/a poetics newsletter from the kaw river bottoms/

No subscriptions/no shit/ no 501(c)3/no whoring/no whineing/no begging/no body bag/no chapbooks/no contests/no response if i lose it/no issue if i get bored/is eight enough...could be.. stay tuned/

from Spencer Shelby

Exile

Is there a place for difficult questions in the context of literary power.

Blanket patchwork hypocrisy culture. Cutting edge formulas with slight enclaves of undervalued support.

Talk about diversity that has not extended opportunities at the borders of interpretation. Accepted criteria of domestic or personal epiphany through which matter is directed to serve an established idea of writing.

Social system that seems to certify or dismiss products values models to maintain the principle aim of so many people.

Modern museum still unchallenged with just enough economy to qualify as art. Circumstances that define the writer's life in this day and age unnecessarily fixated on the place not principle in its creation.

Reader audience central vital time, as welcome here as other parts transport the comfort of personal narrative, tap silent exile to advance news about people that need your help.

POEM

lash of rain
grey cloud
crashed thunder
throatily

humanized

the trees' green
the birds' songs
here and elsewhere
release us

from the virtual to the vital rubbed ripe with palms

as from the south
beyond the antenna'd roofs
a crack in the clouds
like the slit of your cunt

make a short wet path glisten as traffic streams

bringin' it all back home

smeltmon

from

And The Goo

the volcano tuesday, first the Mexican the investigat of 17 unarm from the stat "the gravity requires a new

and Jesus can & said, "I'm than the Beat

nobody liste:

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DICTION**V

Anabasis, Oy

HOUSE ORG Lakewood, OF COMPOUND Ma 02143 WITZ, c/o C 91604 EVACUATION DIRT, Jim L Columbus, Of LOST AND FO TRADUXION, San Francisco CHANNEL ST AVEC Books, SEA GREEN Nolan, Tangrai AERIAL 8 Washington, I

BIG ALLIS 7 44074 GENERATOR MALLEABLE

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A MATTER O CHAIN, Jena NY 14213

RECOLLECTION 2760 Co

Press, 3760 Ce :that:c/o S. Di

smeltmoney

from Catfish McDaris

And The Gods Listen Sometimes

the volcano Popocatepetl erupted tuesday, first time since 1664 the Mexican government will reopen the investigation of the massacre of 17 unarmed peasants from the state of Guerrero "the gravity of the crime requires a new INVESTIGATION"

and Jesus came down & said, "I'm more popular than the Beatles now"

nobody listened.

RECEIVED THE FOLLOWING WORTH SPACE HERE TO YOU

DICTION**VISIONARY EDUCATION, Thomas Lowe Taylor, Anabasis, Oysterville, WA 98641-0216.

HOUSE ORGAN, c/o Kenneth Warren, 1250 Belle Ave, Lakewood, OH 44107

COMPOUND EYE, c/o Ange Mlinko, 52 Park St #3, Somerville, Ma 02143

WITZ, c/o C. Reiner, 12071 Woodbridge St, Studio City, CA 91604

EVACUATION ROUTES, A.L. Nielsen, Score Publications.

DIRT, Jim Leftwich, Luna Bisonte Prods, 137 Leland Ave, Columbus, Ohio 43214

LOST AND FOUND TIMES, ibid.

TRADUXION, Ann Erickson, Norman Coker Press, POB 640543, San Francisco, CA 94164-0543

CHANNEL SURFING THE APOCALYPSE, Susan Smith Nash,

AVEC Books, POB 1059, Penngrove, CA 94951 SEA GREEN GARDEN (haikai no renga) Sandy Berrigan & Pat Nolan, Tangram, 20217 Alder, Monte Rio, CA 95462

AERIAL 8 (B. Waten issue), Aerial/Edge, POB 25642, Washington, DC 20007

CUSPS by Chris Stroffolino, Ibid

BIG ALLIS 7, Jessica Grim, 136 Morgan St #1, Oberlin, Ohio 44074

GENERATOR 7, 8139 Midland Rd, Mentor, OH 44060

MALLEABLE CAST, Spencer Selby, Ibid

A MATTER OF HABIT, Dennis Barone, Ibid

CHAIN, Jena Osman and Juliana Spahr, 107 14th St, Buffalo, NY 14213

RECOLLECTION AND OVERHEARD, Jim McCrary, Texture Press, 3760 Cedar Ridge Drive, Norman OK, 73072

:that:c/o S. Dignazio, 1070 Easton Valley Rd, Easton, NH03580

from C. Joshua Shepard

Chicago bullets

Frustrated fathers with their obese personalities gritting their teeth from their ignorant sons and the fralauqing heat hair thinning young Allen my boy Allen Imprinting laughter on the bodies of sanity fun comes with a freak prize bodily sweat with the ever soaring concept of time on the virge the virge of wisdom

gucci's, wrigly's, sears, hard rock to the rim take me oh take me to another hell syringing anger into the united vein, bull shit I mean love we all share the same

pissed at you that key you forgot to drop in shame because the pay per view streets of piss tangerine.

They exit the hotel to go to a nice sports bar. Too many people too many noises the faucet lady said pulling a tampon out of her purse and onto a big napkin

Gently they fondle the beers of beers "no time for thinking" they said as a fluorescent light flashed on the hall of fame football pictures Mormon Arab hints shoot knives in the 4'O clock buzz out to find family salvation they think to themselves as they gallop up to the clothing store with hookers and pimps, the kids will like some shirts. Take me out to the ball game soldier cigar smoke huddles the tiny clan as the god perspiring temp cut into pores that were never known

yell some more for your compensated finances

museum museum that is the ticket clear your mind for parental rickets

I hate rainy days, bus rides fat slow walkers with a lack of balls for antique shows so vile and complacent elite masses of horrid foot soldiers playing the games for nice cherryish wings of death the death that makes our thoughts ripe temptation of a new heaven in the ball card shop

Egyptian cow Asian maiden blood red stars align for my innocent pleasure for the day conquer trails of kinship dirt placid...no erection at all horns honk for closing insomia

little black kids selling the drugs

M & M possession

One's swaging the stuff in domain's so common only thing to keep me calm in the long line of attracitons. The cable TV arouses my childishness from family shows to porns

truly vacationing heaven

Airports airpots what was that lucky time picking out magazines waiting for the big comfort

Home body all I really am when happiness is exceeded by conscious flares miles of patheticness worthwhile fun

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from Paul Weinman

COMING HOME

It's not the length of movement but the continual, though slightly changing pressure kept right here. She says.

An easy smile, looking into my eyes. I ask about lizards.

How in desert climes, in cooling time when slowed blood holds them back from quick escapes, rapid attacks, entering their dens so slowly...it's not like me. Then it'll have to be without their legs. She says.

from Errol Miller

Purification

Man, its the earth, and morning-dew, clinging to our glum oxfords. Baby, we're sojourners in a remote space, specks in God's eye, so some say.

Given to losing his way a man passes no judgement until he reaches a signmarker, he's late enough getting home with the bread and milk...

There's
a falling star
from another poem
and high winds
down by the river
and blinking lights
across the way.

A voyage in time?
Amnesia? Stairways
leading to a sea
of darkness?
You can't wait
too long, Cisco, late
in the 20th Century
you don't get many
more chances.

++++++++++++++++++

for sure this issue dedicated to Larry Eigner and Paul Mariah ... Eigner and Mariah... two who should be more seen... both always supporting small press... more than most will know... and both who knew the past of american poetics to share always with whomever they had in hand...

so long boys it was good to know ya

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......that said......we move along and have no good idea how to do that...does the world of small press if even that label works these days....need another issue of SM....like it really takes a lot of time on this end...that aint the deal for sure...so what does it take to put this up and out....not much...but like all of it these days the other time consuming drearyness of life at the turn of our......HEY WAIT A MINUTE I FORGOT MY OWN RULES.... NO WHINEING....JESUS SHIT AND BE GONE...SORRY.....

smelt money
/a poetics newsletter from the kaw river bottoms/
c/o Jim McCrary
POB 591
Lawrence, KS 66044