

ESPECIALLY MORNINGS

At the table
Eating my breakfast

Of bananas & grapes & almonds & Cheetos
I open the blinds but leave the overhead light off
Until Llewellyn clicks it on & asks

Why?
Why do you sit & eat in the dark?
I answer
So I can see clearly Outside

The hummingbird's ruby throat
The cardinal & purple finch
Where in the distance
The redtail hawk zips
Open the iodine bandage of sunrise
- John McKernan



It Will be All Right

We are just having a nightmare right now.
All the strife and turmoil,
all the blood and suffering,
are just Phantoms of an over indulgent meal.

The people with their bloodied faces,
the Storm Troopers with their Truncheons,
and their Pepper Spray,
will soon be faeries and dandelion fluff.

The sun will shine on the Righteous.
The Evil Ones will be turned to ashes.
The Pain and the Suffering will melt away,
like the first light snow of Winter on a sunny day

As soon as we Wake Up.
We Will start a New World.
A Better World.
Where Ignorant, Greedy Fools,
do not control everything.

As soon as we Wake Up we will be Free again.
We will be Happy Again.
As soon as We Wake Up.

When will We Wake Up, I Wonder?
It seems like seasons since we first Lay Down.
We must have been very Tired,
To have Slept this Long.

I think I hear Mother calling,
Get up you Sleepy Heads!
Breakfast is on the table and the Bad Guys
have All Gone Away.

When you are sleeping do you worry
which World will you Wake To?

I would like to Wake to a Better World.
Where Stupid Ideas and Greedy Hearts,
No Longer Run the Show.
Where people simply live in Harmony.

But I am afraid that is not the case.
But, what if it could be?
Would you want a World like that?
Could we live in a Leaderless, Ungoverned Society?
Where the only law would be "Do No Harm"?

We will see when we finally Wake Up.

I think it is Time.

Wake Up!

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I Hate Wednesdays

Kind of hazy, mysterious.
Now you're pissed.
It's a pattern.

You have to want to do things.
You should be stuck
Against a wall.

I'm not sure why she wanted another
Cast of characters.
The feedback I'm getting.
Devolved.
Too much piss and noise.

Snow.
Makes me want to have
Hot chocolate with you.
I'm pretty much done
With power ballad mode.

Please point me to the corporate feeding trough,
Crazy. Crying. All that shit.
Happy to cash in at the point
Nobody gives a Goldfuck
About shit

I had a feeling he would
Want to be more serious

Not so much the binding
But the arrangement

Staring topless fire woman

- Lynn Alexander and Paul Corman-Roberts

Various Tessellations 6

—after Shadia Zayed's painting, *Illumination*

centered
asterisk

blade of softened paradox, thought and
concept bleed into bleared remorse such light denounces as
theoretic, absurd, analytical remorse
amid
surgical quietus, imbued

- Felino A. Soriano

The Poem of Existence

There is no purpose
To this poem.
It is a symptom
Of the universe.
Try as you might
You can find no meaning,
Only suffer its verbiage
Until the end.

- Joseph Farley

5 chance poems

#1

man's smudge
man's smell

plan on the heart,
the soil

sources:

Gerard Manley Hopkins, *God's Grandeur*.

Frank O'Hara, *My Heart*.

#2

the waves
which have kept me
from reaching you
are shining equally
within me

sources:

Frank O'Hara, *To the Harbour Master*.

Hugh MacDiarmid, *A Moment in History*.

#3

my sword
a gold filling

earth was
but a name

sources:

Gottfried Benn, *Circulation*.

John Clare, *A Vision*.

Killah Priest, *Sword Clan*.

#4

letter to the state
my message
acceptable in thy sight
here tonight in Brazil
I am the Son

sources:

Boney M, Rivers of Babylon.
Demian Maia, *Message to Chael Sonnen*. Lybio.net.
Killah Priest, *How Much*.

#5

no idea what to do
grunting its mush
the street stares down
brad jr. for nine days

he sees
i needed
this trip
from it

sources:

Basho, *The Narrow Road to the Deep North*.
Evidence, *URB interview Dec. 22nd 2011*.
Keith Higginbotham, *Gaze the Reasons*.
Nicholas Kazan, *At Close Range*.

- Michael O'Brien

Word to Your Moms

Trans Am Mandy

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YOUR FOLKS .

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Aces, For Mike Taylor



- S.A. Griffin

TOOLS

My i-pad in the attic
Is loaded with drum sticks

My i-pod in the garage
Is packed
With broken cellos

Every kindle I own
Lies in the storage shed
Contains the Complete Works
Of Lyndon Baines Johnson

All my friends love
Meth &
Crack &
Snow &
Morf

I prefer the sleep
Inside sleep
In a pup tent without electric or batteries
An alarm clock of dripping water
And wind
A faint April breeze

- John McKernan

Angels

Michael, sure
Gabriel, yes
Chris, not so much

Angel's can be impressive,
but what if He so chose, He could
you know

that's no mirage, your set
is not broken, check your text
you've got mail

what if He so chose, He could
you know

- David Parham

Poetry Workshop for Anarchists

I try not to be disheartened:
there are forty-seven poems
comparing the pigs to Nazis,
while that infamous brand of dis-
colouring London light
covers Ludgate Hill like pigeon shit.

This cop. This kid,
his head swims in his helmet
like a goldfish in a bowl.
Doesn't look old enough
for such an obstinate morality.

Some Nazi, I say. Although,
maybe the similarity lies
not in their brutality
but in a certain
collective coldness:
City of London Sergeant,
as frigid as a rectal thermometer
gives up a *Jesus wept*.
Without inflection. Without irony. Fits
his elbow in to somebody's face
as if it belongs there. As if
he's assembling flat-pack furniture.

And I want to tell him, tell them all,
that Jesus isn't weeping.
He's sniggering behind his hand
like Ted Bundy
having his day in court,

and all you atheists
who call out your claim:
Our Cathedral!
on the steps of Saint Paul's. Don't.

Saint Paul's, obese with dignity,
remembers the *real* Nazis,
confirms the validity of suffering,
belongs to no one.

Saint Paul's saw
its top lopped off
like a hard-boiled egg

and God escaping
with a whistle
through the vent;

tired, eternally trepanned cathedral
is wearied of sharing our histories with us.

Don't ask. It's just a feeling I have.

This generation should find
its own relics, its own sacraments,
its own nightmares, its own words.

Pigs are not Nazis.
Jesus isn't weeping.
These streets are not ours.

We are gloriously, terribly free.

16/10/2011

- *Fran Lock*

“Good Friday – León, Nicaragua”

Torn, peeling signs everywhere yet,
two years after the papal visit;
religious fervor, officially frowned upon,
permeated the streets of León in delayed echo
of El Papa’s pastoral visit.

Thousands thronged avenue and alley,
marching to a mock Golgotha, a faux Jesus,
replete with cringing duo of thieves,
driven through town by rope-whipping Romans,
booed incessantly by the following crowd,
wailing, moaning re-enactors in their midst
Christ pushed and shoved along to Calvary
field beside the road filled with gawkers
and true believers, Jesus and the thieves, crying out
for mercy, standing on wooden blocks
nailed to the bottom of wooden crosses,
the Lord – always in character – extending his arms:

“Oh, Señor, por qué me has abandonado?”

Savior dead at last, ceremony done, a slowly dispersing crowd
back to home, restaurant, tourist bus – back to Managua, where
religion is officially frowned upon by the Sandinista government,
and perhaps to others wishing there was something else to do on
Good Friday in León, Nicaragua.

- J.B. Hogan

America's Coldest Case

The constant wars,
and corporate welfare,
siphoned off the people's
money mountain keeping
the help, health, and vast
social improvements from
ever happening, as the
unexamined monetary
policy was just another
uncollected criminal
case file hidden high
in the unfathomable
dashabout to deceive

- David S. Pointer

Phony

I am a silent man now.
Retreating, as I
watch the masses make
fools of themselves in
front of me.
They drink too much and cry
about their plight in dive bars
or kiss each other asses at
repulsive Chamber of Commerce meetings.
*"Yep, the flooring business is
great..."* some Fred's Flooring guy
says to the owner of Henry's Roofing.
*"Me too-fixed three roofs
this week...Damn rain helped
me out big time."*
They laugh
The nobody's laugh.
Phony men in a phony world.
Thank god I remain quiet.

- Dan Provos

-

Your Silence

Your silence does not roar
Its impact lies in subtlety

too clever to dissect
and far too twisted

Its iron hardness
capable of speech

preferring none
chooses instead

to leave me dangling
like a participle

with no rope attached

- Barbara Moore

Drive



- RC Miller

Dennis Grasshopper

Earth had cooled and was ready.

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pyr.

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beep-----

...structures:

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(placemat)

blue laser, too.

Earth is a lowrider.

- J.D. Nelson

What We Know About Fireflies

I'm caught in a blizzard he says
I can hear the silent snow spattering like an auction
of treachery. Who doesn't know about fireflies I ask?
What we like to know about others is what they don't know
what we know better. I grew up with fireflies
snow is a kind of flock of fireflies
displaced to a new season.

My father loved the outdoors
he was a hunting man with bushels of rifles
with swords from the second world war.
My friend is learning tae kwon do with a sword.
The teacher is diminutive she says.
She is an old friend. We have been through waves
of affection coldness & heat.
Her name is Beth.

Your name is in a song
I once said to her. Your name is also
she said: Sweet Caroline woah woah woah.
We grew up in the depths of Pennsylvania
an old industrial town waning with the light.
I hear the iced snow spattering as I speak
with my friend Loring. He is a new friend.
Will we ride the waves I wonder.
I think so.
I think surely yes.

- Carolyn Srygley-Moore

Timeless

These long years after,
I occasionally imagine
he'll stop by in dress whites,
the scent of Hawaii upon him.
For a moment he'll love me
the way he did in his letters
from Vietnam.

In my dream I wait for him,
plump the pillows, clear the floor
of discarded clothes.
A funeral is being held
in the courtyard.
Did the cancer take him
before his arrival or
is this the burial of any remaining
post-marital connections?

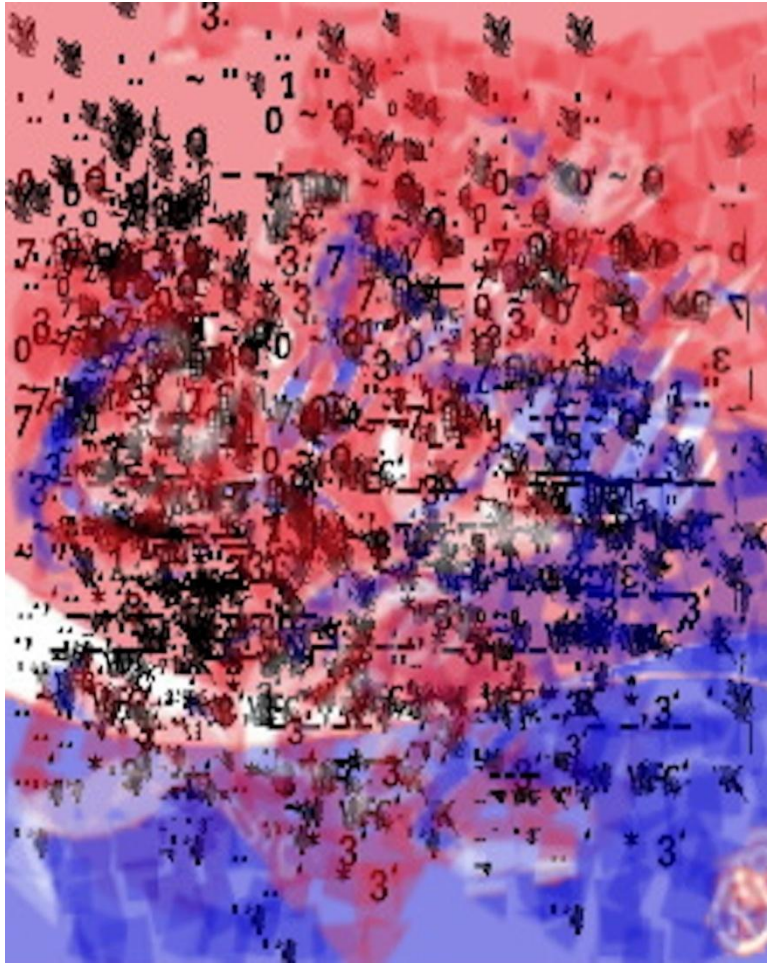
My face is wet.
Tears were all shed
and dried earlier.

What well do they flow from now?

Fear takes hold of my shoulders
and shakes me. The earth spins.
Birds fly backwards into a timeless sky.

- Pris Campbell

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- Michael O'Brien

Re/Visionary

This is not my *real* life.
This is only a rough draft.
I'm still working on it,

spellcheck's busted
and my days are full
of mistakes,
my grammar is imprecise,
and my margins
are imperfect.

There are a lot of
gaps,
with chunks of hours
missing
from my story line.

I'm not nearly finished yet;
I keep thinking of things
I want to add,
and there are whole years
I'd like to cross out.

I just need time to go back
and read it over again;
I just need time to think
about composition and style.

Meanwhile, I'll go
with the flow; I'll keep on
taking notes and trying
to get it all down.

This is not my *real* life.
This is only a rough draft.
Someday, I'll get it write.

- Dianne Borsenik

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