

Guerilla Pamphlets

Volume 7



Street Time

Noone speaks and noone listens
in a pub called Johnny Hideaways' Speakeasy.
I don't qualify to be there anymore.

Silent never was,
and stupor is no more,
my vice.

I listen though,
past the point of inebriation.
What I hear is that I have spent
too much time in the street.

I have had enough of war,
and battle scars deeper than the pothole,
across from the sewer that took my dreams.

A vision of life now being held
as prisoner of war.
Run over by progress,
and busloads of humanity fleeing.

SUV's of despair migrate in.
Aliens from Inner Space, illegal.

Can one drown on pavement,
or suffocate on the soot not from the factories?
(The greenies cleaned that up long ago,)
Rather, on the dark black cloud
over all our heads from the sense of impending doom ?

Rainwater on sidewalks
does nothing but wash the soot
down the drain to discolor my dreams.

Storefronts serve as mirrors
reflecting behind to show
faces all like mine.

- Jack Varnell -The Emotional Orphan

Doll Casting a Spell



– Pris Cambell

xoxo..what side of the three headed coin?

Flesh,
soundly stricken w/ the most pitiful
stench
of a complacency fermented
in cauldrons of
meat & mugwumps...

the black prize-
from the banished Fatherland..

@ the gates of Mars
were 3 sides to a man-

one being a daunting,
questionable deficiency..

two being a well-fed immunity
to popular opinion..

and three in the form
of a territorial lost boy-
learning from two that he is seen as something
he's not-one second more and he
would've
been dead-

after leaping from the tailgate
@ 40 m.p.h.

The Fatherland
worked steadfast
towards his recovery..

the hospitals did what they can..

the mugwumps
awarded the
black prize
to another
healthy contestant..

- Frankie Metro



The Elephant in the Room

I do not know where this is coming from
I think it may be a planetary alignment or something
The tears of Angels are tinting the sky
Making rainbows in my mind.

Why is
Everyone
These days
So crazy?

Is it the emergence of Niburu?
Are our brains being spammed electronically

Why do I feel like Time is running out?

I want to go back
Back to when things made sense
Or at least I thought they did
They did, didn't they?

At least
We thought
We knew
Up from down.

Sit down
Shut the Hell up
Do what you are told
Or you will regret it.

I woke up because someone was breathing in my face
They were leaning over me right in my face
Whispering loudly
My name that is not my name any more.

I wish
I knew
What
They wanted.

Everybody has gotten so busy now
They can't remember who they are
Anymore
But it doesn't matter.

Put the quarter in that slot
Put the dollar in that slot
Take your receipt please
Please take your receipt.

You may need it sometime later
To prove you are really you
And not an impostor
I have never imposed in my life.

I have
Been me
Ever since
I was eighteen years old.

Before that God only knows who I was

Have we changed Gods?
I sometimes forget to pray
I hope it doesn't count against me.

Take me home
To a place
Where things
Make sense

Again

I say again.

Sense, you know sense?

Or just leave me the hell alone.

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I.

Broad corporate survey:

the chance to win

may field

accommodations with

Legal Holy Cross.

-Andrew Rihn

George Washington



- Dustin Holland

Cake...Eat

Once, I said it was you,
or you, or you, or you,
who needed your cake
and to eat it too.

The serrated knife cuts
I wince, and squint.
Not enough,
I must turn away.

Life needs a recipe.
Spring-form,
triple layer
not just a batter bowl to lick.

Or a mere taste
to make sense of it all
before it burns.

The egg timer screams.
Time is up.
The results are not
sweet enough.

Sliced pieces of truth,
creamy sugar and all
need separation.
Like wheat from chaff
ground into flour, for a cake
I can have and eat too.

I gather ingredients.
Thousands of memories spill out,
combined in a bowl with,
the mistakes of my days.

Heavy handed with sugar
to remove all bitterness.
Egg whites of unborn potential
camouflaged with color

add a brief rush.

A jolt of promised satiation.
Before another crash.
Dissipating before the film
melts from the roof of my mouth.

Yes there is a recipe,
if deciphered over the din.
Colliding visuals, and memories
Again, again, and again.

I drag my baking rack behind me,
deluded aspirations in front,
like a carrot on a stick,
and I begin assembling.

Carrot cake... as good as any other.

- Jack Varnell -The Emotional Orphan

II.

discount ticket direct
on classes

chair
services

also offer
church

water show
at the Commons General Store
(Buggie rates, reserved parking)

-Andrew Rihn

Graffiti lined blocks

were the landmarks in our mind
that led us
across America
with backpacks and moleskines
and just enough
tread on our shoes
to leave our mark
.. another dot on the map.

We aren't the Beat generation
we aren't riding the coattails
of prose that Ginsberg and Kerouac
left behind.

We aren't the punks
that fought the mods
on Brighton Beach and Liverpool.

We are
the new scribblers
in technicolor pixels
that will last longer
and brighter than ever was intended,
as long as the tread on our shoes
last, our ink runs from coffee spills
and paint cans run amok.

- Diana Rose

Doll Going Under



- Pris Cambell

IV.

forest crops give this
magazine is printed on
that we are dedicated
lot remodeling

maintains its rustic
as irons

1860s style baseball team
touch tables, animal and plant displays
to get you a guide who is a
letter endorsing

14 years

- Andrew Rihn

**There is a gecko
caught between the screening..**

it is very comforting to watch them
flit through January's
discarded leaves-

and twisted heart
finds expiation
from the helpless
four legged fool growing thinner by the week..

licking through the cracks.

dirt beneath nails.

the seal is broken
for a second;
letting an inch
of escape
slam shut
just as
the
creature
approaches.

It is comforting to watch the gecko
flit through January's dead leaves.

it is Zarathustra's night song.

it is God-
keeping the victim stuck
in the window
for pure entertainment..

fasting,
forced-
trapped in the constant breeze.

- Frankie Metro

longmnt poem

these pages are photographs
of existential lapshades
from the belly of a raindrop
hallelujas for broken angels
who were shot for their poems
a stranger's watercolor memoirs
wrapped with dried up flowers

the lion
roaring for us

in longmnt

where lorca and levy are
forgotten On a daily basis
ringing miniature churchbells
for the 12 eyes of some
punk rock god
exploding into shopping malls

in longmnt

where i spent too many days
trying to sound invincible and
chasing after dead movements

where my name was archey p
caane because it was an
anagram and it stood for something
political i cant remember and
for fear of insurmountable tucked in
conservative textbook shirttail danger

Oh! So many shades of autumn
burning in rows of suburban trees
too much time wasted trying
to feel sentimental about fabric
in thriftstores and doughnut shops where
old men bitch about their childhoods

in longmnt

rusty bus pulls through town
old woman sitting near the front
singing and barely audible
a pure calm pushes through
passengers straining to hear her

foreign ballads

in longmnt

where i dreamed that i
read poetry from plastic
benches In abandoned malls
staring into the commercial void
where I saw the clown
tattooed eyelids blinking uncontrollably
underneath waves of melting mandalas
stomach filling with pomegranate seeds
trees growing out of every twisted nerve
heartbeat dancing out from under the streets

juggling for the decline of john wayne
the city watches from its automatic throne
and smiles
the mountains burn

in longmnt

where Kerouac once enjoyed
a milkshake under a shady tree
the one they chopped down yesterday

1950's couple
he with a shiny black suit
She with bright blond hair
pray to the flowers on their
bedsheets to hear the song only
an acrobat could sing
a song only you could shout
calling out to the spirits of
horsechildren trapped in geometric
cages
you used to sing so beautifully
until they ripped the sound from
yr throat singing sociopath
lullabyes
they beat it out of you with
football games and sitcoms
until all you had left was yr sigh

Would you waltz with me
here in longmnt
where institutions of
miserable efficiency and gratuitous

product are filled with bodies
like machines
could you shuffle yr ironclad
toes with me here
Or would you rather beat your isosceles
Triangle senseless while the spirit
Jumps down on you
in the megachurch
NOW sigh yr whitmanic sigh
NOW let go of yr mutinous breath
NOW walk form yr catatonic
existence into the poem

in longmnt

and here it is
an obituary written in magic marker
carved into writing desks like
so many levy poems
and peace signs
for the mute mountain apostles
in mourning for the victims of war
and primetime Television
raging against mickey mouse and
his dollar sign eyes in
the middle of this Cosmic dancehall
until the ink runs out

of this tired cracked window
dance for with Chilean miners
and children who laugh while
they still can

in longmnt

dance(if you remember how)on the
rooftops of all those dark
storefronts in this
farmtown where nothing grows
for now

this life won't be the beginning of a zombie flick
- Dustin Holland

Django Disciples

The roboghosts were boiling jazz
guitar strings with their own vapor

waxing their submersible inferno
riveting their magnetic boot soles

sounding like dieselpunk pioneers
passing around a 35' Rickenbacker

using a converted periscope mic
to push lead throat to a petrol roar

- David Pointer

V.

7 7 7

meet play urges much more!

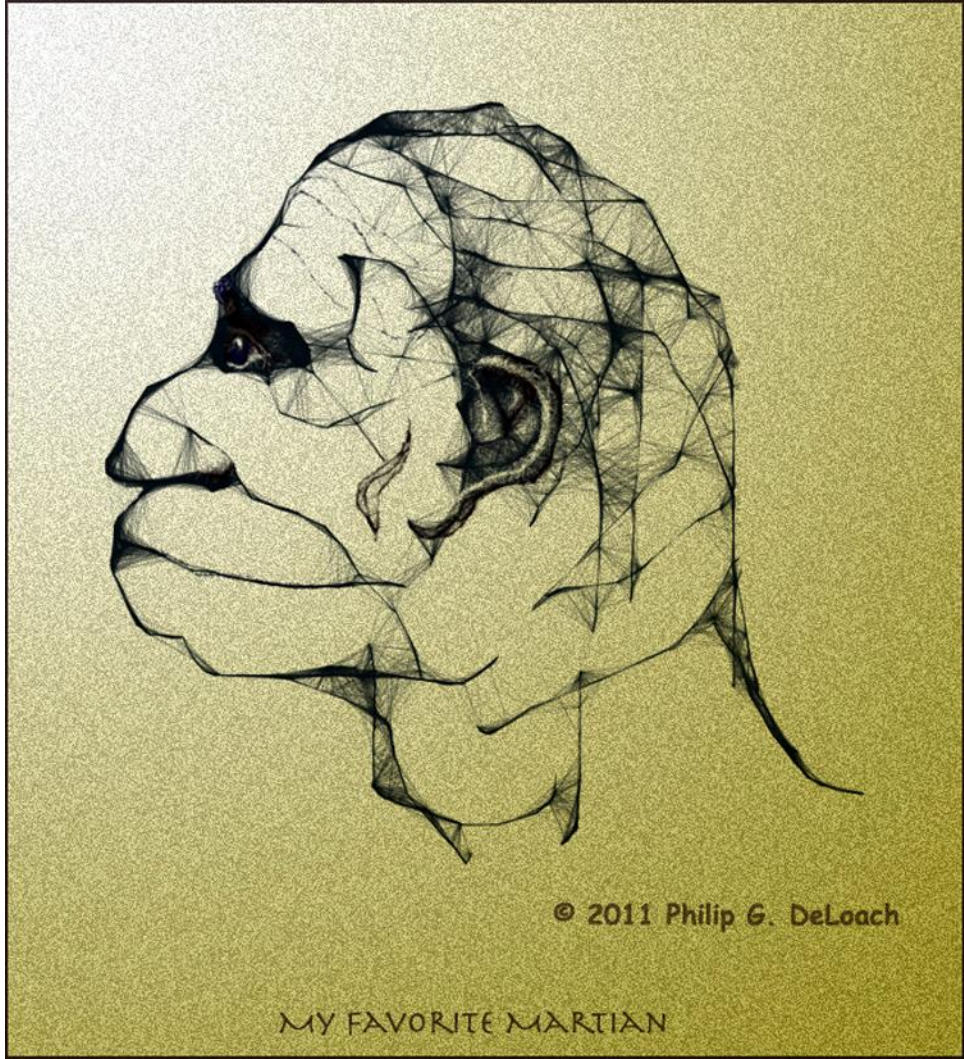
The dream fulfilled! Luxury lake

chain saw arena to part-time

new and retired festival and

the ages' favorite comforts

- Andrew Rihn



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MY FAVORITE MARTIAN

VI.

Displayed throughout his best
love works

tour guides
separated by only a few feet.

Performance entertainers talk
how to, had to
be and grow more, how to.

Their clowning
used to relieve
logging

on film. Winding country roads
are not perfect for driving.

Is not JC Penny distribution
entertainment and food?

Ghost town
lamps provide the lighting.

- Andrew Rihn

The Workman's Song

We live in a zoo world, my friends,
and the keepers will have you walk on all fours
like a pig or a dog to prove you're a man.
They themselves are vipers,
they do not understand.
Cajoleries, banalities, insincerities
drip from one fang
while imprecations form on the other.
Would you fly like a bird
in a sky whose color you choose?
Fly swiftly, brother, sister,
their guns are aimed at the sky.
Would you have wings pour out of your mouth?
Would you dance your brains to flames of flowers?
They will shackle your wrists to wheels
whose turnings are hours
and your days will descend
one upon the other
like hammer blows.

No wonder Nietzsche went mad.
I tell you, the same man
is beating the same horse
in the same street in the same way
everyday
all over the world.

You know this,
and I know this:
The world itself is balled into a fist
shaking itself at the heavens!

It is no great matter,
the heavens answer.

- Les Reed

and ill

drive a spear
into this rock
hard clay
and tie myself to
it never
retreating
I wont move
a gddamned inch
until
the poem
is finished
until the city
is the poem
is gd

- Dustin Holland

Thanks:

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Thanks again.