Stained Sheets

Bruce Weber
Cathedral Sunday Dress

with a big wide smile and bright red lipstick
always wanted to wear a catholic sunday dress
walking through west harlem or east village
strong long sleeves riding up the shoulders
screening the elbows and barely suspending
half sheer fabric
over the breasts pushed up with a
delicate bra
looking forth
on white patent leather pumps
and fluttered skirt floating
above the knees
big bush of curly black hair gathered
up and back behind the head
with panel barrettes
always wanted to wear a catholic sunday dress
walking through west harlem or east village
getting respect
over heavens and earth
strutting her stuff
eternal life and lust
mixed together
half Mary
full of Grace.

GRACE PERIOD

Just because
Iraqi
Archaeological
Artists
Have been stolen
From the nation
Archaeologists
Don't mean
That Iraqis
Archaeologists
Will be
Out of work
Anymore

Samantha
Iraqi
New
Intern
Government
Will
No doubts
Here
A new
Department of
Archaeology,
With
A new
And important
Mission.

I hear
A rumor
That thousands
Of archaeologists
Will be
Eaten
Every
Square
Inch
Of Iraq
To uncover
Weapons
Of mass
Destruction,
April 2003
That may
Take
Quite
Some
Time
Even if
It will
The field
Museums
With
New
Historic

Through the language
I was at a Chinese restaurant in Park Slope,
that's no longer there.
We finished our dinner and the waiter brought
the small dish with the two expected fortune
cookies. Having fun, I felt a necessity to play
with the cookies, and switched the cookies
position around and around, thinking it would
be more magical, recalling once before
for the moment, a fortune cookie had made
an uncanny truthful statement. I took the cookie
closest to me and pulled out the strip.

"Your date's a dud.
How could they put that in a fortune cookie,
"Your date's a dud?"

But they had. I imagined if he'd gotten it,
him trying to hide the strip, trying not to let
me see it, thanking God he had it instead.
A gracious person, in his late thirties,
his conversation usually consisted of,
"my mother, the house, the cat," which was okay.
We were friends for some years, and I always
heard - "my mother, the house, the cat," not
always in that order. And it was all right.

Many times I soothing his guilt.
"For a couple of hours that you step out,
your mother, house and cat will be fine.
"Your date's a dud," the fortune cookie said.

Fortune Cookie

Smoke

When Those Last
Words Are
Not
Without

Echo-
And your regret
Is a year
E-mail
at the bottom of
my scroll
will you,
When tipping
A glass
In some
Dark
Dreamy
East Village
Loft,
With your love
Of the Moment,
Smell the sudden
With some
clever remark,
We draw
you back

To the here and now?
This is Paper
Like the smoke of
the guttering
candle at your table-
I pass from
you.

Ted Joans-The Priest of Jazz

He was ready to play anytime
He was able to take on any job
In Paris, Berlin, "Triple-troublemaker"
Jazz was his religion till the end

Traveling Surrealist- shaman
With a hammock and beats book
Under his armorous
Bird's music in his heart

Preaching for Charlie Parker
Langston Hughes, the Beats
Jazzpoetry, mouth and Teeth
Triple-trouble-Ted flutters by

Available for impromptu lecture
Or a turn in a cramped red
Surreal Dreams of Afrodisia
And Instant mirrors for Rhodes

He kissed unpardonable Pussy
He liberated sexually oppressed
Fomented, berated & poetized
Ted Joans- Nomadic Consciousness

Valerie Deyarnull

She'll throw a tantrum to get her orange shirt. She won't say, "I want to wear my orange shirt. Please fetch it for me." No, what she'll do is, she'll lie on the floor and wait. She won't go to her dresser, open a drawer, and take out the orange shirt. She'll just scream and cry. Well, she might say, between sobs, "Orange" or "Shirt." But that's the only clue she'll give as to the one thing that can calm her fit-a shirt that barely fits, because she's been wearing it too long.

If, by chance, she has the orange shirt on, lord help the person who tries to take it off. She'll fling foot and elbow to keep the article where it is. She'll kick, curl into a ball, and hang onto the shirt like a gila monster gripping its prey.

But if no one tries to take the shirt away, she'll be happy. She'll walk up to anyone who will pay attention, point to the three flowers on the shirt's front and name them. "Blue flower," she says, "Red flower. Yellow flower."

At that point, you don't want to do is say something like, "Maybe it's time to change your shirt." That would be like unlacing the monster again, and the air would be filled with flailing limbs and injured cries. What you want to do is nod your head and say gently, "Yes, those are nice flowers, growing in the orange field of your shirt."

PLATOONS - Bob Heman

There are men who are placed along the mountain to hold the clouds up. There are men filled with feathers to insure the coming of the night. There are men painted red for the moment, a fortune cookie had made the closest thing to a gift. For a couple of hours that you step out, your mother, house and cat will be fine."

"Your date's a dud," the fortune cookie said.
Cold Feet?

You say you've got cold feet from sitting in this room for too long. I saw you fidget, but I didn't know it were you quietly weathering a storm. Now there's no reason to make a hasty retreat with your cold feet. My mouth is warm and so is my heart. Like me, maybe you're tired of being a person apart. T.L. Company is what we need. I think it will be good for our souls.

Gosh! Now I've got cold feet sitting here in ABC No Rio! This first Sunday in April sure is chilly!

Eugene Ring

Genealogies

After computers are taught to have sex, will the next step be homosexuality? Where would gender reside in a computer? Will the parts and programs need to be replaced? What images would be constructed to manufacture attraction between machines? Would sexuality in computers make them happy? Presumed love could be edited out: "You're not my type" might still be a problem. As long as competing software and hardware companies make standardization of all these machines an unsolvable, thus subservient, idea, hopefully, these problems will have been solved by the time all pilots fly that way to desire. Unless Microsoft or some replacement will run everything. The fear of sexual transmission diseases Dast, swarthy, ineffective memory, and the constant need for upgrades might merely replace the need for surgery in order to look young. Could it work out? Who knows? If someone, disfigure me slowly. As well as sexual recreation, that would allow us answer: I fear, even threats merely become a memory of something. That never really needed to happen. Whatever knows isn't telling. When program or internet site should consult for insight set or this possible expansion of the windows of pleasure beyond doubt?

Tom Savage

I KNOW YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS BECAUSE I FOUND IT HARD TO ACCEPT MYSELF, AT FIRST. BUT SOMETIMES GOD HAS TO WAIT. WHEN HE MAKES PLANS FOR US, GOALS, A PETICULAR ROAD THAT WE MUST FOLLOW, EVEN GOD HAS TO WAIT. WHY? BECAUSE THE CHILD THAT'S GOING TO BE A CATALYST IN YOUR LIFE, HASN'T BEEN BORN YET. THE TAKEOVER OF YOUR COMPANY IS IMPOSSIBLE RIGHT NOW, BECAUSE THE PEOPLE WHO WILL INSTITUTE THE CHANGE HAVEN'T BEEN HIRED YET. THE BUILDING THAT MUST BE BURN DOWN TO THE GROUND TO IGNITE WORLDWIDE PROTESTS HASN'T BEEN BUILT YET, WITH ALL OF GOD'S WISDOM AND THOUGHT-OUT PLANS. THE END RESULT MUST BE EXACT! AND IN ORDER TO DO THIS, GOD MUST WAIT, AND IF "HE" MUST WAIT, WHO ARE WE TO SAY, "So, what's taking so long?"

T. D. Ownbey

SOMETIMES SPIRITUAL
sometimes
I get angry at someone
'cause i'm afraid they might be more spiritual than me
I get angry at myself
for being angry at them
then i'm angry at them
for making me angry at myself
then i'm afraid 'cause they might be more spiritual than me
sometimes
i might be someone
more spiritual than me
then i'm angry 'cause "i'm so angry"

J. D. Rago

ON THE LAST DAY OF JULY AT 7:19 AM BUS 4830 we have 74" and drizzle humidity is at 90% torrential downpours are possible my spirit is not dampened i have no appointments to keep after work and am running on Motrin to handle wet weather's inevitable increase in pain the bus dispatcher is thin and hides under the bodega awning well it looks like a bodega but i think it is run by iranians just as all the italian pizza parlors are now owned and run by Greeks the bodegas have become indian, iranian, arabian and other middle eastern or otherwise exotic tribes the awning may be protecting the dispatcher but with this drizzle it is hard to say it seemed to flow horizontally into my face but now i am safe inside 4830 safe, that is, unless the driver has planted a suicide pipe bomb inside the steering column