



CURARE

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C U R A R E

Rage-o-rama - a column for the no future by J.D. Rage

We have a lot to fear these days. Republicans against health care for all Americans, politicians in general, terrorists in the USA and abroad with rational and irrational reasons for hating us or themselves, virgins awaiting mass murderers in some weird morph of heaven, wars all over the place and more. I recommend visiting this website: info@californiaskywatch.com to find out what you can do to prevent our military from waging war by manipulating nature in the atmosphere. Our skies must remain safe--it's bad enough that we have satellites wandering around having who-knows-what effects on the planet and the solar system. Just remember Agent Orange and how well that experiment worked out.

The best way to insure that the current degree of anger escalates is to send our children to fight. They will be forever changed. Those who have a parent(s) who has seen active duty in a war zone know that these soldiers come back transformed. Their posttraumatic stress syndrome insinuates itself into whole families and networks of friends. This will never bring about the alleged goal of peace on the planet. Two more things about the wars in the Middle East. We have been dropping bombs on the citizens residing there for many decades. How can they ever trust us as long as we come with assault rifles and explosive devices dropped from drone (unmanned) planes? We should be very concerned about these robot airplanes. It appears that they have also been charged with the task of disturbing the atmosphere over our own heads by creating artificial clouds in an attempt to control the weather and who knows what other nefarious purposes.

To find out what's going on we must follow the money. Who is benefiting from our current conflicts? Who would benefit from loosing destructive weather patterns on their stated enemies? Who is making money by handing out lucrative contracts to the suppliers of the elements of war? (Hint: our prior prez and his "vice" prez?) And the other thing is my own question. Why are so many of our defenders dying in helicopter accidents? Not from being shot down by opposition forces but by crashing into the landscape or into each other in mid-air. If I follow the cash, my answer must be defective copters--probably made with inferior materials in the interest of putting more bucks in the pocket of the manufacturer to maybe buy another yacht or perhaps a small island. The other possibility is even worse--a lack of proper training for those whose duty it is to pilot these death machines. And, perhaps from overworking those operators to the point of exhaustion. I wish someone would investigate this, but our government is too busy hiring assassination squads from violent independent contractors who should be charged with war crimes and treason.

I don't understand what has happened to us. We owe money to China, who makes almost every product we consume. It seems to me that if we kept our manufacturing "in-house" and had our own citizens doing those jobs we might get back on our feet again. What happens when China buys Manhattan? Will we get less value than the original strings of beads that bought it from the Native Americans? Who knows? What I do know is that it is up to the artists (us) to do something about it. We can use our voices to make sure abuses are brought into the light and we can use entertainment to help everyone through these difficult times. We can't afford to stick our heads in the sand. We can't make a statement by refusing to vote. By we, I'm referring to everyone who really wants to maintain our freedom. It isn't freedom to stockpile AK-47's and ammunition. It isn't freedom to carry exposed weapons to political rallies. It isn't freedom to hate and vilify our president at home and to other nations. It isn't freedom to hope that another terrorist attack will happen on US soil just to prove that our current leadership isn't giving us enough warmongering. It isn't freedom to allow billionaires to become obscenely wealthy while the rest of us work our fingers to the bone or wait on long unemployment lines or go on explosive killing sprees or languish in a netherworld where our houses have been lost, our clothes are in tatters and we are too depressed to do anything. No, that is not FREEDOM.

One final note: those virgins in heaven that the suicide terrorists think they have been promised? They forgot to tell them that they will remain virgins for eternity. They are permanent virgins and really it is all just pie in the sky. LUV JD



Poison Pen - by Jan Schmidt

WORKING

When they laid off all us low level bankers - all the women and black people - they said one thing about me irritated them. It bothered them that I didn't seem to get upset enough when things got tense. How could I care that much? Before I went back to school and became an investment banker, I was a psychiatric nurse at Bellevue for ten years - I had real lives in my hands. I grew up on the Lower East Side, I saw my mom crawl through life in a miserable alcoholic terror, I saw my dad nodding out on the Bowery years after he left us, I watched my sister's baby die of AIDS, and then my sister. And these chicken-lipped, sorry-ass white boys with no life except money and power can get all worked up about some pile of money, that's just numbers on pieces of paper anyway, and then they wonder why I can't get all steamed about it? They don't know shit about shit.

Well, of course I'm angry. What the fuck have I been talking to you for? Get the anger out you say, right, right, right, then I get angry and you say, "What's under the anger?" Shit man, I can't win.

Do you know that when I was seven years old, and I remember this as though it was a film rolling right inside my head, I come home from school one night, pull my little girl legs that weighed about like a ton up those stairs to the fourth floor of our walk-up, tired and scared as always, and come in and mom is making an apple pie. It was like in the TV shows, she had an apron on, and flour was all over the table, and the light from the window made it all warm and homey, and she leaned down and kissed me, and I don't know what I said, maybe something like, "What kind of pie is it, mommie?" And she just turned, instantly, just like that she took the knife she was cutting the edge of the crust with, and turned it on me, and grabbed me with one hand and shook the knife in my face with the other, screaming at me about how ungrateful I was, and how I didn't know how good I had it, and . . . Shit. What's the sense in dredging up all this shit? What's the use? Why should I go on about this or anything? Can you tell me that, huh?

You, you're supposed to make me all better. You're supposed to make this shit all go away. So I can participate in the world. But you just sit there. How am I supposed to get better like this? Damn, man, I'll never get better. Nothing will ever change, no one will ever be able to help me. I'll always be alone, and take care of myself. It's just some moronic dream on my part that anyone can help me. I should just go in the closet like I did as a kid and fix myself, cry til it's all out, and get myself up and go on, taking care of moms and the other kids. You know I had my first job working in the bodega when I was twelve? I've been supporting myself and my family ever since.

No, I don't feel like that is such a sad thing, it's like that's just how it works, how the world works. You don't get something for nothing. No, I don't feel angry about it, well, yes, I am angry, I mean when I look at those guys that I work with, so sure of their asses, yeah, I get angry. But what can I do? What does getting pissed about it do?

Right, at least I'm not holding it in. Fine. So why don't I feel any better? I mean those guys, all younger than me, really having these lives they believe in, even if I think it's stupid and worthless, they don't, they believe in themselves, and their future, and their children's future. They see things happening in the world and they respond. I mean, Jesus, if I could even for one day just live, not

carry this other weight around, not be all caught up with the battles inside me, just for one day look out and see things.

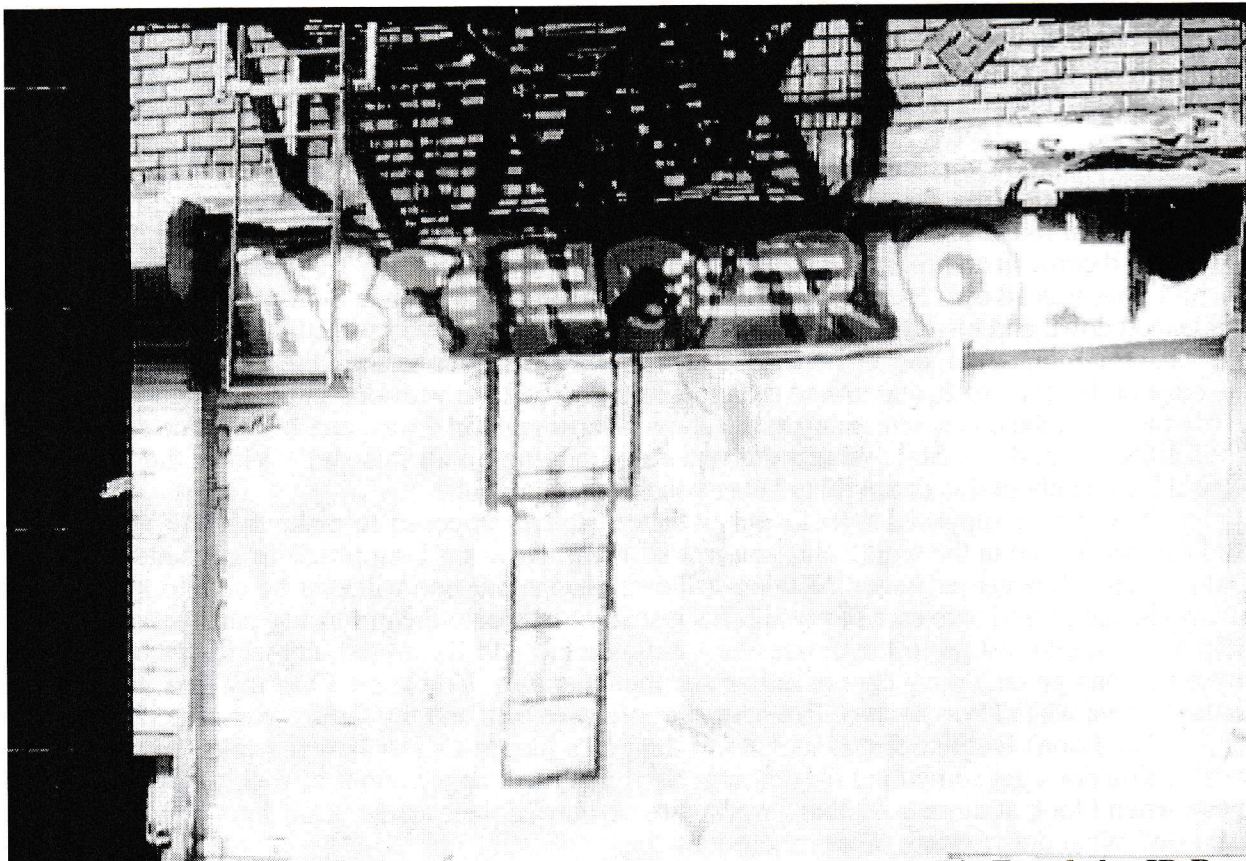
No, I don't really idealize those guys. In fact I wouldn't trade one miserable second of my life to be in their stupid-ass shoes, getting an ulcer because the boss feels better when you look like you worry more.

What do you mean? You don't understand me? There it is again. See I try, I try to tell you, I try to let you into my life, and how I am in it, and you don't understand. You think I do act in the world? Well you're wrong. I do stuff, I get by, but it's the automatic part of me. That is what I am trying to tell you, all the time I am doing anything, my concentration is somewhere else. It's like these guys get to concentrate on their job, then their families, and whatever else occupies their greedy little brains, but me, I deal with all that shit, while I am at the same time listening to this fighting in my head. Every step I make, I first have to fight with myself, tell myself it's okay to take that step, tell myself I can take it, tell myself it isn't worthless and selfish and whatever else, just to be able to get up in the morning.

Didn't Plato or Aristotle or someone like that say something like if we had to be conscious of all the neural and muscular actions it took to take a step, we would never be able to walk? That's how it is with me. I am constantly questioning the reason, the worthiness, the importance of each step so that I can barely walk. I am crippled. I am handicapped. It's just that you can't see it.

I know that you have been telling me that. It's just that this is the first time I heard you, this is the first time, I understood. Now my throat is all constricted and scratchy and it hurts. Maybe you do understand, maybe you do see. You weren't just saying it when you said I was handicapped. You meant it.

I'm going to throw up. I can't take it. All I want is a little understanding, and then I get it, and shit, I really do have to throw up. Excuse me.



ABC No Rio Facade by JD Rage

David Huberman

The sad little poet

It's always raining when the sad little poet goes out and he never has an umbrella. He's like an old battered suitcase with a lock too rusty to open. So the raindrops just pound on his tiny head. When he performs a poetry reading his facial features get so wound up, so intense, you think he would explode. Old fans can't quite make out what he is saying, but with his wild gestures and offbeat sounds they think the poem must be of the utmost importance. Really it doesn't matter, for he looks so sad with his pointed almost bald naked head and his cute little red bow tie. The real true believers still put money in his cup. Those words of his, which used to give him so much pleasure, instead bring tears to his eyes. The visions are such sorrowful hallucinations. Oh it's so depressing, why doesn't the tiny wordsmith do away with himself? Just take a pair of scissors and cut himself into small pieces and send all the puzzle parts of himself federal express to the millions of other verse masters, alcohol enthusiasts, comic book apparitions, meek men, baby boys, short husbands, fairies, frogs that are handsome mystery turtles, and finally leprechauns. This way everybody that needs or deserves inspiration gets a small share of the sad little poet.

The end.

will inman

what's the use?

oh, what's the use?
does everything have to be of use?
you know what i mean: is there any purpose to things
any more?
why can't we just connect and be in tune?
for what? where does it get you?
in tune.
you said that. 'in tune.' so what?

so things connect. interwork. you're a part of it.
but for what? what's it all about?
it's all about being connected.
oh, you keep repeating that same old bullshit.
you want God to give you a purpose.
i must've been put here for something -- i mean,
for more than just 'connecting and being
'in tune.'
oh? what more? what else is needed?
you don't think it's reasonable to expect to go
through all we go through for something?
reasonable? i suppose. but what does reason
have to do with how things work?
you don't think reality is reasonable?
not particularly.
then what's the use?
we're back where we started, aren't we?
there must be something **more!**
you'd better have a damn good **reason** to expect more!
listen to you! you'll never get ahead with that
attitude.
ahead? ahead of what? ahead of whom?
ahead in the **world!** to the front of the line!
i wouldn't want to get ahead of myself.
oh, you're impossible!
i am?
you're a lost cause!
what cause is that?
the cause of being on top.
ahead? in front? on top? what do these mean?
you'll never **count!**
why can't i just be me?

Thaddeus Rutkowski

BIRD WATCHING

I was looking for a wood pigeon, not such a rare bird, but one that interested me because it didn't live where I did. We had pigeons—and mosquitoes—but no wood pigeons. Or maybe we had wood pigeons, but we didn't call them that.

“Look, there's one,” said our guide, a woman who lived near the heath we were walking on. “It's bad luck to see only one. They usually come in pairs. Two pigeons are good luck.”

I looked desperately for another specimen, and in time I spotted one in a tree. “There's another!” I said.

I hoped the two birds would get together, share the same branch or piece of sod, so we could know our luck was good.

We kept walking, past a lake that was reserved for women (though I saw no fence to keep men out). Our guide and my wife went to the lake, where there were swans.

Later, we saw a thrush, a flycatcher, and a twit. Actually, the twit was a person, not a bird. On our way back, I spotted another pair of WPs. “Look, I said. “Wood pigeons!”

“Very good,” said our guide.

I kept looking for the lucky species. I didn't want to see a buzzard perched on a lamppost, or a seagull attacking a wastebasket. In the absence of wood pigeons, I'd settle for a fish hawk. I looked up at the sky.

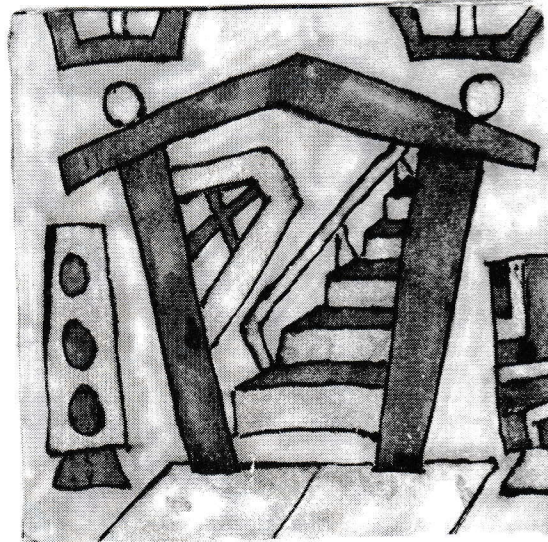
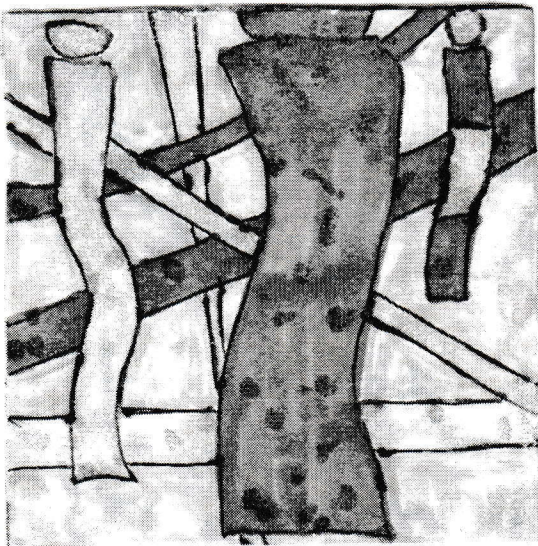
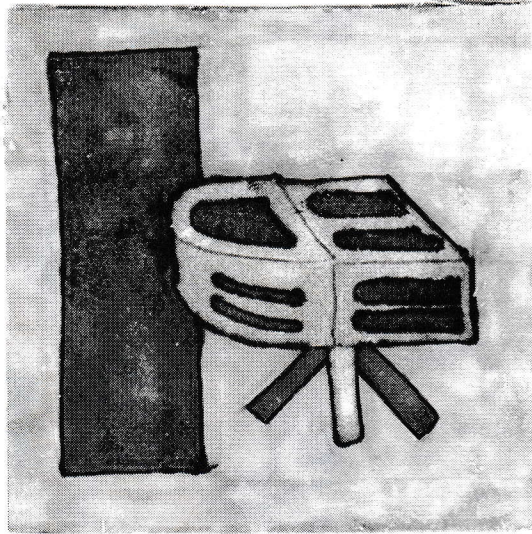
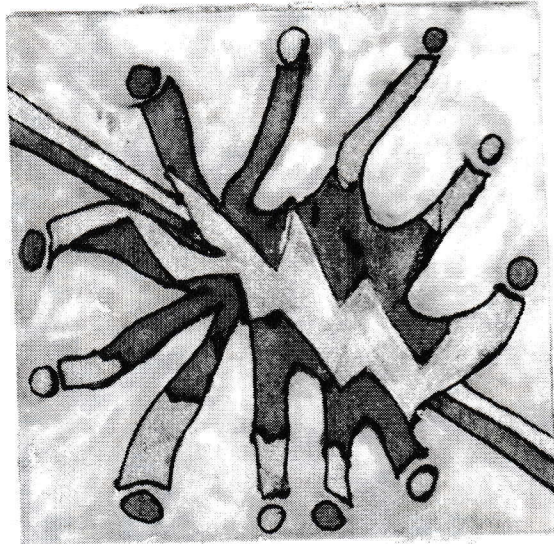
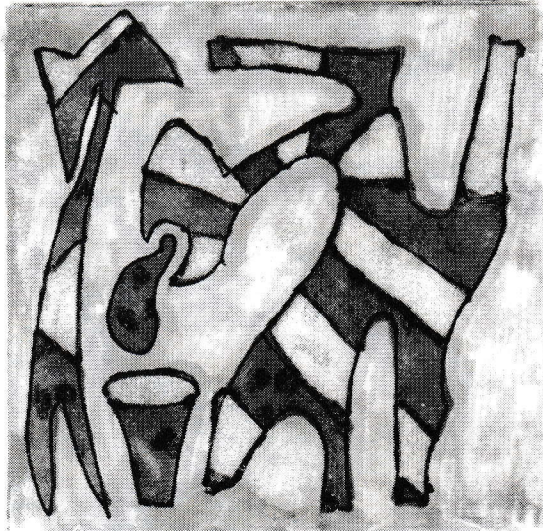
bruce weber

what is going on in the mind of bob hart?

bob's been acting most peculiar. he's been even more bob than usual. maybe he's been sipping too often from the fruit of the vine in the etruscan rooms at the metropolitan museum or maybe he's been crawling through the tangled vines of the botanical garden every morning in successful search for the herb that fills him endlessly with joy. if we all had what bob has we'd climb the himalayas in a flash. ensure the safety of our city for another millennium. sleep soundlessly in our beds without ever a hint of snoring. bob's mind can circumvent the thinnest of needles or penetrate the most tinsel of tunnels without causing any ruptures. bob's mind is a seeing eye dog in the dark/a javelin-like leap at the aquarium among the seals/a gallivant among the swiss alps by a goat herder high on an extra rich cup of ovaltine. if we can borrow just a hint of bob's mind we'll be hovering like a flying saucer over the city with a jump in our step and an old broadway melody on our lips and a sparkle in the fertile crescent of the mind. bob hart's mind that is. with its bridges and highways and ferris wheels and greek choruses and infinite trail of strange mischievous delights.



Red-Tailed Hawk by JD Rage



Bobby Belltower

bruce weber

DARK POEM

dark
as a turn of the 20th century
pennsylvania coal mine
dark
as a bite of bitter sweet chocolate
dark
as the scene in the ingmar bergman movie
about strawberries and a blond blue-eyed virgin
dark
as an eclipse of the sun and moon
in a child's wild imagination
dark
as my girlfriend clemintine
when she played a black dragon fly
in that experimental play at la moma
dark
as the proof
laid out on the table
by the demonic magician
dark
as a sunny day in the warsaw ghetto
dark
as robert mitchum
bearing a love/hate tattoo on his bare knuckles
dark
as the secret you told me
when i was barely looking
so i tripped into an abyss
our friendship's never come back from
dark
as that satanic melody
i keep hearing on the radio
when i'm trying to tune in
something cheerful
dark
as that card trick
that always turns up snake eyes
dark
as the poem you sent me
about the sexual relationship
between edgar allen poe
and his pet raven

Bob Hart

What Waits

What waits within (within, so to speak)

is deep and huge;

intimate with your intimacy

as any amour you might conceive

not even made pregnant by

painting or song -- a virgin conception

friendship source --

not necessarily social.

What waits them I mean.

That thing the great ones all perceive

concluding: "If I could only heal all wounds

I'd get there -- (heal all wounds,

forgive all sins, something on that order)."

And so the good plays hide-and-seek

within than covering jungle:

will-of-the-wisp that may lead you and

leave you lost

though it hopes to be found.

This fairy tale is ages old

still looking for an ending.

And I might say (being lately informed)

the end will be

ever after happy.

Ptr Koz

Life in The Central Pacific

I saw roadkill out on my bikeride but it wasn't a skunk or a squirrel
just a big humongous frog
when you go in the kitchen late at night
what scurries off to the baseboards when you first turn on the light?
it's not no cucarachas.
it's compatriots of that animation of a lizard selling insurance.
They don't stop to talk.
there seems an inordinate number of mental health facilities here in paradise:
Maybe it's the coqui frogs.
It used to be silent here at night
before about 15 years ago
when Walmart imported these cute little froggies to sell as pets
and they got out and proliferated like ice nine
until the entire island is plagued with this chorus of squeaky little voices
all night every night;
they sound like the birds in the Hitchcock movie
it's a part of island life now.
you can hear it back home on the long distance calls
in the background when it's nighttime here.
Drug treatment centers, massage clinics, psychologists and registered therapists,
and aroma therapists and cannabis ministry
and residential treatment facilities.
Or it might be the microwaves and the VLF, strategic necessities to be sure.
Radiation out on the Saddle Road from something the army is doing?
And the poison Vog that the volcano goddess still breathes sometimes.
Surfers, you can pick up on the adrenaline buzz
and old hippies you can just see the bewilderment even behind some brave facades.
The cruise ship people with their earnest enjoyment.
The Hare Krishnas who keep to themselves,
The Japanese, Portuguese, Mormons and Masons.
And the native Hawaiians even in church when they wish you peace
still kind of want us yankees to go home.

Bonne-fire

The Darkness Song

Why do we hate Darkness
I'd really like to know
when Darkness speaks so clearly
Chiaroscuro.

Please don't murder Darkness
don't slice it from the dance
when what you meant is Evil
what I call Ignorance.

Fall into the Darkness
or come on tippy-toes
come to find the answers
(seek the questions)
only Darkness knows.

It is not more light we need
here on planet Earth
but (rather) more respect abounding
for the dark womb, (for the dream caves,
or the sweat lodge)
for the dark womb of our birth.

Now you say you don't hate Darkness,
that it was just your fear
so let's dance into the Darkness,
let's pull the Darkness (hold the Darkness)
pull the Darkness
near.

c.2003 bonnielizabethoag



Photo by Ptr Koz



Photo by Ptr Koz

Chicken Dance

Danny Lama

KISSING YOU OFF

Anything will kill you if you let it get under your skin
this may have been a brush off so give me a chance to begin
what is the root of all evil inside the hall of blame
I think you know so take cover because I'm gonna take aim

Chorus: I'm kissing you off pucker up baby
(you're pissing me off I've had enough)
I'm kissing you off pucker up baby

if Jesus was a Woman once and could not be denied
would all hell break loose as She is crucified
give me my back pay I will show you dignity
take the noose off my neck I demand to be free

Chorus: I'm kissing you off pucker up baby
(you're pissing me off I've had enough)
I'm kissing you off pucker up baby

don't touch that dial if you dare love or it will mean an end
the end of this affair all good things come to an end
do I sense you doubt my intentions the best is yet to come
stay tuned for further developments an unpredictable re-run

Chorus - I'm kissing you off pucker up baby
(you're pissing me off I've had enough)
I'm kissing you off pucker up baby

Lizzie Avondet

TEXAS TRASH

She was labeled
East Texas trash.
She knew she was
better than that.

Point her to God,
show her how to lie.
She learned her rights.
Wanted her piece of pie.

VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL
COSMETOLOGY
PEROXIDE STAR
OF HER FAMILY TREE

She drew a salary,
framed and on the wall
along side the gun rack.
Damn, she smoked a lot.

She knew her choices,
drunk or depressed.
Bugs Bunny was a hell of a man.
She did her best.

VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL
COSMETOLOGY
PEROXIDE STAR
OF HER FAMILY TREE

Lizzie Avondet

YEAH, YEAH

Shiny robots everywhere
wearing clothes and sporting hair.
Beauty in the eye of the publisher
selling little girls in their undershirts.
Yeah, yeah

Blind ambition is a rash
that worships plastic under glass.
Pushing gold names at the bar
but I see better in the dark.
Yeah, yeah

Two-time loser in a three piece suit
dancing for a dollar like a prostitute.
The jerk, the elephant and the jackass,
America's a comedy, you have to laugh.
Yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah!

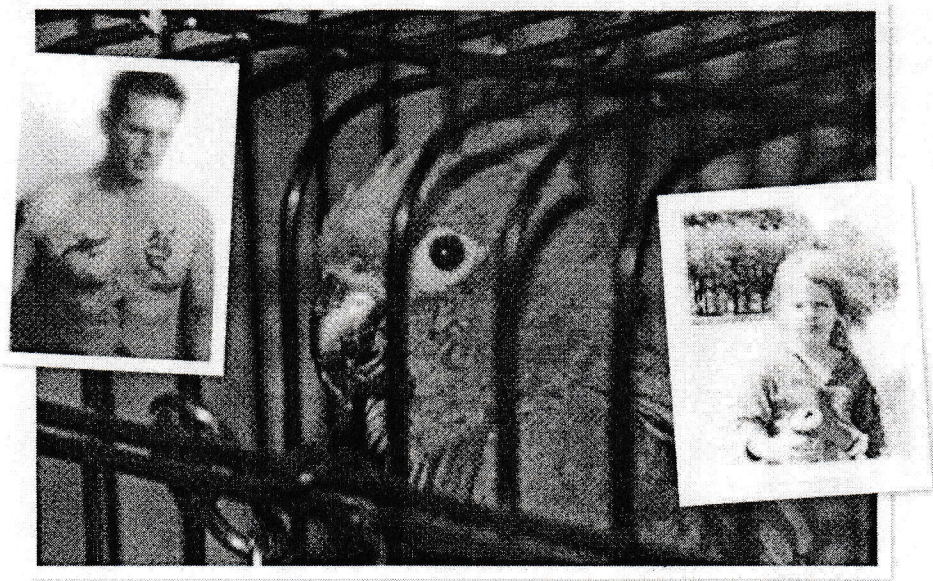
Charlene Cambridge

HAPPINESS JOY FREEDOM

I FIND MYSELF DANCING WHILE SITTING IN MY CHAIR
IMAGES OF MOTHER FLASH RANDOMLY IN BLACK AND WHITE
MOTHER SMILING AT THE SEASIDE
MOTHER FROWNING IN CONCENTRATION
PULLING SEA URCHIN SPINES WITH EYEBROW TWEEZER
MOTHER DRIFTING ABOVE THE UNDERTOW
WHILE I CRY HELPLESSLY ON THE SAND
MOTHER PULLED IN BY A FISHING BOAT
HER SUIT DISARRAYED TO EXPOSE ONE SAGGING BREAST
MOTHER SMILING AT THE SEASIDE
SAYING TO FATHER
MAKE SURE THE GIRLS LEARN HOW TO FLOAT



Theo Benham



Where would I rather be?

A forever-long struggle

Out on a ledge, freezing and sweating
Someone yanks me back in,
It seems familiar,
Out there, in here.
Do we have limits for this?
I can't feel my hand,
The same hand that saves me,
The one that slaps me,
The one that should hurt.
Will I yank myself in, tomorrow?

gina bonati

Cantaloupe

3, 2 or 1 players; or more.

ONE, OH and WEE

a knife, a melon, juice or stage blood and such.

ONE break it
OH crack it
ONE you
OH you do it
ONE you
OH fucking break it
ONE you
OH it's broken
ONE yes
OH break it
ONE it's broken
OH again. break it again
ONE you
OH fine
ONE here, give it. give it here
OH does it hurt?
ONE it did
OH no more?
ONE no. should it?
OH yes
ONE forever?
OH no, idiot; it will die
ONE when?
OH cut it open
ONE with?
OH here, give it here
ONE why?
OH hand it
ONE why should it die?
OH here, kill it
ONE why? I will
OH here
ONE it's sharp. oh, I'm bleeding
OH be careful
ONE it's sharp
OH it's sharp
ONE be careful
OH who cares. there!
ONE it's bleeding
OH there!
ONE go around, all around its perimeter
OH thru its axis is best

ONE	if you think		
OH	there		
ONE	oh		
OH	that's a great deal		
ONE	juice		
OH	it's blood		
ONE	what's all that?		
OH	the color is amazing		
ONE	like blood		
OH	yes		
ONE	really pretty		
OH	like blood		
ONE	what is that?		
OH	so purple		
ONE	and all that orange. oh I know		
OH	seeds		
ONE	it's seeds, yes		
OH	to propagate		
ONE	if it could. but no more		
OH	of course it can		
ONE	it's dead		
OH	so		
ONE	oh, of course		
OH	unless. are it's seeds dead too		
ONE	dead and broken		
OH	broken and hurt		
ONE	beaten and destroyed		
OH	done		
ONE	finished		
OH	we did it		
ONE	and it's beautiful		
OH	it hurt though		
ONE	a lot		
WEE	I'll say. ow! ow ow ow.		
	ow ow ow ow		
ONE	ow	OH	ow
WEE	ow		
ONE	ow		
OH	ow		
WEE	stop		
ONE	ow	OH	oh
WEE	now		
ONE	wait		
OH	stop		
WEE	yes		
ONE	what is that	OH	who are you?
WEE	me		
ONE	who?		
WEE	me		
OH	what the fuck is me?		
WEE	me		
ONE	and what the fuck is that?	OH	and what the fuck is me?
WEE	kee. kee me kee wee		
ONE	oh jesus	OH	oh god
WEE	no kee wee. I'm kee wee		

ONE right ok fine
 WEE hello
 OH oh god
 WEE I'm it
 OH jesus fucking christ
 WEE me
 ONE I thought it was dead
 OH of course it's dead
 WEE no
 OH shut up
 WEE no no no no no not dead no I'm me kiwi no no no no no no no no
 ONE you're dead
 OH shut up
 WEE no no no no no no no no
 ONE you're dead shut up
 WEE I am not dead. I am not dead. I am here. here I am. here. I am living
 WEE I want to be here.
 ONE kill it
 OH I did. It's dead
 ONE you're dead
 WEE hah!
 ONE clean it at least. it's covered in blood
 OH juice
 ONE take it and clean it
 OH you
 ONE you said you destroyed it
 ONE you said!
 WEE I want to be here
 OH please. go. we worked very hard to kill you. go! please. please go.
 WEE I am not dead. I am not. I am here
 ONE please go
 WEE if I was dead you wouldn't keep saying that. you carry on and talk
 too much. you talk and talk and carry on. not wanting, not caring.
 look at me. look how pretty. how bright and lit up. I am living so
 there. you are killing, destroying, not wanting. don't love. do not.
 do not. did not. no. never. never did. didn't. won't. no no no
 no you say. I don't, you say. I never did. I didn't. I never have. I
 won't. I never will. I wasn't. look at me. look. me. me inside a
 cantaloupe me. pretty pretty me. look, berries and roses and pretty
 things. look I bleed. seeds. my blood is like paint. seeds seeds and
 look, fibers! I am green and red and purple and I move and I am your
 heart. I am your broken heart. I am alive. I am your destroyed heart.
 I am your self. I am your eaten heart. I am here. a little kiwi fruit. I
 am living so there. see. touch me. I will live here. I want to be here.
 I am here! see. here I am I am here. here. me. me. me.

end

Eve Packer

what you think when dying

remember those parties,
those blue, or was it red, it was blue light parties
in someones queens basement
far from home, not on the D,
but some other train, trains,
all those bodies
close close teen bodies
somehow efrem george
inserts his knee
between yr legs
yr wearing a skirt
or dress. probably a skirt
and too tight sweater.
we didnt wear pants, jeans,
not at night
not to a blue light night party in queens
somehow he inserts his knee
now what
wanta look cool. what do i do
cant do the wriggle back.
cant move away. the only way to move
is closer
all those fun house mirror faces
the room spun honey
darling you send me, you know
you send me...honest you do...
thats sam cooke. i have a crush
on sam cooke. not his face.
i have no idea what he looks like.
his voice. those insinuations---
tenderness, caresse, something else
i dont quite get. not yet.
far from the bronx on the D
far from home

city blindfolded city
at peace, rest,
blindfolded city
night

wanna eat endless pizza
dream

Once upon a time the story you'll tell ozzy:
new melodies: 2009: songs, new beats in the air
and on the street

(you send me)

Tomasso

Ellen

There seems to be a thought
That love can't be bought
If someone in the course of making love
Offers me a crust of bread
Should I refuse and starve instead
And if another invites me
On a trip to Italy
Should I object
And never know the thrill of meeting Michelangelo
And if another showers me with pearls and furs or mortgage free
Should I conceive a pauper's oath
And live instead on tails of coats
Until I make my fortune thus
I'll never make my choice
Between the silver spoon and the autumn's full blown moon

The Homeless

They were wrapped in wrapping paper
And deep despondent sleep
They were wrapped in wrapping paper
Passers by
Past midnight
They viewed a garbage heap

Steve Dalachinsky

Magoo

magoo was young when i met him.
he was still young when he died.

to many gotti was a good guy.
if you're a generous murderer you're a good guy.
if you're a stingy commoner you're not.

puccini was a womanizer who lived the good life.
he smoked 3 packs a day & died of throat cancer
at 65.

gotti died of throat cancer at 61.
he was a generous murderer.

magoo was a nice kid. he took lots of drugs.
once when high on acid he went nuts, took off his clothes
& crashed thru the gate of my store.
the impact was so strong that it shattered the glass.
we took him into the back room & placed him on a makeshift bed
where he squirmed & yabbered. i stayed close to him.
when the cops arrived they attempted to make him talk
& when i saw them wield their billyclubs to strike him
i stepped in to make sure they wouldn't.
finally the ambulance came
& they took him away
i lied & said i was not sure what drug he was on
tho i knew it was blue barrel acid that
he had gotten from me
& was dealing for me
& just couldn't help eating too much of
(like i did when i bought it.)

sometimes i think that it's better to be blacklisted
than ignored.
& lately i think that the shock of each moment
is in still being alive.
i heard burton say that in the movie **BOOM** tonite
& what a bad movie it was.
all that tennessee williams drugged out fag hag stuff.
wasted woman needs too much love. needs no one. needs needs needs
needs needs. & christ comes along in the guise of a gigolo poet
to comfort the dying beauty.
& to rob her of her soul
but not her diamonds as was first suspected.
then
BOOM
the mean bitch dies in his arms as he relieves her of her gold

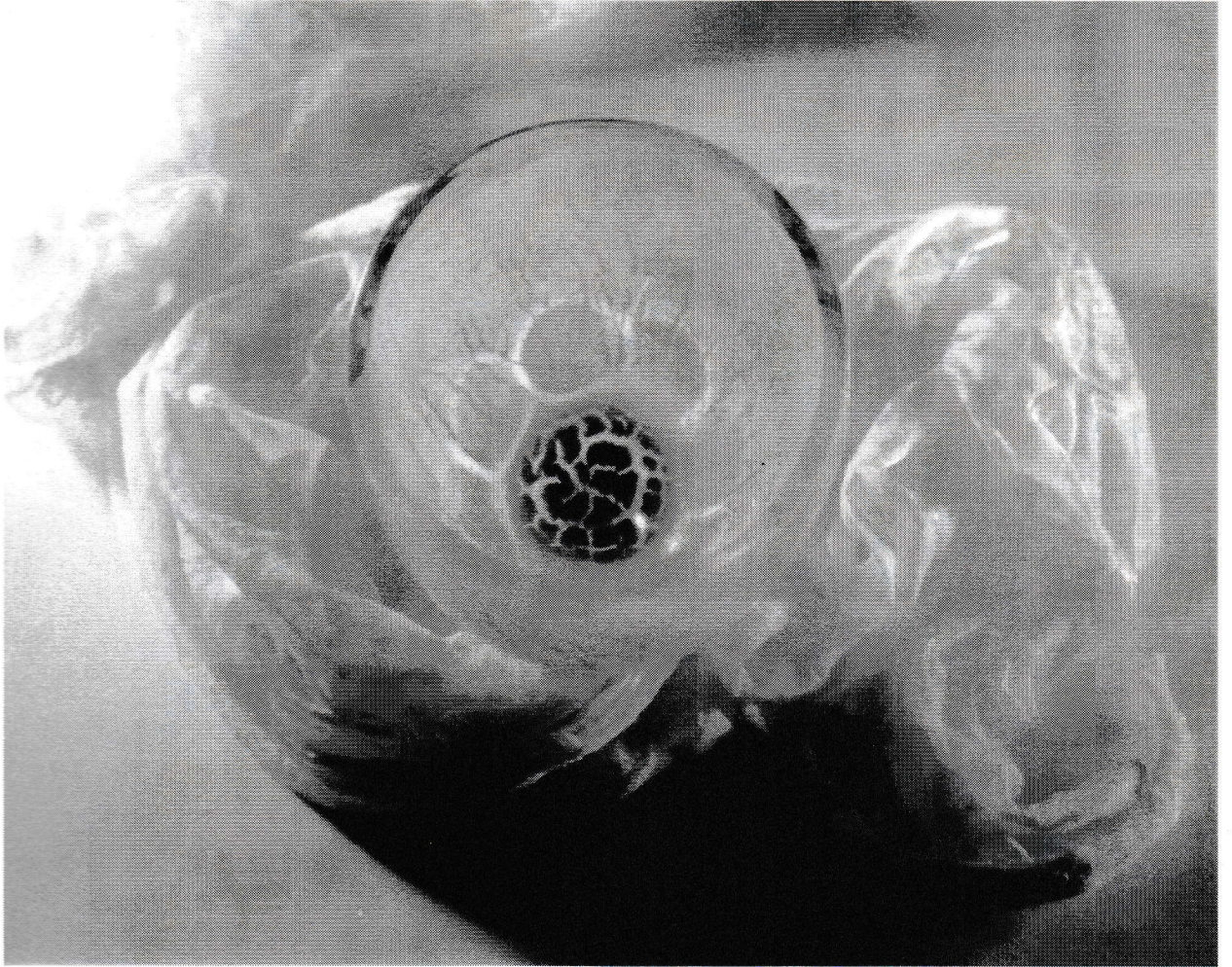
so as to make her journey to the next world
that much lighter. he then tosses the jewels into the raging sea.

he was being humane in a roguish sort of way
tho as liz had said earlier in the film
“to be inhumane or humane is not for humans to decide.”

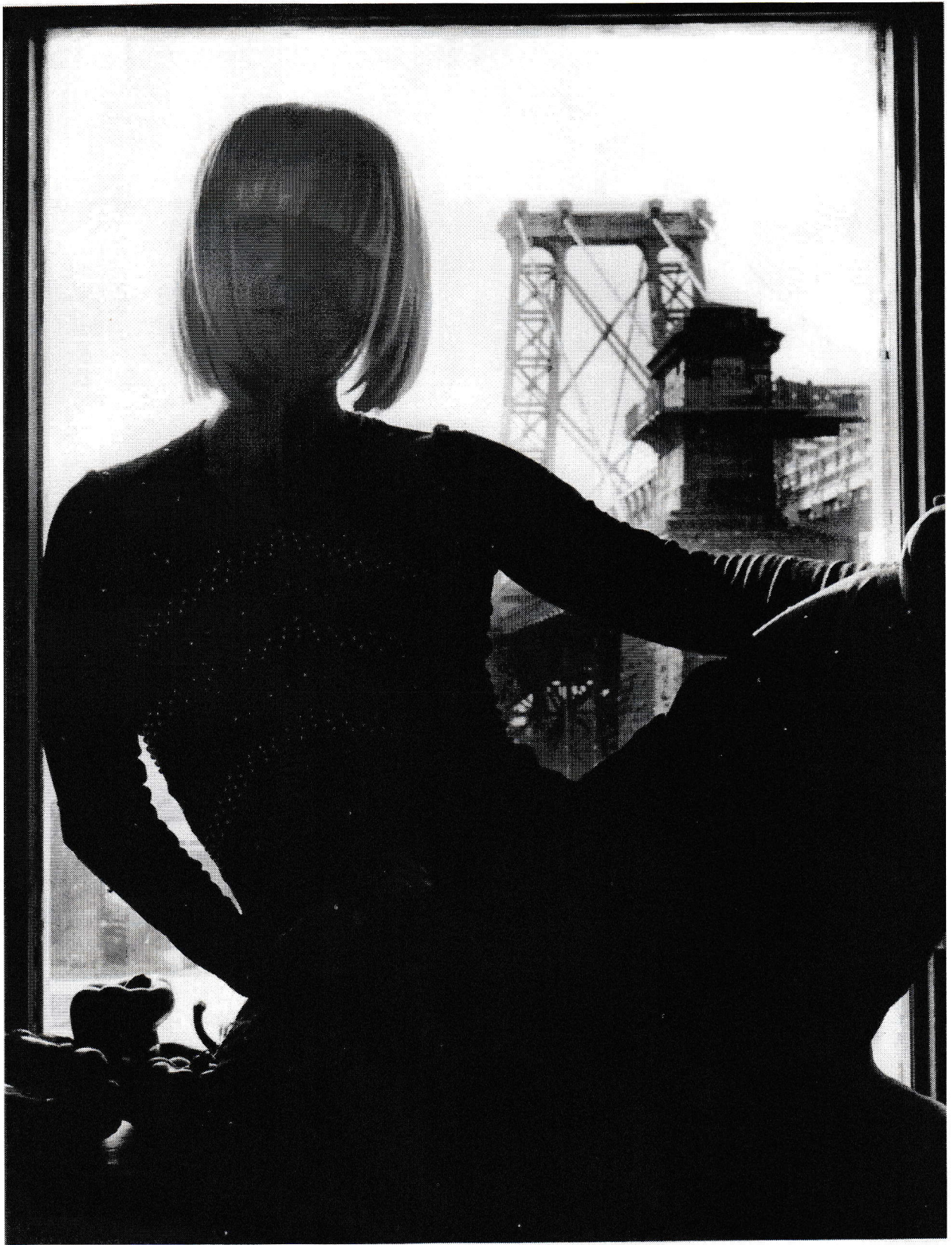
yet even with all this great story line
the great director the fabulous locale
& all these bizarre characters
including the ex-thug midget bodyguard
who controlled the vicious dogs
& the aging out-of-the-closet Noel Coward
this was one of the worst films i have ever seen.

shortly after that incident
magoo was found dead in his bedroom
_ on the bed _ off
a victim as the news would have put it *of an apparent drug overdose.*
it was the first wake i ever attended magoo being irish & all.
it was an open casket & we paraded solemnly by him in the funeral home
to sneak our last looks.
he was all dressed up in a suit & tie not at all like magoo
& as i passed with my long hair long beard
sandals & dungarees
i bent down & planted a kiss on his oh so icy forehead
to the shock of all present.

since then i've kissed a lot of icy foreheads
& have begun to realize that we do not just pass thru life
but live it.
are it.
& that the shock of every moment is in still being alive.
& that no matter what trials we may go thru
what tragedies we must endure
a generous murderer
will always be a good guy to some.



Hara Century - My Fortune (Still 003)



Hara Century -View From My Window (Bridge 004)

Hara Century

MY AMERICAN BODY

My body lies over the ocean.
My body lies over the sea.
My body lies over the ocean.
Oh, bring back my body to me.

Sung to the tune of " My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean" a Scottish song.

Twenty years ago I stood on the platform, naked, posed, and barely breathing.
Counting my heartbeats I listened to the scratching of chalk against the paper. Their faces hidden behind easels and sketching pads, my friends, colleagues, lovers, and various strangers gathered around the Wood Burning stove keeping warm at 7 Dunham Place.
These are the memories of my perfect youthful body.
On this forty-something birthday I judge my American body like all Americans do.
This covered in clothing, wrapped in ornaments, embalmed with toxins, saturated with lies, buried under emotions, or simple container holds miles of traveled roads.
My body has been torn, tossed, broken, bitten, poked, scratched, crushed, and burned.
The rough edges are now smooth and the curves have become jagged.
Please observe the bumps, the bruises, the cracks and the crevices.
See the inside scars on the outside?
This body of wisdom, knowledge, experience, compassion, confidence, tenacity, tolerance, and determination survives and thrives.
My body is drama.

My American body is judged from the outside.
My American body yearns to leave this Continent for a Country without judgment.
I search for freedom in the healing waters around the world.
Lifted by the salts of the Dead Sea.
Rocked by the rough waters of Cinque Terre.
Soothed by the cool blues of Casablanca.
Blown away by the winds of the Bay Islands.
Warmed on the beaches of Finale Ligure.
Browned by the banks of the Volga River.
Transformed on the shores of Paros Island.
These memories are out of body and sometimes out of mind.
My American body remembers what it wants to.

Back in America I reassure my body by going to the Day Spa.
Drowning out memories in the mineral pools. Smoothing the wrinkles and carving new twinkles in the sauna steam. The cold showers douse the flames. A resurrection takes place in these pristine pools building character and charisma. Here in America, I proudly continue to disrobe.

Evie Ivy

Good Intentions and the Snake

You've felt her calculating eyes frame you,
as if they could not justify their mind's
conclusion. You stand there open, neglect
uneasy feeling. You've given friendship,
you have shared, and begin to understand
to give no more. The data's come too late.
Though bewildered, you feel you cannot shut
the door. "Now she's only human," you tell
yourself in disbelief, "there must be trust."

Eyes speak but lips don't move. Cold and clam what
is it they are searching? Is it the warmth?
Out of 'the blue' she strikes as if at some

strange target. The snake has aimed her direct swipe
toward heart, and with thus her cold "goodbye."

Out There

The beach is agreeable with its blue
water and sky. It's full of light. I stand
in water. Gentle passing little waves
caress my ankles. It's almost untrue
a storm is lurking, slowly moving here.
You would never know by looking at such
peaceful scenery. Suddenly, a wave
comes and wraps around my feet as the sand
below them starts to loosen in its grip.
I jump aside. It was as if a beast
nearby had grabbed my ankles. It's a perfect
scene by the horizon. Things can throw us off
when we're certain of what it is we see
and have, even at the perfect sun-filled beach.

J. D. Rage

Dear Grim Reaper

Dear Grim Reaper,

What's been going on since my last letter?
I see you've been very busy - mostly
with clean-up operations these days
of the messes we've been making.

You don't decide who goes, do you?
I know you don't because you love
to touch a living thing and turn it
into dust and I have begged for
the brush of your hand
I know you would be glad to give it
glad to give it
but you took Nellie and you took Steel
and you got Winchester too
and you came for Irene and Chandler
and Brooke and so many more
but you haven't come for me
I pray for my early demise
I pray for my early demise
the day for me must be written down
I hope it's coming near
I can't take too much more of this.

I mean I'm almost always sick
dragging through each day like I'm
wading through a sea of cotton
I can't breathe this dirt they call
air, I feel so bad sometimes I consider
murdering innocent cigarette-smoking strollers
who happen to be walking in
front of me, (who will probably all croak
from lung cancer well before I do)
I'm supposed to spend two hours a day
on a machine to clear my lungs

give me a break
besides it doesn't work
Now I'm told I have to give away
my three remaining birds
a replay of a scene twenty years ago
when I had to lose my cats
or spend the rest of my life in emergency rooms
hovering on the edge of death
watching you skulk around the
hospital ward but never quite making it
to my bed as I was
always saved by the miracle of modern medicine
or well-meaning friends or my own last minute
inability to let you come close enough to me
that time I called the cops
I could have overdosed--but no.

and so I'll be all alone,
not even a bird to cheer me up
if I want to breathe

each year my contacts with other
life forms
dwindle
my nightmares become more frequent
violent slashing things
that crash through my brain in the dark
and make sudden horrible manifestations
in the daylight
my life is less enchanting
when the things I pray for come,
I feel nothing more than mild amusement
at the carrots dangled to keep me
tantalized by empty promises
I ask you, if I'm going to feel nothing
except the heavy drag of depression
do I have to do it here?
do I have to keep going to work
or else be condemned to life on the sidewalk
in a damp cold cardboard box?
do I have to keep worrying about whether
there is a god and a heaven?
do I have to keep pretending to get along

hiding my real self
of tattooed crawling skin done
to match my snaking disfigured heart
hiding my brilliance so I'll be invisible
and won't have to hang my head
hang my head in shame
for the way they think I look
and for the fact that most humans
are miserable bastards?
Who will go to heaven, Grim Reaper?
I can't believe you've taken anyone there recently
because now we got people killing children
in sexual torture flicks for their
own twisted pleasure.

I wonder do you take these pervs to
hell?

What hell could provide a
punishment to fit that crime?
I can't imagine unless some ghoul
repeatedly sticks pins in their eyes
while slicing small pieces from their
fingers and holding a blowtorch
under their private parts.

will I be in with the baby killers
to pay for my small sins?
everyone is a sinner
You know everyone is a sinner
and I in my own way am a baby killer
there is no heaven
this is hell
this is hell
and some are getting out of it
Where are they going?
I want to go too
I want to walk with you to paradise
I can't conceive of feeling good
and they say paradise is feeling good

paradise is oblivion
paradise is dust

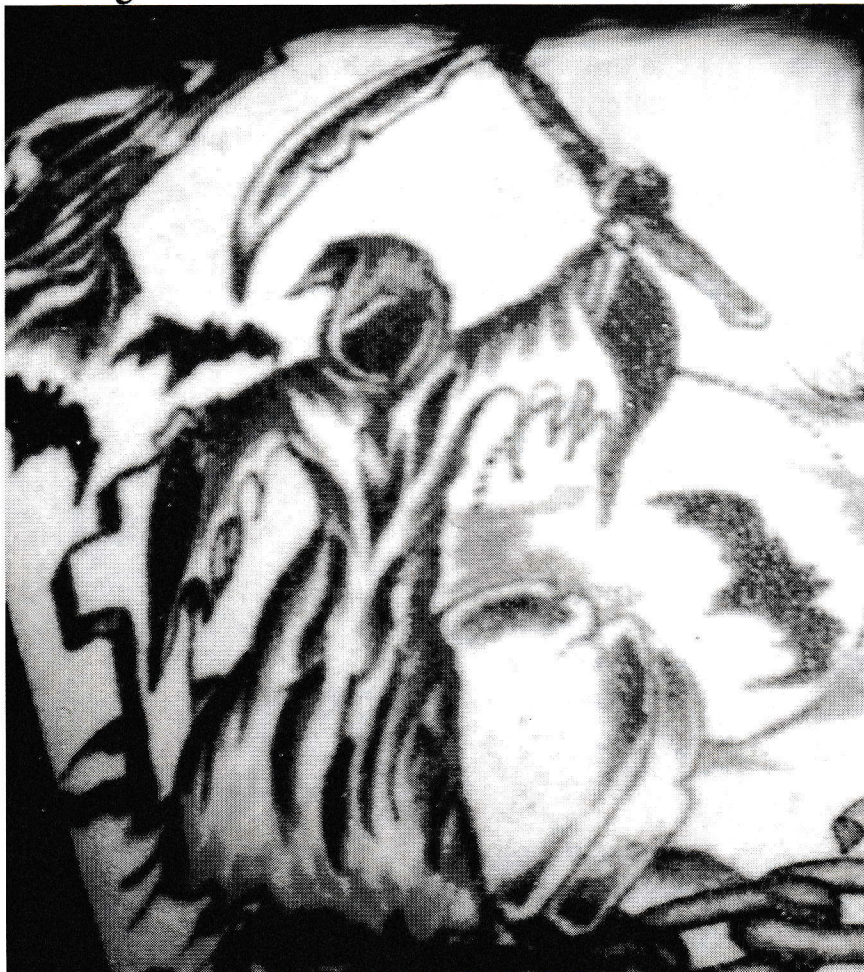
It won't be feeling good
because that would kill me all over again
I'd die from shock
it will be dust
it will be mindless atoms
it will be infinity
I will be the dust of mindless atoms in infinity

so come for me any time you're ready
I'll be waiting for you
looking for your hollow shroud
and I hope I see you coming soon...

until then, stay grim!

Yours truly,

J.D. Rage



Valery Oisteanu

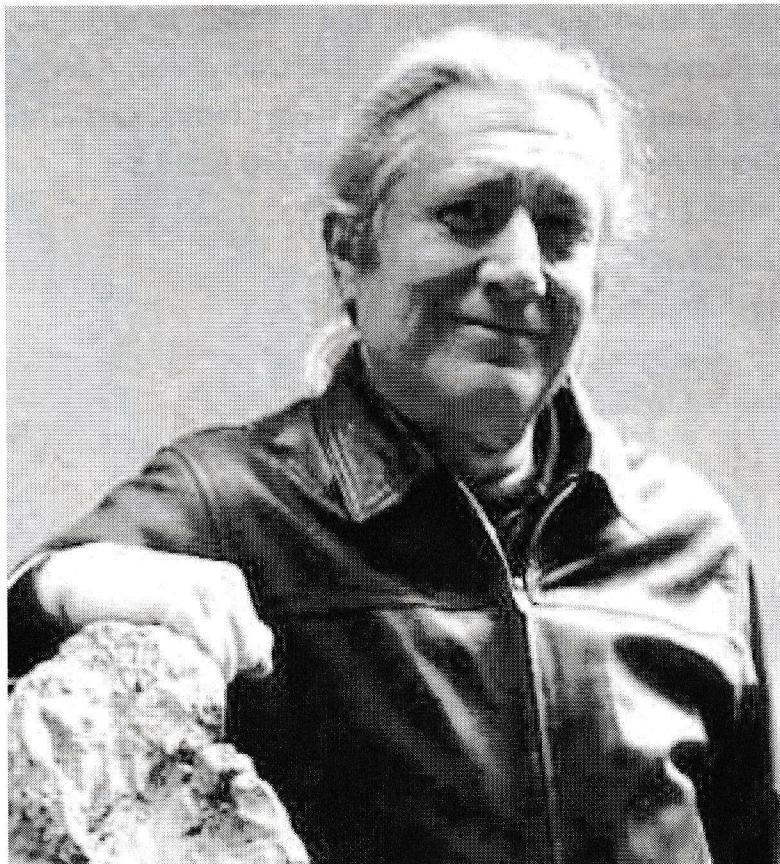
Good-bye Lisboans

My toe is broken after all this traveling
I am sleeping on a stone pillow
I have to confess here, in writing
I have not seen the gigantic incense burner
At the Cathedral of St. Santiago De Compostella
Because I fractured my left foot's toe
Surreal self-punishment haunts me
I came to see the Eugenio Granell Museum
To follow in masters footsteps
I am the "art catcher" detective
Asleep between metaphysical paintings
Standing in my gold shoes
The colors of Granell, washed my face
The Portuguese fisherman is flying me in a rowboat through the storm
Landing at Fernando Pessoa Library, full of transparent spiders
At the Café-restaurant "Pessoa-cocktail" — part vodka, part absinthe
Lunch with vegetarian soup and sausage shaped like a hat
The Surrealists are coming out at night only
Haunting the streets, by the port of Lisbon
Sunset in my champagne glass
Sunset in my fish soup bowl
I set all of my addictions on fire.

Valery Oisteanu

VENETIAN ODE

**The jester sadly sings
Sitting next to the red tour
Red lions, red bricks, red flags
The multicolored hat with bells
In the middle of Piazza San Marco
Sad ode of the imprisoned Casanova
Who lost his jewels
On the Bridge of Sighs
The sun burns Canaletto canvases
The wind blows the jester's hat
In the canals waters
The ghosts float leisurely
Veronese, Caravaggio, Titian,
Crossing the bloody sunset
Red moon already rises
Behind Murano island
The gondoliers are shouting melodiously
Next to Judeka
The sunset pales in the purple night**



Tomasso

Meals on Wheels

Meals on wheels

Kittie Regal is 90 years old

I met her one day shivering cold

In her kitchen

The warmth and the scent of a blueberry pie

Over her shoulder a bird in a cage

Fluttered its wing like a book in a rage

On the mantle stood in a frame made out of wood

A portrait of a handsome young man

Smudged at the corners but polished up brass

So Kitty was Regal wouldn't you say

Day after day

Tomasso

Within the same day I discovered that two of my brothers were dead
And I wasn't feeling too hot myself
Nick two years older
Babo two years younger
Nick two years ago
Babo that very same day
And I wasn't feeling too hot myself
Both Babo and Nick were baptized real quick
And were never seen in a church again
Nick and Babo weren't especially into clothes
Especially blue serge suits
But wouldn't you know
That when the church bells toll
The funeral role
There was Nick and Babo laid out in spiffy blue serge
Rosary beads clasped in their manicured, otherwise hardworking hands
And I think I may be in need very soon a manicure myself



Patricia Carragon

The Invasions of Literary Brooklyn

Poets and writers beware! Literary Brooklyn is a war zone. Your sanctuaries have been usurped by those whose primary purpose is to be fruitful and multiple their yuppie assets.

Watch where you walk! Expensive strollers patrol the streets. Like armed tanks, they roll past the brownstones of Park Slope, filled with in vitro babies, ready to crush your literary toes. Boerum Hill is under attack as well as Cobble Hill, and Carroll Gardens is next. These mommies and daddies of the nouveau elite insist that Brooklyn is theirs since they own the condos, boutiques, restaurants, bars and cafés. Rents continue to rise after their invasion. No wonder they act the way they do. Keeps the undesirables, like us, out.

Mind what you recite at most cafés and even at the temples of literature – the Brooklyn Public Library and some bookstores. The stroller brigade wants you to mind your f's and u's and your c's and p's, plus other letters from the offensive alphabet. We can't offend the sensitive ears of their adorable in vitro kiddies. Their mommies and daddies never had foreplay when a petri dish was involved.

Bars and cafés have a long tradition of being safe havens for the literati, but Wi-Fi brought in another invasion – the self-absorbed hipster offspring of aging hippies. Hipster culture doesn't include the written or spoken word. Give them Seattle-style caffeine, fashion, iPhones and Indie Music. Look what happened to Williamsburg. Beware of these latte, cappuccino-guzzling creatures! Caffeine will block out the spoken word and their conversation will only get louder.

Members of the literary diaspora unite and fight against these invasions until a small cup of coffee costs ten bucks and a bottle of beer goes for twelve, and we won't have a choice, but to let the wind speak for us in a Dylan tune.

Mindy Levokove

bark - (from topography)

1.
and on my surface
I wear skin hair
the dark the light
all out side cover
shoe coat

the summer cup
over flows
coleus wine banana
line of no line

stars open universe
clouds scraping building
float up roaring bus
shaping facing

some itch
some accident
fully occupied body
I try for you

2.
we stopped building
on Prospect & 224th
up came wild carrot
plantain dock and mullein

sumac began
this refrain
will we start again?
will we take up again?

when the waters recede
(and the boat so full
and the bird
returns from land?)

elm and oak grow
away from our power
lean in other directions
my life leans

rock reaches up
crawls over everything
crumbles into food
once (up, up up
again (again

this is bark

Jushi

THE DEVIL IN YOU

Sister, daughter, what's gotten into you?

It looks like I see the devil peeking through

Your eyes look red, your breath smells stale

for goodness sake chile,

Is you growin' a tail?

That's a frenzied kind of dance, a strange kind of jig;

Well, bless my soul, your feet looks like a pig.

What's that you say?

What's that you grumblin'?

Oh, you say it's your empty stomach rumblin'.

Well, it's not lunchtime,

I'm sorry to say.

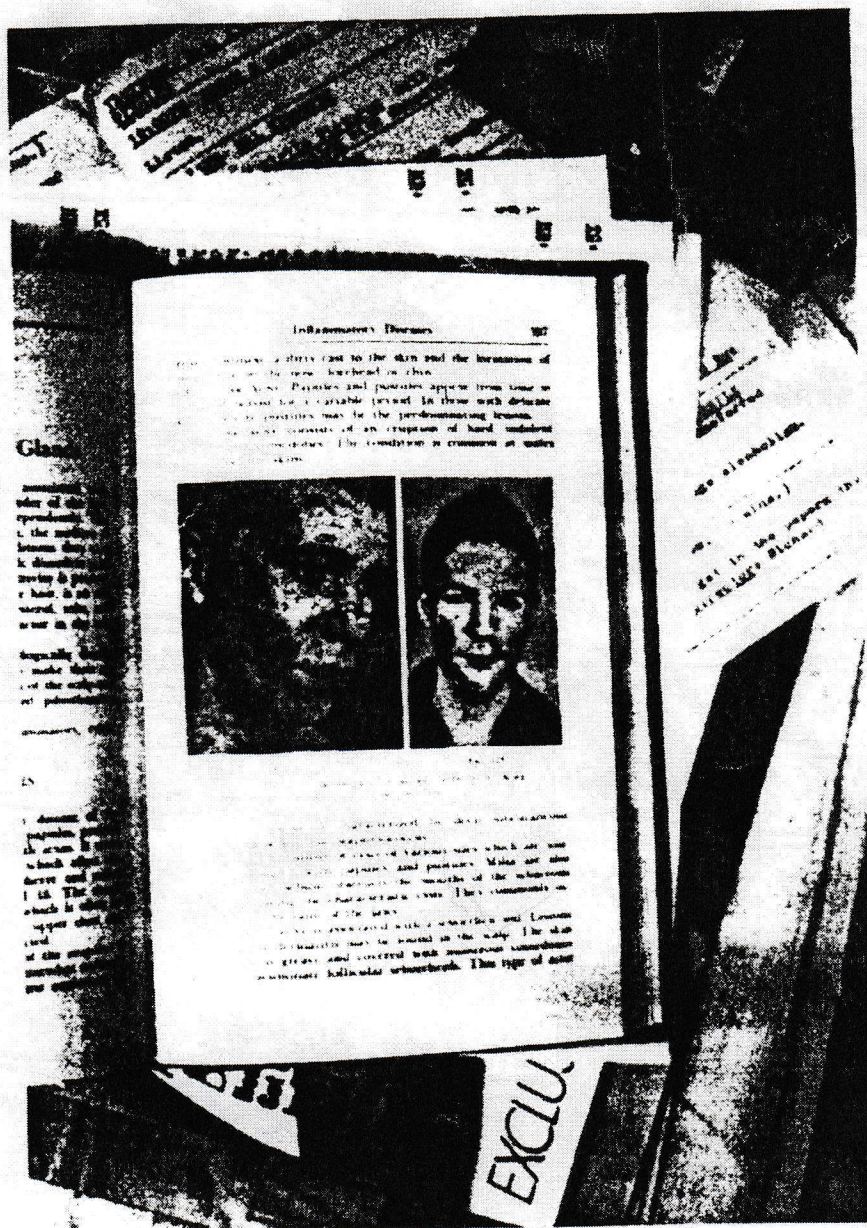
So you and the devil better go outside and play.

Reprinted from CURARE Number 6 in memory of Jushi



Photo by Ptr Koz

Tom Church



PHOTOGRAPH FOR "ALL I WANT IS TO BE LEFT ALONE"
(Tom Church-1987)

CAPTION/TITLE: "PHOTOGRAPHED IMAGES FROM
(THE BOOK) DISEASES OF THE SKIN (1934): INFLAMMA-
TORY DISEASES: ACNE VULGARIS" (Tom Church - 1987)

ORIGINALLY APPEARED IN:
WAMPAPER FOR (YOU MY DEAR)...: DREAMS/FIRST
PERSON NARRATIVE (NOVEMBER 1990).

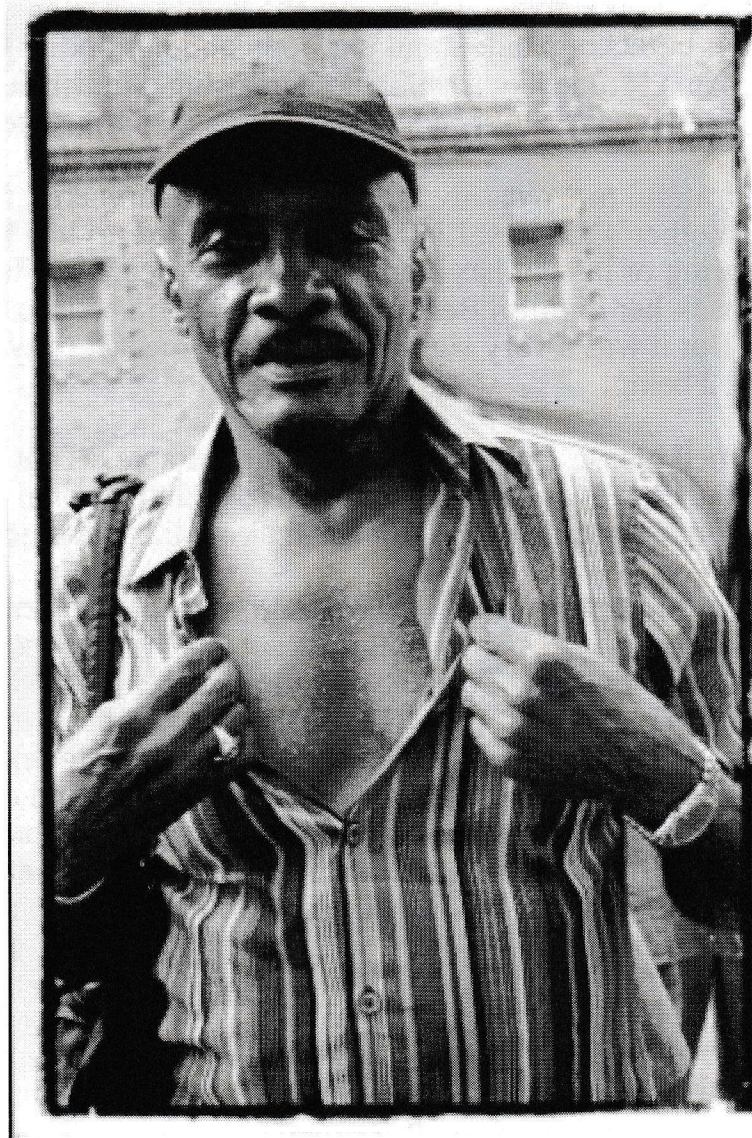
of (THE BOOKS):
HORROR STORIES (c. 1990): "A U I WANT TO
BE LEFT ALONE" BY JACK THOMAS; SUCK MY DICK:
OR SCENELY SEXUAL PORNOGRAPHIC WRITINGS:
1981-2008 BY JACK THOMAS; + STICK IT UP YOUR
ASS! VILE INCENDIARY TRACTS: 1980-2008

(CAN PUBLISHED BY POLITICALLY INCORRECT).
PUBLICATIONS).

ALSO, APPEARED IN THE FILM:
"PIMPLES: A HISTORY OF THE ZIT AS WE KNOW IT":
"A.K.A.: (THE) PIMPLE MOUSE" (SUPER 8, COVER + B/W,
SILENT OR WITH LIVE SOUNDTRACK, c. 15 MINS.,
1987-2008/2009).
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Sometimes.....

I wanted to pretend it wasn't me this was happening to/ I felt like looking under all the chairs sofas and beds for the man who wasn't there/ the man who didn't believe in god/ the man who was dead the man who had helped me to stay alive/ I wanted to roll back the clock to a different year and call him on the phone/ he always understood why I wanted a drink a pill and a shot/ he always talked me down from jumping out the window/ he always showed me the other side where things looked better and I wasn't doomed to suffer alone/ he always told me what he did when the going got rough/ when the path turned into fog/ when I couldn't see past the end of the bar/ when the truth was masquerading as a lie/ he didn't believe in god but to me he was a saint, an angel. a big brother, a hero a friend for life/



he liked a good laugh/ but now he's making me cry because I can't find him/ sometimes I think I see him --in the corner of my eye--across the street--running for the bus/ hiding in the background shopping in the next aisle/ sometimes I think he's still here looking out for me when I get myself into a bad fix/ sometimes I call his number to see if he'll pick up/ but it just rings and rings and rings/ he's gone and he won't be back/ but sometimes I think I hear him whispering in my ear/ counting every beat of my heart/ patting me on the shoulder--laughing at my bad jokes--giving me a big kiss on the lips and then I know everything will be okay because once upon a time/ he told me so. J.D. Rage

In Memory of Chuck Holland

Robert Roth

Shit

"I'm on my throne," my mother jokes when I call her while she is sitting on the commode. A lifetime fearing shit and now in old age life is organized around it. She said if she had the energy she would write an essay on the different ways caretakers talk about her body and her bodily functions. Some are clinical, some "crude like a sailor", others using childish euphemisms. Since it is all in Hungarian it is not altogether easy to translate.

I am grateful to Livia, my mother's former caretaker, for daring to remove my mother's diapers. Livia was very fucked up in a lot of ways but that act of daring or insight has made a big difference. I hesitate to say it gave my mother back her dignity. Because a person who needs to wear a diaper has dignity. But it was a very significant development for my mother's emotional well being.

The smell of one's own shit is often pleasurable. "That person is so filled up with themselves that they are in love with their own shit." I think that is true of most people even the ones making that statement.

The fear of shitting in one's pants in the street or when one is in a public place or has no access to a public toilet has imprisoned many people in their apartments. My friend Pete showed me a piece written by his friend Sidney Morris, a playwright who had AIDS and was incontinent. It was about the things he would do when going out in public which for example included wearing dark clothing. I read the essay many years ago and don't remember the details. But it was funny and very serious and extraordinarily important. I had asked my mother before her current health crisis if she would write a similar piece. She said she would call it The Strategy. But it was a bit too embarrassing for her to do.

JM Theisen de Gonzalez

little liar

Deliverance came
with news of your death.
Now
I can lay down the burden
that I've carried
all these years.
That July afternoon
I went to see you
to borrow money.
My mother
wanted a "field report"
on your activities
during the rift.
Your apartment
hot and still
television blaring
the sour oaty smell of beer
in the air
but lately
that wasn't news.
I sat down
on the faded plaid sectional
diagonal to your roost on the couch
clearly delineated
by beer bottles
to establish territory.
"Sure,
no problem with the loan
but
when and how
will you pay it back?"
Somewhat bewildered, I answered,
"Well, my check should be ready Monday."
And then
I was told
I could repay in other than
legal tender.
You jerked your thumb
towards the bedroom
in case I missed your drift.

"Taking it out in trade"
was the phrase you employed.
I remember my horror
realizing in spite of your sodden state,
you could likely
overpower me if
I tried to get away.
The wisest course:
to deter you
from fulfillment
of a secret sick desire
of long standing.
Something
distracted you.
You switched to a topic
even more horrifying:
sex
that you had with my mother.
Like our first "family vacation"
in that Catskills rental
when all the kids were locked out
without explanation.
Or
all the times
you "went out for coffee"
and screwed my mother
in your '72 Caddy's backseat.
I recall
from out of the bureau
salvaged from
my mother's first failed marriage
a provocative
lacy nightgown
never seen around the house
that she prodded back down
into the drawer's depths.
I told you immediately
I did not want to hear this
but again
the balance of bulk and beer
tipped in your favor.
At some point,
you must have turned off the television
because
just as abruptly
it came back on.

That
seemed to rip us back
from the creepy emotional netherworld
we briefly visited.
I did manage
to flee
quickly and calmly.
The sunlight of that summer day
disorienting and mocking
in its brilliance.
I went home
called a buddy
who advised me to
shut up
as chances were
my mother wouldn't believe me,
and accuse me
of being a
rotten little liar
taking advantage of a helpless drunk.
I still feel
stained and violated
seeing photos
of the fishing trip the week before
near Sheepshead Bay.
I can't help but wonder
what was on your mind
when you took them.
To others
they seem innocent enough.
For me
I recall the shopping trip
preceding it.
Why didn't my mother
find it odd
your intention to buy
shorts and a swimsuit
for this
and further insist
we go alone together?
I have questions for you:
when did you start to
feel like this
about me?

When did you turn a corner
you never should have?
That afternoon taught me
the surface does not reveal
the depth of an object.
I never would have
imagined this to be.
I thought you were a father figure.
You taught me how to drive
in that big old Cadillac.
I thought
you were so unbelievably cool.
Now
in the chilled October moonlight
I sit
writing a requiem
for a pedophile.
With your death
that afternoon is gone
and buried
with you.

Tsaurah Litzky

Gitmo

I'm lying in bed watching McNeil-Lehrer,
I'm waiting for the egg,
it's already boiling in the water but
I don't want to take it out before it is time
and ruin the salad with a runny yolk.

The face of the first Gitmo prisoner to be tried
in Federal court comes on the screen,
he does not look like a terrorist,
he looks like a sweetheart,
young, clean-shaven, no Al Queda beard,
big doe eyes, mouth like an angel,
but is anything ever what it seems...

Tomorrow I go to the hospital for tests,
I feel fine but what about the bleeding,
a brief aberration or an indication
of something deeper, something foul.

I shopped carefully for the salad,
French feta cheese from Sahadi's,
premium olive oil from the health food store,
organic spinach, carrots, scallions,
the perfect ripe avocado,
even the lemon is organic just like I am
with my porous aging bones, working
kidneys, liver and spleen,
it's the uterus I am worried about,
long retired but maybe bored now,
cantankerous, acting up,
at least my lungs are fine,
I had an x-ray last month,
and an MRI, my heart is well,
a sturdy pump,
a heart that can dance, can sing,
a heart that can love,
but it is strong enough to carry me away
from the river Styx
back to the lake of my days....

Timing is every thing, Luis said
last month in the bar, I agreed,
and then he kissed me
we didn't do so well after that,
was it him or me that fumbled the pass?
What does it matter?

When Lehrer starts to sum up the news,
I know the egg is ready. I go to the kitchen,
dump the water; crack the egg against the sink,
peel it under cold water, just like my mother taught me,
she also taught me to knock wood when I am afraid
of death, I knock the oak tabletop three times,
I sit down to eat; I look out the window,
day is gone; night has got the world in his teeth
the salad couldn't be better.

George Snedecker

ROMANCE!

I gave up
on romance
some time ago.
It was too much like work.

First you've got to
go out for dinner,
then to the movies.
You've got to text message
and call three times a day.
You should have seen
my cell phone bill.

I've always thought
that if you've got to
work
at stuff
like this,
it's not worth it.

Some things come natural
Or they don't
come at all!

TALKING ESCALATORS

Did you ever notice
that the escalators in Penn Station
now talk to you?
They no longer
just let you ride.

Now you've got
to listen to them
tell you how to ride,

And you've got
to be very careful
not to get your clothing caught
or sit down

And that you've
got to pay attention
and not lose your balance

and fall backward
killing everyone
behind you
like a bowling ball
knocking down ten pins
in a strike!

You've also got
to hold onto the hands
of small children
or some giant bird will
come along
and you'll never see them again.

So it goes,
when all I want to do
is make it to work
before nine o'clock.

BAD DREAM

Last night I dreamed
that I died
and while en route to the Great Beyond,
I saw two lights,
one white and the other red.

Like a fool,
I followed the red light
and ended up back on earth
reincarnated as a tree.

At first,
this did not seem to be so bad,
until I realized
what we do to trees!

Ralph Nazareth

Ra(T)rap

..because so many American soldiers have been killed, we have to keep sending American soldiers to get killed as a means of honoring the American soldiers who have been killed. William Rivers Pitt

We be—but that's not me--but we be at a point in history—his-tory, her-story, call it what you will—we be at a point the mystery deepens:

is not just the swill and the bilge, the stinkin' kill and sludge we call our human way of bein' in nature—ya wanna call it civilizashun, civi-lies lies lies-ashun? ya wanna call it unnatural nature? Go on, call it what you will but don't bill me for your swill

Is somethin' darker, somethin' bigger than the psychoanalytic lather 'bout the father. Rather, this mystery I'm talkin' about goes beyond all hype 'n hysteria, all 'nalysis 'n speculashun

is not somethin' you can hide easy behind the biggest wisteria bush. It's the mystery of mysteries. Ya get it? Is the mother of all mysteries:

Here it's folks, no joke, with no more ado in the form of a trillion dollar question:

why would the rat set its own trap with careful intent 'n plannin', pat itself on its back, backtrack, reach in its choking craw with its freakin' twisting tail tryin' to dislodge the piece of cheese

it so wantonly / willfully / fitfully / fatefully, grabbed with its own gluttonous little paws, stuffed in its own jaws as if there was no tomorrow?

why this second thought, this second guessing? why this des'prate fessing up to one's own mistake? this Monday morning quarterbacking of one's own motives, actions and consequences of the same?

they say a man puts a noose around his neck not just 'cause he learnt life ain't a goose layin' a golden egg but because, but because he's desp'rate, you know what I'm sayin', for someone to come loosen his noose with caring fingas so he knows he can hope to cope with not dope but love

then there's the suicide bombers they're another thing, a salvation fling for some, for others doin' the right thing in the name of goddamned justice

the world's aflame but who's to blame but the one who struck the
match first the chicken or the egg

ask the chicken hawks they're big on this bloody bizness of who started
what and when and where and they're always lilywhite in the night of
their own making breaking and faking their hands are clean—see, ma,
no blood, all's good

You say it's the devil. Maybe, sister, but there's evil in the weevil as well
so whatya gonna do playing these mind games?

The question's still hangin' 'lectric in the air and no ansa is dangling
there or anywhere why why why set one's own trap, clap oneself in it
with no map or exit strategy and not want to take the rap for it? Tap me
when you're zapped by a lightnin' ansa so I can pull out the mat from
under the fat cat that's pretendin' to be the rat. Such crap this rat trap!
End of rap!

Philip Beitchman

the meaning of life

Did I mention I finally heard from JJ she loved my poetry? Seems like years since I sent her an Edition of One, with a note making it abundantly clear that's what it was—was beginning to think maybe she hated it (or, same thing, resented it, not everybody likes my making poetry outta them)—I could have died thinking that (if I was thinking of such trivia at a moment like that, assuming I could think at all then, or would if I could)—which brings us to the lugubrious topic of the night: *the meaning of life*

well, that eventually whatever meaning it had derails, slows down, zigzags or just plain stops—you start limping, get a heart attack or stroke, sicken of one of a thousand ailments waiting their chance to pounce, start shaking, stop hearing & seeing, remembering, at least very well—you'll be one of those Wide Loads able bodied folks whiz by or annoy 'cause they can't

not to mention the unenviable things that will have happened to/with your loved ones—restricting, reducing, damaging your rapports with them, hormones that stop pumping, guts minds or limbs that give out
Yes and the certainty that everybody faces this—everybody knows what they're up against:

Just look around you at the guy sitting next to you in the park or subway with a laptop open on his knees—you think he doesn't know?; or the dolled-up femme ravissante, just hanging out in the city, think she doesn't know?

Why else wd. they be here, when they cd. just as well stay home?

They're running away from something, while they still can. Good Luck!—

Plus no wonder people are starting to wonder about the meaning of life, if it has any, that is I mean

as if that cd. make any difference!

we'd still have to put up with it, and that's the meaning of life.

It's suffering for no apparent reason

Except to suffer more

Just don't tell me it's for the sake of Art...

Milton Kerr

For Jimi

**Bright lights,
liquid in numbers,
fade into mourning.**

**Your songs
are still living legends.**

**It doesn't matter
if they are machine guns,
flags, or voodoo kids.**

**The fire, the thunder the rage
are all rituals.**

**One thing for sure, chile,
no more bombs, bullets,
or human sacrifices.**

ellen 'windy' lytle

what kind of spring
stretches on in petal glory
only to find its breaking point

blue fish

on a heated sunday night after eating
lots of chinese food, my friend corinne
went back to her basement flat in soho
collapsed onto the concrete floor
and expired like a spray of rice powder

evaporated into the earth like nana did
one thick summer while I searched
behind the gauzy curtains, under her mattress
in the back of the buick, but
never saw her again

older women start fading when they stop
loving: animals are nice to love
like blue fish, swimming faster
eating less
but w/ the screech of a harp in sunlight
they also break
and the day slices
and the stars rotate
before tonight finishes its walk

Chris Caggiano

Just a Child

Just A child, just a child
But in his eyes he holds the world
Scars will tell the story
Of the depths to which he's hurled
Savage bursts of fantasy
Anger and despair
Explain away the hellish pain
Just say that life ain't fair

CHORUS: Just a Child, just a Child
Just a Child, Just a Child
Just a Child, Just a Child
Just a Child

Daddy's the entire world
He must be obeyed
Fear is such a little word
Beat beyond afraid
Not a person no
He's an irresistible force
Smiles to his friends
While private Evil takes its course

CHORUS

Brother hears the word of god
Sister bleeds below
Mother cowers before a tyrant
She can't overthrow
Dinner hot upon the table
Guns beneath the bed
Middle child sees the future
Knows he'll soon be dead

CHORUS

Beaten from so many sides
twisted from within
Doesn't feel a single thing
Wears an ice cold grin
Life's a dream, he wants to scream
Fighting to get out
But hair stands up upon his back
Tonight the Belt comes out

CHORUS

prologue.

krall in the rain

jazz diva
and her ensemble
take the stage
covering an old standard
performed sultry bossa nova style
we slow dance
like fred and ginger
in the gentle summer rain
hearts accelerate
passions unfettered and alive
life is complicated
yet, we are thankful
for these romantic respites
and the closeness it brings

Eak the geek... Eduardo Arrocha

A high school memory... wonder what happened to them all?

Time, what a strange concept; perhaps I have been reading too much into it, after all... I love Torchwood, Dr. Who, Ashes to Ashes... mind bending trippy shows that can keep one up thinking all night. Perhaps it's age, who knows... As of late I have gotten into this habit of looking up people I knew way back, on facebook, my space, and yep... even hi-5... I even joined my old high school's alumni page... wow... class of 80... hum..."Centro Universitario Latino Americano"- it's been that long?

Hardly anyone from then is on, one more person I do not really remember... I guess we are from a generation before e-mail, facebook did not come into our consciousness, to speak on the phone meant from home... and we listened to vinyl... Ah... remember the new album, the guys getting together in the living room, smoking stuff... talking, then listening together. Sometimes we would listen to albums all afternoon, it was kind of a communal thing, a mutual discovery. (I still have not been able to get used to the idea of an Ipod... I find it rather selfish.... and I still want to get together with the mythical crew and listen to records... for hours, even though I do not smoke anything or drink any booze, and have not for almost 20 years...) I often wonder, what does the object of my first hard crush look like... my first girlfriend... my old friends? Are they grey, married, divorced... have children, heck even grandchildren....

I think having moved so far from the place of childhood... and adolescence... always seeking the East Village in New York... and getting my wish.. with a lot of hard work, sacrifice... and a desire to live that unique bohemian life that the Clash would talk about in the albums we would listen to in my friend Jorge Villegas's room, made me want to go check it out... I wonder what happened to my friend Boger Jensen, he turned me onto countless rock bands and was a great artist... I have looked them both up on the web and not much comes out... I don't know about you, but those were magic years... 16-17-18- and not as much 19... It seemed that we lived in a world of possibility that the universe was always present and things were within reach and touch... My life at Paseo de la Altena #220, Altena 1 Lomas Verdes, was idyllic in so many ways (as I came to realize when I joined the real world...)

the neighborhood was insulated, parents commuted to work so we had it all to ourselves... I played ball, though sucked with Buccaneros FC in Satelite... went to high school a few blocks from home... had a few severe unrequited crushes... was confused... but mostly felt safe...

Perhaps that is what motivates nostalgia..., who knows...

Do I want to go back, to be seventeen and eighteen again? Absolutely not... ! I am proud of having made it to New York... of breaking the mold, of getting tattooed, of surviving my heartbreaks... and pitfalls, of going for the poet life, and all of that... Would I like to know what happened to Cecilia; my high school crush, oh yeah... or to Marta...(we both had a kind of secret unrequited crush on each other never acted on, yeah...) I wonder... life before my first big neurosis... before I left on a big jet plane and went far away... When I look back, it was the age of innocence... even though I thought I knew it all... of sneaking out to "metro insurgentes" to see hardcore bands... The last time I went to the old neighborhood, it looked so different, the houses had changed, the inner parts had large trees... kids were not sitting on the stone fences any more, they were busy with their Ipods... and no one knew who I was... I saw the old team, they won... walked around... and remembered... (it has been awhile 2002 I think...)

Life is interesting... full of memories... that is what makes it so... Do I live in the past, no! But I do have a nostalgic side, I do write poetry after all...

Much love... beds of nails and broken glass...

Carl Herr

The Guillotine

It was decided by court order
That it was to be decommissioned
As it rested uncomfortably
With a knowing sense of guilt yet
There were no funds to officially disassemble it

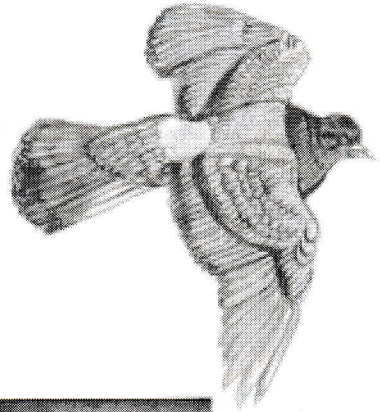
Night times it shivered in fear
But the days brought down the withered hatred of the
populace upon it
Castigating its polished hues
Into rust

The same instrument which was once
Used to sever the lives of thieves
Was stripped of its copper
By the usurers who sold them
Under its shelter in exchange
For consummation of lust

And the pillars that had built it
Were stolen to build
Fires by the shipyard
To keep the evening's chilblains from advancing
Further into frostbite

And finally one day
An unknown party stole
Its very blade
The sacred instrument
To rend it with a blunt
Hammer senselessly until
It clanged with an atonal wail
That made the court of justice
Begin to crack and its very spine
Draw forth the bricks opening
Like marrow

The guillotine crumbled crackling cleaved of its last strength
As the justices surrendered and confessed their sins to the
masses



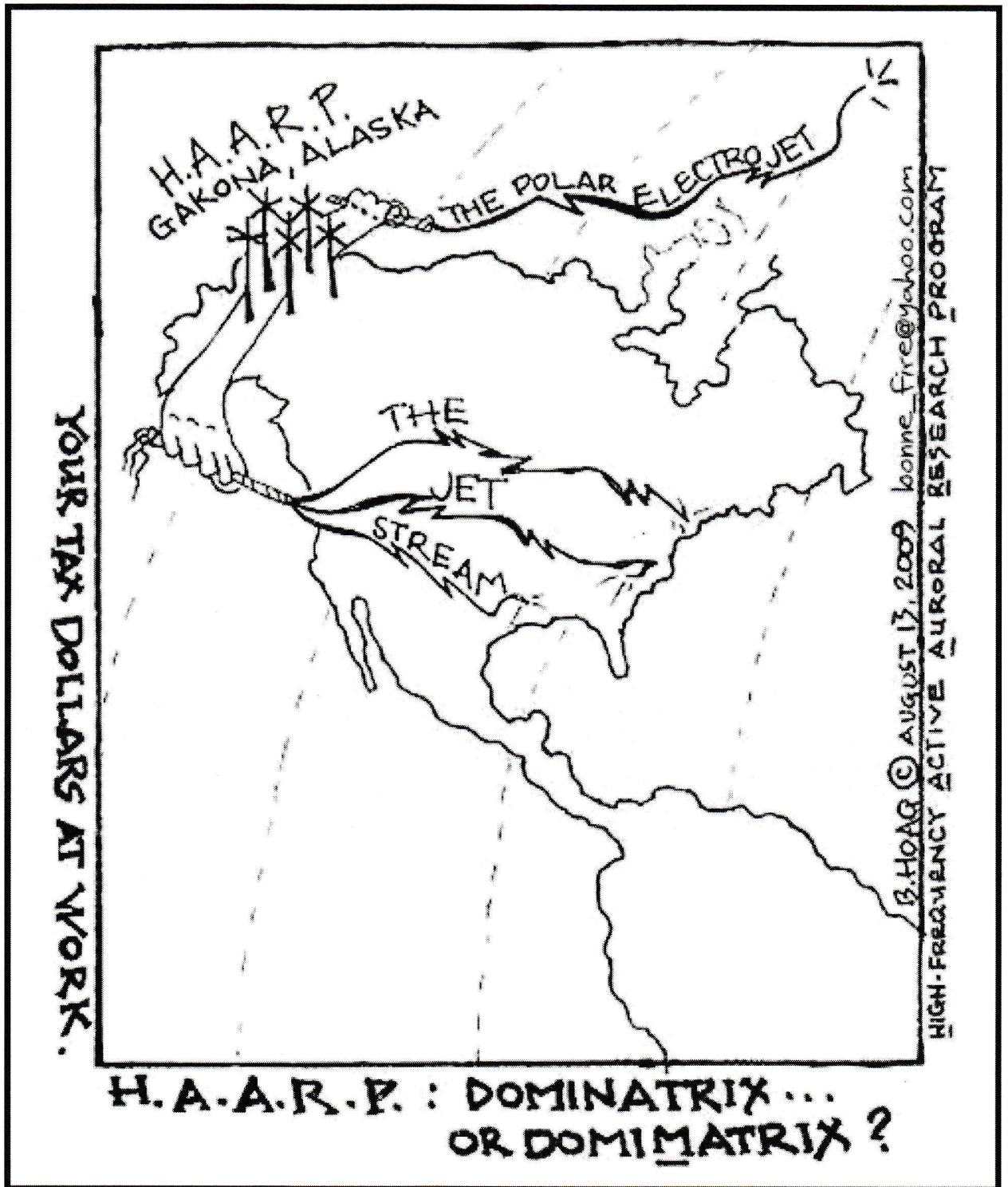


Red-tailed Hawk with Pigeon

Photo by Arthur Rivers



Photo by John Rathschmidt



H.A.A.R.P. Cartoon by Bonliz Hoag

Triangles

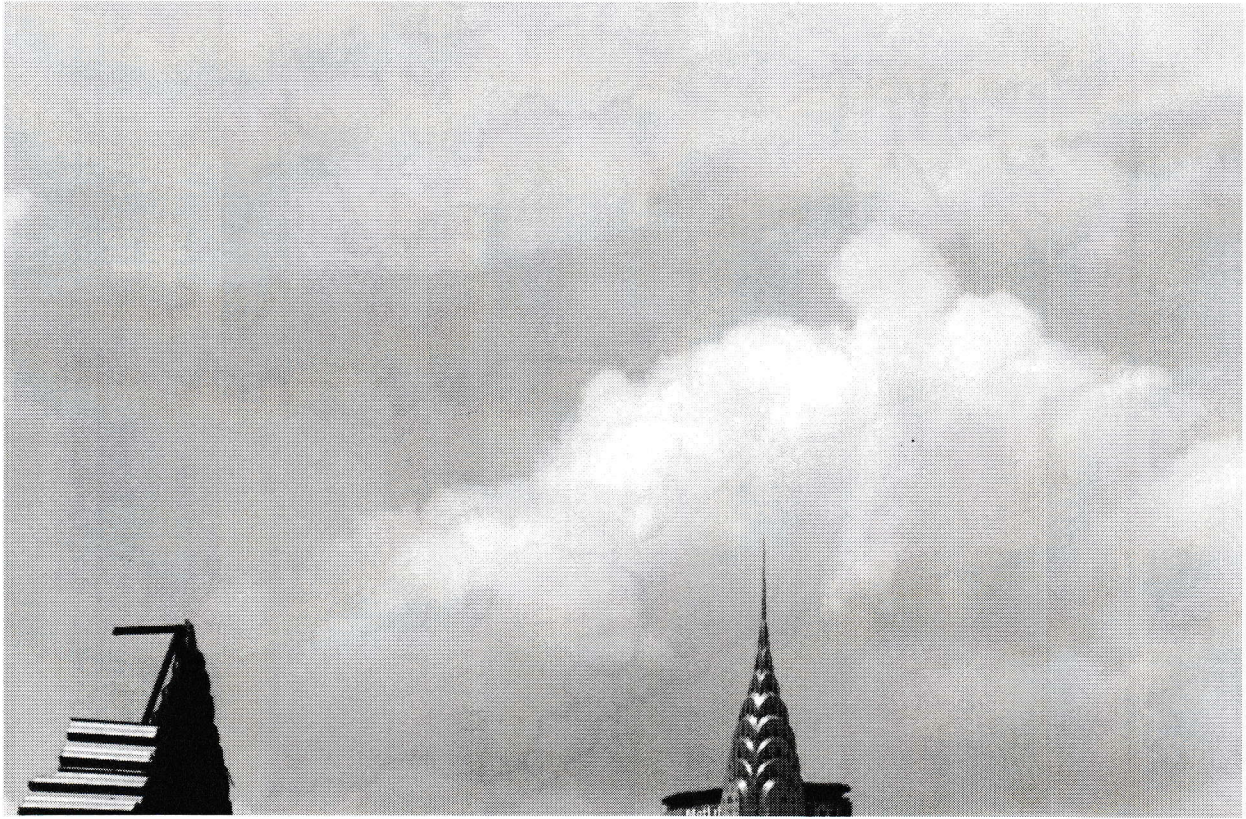


Photo by Pete Dolack

Bonnie Hoag

Goodbye Blue Sky, Goodbye Sun

Global Warning: Goodbye Common Sense

January 2010

Since October 2009 the media have begun to leak the possibility of geoengineering techniques which might have to be used to mitigate the ill-effects of global warming/climate change. Whether one believes that global warming is myth or fact, *geoengineering is fact*. And defacto! We allege that it is already well-underway.

While the term “geoengineering” is still being refined, the Council on Foreign Relations defines it as “Any of a variety of strategies, such as injecting light-reflecting particles into the stratosphere, that might be used to modify the Earth’s atmosphere-ocean system in an attempt to slow or reverse global warming.” (from the CFR *Unilateral Geoengineering* workshop May 5, 2008).

Here, at the outset, I submit that my first remedy to the sickened condition of Earth is for our species to wake up from our coma! We are trained and educated away from common sense and personal responsibility. And we are starved for the kind of nourishment which *simplicity and generosity* might provide. For now, simplicity is gobbled up by excess. Our sense of entitlement shapes our solutions. How can we speak “truth to power” until we speak truth to ourselves? Without addressing the root causes of our condition how can we hope to discover *real* remedies? The Bonnefire Coalition imagines a world in which we *share Earth’s bounty with all Beings*. It’s only common decency. It’s only common sense.

The Bonnefire Coalition was initiated to stop the pluming jet trails, what NASA calls Persistent Jet Contrails. PJCs are those trails which are laid down, daily and globally, often in Xs, cross-hatches and parallel lines. As they expand, they combine to haze the Sky and dim the Sun. While we have been busy investigating PJCs, another geoengineering acronym has sprouted in the laboratories of the global scientific community. SRM, which is the focus of this article.

SRM - Solar Radiation Management is one of the most disturbingly inventive of the geoengineering techniques. By definition, “SRM and related strategies seek to directly intervene in the climate system, without directly affecting atmospheric greenhouse gas concentrations.” (from Ken Caldeira’s testimony - *Geoengineering: Assessing the Implications of Large-Scale Climate Intervention*, before the House Committee on Science and Technology, November 5, 2009). By another definition “SRM aims to offset the warming caused by the buildup of greenhouse gases in the atmosphere by reducing the amount of solar energy absorbed by the Earth.” (from Lee Lane’s testimony - *Researching Solar Radiation Management as a Climate Policy Option* before the House Committee on Science and Technology, November 5, 2009). On November 5, 2009 the U.S. government went public with its geoengineering schemes as the House of Representatives conducted Hearings before the House Committee on Science and Technology (find the testimonies at http://science.house.gov/Publications/hearings_markups_details.aspx?NewsID=2668).

These testimonies describe possible “future” geoengineering techniques to abate global warming. This government excursion into a national public forum gives us a most rare opportunity to say, **“No! You may not!!”** This emphatic assertion is especially critical right now, as we allege that *at least one* of the suggested “solutions” is *already* implemented: The SRM Aerosol Program. The SRM Aerosol Program can be implemented by several methods. The one of particular concern to us is administered by military jets, high in the stratosphere, laying down particles of Sulfur Dioxide (Council on Foreign Relations *Unilateral Geoengineering* May 5, 2008 workshop) which effectively haze the Sky and dim the Sun. We submit that this is likely the program which witnesses have been observing and recording for years now, as a daily and global occurrence. Whether with SO₂ or another particulate we can’t assert for certain. As we are not privy to the details of the government’s aerosol programs we have to make educated guesses. “Other candidates include

hydrogen sulfide (H₂S) and soot.” (Crutzen, 2006) (from Lee Lane’s November 5, 2009 testimony). “A fairly broad range of materials might be used as stratospheric scatterers” (Caldeira and Wood, 2008) (from Lee Lane’s November 5, 2009 testimony). “Potential types of particles for injection include sulfur dioxide, aluminum oxide dust or even designer self-levitating aerosols...” (CFR *Unilateral Geoengineering* May 5, 2008 workshop). “Cloud Cover Modification,” is another Solar Radiation Management (SRM) technique which uses particulates to reflect sunlight back into space, away from Earth. For this method of modifying marine stratocumulus clouds “the level of Sulfur Dioxide emissions required to counteract the effects of double CO₂ concentrations was estimated at 31,000 tons per day, an amount equivalent at the time to the SO₂ [Sulfur Dioxide] emissions from a coal-fired plant for an entire year.” (Council on Foreign Relations *Unilateral Geoengineering* May 5, 2008 workshop)

Now, wait a minute! That really rattles my common sense. Is the Sun so pesky, so overbearing that we must, yet again, haze the Sky with Sulfur Dioxide? I thought we were trying to reduce, if not eliminate, SO₂ emissions and their injurious effects. Out of fairness to the Council on Foreign Relations, they do admit that this method “would have massive environmental impacts in the form of acid rain.” If so, why are we even *discussing* this method?

In his November 5th testimony, while assessing the risks of various geoengineering techniques, Alan Robock, a professor at Rutgers University, states that “with brightening of marine clouds there is...a possible large impact on the oceanic food chain due to less solar energy needed for plankton at the base of the food chain to grow.” *Less solar energy [which is] needed for plankton at the base of the food chain?!* If common sense prevailed this SRM technique, which risks our food chain, would be dismissed without consideration.

Further, if “brightened clouds” over the oceans steal sunlight from fundamental life processes, what losses are incurred when the global Aerosol Program hazes the Sky? In a critical breach of common sense some of our scientists seem to have forgotten that we *need the Sun*. We need *direct* Sunlight for photosynthesis and other fundamental life processes! Yes, there are creatures who flourish in darkness and without oxygen, but we are *not* those creatures, nor are countless other sentient beings who share this planet with us. It is astounding, really, that so simple and significant a concept seems to have completely escaped some of the scientific community.

Before continuing with other risks of the proposed Aerosol Program - which, again, we allege is already implemented - I want to interject another sun-related solution which was discussed by the Council on Foreign Relations at its May 5, 2008 *Unilateral Geoengineering* workshop.

“Land Cover Modification - A few large continental nations might be able to produce significant changes in planetary albedo [Earth’s ability to reflect incoming light] through massive modifications in land cover. This would entail replacing dark forest cover with much lighter and more reflective cover such as grass lands or steppe.” “Replacing” is a euphemism for deforestation. Deforestation? At a time when the planet is said to be suffocating from Carbon Dioxide? Didn’t we learn as kids that forests are our friends because they breathe in our Carbon Dioxide and give back to us our Oxygen?

Where, in this muddle of methods, is the *public awareness* of what is in place (and in store) for us? Spaceship Earth has Dr. Suicidal Tendency at the wheel. Where are the media and investigative journalists to inform us? Where is the public debate and scrutiny? Could we at least go through the motions of Environmental Impact Statements, including *Public Hearings*?

It may be that the Congressional Hearings of November 5th are setting the stage to legitimize existing programs. Even so, I repeat, the public nature of these Hearings does provide us with a rare opportunity to say, **“No! You may not!!!”** Restraint and sanity are called for here, not this deeper, wider Strangelove science. It’s small comfort, for us whistle-blowers but at least we can no longer be marginalized as “conspiracy theorists.” Indeed, some of our worst fears and suspicions are now part of the public record.

Returning now to Professor Robock's November 5, 2009 testimony before the House Committee on Science and Technology, and focusing on Solar Radiation Management technology, he lists seventeen risks:

- 1) SRM could produce drought in Asia and Africa, threatening the food and water supply for billions of people. [Practical racism aside, the Earth's atmosphere is a closed system. What goes around, comes around. BH]
- 2) It will not halt continued ocean acidification from CO2.
- 3) It would deplete ozone.
- 4) It would increase dangerous ultraviolet radiation.
- 5) With SRM the reduction of direct solar radiation and the increase in diffuse radiation would make the sky less blue and produce much less solar power from systems using focused sunlight. [I feel compelled, by my own passionate nature, to comment on the dispassionate delivery of this death sentence! BH]
- 6) Any system to inject particles or their precursors into the stratosphere at the needed rate would have large local environmental impacts.
- 7) If discontinued there would be much more rapid warming, much more rapid than would occur without geoengineering.
- 8) If a series of volcanic eruptions produced unwanted cooling, geoengineering could not be stopped rapidly to compensate.
- 9) Geoengineering would put permanent pollution above astronomers' telescopes.
- 10) There will be unexpected consequences.
- 11) There will be human error with sophisticated technical systems.
- 12) Geoengineering would lessen the public will to address climate change with mitigation. [This could be #1, if prioritizing by common sense remediation.]
- 13) Do humans have the right to control the climate of the entire planet to benefit them, without consideration of all other species?
- 14) Potential military use of geoengineering technology raises ethical concerns.
- 15) What if some benefit from geoengineering technology while others are harmed?
- 16) Who would control geoengineering systems?
- 17) The costs of implementing geoengineering would be less than the costs associated with the potential damages of geoengineering.

It is important to add two more problems caused by impeding sunlight from reaching Earth:

- 18) SRM will affect physical and mental health. The Dimming of the Sun and increasing manmade cloud cover are already associated with a rise in Ricketts and other vitamin-D-deficiency diseases, as well as depression and asthma.

19) SRM will affect life processes (including photosynthesis) which are vital to agriculture, forestry, other natural-resource-based industries and all natural systems.

We at the Bonnefire Coalition hope this information will get you started, that you'll research further on your own and that you'll trust your native intuition to guide your non-violent actions.

Please help the Bonnefire Coalition:

- **Use this SRM article, the SRM flyer and the SRM cartoons to Bring SRM into public awareness.**
- **Stop geoengineering schemes**
- **Promote common-sense alternatives**
- **write letters-to-the-editors**
- **contact and inform legislators (local, state and federal) by letters, email, phone and in person U.S. Congress switchboard 1-866-220-0044**
- **connect with church groups, peace groups, environmental groups, schools (at all levels), astronomers, meteorologists, farmers, agriculture organizations, solar power companies, medical practitioners, Project 350, end-hunger projects, holiday/hospitality/tourist industry, biologists, botanists and so on**
- **use all available forms of media, with press releases, interviews, blogs and so on**
- **organize meetings, vigils, protests, sit-ins, marches to state and federal government offices**
- **use art, music, theatre, humor to get the points across**
- **offer contests to promote ingenuity, creative problem-solving and common sense solutions**
- **engage in conversations with friends, neighbors, coworkers**

Please expand this list and let us know, by email, what actions you are taking.

bonne_fire@yahoo.com The Bonnefire Coalition California Skywatch P.O.Box 499, Redwood City, California 95470

The Bonnefire Coalition's website is accessible at www.californiaskywatch.com and at www.agriculturedefensecoalition.org

Historical Perspectives on "Fixing the Sky" November 5, 2009 statement (before the US House of Representatives Committee on Science and Technology) Dr. James Fleming, Professor and Director of Science, Technology and Society, Colby College

Geoengineering: Assessing the Implications of Large-Scale Climate Intervention November 5, 2009 testimony (before the House Committee on Science and Technology) Ken Caldeira, Carnegie Institution of Washington, Department of Global Ecology, Stanford, California

Geoengineering the Climate: Science, Governance & Uncertainty November 5, 2009 testimony (before the House Committee on Science & Technology) John Shepherd of the National Oceanography Centre, University of Southampton, United Kingdom

Researching Solar Radiation Management as a Climate Policy Option November 5, 2009 statement (before the House Committee of Science and Technology) Lee Lane, Co-director of the American Enterprise Institute Geoengineering Project

If you would like to read the U.S. Congressional Testimony given on November 5, 2009 or access other information on geoengineering issues check out the following websites:

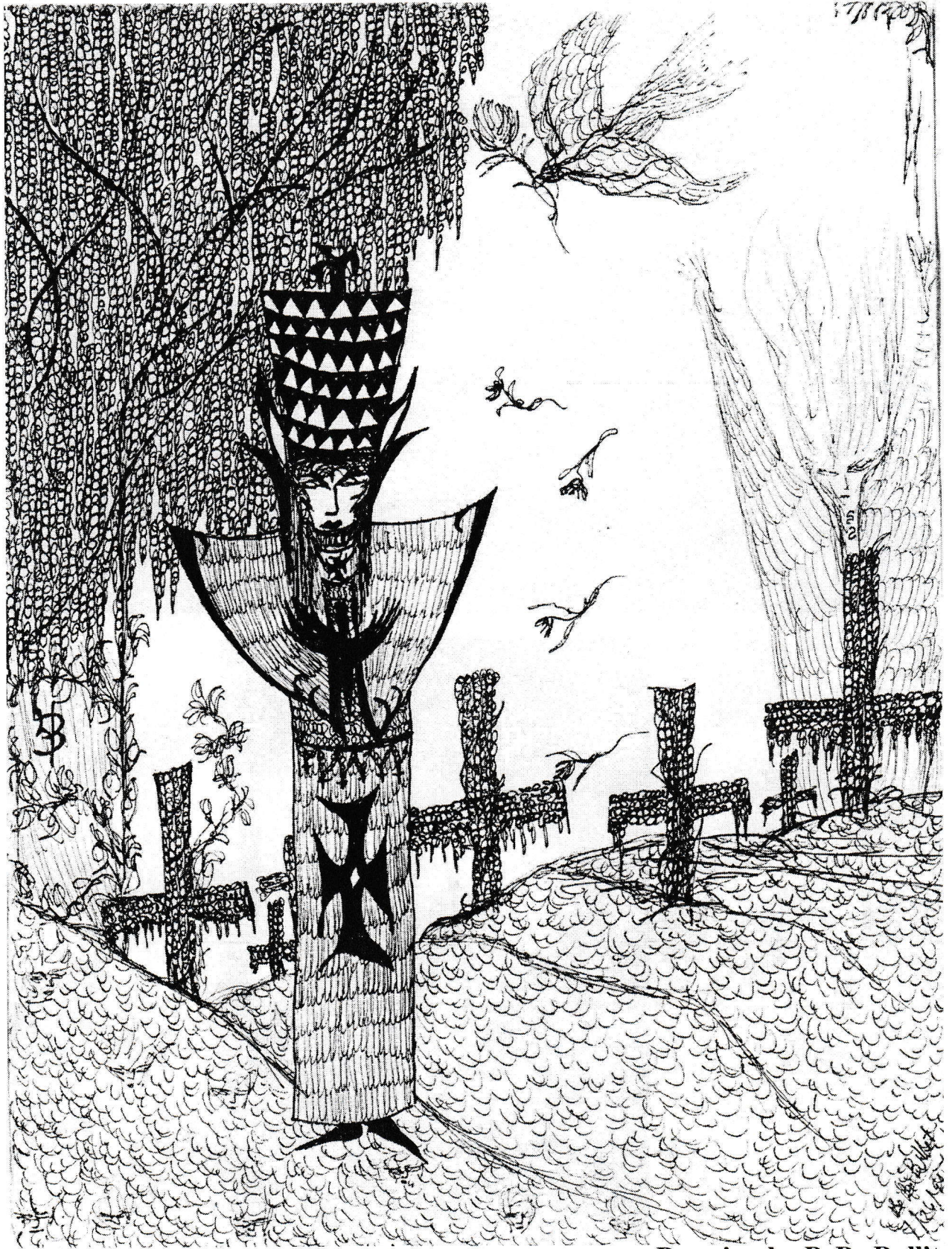
<http://agriculturedefensecoalition.org/> Use Search Engine "Geoengineering"

United States House Hearing on Geoengineering – November 5, 2009:

http://science.house.gov/Publications/hearings_markup_details.aspx?NewsID=2668

Professor Alan Robock's testimony:

http://democrats.science.house.gov/Media/file/Commdocs/hearings/2009/Full/5nov/Robock_Testimony.pdf



Drawing by BeBe Bullit

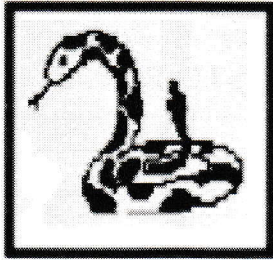


Self Portraits by BeBe Bullit

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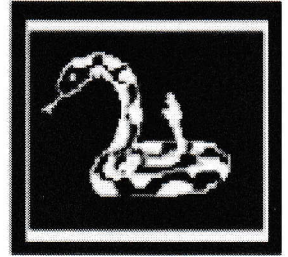
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**ANTI-PARALYTICS
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Flashes of Dreams Anthology

Man Trouble - J.D. Rage

Rage - J.D. Rage

Amelia's Postcard - Eduardo Arrocha - EAK

Propaganda - David Huberman

Everything Depends On It - Jan Schmidt

Radioactive Carnival - Ken DiMaggio

Dear Grim Reaper - J.D. Rage

Resurrection - Gina Angeline Bonati

Sad Songs In Empty Theatres - Huggy-Bear Ferris

Sex-Fiend Monologues - Thaddeus Rutkowski

The TV Dinner Culture Poem - Ken DiMaggio

Relentless - J.D. Rage

we become a picnic - Larry Jones

Casualties of War - Susan Sherman

David Huberman's Sickest Stories Ever

Crucifried (reissue of UBP) - J.D. Rage

The Meatiest Corpse in Town - Mike Halchin

Sex-Fiend Monologues II - Thaddeus Rutkowski

Fire - J.D. Rage

the first time I had sex with t.s. eliot - Bruce Weber

Devotions & Desecrations I - J.D. Rage

***Coming Soon:* Devotions & Desecrations II - J.D. Rage**

