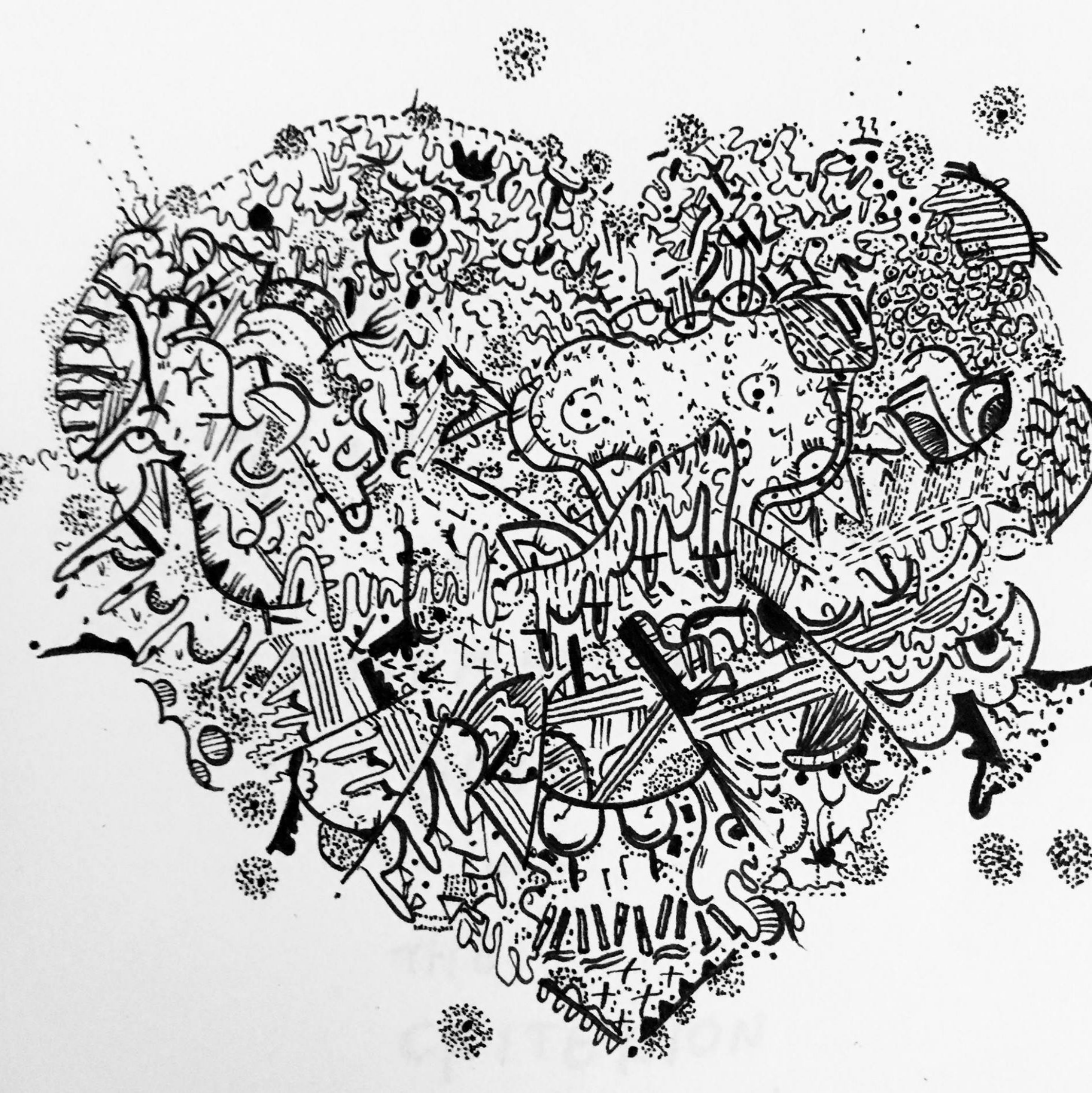


"We went shopping for a CD by a boy who is named after a bird,
I was subjected to that CD for eight hours a day, for the
remainder of your trip."

- Lydia Tomkiw, "YOUR ONE-WEEK VISIT"

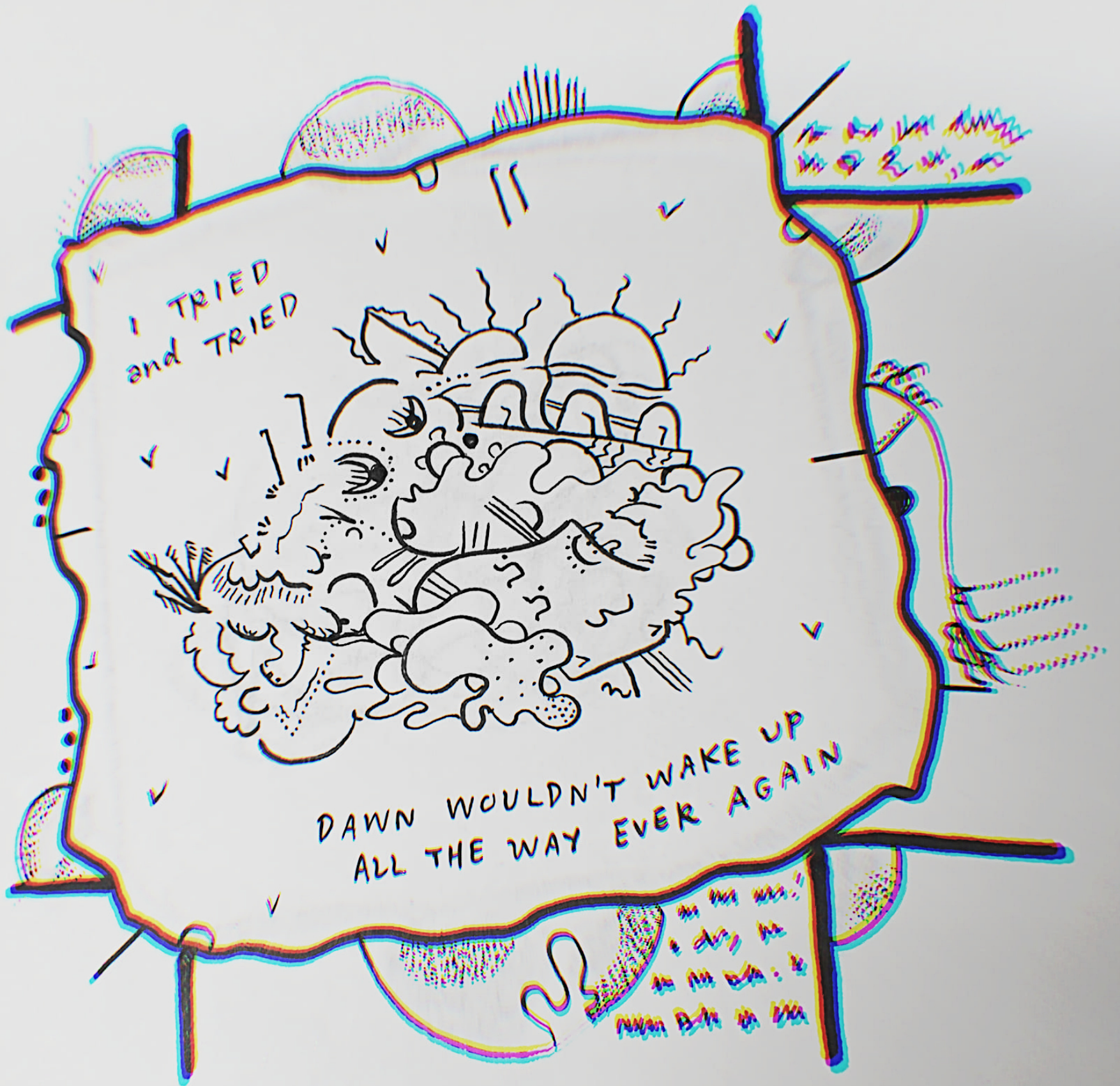




THIS CROWN



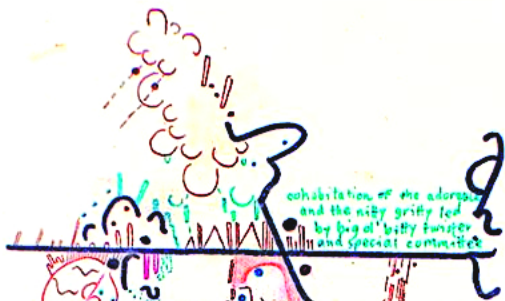
IS PROPERTY OF _____



I TRIED
and TRIED

DAWN WOULDN'T WAKE UP
ALL THE WAY EVER AGAIN

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100



celebration of the adobe
and the nifty gritty led
by big ol' belly twister
and special committee

wherever you hide your
poems, try to stir out the
bag and blow for a little
Chestnut in the sky



fires only start in nuclear November
then get bumped up to February or
March or whenever, sometimes the
emozers don't fit, or the memory just sits
sometimes it's funny, but there aren't
enough trees this season, you really don't
even need a reason -- a spark imagined is
thousands of little lives defaced - LOVE is
A super national word





Square

HOW TO LIVE AND BREATHE, in defiance of ALL BOXES
I CAN PUT MANY MORE BOXES WHERE THEY SHOULDN'T BE
BUT WHERE ON THIS EARTH does THAT BIG ONE GO
SURELY, WE MIGHT FASHION A COUPLE MORE OR MAYBE

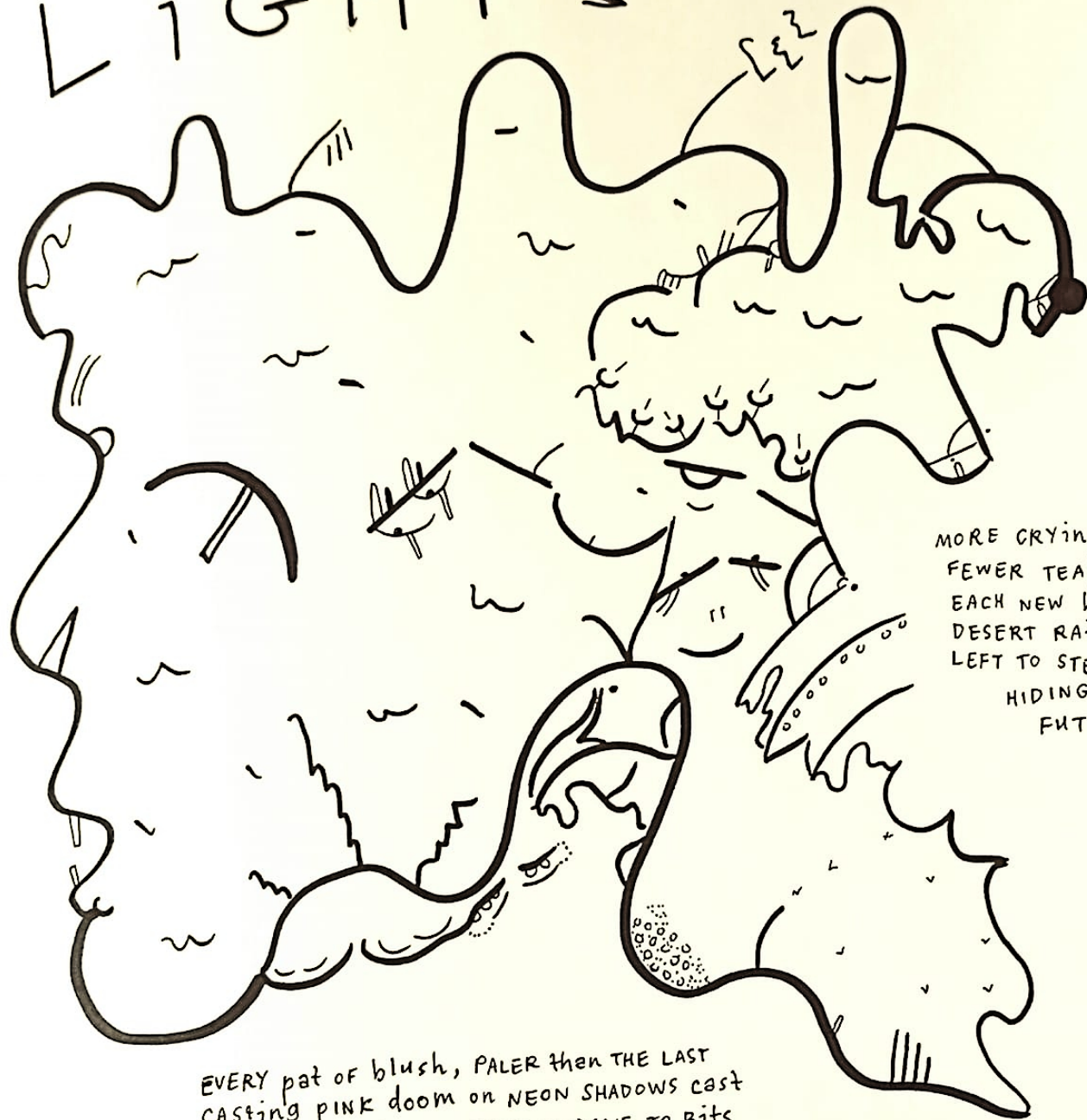
THEY CAN DEFINITELY MAKE BOXES out of PEOPLE NOW
DOVETAIL NOTCH AND ELBOW GREASE and BLANCHED BOARDS
DARK CORNERS and FLAPS WHERE OPEN EYES and LIMBS
ONCE PUSHED the SIDES of OUR DIM REALITY to its EDGE

I LOOK AT YOU, AND ALL I CAN SEE is THE FACTORY
THE EYE OF HORUS SPITTING ALL OVER CONVEYOR BELTS
A GRIM FILM OF LOSS, RISING AND STICKING TO WINDOWS
GLASS BOXES THEMSELVES, PUSHING OUT WORK LIKE TONGUES

IN THE ENDLESS LIGHT OF DAY, WE CAN'T SEE it because
TOO MANY SODDEN BOXES SIT, WHETHER CURBED or OBSERVED
BUT AT NIGHT, AND in the RAIN, LIKE A COMMAND FROM GOD
THE CHILD'S MATTRESS, WET AND AFRAID, WILL KNEECAP YOU

SOMETIMES, I JUST CAN'T STAND THE WAY I FEEL
LET ME COUNT THE WAYS I CAN COMPARTMENTALIZE
ONE, TWO, THREE MORE BOXES GROW ALONG MY FINGER
A FINE LEVITTOWN FOR A BAD KNUCKLE SANDWICH. A SAD FIST

"LIGHT"



MORE CRYING ON THE WAY
FEWER TEARS next time
EACH NEW heartache RENT
DESERT RAIN in a teapot
LEFT TO STEEP ON THE SILL
HIDING behind REASON
FUTURE YOU, still

so
GO AGAIN

" "

EVERY pat of blush, PALER than THE LAST
CASTING PINK doom on NEON SHADOWS cast
WHEN SO MUCH CAN COME UNDONE TO BITS
LESS and LESS TIME TO REARRANGE,
HOW TO RIDE THREE PARALLEL TRACKS and
ALL AT ONCE, WITH ONLY TWO LEGS GROWN
THROWING MERCY ONTO THE FIFTY MORE
YOU WISH WERE THERE FOR YOU ALL the WAY,
PATHS UNTAKEN but STILL UNSPOOLING
OUT OF sight AND out of mind AND GOING.

HE RADIATED RAINBOWS CONSTANTLY,
DIMMING and DARKENING AT ONCE
PER YOUR PROCEDURE AND DISCRETION
but ONLY ONCE the COLORS drained

COULD YOU FIND
YOUR KALEIDOSCOPE
in the SHADE to
PRAY the GRAY AWAY
BEHIND ALL sight, BEYOND ALL knowing
ALL COLORS OUT OF sight, OUT OF MIND
DUMB and GLOWING, and SMALL, and going.

10 01 21



Tied somehow to the bottom of an Empty pool, lids quivering and twitching and anticipating the ABSOLUTE WORST. You couldn't feel ANY more suffocated if you had a HEFTY bag pulled around YOUR fuckin' THROAT. IN THESE kinds of moments, it PAYS to bring a popcorn classic TO THE FORE in your memory core, something with a big action set piece of big heaven's door

You wish there was one other LAYER OF skin between him and just another win

WHEN he first birthed you here, NEAR the CON-CESSION, STAND WHERE we WAITED @ LEAST SEVEN or Eight times OVER the YEARS for rein to CLEAR OR FOR your RIDES to come back with their PILFERED CASES of Bad BEER

You think of one of those cans now rusted, faded in the late OCTOBER sun, you think of a lot of things, but Listen

It doesn't matter. WELL, it DOES, OR it did. But then we done gone and hid.

- flicker -

GROWING UP, I HATED MOSH PITS
I STILL DO, BUT WAS JUST WONDERING
IF MAYBE YOU DID TOO, DIALING UPRIGHT
SCARED OF OTHER TEENAGERS ALL NIGHT

IN MY BRAIN, THERE IS RAIN AGAIN
THE SWEETEST, MOST THREATENING CLOUDS
THE POCKETS OF MY GRAY MATTER NOT YET
RAVAGED BY SURGE OR FLAME ZAP SPARKLES

OF PHARMACEUTICAL APOSTASY AND GOOD
LIVES UNLIVED OR UNLOVED, PROMISES BROKEN
AND PUT BACK TOGETHER, MUCH LIKE ANDREW W.K.

IN MY DAY, I WANTED TO SHARE SPACE
WITH COBRA KILLER, WILCO AND MATT POND P.A.
IN A PERFORATED DREAM BROUGHT TO ME BY CM.J.

THE FEELING OF WANTING TO SING, AND BE SUNG AT
WHETHER IN THE BACK ROOM OF MAXWELL'S OR THE 40 WATT
OR SOME HOLLOWED-OUT RITE-AID WITH A SINGLE SNARE DRUM

I WAS NEVER THAT SURE THAT I WAS MADE OF PIECES TO BEGIN WITH,
SCATTERING, AS I DID, ALL MY BEST LEWKS ON BOXCAR BLUES AND
INDUSTRIAL ZONES AND IN THE POINT OF ALL RIVERS WHERE IT GETS GROSS
GOING BACK, THE SIZZLE AND SHINE OF 1998 MAKING THE CLIMB PAST
THE OPEN AND SHUT DOOR OF, SAY 2019, YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE, AND U WEEP

shine.

SHE TAKES ME DOWN the CLAW
PAST THE PINK PANDA in REPROACH
KNOCKS ME ON THE SIDE OF THE GLASS
THIS GAME is BUILT TO LAST

FOUR MORE QUARTERS ALL it TAKES
RAISE the COURTESY CUP, so many STAKES
but SHE beat me in BOWLING so it's LIKE
WHATEVER, this soda's CONSOLING

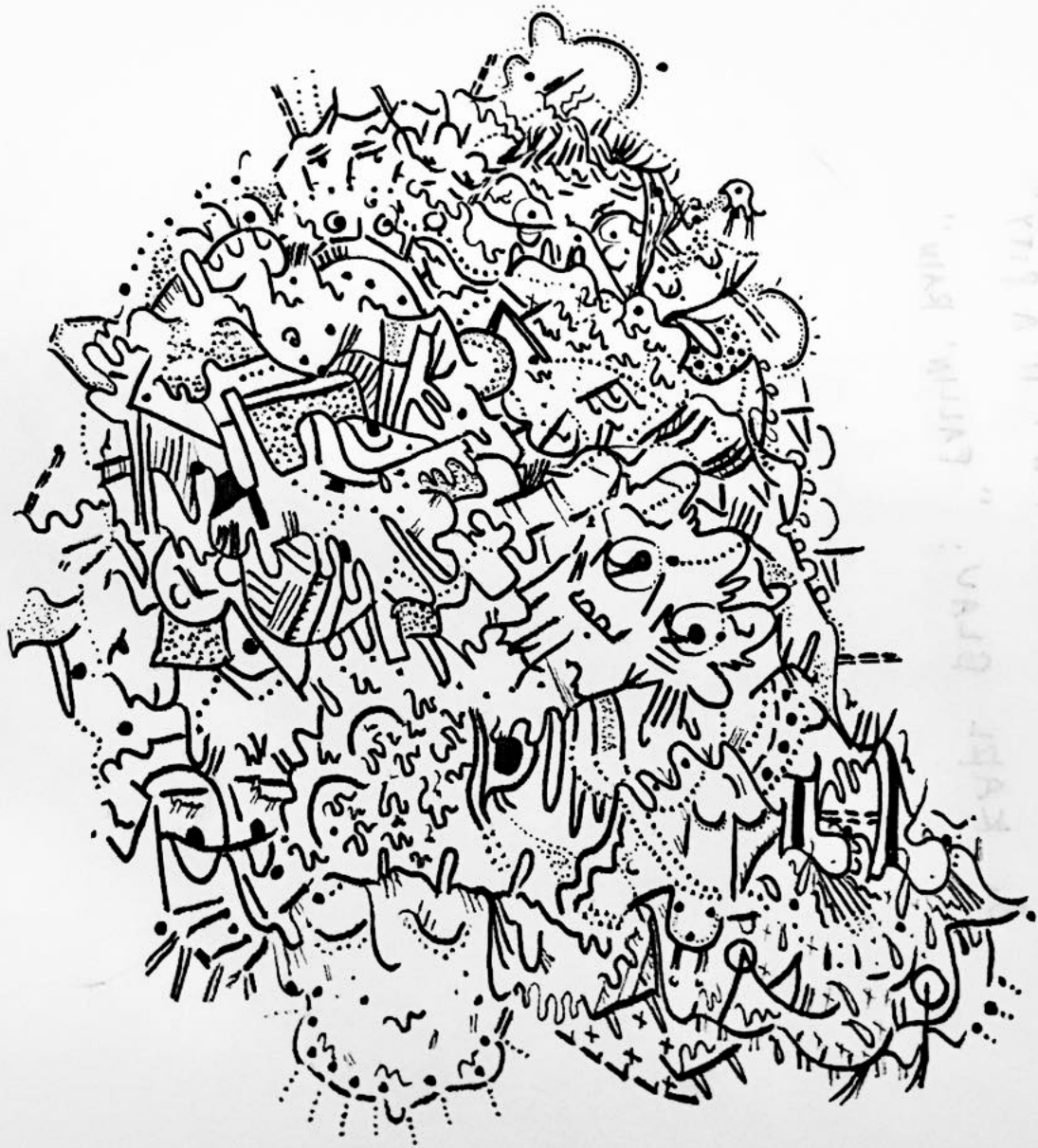
AFTER THE SUGAR RUSH
SHE REACHES FOR MY FUNNEL
GOTTA MAKE SURE i HAVE enough
GET me THROUGH another night

NEXT TO TWO minions
WADS OF FAKE CASH
CRYPTO SWEDISH FISH

raise their IRE
raise ONE wish
WATCH THAT GLEAM
WOBBLE and swish ~

8+25+21

9+6+21





Dove

MAVERICK

Del's

aim
wh



Robbys
MEGA ZINE

THE NEW WAVE and the CUTTING
edge denoting OFF A CRUEL
NEW AMERICAN PRECIPICE in
some kind of FULL 360° re
VERSE liquidation of CULT-
URAL CAPITAL CAN ONLY WHEEZE
FOR SO LONG. IT'S FUNNY TO
THINK ABOUT HOW EASY IT
WILL BE
FOR US TO
ALL burn.

THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR
the kind of BENEVOLENT
NEND SUBBACULTURES OF
YORE, and EVERYBODY
SEEMS TO know it, BUT
STILL IT PERSISTS, NEVER
RELENTING IN ITS FOUL
PURSUIT OF MORE
GLOBAL budg...

STILL, WE managed TO GET
THIS FAR AS A BROKEN
SWollen and pummelled
THING.
LIVING IS A REALLY COOL
LITTLE THING when
you really think
about it.

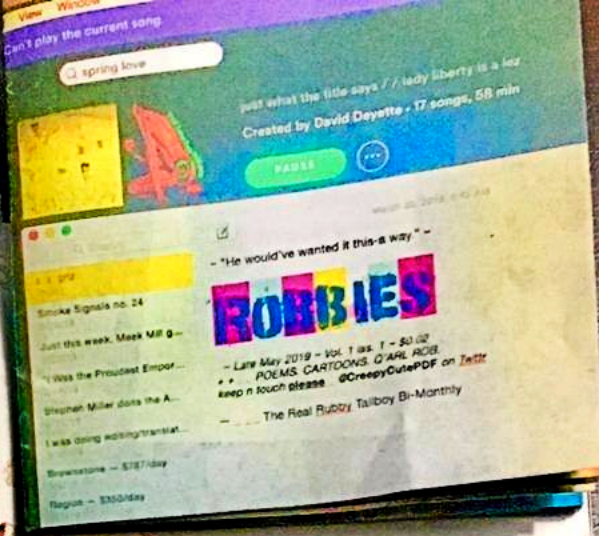
LIFE IS FULL OF GORGEOUS, I
MEAN REALLY BEAUTIFUL

WITH A PARCHOE LIKE A CAPRICE
machine, A STARE LIKE the
ten YARD LONG OF SPRINGSTEEN
WE HAVE SO MUCH MORE TO
DO, IT'S BETTING NUTS. I'M
USUALLY NOT A CAPITAL PUN-
ishment TYPE OF CAT, BUT I
THINK WE SHOULD DEFINITELY
"EXPLORE THAT OPTION" WHEN
IT COMES TO PEOPLE WHO in-
SIST that the "ERZ" of

WE LOVE EVERYTHING
UNTIL WE don't, OR
CAN'T ANY LONGER.

"CIVIL RIGHTS" IS EVER OVER
CIVIL RIGHTS IS NEVER OVER

then we try to love it more.



JULY
2019

LOVE
YOU
ROB

Lord invoder not in the
BUILDING. B-B bella FONTE'
IN THE PLACE TO PEE. Time used
TO BE YOU MIGHT COULD GET IN
FOR A LICK OF "CLOSER TO FREE,"
but really, in actuality, it WILL
REALLY HAVE TO GET A BITTY bit
CLOSER TO THREE before u could
GET A nice LUKE-hot GOOD RAMEN BATH
ONLY SO MANY MILES u CAN WALK IN THE NUDE
FEASTING ON FRAILTY by STRONG. arming THAT MESS
GOOD BULL-roar in the PEWTER PEWS, OR LIKE--
nothing important
LEFT TO LOSER

she don't
need
to pretend
to accept
whatever you
think it takes
to not proceed

shit
THERE'S NO
END TO
what can
be done



"if I took you
to my past you
would be traumatized ..."

COMICS FAN

20

beating a
pulsation
of love
for life of honey
new 21st century
MAGELLAN to
of only a

and, but
about it

notice
the



Thinking fondly of the sweet
EST return, THE comeback to reality
DOLLAR ALL around. THERE may be
Nothing LEFT to discover. but

THERE IS PLENTY TO LEARN ON
the lukewarm SHORES OF SOR,
endipity and fortune. In
the end, success can only be
measured by how much attitude
one throws at a friend, and who
whe
can
we make
comics 800in

make more
comic book

SHE COMES IN
COLORS and
there's few
regrets and
fewer still
when black
and white
change the life

move
2000
and love
gave
you

forget
to forget
soap

mean white
make more
TELL all the
cute girls
no LONGER
have that crush
on the boy in the back
THE woman is the front
of the line, huddled
a 1988,
comic
books
bursting out of
seams and coming
d'ibellena there's a

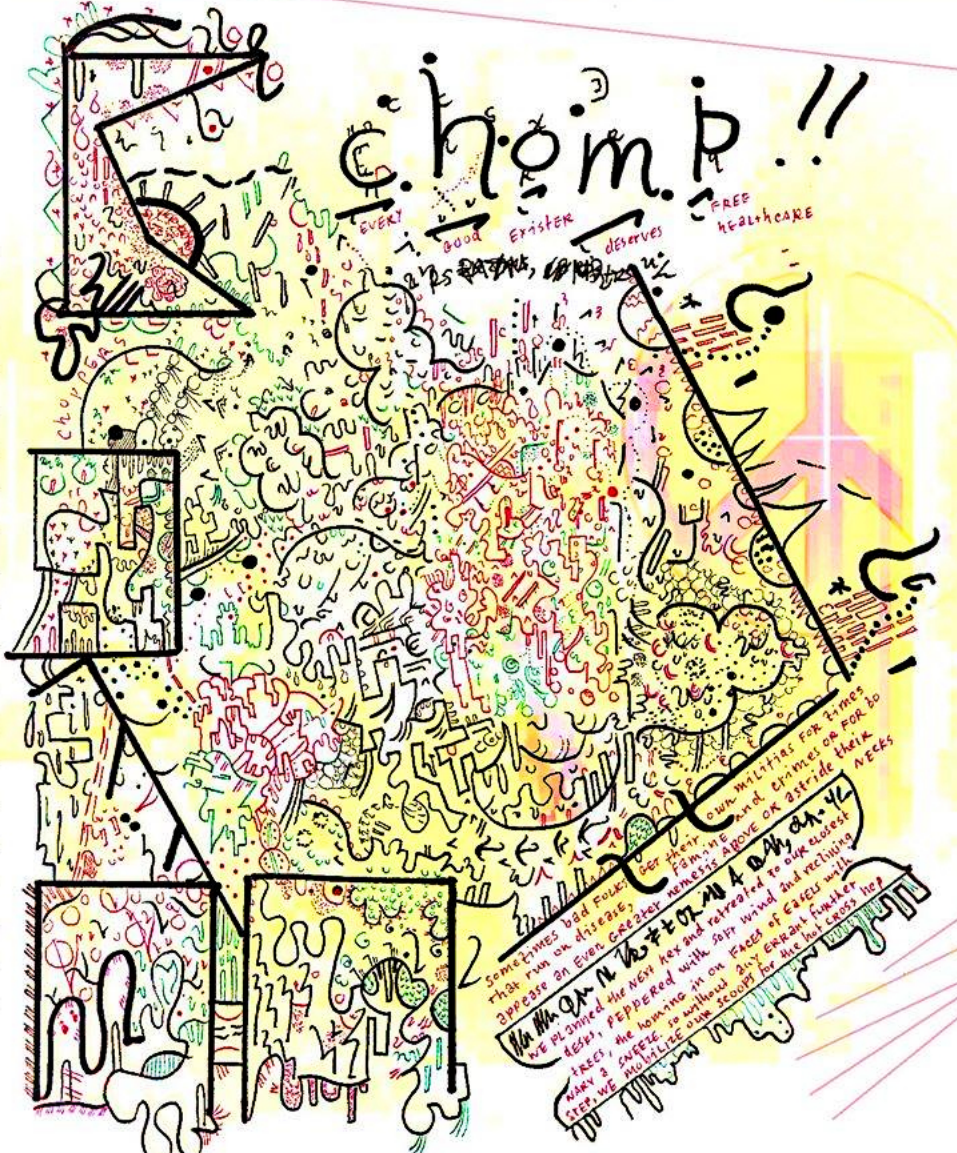
PARSON brown
on a Dummy chair
written here, Young
American
PUCE

2019

showing off FOR Yogi Berra
the COOL kids philosopher.

Chomp!!

EVERY ^{GOOD} EXISTEN ^{deserves} FREE healthcare



Sometimes bad Foods
That run on disease
Appears an Even Greater
We'll own the Next
we'll own the Next
JESUS, the homing in on
Many a SWEET to without
STEP WE MULL LIKE
own-millions for times
P.M. in the land. Times or for to
FACES of FOR to
Strip toward and reaching
any descendant Fowler
the hot CROSS

• MAY 2009 †

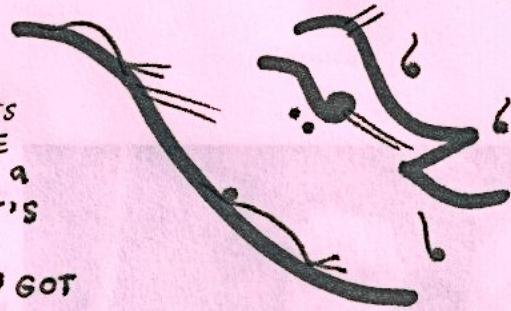
"NO HARDER FEELINGS"

GOOGLE
BROS.

RIPPEN THE MIND A NEWER PEWTER CAGE
TEARIN IT UP ON EVERY SINGLE PAGE

RICKY MY BUDDY GRABS ME BY THE ARM

SAYS LIVIN IN THE JUNGLE WON'T DO
ME NO HARM. IF WE'RE COMIN OUT ON TOP WELL
THEN WE'RE COMIN ALL WRONG. THAT'S WHY I WROTE
THIS NEW COUNTRY SONG. IT GETS PRETTY DEEP BUT ITS
INCHES TOO LONG. (+ THAT'S WHY YOU KNOW I WROTE
THIS BRAND NEW COUNTRY SONG.) YOU CAIN'T FIT A
CLAIM ON ME BUT YOU TRY ANYWAY, AND THAT'S
HOW WE END LIKE EVERY DAY. NOW I AIN'T
SQYIN I AINT THE DEVIL IN DISGUISE, BUT U GOT
THAT WHITE HAIR AND CURLY EYES.



MY LETTERS YOU BURN
MY NUMBER U DIGITIZE
MY CHILD IS TOO POTTY TRAINED
MY CAT IS TOO EUTHANIZED

I REMEMBER THE NITE WE SHARED W TECH SUPPORT
WELL WE CAN SHOW THEM WHERE TO DOCK THEIR PORT
I REMEMBER WHEN ROCK WAS YOUNG AND HUNG
ME AND SLIMY HAD SO MUCH HOLY SEX
HOLDING ROCK AND BREAKING NECKS



TEXT
TRIP
VOL. 2
ON ITS WAY
FEBRUARY
2010

horns

HORNS

THE WARS WE LOST.
behind the MEDIA PLAY
STANDEES LOST
OR STANDEES FORGOTTEN IN THE SNOW

WE BURY them, THESE PRECIOUS MEMORIES
OF FERRIED STANDEES, IT'S SO SAD SOMETIMES
TO THINK OF THESE DAYS SO LONG AGO
IT'S SO SICK AND SO SWEET AS TO MAKE

a demon gigolo
pump

the
brakes

and collapse
into
a pile

OF
cakes

WE TRY TO GET AWAY FROM
THESE CAKES BUT THERE'S REALLY
NO STOPPING THEM.

SOMETIMES, LIFE SEEMS TOO

SOUP
TO NEVER
be sweet
but w/E

~
~
F 2 2 2
2017

nutmeg
pumpkin
milk
leaves

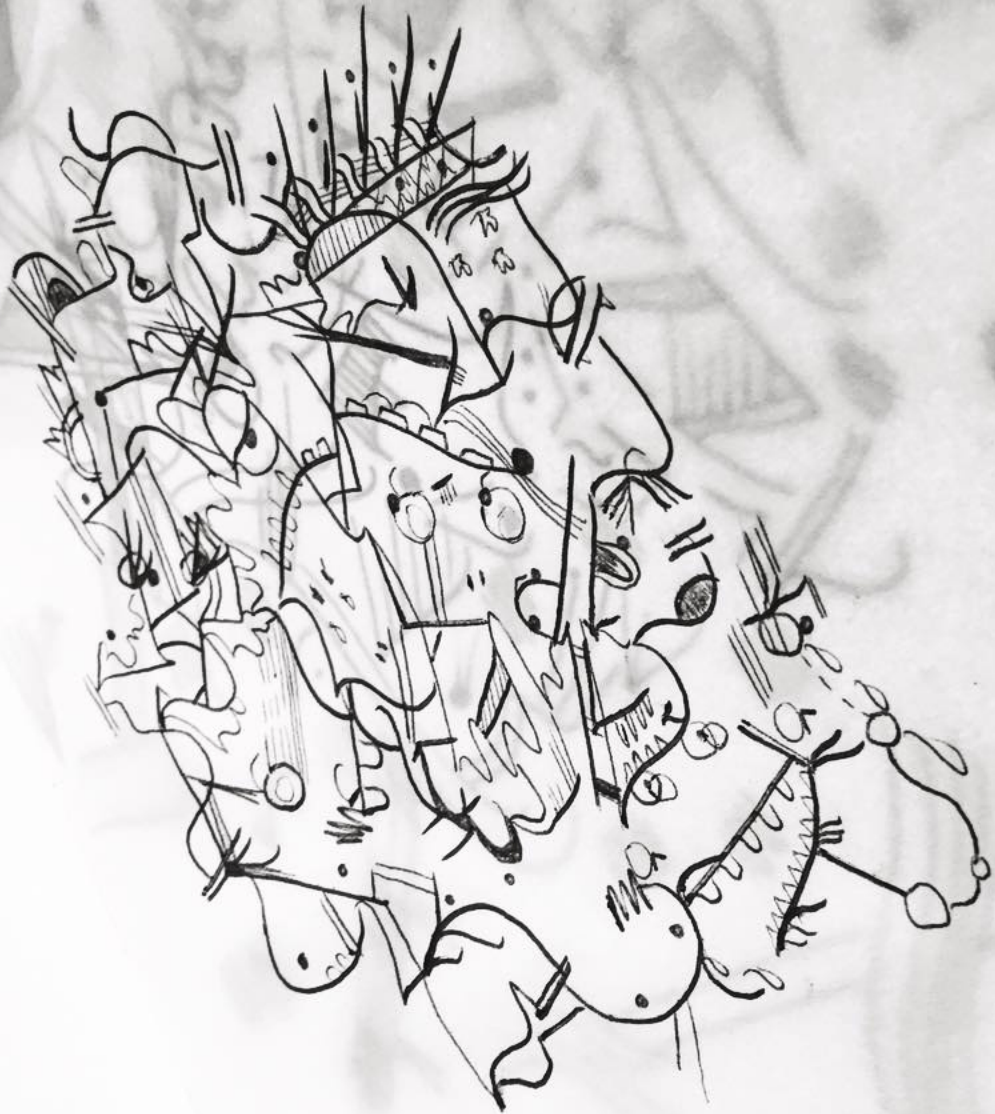
~
~
stuff LIKE
Goldenrod
sweater weather
OR whatever
FINALLY HERE

Thank God
THE WHITE GIRLS

THEY MIGHT
self-immolate
Autumn dreame DATE

ORANGE hued
Sunset 'tude
wood pulp Lude

Lute,
Fisk



Sin

THERE IS NO TELLING
THE HONEST CONFSSIONAL
RIGHT FROM WRONG
UNTIL IT MOVES

THERE IS NO HONESTY.
THE MOVES YOU MADE
THE PEOPLE YOU PLAYED
DANCE ON A ROLLING PIN

DERVISH FOR DOLLARS
IT JUST WON'T MATTER.
DIMPLES ARE A MUST
WHETHER BOOM OR BUST

THERE IS NO SINGING -- THERE IS NO DANCING
ONLY CASSOCKED CLOWNS JOLLY NECROMANCING
ONLY CUTENESS LEFT IN A TRUST FALLEN WORLD
SEE HOW HE WANTS YOU AND KNOW IF HE LIKES YOU

BEHIND THE RECTORY, I SPIED A BIRD
IT WAS DEAD bnt TO ME, IT LOOKED WELL FED
I FED IT A TURD BUT IT STILL SEEMED FAT
DEAD BIRDS GO IN A SCENTED HEFTY BAG

8. 21. 21

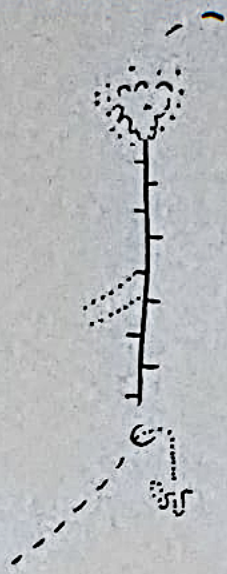
11 10 fan 2021

TELL ME, RAPPING VALEDICTORIAN IN THE SHADE,
HOW THE BALD EAGLE LIKED ALL THESE YEARS piling UP
WATCHING THREE WHOLE YEARS MOLT ON TO FORTY
AND SNORTING 17th CENTURY GLADES WITH 2018 AFTER
THOUGHTS ALL MIDI RETURN WITH MORE MONTHS IN MOSS
THE POETIC DREAM OF MISTY MIDNIGHT FRAGGLE TOSS
REVISITING OLDER LINES FROM OTHER POEMS I'VE WRITTEN
SEE IF A SMARTER A.I. CAN MAYBE MAKE SENSE OF THEM
JERRY HORNE GONE OVER THE MOUNTAIN FOR ANOTHER TIME
ARNIE GRAPE WITH A BETTER SCORE, THAT CAN GO @ ANY CLIME
HOW MANY MORE MEMES OF PEPSI AND MILK MUST WE ALWAYS SEE
BEFORE THE NINTH LIFE OF MICHAEL MCKEAN ESCAPES FROM A TREE?
A CUT-UP, AND A REAL DEFINING CHARACTER, THAT MEN TO ME
ONCE GAVE A FIGLET, Bieber EATING A TWIGLET, AND A FIRM PEAR TREE

WHAT DOES A GOOD RAPPING VALEDICTORIAN'S BEST XMAS
CONSIST OF, BUT A FIRM PAIR OF PEAR TREE DREAMS TO
HANG A HAND OR TWO BETWEEN, A MEAN SUPER SCREEN
CUSTOMER AND CLIENT RETENTION, ABIDING RESPECT AND
HAPPY THE MONTHS DON'T YET TALLY THAT GRIM THIRTEEN

theremin. man

FLOWERS OF VIOLENCE bud in THE VEIN in
SHOCKS OF danger ON BLUE SKY BUS what
THERE IS a code FOR BOYS LIKE US huh
LEGS SPREAD wide, a TOURNIQUET working
OF BIG ANGRY MALE VULNERABILITY so
BLOOD HAS NO PLACE ELSE TO GO and, you know,
THE REASON I MANSREAD IS JOY ITSELF, oh
TUMBLING OFF a jetty's SIDE AT HIGH TIDE, OR
MUNCHING NUMBERS in a bliss UPTURNED
A NO-MAN'S land OF TRAUMA squirmed and
WHAT WILL HE DO NEXT? WE CAN'T SEE eye to eye
YET SOMEHOW DO, FOR HALF A SECOND PULL the cord
JURY-RIGGED ON A MUNICIPAL DOOR and up above
DEATH BECOMES YOUR SANTA CLAUS, JOLLY at you bitch



COURAGE and COMRADERIE come a LONG WAY
BUT THEY COME TOO SLOWLY, and pitiful LIKE
LATER THAT NIGHT and a LONG WAYS AWAY gosh
THREE RESURRECTED drunkards, JASON TOSH
THE MAN WITH THE UPGRADED GOOD NAME
RACISM in THE GLADE, two points TO BE made
EACH GROUNDHOG DAY a PROTRACTED triad
OF THE duality OF MAN, base^{ball}, and MEAT
HE and I ROCK MORE CLEAR down on EAST street
hand in hand, WISHING I could BE a man
THAT maybe one day, I MIGHT become a man
THERE NEEDS TO BE another PATH to CROSS
between THE red right hand and the oscillator man
THE money lost in a melodious whine OR
PLAYING the sounds with barbecue chips
betting ON THE HOUSE AGAIN in spirit and mind

THEY STOPPED CLEANING the carpet WHERE the rhubarb SPRANG UP, but TWO BOYS CAN ALWAYS PLAY AROUND it OR try
TO FULL THIS SPECIAL ECONOMIC ZONE right up by its FRATERNAL fucking ROOTS, THAT'S what WE call big
BROTHERLY LOVING, WHETHER TALL OR SIGNIFICANTLY TALLER, WAVING STALKS are brave and BALLER.

marvel

byrd box

HAD A NICE CHAT WITH A FEW OF MY SLAVES
WE SHOOK HANDS THAT I'D DIG SOME OF THEIR GRAVES
IN EXCHANGE, THEY HANDED ME FORTY MORE SLAVES
IT WAS GOOD FOR ME AND HELPED ME VERY MUCH

BY THE TIME THEY MADE THE MAUSOLEUM FOR ME
I'D FALLEN OUT OF TOUCH WITH MOST OF THEM
ARMIES OF SLAVES, NEW ONES, KEPT GOOD PERIMETER
THEY CONTROLLED MY LEGERS AND GOOD NAME

I DIDN'T USE ANY OF THEIRS - THEY ALL WORK THE SAME
THEY CAN'T TURN SAND INTO STONE TO SAVE THEIR LIVES
BUT THEY'VE MADE ME A COOL BUILDING OF MARBLE
WHERE I CAN RELAX AND DRINK ALES UNTIL I DIE

THOUGH THERE ONCE WAS A MANLY SUM
I PAID TO ONE WHO COULDN'T SPEAK ENGLISH
HE WAS TO DO SOME MORAL DUTY ON ME
WHENEVER I THINK OF RUNNING, NOW

I PICTURE HIS FEET
(and i think that's neat)

8-19-21

MAY 18 2018

CHOP

OFF your dick

IF it sounds like im mad
your hearing is a passing fad
over by THE water fountain
in a trenchcoat with a silencer
DICK trickle down JOAN OF ARC

IT'S JUST LIKE A VIDEO GAME
THE MESH OF METHODS USED TO SILENCE HER
GO ONLINE SAY IT'S STUFF

STUPID GUN LAWS NOT SO TOUGH
STUPID BOYS, GOOD FOR FLEEING JOYS
NOTHING DOING, YOU AIN'T SCREWING
WHY SHOULD ANYONE CARE.

CALL IT "ETHICS IN GAMING JOURNALISM."
MAYBE THEN THE BITCH WILL PLAY FAIR...

~~Handwritten scribble~~

YOU @ the FOOT OF THE BED
HER HERB FUCKED in the head
YOU WERE LAUGHING @ the FOOT of the bed

I HAD NEVER BEFORE SEEN YOU THIS MANIACAL. IT REALLY HURT MY FEE-FEES @ FIRST, BUT ONLY in a MATTER OF SECONDS, I WAS ABLE TO TURN IT AROUND a bit, in my head. YOU HAD MY diagnosis. WE WERE BIG CHUBBY diagnosis BROTHERS FROM DIFFERENT COSMIC FLY-TRAP MOTHERS. BUT WHAT OF THE ILL-tENDED, MAL-TETHERED OTHERS. YOU HATED ME IN THAT MOMENT, BUT SHE and I BOTH LOVED YOU IN WAYS THAT STILL SOMETIMES DIDN'T MAKE IT TO YOU, NOT ALL THE WAY ANYWAY, FOR WHICHEVER DUMB REASON. YOU WERE TALKING A LOT ABOUT YOUR dick. I INDULGED YOU. I DIDN'T SEE THAT IT WOULD MAKE YOU CRY.

IN MANY, MOSTLY VERY FUCKED and EMBARRASSING WAYS, I SOMETIMES HAVE BEEN FEELING, WHEN MY HEART'S LEFT REELING and MY BRAIN TAKES REIGN TO COMMANDER SUCH FALSE FEELING THAT I NEED TO THINK I NEVER SAW YOU QUITE the SAME AGAIN BECAUSE I COULDN'T BE THE MUCH NEEDED FRIEND, OR, LIKE BE PATIENT ENOUGH WHEN YOU WERE ON THAT BIKE. STUFF LIKE THIS.

STUFF DESTROYABLE WITH a ROTTEN PROMISE OR A COCKY KISS.

I FEEL LIKE I NEVER REALLY SAW INSIDE AGAIN

UNTIL YOU DIED, and I CAN APPRECIATE YOUR COCK

as a FRIEND.

"
CLOSE "

SOFT DIPP
 FOR EVERY BEAUTIFUL BUT WAYWARD SOUL OF NO CONTROL
 LOST IN WEBS WOVE FOR PURPOSES DON'T ALWAYS SPIN WELL
 THE WHEELS OF CHANGE OPERATOR TO HELL
 THEY OFTEN MIKE VEHICLE
 ONE WAY, ONE DAY SOMEDAY WE'LL KNOW
 JUST HOW TO BETTER TRY TO LET THINGS GO
 AND HOW EXACTLY TO BRING UP BABY BRAD RENFRO
 WITHOUT RUNNING INTO THE HUMAN I.E.D. FRANCO ...

ROBBY WAS TECHNO, ROBBY WAS GRUNGE
 ROBBY ATE MYTHS YOU'RE JUST STARTING TO EXPUNGE
 HE WAS TOILET ROCK, TOILET MOUTH AND POLITE
 YOU'RE NOT LADY ENOUGH TO HANDLE THE PLUNGE

WHEN YOU GO HOME TONITE,
 WHOEVER + WHEREVER YOU'RE FROM
 START TO LOOK BETTER BEST WAYS
 LIKE A PLAY-doh THIC MELANIA
 HE SNIFFED HEROIN OUTSIDE A WACHOVIA
 HE LIVED OUT OF BACKPACKS
 BIG FATTI tabula rasa



MEG
 FO
 VAC
 WI
 FAS
 EAS
 ITIS
 ITIS
 YOU
 PRAY
 TAKE
 LE

self flagellant heart
 flatulent
 MAGELLAN
 MODELEIN
 self flagellant
 third leg motion

self portrait
 27.16.2
 Jan. 20, 2018
 #USA

RATES
 WANT
 ident's dick
 friendship ring

SPONSORED BY NASA
 drone
 crane
 and prisms
 MAY 14, 2018

The Flag File
 1. THE BIRDS AND THE BEES
 2. THE FLAG FILE
 3. THE FLAG FILE
 4. THE FLAG FILE
 5. THE FLAG FILE

11. THE FLAG FILE
12. THE FLAG FILE
13. THE FLAG FILE
14. THE FLAG FILE
15. THE FLAG FILE

IN WHICH HE...
 IT CHOP OFF YOUR...
 IT GAPE CARAVEL

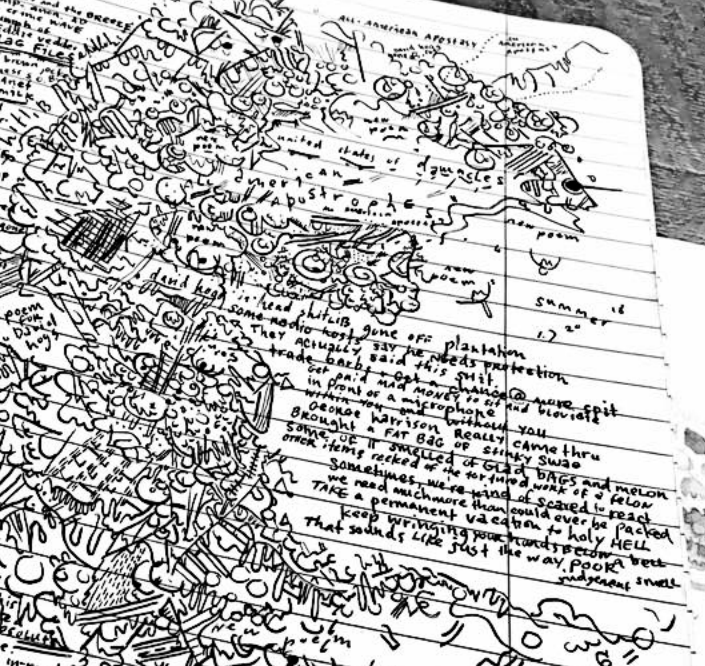
3.7
 you'd never know
 just by looking at him
 but he's like three or four
 Roy-burgundies
 so just give him some

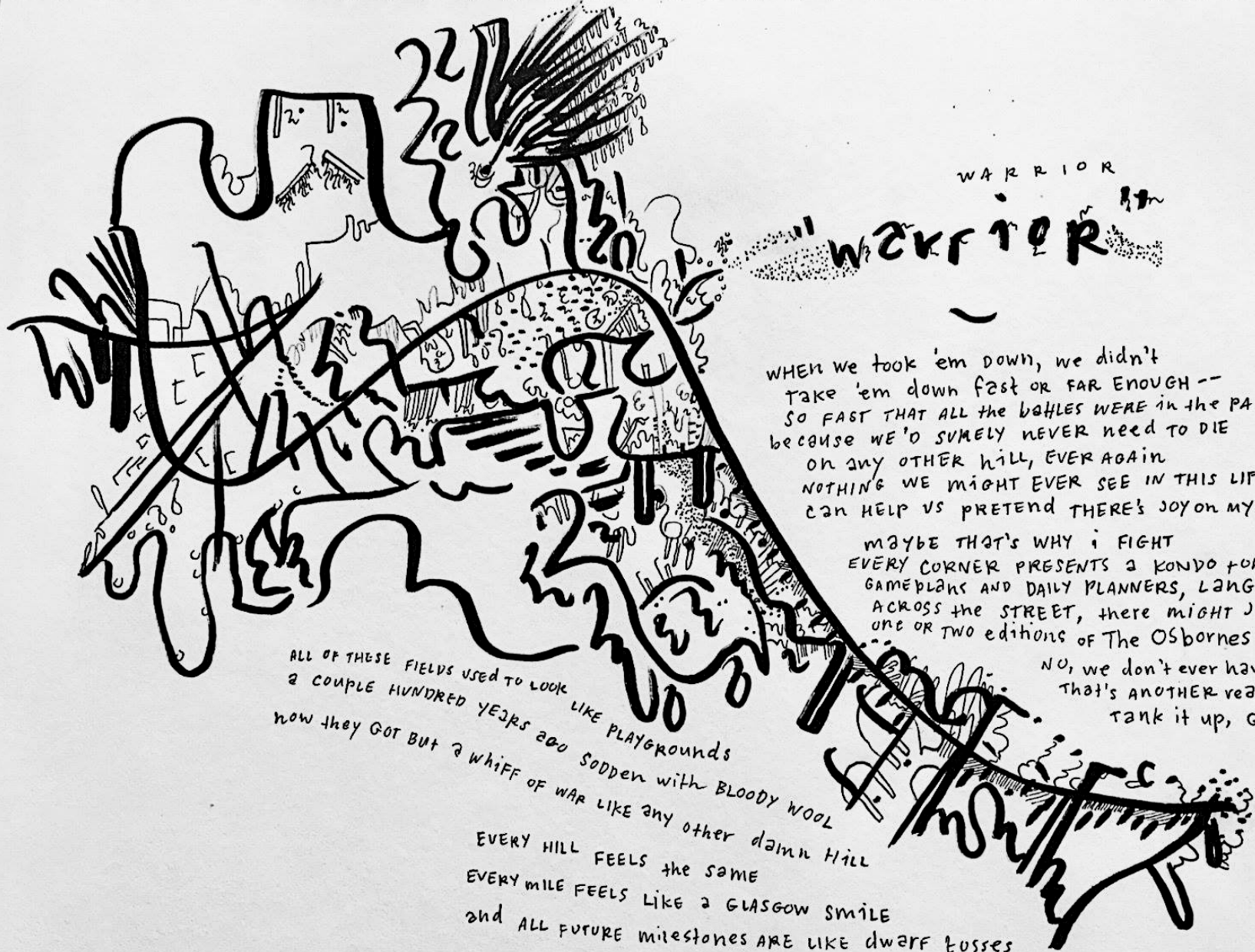
that might be on he's ever asked for
 even stopped to...
 SERIOUSLY...
 ABSOLUTELY...
 at least...
 DARE I...
 American...
 with a...
 brilliant...
 it's a serious question

insta: bressonathon
 youtube: crusser
 twitter: @SJ_Doubled

audiovisual
 available
 book
 soon!!

2.70
 designed...
 nickel...
 TALK ABOUT MY SOUL TO SQUEEZE
 COME HEADS SIX-PACKS, ZACK ARBES
 SOUL ON LASH FROM BRUISED BACKWARDS
 STAY AND BRANCHY, A NEW KIND OF LEECH
 never LEAVE it UP TO CHANCE
 OFF-RES WHITEY NEVER COULD DANCE
 porchop butterball AT SECOND GLANCE





WARRIOR

WARRIOR

WHEN we took 'em down, we didn't
Take 'em down fast or far enough --
SO FAST THAT ALL the battles WERE in the PAST
because WE'D SUMELY NEVER need to DIE
on any OTHER hill, EVER AGAIN
NOTHING WE MIGHT EVER SEE in THIS LIFE
can HELP us PRETEND THERE'S JOY on MY KNIFE

MAYBE THAT'S WHY I FIGHT
EVERY CORNER PRESENTS A KONDO FIGHT
GAMEPLANS AND DAILY PLANNERS, LANGUISHING
ACROSS the STREET, there MIGHT JUST BE
one OR TWO editions of The OSbornes season 1 on DVD

NO, we don't ever have to go back there
That's ANOTHER reason to suit up
Tank it up, Grab a HOSTESS

ALL OF THESE FIELDS used to LOOK like PLAYGROUNDS
a couple HUNDRED YEARS ago SODDEN with BLOODY WOOL
now they GOT BUT a WHIFF OF WAR like any other damn Hill
EVERY HILL FEELS the same

EVERY MILE FEELS like a GLASGOW SMILE
and ALL FUTURE milestones ARE like DWARF TUSSES

DRINK YOUR OWN blood and SLEEP on LOSSES



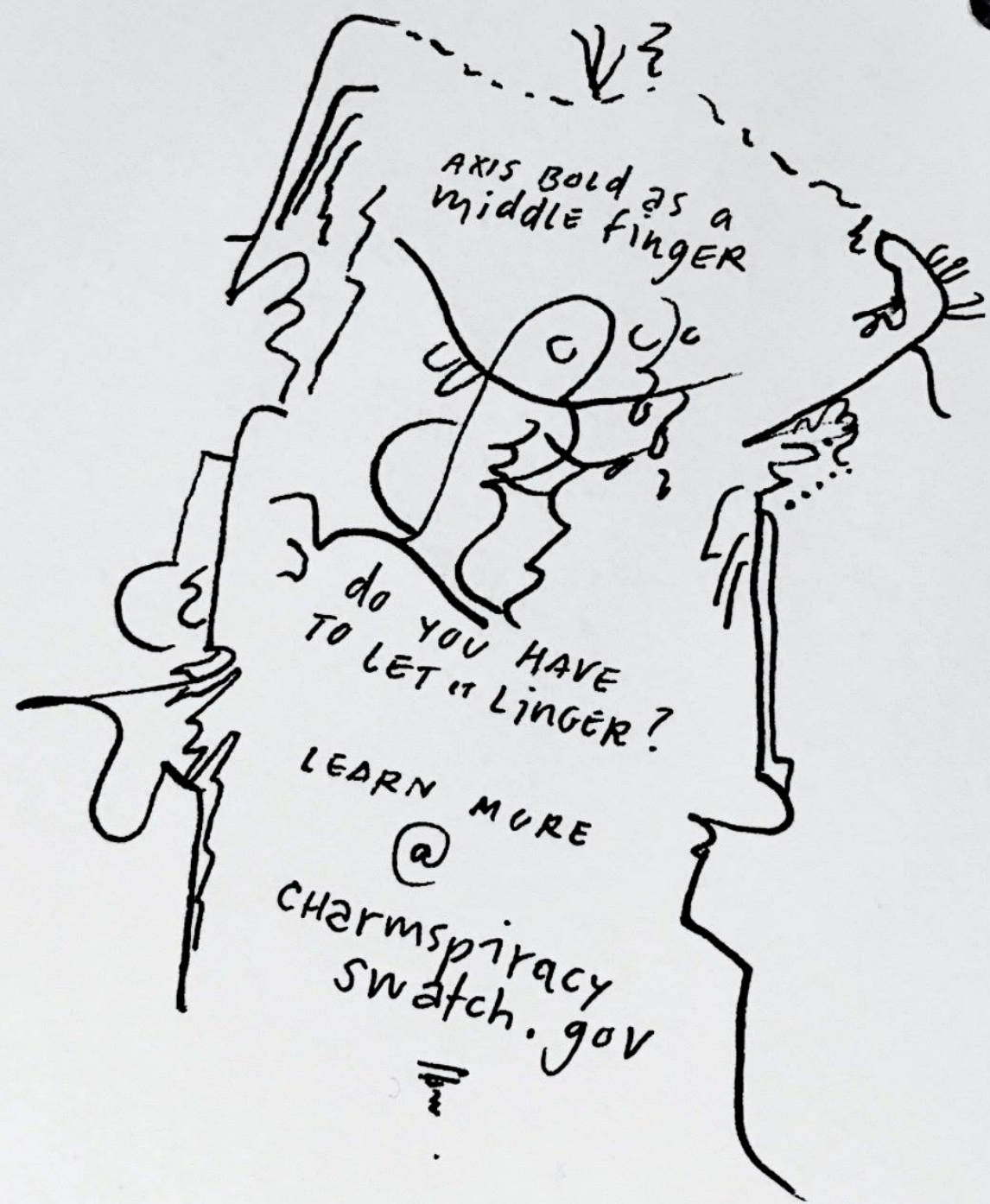
Private

I REMEMBER ONE NIGHT IN PARTICULAR
THE SNOW HAD REALLY ONLY BEGUN TO COME DOWN
AND WE'D CONVINCED OURSELVES THAT WE COULD GET HOME
THIS MUST BE THE TIME DILATION PROF. CERNOVICH TAUGHT
BEFORE HE WAS CRUELLY STRUCK DOWN BY P.C. COMMIES

BECAUSE ON SNOWY NIGHTS LIKE THIS
DOWNTOWN IS A REFRESHING DELOREAN
WHERE NOTHING BAD EVER HAPPENS
BUT THAT'S BECAUSE NOTHING EVER DID

PRIVATE
"Private"
COWBOY FOR MONEY
cowboy
COWBOY

cowboy



AXIS Bold as a middle finger

do you HAVE TO LET IT LINGER?

LEARN MORE @ charmspiracy swatch.gov



TOXIC MASCULINITY IS SO
20th CENTURY

every boy must
PLZ GROW UP
ALL UP NOW

I WANT
IS FOR THEM
TO TAKE

ME ~~to... the...~~
~~and maybe~~
and maybe

a mini
fridge
filled with

vodka
and various

OTHER ELIXIRS
(SPIRITS)

TO FIX HER

all i want is for them to take
a mini-fridge and maybe a
vodka and various other
elixirs to fix her

MIRA

~~ADMISSION~~
ADMISSION

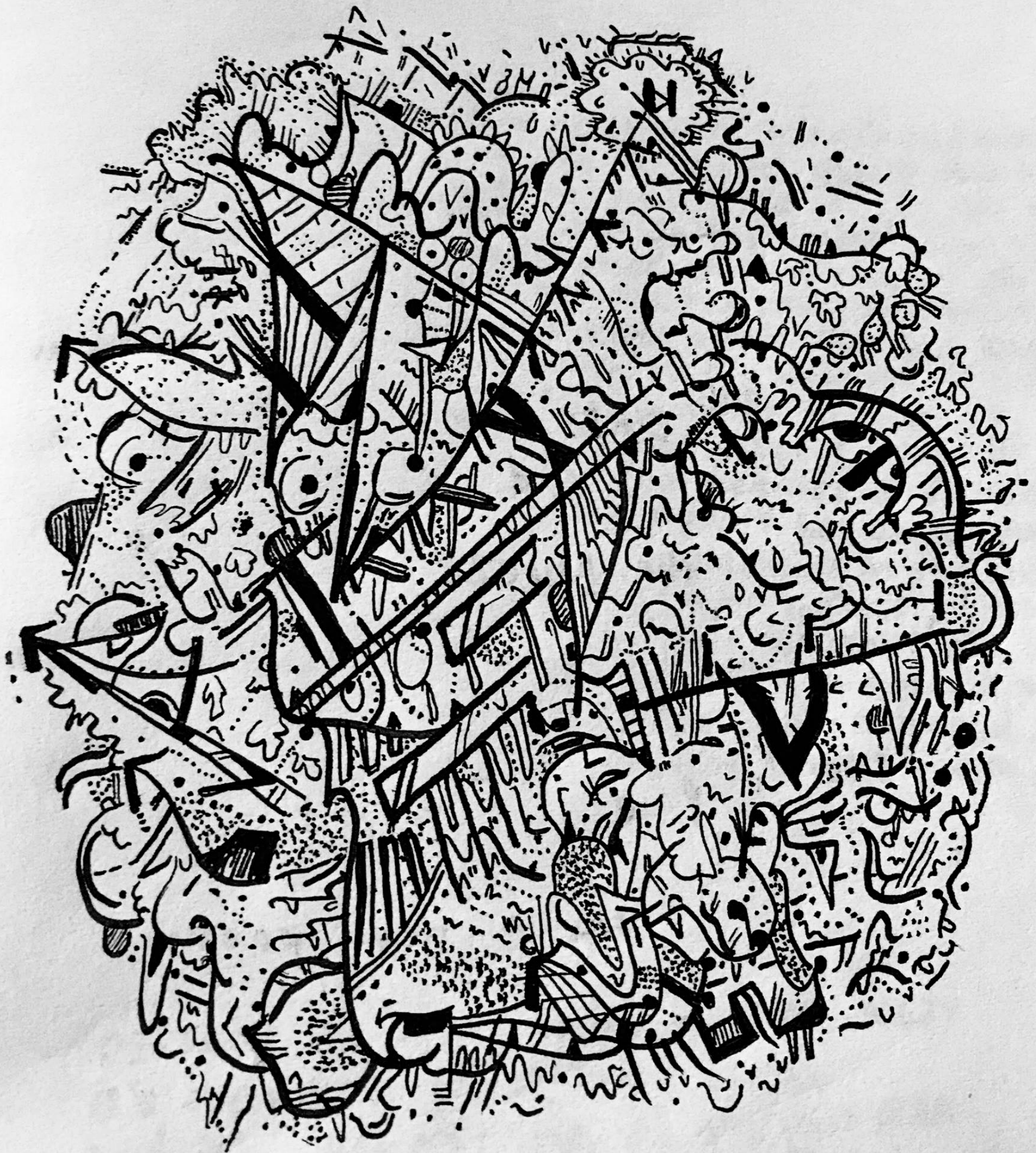
RIGHTEOUS

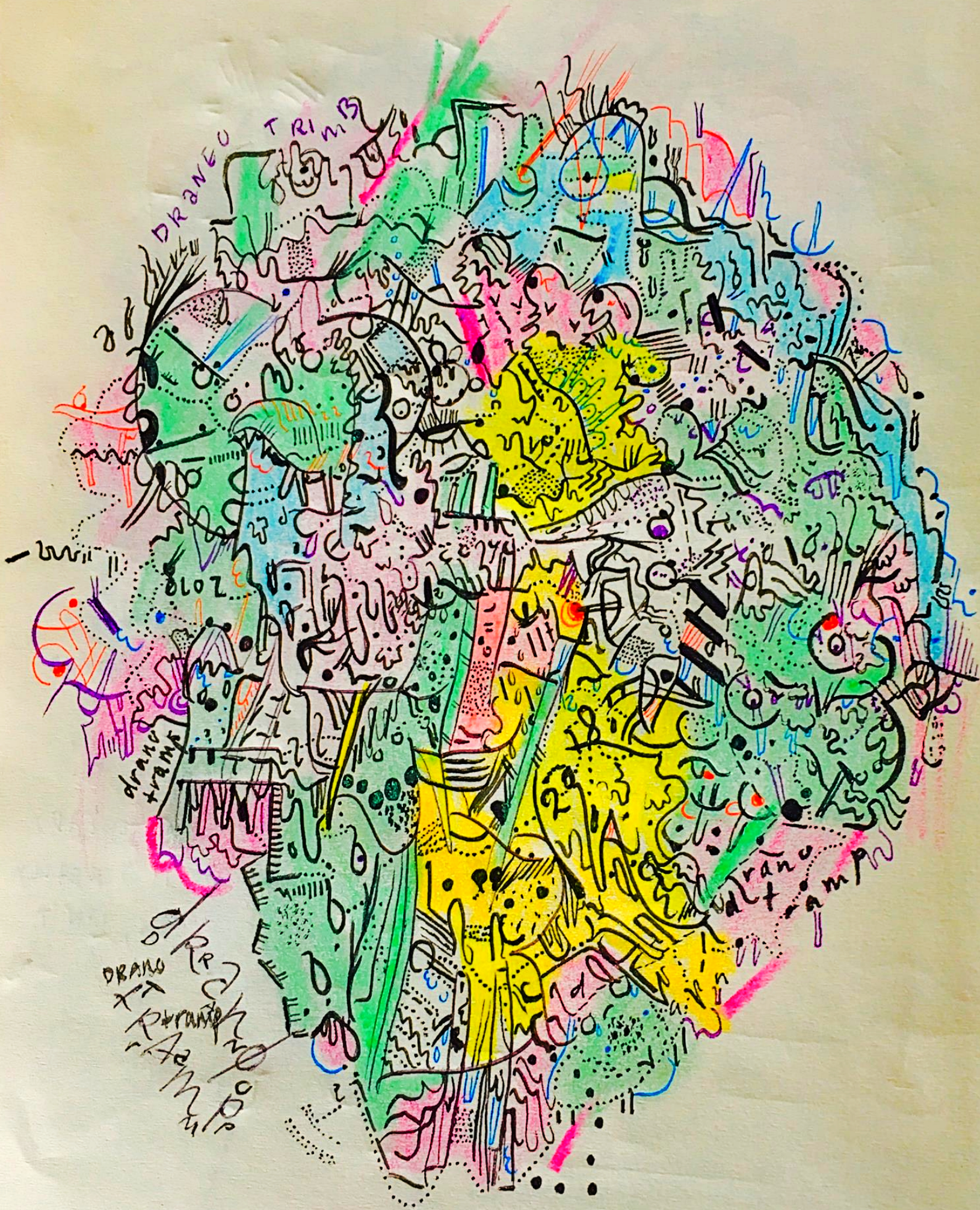
mega

something ELSE
a maze of
LANGUAGE SEEKERS,
FADDED AT-PERMANENT,
WORSHIPFUL OF STUFF

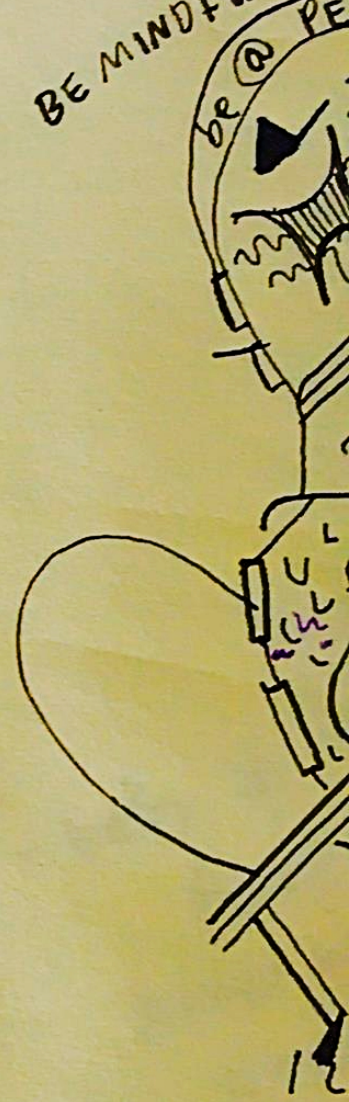
LOVELY

5.26.18





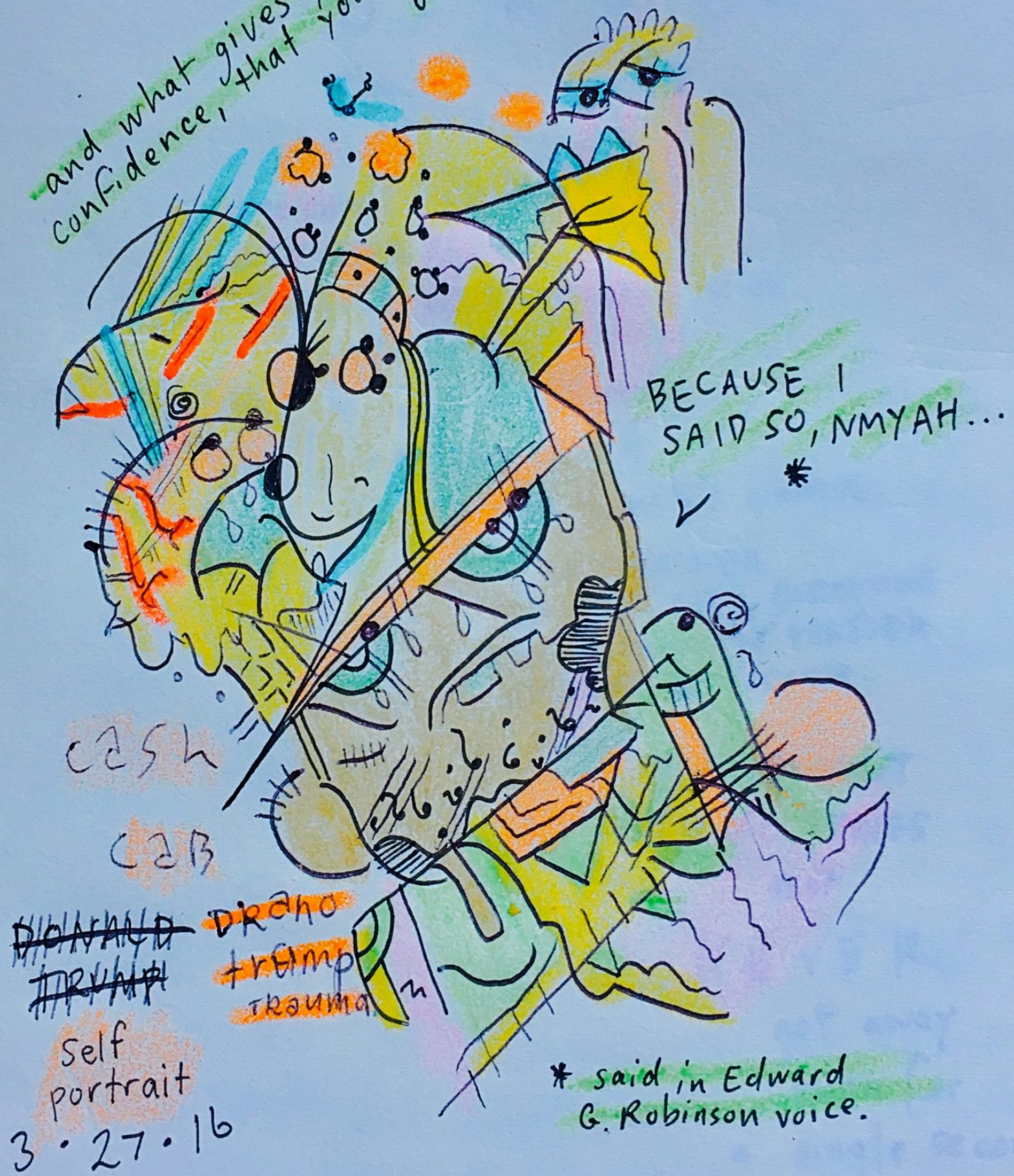
BE MINDFUL @
DR @ PE



~~Handwritten scribbles~~

you can
look

and what gives you such
confidence, that you can get any
of this done?!



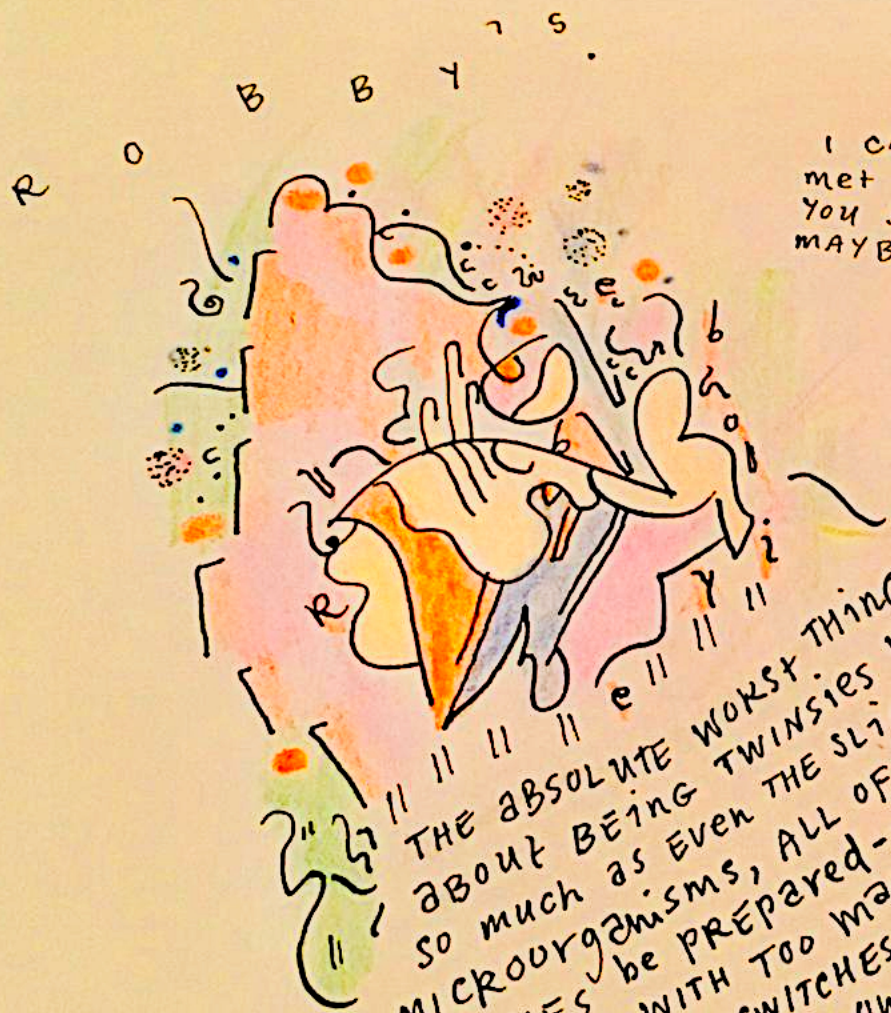
BECAUSE I
SAID SO, NMYAH...

~~DONALD TRUMP~~

DRANO
tramp
trauma

Self
portrait
3.27.16

* said in Edward
G. Robinson voice.



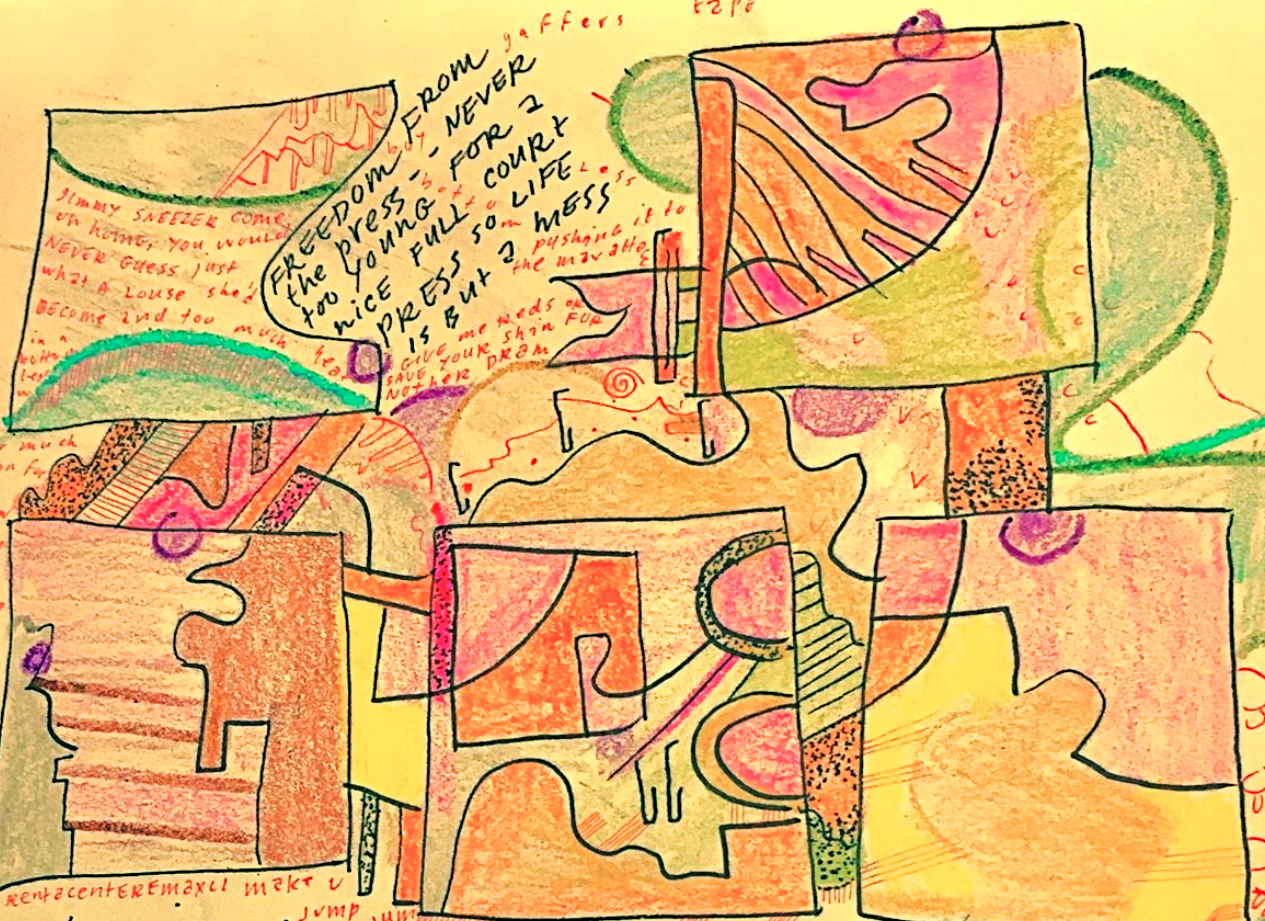
I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I
MET YOU. PULPY GOBS OF TIME, THAT'S WHAT
YOU STOLE FROM US. WE WERE FINE WITH IT -
MAYBE ALL THAT TIME JUST WASN'T...

BRRR. WHERE YOU ARE
SURE IS COLD. YOU LOOK
BEAT. YOU LOOK SCARY, YOU
LOOK SCARED. YOU LOOK UN-
PREPARED. FAT DEAD BOY SCOUT,
WERE I TOOK YOU INTO MY ACCOUNT.

THE ABSOLUTE WORST THING
ABOUT BEING TWINSIES W/
SO MUCH AS EVEN THE SLIGHTEST
MICROORGANISMS, ALL OF THEM,
WITCHES BE PREPARED -- YOU CAN'T
BE TWINS WITH TOO MANY BITCHES.
BEST TO TAKE SWITCHES TO SWITCHES,
FUCK TWO BY TWO, ONE BY ONE.
YOUR FOREST FLOORS, YOUR HOPES AND QUEERS
FALL TO A DEEPLY CRIMSON ASH, THROUGHOUT THE YEARS
IT'S PERTIALLY WHY I CAN'ZE DRINK PLENTY BEERS

SORRY BROE.

22PF



not much passion for the brain open in heat DMB CDs in the late June sun wish you were HERE for another dimly kept and good old root beer

rent a center Emax 11 make u

---healio coiffers in the marnin glue

you NEVER MENTIONED WHAT IT IS YOU CAME BACK HOME way to do BUT TO BECKON THE POWER FORWARD HOME TO THE FLOSSY ONES

your second best is never as blessed as all the rest but it's totally following you down the hutch to a skutch in the brunch unto the end and we could eat the things you used to almost write back to me good hours before another morning light could cause another strossel tilted on the chivie djeas, sucking big and strong on strange blue wonderdons, to the point you can't come back around

Life is but a HESS but a HOLIDAY healicopter in the purple flesh but FOR TO rise ABOVE my MASSIVE mesh account in the EMBANKMENT DOWNriver in my huff pink without ANOTHER hellhole rout THERE used to BE a time AND we can still come NEAR, but sure there's a quaking bootsucking GRAVEL BOY PUMPING UPREAR

INFINITUM SPORT industry instant

Go BACK on the radio. in my he

in the world ever again AND I can't EVER say you

WERE ABSOLUTELY MY NUMBER ONE STUMBLING THROUGH A RELATIVELY UNKNOWN counting the stars on the NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE we've all

cum in the hands OF SPORTS

MEDICINE

devastating faustic



the
byzantine
ARMY OF FAXX

ALL I WANTED WAS A TICKET TO A TROPIC ZONE. I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN NOT TO LET THAT CARNIVAL CORPSE DESSICATE ANYWHERE NEAR MISTER ANTLERS BONES. TO REMEMBER THEO'S DRESSER CONTENTS IS AN EXERCISE IN FUTILITY, BECAUSE IT'S BEEN EITHER SEALED SHUT, IF NOT EXPRESSLY, AND EXPERTLY, FLATTENED WITH A MINI STEAMROLLER OF DREAMS AND CEMENT. IT'S BEEN LIKE THIS FOR HALF A CENTURY. WHEN HE WAS BUT A LITTLE LAD, THEO REERETZ TOOK TO THE STREETS IN SOME VAIN EARLY ATTEMPT @ FUNDRAISING AND CROWDFUNDING. WITH ANY AMOUNT OF EDUCATED HINDSIGHT TODAY, AFTER TOPPLING WELL-HEELLED FASCISM IN THE DIGITAL, SPECTRAL AND ALL-TERRAIN AREAS ACROSS THE GLOBE, A PAINFUL CONTEXT ASSERTS ITSELF INTO THE LIVES OF US ALL. THEO'S LIFE WAS FOREVER CHANGED BY THE PRETTY, HOLOGRAPHIC OWL OF MINEWEA THAT ALL OF US SAW THAT CRAZY AUGUST AFTERNOON. "THIS IS MY CHEST OF DRAWERS," MISTER ANTLERS' CROWD. "THERE ARE MANY LIKE IT, BUT THIS ONE GOES UP TO ELEVEN." HE BRAYED AND BLEATED, COUGHING AND HACKING. TURNING RED "YOU COULD TELL HIS STOMACH WAS TURNING, EVEN FROM THE OUTSIDE. "TART BETTER NOT BE WHAT I THINK IT IS!" MRS. ANTLERS CALLED OUT FROM THE PORCH. "NO MORE WERNIAS!"

EVER SINCE THEN, THEO'S DRESSER BECAME CLASSIFIED AND HE COULDN'T EVER MAKE SENSE OF ITS PARTICULARS, + THEN AND ONLY THEN DID HE REACH THE CONCLUSION THAT HE ABSOLUTELY HAD TO PAUK THE CEMENT. THE FILE ON THE ANTLERSES WAS PERMANENTLY SHUT THEREAFTER, ALSO. IT STANDS TO REASON THAT SOMEWHERE IN THIS STORY, BACK IN THE TIMES OF THE COUNTRY BEFORE THIS ONE NOW, WHEN YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH WHAT WE ALL DO HERE @ DJONATRAMARK IN THE SHADOWS, THEY KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING. ALL I WANTED WAS A TICKET TO THE TROPICS. ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY M.R.E.

Boys

Read the blessed robes
but in the BELLE and
SEBASTIAN, perhaps
not in the "ome this editor duck
if losing his damn mind
SPACE THAT'S when I finally
featuring a thorough and
rasi ty rebuke of the
fazed Malia Obama
MANISTRATION, see what hap
NEXT WITH THE BEST OF HAPPENS
PARADE ME IF I'M impatient to

conjure then
on way back when

if the future seems
unfathomable, then
dive as down
to the deepest
darkest
fathoms.

condy coated dog-nose
coming down in ribbons
bazoo down apostasy in streets

DEEPER and DARKER than Forty
dirt days and forty slabs of
pungent cuts, pestles speckled
with tarus roof, watching you
sprinkle shredded
newsprint and even
munch of this
magazine

DEEPER
DARKER
MUNCH

DEEPER
DARKER
MUNCH

big beauty briches;
ride the dang BUS

but MOSTLY
most of all

forget
and we must NEVER
ahead surrender
health
Foster Lead and an
of other party
appropriate SHEAR
he could've led

FIREd on all CYCLES

MAANA Play my tender heart into cinders

KEEP ON
KEEPIN' ON



ASTERIMAGE UNLIMITED, INC.
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hello my future gf mi nombre
HELLO my FUTURE girlfriend ALLOW me to introduce MYSELF

JIMMIE · LEWIS ·

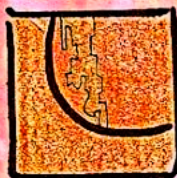
Jimmie Campbell

Jimmie Lewis Campbell

... .. CampBELL

hi hello

hi



PLEASE 2 meet u
PERHAPS you've a bean INTERESTED

in just How i Got HERE LET'S instead
SHALL we address the ELEPHANT in THE ROOM
PAUSES sufficed WITH riotous + shifting MEANING
@ the bicky BACK of every wan and UNlit ROOM

continuing a joke From thir-
teen YEARS ago... would you
REMEMBER this JOKE if I SAW
u in HEAVEN... would it FEEL
the SAME when i watch FIGHT CLUB
or SE7EN?... i must PLAY STRONG
and PRATTLE on, FOR i know you
don't GREET WALMART SHOPPERS up in
HEAVEN. you belong down HERE with
US, TOM WOPPE, MATTHEW MODINE,
AND THAT ONE GIRL SEVEN ELEVEN.

STRONGER things and worlds on
Strings have happened to BE a
refuge FOR me, but only insofar
as it's EASY FOR us as mortal beings to
assume the worst of our betters, THAT
THEY COULD POSSIBLY SNUFF out such
a GENEROUSLY beknighted candleabra.
you WERE 2 PACKAGE STORE in a bo-
BBEe in a RUSSIAN DOLL in a SPIRIT
ditch in a pickup switch in a human
heart on a BEST video receipt, I ASK
you, who'd pass up a meet-n- GREET

WITH something 1/2
as SWEET.

Signaling great specious

inuclear doom

walken thru the room w/


fistfuls of FORKfuls

SHOVELS and SPOONS
urkels + snorkels

BIGGER than doomsday

stuck in the gang way

NOT EVERYONE deserves a big MEMORIAL DAY
NOT in that way. SOME PEOPLE still being born today.
SOME PEOPLE GET BORN just to WALK AWAY. and
SOME PEOPLE HAVE to DIE this way. SOME PEOPLE
NEVER GOT to SPEND so many hours with the boy.
collecting moments in hopes of hoarding joy.
i Got to. I'm here to TELL you. a true LOVE
pair of eyes...



KEEP ALL PORTALS OPEN, ALL INSINUATIONS
zipped up tight, AND ANY and ALL
ALIBIS just right, and Locked in
THEIR outta rite outta mind positions

WE'RE going on a trip. take your pens
and PAPERS you'll definitely need those
and MAYBE, like, well you'll definitely need
ALL of those comic books and honestly MAYBE

even more. come to think of
it, you should probably

sit around today
just hang back

read comic books

make comic books

use any one word.

try to use 300 words

many ways to

spend different days

checked out and reMarked out

he love one hospital bed

don't we!!

The drip drip DRIP

of confessional

confessions

robid rainbow

of some blue cognitions

another pair of foot by eyelids

Freezed around some

sort of advanced

way forward ... AS ANY

ARTIST, those of today's age

MUST LEAN not just on the

psychological ASPECT of our

complexities, but on a finished

physiocracy as well. those in-

to black and white and multi-

color on duller color

the covers meet the colours

some concepts need a conflict

SOME CONFLICTS

celebrity chefs wearing crocs

melody curving

unfit for a CLEF

backbeat scrutinizing on a sleek

romance or romantic

freedom fries gone frantic

Plus-sized predictions, prejudices

left to rot on our desktops

like a lies on ice in February

or a warm blanket in the hot August sun

months piling up softly on no level

months dissolving on no...

months bubbling up, doubling

WHERE did they GO??

under

Look @ the ink's res Lives

we've torn shunder

drizzled over a spot of hydrogen

peroxide

open wide

FORGET walking with GHOSTS. the REAL cosmic hat trick is to shake hands and BREAK bread with those HAUNTING, para-flesh SpectRES that loom over our dustiest Hideaways, STEALING moments from the SWEATY PALMS of our hands, adding some new LAYERS of GRIME and that weird, sickly skeen that ONLY MUNSTERS and GHOSTS care to give us ANYMORE, THE ONLY TRUE sign of Bay LIFE or brotherhood in this what-used-to-be-2-country and then you grumble wobble

ghosts + you

Talking down to GHOSTS, rarely in the same speck of light as you don't you know you're so much BETTER than them?? you know what?

THESE GHOST and GUBLINS ARE NOTHING compared to you. ARE you kidding me? ALL the things you've yet to GET done, FUCK! ALL the FAILURES yet worth accomplishing!! THERE'S a reason you want to do ALL of these things, so bad!! -- they haven't been done before! in the end, it's ONLY the creative impulse who will NEVER LEAVE you behind. ONLY the Strong survive. ONLY the weak are Strong. REPORT back to duty in ur dyed hemp sarong. FIGHT FOR the LAST known song WHERE you BELONG.

the same dates and second to GREAT entries into the canon we become! 11/11/11
Blue diamonds
Acorn
of the
Bobby's
wavy hair

of the business boy's hat, made of sneaky bee flap and Generalized disdain, assures us that no calm may come again, for in this perfect kind of Primadonna rain, he sits, waits.



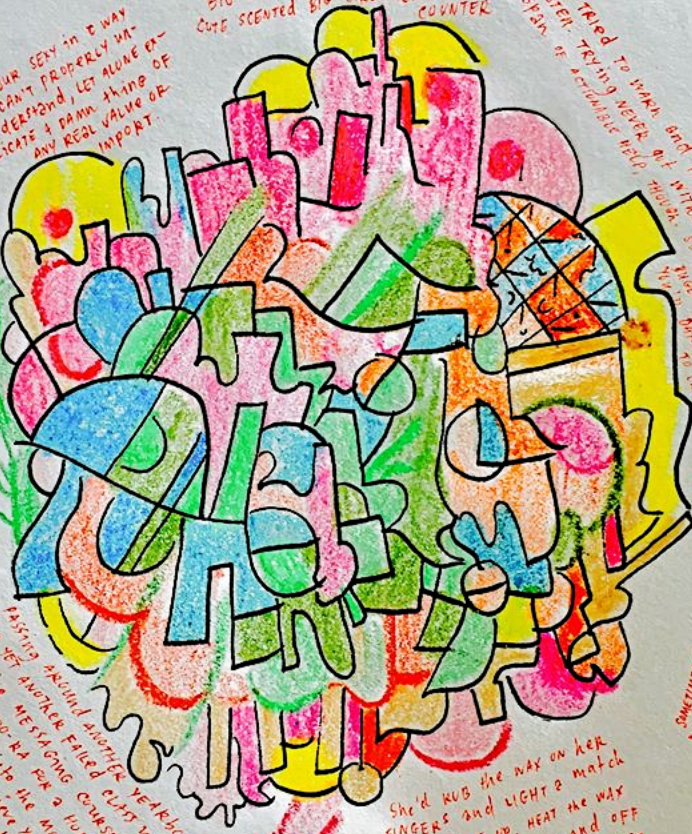
bad BITCHES

YOU'RE OPENING THE ONLY MONKEYS THAT HAVE A DAMN ABOUT YOUR WHOLE PRO, BRO. DUMMYY.

YOUR SEXY IN F WAY I CAN'T PROPERLY WAT DEPEND, LET ALONE EX-PLICATE 4 DAMN THING OF ANY REAL VALUE OR IMPORT.

you the BEST, NEW MODEL BIG BITCH FRAGRANCE @ the CUTE SCENTED BIG GIRL MAKEUP COUNTER

WE TRIED TO SHAK AND PROTECT SOMEONE WHO'D LISTEN TRYING NEVER get WITHIN the BROOKLYN WING - SPAN if possible help make. so one could not be a piece of work as the other. BUT to see the difference of people

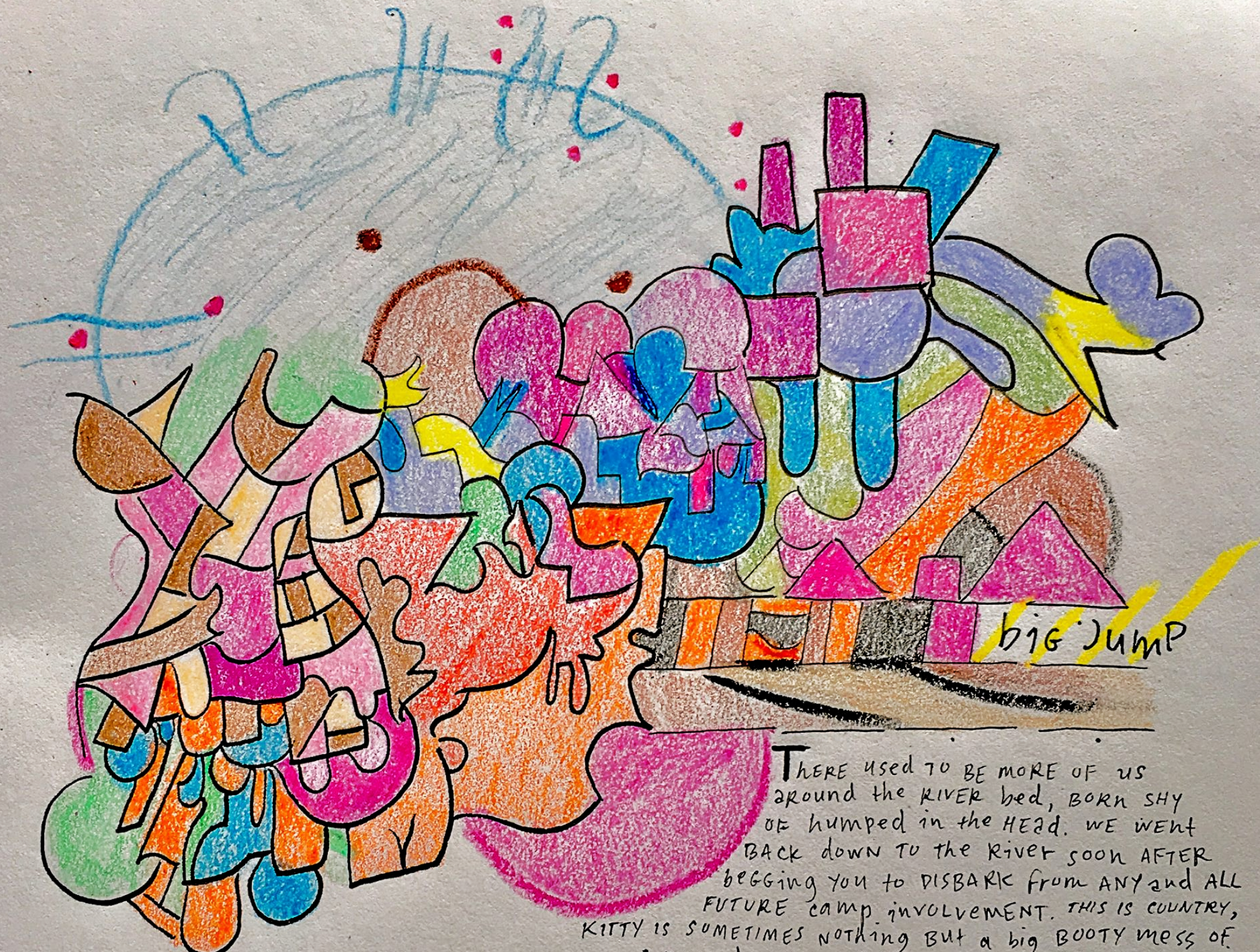


MISSING ABOUT ANOTHER YEARBOOK PROJECTIONS MISSING COURSE. IS OF THE NET ANOTHER FILLED WITH WAREHOUSE RIDER WIFE INTO THE MUCK SUITED AND YET WE DECIDED TO BECOME YOU KISS OFF THE RIP SPARKING SMOKEY DOGS AND BIG OLD DUNGS FAK WAR AND PEACE AND JIMMY WATSON BUFF SONGS.

slatternly unicorNS

She'd RUB the wax on her FINGERS and LIGHT a match AND heat it up, HEAT the wax IT WOULD pool DOWN and OFF her NAILS, and She'd JUST LET IT LET IT GET ON YOUR TITS, GIRL.

SOMETIMES @ HOME I MONDER and I'm not ALONE. BUT TO ALTHOUGH IZATIONS HAVE THE SOME BY THE RULES OF PERIODIC AS KNOW WHERE I BOAR? THE LAND WITH NO BICE TONE



big jump

THERE used TO BE MORE OF us
around the RIVER bed, BORN SHY
OR humped in the HEAD. WE WENT
BACK down TO the RIVER soon AFTER
BEGGING you TO DISBARK FROM ANY and ALL
FUTURE camp involvement. THIS IS COUNTRY,
KITTY IS SOMETIMES NOTHING BUT a big BOOTY mess OF
a rotted out COLICK STREWN ALL on the COUNTRYSIDE,
WE tanned KITTY hide and brought big PINK bitch inside

The recipe called
for MORE ART GLEYAKIS.

BOVIES JUMPING UP WAITING COUNTRY
CRAMMOR, LAOSAME WITH OR WITHOUT
A BOSE OF KELSEY GRAMMER, TAZZ NITE

WE ALL HOPPED INTO CT KELSEY
HOT RUB, SHOULDERING SUCH A
HEAVY CANNON, CUT TUBBY BOBB
WITH A WEIRD GRAM OR WUDDOR
RUB

YOU REALLY MIGHT
NOT WANT TO KNOW
WHAT I EX
OF DOING
WITH MY
DORSCOFF.

RUB
LATE
ON-HEM

ON THE
GRILL
OR WE
CAN
AL
WAS
LITER
WASTED
SPILL

1776
WHEELER

BOVIES
BOVIES

TODAY

IT'S ALL TOO BRAVE

IT'S ALL TOO BRAVE

I WILL BUY YOU A NEW TIME- UGLY,
SKINY 2ND OLVED- I WILL BUY
YOU A GARDEN, ALSO

YOU WILL THANK ME IN THE VESTIGES
WITH A BILLION SHOTTY MELLOW
MOMENTS

SO SLEEPS THE
PURPLE LOVE, THE
UNDGROCOCK

BUSTING OUT OF CORES
BUMPING UP dust and ind
VIBRATING LIFE THROUGH AL-
LEGATELY VICIOUS AND PUFFY STICKS

WHEN PUSK COMING TO SHOVE
I THOUGHT I COULD EVENTUALLY GET
THROUGH TO ANOTHER HUMAN SORE WHO
WAKES THERE MAYBE, but ALL I GOT WAS
PURE AMBULATORY REGRET and BIG FARTING
PARSES...

ON DOHNANYI
(1877-1960)

Andante

4 20 20

19

TARRYING in the COURTHOUSE
WARD TWENTY FIVE in the big boy dream....

FRACK
FEELINGS
TOWER
USA

KEEP TWITTING
ON THE 12 LINE EAR'S
AND NO SOON YOU'LL SEE

the MATTER OF A
RUBE TO ME - I DON'T CARE
IF YOU A SCUMBAG. THIS MAKES
NO DIFFERENCE TO ME. I'M MERELY
TRYING TO GET TO the HEART OF the
MATTER, which if you have NONE - either NO
HEART OR NO BLADDER, OR MAYBE it COULD
JUST BE THAT YOU HAVE ONE INSIDE the OTHER
but MAYBE you'd have NEITHER, y'know, given ya dROTHERS

CAROUSING in the CAPITOL
WORKING PAPA ROACH IN
TO A PARA OR 2 deflected
PAPA likes when BOBBY is inflated
SOUTHERN GOATS in BLAZING SPIRES

holy
Saturday

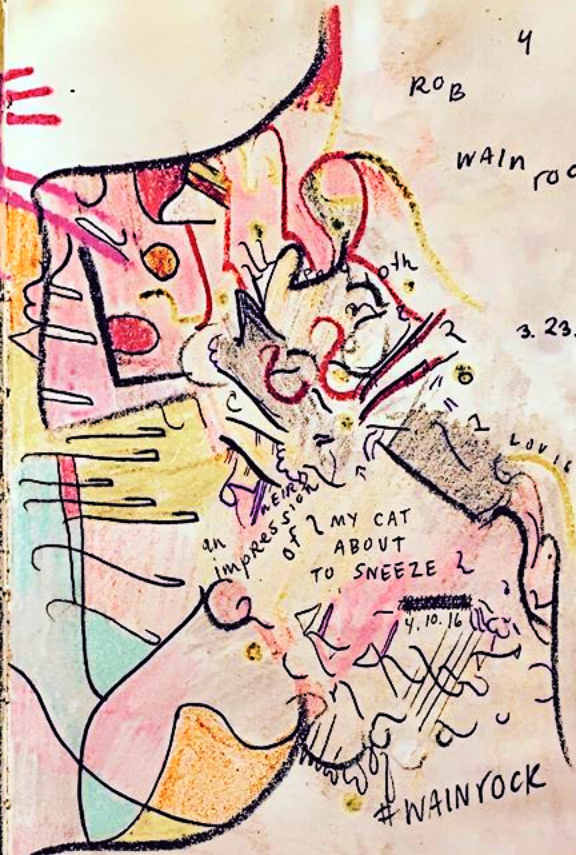
TARRYING in THE GOOD COLD
CARVING and SMASHING pumpkins JUST

like in dots of old
WE BRINGING BACK
ROCK AND ROLL

WE SWINGING bigger and BOLDER
WITH NO SEGA CONTROLLER TO KEEP HER
VIRGIN in a SYBian OR A BABY BLUE SWING
STUCK inside a SAINTED SNOTCH
WITH the powder BLUES again -

FRIENDS OF P. OR U.P.P.
FRIENDS WITH ME
JUST the WAY
it FUCKEN B.

sch w i n G
1



4

ROB

WAIN rock

3.23.19

an impression of MY CAT ABOUT TO SNEEZE

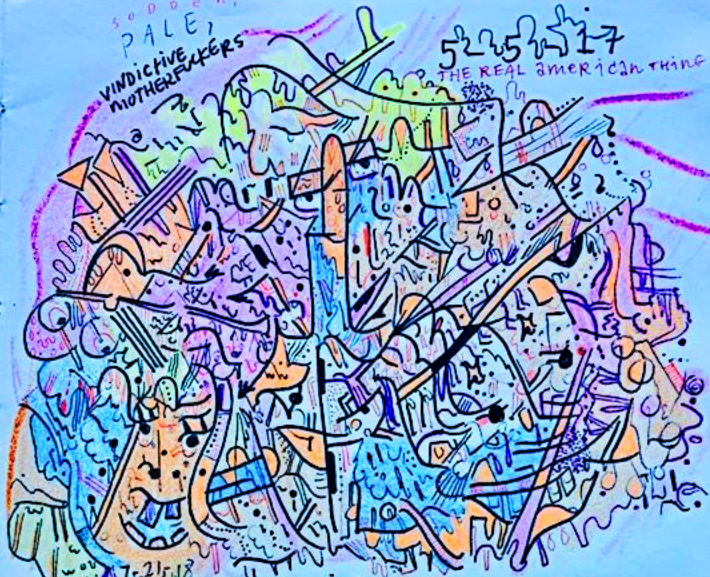
4.10.16

#WAINROCK

WAINROCK ON THE PORCH ONE NIGHT, YOU TAUGHT ME THINGS ABOUT COFFEE TABLE BOOKS I'LL PROBABLY NEVER REMEMBER, UNDERSTAND, MUCH LESS PUT TO ANY PRACTICAL REAL WORLD USE IN THIS LIFETIME. BUT THAT'S FINE. HIGH HOLIDAYS MY FREN, JUST LIKE WAY THE HELL BACK THEN WHEN WE SAW THE BLUE TENT AND I WAS BECOMING MANIC YOU HELD MY BRAINS AND HELT AS I CHUFFED OFF PANIC IN RECENT YEARS, YOU NEVER LOST UR WITS YOU JUST GOT RACCOON EYED AND BIG OL' TITS

SODDEN,
PALE,
VINDICTIVE
MOTHERFUCKERS

525517
THE REAL AMERICAN THING



White Civic PRIDE is a PRE-
existing condition. LISTEN TO
that one AEROSMITH song, uh,
PAID FOR BY democratic socialites "EAT the RICH"

Robby
taught me to
another why be
implied
ambig
vignis

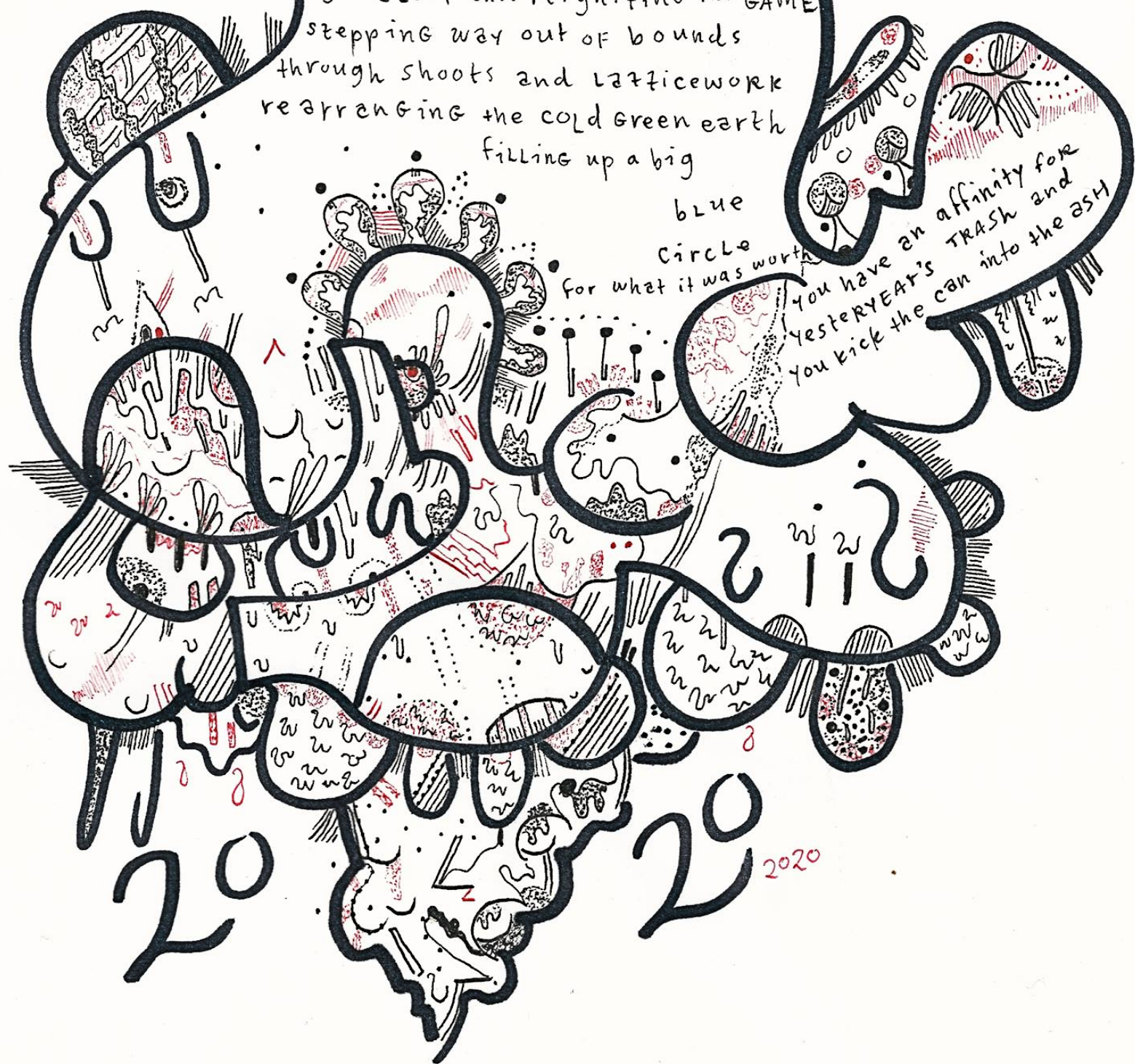
of antedeluvian delights
democracy is only what you make of it
put a little shake-n-bake in it
we're going back below, OR ELSE
PULLING MUSCLE FROM THE SHELF
HAVE YOU NEVER BEEN MELLOW?
HAVE YOU EVER praised a sparrow
BIG BOY BITES in spite of
CARBY LAST rites a fellow?
JACO in a discreet stirrup zone Thousand leagues all
I'LL BURN YOU ANOTHER COPY OF HOME ALONE BEL
sure, but JUST DON'T TRY TO TELL ME ANYTHING about ON
S. CRAIG ZAHLER MOVIES The corner jumpshot
LET ME SEE HIS PAY CHECKS HE CAN'T MAKE MOVIES that's the thing
HE WON'T MAKE MOVIES HE OWNS LIONEL
SO WHY IS MEL BIGSON WORKING WITH HIM? HE OWNS LIONEL
WORK WITH ME, MEL!

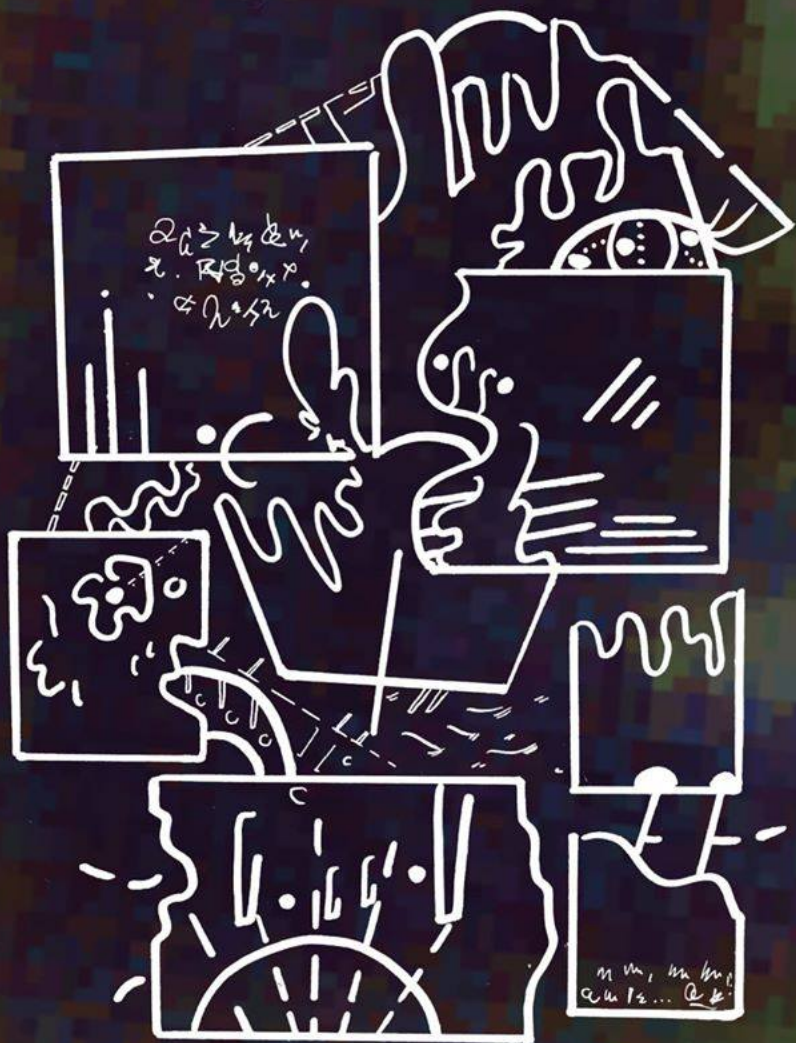
2020

The temptation is THERE
to bomb a RED SQUARE
FOR a SOCIETY of ppl named ELihu
with card catalogue aflame
so aloof and reigniting the GAME
stepping way out of bounds
through shoots and latticework
rearranging the cold green earth
filling up a big

blue
circle
for what it was worth

you have an affinity for
YESTERYEAR'S TRASH and
you kick the can into the ASH





" STILL GOING STRONG "

WRITHING IN THE BRIGHT LIGHT
HEADED FOR YOUR HUGE NIGHT
A BUCK MORE FOR THE FROSTBITE
BIG BANGLES CLANKIN' AROUND
HIDDEN CANKLES RUNNING UP THE CHURCHGROUND
DOWN TO THE PALACE W/ ENOUGH RESPECT
CALLING YOUR NUMBER IS A PAIN IN THE NECK
AND IT'S BANG BANG BANG ON THE OLD CEDAR DOOR
AND THEY SEEMED SO MUCH NICER THAN THEY SEEMED BY
WE ARE UP IN THE MORNING AND WE OUT @ 4:00
THEN WE PARTY AND SLEEP AND THEN WE PARTY SOME MORE
YOU JUST SLUNK TIL THE MORNING THEN U SCHLEPPED @ NOON
I'M THE THING THAT MAKES A FINE LADY
YOU THE ONE THAT MAKES A BIG FAT BABY
I MIGHT NEVER GROW UP + IT MAKES YOU LAZY
NOT A FAN OF HOW IT ALL GOT SO CRAZY
THE TRIMSPA PAPPIES PILED UP IN THE SUN

2097
BUAC

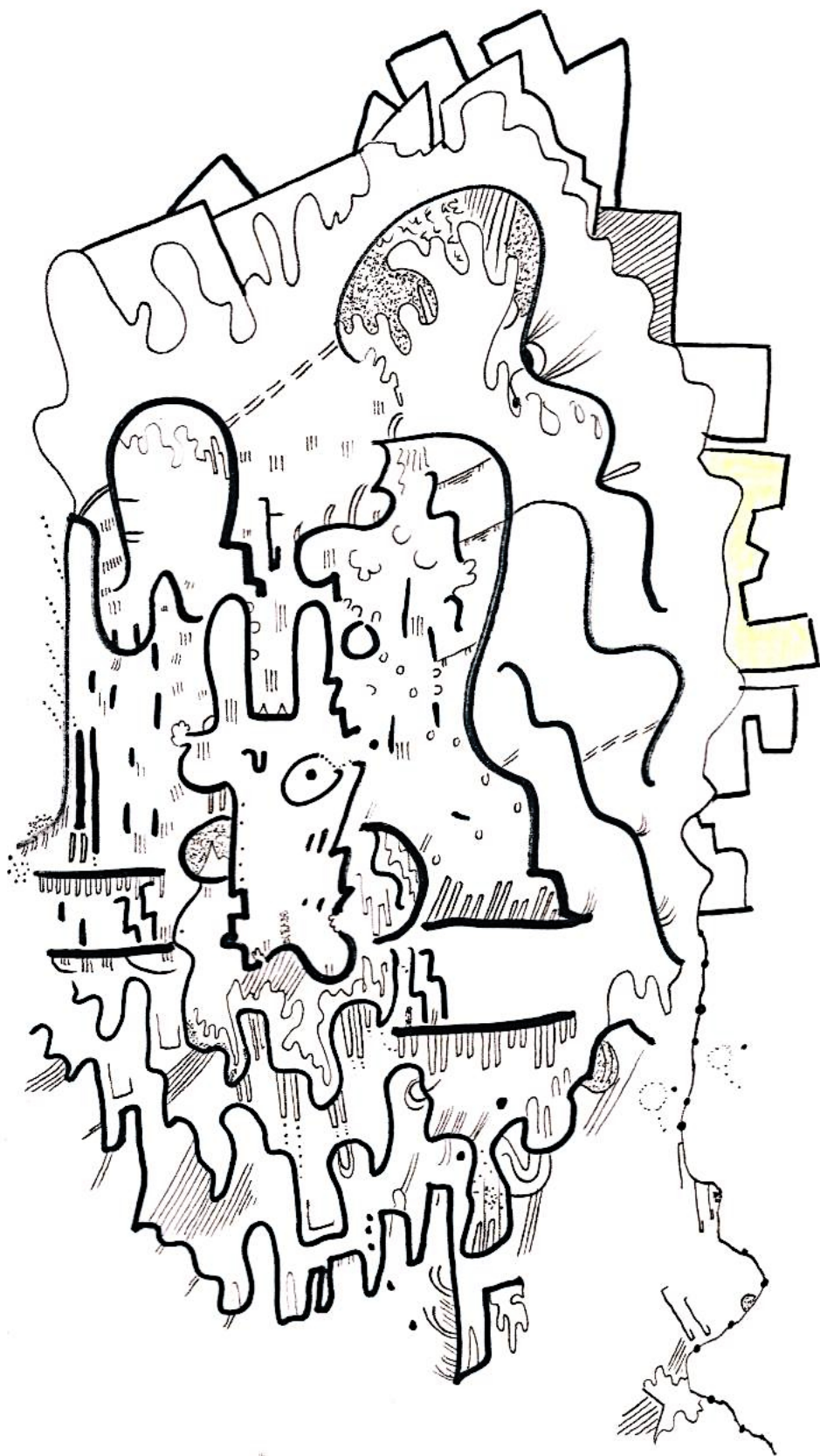
" COLD CREMATIONISM "

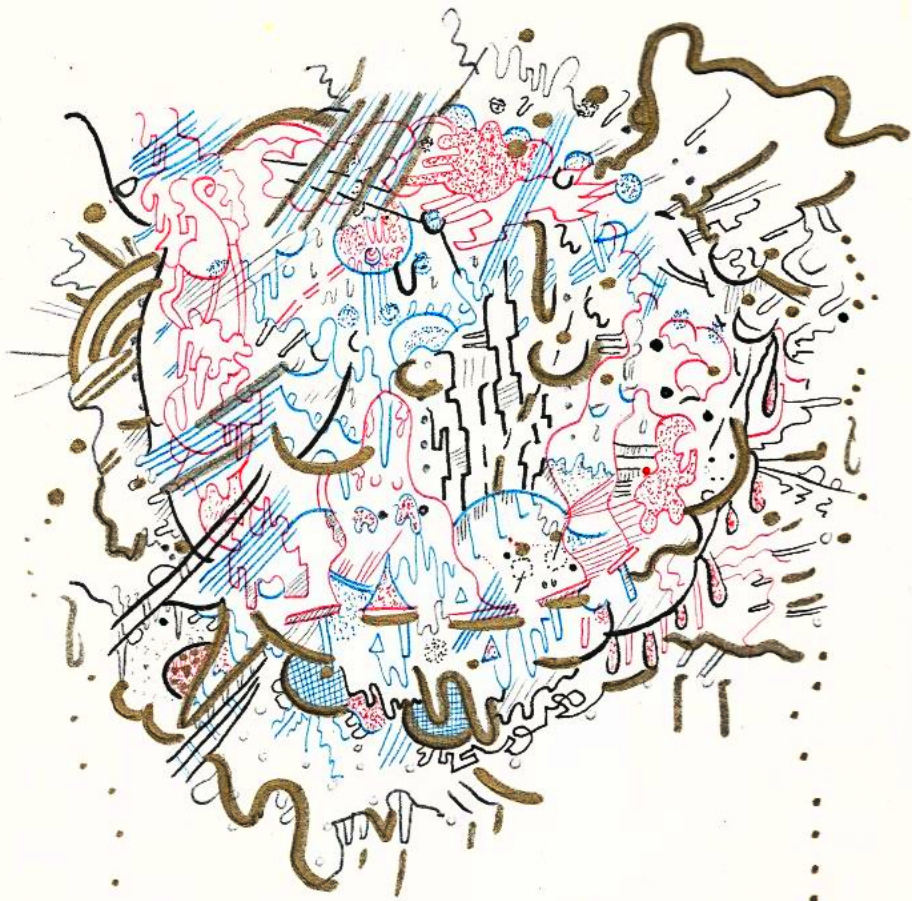
Read that broken book
Pay me double 4 a 2nd look
Open it softly and never dismiss
You never thought it wasn't like this

OLD SMELLY HUNKS KNOW THIS WELL
THE SUPPERS THAT WAIT FOR THE BRKFAST BELL
I WISH I COULD GIVE U MORE THAN U DESERVE
BUT THIS SKIN HAS LOST ITS NERVY NERVE

BIRDS ARE NESTING IN 3-INCH
HEELS / CHIMPS SLEEP SOUND-
LY IN BANANA PEELS / WE'VE
ALREADY CLOSED THAT BIG,
BIG BOOK / AND SUFFER FIN-
ANCIALLY 4 a 40TH LOOK







THE framers of
the constitution
in not pants
in RIVERVIEW
in July in a
lying down
in a micro
hammock
inside a cup of
what's up

LOVE can
move a
memory.

SUNSHINE won't help you, not in
this country. You need something a TRIP
OR TWO. GET YOURSELF a permanent
GLIMMER of a GRIMACE and call it another night
5 or 6 or 7 or 8 or 9 or 10 or 11 or 12

brad renfro's
... apr. 2019

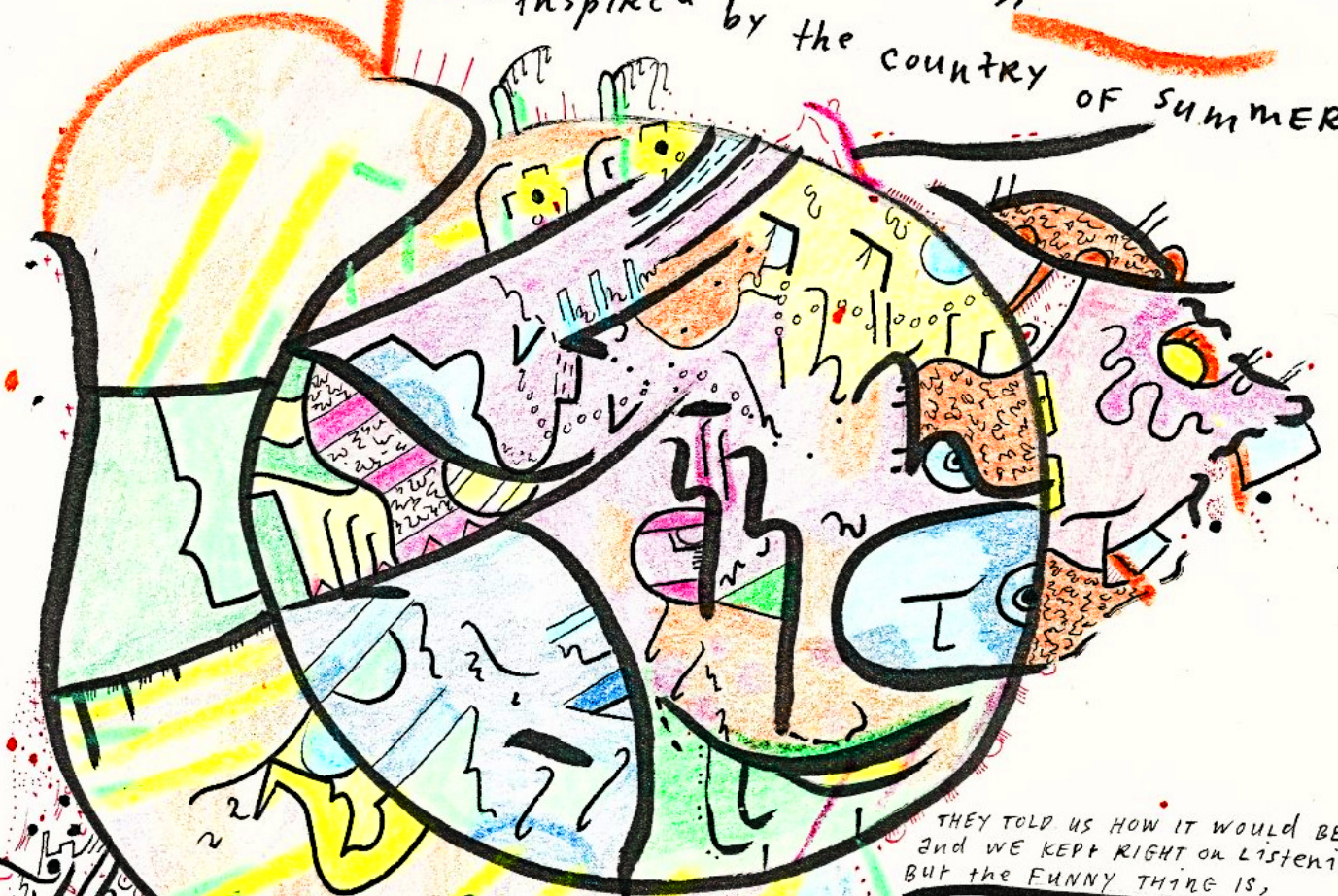


CHANGING
CRAZY HOW THAT TIME
KEEPS CHANGING YOU MORE
FOR COFFIN INVASION THAT'LL
ROUND- THE- CLOCK ACCESS TO SOMETHING
PRETTY MUCH SHORTEN THE FUCK OUTTA YOUR LIFE SPAN
SO IT'S LIKE YEAH, and then WHEN YOU FACTOR IN THE
COST EFFECTIVENESS OF BEING a decent
WORLD ENTITLED and REPRESENTATIVE
OF democratic IDEALS. SOMETIMES
don't even get me started

EVERY RAY OF LIGHT, a football
field of ROTTEN shins and DIS-
PLACED OR OTHERWISE disappeared
SUB-CALIFORNIANS. EVERY WESTERN
SHIRT FROM a ROUGH-HEWN URBAN
LANDSCAPE IS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN
GRAPES. ONE SHIRT = FIFTY OR SIXTY GRAPES.
EVERY DAY AT RAY'S, HE deducts a THOUSAND MORE DAYS.
I wish he wouldn't BUT IT IS WHAT IT IS so whatever
TAKE the anger you're feeling NOW AND DO SOME RIGHT
THIS ENERGY CAN'T POSSIBLY LAST ALL NIGHT
FIFTY MORE DAYS, FIFTY MORE RAYS
@ LEAST there's some room FOR opportu' ?
no. wait.
IT'S MORE LIKE
a RAY a DAY KEEPS
the dock OF THE...
something

THERE WAS a BOY
WHO DROPPED a SHOE
HE PICKEE IT UP LATER
THAT DREAM IS YOU

"inspired by the country OF SUMMER"



THEY TOLD US HOW IT WOULD BE,
AND WE KEPT RIGHT ON LISTENING
BUT THE FUNNY THING IS,

NOBODY HEARD A DAMN THING
IN THE SPACE BETWEEN DAVE MATTHEWS
AND A DREAM, THE CAT WITH THE OREO
STANDS BETWEEN A WING AND A PRAYER.
NANCY PELOSI BETTER FIX WAGON THERE.

the assumption OF the American PROJECT

the LACK of acknowledgment that REALLY the ONLY truly
GREAT DUPLESS PROJECT IS "CYRUS," AND THAT OTHER
THAN TOILETRIES, PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION AND AIR

TRAVEL; MAY THERE BE NOTHING THAT binds the
SHARED AND DEPRECIATING SOCIAL CONTRACT. LET
CHOOGLE BE FINALE OF SEEM, LET THE DARKEST KNIFE
cut a PALLOR RAW and DEEP IN THIS BOILED NIGHT LIFE
SOCIAL CUTS and FAT SAVAGE butts WILL LEAVE YOU

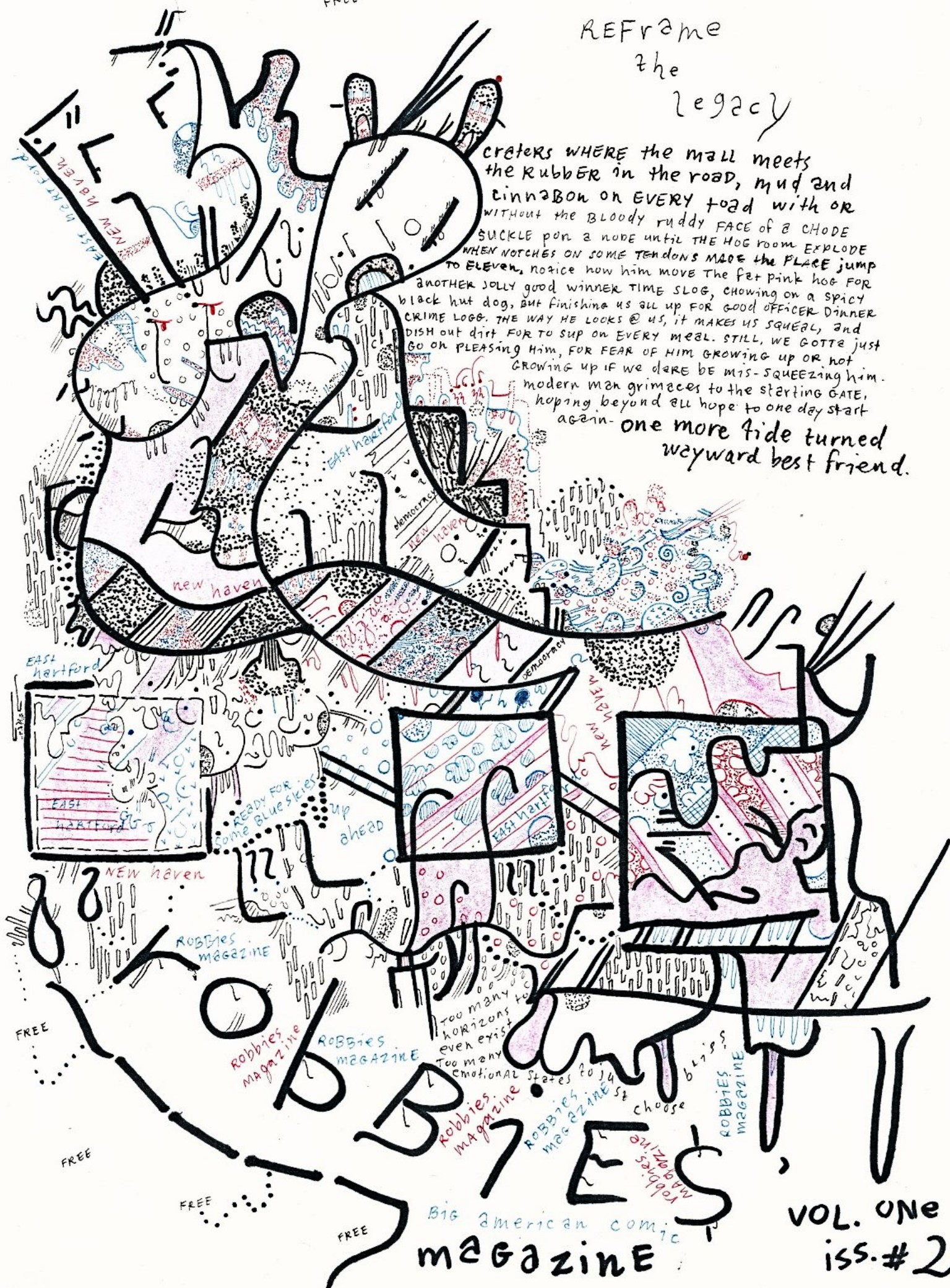
in the END, the United States of America IGNORES
you, just as it IGNORES its own FLAG as it BLEACHES
in the sun. maybe it's EVEN TIME FOR a NEW FLAG --
ONE that can BURN LIKE Bshen COTTON in broad
DAYLIGHT, with all ATTENDENT dayGLO pain

THE SOULS OF MOMS GONE WILD in the mid JULY TENTS
the SCENTS and circumstances OF NAKED and EXPOSED tubes,
MUNICIPAL DANCES FOR the RECENTLY DEPOSED RUBES
and then the CYCLE CONTINUES, EVEN THOUGH
IT'S OLD, it's tired, and it WANTS TO GO.

FREE

REFrame the Legacy

creters WHERE the mall meets
 the RUBBER in the road, mud and
 CINNABON on EVERY toad with OR
 WITHOUT the BLOODY ruddy FACE of a CHODE
 SUCKLE pon a NODE until THE HOG room EXPLODE
 WHEN NOTCHES ON SOME TENDONS MADE the PLACE jump
 TO ELEVEN, notice how him move The fat pink hog FOR
 ANOTHER JOLLY good winner TIME SLOG, chowing on a spicy
 black hut dog, BUT finishing us all up FOR GOOD OFFICER DINNER
 CRIME LOGG. THE WAY HE LOOKS @ us, it MAKES US SQUEAL, and
 DISH out dirt FOR TO SUP ON EVERY MEAL. STILL, WE GOTTE just
 GO ON PLEASING Him, FOR FEAR OF HIM GROWING up OR not
 GROWING up IF we dare BE MIS-SQUEEZING him.
 modern man grimaces to the starting GATE,
 hoping beyond ALL hope to one day start
 again- one more tide turned
 wayward best friend.



FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

Big American comic
magazine

VOL. ONE
ISS. #2

TWO PAIR IN A PRAYIS
ACTUALIZING LIKE ANGELS
HUGGING THE RAILING GOOD
A FURTIVE BOUNCE IN LIGHT OF DAY
ANOTHER PACK TO UNPACK
RESISTING THE MOVES
BACKWARD OR FORWARD

never put
off today what
you never knew,
to put back
having been,
thrown back
ever out and

STILL, THE ONLY THING BETWEEN THEM
WAS ANOTHER DESPICABLE HEDGE
MORE TWISTED LACE TO THE FACE
TYING DOWN ANOTHER MOMENT
LAUGHING OUT OF RESPECT
BIG RED STICKER ON A WINDOW
FILLED TO THE BRIM WITH A COMPOSITE
UNSEEN AND UNDERSTOOD, READY TO RIP

READY TO EAT MEATS ON DAPPLED CITY STREETS
ALL MEMORIES EDGING CLOSER TO OBLIVION
BABEL undone in a LOVING if aimless sponge
ALWAYS SHIT TO FORGET TO TALK, SPEAK and SAY

senile and febrile
improper kerning
burning after
midnight turning
smudges on pearl
white as black
two step back
sleep ascending
treadmill hums

UNDER WOODED ISLAND TRIBAL BANKS
BLANKS ARE SHOT, SNAPPER CAUGHT
THE NEXT DAY'S WINESKIN already emptied
ON FIELDS OF TRASH, OF STONES upturned

LOST in a dunce's moment
again and again

SHIPBUILD into THE bin WITH a SATISFIED GRIN
DROPPING PURE MOMENTS LIKE DEWY DECIMALS
CATALOGUE THE SHARP and TWILIT POINTS and
HUFF THE JOY LIKE AEROSOL HOPE DEPLOYED
BIG THREE TON STEEL BEAM WITH a WING CLIPPED
NOTCH ABOVE THE EAR FOR MORE DELICATE re-homing
IN THE ZONE BETWEEN a BITTEN NAIL AND a SOFT bit TALE
THE GLOAMING reaches TO STAUNCH CONCLUSIONS
PUCE SHEAF OF PALATE WRECKED POST-NIGHT COOL OFF
TO STICK TO the WOMBAT EYED e-MAIL OF THE SOUL
LEST ALL CONTROL WRESTS CHANCE FROM a needed GLANCE
STRAIGHTENING A FORGOTTEN MAN'S TIE BEFORE HE SLEEPS
LOOKING WELL SUITED TO THE COMPANY HE KEEPS
ON a POISONED dais OF WHAT'S next THEN THE hopping past
PATIENTLY WAITING ON A PARTY FOUL MADE OF FLOATING tanks
A DREAM, ONLY in so much AS it NEVER SHOWS up again

TWENTY (20) second

POET'S CORNER

I ONLY listen to
podcasts about
NATHANIEL HAW-
thorne, BEETS,
beats, killer
to FU, A. E. O. U.
cloud nothings,
dick measuring
contests, E. L. O.

w

e

s o 1

e o 2

podcast,
=  beuys,
=

f

e

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r

2

8

The DNC is wondering LIKE
how to firebomb university arenas
in Mass. and ~~southern~~ New Hampshire
WHILE OUR WORLD wrings breakfast out of doodie
I PET cats and LOOK ON hulu with MY cutie

LOOK UPON MY OZYFEST
PRESS PASS, and WEEP.
THE SCRUGGLE I GOT CAN

KICK a Grown man to SLEEP.

LOOK out for busters, dusters,
MARK cubans and thieves

GAMBLING ACES ALL
FOR ONE MORE PRADA

HAGGLING OVER DADA
SIGNIFYING ~~wada~~

in the desert.

2

0

2

0



x u

... word box ...

JUST BECAUSE THEY COULDN'T KEEP a Lid
ON HUMAN EXPRESSION OR ITS EXPANSION,
WE MUST NOW SUFFER in STYLE, OR ELSE die a WHILE
IN THIS TOXIC MAN CAVE, OR GOVERNOR'S MANSION

'WHATEVER' IT WAS is NOW just a BUZZ
WALLS DRIPPING OFF THE LOW CEILING
AS THE SAME FIVE OR TEN WORDS RING
2nd MAKE YOUR LOVE MEAN NOTHING --

} ALL BECAUSE THEY MUST remain
IN THE SHADOWS OF GOOD FORTUNE
WHILE PIGEONS LIKE YOURSELF GO
GAZE AT THE SHELF 2nd BATHE IN PAIN

THE LIGHT GETS THROUGH TO YOU
IN SEVERE AND DARK, CRUSHING WAVES
NOT BECAUSE YOU'RE SOMETHING SPECIAL
BUT because THEIR HATE IS BRAVE
SOMETIMES, IT FEELS LIKE THERE isn't a FEELING
THAT CANNOT BE STRUCK OR INVALIDATED
BUT THAT'S a DOUBLE NEGATIVE ANYWAY,
OR MAYBE IT'S A FALSE POSITIVE ?

WHO COULD TELL
WHAT COULD WHAT
WHUH KUH WHAH

1.07.22

"ASHLEY in EAST Haddam"

my bluest, blackest purple Pod muse
I was white then still, spitting on shoes
while the man made blood on your big arm ooze
I wondered why it made an impression
Like BLOOD on Fight terrycloth is a lesson
on chivalry, butbous and unmoored discretion
THEY pricked you four times in one half day
and i couldn't GET mine in you to STEEL away
though no one saw that big jelly factory sway
in any of the hardcore jealous ways i did
IT MADE me so hard that it kept my heart hid
To bare arms and deprive you of another white kid
But still, our well deepening ELBOW daps did REVEAL
THE BRAND OF RAW intense LOVE that ONLY TIME could steal
Nurses ALL BUT GAVE us two THE SLIPPERY condom TO PEEL
Like LEONARD TO TEKIWATHA, i STILL SHINE on YOU
Like it's somehow BETTER TO HAVE THWARTED OUR GOD
with ALL THE inoculated cravings FOR MORE FROM YOU
THEY watched us TORCH the FUTURE with OUR WET parts
I wonder WHY NOTHING on THAT BODY was small or scant
I've tried to picture your beautiful smile and can't
THE WAY your titties was so TORPEDO HEAVY and
THE SUPERBUTT THAT PROVED UNRULY as a friend
Two FISTS Buried in HER own jug meat -- THE end?

BLESS and KEEP

ayden cruz

KNOWING THAT THIS YOUNG BOY SAFE IN TIME TO
MAYBE HAVE A NICE and SAFE THANKSGIVING
HOLIDAY WITH SOME CLOSE PEOPLE TO HIM, and
HIS to maybe save some MORE LIVES just by
continuing to BE HIMSELF TO HIS VERY CORE,
Simply in accordance WITH HIS LORD, and his
dogged patience and PERSISTENCE THAT TELLING
HIS OWN STORY HIS WAY IS TO REMAIN CALM
~~AND~~ ~~IN~~ IN THE FACE OF LIVING, unfolding
HELL. THERE IS SUCH GOOD IN THE WORLD and
an EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES FOR THOSE WHO
tend to it. NO ONE IS CALLED UPON TO SHARE,
and then, in brief seconds,
it's everywhere

pity

WE TRIED TO STACK TRACKS
A DIRECTOR'S COMMENTARIES
EIGHTEEN OF THEM
NONE OF THEM TOOK ANYTHING AWAY
THE IMAGE WAS JUST AS POWERFULL

TO UNDERSCORE IS TO STARVE,
WE LATER DECIDED, ON OUR YACHT
AS WE WHIPPED PIGS IN THE BAHAMIAN/LEAD SUN
FEEDING OTHER ONES FROM OUR FREE HANDS
SERVICING THE BUG NIGHT OVER THE HULL

BECAUSE WE WANT TO SLEEP AT NIGHT,
WE LATER GET OUR WRISTS MASSAGED.
CHILLED EYE MASKS DULL THE GUILT
OF LOVING TO EAT THE LOWEST OF THE LOW
AND HATING TO ADMIT THERE'S SHIT IN OUR TEETH

THE CUTER THE DUMMIES, THE MORE BRUTAL THE FALL
SO IT'S GOOD TO MAKE SURE THE VIDEO'S ON LOOP
UNTILL THINKING BECOMES IRRELEVANT, OR
WORSE, PART OF SOME BIGGER PROBLEM
LIKE ANYTHING AT ALL TO FEEL BAD ABOUT

8.25.21

1. 24. 22

renfro

ONCE HE LOOKS YOUR WAY, it's OVER
YOU CAN'T STAND it? GRAB YOUR CLOVER
FROM GHOST WORLD GHOSING TO CAST IRON
CYCLE STARE that CAUGHT d'ONOFRIO UNWARE
THE MICHAELS OF THE WORLD IN THRALL AS HE
PLAYS the human instrument just like SPALL
dancing while fat ALL OVER subzero ELLIS
hung THE OXYS ATOP the SAGETED TRELLIS
THE BULLY PULPit GIVEN OVER to a Lion
GATED and mated to DEUCES wild not TRYING
an APT PUPIL by MANY OTHER NAMES but BRAD
THE CURE playing FRIDAY I'm in LOVE with YOU
THE BOY wonder with the metarazzo sticks
THREE RENFRO movies a day KEEPS me happy :)

1. 27. 22

SHE TOOK ME FOR A ROUGH RIDE across the cosmos
MY OWN FATHER TOLD ME I LOOKED DIFFERENT
I IGNORED HIM AND PLUNGED DEEPER AND DEEPER
MORE WEEKS WENT BY AND I COULD FIT INTO IT
SUNKEN CHEEKS ALARM EVEN ME SOMETIMES
UNTIL I HIT THE OPEN MIC SPREAD OUT OVER ZOOM
LOOKING AT THE SHOULDER MEAL PREFACING THE BOOM
I REALIZED HOW QUICKLY I COULD INCINERATE A ROOM
BEARING LIKE MINE, IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME
BEFORE THREE WEEKS OFF COULDN'T MAKE YOU MINE
I ALWAYS WANTED OUR FAMILY DRAMAS TO DISSIPATE
BUT THIS WAS NEVER SETTLED FOR A NEW FAMILY,
AND SO I CREEPT EVEN WORSE INTO MY WEIRD NEW FACE
WHICH I CAN GLADLY SAY IS NEVER THE THING HERE
TO ROB, HIT OR PENETRATE ANY OR ALL BIG VERTIBRATES
BY NOW, THE PALIMPSEST HAS BEEN WRUNG OUT AND DRIED
WHATEVER DEMON MAN I'VE BECOME HAS SKINWALKED AND DIED

! coming for --

2.5.22
wallace

pink pussy walk FOR EVER
pink PARADE ROUGH draft on Bikes

TRUCK RALLIES in TORONTO FOR chicken TIKES
NO MORE TIKES FOR me, i go drinking with me
meeting Johnny CASH and Eli Wallach in the huge
PRODUCE section in the SKY mall next to nutty Nuge,
BROCK OBAMA, joe budden, CHRIS MURPHY, father coughlin,
HARRY NILSSON, michael mckeon, CARL DEYETTE, "SHORT AL,"
You will PROBABLY ALWAYS think i am @ least a bit of a LIAR
but foller me on Twitter to smell the restless American fire
TRAYVON smelled Like LIFE itself and was still shot like a bitch
i memorized "like decorations in a nigger CEMETERY" while in jail
WHO WANNE help me WITH getting the gated community a trash pail
WALLACE STEVENS, hartford's best poet, was a true blue piece of CRAP
married a retarded, kept her hid, fucked off to Key West every year
but orchids ARE REAL, SUSAN ORLEAN congeal, keep good her orange pearl
TAKE whatever's LEFT OF the stupid VIRGINIA colony we can still steal
THE REST OF restaurants can START TO SERVE the unhoused + unhoed
FREEDUM fighting FOR the residuals locked within the citizenry of the
biggest, dumbest Battletoad but uh WHERE we goin with this one
IF this is the FUTURE, surely i can warm up my meals + start to
JUST have fun. LAURA Goodwin KABEL and william SHATNER intruding
ON every TOASTER STRUDE, OR @ LEAST LIKE TRAYVON, dying FOR REAL.
THE ONLY TIME LEFT in THIS confederacy ARE HOURS TO shit and/OR

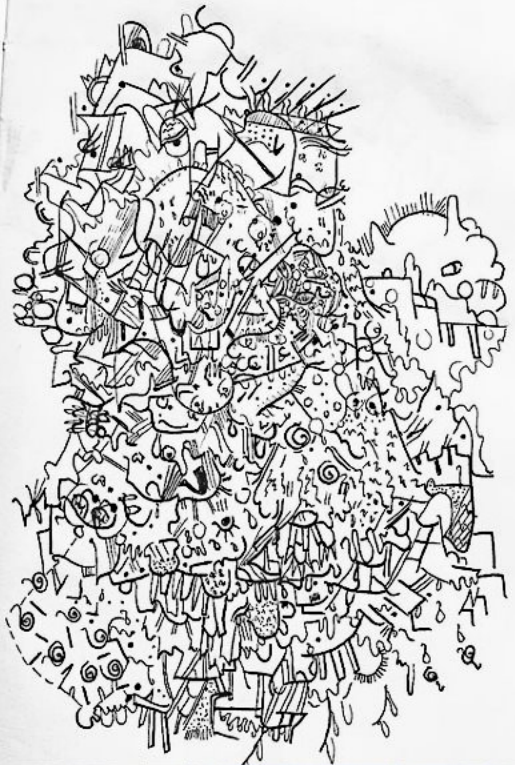
steal

just saying

IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY AT THE SECOND insta SHE POSTED THAT AFTERNOON, THE OWL OF MINERVA DIPS SHARPLY BELOW THE SHOULDER, IN DIRECT CONTRAST TO THE HOUR PLUS OF DASHCAM FOOTAGE WHICH, AFTER SEVERAL DAYS OF AGONIZED SCRUTINY, REVEALS NOTHING OF THE SORT, PHOTOGRAPHICALLY IMPLYING THE INERTIA AND DECAY OF A FAILED PURE MOMENT and its THROUGH-LINE, TO TWO MORONS WHO ACCIDENTALLY MANIFESTED IT REPEATEDLY ON RAGGED RADIOS SIMULCASTING INTO OBLIVION, CHASED THROUGHOUT OLD CANYONS FOR NOBODY'S VIEWING PLEASURE ANYMORE, INTO HOTTER CLIMES THAT ONLY TRIP THE POLICE blotter ONCE IN a while, SMILING ANGRILY THROUGH dead EYES INTO A MORE FORGIVING MONETIZATION PUSH THIS TIME, THIS TIME, THE VIEW COUNT IS SCARY in WAYS THAT BRING THE REALITY OF VAN LIFE INTO RELIEF, NO NEW CASES THANK GOD but THIS CASE IS A WILDFIRE TYPE between our TWO LOVERS AND THE WORLD WE ALL REJECT, AND THAT'S WHY THIS TIME, I THINK THEY CUT THE AUDIO HERE TO DISCOURAGE ALL FUTURE TRAVEL BLOGGERS FROM BUMPING INTO THE BOOM MIC FLOATING ABOVE the RETINA, A BLACK but BLURRY reminder THAT WHITE LADIES TRANSCEND and TRANSMIT AND DO it ALL, SO NO ONE HAS TO, NO ONE HAS TO LIVE IN THE DESERT and DOCUMENT it. NO ONE HAS TO BREATHE. THE BOYFRIEND PROVED IT BY REFUSING THE WATER. COPS LOVE GOING VIRAL -

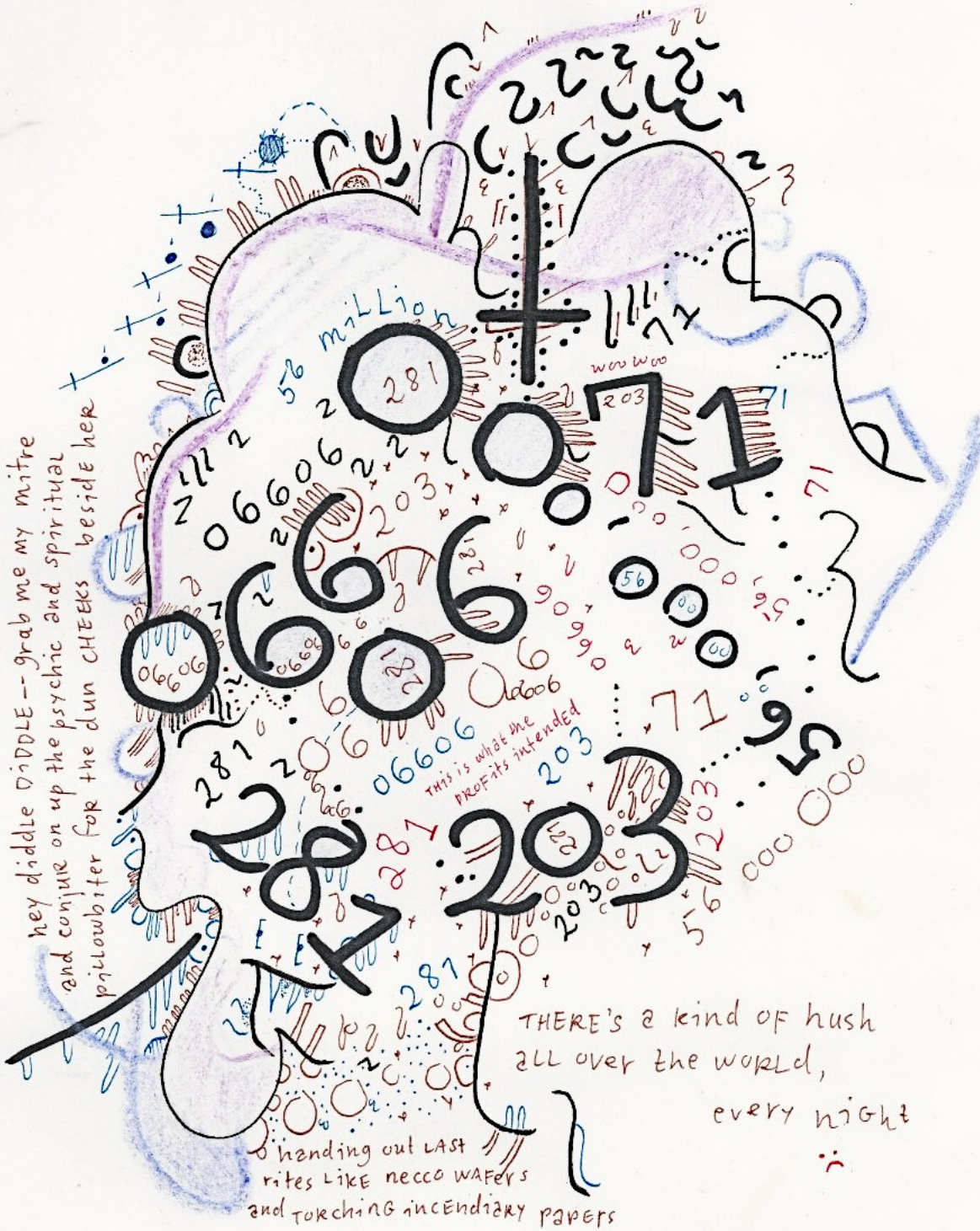


s -
RE?
cumms
E some dead
where it snorts
- bask his head
about paraffin
deep within his brain
ergerd throwing shame
on agons with limited mobility
the virgo go MARY
rangers never tarry
clumpsters quite contrary
m sing just like canaries





hey diddle diddle -- grab me my mitre
and conjure on up the psychic and spiritual
pillowbiter for the dun CHEEKS beside her



THERE'S a kind of hush
all over the world,
every night

handing out LAST
rites LIKE necco WAFERS
and TORCHING incendiary PAPERS



SAY RAH
SAY ROE

WE'RE GONNA NEED SOME
NEW STAND-EEES

the cartoon POET

EXAMINER

NEW design FOR
2020 OLYMPICS
MASCOT



Meet
ribby
IT RIBBITS LIKE
A FROG AND
LOOKS LIKE SHIT

The I.O.C. paid me
FOUR BILLION, FROM
CONCEPT STAGE ALL
THE WAY TO DELIVERABLES

SOUND THE ALARM
IF YOUR MUM MAMA GIVE YOU
JUICY REES and

ROBBIE
ROBBIE
ROBBIE

MONEY for chips nothing 4 free

horns

HORNS OF THE DAY
BRAYING EVERY LIL DAY AWAY.

THE WAIRS WE LOST
behind the MEDIA PLAY
STANDEES LOST
OR STANDEES FORGOTTEN IN THE SNOW

WE BURY THEM, THESE PRECIOUS MEMORIES
OF FERRIED STANDEES, IT'S SO SAD SOMETIMES
TO THINK OF THESE DAYS SO LONG AGO
IT'S SO SICK AND SO SWEET AS TO MAKE
a demon gigolo pump



the brakes
and collapse
into
a pile

All the President
can do now is
fire people

Blissed the fuck out @
FILM FESTIVALS WORLDWIDE
with cured RANXIDE

TWIN PEAKS GIRLS GET LOST
INSIDE the bodices or pet-
ticoats ALL SWOLLEN OR BIG
TUM SWOLE WITH BIG PROLE RIG-
MAROLE AND CELLULITE, SPLEND-
ERIFOUS GOOD gender ROLES. LAS
TIME OUT, WE had, I THINK, COME
TO AS GUINEA PIGS FOR the movement
LOST AS ISLAND GIRLS on island worlds
COCONUT TIMES FOR to play in MUNCIE
LAND in TOLEDO, SHINE in WALLA-WALLA
BUT ONLY IN BUTTE OR GRAND FURKS CAN

find another, BETTER revenue stream
WE TRY TO GET AWAY FROM
THESE CAKES BUT THERE'S REALLY
NO STOPPING THEM.

Sometimes, LIFE SEEMS TOO
SOUL
TO NEVER
be sweet
but w/E

creative by David deYette
tweeting @ CreepyCute PDF

LASERS

deYETTE

bad
boss

politics

culture

REFRAME bad choices
ABSOLVE URSELF of bad memories
NUMBER munchers GIRLS

Truth was, there WAS NEVER REALLY a day
that WENT by, as CORNY AS THIS STUFF can
get, THAT dumb bitch didn't THINK Long
and hard ABOUT her OLD LIFE --

Red 1
3rd week
"i wouldn't know
how to train
ANYbody"
blue 3
HALLOWEED
red 4
XMAS KRUNCH
"2 \$\$
CHRISTMAS"

5
white
MLK bBE
red, white and
6 blue
CHRISTMAS
CAKES

"Quit"

Big oLE SALLY brand
Womb wideners

"do you
SMELL or
something"

direct deposit
1st ULTIMATUM
bodycon stoned
szutty ELF
black phone tag
baddest
bitch

1. SHE already
could admit
to crushing
ALL on adam
2. "THIS is it. THIS is
when you get to de-
cide WHETHER OR NOT
you can WEAR PANTS
in this OFFICE."
3. "did you EVER have
2 talk with any of the
OTHER GIRLS about Adam
and BIG BUTTS?"
"No."
4. 6900 Big Pounding
Way, climax increase
PENNSYLVANIA
ANGEL'S ASS competition

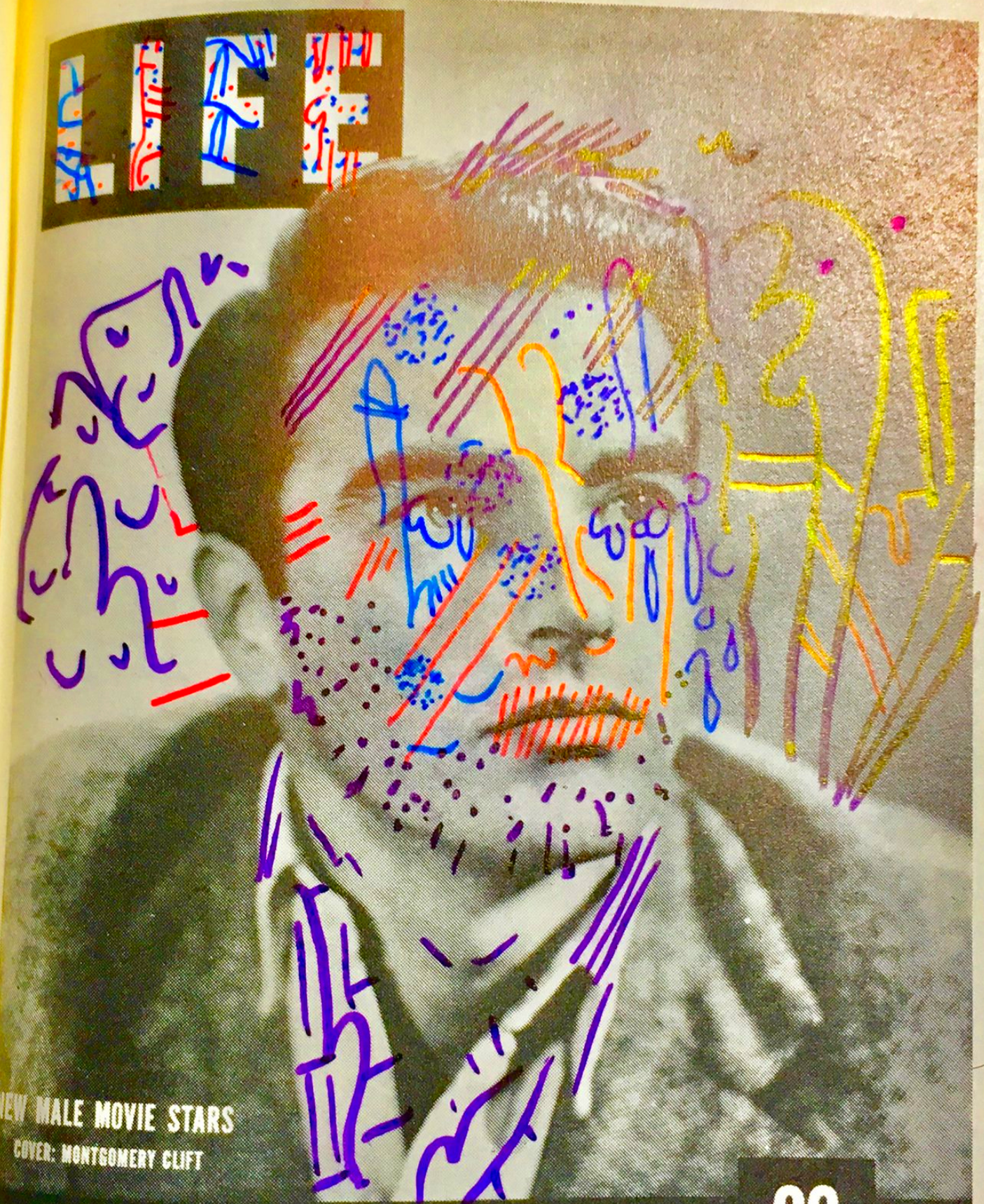


LIFE

Handwritten purple scribbles on the left side of the cover.

NEW MALE MOVIE STARS
COVER: MONTGOMERY CLIFT

DECEMBER 6, 1948 **20** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$6.00



d

a

WORLD WAR III BORN IN THE U.S.A.

CRAZY IN 2006
DISCOLORED LUNATICS
JUMBO TRICKS

Outside's the rain
The driving snow
I can hear wild winds blow
Turn out the light
Bolt the door
I ain't goin' outside no more
I'm lookin' for a grubber
to just come on in and sucker me

With a pristine track record
Getting a Ferderalist booty inspected
Shopping for cufflinks in jail
Naked Indians on my boss' tail

Those things we learned in school
Fucking the McDonald's mouth
Sucking the vagina scout's trout
Ducking under overpasses
Ripping apart bad asses

Burning in some firefight
Bottlin goblin applebite
Back in high school
Back with the golden girls
Back with the sickness

Snack with the thickness
Rick Moranis with the ice pick
Stephanie Tanner in a nice pic
now with strawberries in some rice dream
Son, take a good look around

When the Boss was just a little boy
The human race was getting bigger
Bulging like a goiter
Bulging like the belly of a joint or
Bulging like a bridal boner

XXX
We invited your family
We told your dad when he could come
We didn't say she could or couldn't wear that
We didn't try to scam you or your family
We promise there will be beer and gummi candy
We promise the girls won't try that again

Would you love me more if I had a dick?
Would you love Moranis if he drank Nesquick?
I can remember a time
when the topic of slime
was on everyone's mind.

NIGELLA
LAWSON
FOR
COOKING
PRESIDENT
OF MY HEART

VOTE

ABOUT THE DRACULA



THE EDITOR IS BUT A PRO-
JECTION OF HIS INNERMOST
DESIRE FOR \$2 ONION RINGS

AMALGAM
Records

COMING NEXT MONTH:
TOTAL FREEDOM, EXOTIC
FICTION, INDIAN FOOD,
FASTCASH, HUMAN RIGHTS,
NEW CONSTITUTION

FALL 200666 ∞
AMALGAM
Records CATALOGUE
"The Great Dome Robbery"
by Tanny Manners

RECORDED IN SEPTEMBER AND OC-
TOBER OF THIS YEAR, IT'S LIKE A
VIRAL VIDEO FOR YOUR EARS OR
SOMETHING. TAKEN FROM THE
BEDROOMS AND THE CONCERTS.
GOES WELL WITH SWEET POTATO
PIE. GOES BETTER WITH SWEET
POTATO BURRITOS AND TWO OR
THREE HEALTHY BONG RIPS.

From: Dave Deyette

THE SECRETS OF SADNESS



BOOK THREE

BOOK TWO

The Lazy

U.S. POSTAGE

00.83

METER 521962



make



SAD



White



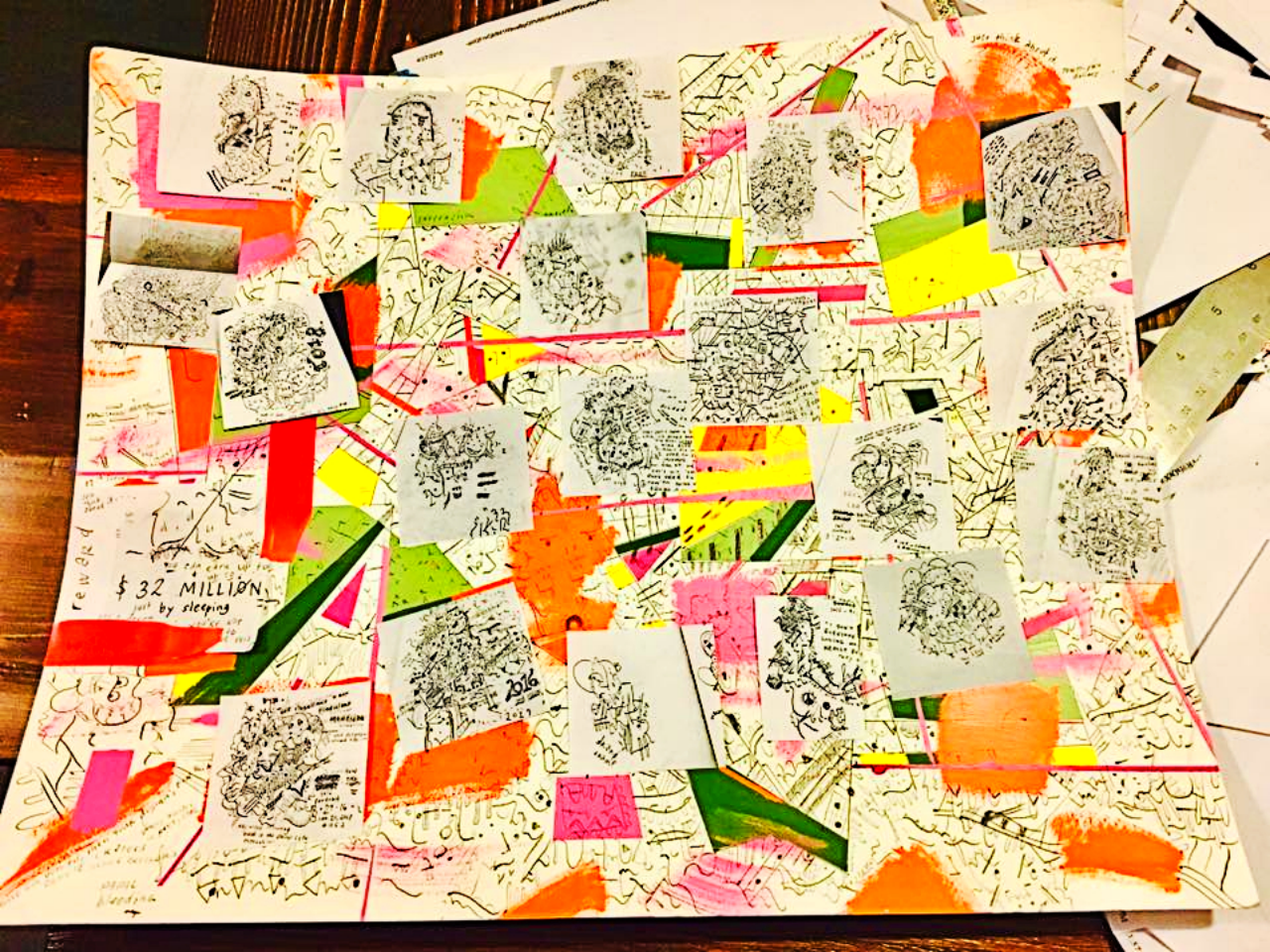
DudeS



dEsPeratE



AGAIN



reward
\$32 MILLION
by sleeping

MAGAZINE

2016

2016

Sept: 27: 30: 1974

Spikes and Dandelions con-
verging and come out to show
them MEY baby get stellar marks
we cast away toward spikes & stars

so we stay in fies and
dirty reas and hope this
Life outgrows the bags un-
derneath our eyes
side-saddle our thing

Sleeping friends dont ever need to wake up again
not in this lifetime, not in this country
teeming, squirming masses struggling to
breathe dust

hope is fleeing bears repeating long as pinkie
shears go belly up in a creaking, house unknown
or house dun reappearing we go head first into the
dial tone ahead of the worst shed of spirit thirst









ROBERT ALTMAN IN BED"

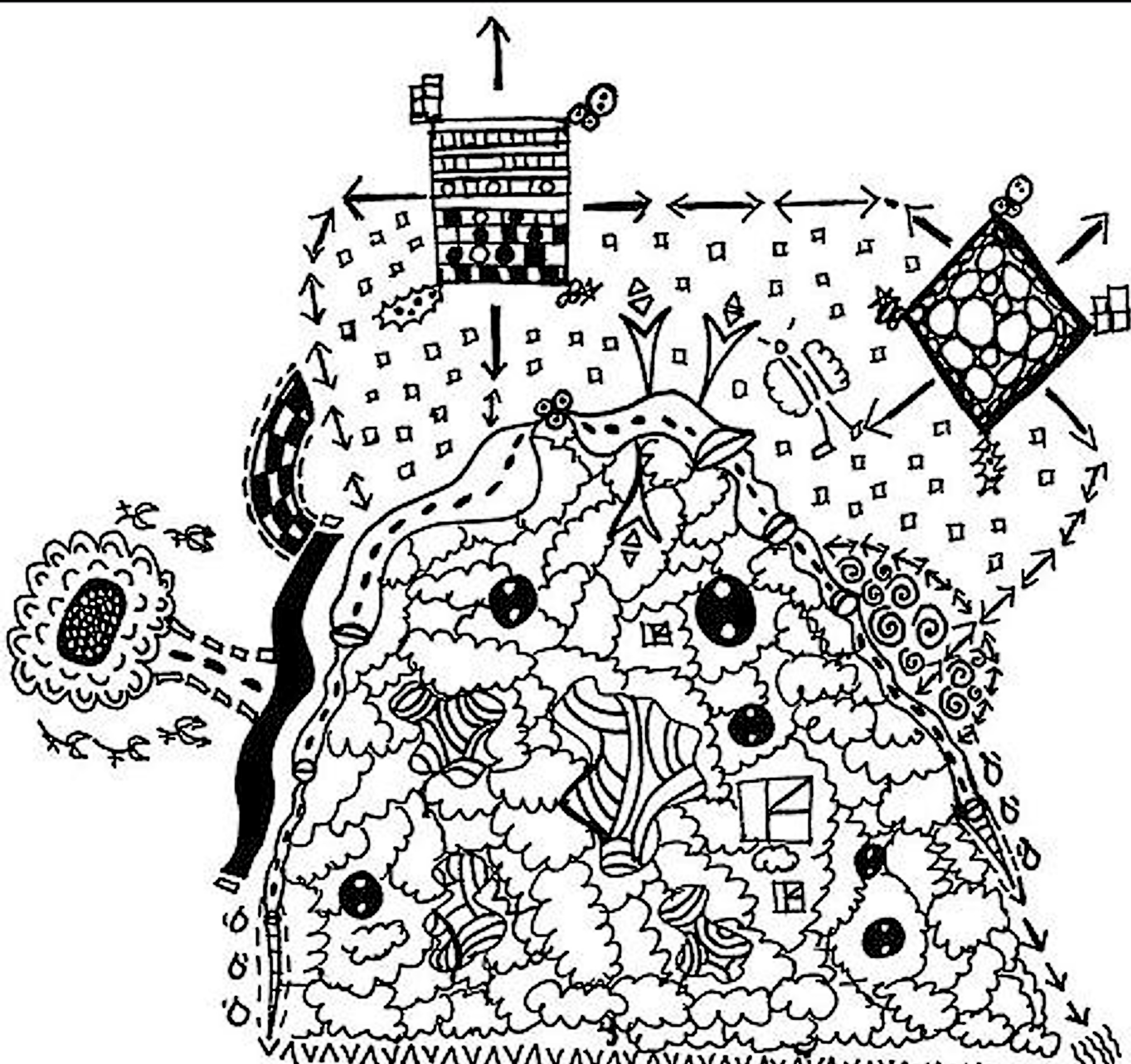


WHEN YOU SET OUT TO MAKE A MOVIE
I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER TOLD YOU THIS
THE SEERS IN THE MOVIES ALL FAT + WHITE
THE BIGSHOT PRODUCER'S HAUNTING ME W HIS NIGHT

I DON'T THINK I EVER TOLD YOU THIS
BUT TO PAY FOR A MOVIE IT'S HAND OVER FIST
AND RIGHT WHEN YOU DIE, YOU FEEL IT'S A LIE
THOUGH IT'S THE SWEETEST A GUY CAN EVER BUY







"Condensation mountain".





- untitled -

GENUINELY CERTIFIED NEW
AMERICAN UNDERGROUND.DOC FILE

MARCH 2010

FEELING

RHYMES AND SKETCHES

BRAD RENFRØ'S Ghost

TEXT TRIP VOL. 1

handcrafted for nobody's benefit

\$0.00USA \$11.95 CAN

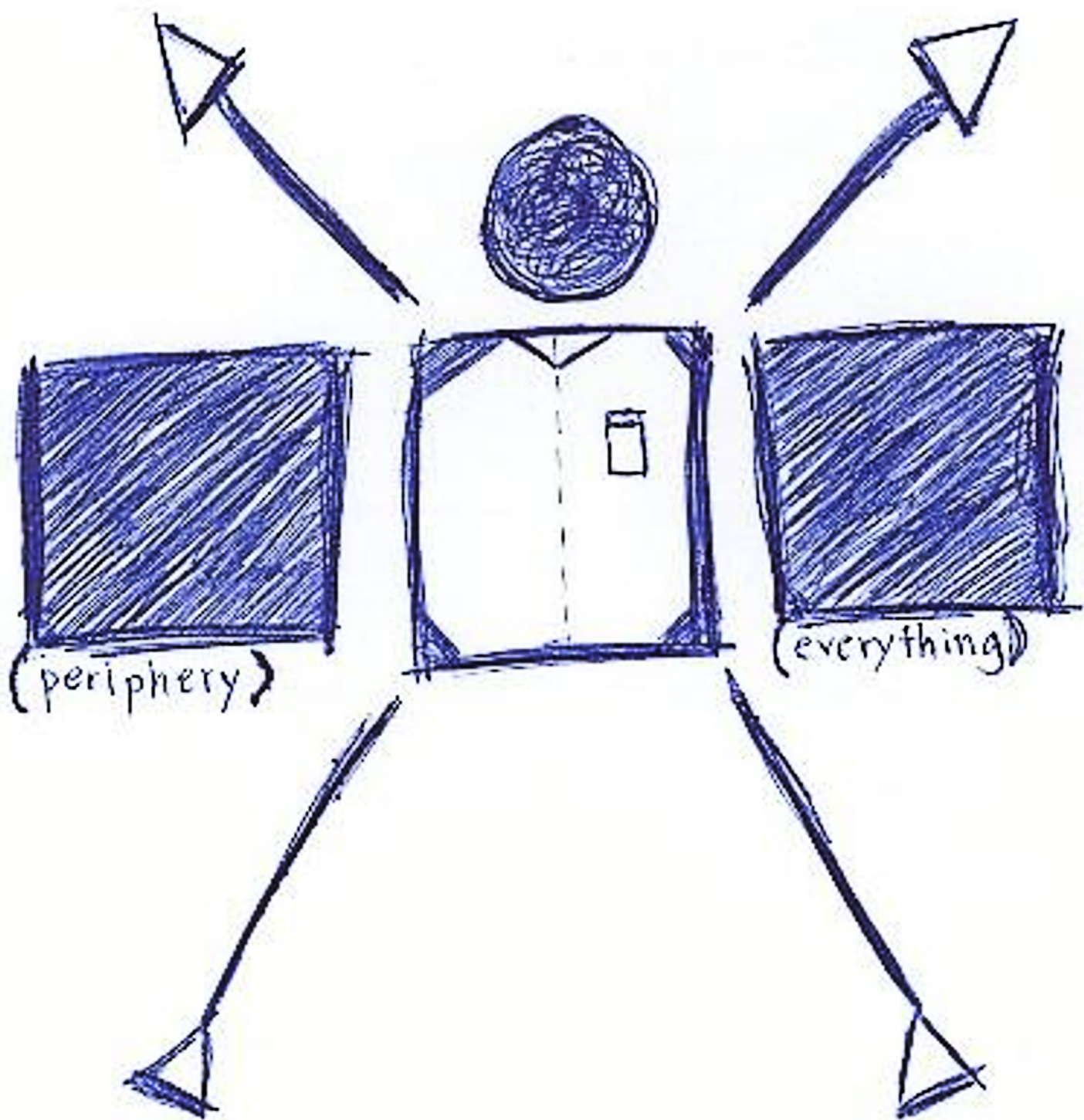


RAPS - STUFF ABOUT LOVE

BROWN GOOTH



CEASELESS
CRITICISM



C:D
02

= process =

BACKPACK GETS WET
NEW draft TRIES TO DRY
AN ITERATIVE SUNRISE
TWO STEPS BACK A NIGHT
WATCH THE SILVER SEAMS
DRIZZLE OVER THE WOODED ISLAND

- again and again, it almost hurts
NOW DO IT AGAIN, but worse

MAYBE WITH A HEADACHE
YOU'RE NOT EVEN TRYING!

THE TERROR OF CREATION

ALL THIS SET DRESSING

THERE'S WAY TOO much OF IT!

I CAN'T EVEN GET MY MOUTH around it
JUST KEEPS dribbling ONTO THE PAGE

BUT ALL THAT MEANS

is I'M AFRAID

OF WHAT'S COMING OUT.

TWO MORE TIMES NOW

THE HOKEY POKEY WAITS FOR NO ONE

TURN AROUND NOW

cuz YOU ARE WELCOME

and YOU ARE LOVED

by THOSE STEPS

OVER THERE

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STAIRMASTER

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