

An Excerpt from Sex Stories

When the Men's Room was being demolished to make way for a newer model, all steel and cement, he broke in, holding his breath against the ancient stink, and cut out an old wooden partition between the booths, with its writings and pictures, and its glory holes, some sealed repeatedly by the authorities and others barely begun where defects in the wood allowed pencil points to dig in and one well-used one hacked out with knives and fingernails with dried come encrusted on the rim decorated with lips of mouth and cunt, and around that, the cheeks of an ass;

and telephone numbers saying "call me" and dates and times when free and where, and descriptions of partners wanted and acts or roles desired:

Sex slave, white, looking for black master Got a sister? Fix me up. Signed, Desperate Couple marié cherche troisième

Have six hard inches meet me here tonight and true sex stories written out at length, and instructive drawings of the sex organs in all positions some half-washed out by the char, or painted over but dug so deep or traced lovingly so often they were still visible through the paint; and still faintly seen but nearly overwhelmed at last, the political slogans of past generations.

He took that whole wall, the size of a school blackboard, figured over as it was like an oriental temple, the work of a people, a folk artifact, the record of lifetimes of secret desires, the forbidden and real history of man, and leaving it just as it was, hung it up in his house.

Respecting tradition he charged everyone a nickel to see it.

Edward Field from Variety Photoplays

Letter to the Right

I hope you never read my poems. I do not care for the sweet wine you serve warm from the pantry, or the email you sent about a savior at the supermarket. Here's some news: He is not blonde. He is not watching. When I saw him, he wore glasses and a beard shaped like a flame. When I heard him, his voice was a glissando of raw guitars and sorrows. America, I don't remember who you belong to. Even when I've smiled and said thanks, I've really meant shut up. It is time to practice your hospital voice. Somewhere there are silkworms making, and their music is redemption. Somewhere there is a man with a gun, always a gun. Near my home, a fence painted with the names of the dead. Do you hear them between prayers, yours and mine? I imagine the dead are dreaming of September with its fading light and useful errands, the dead assembled in soft robes. This is the hour when I wanted to sleep but I thought I would write you instead.

-Emma Trelles

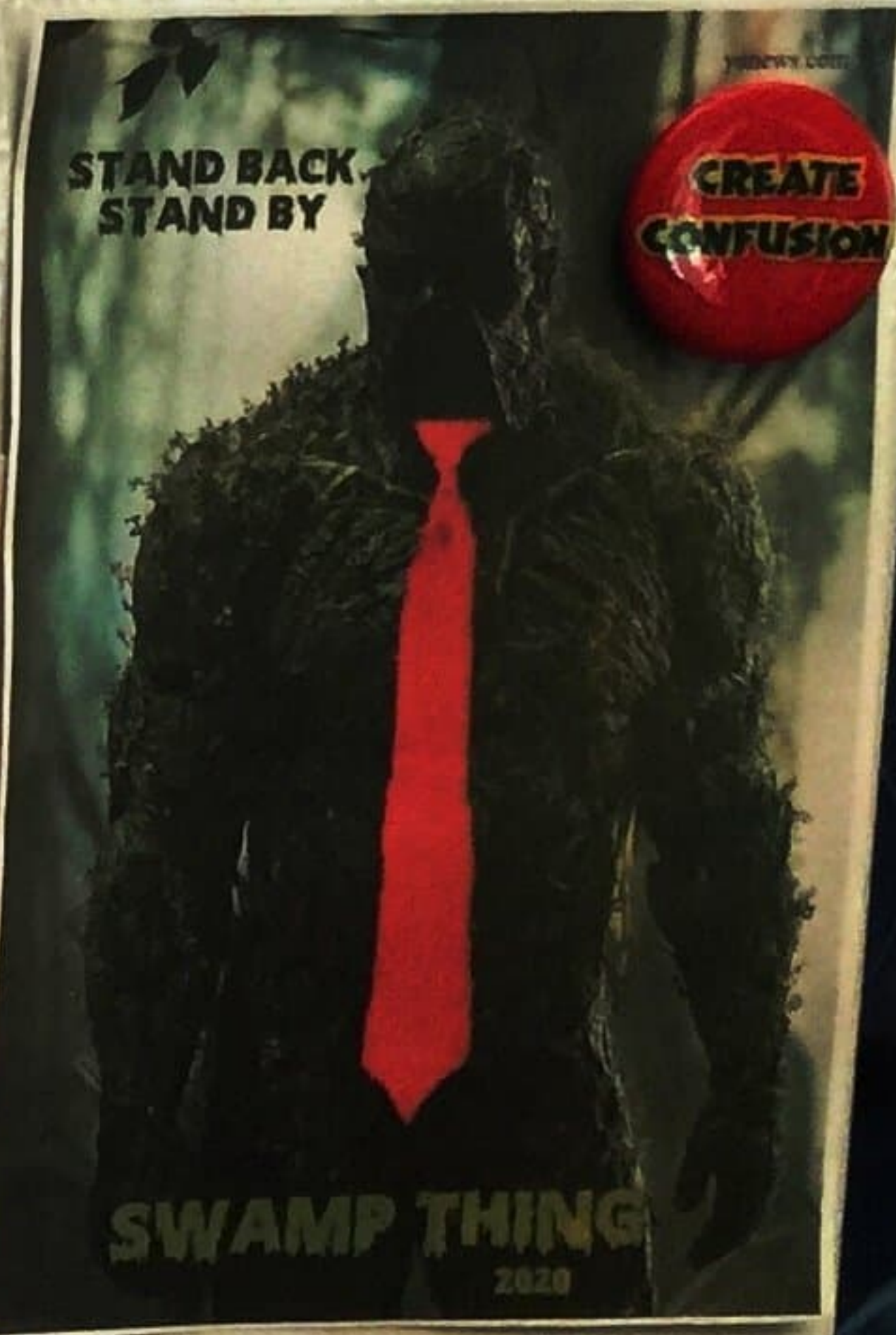
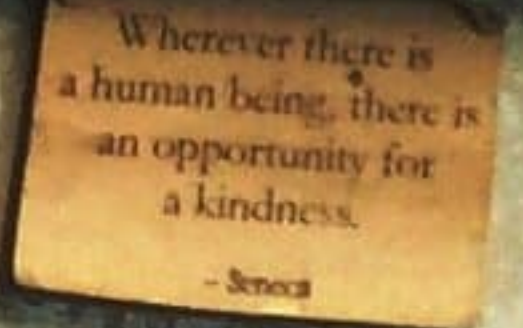
"Do not get lost in a sea of despair. Be hopeful, be optimistic. Our struggle is not the struggle of a day, a week, a month, or a year, it is the struggle of a lifetime. Never, ever be afraid to make some noise and get in good trouble, necessary trouble."

John Lewis (1940 - 2020)

Tina Fulker (1954 - 1992)



Writers Against Trump writersagainstrump.org



HIGH OVER COLLIERHURST

the song is silence where all windows are bricked up to stop them throwing them @ the trains

white whorish as bodies in Indus contrails cross their legs

making like rubbing out unpaid brass an illiterate's proud sign

taking a raincheck on the sky

after all even when we disappear into files of dust miscalled

highrise or Buddha's 3rd almost gypsy lucky eye still power will remain

the jokes the punchlines we spoiled by coming

Socrates heard then all before as dead as any gunman

Steve Szalay

I became insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity. Edgar Allan Poe

Wherever there is a human being, there is an opportunity for a kindness. Seneca



the refrigerator door review refrigeratordoorreview.com

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Siga por la calle tres cuerdas, gire a la derecha y siga dos cuerdas más, gire a la derecha, cruce la plaza y gire a la derecha. Camine por esa calle hasta encontrar un callejón, pero siga caminando. Siga por esa calle hasta que encuentre otro callejón, pero no entre en ese callejón. Doble a la derecha. Allí encontrará un río. Hazme un favor: ¡salta al río y ahogate!

Don Zelaya What's the Matador? (1941)



Ann Cerri

Noon in CA 9/9/20

It's noon in California. In San Ramon the blinds are open but the windows remain closed. The house is dark except for the electric light in the kitchen, where Jerald putters, and in the computer room, where I sit at the computer carefully choosing my words.

The sun is invisible.

The sky is a flat, dirty - very dirty - yellow. Nothing moves except for an occasional leaf that gives up and flutters lazily to the ground. There are no squirrels. There are no birds. There is no wind. There are no neighbors out for a walk or tending to front yards.

A red glow seems to envelope everything, and there are no shadows. It's as if the world - or at least our small part of it - has exhaled its smoky breath and is waiting. . . .

Ann Cerri

I am a river that's overflowed a door that's trying to push itself open a room that's too small, trying to find some space the litter on the street that's not collected a city that's overpopulated a stranger that's trying to get to know someone I am all the trains that have been cancelled a station where no trains stop a slow car in a fast lane a driver without a license a high-rise skyline a crowd that's pushed and shoved I am a money making system an overdraft that's trying to clear itself a debt that's trying to get into credit a breakdown in economy, rising costs I am the additives in everything we eat the pollution in the air a disposable product that can't be disposed of an empty bottle of Coca-Cola from a Warhol print the blood from the cut on my daughter's hand a pennywhistle stand, that's gone out of tune I am the first in the queue, last in the line a school without any teachers a hospital without any beds a sea that's lost its beach a country that's lost its land a sky at night without any stars

Tina Fulker (1954 - 1992)

GOAT WOMEN

Long hairs on the legs give the animal the appearance of wearing pantaloons.

They called us names. They said sensitive they said weak and yanked on our hair and walked into the house and glanced into the pot on the stove and said what the hell is that shit on a shingle?

They thought we were simply the tufts of snow on Arrowhead Peak, so we shifted a little every now and again to prove we were alive. Then we gathered ourselves and came down. In June we grew horns.

In October we strung our own hairs together to make the longest threads and we took the old loom down from the attic and breathed into the sheets of metal to make a million plates and when we dedicated every winter night to sewing new coats of mail they said nice work.

They strode in their boots to the end of the pier. We watched from dry land, licking our hooves and laughing when boats took shape on the horizon. We knew how fine life was up on the peak, that we were always warm and strong together holding up the world.

Caroline Goodwin from The Paper Tree

Sleep (Future Subjunctive)

daily he grows more avid to embrace spiky things and run full tilt toward cliffs

and daily he drives farther into images and sounds "you see my point" he nods "are you stoked" he shouts

yet he still loves to be held and kissed while together we weave tales adventures of the rabbit and the bear the two tiny girls and the enormous dog who surround us in bed

evening settles in "could you rub my back" he says I do and we both slide into sleep

his dreams make his arms and legs flash out as in the photos of him on the soccer field wearing a team uniform running like a nascent teenager not a 5 year old

my dreams dance too at how his world expands but with our next slow breath dive into panic for the boy I'm losing

what if and what if and what if teeter totter in my brain

Rich Yurman from More!

IN THE STEPS OF RBG

So let me take one step right now, one step toward respect. And give me strength to take another toward clarity. And though my feet might feel like stones, let me take another step toward justice. And another toward equity. And another toward truth. And though my legs may feel leaden and slow, though someone else may step on my toes, may I inch toward forgiveness. May every step be toward a bridge. Enough divisiveness. And as I go, may I find joy in the stepping, grace in the edging toward great change. But if there's little joy, let me step anyway. Then take another step. And another. And another.

ROSEMERRY WAHTOLA TROMMER

I AM LOOKING FOR A POET

to turn my thoughts into a poem

i have about twenty lines and i need someone

to take what i wrote and make it better

someone who can create pictures with words

and has a philosophical bend I need this by the end

of next week please send me an example

of your work and your estimated fee

and i will respond by friday I am only looking

for real talent please do not contact me

unless you are actually a poet thank you

found poem source: santabarbara.craigslislist.org posted: 08-26-2020

Go down the street for three blocks, turn right and go two more blocks, turn right, cross the square and turn right. Walk down that street until you find an alley, but keep walking. Follow that street until you find another alley, but do not go into that alley. Turn right. There you will find a river. Do me a favor: jump into the river and drown!

Don Zelaya What's the Matador? (1941)

THE BECKONING

Wandering the corridors of my crowded inner world, the daily ordinary, the quotidian song. I come upon a thorn dripping honey.

A thorn dripping honey! Should I taste and see? Drawn by the wonder, I hesitate - Has courage abandoned me so completely?

Surprises like this are rare now, unlike the days and nights of my childhood when many surprises opened me to the new.

I choose the narrow way which offers a tasty barb, summons me to a banquet hall where deep in my heart even thorns are sweet.

- Susan Blomstad

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN

This is the sin against the Holy Ghost:— To speak of bloody power as right divine, And call on God to guard each vile chief's house, And for such chiefs, turn men to wolves and swine:—

To go forth killing in White Mercy's name, Making the trenches stink with spattered brains, Tearing the nerves and arteries apart, Sowing with flesh the unresped golden plains.

In any church's name, to sack fair towns, And turn each home into a screaming sty, To make the little children fugitive, And have their mothers for a quick death cry,—

This is the sin against the Holy Ghost: This is the sin no purging can atone:— To send forth rapine in the name of Christ:— To set the face, and make the heart a stone.

VACHEL LINDSAY

