



PARODY



VOLUME 1 ISSUE 2

Parody

poetry for the world as it really isn't

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The spirit of the poet craves spectators—even if only buffaloes.
—*Zarathustra (F. Nietzsche)*

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O Captain My Captain

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Contents

<i>Dracula's Favorite Things</i> _____ 1 Diane de Anda	<i>Tub of Lard</i> _____ 17 Tracy Davidson
<i>Selected Titles from the Poor Man's Genre Library</i> _____ 2 G. O. Clark	<i>Return to Sender</i> _____ 18 Mary Elizabeth Lee
<i>Biblical Themed Horror Movies</i> _____ 3 <i>Children's Books Written by the Sand People in Star Wars</i> _____ 3 Jonathan Shipley	<i>Bad Romance</i> _____ 19 Josh Smith
<i>My Mind and I</i> _____ 4 Tracy Koretsky	<i>The skin of a woman named Hermia</i> ____ 20 Jim Hale
<i>The Lighter Side of Multiple Personalities</i> 5 Jasper Sole	<i>The Venerable Bede</i> _____ 20 <i>Christopher Hitchens</i> _____ 20 Chris Eugene Canter
<i>Halloween in Cambodia</i> _____ 6 Jon Wesick	<i>There is no Frigate Like a Frig</i> _____ 21 Mike Jones
<i>I am a Garbage Plate</i> _____ 8 Cara Shulman	<i>Misdirection</i> _____ 21 Anthony Nannetti
<i>Sharpened Poetry</i> _____ 9 <i>Happ-eBirthday</i> _____ 9 Flash Rosenberg	<i>The Wasteland</i> _____ 22 David Lewitzky
<i>Calm on Down!</i> _____ 10 <i>Novocain</i> _____ 11 Joseph Reich	<i>Song of the Sleepy Adept</i> _____ 24 Mark J. Mitchell
<i>Foodie</i> _____ 12 Anne Skalitza	<i>Jabberwock Redux</i> _____ 25 Neil Ellman
<i>Turds: On Barely Avoiding One in the Grass</i> _____ 13 A.J. Dillon-Davis	<i>The Workout</i> _____ 26 Lainey O'Brien
<i>Wolf Just has to Say</i> _____ 14 Noel Sloboda	<i>Pub Fever</i> _____ 27 Larry Lefkowitz
<i>Just so You Know</i> _____ 15 Barbara Lydecker Crane	<i>How do I Loathe Me?</i> _____ 28 Brook J. Sadler
<i>The Hyphenated Marriage</i> _____ 16 Paul Goldberg	<i>The Tenured or the Bored</i> _____ 29 Eric Evans
	Contributors _____ 30
	Works Parodied _____ 34

Editor's Note

In a world of cheezburgers and little brothers named Charlie (who have been known to gnaw on fingers from time to time), there is still room enough for words. Words that illuminate a new understanding of humanity. Words that can leap tall buildings in a single bound! Words that stand on their own — unaccompanied by pictures of cats doing science.

Don't get me wrong, I like partyin' partyin' (yeah) like it's Friday, but sometimes you just have to mix things up a bit. And you already know this. So I'll stop yammering on and let you get to the poems.

In a minute... I'll just finish my musing first and you'll be reading witty poems faster than a panda can sneeze. There are things that I wonder about. Like, what brings you and I here to look at little black squiggles printed on tree pulp.

After all, there's no video feed, the audio sometimes gets warped in the transfer from the author's mind to the reader's auditory cortex (filtered through the visual cortex), and many poems throughout history are less coherent than David after the dentist. Despite the competition that faces the world of poetry, and despite my crummy salesmanship, you're still here ready to read!

If, when you're finished reading, you feel like putting your own scribbles down on paper, you could write your own poem! Send it to us. I promise to read it. Now go dig in, before you meet a doom worse than What's Her Face or The Ugly One.

Mostly Sincerely,
The Haikooligan

Dracula's Favorite Things

with apologies to Rodgers and Hammerstein

Blood drops from noses and necks freshly bitten,
Bright trusting eyes on a virgin I've smitten,
Brown bony undead the night shadow brings,
These are a few of my favorite things.

Cream colored satin in coffins once feudal,
Death knells to slay belles and anything brutal,
Black bats that fly with the moon on their wings,
These are a few of my favorite things.

Ghosts in white dresses and Jason who slashes,
Flesh flakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes,
Silver white moonlight where the werewolf sings,
These are a few of my favorite things.

Chorus:

When it's sunrise,
When no one dies,
When the world is glad,
I simply remember my favorite things
Until everything turns bad.

Diane de Anda

Selected Titles from the Poor Man's Genre Library

From a Pinto Six
The Barrio and the Stars
Farnham's Packing Crate
I, Nobody
The Park My Destination
The Drinking Fountains of Harlem
Journey to the Center of the Dumpster
Stranger in a Gentrified Land
Delirium Visions
Again, Delirium Visions
The Debilitated Man
The Left Hand of Nobody
Lord of the Under Passes
Shopping Cart Troopers
Ringworm
All too Human

G. O. Clark

Biblical Themed Horror Movies

The Garden of Bleedin'
The Ark of the Coven
40 Days and 40 Frights
The Blood-Thirsty Apostle
Slain and Able
Give us this Day our Daily Dead
Gold, Frankincense, and Murder
Lazarus Returns, with a Vengeance
The Kingdom, and the Power, and the Gory, Forever
The Dead Sea
Thou Shalt Murder
I Know what You did Last Supper

Jonathan Shipley

Children's Books Written by the Sand People in Star Wars

Green RRAAGGHHHHH!!!! and Ham
Where the Wild Things RRAAGGHHHHH!!
James and the RRAAGGGHH!!!! Peach
Tales of the Fourth Grade RRAAGGHHHHH!!
Mrs. Frisby and the RRAAGGHHHHH!!! of NIMH
The Lion, the Witch, and the RRAGGHHHHH!!

Jonathan Shipley

My Mind and I

My mind slipped through a backdoor
to watch the stars explode,
to watch diamonds shower through the sky,
and pan the mother lode.

My mind ran off to Africa
to help, to bleed, to hide.
My mind walked by the ocean
and sat on a rock and cried.
My mind walked into the woods
hoping to lose the trail.
My mind sealed itself in an envelope
and relied on U.S. mail.
And when it felt it couldn't cope,
my mind considered doing dope.

So I put my mind on the bus to work
and told it not to look
or touch or taste or learn at all,
just to sit and read its book.
But it made balloons of stoplights
and vanished through the trees.
So if my mind you come across,
won't you have it write home, please.

'Cause while I stay and pay my bills
for my rooms and books and bread,
my mind is slipping through back doors
far above my head.

Tracy Koretzky

The Lighter Side of Multiple Personalities

Sanity's overrated;
Stability's for loons.
Why have only one mind
when you can have a few?

The conversation's perfect,
(unless we can't agree)
in the end it all comes down
to sharing space in me!

It's standing room here only,
cramped in with one another.
Stuffed inside my tiny brain,
at least I have each other!

We bicker, bitch and banter,
and stand apart point moot.
Different personalities;
at parties we're a hoot!

Some people say we're crazy
(I don't see the appeal)
for when it comes to battling wits
I always choose dual-wield!

Jasper Sole

Halloween in Cambodia

with apologies to Jello Biafra and John Greenway of Dead Kennedys

So you sucked the blood
from a girl or two
and think that you're a fright.
Turn into a bat,
drop the hemostat.
You're a creature of the night.

You make your escape
in a black silk cape
and sleep inside a tomb.
Dream 'til noon
of a dining room
and all who you'll consume.

You think there's nothing left to fear
but your fangs won't help you here.
Brace yourself, my dear.
Brace yourself, my dear

for a Halloween in Cambodia
where even vampires scream.
It's a Halloween in Cambodia.
No escaping this bad dream.

Werewolves might take
a sheep or two
and kill them while they flail
but they can't outdo the human race
making death
on industrial scale.

No candy bars
or trick or treat
keep Khmer Rouge away.
Bullets in backs
knives to throats
in gruesome porch displays.

Now the death squad's had their fun.
Even monsters turn and run.
Better flee, my son.
Better flee, my son

from a Halloween in Cambodia
where skulls are stored on racks.
It's a Halloween in Cambodia's
megalomaniac.

Pol Pot Pol Pot Pol Pot Pol Pot
Pol Pot Pol Pot Pol Pot Pol Pot

If you spend Halloween in Cambodia,
you'd better change your plans.
It's a Halloween in Cambodia.
No killer's worse than man.
Pol Pot

Jon Wesick

I am a Garbage Plate

with apologies to They Might Be Giants

Mustard, ketchup, onions, and beef,
hot sauce, baked beans, and toasted buns:

I am a garbage plate.
Tomatoes and lettuce and sweet relish:

I am a garbage plate.
Hot dogs and sausage, mac salad and cheese,
French fried potatoes and coleslaw:

I am a garbage plate.

Cara Shulman

Sharpened Poetry

IT'S NOT COOL TO DO DRUGS
a message on pencils distributed
immediately confiscated at my
nephew's high school when
irreverently sharpened to
COOL TO DO DRUGS
to the more pointed
DO DRUGS
a new
form
of
!

Flash Rosenberg

Happ-eBirthday

Re
ading
email is
the new cake.
Party hats are over.
Celebrations tweet. Instead
of blowing out candles I delete
Auto-Notified birthday greets posting
at a speed of 25 Happys-per-Hour. A traffic
jam of cheer clogs my screen. No ice cream. What is
the new etiquette? Where is the ribbon? I answer a thread.
My gift is guilt about your email unread. No time for champagne.
No sex in bed. Instead of happy birthday, we now have online dread.

Flash Rosenberg

Calm on Down!

For the next great debates think they should make it mad and crazy as if they're not already and have it like *The Price Is Right* and each candidate running for their life like a madman down the aisle with staged euphoria while they're flailing their arms all around out of control (maybe even have them pulling out their hair or tugging at their eyebrows with special sound effects going on in the background like some *Deliverance* duet of a donkey and an elephant) and when they get there after they're done jumping all around (so sick of them pretending to look all calm, cool and collected) make it like *The Family Feud* and hit them with a litany of questions and the first one to get to the buzzer and isn't this kind of what it's all about anyway and the way it's really staged, and would make it so much more real and relevant then the whole audience can judge and vote on their next president (keeping in style and form and present day context of reality show nonsense and of course it all always being about statistics) perfectly representative of this here holy and sacred united states of america.

Joseph Reich

Novocain

i remember spending a hell of a lot of down time in the dentist's office as a boy reading that cartoon "goofus and gallant" out of highlights magazine where goofus was this kid who was always kind of naturally messy and sticking his head into other people's business and mischievous and couldn't stay out of trouble and gallant this perfect little neat and tidy good deed-doer who i always found to be real obnoxious and aloof and couldn't relate to and just always felt goofus wasn't half-bad and just got a bad rap and misunderstood and really never understood the comparison as the hygienist would just suddenly show up out of nowhere and call my name and i'd go in sulking feeling eternally guilty and lonely and down-in-the-dumps making up shit about my childhood and sports and small talk and bullshit and stuff like that or how many times i actually brushed my teeth (not close to the amount of times i jerked off) and always felt she could see right through me and would always end up whipping out that big massive set of teeth and tooth-brush and show me how it really needs to be done.

Joseph Reich

Foodie

with apologies to Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see,
a food that doesn't agree with me.

I whose hungry mouth is pressed
against the pie with lemon zest;

I who looks at food all day,
and lifts my heavy arms that sway;

I who may in summer wear
a net of chocolate in her hair;

Upon whose bosom crumbs have lain;
who hates to have her bagels plain.

I think that I shall never see,
my feet somewhere below my knees.

Anne Skalitza

Turds: On Barely Avoiding One in the Grass

with even more apologies to Joyce Kilmer

I think I've not seen flower nor bird
which moved me as did that fine turd.

A turd in hue of brown and tan,
it coiled in grass where my dog ran.

Its grandeur suggested that of Alsatian,
a Labradoodle, or Dalmatian.

I chanced to see it, as down I glanced,
and breathed a thank-you as back I danced.

For had I walked without a care,
I'd not have seen it lying there.

The gloom that did downcast my eyes
revealed to me that shrine of flies.

My spirits then were so upraised,
I wrote this verse to this thing's praise:

This universe was made by God, I've heard,
but anyone can make a turd.

A.J. Dillon-Davis

Wolf Just has to Say

with apologies to William Carlos Williams

I have eaten
the tiny lady
that was in
the bed

and that
you were probably
hoping
to visit

Forgive me
she was deliciously
tender meat
for one so old

Noel Sloboda

Just so You Know

with even more apologies to William Carlos Williams

I have eaten
the liver
that was in
the cooler

the one
you might have been
saving
for transplant

Sorry 'bout that
It was bloody
delicious
and so juicy

Barbara Lydecker Crane

The Hyphenated Marriage

Agatha Walker Cardoon Delight
married Thomas T. Fredrick Zigler tonight.
Who could imagine what their name would be.
Would it start with an A and end with a Z?

Agatha Zigler seemed alright
but woe to Cardoon and Delight.
So Agatha Walker Cardoon Delight
and Thomas T. Fredrick Zigler, contrite,

decided a last name of Smith was alright.

Paul Goldberg

Tub of Lard

My love is like a tub of lard—
Cold, unmoving, white and hard—
And never buys a sodding card.

My love is like a box of chocs
That's been dropped and taken knocks
And been ground in by grubby socks.

My love is like a keg of beer—
Always drunk and always here
And tastes more like piss every year.

My love is like a rack of ribs—
When eating he needs twenty bibs—
And spends his days just telling fibs.

My love is like a can of coke
Producing wind beyond a joke,
But when's said and done he's still my bloke.

Tracy Davidson

Return to Sender

Dear Sirs: here are your letters I've returned.
All you, to me, appear like parrots trained
For all you squawk are shallow lines you'd learned
And fill the air with second-hand refrains.
Think, please, of something other than the sun
Or summer's day, or rose and coral red
(Or flea, if you have so become undone)
As similes to draw me to your bed.
But take some risk and let honesty fly;
Declare to me those faults I do possess:
My dagger tongue, and my sarcastic sighs,
My too long and steadfast stubbornness.
 Then profess these not faults, but all my charms,
 Then might you find me, loves, within your arms.

Mary Elizabeth Lee

Bad Romance

Do not let the clichés fool you.
There is not someone for everyone.
Many of us will end up alone.

I will, and I for one, am okay with that,
Because my singledom is self-selected.

It's oversimplification to say that what a man wants,
Is an angel in the streets, and a whore in the sheets.
What I want is much more specific.

I want Laila Ali in a street fight.
Because if someone hits her, and she doesn't knock them out,
I'm going to kill them.

And I don't want a whore in the sheets,
Because I paid too much for my shit to have it torn up like that.
Nah, I want a whore in the church. Because that's a funnier visual.
I also want to stick it to those religious types who label any woman
who likes sex, as a whore.

But I want more than that.
I want a poet in the kitchen, someone who can make me a sonnet
omelet,
Served with a knife and pen.

I want a daydreamer in the bathtub, a karaoke partner in the car, a
three-plate eater at the buffet table, who doesn't mind tattoos, but
doesn't have any, and would never get one, who has seen every
episode of Buffy The Vampire Slayer, twice.

But really, like anyone, I just want someone who gets me.
But until that person exists, I'll be found perfecting my jack off
technique.

Josh Smith

The skin of a woman named Hermia
Has a neoprene-like epidermia.
She can take off her flannel
And jump in the channel
And not have to risk hypothermia.

Jim Hale

The Venerable Bede
Took a large draught of mead
And with due decorum
Wrote *Historia ecclesiastica gentis Anglorum*.

Chris Eugene Canter

Christopher Hitchens
Visited kitchens.
When asked, "Do you also write cookery books?"
He said, "No I don't; I'm just looking for kooks."

Chris Eugene Canter

There is no Frigate Like a Frig

with apologies to Emily Dickinson

There is no frigate like a Frig
For glory in the Port,
Nor any vessel so glad met
As one set out for Sport —

Such vessel may the poorest ride
Without resort to Coins —
How fruitful is the charity
That bares the Human loins!

Mike Jones

Misdirection

According to news reports,
the Vermont home of Robert Frost was ransacked over the weekend —
a crime that could have been averted
had the vandals taken another road.

Anthony Nannetti

The Wasteland

with a nod to T. S. Eliot

April is the cruelest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land.
Lilacs reek like Grandma's pissy knickers.

No! May is the cruelest month.
It's my birthday month.
Enough said.

No! No! June is the cruelest month:
The month of virgin marriages,
Broken cherries, and stage-managed commencements.

No! No! No! July is the cruelest month.
I'm writing this in July.
I rest my case.

No! No! No! No! August is the cruelest month.
A time of hot dogs, French fries, salt and vinegar.
My piles act up in August.

No! No! No! No! No! September is the cruelest month.
The Salmon are spawning and give up the ghost.
I'm beset by allergies and the odors of stale sex.

No! No! No! No! No! No! October is the cruelest month.
Leaves blaze briefly, bleed and fall.
It's so depressing I give up masturbation.

No! No! No! No! No! No! No! November is the cruelest month.
The pilgrims are all dead.
They were a bunch of assholes anyway.

No! No! No! No! Twice! December is the cruelest month.
We're tyrannized by children, the greedy little pigs.
Let's celebrate the slaughter of the children, bless their souls.

No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! January is the cruelest month.

Happy New Year! We can't go on! We must go on!
I'll stay in bed.

No! No! No! No! No! And five more Nos! February is the cruelest month:

Days of shrunken tits, balls like shriveled grapes:
Days and nights of cramps and constipation.

No! Eleven times No! March is the cruelest month.
The resurrection and renewal of drive by shootings
Adolescent gang bangs.

The cruelest month? The cruelest month?
Go peck the bones of unread anthropologists.
Life is awesome and cruel.

Aw fuck it!
Carpe diem!

David Lewitzky

Song of the Sleepy Adept

I'm wiser than Masons of the Nth degree.
I've mastered every kind of yoga.
Through past and future I can clearly see—
I'll describe the stains on Caesar's toga.
I'd waltz with Mephisto across the lake,
I would, if I could just stay awake.

I've mastered much more forgotten lore
Than you. I'm miles beyond your magic
(Some have even dared to call me a bore).
At the midnight rite my fate is tragic:
The other wizards conjure ghosts till dawn.
I doze right off from the very first yawn.

I'm the real thing, no carnival fake—
I've sacrificed doves on the sacred lawn.
There isn't any curse that I can't make,
But I won't wait until the circle's drawn.
If only somehow I'd unearth a spell
As strong as coffee— Then I'd raise some hell.

Mark J. Mitchell

Jabberwock Redux

with a nod to Lewis Carroll

We were never much
for a genuine fight,
somewhat on the slow side,
you might say, with jaws
that could barely bite through
the skin of a peach
and claws that couldn't peel
a tangerine, even if we tried.

Neither was there desire—
too old, almost lame,
the pleasure of the kill long gone
and a heart too weak
I lived alone without a mate
or friend to call my own.

Any Jabberwock with any sense
who is the last one of its kind
would take responsibility
turn the other cheek
avoid the beamish boy and flee
to the safety of its cave.

But I fought back
as if I were a teen again
and lost my head:
Oh yes, I really lost my head,
and now there are no Jabberwocks.

Neil Ellman

The Workout

with apologies to Theodore Roethke

I wake to dark, and take my standing slow.
I feel my achy joints and a painful sear.
I learn I pay when I do cardio.

I think while reeling. Why does everyone go?
I hear my joints popping from toe to ear.
I wake to dark, and take my standing slow.

Of Starbucks close beside me, where are you?
God bless the Grounds! I shall walk gingerly there,
I learn I pay when I do cardio.

Light takes my breath; but who can tell me how?
My lowly body can climb down a winding stair;
I wake to dark, and take my standing slow.

Great Fitness offers another class to do
To you and me; so take the painful stair
To lovely java, I learn I pay when I do cardio.

This shaking keeps me walking steady. I should know
Where the closest Starbucks is always. And is near.
I wake to dark, and take my standing slow.
I learn I pay when I do cardio.

Lainey O'Brien

Pub Fever

with apologies to John Masfield

I must go round to the pub again, to the comely pub's beckoning eye.
And all I ask is a tall sip in a bar of a beer close by,
And the grog's kick and the binge long and the white ale's shaking,
And a gay mist round a gay face till a gray dawn's breaking

I must go round to the pub again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a winning spray with the white suds foaming,
And the flung spray and the downed spume, and the sea lads buying.

I must go round to the pub again to the vagrant tipsy life,
To the mulled way and the hale way where the binge is the wetted life;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

Larry Lefkowitz

How do I Loathe Me?

with apologies to Elizabeth Barrett Browning

How do I loathe me? Let me count the ways.
I loathe me in the dark and baneful night,
My soul reaching, and groping for the light
Of Meaning, Purpose, end to endless chase.
I loathe me to the level of every day's
Most wretched wrong I cannot set aright.
I loathe me constantly, as days turn to night;
I loathe me truly, knowing all's false praise.
I loathe me seeing I am of no use,
Insufferable, dull, crude, without faith.
I loathe me with conviction I don't lose
When I smile, laugh — I loathe me with each breath.
All my life is self-sore! — and, if I choose,
I shall loathe me no more with selfless death.

Brook J. Sadler

The Tenured or the Bored

What has Emily Brontë done for me lately? Nothing, I can honestly say, nothing much at all. And yet the name Heathcliff still haunts my head like the petulant guest he's always been, the result of a month spent with my matriculated nose in the middle sister's syllabus-bound book, another of "those things they make you read" according to my teenage son.

What has Emily Brontë ever done for me? Aside, I mean, from take up permanent residence on the reading lists of English teachers far and wide, generations of yawning children beyond indifferent to the laments of the long-ago lovelorn, the decades-old favorite of the tenured or the bored. And what, I'm asking, is Emily Brontë going to do about the couple hundred pages and several hours that I'm never getting back?

Eric Evans

Contributors

Chris Eugene Canter (1980) is tossed about as a rudderless boat between several geographies and languages, notably English, which needs no introduction, and Low Saxon, for which an introduction seems too tall an order within the space of a few lines. On humour he has written: 'Mirror me, Mr. Bean: in my heart you sprout green./ All my laughter I'll live the example you've been./Only humour can topple the idols I've seen.'

G. O. Clark lives in CA and is retired. He's published many poems and some short stories over the years, and his web page <http://goclarkpoet.weebly.com> tidily sums up his writing career and a wee bit more. He has a pet potato.

A former quilt artist, **Barbara Lydecker Crane** of Somerville, MA created fabric landscapes now in private, public, and museum collections. In 2011 she won the Helen Schaible International Sonnet Contest, and this year she published a chapbook of humorous poetry (including several parodies) entitled *Zero Gravitas* (available from Amazon or White Violet Press). As a quiltmaker, her income was pretty paltry. As a poet it's positively puny. Fortunately her husband is gainfully employed.

Tracy Davidson, from the UK, enjoys writing poetry and flash fiction whether humorous, serious, or downright weird. Her work has appeared in various journals and anthologies. Currently single, Tracy has not given up hope George Clooney comes to his senses and sees that a short, dumpy, middle-age brunette would be better for him than the tall, leggy young blondes he presently favours. Meantime, Tracy consoles herself with too much chocolate and playing with her Schnauzer (no, that's not a euphemism!).

Diane de Anda is a third generation Latina and retired UCLA professor with expertise in teen pregnancy, STD, and violence prevention. No longer grinding out academic papers, she writes short stories, satires, parodies, children's books, and poetry. She has short stories in *Rosebud* and *Pacific Review*, poetry in *Light*, and 7 published children's books. Halloween is her favorite holiday. She, Dracula, and other creatures of the dark welcome over 200 children each year into her haunted lair.

A.J. Dillon-Davis worked for almost 40 years as an announcer-producer at CKUA radio in Edmonton, Alberta. Now retired, he lives in Victoria, B.C., known by some as "home of the newly wed, and nearly dead." With "Turds", he loses his poetry publishing virginity.

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

Eric Evans is from Rochester, NY where he resides with his wife, Diane, and son, Henry. His work has appeared in *Artvoice*, *decomp magazinE*, *Tangent Magazine*, *Posey*, *Xenith Magazine*, *Anobium Literary Magazine*, *Pemmican Press*, *Remark*, a few anthologies, and more. He has published seven collections and three broadsides through his own small press, Ink Publications. He is the editor of *The Bond Street Review* as well as the recipient of the 2009 Geva Theatre Center Summer Academy Snapple Fact Award. Read more of his work at www.inkpublications.com.

Paul Goldberg lives in Baltimore and belongs to a wife, 3 children, and 2 dogs. He writes children's poetry inbetween making a living. Paul is a graduate of the University of Florida and holds a masters degree from Hebrew University in Jerusalem. paul@basicpromotionsinc.com

Originally from New Jersey, **Jim Hale** is a resident of Juneau, Alaska, where he's lived for 17 years. Before it washed-up here, his limerick won the 2010 KINY Radio "Fish Tales" contest for a free day of charter boat fishing.

Mike Jones teaches at Oakland High School, where his students greet him by shouting, "Who?" He is outweighed roughly two-to-one, especially if bling is included, by the rapper of the same name but different tax bracket.

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 help yourself to audio poems and chapters, author interviews, and a download of her memoir in poems: www.TracyKoretsky.com

"Return to Sender" is **Mary Elizabeth Lee**'s first published poem and the irony is not lost on her. Mary is a junior at Penn State York and is co-editor of the campus literary magazine *Any Other Word*. She chose to be a writer after her parents told her it was a more viable career than a Disney princess. Sometimes she suspects her mom and dad may have lied to her.

The stories, poetry, and humor of **Larry Lefkowitz** have been widely published in the U.S. and abroad. He has written humorous articles, stories, and poems. His self-published humor books include *New Jewish Humor* and *How to Become an Israeli*.

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 !!!

Mark J. Mitchell was born under the sign of Nun of the Above in the Year of the Bewildered. His checkered past has only allowed him to move diagonally along white squares. This has caused a permanent crick in his neck. The filmmaker and documentarian Joan Juster has had his back through all those years and promises to return it one day. Many of his poems contain secret messages and can be found in the anthologies *Line Drives* and *Good Poems, American Places*. The key to the code can be had for a nominal fee. His novel, *The Magic War* reveals the meaning of his chapbook *Three Visitors* without even being asked.

Anthony Nannetti lives in South Philadelphia with his wife and two daughters and can be reached at giacomo747@aol.com. His poetry has appeared in several print and online publications. The proceeds have been invested in offshore bank accounts for his eventual retirement in Camden, NJ. Still, he adheres to Papa Hemingway's adage that one should "never mistake motion with action."

Lainey O'Brien was born on April Fool's Day (not a joke, she promises) and gets her sense of humor from her dad, a retired US Postal Service employee! She has a Bachelorette of Science in Edumacation and is currently a grad student studying the fields of Curriculum & Insurrection. Her high school English teacher once told her she wasn't "a strong enough writer," so she got angry and won first place in the State High School Essay Contest!

Joseph Reich is still trying to prove he exists and still hasn't and finds as each day dwindles by, rougher and rougher. His books range from poetry to philosophy to cultural studies and as such, *A Different Sort Of Distance* (Skive Magazine Press), *If I Told You To Jump Off The Brooklyn Bridge* (Flutter Press), *Pain Diary: Working Metbadone 3 The Life 3 Times Of The Man Sawed In Half* (Brick Road Poetry Press), *Drugstore Swabi* (Thunderclap Press), *The Derivation Of Cowboys 3 Indians* (Fomite Press), *The Housing Market: a comfortable place to jump off the end of the world* (Fomite Press), *All My Born Days: the spirit of home movies* (Writing Knights Press), *The Hole That Runs Through Utopia* (Popcorn Press).

Flash Rosenberg is an "Attention-Span-for-Hire" who draws, photographs, writes and performs. She is an artist in residence for LIVE from the New York Public Library, a 2011 Guggenheim Fellow, and a member of the poetry collective Brevitas. Flash Rosenberg Studio is a photo, image, and intellectual mischief factory. She lives with three turtles, a conscientiousness of apologies, abundant merriment, infinite questions, and an hourglass 'go figure' of speech. View her animations at: vimeo.com/flashrosenberg

Brook J. Sadler is a mammal, a biped, an herbivore, living in the Holocene epoch. She is tallish, thinish, grayish, smartish, and pricklish. More introvert and ectomorph than the reverse, she prefers pencils to all the alternatives. She cannot tell jadeite from nephrite, and occasionally confuses homonyms. She does not smoke, but sometimes fumes. Philosopher and poet, she is a hybrid. Professor and mother and one-time dancer, she's kinda weird.

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.

Originally from Canandaigua, NY, **Cara Shulman** received her B.A. in professional writing from SUNY Cortland. Currently going wherever the wind takes her, Cara enjoys hiking, traveling, editing, and playing her ukulele, though she strongly dislikes bubble baths. You can check out the online satire newspaper she co-founded at cortlandpotato.tumblr.com or send her fan mail at caradshulman@gmail.com.

Anne Skalitza is a freelance writer who lives three blocks from the Atlantic Ocean. No matter how many times she has tried, chocolate bars just do not survive the summer sun at the beach. When trying not to wrest food away from the seagulls, Anne loves to read cozy mysteries and has even been seen reading cookbooks from cover to cover. Visit her blog at <http://www.anneskal.wordpress.com>

Noel Sloboda lives in Pennsylvania... near the Amish. He is the author of the poetry collection *Shell Games* as well as several chapbooks. More information about him can be found here: <http://www2.yk.psu.edu/sites/njs16>

As he grew up, **Josh Smith's** parents told him that he could become anything he wanted to be. Decades later, Josh decided that he wanted to be Anthony DiNozzo; but seeing as DiNozzo is a fictional character on the TV show NCIS, he settled for being the hottest rising poet in the Northeastern United States. For a less facetious bio, visit <http://joshsmithpoetry.com>

Jasper Sole has never really considered himself to be much of a poet, *per se*. For now, he's just another person who happens to put a few thoughts into fancy words every once in a while and dares to call it creative. He occasionally enjoys writing utter tripe and watching people try and glean sensible information from it, and on weekends he likes to pelt pigeons with small pebbles. He's totally deep and in touch with his emotions and all that. Oh, and he's totally single. Ladies.

Jon Wesick is host of San Diego's Gelato Poetry Series and an editor of the *San Diego Poetry Annual*. He has published over two hundred poems in journals such as *The New Orphic Review*, *Pearl*, *Pudding*, and *Slipstream*. He has also published fifty short stories. He has a Ph.D. in physics and is a longtime student of Buddhism and the martial arts.

Works Parodied

My Favorite Things

by Rogers and Hammerstein..... 1

Holiday in Cambodia

by Dead Kennedy's..... 6

I am a Grocery Bag

by They Might Be Giants..... 8

Trees

by Joyce Kilmer..... 12, 13

This Is Just to Say

by William Carlos Williams..... 14, 15

There is no Frigate Like a Book

by Emily Dickinson..... 21

The Waking

by Theodore Roethke..... 26

Sea Fever

by John Masefield.....27

How do I Love Thee?

by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.....28

Enter the

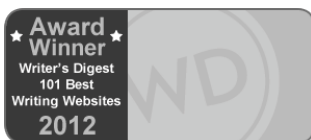
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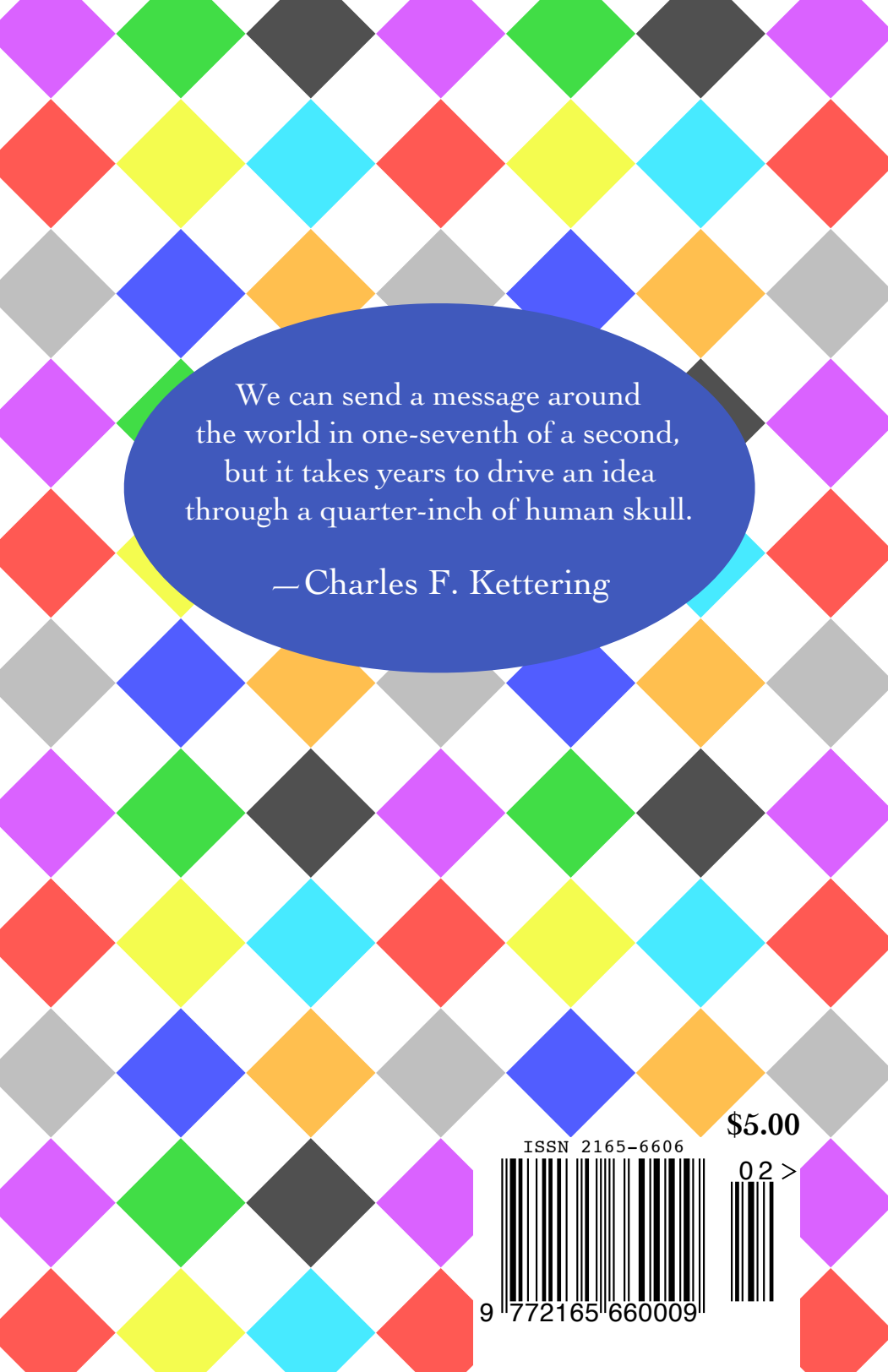
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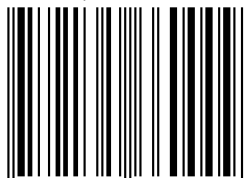


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