



# PARODY

VOLUME 3  
ISSUE 1

# Parody

poetry for the world as it really isn't

April 1, 2014  
Volume 3, Issue 1

All Modern Men are descended from a Wormlike creature but  
it shows more on some people.

– *Will Cuppy*



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## Editor's Note

Where do you want to see poetry?

Would a billboard on your trafficked commute bring a welcome, thoughtful moment to your day, or would it become monotonous and ignored after a few days of exposure? Would you want to smell it at the grocery store as you are picking out a ripe batch of strawberries? Maybe you'd appreciate a morning with the taste of poetry as your cereal reaches the perfect level of soggianness in its milk? Or as your racing heart cheers on the home team, you may welcome the touch of a fast-paced verse. I do enjoy hearing the occasional piece on the radio, but I'm not convinced that we're doing enough.

We should strive to inject more poetry into life. I don't mean to be over proselytizing with my poetry—the goal wouldn't be to force Emily Dickinson on unsuspecting bystanders. Maybe with haiku as a gateway drug, we poets could draw more of our fellow citizens to admire the diversity of poetry. In the tradition of P. T. Barnum and his troupe, we poets have something for everybody.

What is the purpose of advocating for and spreading the good word about poetry? Why should we champion the tradition that is considered an extra step removed from even the most theoretical of academic endeavors? Can poetry fill the grumbling stomach of a forgotten old man? No, but it may prove useful to leverage legislation—in the way that specific wording (and other advertising gimmicks) encourages us to buy more salty snacks and sugary drinks. Maybe we'll interrupt some people on their path to becoming politicians and convince them to aim for a career where they can make a difference.

Collecting these pieces for Parody is one step that I am taking to help maintain a strong culture of poetry among us. Sure, the powers of wordsmithery can be used for good or bad or any other possible direction. I'd like to believe that education and contemplation steer a path toward compassion. Of course, we may never agree on a definition of compassion or a course of action to take in a specific situation, but we need to start the conversation somewhere.

And so I say to you, what will you do with your words?

Where will you bring them?

Mostly Sincerely,  
*The Haikooligan*

## On the Fear of Being Swallowed by Literature

### I

If there is a heaven, it is made of books. It is the hoarding-house of thought made literal. Bookcases, of course, made of books, but also chairs, toilets, windowpanes, and ovens.

There is no cooking in heaven. There is no hunting. What sport with page-bound deer and doves two sheets to the wind?  
My God, even the wind is undulating onion-skin!

From my room, the French window reads *Les Fleurs du Mal* and shows me nothing outside. The world isn't evil, it says. If there is a hell, it's burning us up from below. Every page

will flood with ink till there is nothing left to know. Please take your seat. God's lit the match. Enjoy the show.

### II

Hello out there! I am trapped in the belly of the great whale. The sun shines through his ivory skin. Around me, the ruins

of a dozen ages, shattered marbles, copper in negligee verdigris, and rusting nails from a thousand ships at sea.

But the stomach walls of this beast are blank and hungry. With a flight of quills from a dead albatross

and a generous squid (he, too, wants to leave!), I begin to write:  
*Hello out there! I am trapped in the belly of the great whale.*

*Andrew Kozma*

## **Boston Snapshot**

Late winter Sunday

mid-afternoon

Boston

mostly Cloudy but mild.

Escape artist in front of Faneuil Hall

hangs upside down, bound in straight jacket and ropes

comic banter to entertain crowd

frequent mentions of his tip jar.

At pivotal moment in the routine

shouts are heard off-stage.

Around the corner comes parade of at least a hundred Tibetans

calling for independence

carrying photos of 107 monks

who have self-immolated.

Houdini tells them to be quiet, eliciting laughs from the crowd.

The marchers form a circle in the square, chanting and speaking for  
their cause.

Houdini gets free, after much mock-struggling, to wild applause

then, with feet back on the cobblestones, vents his anger:

"Shut up...go home...you're disrespecting street artists."

Police get between him and several young Tibetan men.

Speeches over, they all march back the way they came

towards, perhaps, the T stop near the site of the Boston Massacre.

Houdini and his helpers pack up their equipment

ready for the next of the day's performances.

*John Roche*



## Now Scheduling Shadow Days

Sign at Luther North High School

If your days are simply too cheery and bright;  
if you're coddling a sunburn;  
if you crave a vestige of your self;  
if your naked hands yearn  
to give themselves over to puppet art;  
if you've a mind to discover  
what evil lurks in the hearts of men;  
if you long to loaf, loiter, or lie in wait;  
if you wish to trail on the sly;  
if you've a need for cool comfort;  
if you love the 5 o'clock hour;  
if you dream of a constant companion;  
if you've an ambition to be your own sundial;  
if you want a respite from clarity,  
we can pencil you in.

*Yvonne Zipter*

## Epistle to a Shadow-Tailed Traveler

Dear squirrel on the sidewalk,  
drawn out like a comma near the Capitol  
Sports Bar and Night Club,  
your head turned as in slumber,  
it seems I may be your only mourner.  
You may have preferred  
your brethren in their furred coats  
to bear your pall.  
But I see no sign  
of their gathering,  
no keening mate  
prostrate at your side,  
not so much as a leafy shroud.  
The sparrows might be supposed  
to contribute a threnody,  
but there is no pitch pipe  
to help them find a note of sadness.  
Let this, then, stand as your obituary.

There is the matter, also, of a eulogy.  
I would deliver myself of it thus:

*Squirrel led a happy life, if all too fleeting.  
A bon vivant, Squirrel loved a fat acorn,  
the thrill of high-wire acrobatics, a good scamper.  
We shall all miss the cautionary flick  
of his ample tail and his nervous chatter  
about the impending approach of Dog.*

*Amen.*

*Yvonne Zipter*

*apologies to E.E.Cummings*

h(a  
do  
g  
ba  
rk  
s)  
ap  
piness

*Simon Mermelstein*

## **We Make Drool**

*with apologies to Gwendolyn Brooks*

*Canis lupus familiaris.*  
*Several at the Golden Kennel.*

We make drool. We  
Pack rule. We

Meet mutts. We  
Sniff butts. We

Chew nails. We  
Chase tails. We

Howl moon. We  
Sit soon.

*Noel Sloboda*

## The Gen-Y Dude to His Friend with Benefits

*with apologies to Christopher Marlowe*

Come hang with me and all my bros —  
we'll grab some brews and Domino's,  
and Netflix *The Avengers* next.  
Later, maybe we can sext.

Ping me and I will ping you back  
a link to my IKEA hack;  
to really show I give a damn,  
I'll even send an Instagram.

What if I get a sweet evite  
to party down on Friday night?  
Then you, my bangable plus-one,  
can watch me playing Temple Run

on my new Android while we eat.  
Next day, I'll write an awesome tweet  
about how you and I should chill  
with Jason, Justin, Josh and Bill.

We'll keep this up a month or two,  
and then, the way girls always do,  
you'll want that *word*. I'll say I've said it  
by sharing clips I find on Reddit,

pretending like I'm all engrossed  
in random Facebook crap you post,  
installing Minecraft on your Dell,  
and texting "Sup?" and "LOL."

But no... you'll say I'm just a stupid  
jerk you met on OKCupid,  
and dump my ass. That's how it goes.  
I'll keep on hanging with my bros.

*Melissa Balmain*

## **The Life & Times (or Action/Adventures) of the Telemarketer and Her Poor Brainwashed and Enraptured Audience**

i wanna  
have sex  
with one  
of those  
very  
driven  
pledge  
drive  
women  
& see  
how truly  
sincere  
& earnest  
she really is  
how far she  
is willing  
to go for  
the cause  
what really  
goes on  
behind  
closed  
doors  
if her  
non-verbals  
& body language  
actually match  
& meet up  
with her  
body language  
non-verbals

how giving  
& generous  
& passionate  
& creative  
or something  
of a control freak  
& has a whole  
list of dos  
& don'ts  
(even  
directions  
& lecture  
right on  
the spot  
if you  
should  
happen  
to take  
chances  
& enter  
into un-  
chart-  
her-  
stare-  
at-  
ya  
how  
neu-  
rotic  
breaks  
down  
to lack  
of erotic  
& episodic  
)guilt &  
conflict  
for being  
neurotic(

hit the road  
& leave  
a check  
on her  
night  
table  
maybe  
a little  
tickler  
or sticky  
on the  
clock-  
radio  
thanking  
her for her  
contribution  
& please  
no need  
to call.

*Joseph Reich*



## Applied Beauty

*with apologies to Gerard Manley Hopkins*

Praise Steve Jobs for Apple-ed things—  
for silver-sleek MacBooks we click with now;  
for iPads, multi-apped, bright-hued and trim;  
for wafer-thin iPhones from where there spring  
virtual assistants that cue and call. How,  
with lowly landlines, did we relate before them?  
Well-celled teens today find phone booths strange.  
Inventions evert the robes of habit and allow  
advancing time, yet all that's new is interim.  
Jobs sired devices wired to change;  
Google him.

*Barbara Lydecker Crane*

## **I Heard a Ringtone**

*with apologies to Emily Dickinson*

I heard a ringtone—when I died  
Aunt Sue was calling Mom.  
My brother Tom was texting Sis  
"Come qkly to the rm."

Sis texted back, then shed a tear  
and searched boneyards.com  
to find my final resting place  
somewhere not far from town.

I willed my iPad, Kindle, phone  
and laptop to my kid—  
unfriended all my Facebook pals  
made my last eBay bid,

Just then the bedside monitor  
began to beep so loud  
and Windows failed, but not before  
it saved me—to the cloud.

*Patrick Cook*

## Suburban Prophet

I was told Rudy used to be the richest man in town  
but was struck by lightning and  
now believes he's Jesus.

I don't think he is.

He doesn't look like Jesus,  
but he does look like he's been struck by lightning.

Usually he is found outside the Woolworths.

His altar:

standing by the benches  
where people eat their bacon sandwiches.

Rudy can be heard

from all over,

calling out

his message.

Mainly consisting of him being Jesus.

I do find it uneasy,

the stereotype

that the only black man in town

thinks he's Jesus.

Or is mentally ill.

Or crazy.

Or bored.

I heard he lives in the underpass by the railroad,  
the one where the street performers play their guitars  
hoping passersby will dispense extra cash  
on the way back  
from the shop.

I don't believe this

since I never see him preaching there

or sleeping.

So that fact doesn't sound like one at all.

What I also don't believe?  
Rudy is Jesus.  
Not because I don't believe in Jesus,  
or a black Jesus,  
like that episode of *Good Times*.  
Rudy probably would have thought that was Dyn-O-Mite.  
I just can't picture Jesus hollering to the skies  
declaring himself Jesus.

That said, I haven't met a person who doesn't like Rudy.  
Someone is always giving him a cigarette  
or talking to him.  
I never see people give him food,  
so maybe he does have money.  
Though, I think if he did have money,  
he could afford to buy some shoes.

I suppose Jesus didn't wear shoes either.  
And I don't recall him having money.  
Though, I do remember once, Rudy said he was going to make it  
rain.  
I didn't believe him,  
but, at that moment, it did.  
The clouds had been out all day,  
so I guess the probability was strong  
that it would rain,  
but it was still unnerving.

If he really did get struck by lightning,  
perhaps he has some connection with the weather.  
Jesus was able to calm a storm.  
Maybe Rudy was the cause of his own lightning strike.  
He did it to himself,  
not having enough control  
over his powers.  
That is another reason I don't believe he's Jesus.

*Adam Solomon*

## The Future is Nebulous

Why should we do anything for posterity? What has posterity ever done for us?

Joseph Addison

Why should I care, father said,  
for the future? What has the future  
done for me, except kept me waiting?  
The future is always tomorrow,  
and yet it never comes. It's like  
the horizon, you never get there.  
You can't sneak up on it. I'm  
a prisoner of time. Maybe,  
I'm being selfish, but I find  
if I take care of the present,  
then the future takes care of itself.  
The future is more yours than mine.  
You're younger. Therefore, you  
have a better chance of seeing it  
at work. By the time the future arrives,  
I'll be dead. That's why I hang on  
to the past as long as I can. You  
see this hat. I've been wearing it  
the last twenty years. Will I be  
wearing it the next twenty? I  
doubt it. I'll probably misplace it.  
The mind plays tricks on you.  
You think it's operating at  
one hundred percent capacity.  
But it gets as old as the body.

*Hal Sirowitz*

## The English Version

I don't hold with bilingualism. English was good enough for  
Jesus Christ.

Ralph Melnyk

If God wanted you to read  
the Ten Commandments  
in Spanish, father said, don't  
you think He would have written  
them in that language? Then why  
are you studying a foreign language?  
He chose to write them in English,  
according to Hollywood, and they're  
never wrong about matters like this.  
The film companies have big lawyers  
representing them. They don't make  
a move without getting advice first  
from their lawyers. Jesus Christ also  
speaks in English. In the old days He  
used to speak in Latin, but that caused  
church goers to stay away. Why pray  
to God, if you have to get your prayer  
translated first? That involves middlemen.  
That's why you should be so happy  
you were born a Jew. Because bad  
things were said about us as a people  
no one wants to be our middleman,  
step between us, because  
his back will be exposed.

*Hal Sirowitz*

**Composed On Westminster Bridge: by a Bobbingnagian Barbarian**

*with apologies to William Wordsworth*

Earth has a lot of things more fair than this:  
the dull, gray palace of Westminster lies  
with pointy Gothic spires that touch the skies;  
the city is abuzz with busyness;  
red double-decker buses pass and hiss,  
as thousands move about; Big Ben does rise  
above the milling crowds' hoots, hails, and cries;  
boats clip along beneath the greenish bridge.  
There are a few green trees beside the Thames,  
but very few, whereas the bridge itself  
is thick with traffic. Here aren't any gems,  
just Lilliputian toys upon a shelf.  
And there beneath this city's garment's hems,  
and hahs! the river sludges on, gray elf.

*Wil E. C. Ruwe Blade*

## The Deserted Amusement

*with a nod to William Carlos Williams*

Forgetting is a kind  
    of choice , although  
        it occurs in the dimness  
of an aniline past.  
    It is like standing interjurisdictional  
        between Juarez  
and El Paso, two choices  
    with a third,  
        the water below.  
Flossie is on one side,  
    floozy the other.  
        That which we were meant  
to suffer we already have, and those miseries  
    have been witnessed  
        by the vulgar moon  
as was the crooked flower  
    which calls this climate  
        its own.  
If a man chooses according to his need,  
    he will not choose.  
        Rather he will sit  
mid-bridge  
    with a margarita and think  
        of music, of home, saddening New Jersey.

*Jerry Bradley*



## Masochist Marsh

Mostly miraculous masochist malarkey:  
many mud masochists move marshward merrily.  
Mesmerized murmuring masochist masses  
meet macerating mud, moonlight morasses,  
mossiest, messiest moorland mud meets  
mistiest, muggiest murks, millipedes.  
Mizzle, muck, mandrake, mash, maggots make muddle.  
Many mosquito murks move, mollycoddle  
masochists, milk-marinated membranes,  
masochists' merriest mania maintains.  
Mosquitos munch masochists' man-made mojito,  
making masochists moan, "mosquito, mosquito!"

*Alex Dreppec*

## **Courage (or Foxhole's Morale)**

Here we go!

Here we go!

Here uue go!

Here ueu go!

Here yeu go!

Here you go!

*Daniel Schall*

## Elocutionary Advice

You might engage your jowls  
To gather round your vowels.  
And consonants slide better  
With lips a little wetter.

*James B. Nicola*

## Dark Matter Dark Mind

As galaxies outwardly swing,  
The mystery mass is the thing:  
They thought it was gravity  
But all is a cavity—  
So physics was left holding strings.

*Peter Venable*

## **I Want an Explanation**

from the manufacturer of my maxi pad.  
I want to talk to whoever is in charge, ask him  
to explain the logic behind the blue-ink diagram  
they printed down its center. It reminds me  
of an airport runway. I am surprised it doesn't flash  
as it directs my flow to the newly designated  
"bleed here" zone. I want to let him know  
that my vagina does not read, so his elementary  
instructions are both pointless and annoying,  
but that he does not have to worry,  
because we've been managing just fine  
without them for years.

*A.J. Huffman*

## The Opossum Takes a Bow

The actor's actor  
I've been called  
by hungry critics  
quite enthralled  
at how I drop and  
seem quite dead,  
then rise again  
and live instead.

I've learned to act  
and not to run  
or turn and fight  
the stronger one.  
I've found it often  
more than smart  
to act, pretend,  
to play a part

even if the part's  
a corpse.  
Soon predators  
grow very hoarse:  
They growl and bark  
and plead to know  
if I'm deceased  
or breathing slow,

if what they sniff  
is living stuff  
and not some old thing  
dry and tough.  
I close my eyes  
and lie so still  
apparently quite  
more than ill,

until I'm sure  
my enemy  
has wandered off  
to scratch a flea.  
Once more I've died  
and lived again,  
a part not written  
with a pen,

a play no famous  
writer wrote  
with lines no handsome  
actor spoke.  
When someone says  
the word "Opossum"  
he thinks of something  
odd, not awesome,

though what is stranger  
than to sleep  
while foreign noses  
make their sweep,  
then wake up new  
and bright and fresh,  
a soul still living  
in the flesh?

*Nels Hanson*

## Giraffes

Did  
you  
know  
giraffes  
don't  
have  
vocal  
cords?  
That's  
why  
their  
necks  
are so  
long.  
All the  
words  
they  
can't  
say  
pile up—  
one  
on  
top  
of  
the  
other.

*Bradley K. Meyer*

## **Hanging Low**

When the cow  
jumped over the moon,  
her milking  
dropped in production.

When we looked  
we saw that it was  
a case of  
udder destruction.

*Richard B. Grenell*



## Quite a Combination

Psychiatry was Joe's degree.  
He cared for mental ills.  
His brother Bob took on the job  
of rectal pains and pills.

They leased a shop. No sign on top  
to state their business blends.  
With eyes aglow, Bob said to Joe,  
"Let's call it odds & ends"

*Richard B. Grenell*

**Dickinson 249.2**

*with apologies to Emily*

Flannel sheets — Flannel sheets!  
I'll sleep on Thee!  
Your high thread count  
Such luxury!

Futile — the winds —  
That Blow in the Dark —  
Abandon cold Percale  
For your gentle Warmth!

Sleeping in Eden —  
I Dream of warm Seas!  
The frost will not touch me  
Caressed by Thee!

*Marianne Gambaro*

## When I Refused to Ride with Death

*with apologies to Emily*

When I refused to ride with Death  
He tied my hands and feet,  
Then tossed me in with some poor guy  
He'd grabbed up off the street.

Oh, what a hurry he was in!  
He slammed it to the floor.  
We sat in wide-eyed, abject fear,  
Each clinging to a door.

While whizzing past the school, we saw  
The children run and play.  
We passed the fields where tractors hummed  
On this, our judgment day.

We captives introduced ourselves,  
Shook hands, and sadly talked.  
When Death heard unfamiliar names,  
He gasped, slowed down, and balked.

He made a sudden stop beside  
A swelling of the ground.  
He scratched his head, he murmured low,  
And then he turned around.

" 'Tis centuries until your time!  
I've made a grave mistake.  
Seems I misread the pick-up sheet.  
You're free, for goodness sake!"

*Janice Canerdy*

## Contributors

**Melissa Balmain** edits *Light*, an online journal of light verse. She teaches at the University of Rochester and lives nearby with her husband and two children. Her forthcoming poetry collection, *Walking in on People*, was chosen by X.J. Kennedy as the winner of the 2013 Able Muse Book Award. She hopes its title won't discourage people from having her as a houseguest. Find her online at [www.melissabalmain.com](http://www.melissabalmain.com) and *Light* at [www.lightpoetrymagazine.com](http://www.lightpoetrymagazine.com).

**Wil E. C. Ruse Blade** is a swashbuckler and pompous ass fond of Mozart, Brit Lit, and esoteric writers like Wilude Scabere and Beau Ecs Wilder. His literary influences include, *inter alia*, Baron von Münchhausen, 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> century hermeticists, T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Wile E. Coyote, and The Road Runner.

**Jerry Bradley** is a 65-year-old English professor in Texas, but he reads at a 74-year-old level. He has published in *Poetry Magazine* and *Modern Poetry Studies*. His latest poetry book, *Crownfeathers and Effigies*, is available from Lamar University Press. Find him online at [www.jerrybradley.net](http://www.jerrybradley.net).

**Janice Canerdy** is a retired high school English teacher from Potts Camp, Mississippi, who cares for her grandchildren. Her poems have appeared in *The Lyric*, *Bitterroot*, *The Road Not Taken*, *The Mississippi Poetry Society Journal*, *Lucid Rhythms*, and *Encore*, the journal of the National Federation of State Poetry Societies.

**Patrick Cook** used to work for the post office. Nothing so glamorous as carrying mail or serving customers at the window. No, he drove the forklift on the loading dock, emptied elevators, sorted letter trays. The mundane nature of the work is what inspired him to write poetry. It's the same instinct that drives a prisoner to cultivate a flower. Of course, parodies are a fairly low form of poetry, but who cares?

A former quilt artist, **Barbara Lydecker Crane** of Somerville, MA, created fabric landscapes now in private, public and museum collections. The winner of the 2011 Helen Schaible Sonnet Contest, she has published two chapbooks: *Zero Gravitas* (White Violet Press, 2012) and *ALPHABETRICKS* (for children, Daffydowndilly Press, 2013). As a quiltermaker, her income was pretty paltry; now, as a poet, it's positively puny. Fortunately her husband is gainfully employed.

**Alex Dreppec** occasionally copies additional unacceptable nonsense poems like "Early Earthenware" (Earthman's early / earthenware's earliness / earns earnestness, / Earnie, earnestness.) or "Eunuch's Eulogy" (Eunuch Eugene's / euphonious eulogy: / Eugene eulogizes / euphemistically.) into what is supposed to be his bio, hoping the editors won't notice. [http://www.dreppec.de/english/\\_dreppec.html](http://www.dreppec.de/english/_dreppec.html)

An escapee from New Jersey, **Marianne Gambaro** resides in Belchertown, MA, with her talented photographer-husband and three feline critics. Publications which, during a momentary lapse in judgment, have printed her poems include *The Aureorean*, *Oberon Poetry Magazine*, *Pirene's Fountain*, *Avocet Journal*, *Lucidity*, and *The Naugatuck River Review*.

**Richard B. Grenell.** Born in Minneapolis. Grew up in Robbinsdale, MN. B.A. in Sacred Music, Bob Jones University, Greenville, SC. M.A. in Theology, American Baptist Seminary, Berkeley, CA. Senior Pastor for 54 years. Poet since 1945. Currently: Church Pianist and Bible Teacher.

**Nels Hanson** has known admirable and gifted opossums in four western states.

**A.J. Huffman** has published six solo chapbooks and one joint chapbook through various small presses. She is a Pushcart nominee, and the winner of the 2012 Promise of Light Haiku Contest. Her poetry, fiction, and haiku have appeared in hundreds of national and international journals, including *Labletter*, *The James Dickey Review*, *Bone Orchard*, *EgoPHobia*, *Kritya*, and *Offerta Speciale*, in which her work appeared in both English and Italian translation. She is also the founding editor of Kind of a Hurricane Press. [www.kindofahurricanepress.com](http://www.kindofahurricanepress.com)

**Andrew Kozma's** poems have infiltrated the pages of *Blackbird*, *Cave Wall*, *Water-Stone Review*, and *Subtropics*. His childhood make-believe book of poems, *City of Regret*, won the Zone 3 First Book Award in 2007. It has only recently been revealed that instead of a person, he is a dictionary trying to redefine itself, which makes it hard to get restaurant reservations.

Higgeldy Piggeldy	Submitted something to	( <i>Zero One: Poems for</i>
<b>Simon J. Mermelstein's</b>	<i>Parody Poetry</i>	<i>Humans</i> , his chapbook
bio in threehundredfifty	<i>Journal</i> , who published it.	"available" now from
or less:	Yay for success!	Zetataurus Press).

**Bradley K Meyer** writes from Dayton, Ohio. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Hobo Pancakes*, *Samizdat*, *Right Hand Pointing* and others. He released his debut chapbook, *Hotel Room* (Vostok East Press, 2013), last September. His favorite animal is the Virginia opossum.

**James B. Nicola** has had over 400 poems published in sundry periodicals (including this one, where he received one of his two Pushcart nominations). A Yale grad and stage director by profession, his book *Playing the Audience* won a Choice Award. As a poet, he also won the Dana Literary Award and a People's Choice award (from *Storyteller*), was nominated for a Rhysling Award, and was featured poet at *New Formalist*. His children's musical *Chimes: A Christmas Vaudeville* premiered in Fairbanks, Alaska—with Santa Claus in attendance opening night.

**Joseph Reich** is still trying to prove he exists. His work has appeared in multiple literary journals both here and abroad from poetry to philosophy to cultural studies and his books include: *A Different Sort Of Distance* (Skive Magazine), *If I Told You To Jump Off The Brooklyn Bridge* (Flutter), *Pain Diary: Working Methadone* & *The Life & Times Of The Man Sawed In Half* (Brick Road Poetry Press), *Drugstore Sushi* (Thunderclap Press), *The Derivation Of Cowboys & Indians* (Fomite), *The Housing Market: a comfortable place to jump off the end of the world* (Fomite), *The Hole That Runs Through Utopia* (Fomite).

**John Roche** is an Associate Professor in the English Department at Rochester Institute of Technology. Three of his poetry collections, *The Joe Poems* (2012), *Topicalities* (2008), and *On Conesus* (2005), are available from Foothills Publishing, and *Road Ghosts* (2011), published by theenk Books, is available at *SPDBooks.org*. He has also edited several anthologies. He has appeared in numerous magazines, including *Malpais Review*, *Adobe Walls*, *Yellow Medicine Review*, *Rootdrinker*, *House Organ*, *Big Bridge*, and *The Woodstock Journal*. He is currently editing an anthology of poems about the mythic Joe the Poet for Beatlick Press, Albuquerque.

**Daniel Schall** is a poet and teacher from Philadelphia, the City of Loverly Broth. He enjoys reading poems from drunk people and researching Bigfoot footage online. He is obsessed with pizza flavored Goldfish crackers, semiotics, breaking the rule of three, and promoting *Obsession Literary Magazine*, online at [www.obsessionlitmag.com](http://www.obsessionlitmag.com). He has a short attention span and...hang on, I have to take this.

**Hal Sirowitz** is the co-winner of the NoirCon 2012 Poetry Contest, selected by Robert Polito. He has poems in the new anthology, *New America: Contemporary Literature for a Changing Society*, published by Autumn House Press.

**Noel Sloboda** usually only drools in his sleep. While awake, he tries very hard (and sometimes successfully) to keep his mouth shut and his saliva to himself. However, he does like to share his poetry. He has recently done so in the collection *Our Rarer Monsters* (sunnyoutside, 2013).

**Adam Solomon** continues to live on the cusp of the DC Metro region. He also continues to write and continues to hope it is entertaining. Adam also continues to wish he had something more interesting to say.

**Peter Venable** has been published in several journals and wrote three volumes of unpublished chapbooks. His wry sense of humor was honed by the good-natured, humorous, and playful men in his family. One of them was his grandpa, who would bewilder Peter with the disappearing-false-teeth illusion. When Grandpa would tempt him with, "Bet you can't bite my thumb," Peter wound up with a red pepper in his incisors.

**Yvonne Zipter** is author of the chapbook *Like Some Bookie God*, the full-length collection *The Patience of Metal*, and two nonfiction books: *Diamonds Are a Dyke's Best Friend* and *Ransacking the Closet* (humorous essays). Her poems have appeared in numerous anthologies and periodicals, including *Poetry* and *Southern Humanities Review*. Her sense of humor's been kept up by her hilarious partner Kathy (soon to be spouse) and a succession of goofy rescued greyhounds.

—

**Anna Hope** hopes to see pyramids levitate in her lifetime. Or maybe just people. Between bathroom breaks and naps, most of her Waking Life is given to people, art appreciation, and diving into conceptual rabbit holes. In this appearance, she is Caucasian, has ovaries and resides in Rochester, NY.

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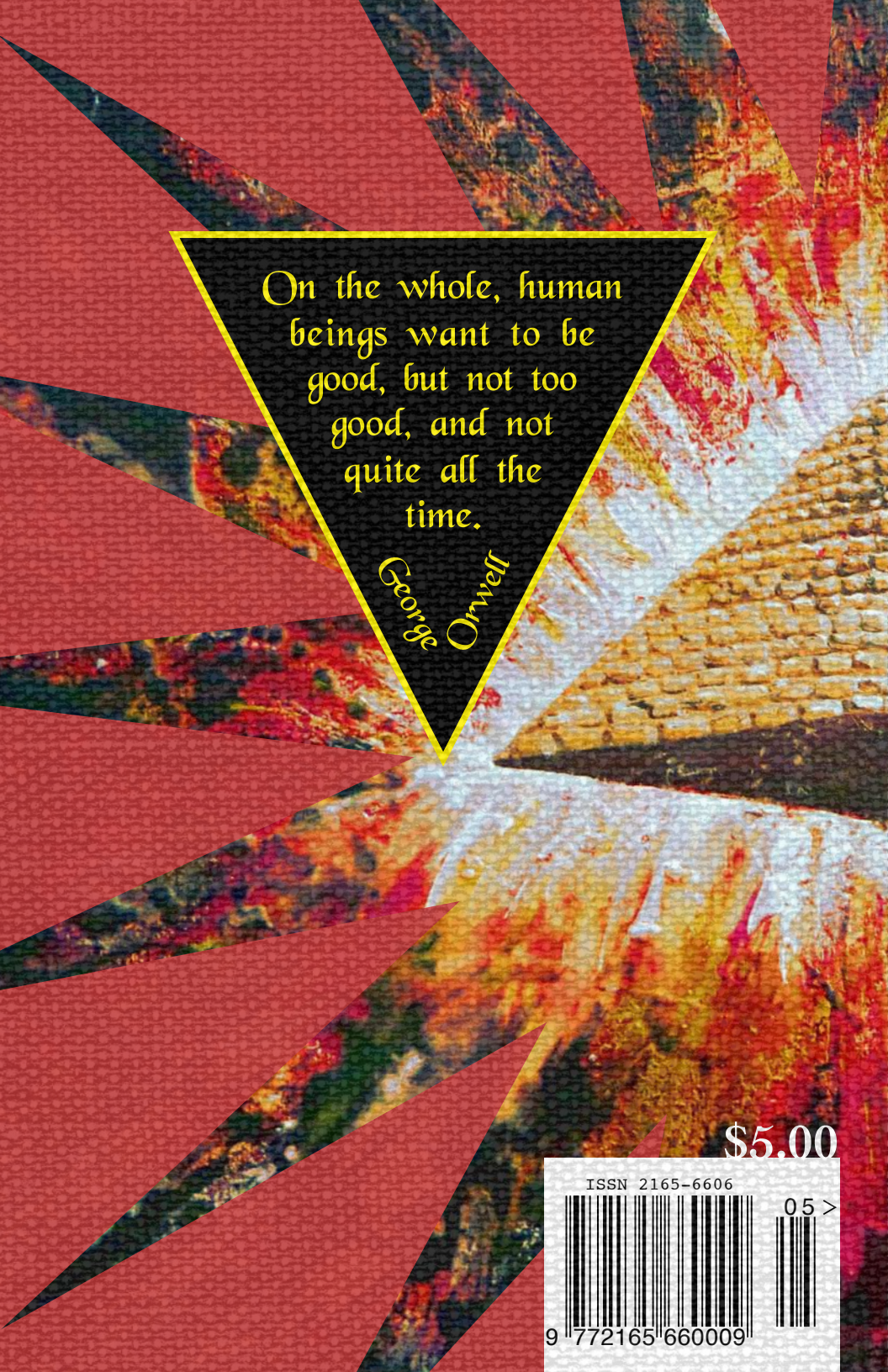
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