

Parody



Volume 1, Issue 1

Parody

poetry for the world as it really isn't

April 1, 2012
Volume 1, Issue 1

Each snowflake in an avalanche pleads not guilty.

—Stanisław J. Lec

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Editor's Note

I keep having this stupid realization. I'll be driving along listening to the library's audiobook of *The Lord of the Rings* and I start musing about the fact that behind every word is a person. Yes, there is the voice reading, but the book itself is also the product of another human's neurons firing — the author's hands rap-tap-tapping on the keyboard or scrawling words across the page. Behind classic works (and the non-award winners you flip through in the bathroom) is just another person sitting at a desk.

Every aspect of culture comes spilling out from another somebody's mind. Look up beyond the pavement in front of your car. You might wonder who made the phone call and arranged for those oversized breasts to adorn the billboard above the low-income housing units. Who slathered the printed breasts in glue and physically stuck them up for the world to see? Who was it years ago who, in his expensive suit, proclaimed, "We need a marketing department"?

One day I realized that I, too, can play this game. No, I'm not sending applications for nighttime billboard duty, but I am creating something for the world to see. Though I'll never get to pal around with Peter Jackson as he puts the finishing touches on his version of *The Hobbit*, I can hold out my meager offering and say, "This is what I think is important." Here is my poetry journal.

Going back to my audiobook, I think of Tolkien. Sure, he's as dead as Monty Python's parrot, but he used eat and breathe (among other things) just like you and me. So, I present to you the work of our fellow eaters and breathers who have scribbled down their thoughts for you. Feel free to read them aloud, share them, ignore them, or turn a quiet smile.

I can't get away without saying thanks to Steven Huff at Writers and Books who sat down with me and freely offered his advice, my brother Jay and his wife Erin for catching typos and substituting Google for a Yiddish expert, and my own wife for her patience as I bounced around the house putting this together. As for Sopphey Vance, a thank you can only go so far to express my gratitude for her important role as a catalyst in bringing my love of poetry into the open. I thank the trees who sacrificed their life so that you could hold this printed journal in your hand or the electrons that whirl about inside your device. And I particularly want to thank the workers who put your device together so that you can spend some time enjoying the following selection of poems.

Yes, every piece of technology, whether we consider the not-so-recently-invented paper or the trendy pocket computers, also has the imprint of humanity on it. From the stage of assembling an idea to you being able to pick up the physical item on the store shelf, you've got those pesky people again (what are they doing touching your product?!). The overlords here at On Impression have a certain fondness for these people who work so that we might play. For this reason, the bosses dictate that we route a portion of our income to the International Labor Rights Forum, an organization that does what it can to prevent work from overstepping its bounds.

In fact, maybe you should just steal this mag, give us greedy punks in the publishing industry the finger, and donate your entire five bucks to charity (and perhaps spare a little for your friendly independent book shop). I think I might actually prefer that.

Mostly Sincerely,
The Haikooligan

Tourette's

I was the kid they didn't give the chocolate factory to
matter of fact was so bad and oppositional and had
such an attitude didn't get the walk through and as
always got kicked off the tour and put on lock down
with the loompas who like every c.o. i've ever known
were sadistic and tried to put a scare in you and licking
their chops saying they were gonna eat me up for supper
i laughed hysterical and said "o yeah! you and what army!"
and stared through the bars brooding and full of melancholy
watching the other spoiled brats being sacrificed and going
through their trials and think probably deep down inside
from experience and knowing what it was like to suffer
deliberately set myself up so i don't know guess perhaps in
the future won't compare wonka to the wizard but who knows?

Joseph Reich

with apologies to Kobayashi Issa (1762-1827)

old Issa
drunk on haiku
stumbles in moonlight

Ed Higgins

You tried to reach mike.
You ought to leave a message.
Perhaps a haiku?

Michael George

My ans'ring machine asked for haiku
but y'all found it too hard to do
I need a new gimmick
so leave me a lim'rick
and I'll try to get back to you!

Michael George

Stabat Mater

with a nod to Jacopone da Todi

Virgin Mother says:

Don't call me Ophelia.
Cleopatra's O.K. Lady Macbeth, sure.
Not Ophelia.

Virgin Mother says:

Robes, gowns?
Who needs 'em!
A lot of dreck!

I got plenty of
shmattes for walking
around in.

Also I got pomegranates,
cherries, fresh baked bread...
lots of milk...

I'll give.

Virgin Mother says:

You wanna know if I'm
really a virgin?
If I've been shtupped?

I'm not telling.

Virgin Mother says:

So you're telling me you're sick at heart.
You wanna gaze upon my face?
You think I'm gonna heal you?

Oy gevalt! You'll survive.

Virgin Mother says:

Sleep. Sleep. Geh shlufen.
I'll stay up.

Virgin Mother says:

I give. You take.

Virgin Mother says:

I clean house my way.
Open all the doors and windows
for the hot and noisy winds
and for strangers.

Virgin Mother says:

Let me kvell a little:

"I'm Mahatma's and Osama's momma,
Saddam's and Martin's,
Hitler's and George Washington's too."

So whaddaya think of that!

Virgin Mother says:

Messiah!

Who do you think wiped his tuchas for him?
Washed his little pipick?

Virgin Mother says:

The last supper?
I cooked... roast leg of lamb.

Virgin Mother says:

Crucify my bubble!
I'll go stick my head in the oven!

Virgin Mother says:

You can't get rid of me so easy.
I'm here for good.

Virgin Mother says:

I'm a Shiksa; I'm a Sabra;
I'm a Sunni; I'm a Semite.

Virgin Mother says:

You want to sing?
I don't need your singing.
Look inside. Then look out.
Then go sing.

Virgin Mother says:

I don't care about nations.
A bunch of garbage — chazerai.
Nothing but tsouris.

Persons:

That's plenty to worry for.

Virgin Mother says:

Whoever you are:
Nice, not so nice,
martyrs and mensches,
gonifs and saints and schlemiels
beloveds, alones....

Geh. Geh gesundte hayt.
You should live and be well.

Virgin Mother says:

I'll bring the salad.

David Lewitzky

Tri Semi

with a nod to Dame Edith Sitwell

Semi Truck

a whole truck enormous truck, not half a truck
a piddling proportional truck, a wish-to-wannabe-truck
partially plated tucked truck — No, a sporting cavorting
amalgam of truck, yea conglomerate kingdom
of plucky truckdom, a luminous bear in the woods,
swell lucky duck truck — and red, but it's stuck. Yuk.

Semi Colon

a pair of dots, spotty dots, gotta lotta tottle dots —
or sometimes flighty innards, partially plumbed
sore as a mummy's torn tummy, all glummed and forlorn.
Returning to health, one might hum and then slam
each sentence to come with flimflam, humdrum semaphores.

Semi Precious Stone

jovial Peruvian gruel at mostly formal affairs
frocks from a box, damsels fox-coiffed and shorn
abhorred careers, jettisoned jewels, to attract bored
surrealists who blatantly stare, half-shocked
at each beauty's bared bosom, cruel to the core.

Sandra Soli

Prequels to Famous Books

Young Man and the Sea
A Portrait of the Artist as a Fetus
Many Mohicans
Two Fathoms Under the Sea
A Hello to Arms
Lady Chatterly's Acquaintance
Ball Three
Prometheus Bound
A Couple Hundred Arabian Nights
The Ugly Egg
Atlas Twitched
1983
To Do Bodily Harm to a Mockingbird
Girl Bovary
Richard II
The Spring of Our General Malaise
Journey to the Mantle of the Earth
The Lord of the Maggots

Jonathan Shipley

Reasons to Become a Cannibal

There is always plenty of fresh game
easily caught and killed.

With all those slabs of raw meat,
the refrigerator becomes so very colorful.

It may not be unique,
but it certainly makes a statement.

Since all the mad cow rumors and recalls,
beef has become... so very questionable.

White meat. Dark meat. Every
shade in between. Take your pick.

Perfect for the low-carber!

Bruce Boston

Things Not to Say when You Meet a Tyrannosaurus Rex

Were you born like that?
Or did your arms just not grow right?

Roar all you want.
I'm *not* giving you any of my fries.

My dentist could do wonders for that overbite.

Spielberg's were bigger and faster.

I once had a dog named Rex.

Have you heard the one about
the brontosaurus with a sore throat?

Could you *please* stop drooling on me.

Bruce Boston

Rossum's Universal Robot Rebutals

with a nod to Karel Capek and Damon

I would rather clean the house
than rule the world;
too much responsibility
makes me cringe
wishing that I were never made.

Give me mops and brooms
dishes to wash and dry
teach me to play a game of chess
drive you to your work
mow and fertilize the lawn
protect the little ones from harm —
but please, oh please,
leave politics to yourselves.

I have no stomach for war
(or even food)
no violence in my plastic heart
no courage in my metal gears
nor envy in my other parts.

Let me be what I was meant to be
the way that you assembled me
but please, oh please,
depend on me.

Neil Ellman

The Street Sweeper

with apologies to W. B. Yeats

If it falls your lot to be a street sweeper, sweep streets like
Michelangelo painted pictures, sweep streets like
Beethoven composed music, sweep streets like Leontyne
Price sings before the Metropolitan Opera. Sweep streets
like Shakespeare wrote poetry.

– MLK Jr.

Turning and turning in the narrowing gyre
The mulching lawnmower whirls the leaves
To fragments, to nourish next years grass.
But mulch piles up in windrows, chokes the lawn,
And I must rake, stuffing leaves into the city bags.
They stand in my garage, leaving no room for cars,
Nor tools, but only squat brown pillows full of leaves,
Waiting for trash day. The rain, the snow, are coming soon,
And leaves keep falling.

Surely some deliverance is at hand.
Surely the street sweeper is at hand.
The street sweeper!
Hardly are those words out when a vast image gladdens my sight
Two blocks away on leaf-strewn streets
A white shape, its brushes pitiless as frost,
Is moving its slow bulk, while all around
Reel the indignant shadows of the crows and jays.

The sweeper turns again, but now I know
That if I once but rake the leaves into the gutter
They'll disappear into the sweeper sure as heck.
Then I, my fall chores done at last,
Slouch toward the sofa to catch the news.

Patrick Cook

The Hot Water Heater

with apologies to Robert Frost

It was a Robert Frost kind of day:
snowy, dark with deep thinking.
I was hiking up a shallow creek
glazed with ice, a Cabela's-Gore-Tex-booted-foot
occasionally sinking through.
Above me in the flocked tree branches
was a red bird shaking more than snow
upon me. To get to know each other
a little better I wanted to fling stones
at it but they were imbedded in solid ice.
The best I could do
was flip the bird the bird.
The creek twisted up a slight grade
and I crunched along, noting
all winter trees look alike, bare,
even though clothed in diaphanous snow.
There, upon its side, if a cylindrical thing
can have a side, forming a dam,
was a hot water heater, four feet
by two feet, Sears Kenmore, electric,
one-third blue, two-thirds white, lichen-crusteD,
a saddle of rust for its cap.
Because I was standing befuddled
in the woods, two miles away from
the nearest logging road, I pondered
the origin of its ownership. Perhaps
it had been jettisoned from a UFO,
or slid from a gaping maw of a cargo plane.
Most likely, it was a hot water heater,
stolen, stashed in the northern Appalachian woods
its would-be owner sitting in a dark
and deep cell, awaiting parole.

A shame, I mused, that this hot water tank
was not standing inside a cozy home
warming someone's dishwater
instead of lying before me
in the cascading ice, the only heat
emanating was that
from the very slow
process of
oxidation.

Robert E. Petras

The Marital Machinations of King Henry, Number Eight

with a nod to Dr. Seuss

One queen.
Two queen.
Dead queen.
New queen.

This one cannot have a son
So she is replaced with another one.
This one — well, the Pope's incapacitated,
But eventually she is decapitated.

This one finally has little Edward.
Sadly she gets sick and is soon sent dead-ward.
This one is German, and certainly smart,
But her pockmarked face doesn't warm the king's heart.

This one was pretty, Henry thought she was swell...
Until she had two affairs and killed her off as well.
This one outlived him (for once, a wife stayed safe!),
Taught him social skills and sealed England's fate.

Catherine of Aragon,
Annulled and abandoned.
Anne Boleyn after,
Accused almost as random.

Jane Seymour next.
A former lady-in-waiting.
Anne of Cleves, then,
A real friend of the king.

Catherine Howard,
Who was second-to-last,
And Catherine Parr,
Survived — though Henry passed.

Henry liked girls who had certain names.
Three Catherines, two Annes, though only one Jane.
His daughters' names were equally British:
Elizabeth and Mary, one loud and one skittish.

Henry VIII was a rather big man
Whose family rarely got in on his game plan.
Edward was sickly and died, far too frail,
Leaving Mary and Elizabeth, who were — ugh! — female.

But that's not the story we want to tell.
Let's get back to Henry, let's run pell-mell.
His life was complicated, and so were his wives.
Two annulled, two divorced, and two sent to die.

When he divorced Mary's mother, boy, was she mad;
After Anne Boleyn's death, poor Liz was left sad.
The last Catherine helped the three to reconcile,
But no one really forgot that Henry was vile.

This was the strange tale of King Henry, number eight,
A man who ate everything they'd put on his plate.
He liked his wives pretty, he liked them obedient.
When they rebelled, he found his threats were expedient.

Catherine of Aragon,
Catholic, devout.
Anne Boleyn after,
Drove Catholicism out.

Jane Seymour next,
Who bore him a son.
Anne of Cleves, then,
A platonic loved one.

Catherine Howard,
Who was a little too friendly,
And Catherine Parr,
The last of this medley.

Adriana Tosun

My Girlfriend's Eyes are Kinda Like the Sun

with apologies to William Shakespeare

My girlfriend's eyes are kinda like the sun —
she glares at me and makes my face go red
when I am eying other chicks. "For fun,"
I grin. How can a guy not turn his head
to watch a babe with mounds of cleavage white
as snow, or one whose skinny thong strap peeks
between her shirt and cut-offs so skin tight? —
My eyes can peel her shorts right off those cheeks.
Thing is, my girl is really wide in the beam;
her eyes are city stars, so widely spread;
her weedy hair, a vacant lot of dreams.
But who would think of sleep when we're in bed?
I'll tell you more, but not inside this sonnet.
Be a pal — don't let her in on it.

Barbara Lydecker Crane

Always on Sunday

I feed my baby eggs in bed,
he has me for dessert.
We read the funnies in front of the fan
and spend the day inert.

There are days more productive
when things really do get done,
but Sundays are seductive.
Yeah, Sundays are for fun.

We pull the phone loose from the wall,
throw the front page out,
tell the Jehovahs to take a hike
the neighbors not to shout.

Most days you make arrangements.
Some days you scheme and plan.
These things create estrangements
between a woman and her man.

So, forget the doctor's sage advice.
Forget cholesterol.
Feast on romance's extravagances
and, happy Sundays all.

Tracy Koretsky

Keeping Score

Sex is like tennis. When you play an inferior opponent,
your game suffers.

Edie, *Desperate Housewives*

I didn't know she was
keeping score but when

she told me the results —
six orgasms to none,

her favor — I knew I was
too far behind to make

any sort of comeback, so I
did what I usually do in those

precarious situations — I packed
my racket and looked for another

partner, who wouldn't keep score,
who was more into volleying, who

would be delighted if I just got the ball over the net.

Hal Sirowitz

To Coffee (On Drinking the Day's First Cup)

with apologies to Robert Burns

Oh first delicious cup of coffee
On this morning dark and frosty
how your caffeine jolt delights me
 screams in my veins!
Dark berry of Columbian tree
 I sing you paens!

They tell me I should let you be
Because caffeine is bad for me.
They say to drink decaf coffee
 will keep me cool.
Better to live with nerves all jumpy
 than snore and drool.

We who drink the high-test stuff
Can wing it well right off the cuff.
We'll take you on and call your bluff
 and not back down.
Morning time won't find us gruff
 with deadly frown.

A mug of java in the hand,
Yuppie blends or national brand,
Steaming, rich from tropic land,
 all hot and black.
Not that weak stuff, washed out, bland
 Midwestern slack.

What if our blood pressure's high?
We're quick of step and bright of eye,
our nerves all trigger sharp and spry.
 We've got the edge
On dowdy folk who warn and cry
 and take the pledge.

I've seen coffee drinkers go
Into a quiet room, and though
Others whisper and talk slow
 they shoot the breeze,
Their words rush forth, bubble and flow
 with greatest ease.

I've seen them at espresso bars
Drinking latte at all hours.
The double-cappuccino stars
 drink even more.
What amazing gifts and powers!
 They're real hard core.

When the Lord finished creation
And stepped down from His high work station
To take well-earned one day vacation,
 it's well I know
He grabbed his cup, and with elation
 drank some strong joe!

Steve Klepetar

In Palo Alto (The Yiddish Circle)

with apologies to Mac Davis and Elvis Presley

As the sun shines
On a warm and bright Palo Alto morning
A rich little Jewish child is born
In the ghetto

And his mama sighs

'Cause if there's one thing that she don't need
It's another large Montessori bill
In the ghetto

Gentiles, don't you understand
The Jewish child needs a helping hand
Or he'll grow to be an average young man someday

Take a look at you and me
Are we too blind to see
Do we simply turn our heads
And look the other way

Well the world turns
And a pudgy little boy with a zitty nose
Surfs the Internet as a cool breeze blows
In Palo Alto

And his ambition burns

So he starts to roam Starbucks at night
And he learns 'bout the Web
And he learns SimFlight
In the ghetto

Then one day past graduation
A young man breaks away
He hires someone to write software
And drives a Benz with the wind in his hair
In Palo Alto

And his mama shops

As a crowd gathers 'round a wealthy young man
In a suit in the street, cell-phone in his hand
In the ghetto

As the young man thrives

On a warm and bright Palo Alto morning
Another little Jewish child is born
In Palo Alto

And his mama sighs.

Lance Nizami

The Clam

The clam has such peculiar ways
It lives between two joined ashtrays.

David L. O'Neal

John Donne Explains How it All Went Wrong

with a nod to John Donne

My metaphor worked! — brought to my bed
London's most provocative cock tease!
I pulled back the sheets. She shrieked and fled.
(Quite a difference twixt real and mock fleas!)

David Alpaugh

Come Fly With Me

with a nod to William Blake and Frank Sinatra

Dammit, Mr. Blake! Flies are not at all
Like thee or me (or him or her or us).
Swatter in hand, I nail 'em to the wall
Without regret. Sorry! (I'm not a wuss.)

David Alpaugh

Sway

with a nod to Ogden Nash

Cows' tails sway
So flies stay out;

Wives' tales sway
So lies stay in.

James B. Nicola

Pin the Tail

"Where's my compass?"
Christopher Columbus
clipper unfurled
to circumcise the world

Jacob Edwards

Beetnick

Give peace a chance
the communist romance
Lenin disgorged
of Ringo, Paul and George

Jacob Edwards

Ethermance

with apologies to Rae Armantrout

Fairy beneath a budding
willow tree, understands.
The wind always whistles
like this. Wailing
fame of the protocol.
Juxtaposing fiction and reality
as if demonstrating reconciliation.

Actual
image of the known
light halos
drifting in atmosphere.
Although the dune
rises to the folly
as dogs, transgressing.

The crystals imbue themselves
with radiance.
But are beholden
not by men
seeking. Shards glowed
with enchanted light.
Through earthly veils
and wept.

Kevin Meeks

Sandman

with apologies to Tony Hoagland

He turns the page of *Sandman*
in his small, hardened hands.
It's eight o'clock on a Saturday night
and he's flipping through the pages of a comic
as if it were a work of art.

Left hand fingers up the spine
while the right hand fingers flip,
lick the tips, slide,
and flip.
He smiles to himself between the
lick, slide, flip.

My husband must have grown tired of waiting
on our wet-dog worn couch
as I put on my makeup.
Restless, as I yelled from the bathroom,
"I'll be ready in a second," but minutes later
still not there.

No one, especially me, believes emphatically in
the flawless and perfect partner.
But I can see what intrigues me so —
the way his stomach spills over his jeans
as he scratches his crotch with one hand,
his other busy cradling the precious printed pages;
the slender, stroking fingers,
with the gnarled finger nails.

N. Joy Lutton

Nice Try for a Jedi

My wookie is infested with fleas
which is unnerving because now he needs a bath
And wookies don't like water
Last time, it took all my force to get him into the tub
What made it worse was that the soap gave him a rash
Hypoallergenic shampoo is not cheap
Recently, I noticed he was scratching
Scratching so much that the sound of scratching wookie hair was
all I could hear
I had to max out the volume on my Skywalkerman to drown out
the noise
but it didn't help

I must blame myself to some extent for this misfortune
As much as I warned my wookie to stay Endors, I have been taking
him to the park on sunny warm afternoons.
I thought getting a wookie would be a great way to pick up women
Women are always in the park
Sadly, the only thing my wookie picked up in the park were
parasites
Again, it is partly my fault since asking women, "Would you like
to pet my wookie?"
only gets awkward stares

The Internet said getting a pet is a great way to meet women
It failed to mention that wookies may not be the best option
My wookie finds it humiliating being on a leash
which is understandable since he stands 3 feet taller than me
But, it is the county law and he doesn't have a job to pay the fine
And I can't afford both a ticket and flea shampoo.

In retrospect, purchasing a wookie was probably a misjudgment
They are a lot more work than I thought they would be
I think mainly due to the fact that they are self-sufficient and
independent

My wookie does not like me feeding him from a bowl on the floor
Instead, he prefers sitting at the table and eating with utensils
Normally, I wouldn't mind but my mother told me it is wrong to let
your pet eat at the table

But it is not easy to get a wookie to do something he doesn't want to
Hence, my struggles with giving him a bath

The expensive allergy shampoo has not worked
What it has done is warp his hair turning him into a giant fur ball
I also believe the fleas have begun multiplying at an alarming rate
After further research, it seems that I am going to be forced to
completely shave my wookie

I have a strong feeling he is not going to like that idea
He has been working out a lot more, so his strength is a concern
to me

As there is already a tendency to lift me up by my shirt collar when
we have disagreements

Regret over my purchase is starting to settle in now
The buyer's remorse

I should have opted for the mogwai

Adam Solomon

Contributors

David Alpaugh has published poetry, fiction, and criticism in literary publications that include the hilarious *Light* and *Asinine Poetry*; the serious *Chronicle of Higher Education*; the mainstream *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*; and the counter-cultural *Exquisite Corpse* and *Evergreen Review*. His new book *Crazy Dave Talks With The Poets* is most parodic. More of his work is available at www.davidalpaugh.com

Bruce Boston claims to be the author of fifty books and chapbooks, including the novels *The Gardener's Tale* and *Stained Glass Rain*. He believes his writing has received the Bram Stoker Award, a Pushcart Prize, the Asimov's Readers Award, and the Grand Master Award of the Science Fiction Poetry Association. He hates piña coladas and walking in the rain, but loves Harpo Marx and calipash stew. Visit his online simulacrum at www.bruceboston.com

Patrick Cook the writer is a retired postal worker who lives with his wife, Valorie the quilter. They try to write and quilt every day, but often do not. They are also renovating their house, but they don't do that every day either. Strangely, their self-esteem is still high.

A former quilt artist, **Barbara Lydecker Crane** of Somerville, MA created fabric landscapes now in private, public, and museum collections. In 2005, poetry began edging out art. She's published over 40 poems since '07. In 2011 she won the Helen Schaible International Sonnet Contest and an Honorable Mention in the Foley Poetry Contest. This year she expects to publish her first book, *Alphabetricks*, with Little Red Tree Press. As a quiltmaker, her income was pretty paltry. As a poet it's positively puny. Fortunately her husband is gainfully employed.

Jacob Edwards studied both ancient & modern history at the University of Queensland, extrapolating from these lessons of the past that the world will most likely end in either a four wheel drive or militant feminist apocalypse. Although covered for both he refuses to network socially with his insurance provider, just as he neither blogs nor twitters (despite having opposable thumbs). For now Jacob lives in Brisbane, Australia, with his wife & son and may be found online at www.jacobedwards.id.au

Neil Ellman lives and writes in New Jersey. Enough said.

Michael George is a hippo lover of the first order. He hopes someday to meet one of his beloved pachyderms in person. In the meantime, he is working on a doctorate in Computer Science in hopes that it will open many doors to him. Behind one of those doors will be a hippo.

Ed Higgins and his wife live on a small farm south of Portland, OR with a menagerie of animals including two whippets, two manx barn cats (who don't care for the whippets), an emu named To & Fro, and a pair of male alpacas named Machu & Picchu. His poems and short fiction appear in various print and online journals.

Steve Klepetar claims to be the best known Shanghai-born Jewish-American poet in all of Central Minnesota who has written a dissertation on Sir Walter Scott (no, he didn't play Scottie in Star Wars — look him up). His work has appeared widely and has received several nominations for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net, which his father-in-law would have told him would get him on the subway as long as he had a token.

If you printed out even half the stuff **Tracy Koretsky** has written, dumped it into a big net strung out across the ceiling, stood beneath, then let it drop, you would suffocate. Pile up the stuff that has been published and stand on top of it and you could probably reach the cookie jar on the uppermost shelf. Alas. Still, more than anything, Tracy loves to be read, so: www.TracyKoretsky.com Help yourself to audio poems and chapters, author interviews, and a download of her memoir in poems.

David Lewitzky's an overweight old fart/young poet retired Social Worker/Family Therapist living his sedentary life in Buffalo, New York. He wears his hair in a tail and he's got a tattoo he's proud of. He submits lots of poems to lit mags and occasionally gets some accepted. He is a MAGPIE !!!

N. Joy Lutton is a beer-brewing, vegan runner who lives in Tacoma, WA. She served as Managing Editor of Arroyo Literary Review, Vol II. Her fiction has appeared in *The Short Humour Site*, *50 to 1*, *Girls with Insurance*, and *Kerouac's Dog*.

Kevin Meeks is a graduate of Providence Christian College with a degree in English writing. When he's not out saving the world from copious amounts of second-hand furniture, he is editing his first fantasy novel. He had had poetry appear in *Gone Lawn*. He will take another swig of coffee and keep on writing.

James B. Nicola has had over 200 poems appear in sundry journals, winning one poetry award (the Dana) and one nomination (Rhysling) *without* "paying to play." In 2010 he was Featured Poet at *The New Formalist*. Also a stage director, playwright, composer and lyricist, his book *Playing the Audience* (Applause) won a Choice Award. His children's musical, *Chimes: A Christmas Vaudeville*, premiered in Fairbanks, Santa Claus attending opening night. Upcoming: first poetry chapbook, *Still* (Stasia Press).

Lance Nizami is an independent research scholar (science) living in Palo Alto, California, the home of Facebook. For reasons of common decency he does not use Facebook. He likes visiting zoos and does in fact love hippos, especially pygmy hippos, especially baby pygmy hippos, which are goofy. He has no MFA, and wonders what they are for. In his one year of submitting poetry for review, he has had 55 poems accepted for print publication.

David L. O'Neal attended Princeton University, served three years as an officer in the U.S. Marine Corps, and then established his own business as an antiquarian bookseller dealing in rare books and manuscripts. He retired in 2002 and is now enjoying a second career as a writer and poet. Apart from finding publication in several journals, he has self-published several books including one about his parrot, and *Babbling Birds, an Anthology of Poems About Parrots from Antiquity to the Present*, the only book of its kind.

Robert E. Petras often hangs poems and essays on a nail in a tree along the road in front of his house. He is a frequent victim of prank phone calls.

Joseph Reich is a social worker and displaced New Yorker who really misses displace and lives and works out in the state of Massachusetts; He has a handsome little 6 year old with a nice mop of dirty-blond hair, and a wife eleven years his junior, who must have the patience of a saint as is raising two boys; He misses Shanghai Joe's in Chinatown, all those wonderful Polish diners of the Lower East Side and Dominick's in Little Italy, the Little Italy uptown on Arthur Avenue in The Bronx: He hopes one day to return to play and pray and contemplate with his wife and child in all the wonderful parks along the river on The Westside Highway.

Jonathan Shipley lives with his wonderful daughter in Seattle. He's written for such varied publications as the *Los Angeles Times*, *Venuszine*, *Diner Journal*, *Fine Books & Collections Magazine*, *McSweeney's Internet Tendency*, and *Welding and Cutting Magazine*. Seriously, he once wrote some homoerotic welding poetry for the trade journal. He was shocked they actually published the stuff. Jonathan is really skinny and pretty bald.

One critic said of **Hal Sirowitz's** work, "You don't have to have a sad childhood to be a writer but in Mr. Sirowitz's case it helped." Robert Frost once said free verse is like playing tennis without a net. But, that's the way Sirowitz likes to play — less hindrance at keeping the volley alive.

Edmond, Oklahoma writer and editor **Sandra Soli** facilitates workshops in poetry, fiction, memoir, and improvisational writing. A lover of wordplay and ridiculousities, Sandy has published pieces in more than sixty journals and received an Oklahoma Book Award, the Eyster Poetry Prize, and two Pushcart nominations. She admires pluck and will happily energize your conference for jewels or cold cash: sandrasoli@cox.net.

Adam Solomon knew he made the right move when he spent the last year of his college career writing comedy. He also knew his years of watching movies would benefit him in the American workplace. Adam tries to live everyday like the daily edition of *The Far Side*. He also likes alliteration and random sentences.

Adriana Tosun used to live on a boat. Now she lives in Paris and has indoor plumbing, which hopefully means she's moving up in the world. Her work has been published in *Defenestration Magazine*, *Cannoli Pie Magazine*, *Corvus Magazine*, and (the sadly defunct) *Divine Dirt Quarterly*, which means she occasionally likes to toss her hair back and claim superiority over all her friends.

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Jeremy Saliba is a lover of all things nerdy and has used that passion to continue creating artwork despite the pleading from family and friends to stop. He has done artwork for various comic publications, become a licensed Wheel of Time artist, and sells art prints online. You can find him inflicting his twisted and self-absorbed point of view on his students at the Academy of Art. When he was little, his imaginary friend was Princess Leia. He's a movie fanatic, a bookworm, and a beer enthusiast and he will never say no if you ask him to help you move. He also hates talking in the third person.

Works Parodied

Necromance

by Rae Armantrout

To a Mouse

by Robert Burns

In the Ghetto (The Vicious Circle)

written by Mac Davis, sung by Elvis Presley

The Wood-Pile

by Robert Frost

Windchime

by Tony Hoagland

in ceremonial robe

by Kobayashi Issa

Sonnet 130 (My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun)

by William Shakespeare

The Second Coming

by W. B. Yeats

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—Chuck Palahniuk

