

PARODY



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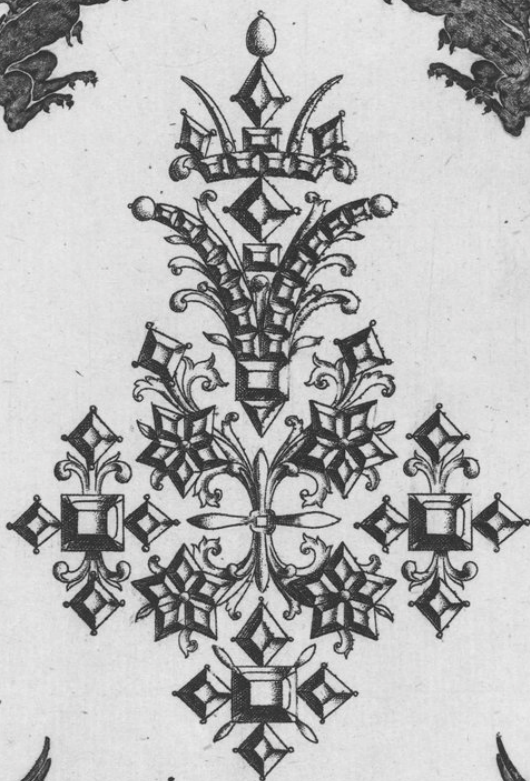
Parody

poetry for the world as it really isn't

October 31, 2014
Volume 3, Issue 2

We write in competition with the dead for the attention of the unborn.

– *Gary Young*



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Editor in Chief

The Haikooligan

O Captain My Captain

Brian Garrison

Commander of Design

Sopphey Vance

Cover Art

Sam Milham

The Image to Your Left

Daniel Magnot (1596)

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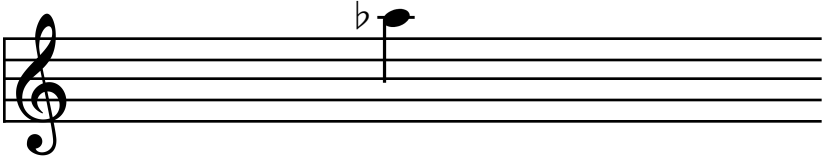
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Editor's Note



Mostly Sincerely,
The Haikooligan

Playing with Words on a Sunny Evening

with apologies to Robert Frost

Whose words these were I think you know
His bones are in the graveyard, though
He will not mind me playing here
To give his words a novel glow

A lot of folks might think it queer
To change a work that they revere
But I've no task to undertake
This longest evening of the year

They'd give their little heads a shake
And ask if this was some piss-take
But I would claim, although it's cheap
A parody's no piece of cake

His words are lovely, dark and deep
And thus respect will always reap
So Robert Frost in peace can sleep
So Robert Frost in peace can sleep

Roger Berry

Khaleesi Says

Game of Thrones

In this story, she is fire-born:
knee-deep in the shuddering world.

In this story, she knows no fear,
for what is fractured is a near-bitten star,
a false-bearing tree,
or a dishonest wind.

In this story, fear is a house gone dry.
Fear is *not* being a woman.

I'm no ordinary woman, she says.
My dreams come true.

And she says and she is
and I say, *yes, give me that*.

Leah Umansky

For Robert Baratheon

with apologies to Leah Umansky

In this story, he is always bored
three-sheets and chasing girls.

In this story, he is no deer
but a stag, hunting boars and fucking whores
and his wish
is our command.

In this story, mead is in constant supply.
Mead is *not* going to run out any time soon.

We've been sitting here for days! he says
Start the damn joust before I piss myself...

And they do, and he doesn't
and I say, *yes, give me that.*

Simon Mermelstein

Twenty Minutes in the Shower with a Migraine

and my mind turns to 'serpentine.'
That is to say that I begin mulling
over the origins and uses of the word
rather than my brain becoming snakelike.
But my mind has been rather serpentine
now that I think of it, weaving through
the crabgrass of my subconscious,
darting from birth dates to the circumstances
of my latest speeding ticket to recipes
I've dog-eared that I would love my
fiancée to experiment with.

But what
I'm really interested in is why the makers
of language, whoever they may be —
I imagine spectacled cavemen pointing
at daisies and mimicking thrushes
while bigger caveman do useful
things like spear deer or crush gravel —
decided we needed a word for something
that resembles a snake in physical
attribute or cunning. Why not another
animal?

I believe us as humans kill
many more things before it has spent
its usefulness than there are windy,
twisty things; we abandon dreams
and responsibilities at the first sign
of a flaw with the same destructive
impulsivity as firing buckshot into
something that broke its leg. So it stands
to reason that they should have come up
with a word to describe something that

resembles a horse long ago. That music
career of yours sure was horselike.
One bad gig in Houston and you
sent it to the farm. Sure there is 'squirrely'
and 'ducky' and 'mousey' but the simply
addition of the letter 'y' to the animal
name displays an inherent laziness
that, I believe, retracts from the
word's effectiveness.

The problem
with the word 'jackass' isn't that
it's the wrong animal to describe
someone that lacks intelligence. It's
the insistence on the name-caller's
part that this person is a jackass.
The metaphorical use of the animal
is so easily refuted that the intended
effect oftentimes rolls off the person's
back, so to speak. Well, I do not have hoofs
and I am not carrying large bales
of hay and water over my back,
therefore I must not be stupid or stubborn.
But an adjective like 'jackassentine'
would surely do the trick. I'm not
saying that you are a jackass, just
that you resemble the animal
in demeanor and idiocy.

David Walker

Kubla Can't

with a nod to Samuel Taylor Coleridge

If Kubla Khan did currently
his stately pleasure dome decree,
he'd first need to get permission
from the planning board commission;
and only if his building specs
had all been duly scanned and checked,
and sent out for neighborhood review,
to the City Clerk of Xanadu.
Still—he'd run afoul of codes
that set the arches' max stress loads;
the caves of ice would have to go—
not ecological, you know.
And as for "deep romantic chasm,"
unless it's wetlands, no one has 'em!
He'd be lucky to build at all
near anything alluvial,
what with riparian set-backs,
he'd never get his cul-de-sac
near any "sacred river." Ha!
Much less a sex basilica!
"He wants a pleasure dome? Good lord!"
protest the neighbors and school boards,
"There's zoning laws for porno sites!"
Fat chance he'd ever get the right
to build on ground where children gather;
a "lofty" plan would fare no better:
he'd find out there's no "laissez faire"
if he tried to build the dome in air!
He's drunk on milk of Paradise,
but our zoning board will set him right.

Catherine McGuire

To a Child First Seeing Epcot Center

with apologies to Joyce Kilmer

This stuff that we at Disney see
is really nothing like a tree.

That plastic palm with leaves impressed
now slouched on Earth's extruded breast,

has nuts of fuzzy shredded foam
recycled of milk jugs from home.

To save from raking, mulch and spray,
they've circumvented Nature's way.

They've fashioned dummies, "Ever-Wear":
a laurel with spun-acrylic hair,

and birch with polyester grain,
and oak that never needed rain.

Hollywood's great, but believe you me —
only God can make a tree.

And Disney's park will ever be —
just like this poem — a parody.

Catherine McGuire

Ayyy!

at my funeral
i want it to be
something like
a theme funeral
like maybe an
all pirate funeral
and everyone's
gotta dress like
a pirate or slut
or fare maiden
and use those
pirate and slut
and fare maiden
accents gotta
get really loud
and raucous
off some real
poor rotgut
whiskey
maybe
a fight
or two
break out
and decide
whether to bury
or forget to bury
my ass every
one drive home
drunk as skunks
every man for himself
still in their eye patches
and pirate costumes

have to not be a
total asshole or
grownup and
drive home
within the
speed limit
so the only
ones if they're
idiots take out
themselves
and then like
some absurd
and psychotic
surreal chain
letter chain
of command
have another
one with a
similar like
theme maybe
perhaps more
appropriately
something
like super
heroes

Joseph Reich

Episode Zero

one day the whole
world's gonna just
explode and it's
gonna all be i mean
we're all gonna be
on a big flatscreen t.v.
all perfectly prepackaged
and wrapped up in a box
sticking out of a shopping
cart pushed by a big piece
of white trash at walmart...

Joseph Reich

We are Really Cool

with apologies to Gwendolyn Brooks

The Polo Players

Seven at the International Polo Club Palm Beach.

We're really cool. We're
going to Stanford. We

go to bed pretty early. We
are heteronormative. We

sing barbershop quartet songs. We
drink vermouth. We

like Michael Bublé. We'll
live to be probably about 80.

Ron Riecki

Likest Thou My Facebook Post?

Remember now, while resting in thine seat,
How friends who hath the fame of being true
Inform themselves of what their friend doth eat
And sundry other things that friend might do.
Perforce thou needest soon that "Like" to click
If in thee doth a mote of mercy live.
For seconds, as if swords, my heart now prick
Whilst wait I for what's only thine to give —
A "Like" to say thy care for me is great,
As care that hath a holy man for God,
When showing care of thine for my update
By clicking that's akin to heads that nod.
 If likest thou not my new Facebook post,
 Of myself, anon, I'll make a ghastly ghost.

Paul Burgess

Washer

If Lady Macbeth had the advantage of an automatic washing machine
How different the Scottish play would have been.
There would have been no need to consult witches on the brew
Required to remove stubborn blood stains and make a kirtle new.
The Chamberlains could have been framed for Duncan's murder,
Hands washed and clothes round the washer without a murmur.
No nightmares on the battlements, or falling out with Banquo
Just watch the drum of fabrics swashing to and fro.
Macbeth could load the drum or his good lady,
Then relax with a glass of wine and not look quite so shady.
Perhaps a rub with soap or a biological detergent
Would stop MacDuff returning from exile resurgent.
It is a shame that Glamis, or Cawdor there might be
Didn't have a washer from Amazon or Curries.
So the Lady wrings her hands at some imagined blood clot,
Sleepwalking to the bitter end with, "Out, out damn spot!"

Clint Wastling

Little boy blue with paper and glue,
Built a Möbius horn though derided.
 Then under the moon
 He tried to play tunes
But his notes were all flat and one-sided.

Wesley Rogers

Haiku Entitled:
Haiku that is also a
Title. — *Wheeler Light*

Worst Fig

with apologies to Edna St. Vincent Millay

My popsicle melts at both ends;
It will not last till noon;
But on my toes and on my friends—
It drips a bold maroon!

Laura Garrison

Elizabeth II

British Bessie number two—
What does her Royal Highness do?
Despite the glory that she hogs,
She mostly plays with Corgi dogs.

Paul Burgess

Kate Middleton

Irrelevant Miss Princess Kate
Arrived a couple cent'ries late.
Her only duty, she'd confess,
Is occupying England's press.

Paul Burgess

The Passionate Playboy to His Prey of the Week

with apologies to Christopher Marlowe

Come on and be my part-time love,
And we'll make life a pleasure groove.
We'll sit on hills and meditate.
Come on and be my part-time mate.

And we will run upon the sand
On all the beaches hand in hand.
We'll lie half naked in the sun,
Swill booze, and have all kinds of fun.

You'll really love my waterbed.
We'll have a blast. Who needs to wed?
We'll plant some flowers. For beauty? Nope!
They'll serve to camouflage our dope.

A gown from Frederick's, lady fair,
So sheer you'll wonder if it's there —
Of joys like these you'll have your pick.
Come on and be my part-time chick.

We'll have the gang in this weekend.
I'll let you swing with my best friend.
I offer wondrous joys to you
Don't break my heart; say not "adieu"!

Janice Canerdy

Prey of the Week's Reply to the Passionate Playboy

with apologies to Sir Walter Raleigh

If all the world and love were young
And truth in any playboy's tongue,
These shallow vows would not me move
To come and be your part-time love.

I'm in no shape to jog or run,
and spacing out is not much fun.
Skin cancer's such a threat, you know.
The beach is not the place to go.

I've no desire to float half-crazed
With a playboy bleary-eyed and dazed
Who goes through fifty girls a year
And spends his weekends steeped in beer.

You plan to share me with your friend?
Your generosity knows no end!
Your rotten ideas really stink.
I recommend you see a shrink.

Janice Canerdy

To Urchins, to Clean Up your Grime

apologies to Robert Herrick

Gather your clothes, Bud, while you may;
You'd better start complying.
And do it now or there's hell to pay —
Tonight you'll be a-crying.

Your furious Grampa Kevin, son,
Is tired from his betting,
And soon the last race will be run,
And home he'll be a-getting.

His rage, no question, is the worst
When his nag's a poor performer;
He's hot to vent, and should he burst
Your hide will soon be warmer.

So clean up toys; I'll hide the wine;
Let's hope it's not too scary;
Remember, once, you crossed the line;
Now be forever wary.

Christopher Scribner

The Present

On a cold white Christmas long ago
A friend gave me a present.
Ooh and Ahh I told him then,
"How kind, how sweet, how pleasant."

At once I started on my scheme
To pass the present on.
I had no use for this old junk
And it didn't take me long.

So soon I found my lucky chance
and gave it to a friend.
I thought I'd seen the last of it,
And that had been the end.

But little did I know it then
My friend would follow suit
And soon the gift was sent again
Along its merry route.

Round and round the present went
Passed along the chain,
Of family, friends, acquaintances
And back to me again!

Anita Haas

Rigs of the Time

It's no wonder that butter's
a shilling the pound
seeing the rich farmers' daughters
how they ride up and down.
When you ask them the reason
they cry "Oh, alas!
There's a war on in France
and the cows have no grass!"
Singing "Honesty's all out of fashion!"
Oh these are the rigs of the time, time, me boys!
These are the rigs of the time!

It's of an old butcher
I must bring him in
charge three shillings a pound
and he thinks it's no sin
puts his thumb on the scales
and he makes 'em go down
and he says it's good weight
though it wants half a pound!
Singing "Honesty's all out of fashion!"
Oh these are the rigs of the time, time, me boys!
These are the rigs of the time!

Traditional

Rigs of the Time (cont.)

The next is the Republican
I must bring him in
He writes laws for the rich
and he thinks it's no sin!
His love for our freedom
he'll loudly avow
Then it's "Up yer skirts, lassies,
here comes the law now!"
Singing "Honesty's all out of fashion!"
Oh these are the rigs of the time, time, me boys!
These are the rigs of the time!

The next is the Democrat
I must bring him in
He goes where the wind blows
and he thinks it's no sin!
He's proud to exclude
all the racists and cranks
but he still takes his cue
from oil drillers and banks!
Singing "Honesty's all out of fashion!"
Oh these are the rigs of the time, time, me boys!
These are the rigs of the time!

It's no wonder that butter's a shilling the pound...

Jeremy Cantor

Abysmal Abbot

Abbot Adam, an adamant activist,
antichrist's avid antagonist,
acclaimed as attaining advanced abstention,
absorbed an assistant's abject attention:
Anthony, adept, adolescent,
accepted apparent abasement.
Abbot Adam arranged an assignation,
announced anodyne alcoholization:
"Alcoholic availability!
Assistant, apprentice, activity!"
Anthony – addled, aggrieved and
adaptable – affirmed agreement,
arranging apt availabilities.
Adam absorbed absinthe avidly.
Alcoholized Adam articulated:
"Accursed abnegation, abominated!"
Adam's abject, abyssal allusion:
"Adolescence assures absolution!"
Awaiting amorous activity,
adrenalin addled Anthony.
Adam added: "Adonis, abnegate
abnegation, avidly anticipate
appealing, alluring affinity,
alertly amusing abdominally!",
- "Appealing? Appalling abominably!"
affirmed Anthony accusatorially.
Abbot Adam announced: "Apt assistant!
Act, arrange abbot's anal amusement!"
Anthony, accusatorial: "Apery!
Alcohol adder, apocalypse apogee!
Anal attacks? Against any agreement!
Adipose ape, antic accompaniment!
Atrocious anaconda, alas and alack!"
Amok: an aflamed absinthe attack
assassinated Adam absolutely.
"Alleluia" articulated Anthony.

Alex Dreppec

Spicy Stuff

Sophie, savory seductress,
serving salty slinky sweetness,
startling starters sensitize,
sensational soup sips surprise
starved sybaritic sickos soon.
Some sybaritic sickos swoon.
Stonking scuffles, screwball's swag:
snappy, snazzy, stewing stag.
Salsa sagas, soup spoons splash,
steamed swede, smashing squashes smash,
sirloin, sliced skillfully,
sage sage, spearmint, savory,
sour sorrel, sweet sensation,
spicy snapper's scintillation,
sashimi supernovas sate
sinner-spinners, saturate,
saffron salmon, stylish seafish,
succulent satay's scent, spuds swish.
Splendid spicy scallops steam,
sizzled, spattered sinners scream:
"Sophie, savvy sorceress,
sacramental scrumptiousness".
Scintillating secrecy:
stoolies sigh submissively.
Sweet, sagacious, salty Sophie,
slyly serving slinky slurpie,
sainted Sophie, sickos sigh,
scream "salvation," sanctify,
say "Salaam, side salad, seafood",
solemnizing Sophie's sainthood.
Splendiferous satiety,
sinners snore sedately.

Alex Dreppec

The Salsa

with apologies to William Blake

Salsa Salsa, burning bright,
In the dip bowls of the night;
What dark maw or grim abyss
Could meet thy fearful zestiness?

On what distant hill or plain
Grew your peppers so insane?
Beneath what sun did they perspire?
What demon filled them with such fire?

What gloved hands & what stout heart
Could tear these vile fruits apart
And simmer them at the full moon?
What dread pot? & What dread spoon?

What the recipe? What wife,
In what kitchen gave thee life?
What container? What dread nerve,
Dare thy deadly bite preserve?

When the cook's eyes filled with tears,
And something prickled in her ears:
Did she smile her work to taste?
Did she enjoy this scorching paste?

Salsa Salsa, burning bright,
In the dip bowls of the night;
What dark maw or grim abyss
Dare meet thy fearful zestiness?

Laura Garrison

Note to Supervisor

with apologies to Richard Le Gallienne

I meant to do my work today —
But a tabby rested upon my hand,
and her purr insisted I pet her head,
as she parked her butt on my keyboard pad.

And her wet nose pushed at my typing hands,
moving my fingers from the keys,
creating a memo of her own,
with ampersands and lots of zzzzzs.

Réne-Claire Spencer

Shoe Shepherd

His canned food did not deter
his appetite for shoes
and I don't mean wearing them.
After all,
it's hard to wear shoes on your paws,
and it gets in the way of digging
holes in Mom's garden
or just in the yard—
it doesn't matter.

No, his appetite for soles
was literal, not religious.
They gave him something
he could sink his canines into.
If rubber was good,
leather was better,
slipper for breakfast
sneaker for lunch
stiletto for dinner.

Heel didn't mean stand fast,
it meant chew harder,
use the molars.
It didn't mean come
to the owner's left side,
but gnaw on the owner's left shoe.
And it gave his breath
a rubbery scent
like a black jelly bean.

Laces were tricky
like shoe spaghetti.
Too bad he had no fork
and spoon
with which to twirl them.
He'd fight with them
give up, save them for last,
strip them through his teeth
like dental floss.

Jim Landwehr

Growl

with a nod to Allen Ginsberg

I saw the best dogs of my breed destroyed by the Humane Society,
starving, fur wet and matted,
who limped, footpads torn, through angry yards at dawn
searching for water and a pat on the head.

Who were expelled from homes for pissing on carpets and chewing on
begonias.

Who howled in the backyard for the joy of howling
and were dragged off, abandoned on the other side of town.

Who ate Kentucky Fried Chicken bones from the trash and
curled up, wet and forsaken
on the front yards of Amerika.

Who, desperate, found themselves on the steps of Academia
where they were strapped to tables and injected with cancer cells and
formaldehyde.

Who, with no thought but preservation, found themselves in front of
the camera,
starved so that they would eat Alpo.

Who burned alive in plaid doggy sweaters as they sat in 110-degree
cars
waiting for their masters to return from Sears with the doggy door.

Who lost their pups to human whims and
then plunged themselves under Michelins searching for their progeny.

Ah, dog, you are not safe, I am not safe, and now you're really in the
total dog soup of time.

Who, returning years later truly bald except for spots of blood
Dog, risen again in the ghostly clothes of ribs, saying, Man—my best
friend—
why have you forsaken me?

Nancy Todd

Contributors

Roger Berry's main occupation is writing light verse on the topic of English and language in general. His work has appeared in many fora, including *Light Quarterly*. In his spare time he is chair of the Department of English at Lingnan University, Hong Kong. He also writes books on English Grammar.

Paul Burgess is quickly becoming one of nonsense poetry's most prolific hacks. When not posting inane poetry on *paulwhitberg.wordpress.com*, he enjoys meditating, reading philosophy, listening to and playing acoustic blues, and spending time with his lovely wife and adorable dog.

Janice Canerdy is a retired high-school English teacher from Potts Camp, Mississippi. Her poems have appeared in various journals and anthologies. She loves formal verse and especially enjoys parodying the famous poems she once shoved down the throats of her students while assuring them that studying such noble works would greatly enrich their lives.

Jeremy Cantor, author of *Wisteria from Seed*, forthcoming (Kelsay Books), began writing poetry after a career in laboratory chemistry. He has washed dishes, tested engine oil additives and pharmaceuticals, spent time in a full-body acid-proof hazmat suit, worked in a walk-in freezer at -40°F and worked behind radiation shielding. He prefers writing.

Less can be said about **René-Claire Spencer** than is in the police reports. A new work on Quonset hut gardening met with lackluster sales. The local constabulary broke up her recent book signing, since it was a front for an illegal dice game. Turning her pen to poetry she says, "further odes will be in my native Esperanto." She odes from Honolulu.

Alex Dreppec repeatedly copied additional unacceptable nonsense poems like "Cheap Chimneysweeper" (Charlie chafes charred chimneys cheerily. / Cheapest chimneysweeper. Charity? / Chimneysweeper Charlie's chakra: / Chancy choppy chimney cha-cha.) or "Kitty Kamikaze" (Kamikaze kid's kink: kitty Kate. / Kylie, kinda kinky kitchenmaid / kidnapped kitschy kitty, kitten-keen. / Killed kitchenmaid kissed kerosene.) into what was supposed to be his bio, always hoping the editors won't notice. http://www.dreppec.de/english_dreppec.html

Laura Garrison is hiding in plain sight; she paints herself to match the wallpaper. She enjoys making things (birthday cards, trouble, meringues). Her poetry chapbook, *Skeleton Keys*, is available from Porkbelly Press. She currently lives in Roanoke, Virginia.

Anita Haas is a Canadian writer living in Madrid, Spain. She has published three books on film (two on the late actors John Phillip Law, and Eli Wallach), as well as articles, poems and stories in both English and Spanish. She and writer husband, Carlos Aguilar, live with their cats, Tristana and Viridiana, and watch flamenco every chance they get.

Jim Landwehr enjoys writing memoir, poetry and fiction. His first book, *Dirty Shirt: A Boundary Waters Memoir* was released on June 17th, 2014 by eLectio Publishing. His nonfiction has been published in *Forge Journal* and others. His poetry has been published in *Verse Wisconsin*, *Off The Coast*, *Torrid Literature Journal*, and many others.

Wheeler Light Wheeler Light is a "poet" from Washington DC. He is currently studying for his BA in Writing, Literature, and Publishing at Emerson College. He has not been published before, and is delighted for the first publication to be in *Parody*. He can be reached at wheeler.light@gmail.com

Along with a poetical assemblage of day jobs (clerk, instructor, tech writer, therapist), **Catherine McGuire** has been a poet for five decades—her first (subversive) poem in 4th grade got her extra homework. Currently, she's a part-time philosopher, chicken wrangler, bunny breeder, and bee facilitator. More than 300 of her poems have found homes in various publications. Uttered Chaos published her chapbook *Palimpsests* in 2011, and she has three self-published collections: *Glimpses of a Garden*; *Poetry and Chickens*; and *Joy Into Stillness: Seasons of Lake Quinault*. Find her online at www.cathymcguire.com

Simon Mermelstein is making his second appearance within these illustrious pages, and is aggressively touting his "regular contributor" status in cover letters and official bios. He's currently working on a precision-engineered, artisanal wheelbarrow to enter in a design competition, in hopes of winning a Pushcart Prize. simonmermelstein.wordpress.com

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).

Ron Riecki recently had very good consensual kissing with a girl who was not married, so that was pretty awesome. He's also been nominated for a Pushcart, which was not as good as that consensual kissing with a single girl who was quite available, if you know what I mean. His books include *U.P.: a novel* and another one with a different title.

Wesley Rogers is on the wrong side of fifty. Been writing most of his life. Born and bred in Darwen, England (where he still lives). He's single (no offers of marriage please). He's been a retail manager. Banker. Postman.

Christopher Scribner's light verse, satire, and humor have appeared in numerous literary publications, but the pieces he's proudest of are the ones that have made it into professional/scientific journals. He lives in St. Louis and is nearing completion of an MFA in Creative Writing, which he plans to nestle just behind his doctoral degree on his vita. He teaches Psychology at Lindenwood University when he's not writing; he tried doing it *while* writing, but that didn't work out too well.

Nancy Todd grew up in Arizona enviously watching three older brothers wear pants. She holds a Masters degree in sociology, which she admits is "totally useless." She writes poetry to maintain any semblance of sanity due to her career in the insurance industry. She "unfortunately" still resides in Phoenix.

Leah Umansky is the author of the Mad-Men-inspired chapbook, *Don Dreams and I Dream* and the full-length collection, *Domestic Uncertainties*. Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Poetry*, *Philadelphia Review of Books*, and *Coconut Poetry*. Her next collection will focus on gender and power in our world and in that of Game of Thrones and Mad Men. She also hosts and curates *COUPLET: A Poetry and Music Series* in NYC. More at www.leahumansky.com

When **David Walker** isn't writing things he thinks are far more clever than they actually are, he teaches and lives with his wife and cat in Westfield, Massachusetts.

Clint Wastling is based in the East Riding of Yorkshire. His ambition is to be a serious poet but he gets distracted. "Calico Blue," a story of the 20th century, is available for Kindle. His novel, *The Geology of Desire*, will be published by Stairwell Books in late 2014. Further information at www.clintwastling.webs.com

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Sam Milham is an Australian illustrator and graphic designer. He started drawing *Star Wars* scenes when he was young and never stopped creating new monsters and characters. He welcomes everyone to get in touch and say hello after checking out his work at www.samuelmilham.com.

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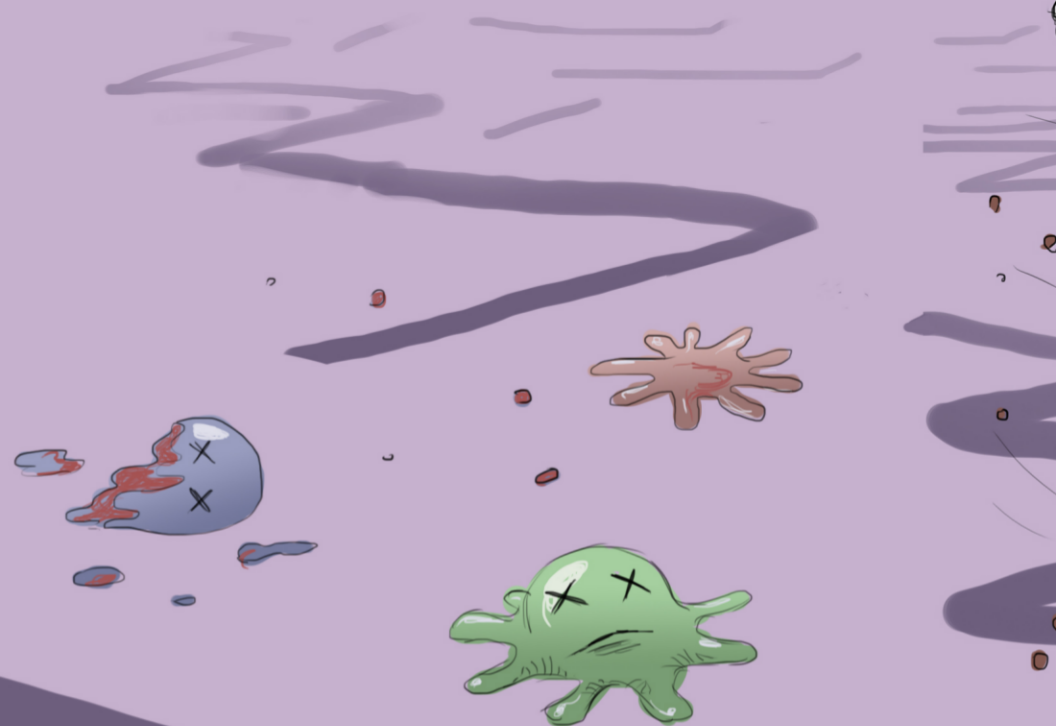
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I'm pretty sure that it is not
to enjoy ourselves.

-Ludwig Wittgenstein



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