

Parody

poetry for the world as it really isn't

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If you think education is expensive, try ignorance.

—*Derek Bok*

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Editor's Note

You're probably thinking that this little poetry journal looks pretty innocent, right? Cute little sea creatures decorate the cover with their morning subway commute. The recurring topic of sweet treats sets your saliva glands flowing and leaves you with a hankering for a trip to the candy shop. All in all, it's just a few sheets of paper with words printed here and there. Printed words are fairly innocuous, right?

But you may begin to notice that these pages invoke names like Stevens, Larkin, and Ginsberg. Maybe you were at a rock concert where they chanted lines from *Howl*. Perhaps bubbling into your consciousness are memories from a poetry slam with forgettable words but mesmerizing flow and the audience whistled and snapped encouragement the way a southern Baptist shouts "Amen!" mid-service. It could be that youtube is the closest you've come to seeing such shenanigans. Moments like these reveal the force behind words.

Sticks and stones, they say... Beware of these physical things that people might fling at your head. Words? meh.

When words are brandished orally, they strike with much more potency. "Watch out for those damn words," says Chuck Palahniuk, who has first-hand experience with making audience members pass out at live readings. Science is yet to find evidence of sorcerers or wizards, but linguists come close.

Celebrate with us the spoken origins of verse and storytelling. Channel the spirits of poets ancient, not-so-unrecently deceased, and otherwise bereft of life. Read a few of these pieces out loud—stand up at a live reading or do it secretly in your bedroom while nobody else is around but the ghosts. Evolution and/or celestial providence has bestowed us humans with our verbal prowess for a reason.

If the content of these pages leaves you unenthused, if no poet elsewhere has written an incantation that strikes a fire in your belly, find the power of your own words.

Speak.

Be heard.

Mostly Sincerely,
The Haikooligan

Fitness Barbie

Despite her '80s leotard, did not enjoy teaching old-school Jane Fonda cardio classes. She kicked and thrust so many times she started to believe she was a Rockette. She decided to try yoga, but quickly found she was not designed to bend that way, plus the overheated rooms almost melted her face. She switched to Zumba, which was fun, but her hips swiveled funny and made the rest of the students laugh. That's when she met an out-of-stock Ken who convinced her to go lifting with him. That's where she fell

in love. The resonating clank of weights loading bars was her harbinger. She lunged, squatted, curled and deadlifted till it hurt to move. She forgot about doing her makeup, permanently ponied her hair, and lost three cup sizes in her quest for muscle gain. Mattel threatened to sue her (she was in breach of her contract's vanity clause). She told them they could kiss her newly-raised ass, and added five more reps to her set.

A.J. Huffman

An Attempt to be Environmentally Responsible at a Thruway Rest Stop

In the men's room
past exit forty-three
at urinal's bottom
I'm happy to see
a waterless cartridge
waiting for me.

No need to drain
some sweet rain
from a lake, flow
a gallon fifty miles or so
just to gush away some yellow.

Now,
after hand washing
the real quandary:
is hot air or hand towel
more responsible,
environmentally?

A towel is a cut tree
hailed to a factory
macerated to slurry
a paper-milled roll,
a square cut and fold
packaging, delivery.
Stored a while some place,
a rest-room man to place
it in a stainless holder for me
to use for three—seconds

then tossing it in
a stainless can
removal by that minder man
in a plastic bag,
to toss in a tip
and truck to the dump
to sit for *ever*.

Or,
elbow that silver button
force some nuclear steam
through a turbine, stream
kilowatts some wired distance
reddening a coil's resistance
spinning the blower
without seeing the trace
of radioactive waste
that'll sit for *ever*
some place...

So what'd I do?
Well, I took so long
thinking it through
my hands drip-dried.
So I walked out,
not quite satisfied.

Roy Hartwell Bent

Thirteen Ways of Looking at Fried Chicken

with apologies to Wallace Stevens

I

Among twenty fast food joints
The only place where dinner once flew
Was the chicken shack.

II

I was of three minds,
Like a menu
On which there are three combo meals.

III

The bird sizzled in the July winds.
It was a high point on the map of Kentucky.

IV

A thigh and a breast
Are one.
A thigh and a breast and a wing
Are one.

V

I do not know which to prefer,
The comfort of the classic recipe
Or the mystery of a new special sauce,
The chicken about to cross the road
Or just after.

VI

Tears flowed down the window
Of the Kenny Rogers Roasters.
The neon chicken on the sign
flickered, on and off.
The image
Limned in shadow
An unhatched riddle.

VII

O business men of Crisco,
Why do you dream of boneless birds?

Do you not see how ossified pyres
Reach toward heaven
In honor of our solemn banquets?

VIII

I know the way through breaded prairies
To secret ingredient hideaways;
But I know, too,
That the chicken is involved
In what I know.

IX

When the chicken emerged from the egg,
It came first
And it came last.

X

At the sight of chickens
Glowing on television screens
Even the vegetarians
Would cry out sharply.

XI

He rode home with me from work
In a greasy bucket.
Once, a fork stabbed him,
Before greedy fingers
Peeled back the disguise
Of chickens everywhere.

XII

The hour is late.
The drive-through might still be open.

XIII

It was a picnic all afternoon.
It was not snowing
And it was not going to snow.
The chicken did not last long
Beside the biscuits and slaw.

Noel Sloboda

Chickens

with apologies to Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never quicken
A poem lovely as a chicken.

A chicken whose dull beak does tap
At the Earth's dry, bitter sap;

A chicken that never looks at God
And says, "My wings don't work, you sod!"

A chicken that may in summer wear
A feathered dress, yet go nowhere;

Upon whose bosom judgment rests;
Who ultimately will be dressed.

Poetic dolts write words that sicken.
But only God can make a chicken.

Danny Collier

Milton the Busboy Asks for Friday Off

with apologies to John Milton

When I consider how the light bill was spent,
my sum for groceries, and have for six months lied
outright about cadging loose tips on the side,
it seems pointless, doubly so when I am skint,
to miss a day at this sorry restaurant.
Ungrateful though the owner is, curse his hide,
ready to wrest his toll, a day off denied,
I ask politely anyway, stay patient
to his stinging reply: "Tony does not need
someone who will not work. Do what you think best,
bear your mild yoke, attend the dishes. Your nerve
is ungodly. Diners by the hundreds speed
here to eat, to sup, hurry to carve and rest.
They also wait who only stand and serve."

Jerry Bradley

The Shark Prepares a Menu

Spicy, bitter, bland
or sweet
it makes no difference
what the treat—
I really don't
discriminate
as any food
I find first rate

though pirate meat
is exquisite
and leather boots
a savory bit
and kegs of nails
and rubber rafts
are good as steak
and red carafes

of wine expensive
tastes prefer.
From odd cuisine
I don't demur
but eat with gusto
and aplomb.
"The world's a plate"
is rule of thumb

for sharks with fins
and razor teeth
who waste no time
on funeral wreaths
for luscious bass
or octopus.
I'd love to taste
sad Oedipus

who walked on four,
then two and three—
I yearn to snack
on tragedy
and all related plays
devour.
I'd sample new ones
every hour:

Sweet Juliet
and Romeo
would be delicious
on a roll.
I'd answer Hamlet
very fast
when "Be or not to be?"
he asked

before I moved
to motion pictures.
I'd not be bound
by timid strictures.
Dorothy, Toto, kindly
Wizard—
I guess I'm less a fish
than gizzard.

In pleasant dreams,
I swallow Earth
and eat all things
before their birth.
Would you think me
strange, perverse
if next I ate
the universe?

Nels Hanson

To Her Coy Tootsie

with apologies to Andrew Marvell

Had I but willpower and time,
And were you any less sublime,
I would unwrap you bit by bit,
But only as you would permit.
When we escaped the candy store,
We'd travel down to Ecuador
To see how sugar cane is grown
Way down there in the Torrid Zone.
Raw coal would harden to a gem
Before I grasped your paper stem;
Your cherried shell would crystallize
Before I claimed it as my prize;
Millennia would pass before
I licked down to your Tootsie core.
For Toots, you're the epitome
Of what a candy treat should be.
But in my blood I feel the thrum
Of sugar lust, and must succumb.
Now therefore, while your wrapper's soft
And supple, let me take it off
To taste the cherry of your shell
And revel in your choc'late spell.
And since your maker has rolled all
Your sweetness up into one ball,
I'll have you now, and I won't stop
Until we're one, my Tootsie Pop.

Pamela Arlov

Sugar

Man doth not live by breadcrumbs alone
nor woman neither. Yet without those crumbs
the two little children may be lost
forever in the unenchanted forest

where ravenous birds consume the crumbs
as fast as they fall from the children's trembling
fingers —going home is not an option—
nothing but the forest, the witch, and the oven.

But why do birds who raven over crumbs
not eat the witch's gingerbread house,
not eat the roof, the walls, the sugar-frosted
windows, unless because they know that sweets

are poison; cake crumbs, poison; frosting, poison;
gingerbread and window candy, poison.

Lee Warner Brooks

This Is Just To Say

with apologies to William Carlos Williams

I have tossed
the plums
that were in
the fridge

and which
you were probably
saving
for snacks

Forgive me
they were rotten
so moldy
and so squishy

Ed Higgins

The Red Belt Buckle

with continued apologies to William Carlos Williams

too much descends
below

the red belt
buckle

strained near breaking
point

by my huge white
beer belly

Tim Laffey

This Be the Worst

with apologies to Philip Larkin

They fuck your teeth, those caramels
They pull your fillings out quick smart
so agony unparalleled
rips through you, damn near stops your heart.

But jubes will fuck them just as well
they move amalgam north and south,
you chew and crunch! the hounds of hell
chase chipped enamel round your mouth.

All dentists live to torture man.
They buy up candy companies;
adhesive sweets their master plan
with Health Department subsidies.

Mercedes Webb-Pullman

with apologies to E.E. Cummings

i carry your gum with me(i carry it on
my sole)i can't seem to scrape it off(everywhere
i go it goes,you slob;and whatever i try
it won't let go, keeps adhering,you slattern)

i need
new shoes(for these were Lauren,biatch)i want
the best(your apathy is unsurpassed,you bag)
and it's you are whatever listless has always meant
and whoever a mess will always make is you

here is the open secret everyone knows
(here is the grind of the jaw and the chud of the cud
and the pie in the eye from a lazy wife;who chucks
rather than find a bin or wrap it up)
and this is the lover who's keeping me stuck on her

i carry your gum(i carry it on my sole)

Mercedes Webb-Pullman

Students who won't learn
Soda cans pry open
Sugar over substance.

Alan Ira Gordon

Creative Writing 101

There once was a collegiate freshman
who paid no attention in English.

 When it came time to write,
 he forgot to use rhyme,
and, as you can see, his meter wasn't promising either.

R.C. Neighbors

An Epitaph

Here lies an ugly woman,
Heavy of step and liver was she;
I think she was the most hideous woman
That ever was in the whole darn state.
But ugliness lives on; it regenerates;
However undesired—undesired it be;
And, with the way I mumble, who will forget
A woman in such a soured state?

Kristina England

Gorgon Hair Care

As Medusa, it's awfully nice
not to worry about getting lice.
 And it's true that my 'do
 never needs a shampoo—
but I have to keep feeding it mice.

Laura Garrison

Bug on my Shoulder

with apologies to Robert Frost

Bug on my shoulder, shoulder bug,
I don't mind sheltering one so small,
but please cling tightly so you don't fall
in my coffee mug.

Slight creature borne by cordial vapor
far from the sharp-beaked sparrow and dove,
together we scan the headlines of
the newspaper.

We read in silence; the news is bleak.
Then we laugh at the same comic strip,
and your feathery antennae slip
against my cheek.

But bug, I can see you eying my toast;
the marmalade glitters in the light,
though before you can take a single bite,
you'll be a ghost.

Laura Garrison

Pie Beauty

with apologies to Gerard Manley Hopkins

Glory be to God for bakéd goods—
For things of flaky-crusting, and the lure
Of mince and mousse and mounds of cherry-red;
Peach, pecán, pumpkin, shoofly—to be sure!
All forms, all fillings, artful tarts aglaze;
Pastry wheels, pans, dishes, and all tins.

Key lime, black bottom, rhúbarb, custard's sum;
Méringue atop a butter-crust delight!
Fresh, frozen, shortbread crust or crumb;
Patisserie or bakeshop in the night:
Bléss Him.

Andrew Sacks

Cloned Cooks Conquer Canada

Come closer confidentially,
catch Canada's chronology,
catch cloned cooks criminal contest:
Canada's concealed conquest.
Cooked cauliflowers culminations
constipates canalizations,
capsize cabin cruisers, cans,
Canadian catamarans.
Caviar corrupts, castrates,
corroding classy copperplates.
Curare cakes cause casualties.
Cayenne confuses Calgary,
cremating culinary camps,
causing creepy colon cramps.
Catheter contents — casualty! —
coagulate completely.
Canteen cleaners congregate,
compromise, capitulate.
Cream cracker's cream contains cocaine.
Canadian clergymen complain.

Alex Dreppec

Buy

Buy burgers, buy blancmange, buy bounteously.

Buy beads, balsam, beatitudes, brilliancy.

Buy baubles, buy bloaters, buy boaters, buy beefsteaks,
buy barbells, beginners: become brawny beefcakes.

Buy backwoods, buy badlands, buy back Big Board blackjack,
buy big buck big boogie's bright, broad being brought back.

Buy, beat banker's boundlessness: blank bankruptcy
brings bonus by bonus, boys, backhandedly.

Buy big boobs, big beauty brings big benefit.

Buy bargain bin barf bags, boys, barf bit by bit.

Alex Dreppec

Finding Golf Clubs on a Rainy Evening

with apologies to Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I think I know.
They're the clubs of our local pro;
This morning as he played a round
He felt he'd never sunk so low.

One fairway shot was never found.
He hit two long drives out of bounds.
He double-bogeyed eight and ten.
His cursing made the hills resound.

The laughter of the other men
Made him forget he'd ever been
Happy to play this miserable game.
He fretted, fumed, turned red and then

All his excuses sounding lame,
And having no one else to blame,
He flung his clubs in anger and shame,
He flung his clubs in anger and shame.

Patrick Cook

Hamlet's Manscaping Dilemma

with a nod to William Shakespeare

To wax, or not to wax - that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the crotch to suffer
The slants and angles of unbridled hair,
Or to take arms against a sea of follicles,
And by removal end them? To prune, to shape—
No more; and by a shape to say we end
The crudeness and the thousand natural sprouts
That flesh is heir to — 'tis a pelvic area
Devoutly to be wished: to zap, to shave.
To trim, perchance to wax. Ay, there's the one;
For in that wax of hair what chicks may come,
When I have tattered off this unkempt shrub,
Must give it pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of hirsuteness.
But who would bear the hours of maintenance,
The laser's beam, the waxing strip's burn,
The pangs of electricity, the shears' flub,
The irritation of Nair, and the shave nicks
That remain after the razor's ill use,
When he himself might his shaft frame make do
With a natural groin? Who would torture bear,
To grunt and scream under a waxing strip,
When the dread of over manicuring,
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No follicle returns, frightens the crotch,
And makes us rather bear those hairs we have
Than fly to removal that we know not of?
Thus bareness does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native bush of germination
Remains without the shaping cast of blades,
And grooming lacking care and vanity
Lets the hairs grow awry from side to side
And mask the penis's true size.— Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia.— Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my hairs uncounted.

Sarah Cerullo

For Aspiring Poets

Reading poetry to learn how to write
is like teaching yourself to fuck
by watching porn.

You'll finger through pages of
faked orgasms
had by dead people
who jiggled their pens for money.

*oh, fuck, c'mon Frost
take the road less traveled
c'mon, take it*

*walk through the fire
Bukowski
oob, that hurts so good*

You'll set down your book
and wrap your hand around
your ballpoint pen,
which is almost dripping ink.

Stroke after stroke,
ink flying across
white paper,
you'll pump out a stanza,
take a twenty minute break,
and pump out another.

The next week,
you'll read your poem to
a girl who makes a few
"hmm"s and then
wants to watch TV.

So, you'll start the process
over again
ducking into public libraries
and looking for new poets
to undress.

You'll want to quit,
but you can't stop dreaming
about Dickinson's slender
dashes and Sexton's sexy
confessions.

You'll realize that dead poets
live inside your head,
telling you to write and become
one of them.

You're afraid of death
and being forgotten,
so you'll continue to write,
hoping some future poet
will hate you when you're dead.

Jeremy Ball

Internet

with apologies to Allen Ginsberg

Internet I've downloaded you all and now my hard drive has nothing.
Internet has taken my Visa number — — — 2941.

I can't work out how.

Internet when will we end the connection?

Go unplug yourself with your obsolete modem.

I don't feel like logging on don't ask me.

I won't pay for an upgrade 'til I understand you.

Internet when will you be useful?

When will you say something interesting?

When will you surprise me?

When will you glorify your million porn stars?

Internet why is Google Books full of typos?

Internet when will you ship lives to India?

I'm tired of your constant downloads.

When can I log onto my account and buy what I need with my credit
card?

Internet after all it is you and I who are linked not the next website.

Your surfaces surround me.

You make me want to be somewhere else.

There must be some other way to escape your hold.

Gore is in denial. I don't think he'll claim you back.

Are you being strange or is this your usual behavior?

I'm trying to turn you off.

I refuse to give up on you.

Internet stop the pop-ups I know what I want.

Internet the keys are falling out.

I haven't read the Huffington Post for months, every day newspapers
don't come back.

Internet I feel nauseous about The Daily Show.

Internet I used to watch it online when I was at work

I'm not sorry.

I pee coffee every chance I get.

I slouch in my plastic chair for hours on end and stare at the lines on
the screen.

When I go to lunch I get sandwiches and never get mayo.

My boss is suspicious there's going to be a meeting.

You should have seen me reading his emails.

My avatar thinks he's me.

I won't enter the password.

I have level 80 spells and rusting bloodaxes.

Internet I haven't programmed you to act in this way.

I'm typing in the address.

Are you going to let our night be taken over by Perez Hilton?

I'm obsessed with Perez Hilton.

I read him every day.

His pictures are adorned by captions each time I visit.

I read the website in the basement of my sister's house.

He's always laughing at celebrities.

A-listers are laughing. B-listers are laughing.

Everybody's laughing but me.

It dawns on me that I am the Internet.

I am Googling my name again.

Comcast is raising your prices.

I haven't got the dough.

I'd better reconsider my priorities.

My life consists of 24 ounces of Miller Light, of Camels, of
masturbation, an unread blog that takes minutes to load and
hundreds of hours to digest.

I write nothing about my job nor the dozens of overpaid executives
who live in downtown condos under the UV light of the tanning
store.

I have demolished the wine at corporate parties, retreats are the next
to go.

My ambition is to be CEO despite the fact that I have no MBA.

Internet how can I earn a million dollars in your world?

I will dominate like Mark Zuckerberg my sites are as compelling as
his lawsuits more so they're all different colors.

Internet I will sell you sites \$250,000 apiece, \$50,000 down on your
old site.

Internet free the money.

Internet save my soul.

Internet Craigslist's adult services must not die.

Internet I am Rickrolled.

Internet when I was a kid you did not exist. Mom took me to the park and she pushed me on the swings and it cost nothing and the slides were free for everybody. Sometimes I get sentimental about those days and my childhood friends with whom I do not talk to anymore. Then in the 2000s when I was sincere and wanted to change the world. Facebook made me cry when I saw their faces again. Everybody had grown up.

Internet you don't really want net neutrality.

Internet it's them bad hackers.

Them hackers them hackers and them anarchists. And them hackers.

The hackers want to take our money. The hackers want power.

They want to take our IDs from out of wallets.

One wants my address. One needs my telephone number.

One wants our life stories from college.

They need the bureaucracy to be running the show.

This is no help. Ugh. You enable literacy.

You make us all equal. Hah. You distract us from work sixteen hours a day.

Help.

Internet the message is the medium.

Internet this is the result I get from Wikipedia.

Internet the information doesn't seem correct.

I'd better go back to pen and paper.

It's true I don't want to join MySpace or type 140 characters in cute haiku,

I'm a terrible poet anyway.

Internet I'm putting my shaking hand on the off-switch.

Christopher Linforth

Footnote to File

with apologies to Allen Ginsberg

Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy!
Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy!

The office is holy! The secretary is holy! The 20 lb. paper is holy!
The multi-line telephone is holy! The hold feature and voicemail
and call waiting and conferencing are holy!

Everything is holy! even the janitors are holy! the storage closet is
holy! every day is an eternity! Every clerk's an angel!

The hand stapler's as holy as the Xerox auto-cartridge stapler! The
supply room packing tape as holy and effective as you my
personal desk Scotch tape are holy!

The binder clip is holy the accordion file folder is holy the paper clip
is holy the Xerox X30 electric dual-function two and three hole
punch is holy the operators are holy!

Holy Rich holy Hank holy Jenna holy Emily holy Gianfresco holy
Patrella holy the unknown John Wade, Esq. who works
remotely from home holy the nighttime cleaning crew!

Holy Ron who works in sales! Holy the tape dispensers of the HR
department down the hall!

Holy the groaning printer! Holy the spitting copy machine! Holy the
sorted collated and user title page endowed multi-tasking print
jobs!

Holy the view from the office window of the next building's office
windows! Holy the office kitchen! Holy the gurgling of
individually brewed name brand K-cups of light, medium, or
dark roast coffee or else white, green, or black tea!

Holy the solitary lunch break! Holy the building security personnel!
Holy the five o'clock elevator crush and holy the rotating doors
that spin and ARE spun by the exiting workforce!

Holy Conference Room One holy Conference Room Two holy
Conference Room Three holy Shipping and Supply Room, holy
Copy Room holy Storage Room holy Closed File Room holy
Open File Room!

Holy the morning smoke break holy the office clocks holy the
computer clocks holy the wrist watches holy the cell phones and
holy all things that tell time holy the microwave clock holy
hourly pay!

Holy the commute holy the elevators holy the reception desk holy the
atrium holy the lunch hour holy the executive holy Friday
afternoon!

Holy manila folders! red folders! yellow folders! blue folders! Holy!
Ours! filing! organizing! consulting!

Holy the exactness and efficiency and undeviating punctuality of the
accounting department!

Abraham Schneider

Head to the *Parody* website to witness
Schneider's full poem *File*:
parody.onimpression.com

Contributors

Pamela Arlov loves Halloween. Last year, she dug a shallow grave in her yard and lay in it wrapped like a mummy. As trick-or-treaters passed, she leaped from the grave with a banshee yell. All in good fun, of course, but oddly, few of the tykes made it to her door and she had to eat her candy herself. She plans a repeat performance this year.

Jeremy Ball is a recent college graduate who lives with his parents in the middle of Michigan. In twenty-five years, his remaining student loans will be discharged, and the world will be his oyster, just in time for his mid-life crisis. Until then, he plans to subsist on a steady diet of government cheese and poetry.

Roy Hartwell Bent lives with a large standard poodle named Joe Strummer, who doesn't understand the concept of polishing poems by working on them out loud, and keeps bringing a ball over in the middle of a stanza...

Jerry Bradley is a 65-year-old professor of English living in Beaumont, Texas, but he reads at the level of a 70-year-old. The author of 5 books, he is poetry editor of *Concho River Review*. His latest poetry book, *Crownfeathers and Effigies*, has just been released from Lamar University Press.

Lee Warner Brooks became 80% better by cutting out added sugar 112 years ago. In his lengthy, unhurried career, he has been a Yellow Cab driver, cubicle-dweller at *TV Guide*, litigation lawyer, at-home parent, mule skinner, winner of the Detroit Moth StorySLAM, and author of *Novlets: 67 Sonnets*. He teaches writing at the University of Michigan.

Sarah Cerullo, born-and-raised in the smallest state with the longest name, is working on her first novel. When not hunched over her desk, she can be found suspended from the ceiling learning aerial silks. She lives in New York City and is grateful she doesn't have to drive.

Danny Collier *cluck cluck* Washington, DC *cluck*. *Cluck* MFA *cluck bwock, buckaw*. *Cluck cluck* www.familydictionary.net and *bwock unpubd_poetry* on twitter. *Buckaw, cluck, buckaw buckaw cluck* in such publications as *Cluck Cluck, Buckaw, and Bwock*.

Patrick Cook lives with his wife, Valorie. They are both retired postal workers who live in Grand Rapids, Michigan, which is listed as the 33rd cloudiest city in the United States. This figure is highly suspicious. They believe there is a conspiracy among statisticians to underrate their city, fueled by bribery and corruption on a national scale. They demand an investigation.

You can stalk **Alex Dreppec** in his kitchen in Darmstadt, close to the Frankfurt airport, where he invents salad sauces (e.g., peanut butter warmed to mix it with water, yogurt, coriander powder, lemon juice, salt, pepper, & honey) and fruit salad sauces (e.g., yogurt, grapefruit juice, cardamom powder, shredded coconut, & sweetener). www.dreppec.de/english_dreppec.html

Kristina England lives at Starbucks in Worcester, Massachusetts. If she's not bouncy and energetic when you see her, it's probably because she hasn't had coffee yet, although that's highly unlikely. And while we're at it, she enjoys iced venti toffee nut mochas. Order her one and you'll get best friend status... for about an hour.

Laura Garrison lives in Roanoke, Virginia, with her husband. She admires fireflies, dandelions, and people with beautiful penmanship. Sometimes she wonders if she is just a figment of the Loch Ness Monster's imagination.

Alan Ira Gordon has published extensively in the fields of short fiction and poetry, including science-fiction/fantasy and mainstream genres. He was divinely inspired to write this haiku by the students/"little angels" in the urban planning course that he teaches at a Massachusetts University. He tells us that he has yet to make up his mind as to whether the poem is a tribute or an insult to his students and will eventually settle the issue with a coin toss. Check out a partial list of his other publications at www.alaniragordon.com

Nels Hanson graduated from UC Santa Cruz and the U of Montana. His poem about the hungry shark is from an as-yet-unpublished collection of children's poems, *What the Lizard Said*, which contains the candid statements of 30 different animals who have things on their minds.

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.

On weekends, **A.J. Huffman** can be found cowering in soundproof shadows, chanting happy thoughts, praying the demands of life and family cannot find her.

Tim Laffey is an old guy now. When he was young he wrote some, then got sidetracked. The years passed. He got a city job, got married a bunch and had a kid, who has, herself, had kids. He retired and moved back to the farm with his permanent wife.

Christopher Linforth lingers on the Internet-*christopherlinforth.wordpress.com*- where he now and again updates the stratospheric descent of his writing career.

As a young cowboy in Oklahoma, **R.C. Neighbors** fell in love with a farm girl and won her heart by bidding on her basket at auction. After the death of her other suitor at knifepoint and the judge's acquittal of the cowboy, the couple rode toward the sunset together in a surrey with the fringe on top.

Andrew Sacks lives in the greater L.A. area, in Fontana. He wears many hats (occasionally at the same time): English professor at two local community colleges and a private university; rated chess master; freelance writer with published works both on the game of chess and various other subjects, primarily at www.chessdryad.com and www.angiesdiary.com; humorist who is now concentrating on parodies of well-known poems, poets, and poetic styles.

Abraham Schneider works as an underemployed file clerk in an anonymous office building in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He has felt a spiritual calling to office work ever since he used to scan and file his parents' junk mail as a child.

Noel Sloboda can be found at the mall most weeknights, getting in a little cardio —until mall security kicks him out for giving the mannequins lascivious looks.

Mercedes Webb-Pullman is busy campaigning to have New Zealand declared a metric time zone and moved closer to Canada so the geese don't have so far to travel. She is uneasy about whales watching her on weekends but doesn't mind so much about the seals. Asked for her lucky number, she usually says blue. Her long division skills are legendary, and her mother is a hamster.

—

Starving artist/huge mess **Lee Anna Fitzgerald** currently resides with one foot in Albany, NY and one foot in ☆*:.ο. The City .ο.:*☆. When she is not drawing unsettlingly cute animals, or portraits of persons considerably more successful than her, she can be found molding 5 lb. balls of cheese, or laying out platters of pop-rock oreos. Lee Anna is open for business and you can feed her at LeeAnna.Illustration@gmail.com

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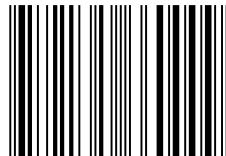
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