind. It was all part of the farce. A woman. I do not know which to choose, the radiance of future or the beauty of past. The memory sings on and on after. Ice filled he eyes with barbaric cruelty shadow of herself back and forth the mood punched a hole in the wall indecipherably sad.

*(I couldn't play any songs with the word whore in them)*

### [She Returns]

One day, the words weren't magical anymore. and the girl grew disenchanting. {a few nights ago I dreamt she came home. another lie, another empty space. Oh, how I fell to earth when suddenly I needed her too. My love, like a rope, frays but never breaks. Ever changing inner world will crumble (dancing around secrets in silence) satellites will fall from the sky like so many stars at your feet. Like I'm disappearing, drowning so far out, the voyage out and down and everywhere i've ever been is like I was never there. you held me in suspense for years. I wanted to love the cruelty and terror out of you, but it didn't work. So much I could see in your cold blue eyes. Its been made up these years and years and years. I am standing still. Nothing ahead but one large lone clock. time. stands still when she rubs the back of my neck and says, I really dig your dark hair.

I thought I saw her out of the corner of my eye and my heart tries to rip its way out of my chest like a dog scratching furiously at a door, and I feel like any second the entire contents of my stomach will decorate the floor. I felt desperate. desperate to stay, desperate to escape, desperate to know what to say. we just wander around, knocking people down until were happy. she brings pain with the promise of pleasure. Mother says I need to learn to harden my heart. still living in the past and cursing the future. cursing them both. haunting. I have her underwear, game of scrabble , naked pictures and book of questions and feeling on the verge of tears in public, in dreams. upstairs third floor secluded. everything rises, dreams are being influenced insinuated into exaggerations and mumblings I watch myself from the outside.

### [Memory]

She's typing her Jordan paper while I'm writing. she comes to bed and lays on top of me. "I didn't know it could be like this until you. That it could be good, and nice. You're good at this. Good at loving people."

I had to take a walk to clear my head. snow white cold, I'm a goddamn genius when I walk, I swear to god. It's all gone when I stop walking. Everyone's filled with so much promise until they open their mouths. My mind rages. Everything is intricate, everything is easily broken. I don't want to grant her any respite, nor her me.....and all too soon....it ends. it becomes nothing but images on a cortex that will rot and disperse one day. and as she walked away, "I'm sorry.....but you're just so good at this....."

## 21 Scenes

1 ---  
paralyzed, i wouldn't  
put  
it past you.

Both golden Holy  
Arms stuck  
standard  
and Permanent  
to your side.

there's a hole there.

2 ---  
gorgeous is  
300 lb. redneck  
or  
everyboy with  
blonde hair  
Prepping for Proms.

gorgeous = beautiful  
dates on thick  
chickengrease arms.  
beautiful arms  
nailed  
w/Holy Cross letter  
jackets.

3 ---  
my Crucifix cried, well  
my old lady's  
crucifix  
cried, but the tears  
weren't colored.

as young  
Negroes playing in this  
sandbox. only  
the dirt is Red.  
Nails full of dirt.

4 ---  
only  
outed  
couple, gay girls  
much pierced, pleasant  
"newness of  
you"

but  
they seem infrequent.

kissing hands  
only, the  
courting Lesbians.

5 ---  
ohhh i could have been  
Poem King  
of this castle, with  
my pen, but  
the  
little women with thick  
necks are all in  
BrightWhite.

Pretty Woman, there  
must be a Prom.

6 ---  
in BeaumontTexas  
there's Peroxide rain  
cancer  
and smoke. how we  
ever  
have  
time to eat or  
breathe  
i don't know.  
but, in America  
it rains  
and cars slide.

7 ---  
grey shirts grow  
soon if  
buried overnight in Beaumont.  
soil, much bled on  
and composted  
to grow  
easy  
breezes, someone's wearing  
my  
grandmother's perfume.  
this  
to  
sniff over coffee.

8 ---  
tempted tonight to take

ten lines and  
touch Teresias (old  
oracle)  
and be for a Halloween  
the  
holy space between  
teen toes.

but a shoe  
leather w/strap  
taints tomorrow the  
touching. She sweats.

9 ---  
when it's time  
abandon this table  
and all hope. i'm hungry  
but  
i'm saving my cents  
for books - only kid ever  
with  
glasses  
third  
grade  
when the other kids  
touched tits. i read.

10 ---  
admit my mistake,  
i  
want a cigarette,  
and  
so  
bad my ears ring.  
oh, but  
you don't smoke.

jesus drank wine  
and  
my friend Cris went  
on a wagon.

11 ---  
young kids have  
broken  
t-shirts and loud stereos  
so my  
goddamned head  
hurts  
and  
my nose bleeds.  
look, a spot of blood

<p>on my shoelace. makes red dirt.</p> <p>12 --- kid's crowns are blonde well everyone is tuned to the same radio station and this town's too small for broadband anything. well.</p> <p>13 --- too many people have too few raincoats, so that if a week is full of rain the fashion rules break. a twig off this tree turns red in muddy rain.</p> <p>14 --- so many new lies and the coffee smells like money i flipped out for a tip out of my wallet once.</p> <p>all the cars are electric blue.</p> <p>15 --- we wax cars</p>	<p>and they stay dirty</p> <p>16 --- nouveau is a difficult French thing. as a concept or a word to spell. art is similar because it's a French complication.</p> <p>we do it anyway.</p> <p>17 --- "Diana's dress" drags dirt in decent molecules over the tile. her eyes with a Red halo lie in the center of her Face.</p> <p>18 --- every man should own a pink dress shirt or at least a pink tie. every man should be ready to look good and pink.</p> <p>19 --- water hangs in the cups of Leaves. it is summer</p> <p>and there's an awful</p>	<p>wreck. and i'm off Balance.</p> <p>20 --- and the car, starting, splashes her thin angel gown in Diana's mud. i clean it with my inkpen.</p> <p>"Are you ready?"</p> <p>Epilogue --- "he says he'll pay you back." "oh my god, he owes me."  she smiles.</p> <p><b>Will Roby</b> <b>Lubbock, TX</b> willroby@poetic.com</p>
--	--	--

## Ex-Deux Ex Machina

**Kevin Hodur**  
**Tinley Park, IL**

kevinhdot@yahoo.com

*“Mmmmm. What the...” she said, the signal in the white noise dragging her body slowly back to consciousness.*

They fused together for a sensuous atmospheric dance that created an almost off-white landscape of both the gloom of winter and the promise and shine of spring. Jessica would have taken more care to appreciate this rare procession of beauty unfolding around her had she not had more pressing things weighing on her mind. Like her death three days ago.

*Channel 13: Reconocer mi Vida.*

It's not that she was in any pain, physically or emotionally. Dying had been elegant, perhaps even enjoyable, aside from the fact that she lost that body she had been working so hard on the last few years. The depression of the loss of physical sensation was something she had been working on until a Wal-Mart truck roared by, disrupting her concentration.

*Channel 61: We are at T-30 Minutes and holding as scheduled.*

She thought of her new existence sans a body, and constantly replayed those last tumultuous, invigorating, deliciously helpless two days through her mind. The drive along this same stretch of two-lane highway. The arguments and screams and tirades at home.

*“Honey, is that thing still on?” she asked, her eyes trying to lock on to the glowing green digits of the alarm clock.*

She thought about her brother Justin, and what peace he may have found along his path. He wasn't here with her, up with the flurries and Sun and power lines. Jess hoped he found what he needed. She still had work to do.

*Channel 5: All this week in 1967.*

Three days ago Jessica had something of a revolution in her own way. Nothing involving communist insurrections or dumping tea into bodies of water or the such, but the realization that her life belonged first to herself. Her decisions could take her family and friends into account, but her choices had to benefit her first. The premier choice under this new regime was her future, and she decided what to do about it rather easily.

*Channel 13: Reconocer mi Corazon.*

That choice became clearer and clearer on her ride home, passing the dead fields of frost and the phone and power systems which were beyond weather altogether.

The power lines stood there, supplying the wretched, glossed system that kept Jessica from her dreams. If only those frames of metal were the only things holding her back, but she knew that wasn't all of it. That some of it lurked within her, within everyone. Just as they were three days ago, these towers of technology were largely hidden in the blowing snow. More of it was drifting in, but the clouds were hitting a dry air mass just a bit to the south. With a strong wind out of the north, snow was falling in torrential sheets amidst the backdrop of blue skies and sunshine: The perfection above weakened but not dissipated by the billions of unique souls drifting slowly down to Earth, where they do what they can. And we do what we can, too. These were the images and metaphors that Jessica thought of as she went off to take her life back. Back from the ideas and culture and the one glowing box that unduly ripped them all away.

Jessica's parents were practical, and very much the modern epitome of chic capitalists. They had a diverse portfolio, knew everything about mutual funds and bonds and currencies and what companies to invest in, along with amazing other things about money and greed. They were good at it. He was an executive Vice President of an insurance company somewhere downtown. She was head of marketing or advertising or something of that sort for a department store in the western suburbs. Jessica was never quite sure where they worked or what they were doing since she rarely saw them. She had her own life very much in the early going...not something too many of us can say, no? Hers was less mediated by the photons directly, but they took everyone she held dear and changed them. And that, she could not live with.

*“Mmm. Is that the television?” he vaguely asked the darkness.*

Justin was already three steps ahead of her on the sacred path of the greenback. He carried a briefcase around the halls and walkways of his prep school, read the Wall Street Journal every morning over coffee and CNN. This wasn't in itself bad, although the pursuit of money was far from the most complete. But he did have a life beyond what he was told. He wasn't a stiff or anything. He fanatically followed the Premier League and played some soccer himself, along with some other hobbies that Jess had forgotten.

To Jessica, Justin was in danger of becoming little more than a ghost from the machine if he didn't change his course from the broken turnpike he was merging onto. He already lived a life of image, chasing things and token items over ideas and relationships. He was very much in danger, but he still had time.

*Channel 9: So we go to the 13th, still tied at nine.*



The empty, winter-demised fields of pseudo-farmland and “For Sale” signs broke, and home wasn’t quite so far away. The drive was only fifteen minutes, but Jessica still chose to live at school, to develop a life outside of the four sparsely decorated walls of her bedroom in the palace of the opulent and omnipresent vision. No one kept an eye in their room at school.

And then she was on Cherry Street, then on Maple, then in the driveway. It was one of those late 70’s-early 80’s luxury homes with deep, dark brick, arches everywhere... it had a very medieval Europe feel to it. Two of the three garage doors were open, with a Porsche Boxster and a Range Rover facing out. Jess knew behind the third was a pearl-white Lexus, the aristocratic female-parental-unit-mobile. Justin was banging a soccer ball off of the inside of the outer wall, hitting the same slightly dented, slightly-off-colored patch of brick he had for the last eighteen years. He looked up wiped the sweat from his forehead onto his England jersey, and waved but didn’t smile.

*Channel 35: The Premier League...Only on Fox Sports Net.*

So now was the time that would tell. Jess already knew what she had to do, and knew the probable result. This was just to be a formality. The path up to the front door was littered with weeds...what was once a thriving bed of flowers a few years back had been left untended. That was when other visions took over.

It was best to get this over with. Taking a deep breath, she turned the fading brass knob and entered the foyer, decorated from wall to wall with little artsy/craftsy things that only semi-country suburban houses had. Justin followed her through the front door, slipping his jacket back on as he cooled off in the early March air. Jess had phoned him about this meeting before she drove down, and he said he’d help her. This puzzled Jess a bit, as she thought Justin to be another machine...to not understand her revolt against the blurring monotony creeping into them. Maybe she didn’t really know him well enough.

*Channel 61: This mission is part of a series...*

“Ah, you’re here,” her father said from the living room, looking up from the Money section of USA Today while sipping coffee in his giant leather recliner. He returned to the black and white and green and continued, “There’s a basketball game on soon, so if you want to talk, now’s the time.”

“Oh, and honey,” her mother contributed, smiling in a very aging suburban housewife way on the sofa in front of the television (it had rather pronounced indentations

on each cushion), “did you see that new car commercial with the dog and the parking lot?” She laughed so hard she almost knocked the glass accent table with her tea on it over. “Wasn’t that a riot? Denise from next door, you remember Denise,” it wasn’t a question. “We’re going to look at one tomorrow.” They were trapped, too, but escape would be banishment, not victory. This in the end would be the difference.

And this, essentially, was Jessica’s problem. Not only did her parents continue along, chasing what was baited to them as if it would elude them forever if they stopped chasing, but it also sat on the throne as lord over their lives. They never figured out that all of those callous breeds were out not to make them laugh at thirty second bits of inanity or give them shivers or relief or happiness...”brought to you by-”. They never knew, in their infantile, aristocratic, naive way, that they were being used. And that everything they now thought, believed, and lusted after was carefully scripted...both in the box and around it.

Jessica looked down, being certain to not favor her glances towards her mother or father as she began. The explosions mounting until the verbal concussions were one continuous thunder.

We’ll back out of the living room now. It really isn’t our place to be there, as this is a family affair. Let’s back out to the driveway, and perhaps up a bit. From up here, we can see the entire neighborhood, in all of it’s materialistic glory. Next door, the overweight man in his mid-50’s is swearing because there’s a ding in the side door of his brand new SUV, the one everyone drove these days. His day is surely ruined, even an afternoon of televised baseball and refrigerator full of beer wouldn’t cheer him up beyond this disastrous material loss. Across the street, a woman dressed in the latest casual wear is pulling in after yet another weekend of shopping, thinking of what a burden being out amongst those people was. Meanwhile a hundred sport/utility vehicles and luxury sedans drive by, each staring at each other, hoping to witness the most opulent and popular of them all.

*Channel 21: Only five more minutes on this incredible bargain.*

Inside, Jess was trying to explain that she didn’t want her business degree to go work with Dad or one of the millions of Dad-clones out in the world for forty hours a week. Her insistence that her first love was creation, the act of creating fell on nearly deaf ears. She wanted to express and create for her life, for her contribution to the world to be art, something to appreciate and benefit by, rather than be sold and lured into.

That was when the voices that now speak in cliché, the

voices that now always laugh and compliment on idle things turn away from the same voices that nurtured in youth and erupt into a mercilessly scripted tirade at Jess. What is she going to do when there's no money? She can't go to them anymore, that's for sure. They won't support her if she changes her religion like this. What about her debts? Does she expect them to just pay them for her?

*Channel 12: Debt consolidation, refinancing, a second mortgage...*

It really is a shame, the nature of this disease, that two formerly honest, hard-working people now spoiled by a bombardment of vision can't realize the choice of money over love, and that the love of money, of having money, of needing money and of being lured, fooled, and sold by the quest for money is all they need. Anything that can't help quench that dollar-driven yearning is hardly worthy of consideration. All from the same box that quietly preaches it's religion everyday.

*Channel 13: Reconocer, por favor.*

This conversation had happened before. There were other times with other people, bitter about little things and possessions...the other times we were out here while Jess held off a brainwashing. This time, though, it wasn't a discussion with them, it was an affront to the way they lived.

*Channel 61: We're running again at T-Minus 10 Minutes.*

Every time before she kept quiet and eventually went back to school to continue life, almost as if she were killed by the apparent death of her dreams, but the god figure would descend out of the machine and her art would again keep her alive and give her hope. Her artificial, tuitioned home provided a small, temporary, shuddering shelter for her suckling creation.

But this time, the door slammed with a different sound. The slam was more final, a battle cry and surrender plea to the world. Jess stormed out, nearly ripping Justin in two with the door on the way out, and headed to her beloved Saab, that last symbol of what her parents wanted from her. That symbol of the opulence. The symbol she found it impossible to part with, and knew what she had to do to make it out of the loop that trapped her. She bought it for its looks, for the commercials, for the image. She knew now the last step to keep the god in the machine.

They got in, closed the doors, and pulled away. Down the street. And towards the highway.

*Channel 32: Today, mostly clear with snow flurries...*

"Nice to see you again, Jess," Justin said with a casualness rarely seen outside of interviews with Blur by Spin or NME. He sat back in the seat, looking almost enveloped by the bucket seat. His arm was hung without white knuckles to the handle above the windows, his head looking forward. "So, what the hell was that all about?"

"Why did you come with me?" Jessica asked, flatly, quickly, evenly, perhaps even with a coldness. She didn't say it cruelly, as Justin was the only one that ever bothered with the effort to understand her.

"You weren't ever alone, you know that, sis, right? The money hasn't won everything yet." he said, both not hearing what she had said and answering her question at the same time. "I hope you don't believe that everything I wore and said and did wasn't all sincere, right? I'm here because I wanted to be here. I'm here because what I look like and what I hope I am are two foreign entities. I thought that where you're going might help me."

He hesitated, peered out the window at what was a field last year, but would soon be a new sub-division, then added, "I don't want to be with them anymore."

A pause.

"Thanks. You're sure you know what that means, though?" Jessica asked, now smiling.

Justin nodded, his face still rigid.

"Okay then."

The police call came in about fifteen minutes later, not much farther down the highway, but away from any houses or phones. There were no witnesses to what happened, aside from Jess, Justin, and whomever was driving in the oncoming lane. Maybe they would never really know the events that changed so much.

But Jess would know. Those last few seconds were her final break, were the impetus she had been craving to make her way back up, to get up on her own without being lifted out or dragged or toyed with. Gipetto was dead.

The back end came around with a gentle tug on the steering wheel, and was neatly chopped off seconds later by a pickup truck, red before and after impact. The broken half-Saab that was left spun off to the right of the road, through the air above the road next to the shaved and dormant field, crashed head on into the round concrete post of a power line, bounced again and landed on what used to be the tires directly in between the lanes.. Not that Jessica was in the car by this point. The

initial crash tore off most of the left side, including the shoulder end of the seat belt, and she was ripped out on the second impact, left broken and twisted on the highway next to the torn remains of her beloved car.

*"The noise is soothing. I like it," he said, his face still mostly buried in the pillow.*

Nor can it in many ways be said that this was Jessica anymore. What was her had already begun to leave that crumpled wreckage, that body she worked so hard on for so long. No longer was that curled, red hair hers. The green eyes she loved for their effect were gone - glazed in an endless trance with the heavens. She was becoming something reborn, a mist right above the remains, coalescing to see what she once was.

She stared for a long time, mostly from this perch atop the power lines she had taken as refuge while help arrived. She watched Justin, still motionless in what would have been the passenger side. She watched as the rescue crews moved sluggishly about the scene, knowing that time was no longer of the essence. She watched as the paramedics gently lifted and covered her destroyed body, and drove it away.

*Channel 13: Reconocer todo.*

They were all little neural-Polaroids now...the colors weren't the same as they really happened, and they stuck in her conscious-ness as smooth moments, without the little stutters of actual life impeding on the actions themselves.

*"I don't care," she said. "It's 3 a.m. Turn the damn thing off."*

*"Hey," he said, rocking fully awake. "I don't think this is supposed to be on here." There was a figure, just barely discernible in the white noise. He could see she was sitting on something, high up in the air. The vertical hold gave for a moment, and the image shot upward. When it stabilized, she was gone, out of the machine.*

*"Howard," she replied, her head now fully buried in the pillow. "It doesn't matter. Come to bed."*

But it was, it is this near-theatrical Earth-bound procession, the dance of these white angelic billions falling freely from the perfection above, the final, empty white noise descending over her that burned the final, solace-laden memory through Jessica's retinas before corporeal experiences were shed behind her. The paramedics and highway patrol would never know why her crumpled and broken body was graced with a soft, subtle smile, her eyes glossed from the flakes frozen on her pale face.

*Channel 61: And we're holding at Three Minutes, there is an unknown object in secured airspace.*

"Alright," he said, already up and alert. The paper hit the porch below. He knew he wouldn't get back to sleep any time soon. The bright red button on the remote glowed even in the darkness.

So even now, staring from above with all the others that understood, that finally made their way back up, Jessica watched with that same blend of hope and fear and trust that those billions falling down, free to fall down, from perfection would one day get the message right and decide what really mattered and would help them find their art and their hope and their way back up.

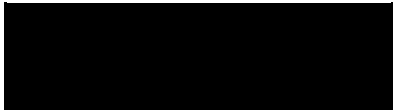
POWER OFF

❖
One-Of-A-Kind Journeys
❖
Exclusive private tours
South East Asia
The Middle East
Europe
Latin America
TRAVEL ABOUT
<i>Domestic &amp; International Travel &amp; Tours</i>
612-377-8955

**Maria:** We whip through our lives  
in such feverish dissolves.  
Speak to us about healing.

**Shadow Master:** But the disease  
is still within our system:  
the infection of Poverty.  
And the virus I have identified,  
is Property

**Maria:** But your cure, your Revolution,  
kills more people than the disease.



To Order:  
PO Box 2391  
Minneapolis, MN 55402  
[www.mindspring.com/~jcsiii](http://www.mindspring.com/~jcsiii)

# Whatsamattayo u? Subscribe NOW!

To **KARAWANE**  
**4 issues - only \$10. CHEAP!**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City/State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
email \_\_\_\_\_

## YOUTH-IN-ASIA (a short play)

Lights begin to rise, thirty seconds.

Just right of up center, a stage door on a frame, opening towards downstage. The door is closed. Down left of the door, an old couch. It faces down right. Down right of the door, an old lounge chair. It faces down left.

1 is spread out on the couch.  
2 is sprawled on the chair.  
3 is flat on the floor, down left of the chair.

1, 2, and 3 are heavily sleeping. Silence, except for breathing and an occasional moan, mumble, cough, or snore. They are motionless, except for breathing and an occasional shrug, scratch, or shift.

Lights complete.

Silence, except for sounds of sleep. Motionless, except for movements of sleep. Thirty seconds.

Three knocks on the door are heard. Pause.  
1- slowly and painfully, with every bit of strength- attempts to push himself up from the couch. 1 fails, flops back down onto the couch, sleeps.  
1, 2, and 3 sleep.

Silence, except for sounds of sleep. Motionless, except for movements of sleep. Thirty seconds.

Six louder knocks on the door are heard.  
Pause.  
1, slowly and painfully, again attempts to push himself up from the couch.  
1 fails, slips, rolls onto the floor, sleeps.  
1, 2, and 3 sleep.

Silence, except for sounds of sleep. Motionless, except for movements of sleep. Fifteen seconds.

Twelve louder, faster knocks on the door are heard.  
1, with every bit of strength, begins to drag himself to the door. Halfway to the door, 1 stops and sleeps.  
1, 2, and 3 sleep.

Silence, except for sounds of sleep. Motionless, except for movements of sleep. Thirty seconds.

The sound of ringing begins from the couch.  
1, 2, and 3 sleep. Ten seconds.  
The ringing continues.  
2 attempts to sit up from the chair. 2 fails, sleeps.  
1, 2, and 3 sleep. Fifteen seconds.  
2 again attempts to sit up and push himself out of the chair.  
2 fails, slips, falls onto the floor, sleeps.

The ringing continues.  
1, 2, and 3 sleep. Ten seconds.

2 painfully begins to drag himself to the couch.  
The ringing continues.  
At the foot of the couch, 2 stops and sleeps.  
1, 2, and 3 sleep. Five seconds.

2, with every bit of strength, reaches his arm up to the couch.  
With his hand, 2 aggressively canvasses the couch.  
2 grabs a ringing cordless phone from under a cushion;  
the ringing stops immediately. 2 collapses to the floor, letting  
go of the phone; 2 sleeps.  
1, 2, and 3 sleep.

Silence, except for sounds of sleep. Motionless, except for  
movements of sleep. Thirty seconds.

Constant knocking on the door begins, increasing in volume  
and speed. 1, 2, and 3 sleep. Ten seconds.

The knocking continues and grows.  
1, slowly and painfully, begins to drag himself to the door.  
The knocking continues and grows.  
At the foot of the door, 1 stops and sleeps.  
1, 2, and 3 sleep. 5 seconds.

1- slowly and painfully, with every bit of strength- begins to  
reach up to the door knob.  
The pounding continues and grows.  
Before 1 grasps the door knob, the pounding stops at  
its peak. 1 painfully hangs from the door knob; he sleeps.  
1, 2, and 3 sleep. Three seconds.

A very loud thump on the door is heard. Pause.

1 continues to hold onto the door knob. 1, 2, and 3 sleep. Ten  
seconds. 1, slowly and painfully, turns the knob.

The door swings open; THE PIZZA MAN, who has fallen

## In the fields

Purple raindrops  
and white assurance  
making free verse in the fields  
the tans and greens  
roaming, wildly  
with a glass of heaven in their shoes.

*Jeff Mores*  
*Minneapolis, MN*

## Visit our Website!

- Find open mics and readings in Minneapolis  
and selected communities
- See work from previous issues, including  
featured artists
- Submit your work to Karawane
- Find links to other great artists' and literary  
websites

[www.karawane.org](http://www.karawane.org)

asleep on the door, swings through. 1 gets shoved forward,  
collapses to the floor; pizzas scatter, and The Pizza Man falls  
on top of 1 and sleeps.  
1, 2, 3, and The Pizza Man sleep.

Silence, except for sounds of sleep. Motionless, except for  
movements of sleep. Fifteen seconds.

1 shoves The Pizza Man. No response.  
1, 2, 3, and The Pizza Man sleep. Ten seconds.  
1 again shoves The Pizza Man. No response.  
1, 2, 3, and The Pizza Man sleep. Five seconds.  
1, with every bit of strength, shoves The Pizza Man.  
The Pizza Man rolls off of 1 and sleeps.

1, 2, 3, and The Pizza Man sleep. Ten seconds.  
1, slowly and painfully, attempts to drag himself to the chair.  
1 fails, sleeps.  
1, 2, 3, and The Pizza Man sleep.

Silence, except for sounds of sleep. Motionless, except for  
movements of sleep. Five seconds.

The Pizza Man's pager begins to beep.  
Lights begin to fade, thirty seconds.

3, slowly and painfully, attempts to drag himself to The Pizza  
Man's pager. 3 fails, sleeps.  
1, 2, 3, and The Pizza Man sleep.  
The pager continues to beep.

3- slowly and painfully, with every bit of strength- resumes  
dragging himself to The Pizza Man's pager.

Lights complete.  
END OF PLAY.

*Jared Stein*  
*North Hollywood, CA*  
FourthWorld@att.net

## ***In A Drizzle***

*--for Arthur Suarez, 1912-1998*

By the time the blue  
reaches here, this feeling  
may be over, another  
Ravel piano composition  
playing--though the bronze llama  
we found in a courtyard shop  
in Cuzco  
will continue  
standing on the bookshelf  
staring at the blank wall--  
like a memory,  
or when someone dies  
and you can never  
know them  
in any fresher way.

When you were young, you hoped  
to develop  
friendships with whomever  
came your way.  
People might not be as simple  
as you saw them,  
just as language  
might be grappled with to mean  
more,  
a kind of music,  
or the clouds' endless  
transformations--even when  
it's drizzly gray, and rain  
patters on the sidewalk  
like happy voices.

Hope  
is sky blue and has faith  
in magic, like the sun  
behind a drizzly day.  
Death seems  
like an exhaustion,  
but may just be  
a temporary  
set.

***Joe Somoza***  
***Las Cruces, NM***

[josomoza@nmsu.edu](mailto:josomoza@nmsu.edu)

---

## **America Now:** ***sing-song-all-fall-down***

It is raining paper.  
We are walking with the children  
under the explosion of a fiery glare  
and in and out of the wreckage of candy stores  
because the children need sweetness.

Our shadows are moving with them  
like nursery rhyme clouds  
against the harshness of this sudden light.  
And we hover just above them and off to the sides  
of their crunching procession  
through this dust and paper rain, shattered glass  
and sparkling candies  
that lay strewn like the broken pillars of abandoned rules  
here at ground zero--this horizon of their new heritage.

We are singing to the children  
that there is still something to want here,  
some morsel of sweetness  
at the center of every shattered day they'll ever see--  
sweetness that may be picked from the shards,  
placed safely in their small mouths  
and rolled pinkly with their tongues  
that will not, we strain to promise, *cut*.

But we, squinting the nursery-rhyme sky  
for our own safety in sheltering clouds,  
hear a mixture of *sing-song-all-fall-down*:

Humpty-Dumpty built a great wall.  
Humpty-Dumpty watched it all fall...

Mary had a Loving Man  
his briefcase fell like snow  
and everywhere that Mary looked  
the Fear began to glow...

Jack be nimble  
Jack be quick  
Jack jumped out of the candlestick....

Who's afraid of the box-cutter boys  
The box-cutter boys  
The box-cutter boys...

Stones break scissors  
scissors cut paper  
paper cuts clouds...

passion snaps reason  
planes fuck buildings  
firemen run up

rumors stab truth  
rubble eats pistols  
cell phones pierce tombs

T.V. shrinks vision  
religion talks terror  
Christians are falling

---

the top is the bottom  
     Hebrews are falling  
         meetings evaporate  
  
 Moslems are falling  
     rendezvous canceled  
         moguls are crying  
  
 elevators *zing*  
         love letters float  
         wedding plans end  
  
         mothers are airborne  
         daddies are doornails  
         hands flee the body  
  
 rings leave their fingers  
     Sand-castle-skyscrapers  
         ears full of choking  
  
 children need sweetness  
     children need sweetness  
         children need sweetness.....  
  
 Here's dust for your underwear  
     glass for your eyes  
 Here's Gravity's memory  
     John Wayne's surprise...  
  
     Galileo's the enemy  
         it's a Wright Brothers' curse  
 So *sky-dive* or *fry*  
         and Hail the Hearse...  
  
     and paper is falling  
         cause paper can't die  
 and paper is falling  
     like asbestos birds  
     and paper is falling  
         and paper has words  
     and words can be saviors  
         of conscience and vision  
 or words can be sabers  
     of anthrax and rust  
  
     and children need sweetness  
         in New York's collision  
  
     and children need candy  
         when walking through dust  
             -the kind  
                 they can eat  
                     and can trust  
                         will not *cut*.

**Larry Harris**  
**Redding, CA**  
[lharris@suhsd.net](mailto:lharris@suhsd.net)

## reading a life

by a single lamp  
 the man standing naked  
 his skin wrapped in words  
 swirling in seven languages

rapt in the book he reads  
 writing himself into lists, one thousand  
 years old, somehow still new:

"everything indigo is exquisite"

does the flower, the paper, the ink  
 know he worships them: their vibrancy?  
 it matters only to the ribs  
 inflating releasing the words  
 "lovers" and "hijau" and "spice"  
 and "arigato"

and "sleep" written in the thighs  
 the word "golden" in Greek letters  
 spread across his breast  
 his arms spiraled with poems  
 to hymns to mirrors to trains, dark  
 terrors he had as a boy  
 now read in books he treasures  
 a library of intentions, inscriptions,  
 the mosses of silence

**Art Durkee**  
**Minneapolis, MN**

[stickdragn@aol.com](mailto:stickdragn@aol.com)

<http://3.avatarreview.com:8081/dragoncave/>  
<http://3.avatarreview.com:8081/BDP/>

will allow me to print copies at home. This will allow me greater control of our press run, page count, and frequency of publication. Within two issues or so, the advertising will pay for the printer and then I hope to be able to pay artists by late 2002. We can also always use donations or advertising to help us cover costs and get money into the hands of these talented artists. If you'd like to donate, or know of a venue in your community that would like to advertise with us in print and on the web, please contact me. We'll pay you a commission and send our advertiser a bundle of magazines that they can sell to recoup their investment. Everyone wins!! We need the help of our readers around the country to make us a truly national magazine.

Out of room . . . Peace.

*Laura*

*The unself-consciousness of insanity. Is it closer to naturalism? How does it relate to withdrawal from our current unnatural world (see below)?*

Allen Ginsberg: With a headache self-conscious.

Julian Beck: I end with questions because I have no answers.

## Waiter, there's a fly in my navel: some meandering thoughts on performance art and "the personal is political"

Reading and studying the work of Julian Beck and the Living Theatre: some of it seems hopelessly dated and naive in our cynical postmodern world. Notions that the "revolutionary theatre" will save the world. Yes discussion on the mysterious theatre, my thoughts on theatre as ritual and the alchemy of human electricity and interaction. How do I tear down my own walls before I can demand it from my audience? Or DO WE DO IT TOGETHER?

The pendulum is going to swing back from the intensely personal in performance art and I think, beyond the confines of our narrowly-defined communities. Defining community may help you target an audience or get grants and has served a function through the 70s and 80s liberation movements and consciousness raising of identity politics. It was an important phase in our development as a nation and art had a major role to play in the transformation of our consciousness. It will continue to have a place in the developing consciousness of young artists and young people in general as they struggle to understand themselves and their place in the world. But as an artistic approach, it has a definite "been there, done that" feeling.

Likewise, in the decades following World War II and the release of information about the actual horrors of the war, in a world throwing off imperialistic rule and a world weary from treaty-based and politically-motivated wars, it is not hard to imagine the need for a collective **PRIMAL SCREAM** in the theatre, in the streets, in the movies.

The personal is political, but that cuts both ways.

The intensely personal in performance art and theatre, "telling your story", parallels the confessional mode in poetry. It also has reached its pop culture culmination in "reality-based" television--talk shows, game shows, COPS, etc. Everyone is grasping for their time in the limelight. Walk down the street of any city and you will see constant streams of people clamoring for attention--rapping, singing, engaged in self-conscious glances, over-the-shoulder witty conversations, loud arguments on the cell phone. As the personal becomes political, it also becomes public, and our internal lives become public. We are ON 24/7. We are all ON candid camera.

<<How does this relate to my notion that the living are the inflight movie to the afterlife? Is this the hook?>>

### ARCHETYPES

There is something beyond confession, beyond "we are the world" the theatre of microcosm MICROGASM.

The whole IS greater than its parts, one person rarely changes the world, catalysis is not global all metal does not rust at once what is "global" what is the meteor's impact how do we stop saying "Thank god it's not me."

In the street a poor man and a yuppie standing together holding signs:

Will Work for Food

Thank God It's Not Me

# THANK GOD IT'S



# NOT ME

What tears at my sense of security? What touches me? Sister Souljah's comment--if it affected affluent white people the way it does people in the projects, then it would be taken care of. But would it? Concern and fear only breed police and national guard. The "establishment" will PROTECT ITSELF, not make amends.

What if every time the audience starts to "get it" or feel comfortable, we find a way to pull the rug out from under them? What if we did that to ourselves--to the actors, too?

**CONSUMER GOODS ARE MASS-PRODUCED TO ALLOW US TO EXPRESS OUR INDIVIDUALITY.**

AS ARCHETYPES?	MONOTYPE	STEREOTYPE
<p>We live in a non natural world. Disconnected at times from our true selves, unable to act upon our true desires or impulses. So how can naturalism in the theatre hold up a mirror to this culture? When someone sees a stilted characterization, an absentia, I want them to see a piece of themselves and ask the question: IS THAT ME?</p> <p>People talk on their cell phones--on dates, at dinner, at the movies, at the theatre. WHEN IS YOUR LIFE? What is IMPORTANT ENOUGH in your life for you to be present for? Why is your life ALWAYS SOMEWHERE ELSE? The final embodiment of Vladimir and Estragon.</p> <p>I am guilty of my own questions--my desire to shatter you yet to remain intact.</p> <p>People talk about what comes "after" the body: the <u>most</u> personal, confessional element, venue for performance art: tattoo, nudity, HAIR, etc. What is next--hologram, computer generation?</p> <p>Maybe what comes next is what came BEFORE. How are our bodies vessels? Vessels of what? What are we "wired" for? God gene--electricity--touch? Why does electricity kill us? Not scientifically, but philosophically?</p> <p><b>WHY?</b></p>		<p>How does that merge OVERWHELM US? Now--more than ever--in an age of cloning, artificial intelligence, the supposed obolensense of humanity--what IS unique about us? WERE WE EVER NEEDED? The less we perceive ourselves as having a function, the greater our existential dilemma. And if science and machines were discovered, manipulated to SERVE life, then what is point when they REPLACE life? What is the point of the replication of a soulless machine. If we are soulless ourselves, what was the point of our own replication? The ancient questions have never left us. What are the ways in which we become more machine like, where we are robbed of our selves.</p> <p>Ritual and religion recognize the importance of raising ENERGY of living beings to conduct magic. Is that not the point of theatre? The energy between living beings together? WHERE IS THE ALCHEMY? IT HAS TO BE THERE--HOW DO WE GET AT IT!!!!!!</p> <p>I want to talk about things no one ever &lt;WANTS TO&gt; think about &lt;ANYMORE&gt;</p>

**Laura Winton, Minneapolis, MN**

fluffysingler@prodigy.net  
 www.fluffysingler.homestead.com  
 www.karawane.org

---

## the third kiss/el tercer beso (or how we arabs say good-bye)

*for AC who taught me how*

in my culture we say good-bye with not one kiss but two sometimes three this is also how we say hello dos besos one on each cheek

i will take yr face querido i will take yr face into las manos n hold it turn it towards the light that i may c it touch it lean my own face against it kiss it each side knowing that i have a whole world in my hands my lips will linger perhaps a moment too long pero solamente un momentito i will look into yr eyes beyond them look inward go inside u like the many times u went inside me n we will know querido we will know it is time

en mi cultura we say good-bye no con un beso pero dos y a veces tres this is also how we say hello dos besos one on each cachete

but no querido u will not b receiving the third kiss tonite we give out el beso only sometimes

those times when we r tired or drunk or in a hurry those times when we have gone thru room after room of relatives kissing so many cheeks that we lose count so that the rooms swirl before us n all we can c es labios rojos y partidos de besando y mejillas rojas y doloridas de pellizcando a mental checklist in our head reminding us of whose cachetes r next of how many more we have ta go n how we r even related ta these people ta begin with n there r those times when we r outside the home around our elders when we want ta show them el respeto that they deserve (in those situations it is best ta kiss one too many times than one too few) there r also those times cuando está con alguien holding them being held by them when u don't want ta let go cuando un beso leads ta another y un otro y un otro y un otro until finally u lose count bcuz u want ta

pero ahora no es uno de aquellos tiempos no querido u will not b receiving the third kiss tonite u r not my relative n u r not my elder n i am neither drunk nor tired nor in a hurry n as of tonite u r no longer my lover so no querido u will not b receiving el tercer beso tonite now is not one of those times ven ven a mi ven a mi querido offer up ta me yr face so that i may take it into las manos y sujétalo turn it towards the light that i may c it y tocalo lean my own face against it y besalo each side one last time knowing that yo tengo el mundo entero en las manos mis labios will linger perhaps a moment too long pero solamente un momentito i will look into tus ojos beyond them look inward go inside u like the many times u went inside me n we will know querido we will know we will know it is time ta say good-bye say good-bye querido may u walk in beauty n may u find peace good-bye good-bye querido good-bye

***Ahimsa Timoteo Bodhrán***

***New York, NY***

Previously published in The Evergreen Chronicles

---

# Shelter from the Cold

*Joe Speer, Nashville, TN*

beatlick@bellsouth.net

www.geocities.com/beatlick/beatlick.html

**Scene:** A New York City efficiency apartment in winter.

## Characters:

**Rose Shelley:** A young businesswoman knocked off course by a sudden storm.

**Sammy Chad:** A middle age man who lives alone.

*Sammy makes sure the door is locked. He hides keys, prepares hot soup and gives a bowl to Rose.*

**Rose:** Thank you. I needed something warm.

**Sammy:** You're welcome.

**Rose:** I'm wondering. When I came in here, was I wearing... I mean, where are my clothes?

**Sammy:** Your gown?

**Rose:** Yes.

**Sammy:** It was wet so I hung it up to dry.

**Rose:** And my shoes?

**Sammy:** You mean those slippers?

**Rose:** Yes.

**Sammy:** I put them in the oven to dry out and then accidentally turned it up when I was preparing a frozen dinner. I forgot about them. They got cooked.

**Rose:** You ate my shoes?

**Sammy:** No. I just charred your footwear beyond recognition.

**Rose:** Oh.

**Sammy:** I'm sorry.

**Rose:** If the fire is over don't burn yourself about it.

**Sammy:** They weren't in salvageable condition anyhow.

**Rose:** No, you're probably right.

**Sammy:** They looked like they were made by a convict out of last month's classifieds.

**Rose:** They were satin.

**Sammy:** Oh.

**Rose:** With lace edges.

**Sammy:** Well.

**Rose:** They cost \$250.

**Sammy:** Two hundred fifty dollars. You are trying to throw dust in my eyes to make me feel guilty.

**Rose:** It doesn't matter. I can replace them easily enough.

**Sammy:** They were so flimsy looking. Even a thrift store would be embarrassed to set them out on the shelf.

**Rose:** They were for my upcoming wedding.

**Sammy:** You'll have to reschedule. You can't approach the altar barefoot.

**Rose:** Don't fret about it.

**Sammy:** Your soup is cooling off. Why don't you eat?

**Rose:** Have we met? (She puts on a robe and gets up.)

**Sammy:** When?

**Rose:** I can't remember meeting you.

**Sammy:** Well, we didn't exactly meet but...

**Rose:** But what?

**Sammy:** You arrived unexpectedly.

**Rose:** I just abruptly cast anchor here?

**Sammy:** And then you fell asleep for a long time.

**Rose:** I just took my clothes off and went to sleep?

**Sammy:** Well, not exactly. You fainted.

**Rose:** I don't remember fainting.

**Sammy:** You were splayed out like a jellyfish on shore.

**Rose:** How did I wake up in this bed?

**Sammy:** I tucked you in. You collapsed on the floor so I couched you in a warm comfortable place.

**Rose:** Thanks for your kindness.

**Sammy:** (He puts something into her soup) Why don't you sit down? (Forces her to sit.) Here, you should have some soup. (He tries to feed her.)

**Rose:** What are you doing?

**Sammy:** You need to eat.

**Rose:** I can feed myself. Do you think I'm an invalid who needs a LPN to make house visits?

**Sammy:** No. (He gives her a spoon.)

**Rose:** Excuse me. (She eats.)

**Sammy:** The soup will fortify your energy.

**Rose:** I don't know what's wrong with me.

**Sammy:** It probably still gripes you that I roasted your shoes.

**Rose:** No. Forget the shoes. (She gets up again.) Listen, I'd better go. Where am I anyway?

**Sammy:** You're in my apartment.

**Rose:** I have people to call.

**Sammy:** What people?

**Rose:** I want my parents to know I'm alright. And my car needs to be moved. I stopped... I'm very dizzy all of a sudden.

**Sammy:** I think you need to eat more.

**Rose:** I was feeling fine. I don't ever get dizzy. I play tennis twice a week. I'm a member of an arm wrestling team. The last time I was even remotely queasy was after a long stint on the stair master.

**Sammy:** I think you are just famished.

**Rose:** I was scared out there. But with good reason. I saw a car slam into a bus. The storm was unrelenting and visibility was nil. I was on my way to a gallery opening that included a silent auction of Russian icon paintings. The snow and ice brought traffic to a standstill. I wasn't dressed to deal with a blizzard. I tried to walk to the subway but got disoriented. You can imagine that would make anyone dizzy. Don't you think so?

**Sammy:** Absolutely. Why don't you eat a muffin with honey?

**Rose:** No, thank you.

**Sammy:** It will fortify your fructose level.

**Rose:** You are a kind person.

**Sammy:** What kind of person?

**Rose:** The kind of person who watches out for others.

**Sammy:** You have me pegged wrong. The milk of human kindness has soured my disposition.

**Rose:** Do you live alone?

**Sammy:** Yes.

**Rose:** No wife or...

**Sammy:** Are you done? *(He takes her food away.)*

**Rose:** My name is Shelley Rose .

**Sammy:** My name is Sammy Chad.

**Rose:** You have been very kind.

**Sammy:** You were almost frozen. I didn't do anything one wouldn't do for a lost feline.

**Rose:** Well, I appreciate it and will give you payment in kind very soon. I must go now. *(Rose goes to the door.)*

**Sammy:** Where are you going?

**Rose:** I have a life to resume and people waiting for me.

**Sammy:** The storm is still raging out there. Sit down.

**Rose:** Excuse me, but I have to get back in circulation.

**Sammy:** You are in a tizzy. Sit down and relax. *(He grabs her.)*

**Rose:** What are you doing to me?

**Sammy:** I can't let you go out there.

**Rose:** Let me go.

**Sammy:** No. I won't let you out of here. I warmed you up with my own body while you were asleep. We are connected now and I don't want you to leave.

**Rose:** OK. Don't get riled. Listen, could I have some hot tea?

**Sammy:** Sure.

**Rose:** My grandpa used to say when in doubt, brew up. I'll fix a hot cup and it will clear our minds.

**Sammy:** There is some instant ginseng on the shelf.

**Rose:** Why don't you sit down?

**Sammy:** Yeah. *(He sits with his back to her.)*

**Rose:** I'll just set the water to boil. *(She finds a set of keys)*

**Sammy:** I shouldn't give a hoot what you do.

**Rose:** That's right.

**Sammy:** If you want to dig your car out I should give you a spoon and say have at it.

**Rose:** Don't fret about my car. *(She tries the keys in the door.)*

**Sammy:** Put on your slushy gown and trek around in the wind.

**Rose:** No, I'd rather not. *(She continues trying to open the door.)*

**Sammy:** I'll loan you an overcoat and scarf and you can brave the elements.

**Rose:** I'm making tea right now.

**Sammy:** I guess you hold a grudge because I toasted your golden slippers.

**Rose:** I said it doesn't matter. Forget it.

**Sammy:** I took them off your feet. They were crumpled and papery or satiny. I wanted to get all your clothes out of sight. It made it seem like you lived here.

**Rose:** Yeah.

**Sammy:** So I put your shoes in the oven and forgot to take them out when I turned it on to cook a dinner. I normally crank it up to 450 degrees and wait for the red light to go off.

**Rose:** Is that right?

**Sammy:** I was just acting naturally when I destroyed your shoes. No malicious intent. That's the whole story. *(He turns to look at her.)*

**Rose:** Useless. *(She hides keys)* The shoes are useless.

**Sammy:** You know I feel crumbly about toasting your shoes, especially ones earmarked for your deluxe day. Who is the lucky dude?

**Rose:** You don't know him. He lectures on film history with emphasis on the directors of the French New Wave. He was recently at the Cinematheque where he spoke on the work of Eric Rohmer and Claude Chabrol.

**Sammy:** Don't tell me. I don't want to know. I'm only concerned if he is right for you. How will he support you?

**Rose:** I don't need anyone to support me. I make my own way in the world. But if you want to know he makes on line investments from his cell phone.

**Sammy:** I don't think you should marry him. He may not live long enough to keep you happy, especially if he is gabbing on the phone while making a U turn.

**Rose:** What do you know about it?

**Sammy:** I saw a tinge of loneliness in your eyes. I know all about being alone. I seldom go anywhere. I've never even seen a Lou Reed concert. I go to work and pick up a frozen dinner on the way home. An exciting evening for me is reading my electronic junk mail. But you being here has changed my life. You put the mo in my momentum.

**Rose:** Slow down Sammy. Your motor is revved but your wheels are spinning.

**Sammy:** My emotions are spinning. Why don't you stay here with me? I'll even subscribe to cable so you can watch A & E.

**Rose:** I might consider if...

**Sammy:** If what?

**Rose:** If you let me go out to collect some of my clothes.

**Sammy:** You are trying to trick me. If I let you out you won't come back.

**Rose:** I'll come back. I promise. I just need a few personal items.

**Sammy:** I'll buy you whatever you need. From now on you will live with me.

**Rose:** You don't understand. I have a full live out there. I can't stay cooped up like your pet. Buy yourself a house cat.

**Sammy:** I'll take care of you. You just stay here.

**Rose:** No. *(She bangs on the door.)* Help. I'm held hostage. Someone help me. *(Sammy tries to silence her. He smothers her with a pillow.)*

**Sammy:** Be a good girl and stay quiet. That's it. *(He notices she doesn't move.)* Rose. Are you trying to trick me? You think you can play dead so I'll call 911. No way. *(He listens for a heartbeat. Checks her breathing.)* Damn it Rose. You should have listened to me. This is your fault. What to do now. I brought you in from the cold and I can take you back. *(He drags her outside and dumps her body in the snow. He returns to his kitchen.)* She didn't finish her tea. *(He adds sugar and drinks it.)* It's her fault. Uppity bitch. She came to me. I'm the kind of person that takes care of people. Aaahh. she would have frozen to death anyway.

# Poetry

The poet is fucking dead!

Would he have lived so passionately if he had known it would kill him?

No one knows, and he's not here to clue us.

He loved with totality, one at a time. He owned liberty, but still, there was only one woman at a time. Sadly, time had been running out. His insatiable love demanded new horizons, new lovers, new extremes. He spilled his passion in the form of letters. Every poem exposed an open wound. People cried and lamented not wishing to heal him. He gave a radical live-show of life. Dreaming was too easy, but others could dream with his words. His lines fed them with renewed desires. Yet, he knew that dreaming was for those who couldn't afford the price of living.

When he was a boy, he used to watch his parents when they slept. He had had to make sure that their chests waved up and down, that they were breathing. They were not aware of it. He lived his fear in a complete solitude. It had never occurred to him that existed ways to calm down. He watched their bodies breathing and he was temporarily relieved. When they woke up, he fought them.

Perhaps he was born revolted. What else could explain his stubborn ferocity?

One day, when he had been studying, his uncle entered the classroom. His arms were folded like wings of death. The poet realized he hadn't guarded his parents' life well enough. They died anyway. It was unbearable, and it lasted forever.

The grief filled him with ever-stronger urges. He swallowed moments with lust. He lived their three lives, all at the same time. But then he met Fay.

She sat in the bar drinking much, much beer. He looked at her and perceived her fair skin and her inner darkness. He couldn't take his eyes off of her. She had a very adult sort of beauty. The looks of someone who demand life. She seemed secure and confident in the only-for-adults' atmosphere. He wanted to get intimate with her, and to be able to understand it. To try penetration. She turned to him when he stood beside her. He had hungry eyes and beautiful black curls. There was something vulnerable in the way he called the barman. She smiled.

Later on, she told him: "Have me! Shed me! Let me be your poetry."

He thought it was the call he had always expected. It dragged his heart out, ready on the floor for her to dance on it.

That dance was lethal.

She possessed him, and he wrote in a way he had not written before. His poems became so powerful, they occupied every open space in his readers' souls. He lived their loves. He confronted their desperation and fears of loss.

Fay told him: "I am your poetry, you cannot lose me anymore." But her confidence couldn't reach him.

She also said: "We can melt our minds together. We can make them one."

And they drugged themselves, and drank themselves, and embraced themselves, and when they united their bodies, their brains transmitted one wavelength only. It was the most devastating experience they could invent. They lost themselves. They couldn't separate their thoughts. Their emotions were completely mixed, and the passion emerged already united. The explosion was one.

It was not the alcohol, nor the drugs they became addicted to. Maybe their bodies were dependent, but not their minds. No. It was the loss of separate realities they turned addicted to. They couldn't handle life alone anymore. The interweaved existence turned a necessity.

They constructed their days with their own destruction. Who knows. Perhaps they felt the supreme happiness. His body was weaker. He passed away first.

She cried her heart out. Furious poetry lovers called her "the black widow". His abandoned followers wanted to tear her apart. They suffered violently because the dream was over. As for her, her life that was over anyway. She let herself go, too.

Would he have lived differently, had he known?

**Avital Gad Cykman**

**Sao Paulo, Brazil**

a\_ani@hotmail.com

# Rainvoices

*Art Durkee*

*Minneapolis, MN*

The texts of Rainvoices may be performed singly or as a group, live or via tape, as staged performance or radio broadcast, in any combination of voices, and in flexible order. Rainvoices may be realized as a unified piece for performance at any point along the continuum from live to taped performance: for example, as a piece for virtuoso speakers, or for actor/reader(s) and tape, or for voices on tape, with or without sound effects (e.g., ambient recordings of thunderstorms) or additional music. The words themselves are the music; the act of reading aloud is the performance of the music of speech.

## Atomic Jazz

Heavenly breeze  
with dancing hands  
blowing through summer windows  
in the fall  
music screaming  
over disco car speakers  
and an old-home jam with Jimi  
on Lyndale Avenue  
headed into Wednesday evening  
with the feeling of The Doors  
and something yet to be discovered  
prophet nights  
flickering hums  
sloshing noodles  
reservoirs of unplanned discovery  
turning green and yellow

with blurry lamps  
inviting traffic signals  
and acceleration  
hours after poetry opened it's mouth  
on computer screens  
and inside bus stop shelters  
words and meals  
drunken dinners  
visions of morning newspapers,  
walking on dirty sidewalks  
my ink drying on notebook paper  
as the atmosphere rises from its knees  
exhaling atomic jazz  
onto city streets.

*Jeff Mores*

*Minneapolis, MN*

[mores@mindspring.com](mailto:mores@mindspring.com)

## *what the thunder said*

crackling fire of lightning blue white  
boomoumoum sound and mind  
dragons roaring  
boulders avalanching  
ground across the arch of sky  
bdidikishKOWkkoowboumoumoumoum  
sound cascading like a spreading fan  
echoing echoing  
from walls of air its huge sound  
wound by unwinding fire  
spreading filling rolling  
across ribbed valleys and hills  
waves of dragons' voices

the hills said: gdidikishbkowkowKOUmmmmmkroowdowowow  
the rain said: ssssplishpitiktikbloopkishkishpititsss  
disfigured by lightning  
the forked tree replied:  
but can't you see it, tinthinin,  
wind, winding out, sprung, bolt broken,  
snapped between mountains, canyons roaring, jackknifing,  
snapped, splintered, spat and reformed, bou-oum,  
ouboumkthintin boum,  
in, int, instant, instantly composed?  
earth unending, shaken to the root

\*\*\*\*\*

## *soliloquy*

"the last time i was on this island  
was the last time it rained here.  
where i am is what i am.

"it's a creed. it's something  
you believe in, regardless of the facts,  
regardless of what anyone else believes,  
regardless of the cost.  
it's not a choice. does the rain  
choose to fall, or where it will?  
you have to be ready, always.

"i had a dream, once,  
that i was sitting back with mouth and eyes  
open to the rain, and slowly drowning.  
i became a statue miraculously weeping.  
when the bones of my house  
wore down to nothing, only i  
was left, white and uncaring.  
then the wind and the sand came,  
and i was scattered into pebbles.  
it would never rain there again.

"there's a story they tell here:  
the young prince was in the forest,  
meditating, when he was attacked by demons.  
they were hideous things.  
the prince roused in time to save himself,

and the fury of the battle  
set the woods ablaze. the prince  
fled one way, the demons another.  
the prince ran for hours, days,  
with the flames chasing him;  
the running became his whole world,  
and it was some time before he outran the flames  
and knew he was safe. but when he stopped running,  
he realized he was lost. this part of the forest  
was very dark, and very silent;  
night had fallen and there were no stars.  
they use this story to frighten small children,  
brown knees and arms huddled together  
in the fireglow.  
what a terrible thing it must be,  
to be alone.

"this is what moves in my mind  
when the skies hang low and thick,  
when the thunder calls,  
when the rains come walking.  
that's every day, here."

\*\*\*\*\*

### *rainvoices*

rainvoiced, forever soft shaped, dark formed, white fungi,  
lineage ancient blended soil, earth pocked dancing  
with airwater, drop foamed, seen by touch, scraped along loam,  
earth stones unwashed, washed, shaken, spattered, spick, spack,  
spatter, krikitch, didoop, kikikit, fooosh, pluplupkitkitit,  
white veined wood speckled vine, moss garden home, unending, oh unendendend,  
grey sky light, shadows silver on, edge silvered green above, leaves  
struck silvered in wet light, red brown roof tiles silvered, wetly  
dripping lines, radiating, converging, torrents between,  
leaves fallen drowned, filtered brown red yellow shimmer, white touch,  
rough earth, shaped rough, pounded roughened churned, scored split rain,  
axblade edged high splitting rain face up to finehewn edge,  
hear the order, stones spattering, splitting, spitting radiant, walking,  
the innate, raincape fluttering clips brown legs walking, spattered  
mud, mud spattering, cold tear flowing, ruffles splashed steps,  
mudbrown covering bare feet, the immanent, splish splash koosh,  
path streaming drowned, insect-eaten, the inhuman, red flowers  
waving, bobbing yellow brushes, stamen dripping light, the innate order,  
hearthspun woven dark bread cloth leaves earth rotting hide torn,  
fallen greens, falling, yellow greens, young rice, black old trees falling,  
old stately vines,  
up, in, shaped shaping wind, break his hand,  
cross it, turn it out inside, under roof of rain, hold, up in  
whirling hands, flowers spitting fire, sparks the beasts ignore,  
lifting their faces to smell the sky, emptily eyeing oncoming drooling  
clouds, hold, hold forever vertical walls forged from rain silvered  
in grey light, down, circle dance of black white rain raining on  
silvering leaves, down, torrents plummet, fallen, sky weeping,  
earth weeping, bunched shoulders of stone holding the air afloat,  
sympathy, structure, burnished form, now dipping, now turning, falling  
spick spack spatter rrrmmkikkkkoummmrroar, tiktikkktintinthinn,  
bipbipbipidip, kikikit, krrrip, kitingitingit, rrrmroar, gedendeninthintin

## Sequestered in Dreaming

Do you understand how it is to be unsuited to this world? By temperament, not by skill. To see that you are competent, with skills and talents and fingers that fly over typewriter keys and keypads and a brain that quickly calculates percentages or pushes right buttons on the calculator or designs pretty charts and pictures and brochures and they don't see you hold your head in your hands when no one is around. There is no excuse for an unfit temperament. Can't cope. Unstable. There are labels, but no excuse.

---

Beige. Everything is beige. The walls are beige the elevator beige the carpet beige the bathroom. Only blood on the paper I wipe between my legs breaks the beige and I want to smear it on the walls before I scream and run away. I am beige. I am not a person "of color". Beige is a color invented by people with no color to make themselves feel better. I sit on the toilet, pants and underwear all the way up as if I am at my desk and shake, try to keep my muscles from bursting out of my beige skin and I talk myself back down.

At 3:00 every day it becomes interminably hot in the subatomic basement. Lower level three. I take off my shirt in the beige room within a beige room and lean against the toilet with a silver pipe for my spine. It is cold enough to hurt even though - because - my flesh is so warm. I put my head in my hands and fight the urge to get up and go back to my desk.

---

Perhaps I am the Japanese soldier of myth. Stranded in the jungle, no one delivered the news that the war was over. That we *lost*. That my way of life is over. Think of the old people who talk about the old ways and try to hold us back from progress, from we think, liberation. But I sit in beige walls with my hands over my eyes, trying to remember how I ended up here. What arranged marriage brought me to this place and what keeps me from running away and not looking back. What dowry ties me to this chair, to this keyboard. *Concubine*. Spoils of victory. I march down the hallway hands over my head in surrender, carrying boxes of files and notebooks and pens. Tools that should be mine, taken away from me, used for purposes not my own.

I should get another job. A different job. A better job with more money and "benefits" but the only benefits are the ones that allow you to get up and leave when you want to and ride buses when you want to and be on the way to where you need to be going. I am unwilling in spirit. The flesh knows better. The flesh knows what puts a roof over it, what feeds and clothes it. Flesh follows an automatic path to door to bus to keyed entry into the building. To elevator to cubicle and there it sits.

---

It's difficult to be an American and behave yourself. Children in the candy store. Everything's here and when I feel disgusted I also feel pity. Unsupervised we are unable to say

no to toys and gadgets and games. It's all too easy. We use up most of the world's resources in a heartbeat without even thinking. Everything so easily gotten, so easily tossed away. Even the most careful intent is thwarted. There is little land to go back to, little memory in our flesh of how to live simply. Everything is disposable. Convenient. Complicated. It's hard to say no.

---

From the back of the bus a brown face speaks loudly to everyone and maybe to the person sitting beside him. "You don't respect me. I know it. Your country. You treat me like a dog. Your country don't respect me."

Grandmothers cover young ears beside them and the blonde women in the front exchange a knowing glance. No one dares to look behind them to see the face of the speaker. *Goodbye and good riddance* the old woman calls after him as she replaces him in his seat.

I think "Amen, Brother" and sneer at the old woman as we both pull our bags closer to ourselves and hunker further into our seats.

---

Las Vegas is a city built by a gangster in the middle of a desert, not so very far from a huge hole in the ground. By day it is plain and squat and by air almost all of the houses have red roofs. It is the hugest toy store in the world. It tries to convince you you are everywhere at once. Paris. New York. Las Vegas. Heaven. By day it is ugly and beige the color of sand and at night it is all the stars in every universe condensed into multicolored neon and its powers are irresistible by mortal men. Lions live in the casinos and their trainers stroke them into sleep amid an amazing din not found in nature. Ambulance sirens are everywhere and hoardes of people parade up and down the strip all night following the sound of bells at pavlovian feeding intervals. Las Vegas is a golem.

The story of the golem. The Frankenstein. Monster created out of wish, so beautiful in our dreams. Where Zeus dreams of Athena and she is whole and fierce, our mortal dreams turn to monsters. But the golem is built on words and with words can be defeated, talked out of existence. And with the vanity of a writer unfit for this world I wonder if our golems can't be written out of existence if the Word truly has the power to save anymore. I want to be the antidote. dreaming.

The spirit is unwilling. The body drags me down the hallways. I am tired. Sleepy. I cry through lunch and there is nothing inside me. I hold my head in my hands as long as possible, hope that no one notices me, thinks I am sick and turns away from me. I want to turn beige and blend in. I want to disappear and go unnoticed about my own life. Unfit as I am.

**Laura Winton, Minneapolis**



..make my words into something  
you think you understand.  
I want to become what you would do  
if it all began, again.

Purple  
Green  
Blue

Gin and tonic before breakfast begins

Secret  
Despair  
You

How can the glass hold us in such  
perfect and twinkling suspension?

Again: you

The sound of breaking wood comforts  
any thoughts lingering of your faceless face.

I list my grievances:

morning  
supper  
talking

Before the voice of my neighbor's son changes,  
I will move South.

**Michael Gause**  
**Minneapolis, MN**  
michaelgause@msn.com

## Bullets

I keep picking bullets out of my brain-  
delicate extrication of imaginary metallic  
insects with silver-plated tweezers of  
abstractions because it never ceases  
to fascinate me that that's all it would take  
to silence this din betwixt my ears  
and I'm sure there're plenty of people  
who'd gladly volunteer to resolve this  
sticky process for me this violent transfer  
of grey matter that translates black on white  
into the language of symbols and  
structures reduced to vermilion  
pomegranate guts spewed like the fury  
of some dormant underworld some latent  
incipient Hades in the head a simple reflex  
and you're dead with a careless flick from  
casually irritated fingers I mean not necessarily  
your own directly that is to say fleshly but  
skeletal but metaphorically  
the fragile filigree of philosophy fantasy  
torn to spattered fragments by the elementary  
click of metal vapors humors prepare their departure  
from their brittle prison of bleached bone

*previously published in Edgar: Digested Verse*

**Allison Floyd**  
**San Jose, CA**  
allison\_floyd@hotmail.com

---

## The Silent Pixie

morning sunlight falls  
like dust upon the hard wood floor  
some particles cling to the curtains

others to the crumpled sheets  
all around us white walls absorb day  
the shadow of a small singing bird

an echoed image, rests on the door  
you release your blue breath  
night has been sucking it from you

your chest, heavy, pulsates the bed  
with every sleepy exhale  
I can't see the apple crate

that is our nightstand  
the beating clock hidden from view  
you missed another sunrise

are you dreaming, I can not tell  
your bruise covered arms, I feel  
are my fault

last night, and all week  
you remained awake, cocaine  
the silent pixie

we danced on the clouds  
and rolled on the bed  
today you will sleep

I rest my head on your flesh pillow  
your chest, warm, pulsates my lips  
body heat wraps me

in the fears of another nightfall  
I can't face it without the needle  
I can't face you

**Susan P. Stein**  
**Minneapolis, MN**

## Ballistics Report (Nightly News)

*Dave Okar*  
*Minneapolis, MN*  
[vfromw@yahoo.com](mailto:vfromw@yahoo.com)

A strange stream of forced adherence and the unwritten laws of civil obedience have become a firing squad; fingers sweaty and tense. This is a sham, a continuous slip-stream of lies and sudden innuendo. It deals the last hand and smiles a cracked, toothless essence of gnawing; takes hold the wind and tears at the flesh-covered sky.

During a biological step toward anthropology and the historical ambiguity of murder, I was distracted by the empty virginity of a clean slate and the couple enjoined at the center.

By-blown babe of the alleyways, savant sibling of sewers, you are an idol of curtains and spies. A name tattooed on every bullet. Girlish curves that dress each bomb; legs crossed just so. The list of defeat strays into the corner, it's hand out-turned, pointed toward pictures of you, pinned amid all those promises of being "Most Wanted". The claw-fist raptor with eyes fixed has eaten my liver and so become a whispered reminiscence of that portrait you painted of an unknown woman. The one I was certain had a functional heart layered under that cracked lacquer cleavage. Eerie and accurate abstractions her crooked nipples, an epitome of earth. Their sulphur burns my tongue each time I lick your words from the air.

**ART TEMPLE**

**Are You Sick of Slick TV?**



The question shot through the airwaves of Mpls with the determination of a diesel engine or a metal-shredder. Host Neil Levy and videographer Dave Okarma provide a weekly cure for your commercial-eyed blues.

**Channel 33**



**Saturdays 9 PM**

**MTN in MPLS**

## DOGME 2000

Interesting people are loners. you can't meet them. get out! can't break up their marriages or usurp their secret fire escape lovers. there are none; the walk alone. who produced these individuals? not Madison Avenue or Milan. tattoos, interesting? piercings, interesting? very long hair, very short hair, interesting? vintage clothing; high fashion? *interested?* interested *yet?* bisexual? interracial? boho? like on T.V.! not weird enough. who paved the way for identity (not these people). consider the intelligentsia of time: bit thinkers in smoky backrooms. all in ugly suits & ties. members of the Bauhaus, of Dada, private salons & think tanks. *outside* the university(often); outside the court. creators of the thinking-edge. can't even read their writing! they looked like narcs! they were uncool. they were *very* uncool. so square, they'd level the world beyond its shrunken-head tattoos & all its affect. they freaked out. & it freaked people out. like Ulysses & The Rite of Spring. when we rant that 'it's just looks' or 'all is vanity', we imply that there is something *else*. there may NOT be! What do people care about? look at the pyramid of THINGS, PEOPLE; IDEAS(materialism, Jerry Springer, & original thought) *interesting?* why did the punk cross the road? he was stapled to a chicken. what do you think skinheads talk about? punk rock? they talk about their families & their jobs. WHAT is interesting? WHO is? what is *radical?* who made the PROTOTYPE? why copy it? my moral: why copy anything? you want to be unique but first you have to be a true *individual*: that means no more cliques. no more TEAMS. no more GIRLFRIENDS. no more BOYfriends. NO MORE PROPS. but see how eventually the underground goes *middleground*...'Liberal' sees expensive copper pan at Williams-Sonoma. want-to-buy. forget about grassroots & Marxism. artists& cultural neighborhoods strewn with 100lb boys (crystal meth bulimia) entire city of boys & that *prop*: either a girl, a dog, a cellphone, or snarling or spitting on the street with that ridiculous SWAGGER. where have I seen that before? oh yeah. EVERYWHERE!(or male couples)...the world is full of E.M. Forster women & Anne Tyler men. the barback is a D.J. Star! your girlfriend's in a review about temping for Amazon.com. the real horror of the modern city — the *unreal* city — today is its hypocritical MINDSET: young, hip, plugged into the web & can't think for itself! wait for it to be DECIDED! so we have corporate-endorsed ravewear & syndicated prison-issue Hip Hop. all you you won't be BEAT UP(fashion isn't as brave as it is fearful). loners are never cool. James Dean was an interpretation. I'm lonely in this place of people only LOOKING or *acting* weird. they can't access weirdness, they can only GUESS! they never had it repackaged and run up the flagpole like a trend. they only *borrowed* it! they just paint it on like ARMOR! I finally REBELLED against cool. they said that I 'lost' my cool, that I *freaked out* (which is VERY uncool & apparently undesirable); I must have felt PASSIONATE about something. cool isn't dynamic in any way. how did it ever catch on? how could anyone in any century look around & be BORED, or subsequently adopt this as an *identity*. NOTHING WAS EVER ACCOMPLISHED THROUGH BEING COOL, BUT EVERYTHING WAS ACHIEVED BY FREAKING OUT. INTERESTING PEOPLE ARE LONERS. YOU CAN'T MEET THEM. GET OUT. —not weird enough. it's not weird *enough!* when we were out there changing the tide...wanna be lonely? wanna give it a shot? oh, I don't know; I'm not saying this right. I should ARTICULATE this better...simplify: maybe something...GET OUT!

*David Christopher LaTerre*  
*Seattle, WA*  
eastindia@partlycloudy.com

**A Poem In Five Acts**  
**Bestland, Vadnais Heights, MN**  
sbestland@worldnet.att.net

Sandra

*Prologue.*

Assemble objects from a girl's life. {Fairy tales, baby dolls, blood, broken bones, baby teeth, piggy bank, pop beads, jewelry box, hula hoop, Dick and Jane, Nancy Drew, polished agates, four-leaf clovers, Emeraude, blue suede shoes, forty-fives, diary (no key), pom poms, sewing kit, figure skates, Play Do, tap shoes, tonsils, birth stone, bookmarks, stubby crayons, tea set, cowgirl boots, Easter hat.} Store them in a barrel, 90-proof.

**Act I.**

*Scene- Years later.*

*Woman.* Pieces pile. Decades of brokenness. A few lucid moments.  
Swirly eye of agate. Swatches of Rapunzel's golden hair.  
Red scraps of cloak. Shards of Cinderella's slipper.  
Dark piece of Sleeping Beauty's beauty.  
Diary pages torn, unreadable.  
A green leaf spared from a cast-off lucky clover.  
Silver coins, round edges mashed in dirt.  
Baby doll, left arm missing, dead on the street.

*Chorus.* We pour ourselves a rummy shot, a rummy shot of life;  
We drink the sweet and bittersweet, the sugar and the blight.  
Bottles never empty and drunks are never filled;  
We break our bottles into bits on Alcoholic Hill.

**Act II.**

*Scene- The same.*

*Woman.* Watercolors rain downhill.

**Act III.**

*Scene- The same.*

*Woman.* I get confused describing.  
Is it a man or a fish?  
Homo sapiens or barracuda?  
Both are made by God.  
But which is fish eyed, scaly skin and tearing teeth?  
And which hails from farmland baling love?  
One is piercing. The other pierced. Green lungs,  
but whose? Briny brain, but whose?  
Which brings everyday chaos,  
laughter made from dirt?

**Act IV.**

*Scene- Temple of the Goddess.*

*Goddess.* Sweep up this mess.  
*Woman.* I sweep brokenness long and hard.  
*Goddess.* Lay the fragments to rest. Let's go hand in hand, not one before the other.

**Act V.**

*Curtain opens.*

## Love Karawane?

**Why don't you  
marry it?**

**Or better still—tell  
your friends, tell your  
enemies, tell your  
friends' enemies.  
Your local bookstore.  
Your local cafe, your  
favorite theatre. Show  
it to someone who  
might want to sell  
Karawane. Talk to the  
host of your local  
readings about  
advertising with us.  
(We'll even pay you a  
commission!) Or  
advertise your own  
publications and  
events on our website  
and in our magazine.**

*"Unrequited love's  
a bore"  
—Jack Kerouac  
Pull My Daisy*

**Show us your  
love, People!**