

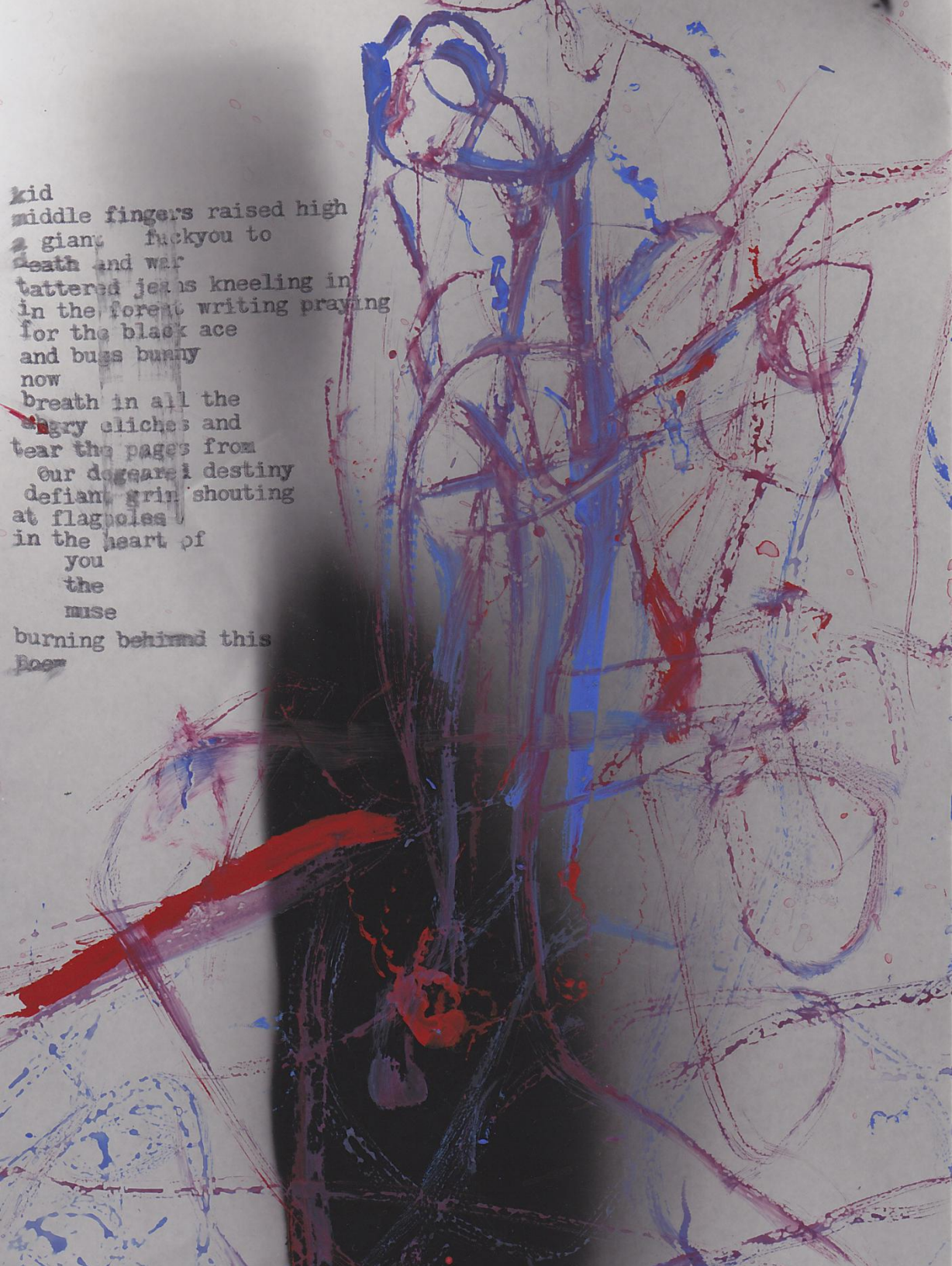
# Guerilla Pamphlets Volume 5



## **Ready for Your Swimsuit**

Watercolor ghosts drift,  
Over ill-defined lakes and hills,  
Nothing that makes me sick,  
The abolition of frost and lines  
Is a wildflower liberation,  
Fireflies and stars mix ahead,  
I make no distinction of either,  
Smiles on faces and graffiti,  
These two I combine to cartoons,  
All around is a mist detonating  
Every box and pouch my eyes  
Try and put the stray dog world in.

- Ben Nardolilli



kid  
middle fingers raised high  
a giant fuckyou to  
death and war  
tattered jeans kneeling in  
in the forest writing praying  
for the black ace  
and bugs bunny  
now  
breath in all the  
angry cliches and  
tear the pages from  
our dogeared destiny  
defiant grip shouting  
at flagpoles  
in the heart of  
you  
the  
mise  
burning behind this  
poem

### **First to Fight, Die or Buy**

A beach mounted machine gun  
A flag flat as a floral rag rug  
A Marine bending into history  
picking it up as an artillery  
shell shares flying metal bits  
A John Basilone type Marine  
will fire on the enemy until  
the Island swallows his blood  
like a home country consumer

- David S. Pointer

### **Under Attack**

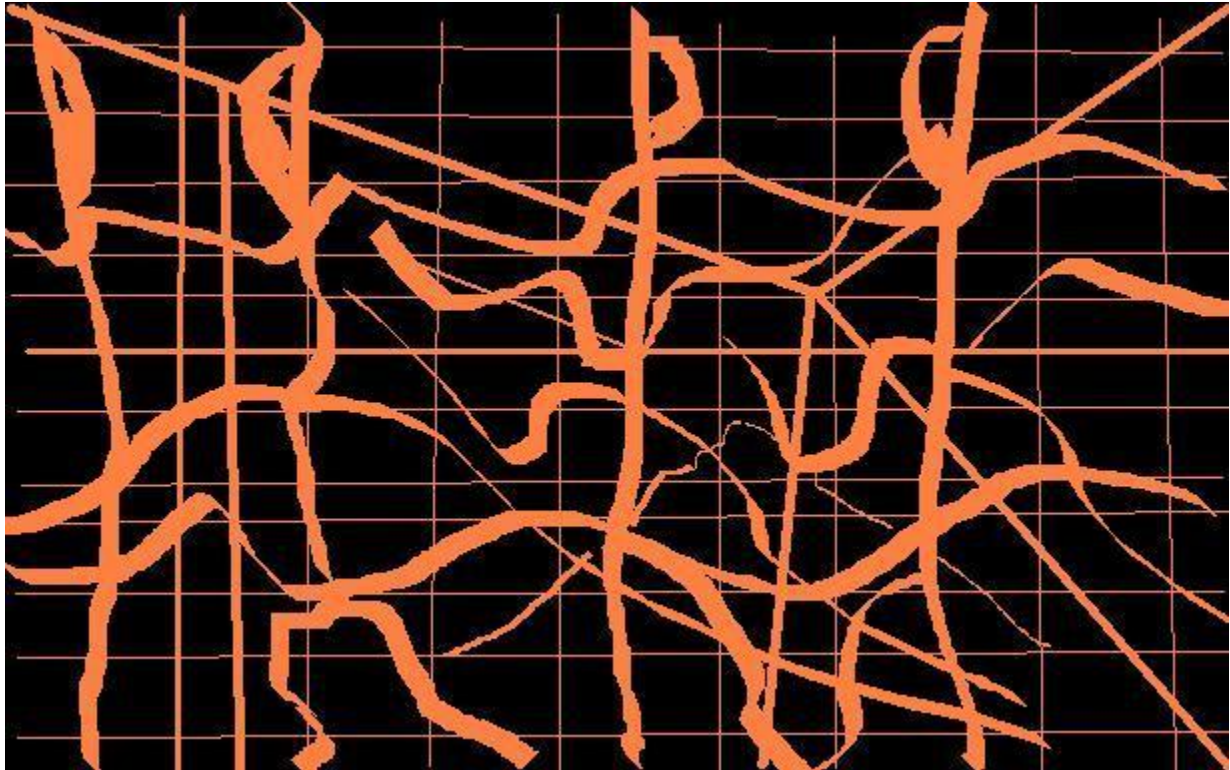
my enemies claw at my eyes.  
it does not matter if they blind me.

the external has always been  
less rewarding  
than the internal.

might as well make it  
official.

-Joseph Farley

Dancers



- Jessie Woods

## Approbations 752

—after Ornette Coleman's *Dawn*

Dusk

then dust                  subsequent

interwoven shifts an angular after

reliving priorly fractioned fractals of disembodied fires

sedentary hours glow with silken limbs

transporting fireflies

the

algebraic function of ascertaining music. With dawn

withers

apparitional signs

semiotic cultures displayed

cloud

cloud

combining

orchestrated hover.

- Felino A. Soriano

### **Freddy Kruger #3**

She came in through the afternoon, all buzzfly and willowy wisp. I asked her if she had gotten my emails on sepia stationary but she said she was delayed in Hong Kong vaccinating more chickens with antibodies of non-despair. We spoke about the Emperor of Scotch Plains and his missionary wife, hardcore pro in her horse radish stance on the merits of suburban epiphany. She asked if my insect children in the attic, all five and their scurrilous mates of haploid songs, were doing okay. I said they were maturing despite the entropy of a single parent who had lost one antenna. Her fingernails were painted a neon shade of Cantonese Monarch. I begged her forgiveness, but it was so long ago, she probably didn't remember the complexities of the rhythm method that made her wanton as clouds. She folded her arms and I boxed her in for the Spring.

- Kyle Hemmings

### **Captain Elegant**

Captain Elegant was a superhero, but he was no Superman. He had just 20/200 vision; myopic to say the least. As for jumping, he was a box of rocks. He couldn't fly because his pilot's license had been revoked.

For all of that, he was elegant in his snow white uniform. How he hated to get dirty. He had only that one flaw; he was a neat freak

The Captain's favorite thing to do was catch dastardly villains committing their crime, He would ride in like the cavalry and stop their nefarious deed.

Before cops would arrive, he would give them a second chance. He would recite his smart assed poetry. Most said that they would give up their life of crime if he would stop..

- Michael Berger

## Circus Circus

sen-ten-ti-os  
grand-pa Looooooooooooooooooooong  
sil-ver hair band-ed back

Ol-d scho-ol  
beat po-et  
lib-er-at-ing

pon-y tail  
swish and a  
wink at the la-dies

a reg-u-lar Cous-in It  
read-ing po-et-ic-  
al-ly in-to a mic-ro-phone An-d

some hip duDe on gu-it-ar  
plink-ing out 19  
-56 For-bid-den Plan-

et jams e-lec-tron-ic  
ac-comp-an-i-ment  
to a

dis-ap-pear-ing  
aud-I-ance

I don't re-call  
a sing-le  
wor-D

you  
r-e-a-d  
\*\*\*\*\*

- Laura Lehew

## Approbations 753

—after Kenny Dorham's *Blue Friday*

sits partaking, -un

deskbound debris hovers

halo high upon extracting

logical

reaction : worktime thermal

cooled necessary activated yen

contributory salience projecting value upon ordinary movement

- Felino A. Soriano

## **The Julius Caesar Complex**

What would you do if you found Julius Caesar in your kitchen, demanding a new council of shiny utensils and for you to get rid of the creak in your knees? You might, as I have, decide to sit him down for breakfast, doing the Brutus thing with timed eggs, and have him spill the beans on what really happened when the Etruscans went haywire on ribbed condoms made from goat dream. He'll probably stand up, look out the window, and ask where is the nearest river. The closest you have to a puddle, you tell him, is in the bathroom, Roman tiled, soundproof as history. As days fall by, under the silent hoof, Julius will make more demands, complaining that your soft boiled eggs are ill-timed or you're keeping rug rats under his pillow so he can get an extra kick out of imagining sex with Cleopatra dolls. Sadly, he'll say this kind of life, the exile from senatorial welfare, is not suited for someone who's been to Gaul. I wonder what they're having for lunch in Mesopotamia, he'll ask, donkey sphincter or hummus with dandelion? One morning, he'll walk out the door with your husband's old smoking robe and jump into the back of a garbage truck. The sounds of milk cartons crunching won't even faze the neighborhood

- Kyle Hemmings

## **Parnassus ii**

A bit down mountain, shadowed by an overhanging cliff, I watch a cataract run like whiskey

down a dry throat of rusted rock  
and remember every time I reveled  
in diving down  
as far down as the dive would take  
me, the spume that wakes  
a fall's path, rising above  
me, the exhaust of my leaving,

now the skin of my childhood  
as I stand mid-mountain.

The day you left Parnassus,  
I went into the mud  
and broke out howling.

The tempting tender racemes  
of my skin crumbled

like an invitation  
to dust and its tomb,

full of funeral bouquets, tore  
and shagged nature's  
perverse angels.

At the abyss of their mangrove  
I ate their carnivorous  
flowers mistaking them  
for the hush  
of placenta,

then threw myself off Pegasus  
to step down from that muscled  
back, to eye the sweeping shadow  
of wings that once raised  
me to shade cars and streets

as if I were a leaf batted  
by the wind, an echo of the embryonic  
waves I continue to sail,  
it's the swing of my gait.

I'm grounded in the certainty  
my steps contain reason.

There is, there must be,  
a sidereal hole for reason  
where we lose all grief  
and invent new ways  
of decadence,  
a new today  
(not of this world)  
in the city.

- Sergio Antonio Ortiz

## **Breakfast on 29<sup>th</sup> Street**

*(Metal Cubes)*

The kitchen is painted a vibrant shade of blue. A color chosen by his wife to match her favorite dress. It afforded a view of the port: a perfect view of the floating cars which bob in the harbor. The cargo ships make the complete cycle: picking up crumpled, rusty automobiles; returning a few months later with brand new vehicles. Once he saw his old Buick there on a barge heading to Japan.

He sees many things on the pile of smoldering debris:

A refrigerator (from his 54<sup>th</sup> St. home in 1973).

A hand-pushed mower (he charged \$1 to cut lawns in 1952).

A dishwasher (never worked right...threw it on the scrap heap in 1980).

A school bus (#62...drove that route for 25 years...never liked the kids).

His wife shakes her head. The lens of his glasses are smudged with sticky hair growth formula, and clings to everything it touches. A plate of scrambled eggs and toast sits on the table in the blue room as his wife fades into a cornflower painted wall.

- Korliss Sewer



- Doremi Faso Latedo

**For D.A. Levy**

poems piled on  
the shag carpeting

reliving episodic witchhunts  
in between reruns  
of yr 3 dollar walmart  
prophecy and elevator music  
operas about  
lostinthesupermarket adolescents  
trying  
to sing like bruce springsteen  
to impress their mothers  
to live like lightning  
bolt motorcyclists riding  
through microscopic newspapers  
and industrial portraits of  
woodland creatures  
trying - above all- to remember  
you  
whose ashes rest in cleveland  
whose ashes rest behind a  
hundred unwritten words  
whose ashes remember  
20th century mimeograph love  
outside of  
cowboy junglejim machines  
whose ashes muttered  
'ukanhavurfukinciti Bak'  
under billboards about the right amerika  
in the middle of some november night  
frosted ground  
and all that jazz

- Archey P Caane

## Approbations 754

—after Michael Brecker's *Midnight Mood*

Uncover the

antiquated fulcrum

disallowing merge of varied

departures

of day's deliberate transgressions

and

urges

prophesied through

deliberate moves of motivational

occurrences

—halved

needs

resembling past incorporations of despotic bodily hybrids.

-Felino A. Soriano

### **the d-con we forgot**

i am the angriest little boy  
in america, tantruming in  
a chuckeecheeses dragging  
poisoned almost dead mice out  
of my home and leaving them at  
bus stops, so as not to have them  
die on the premises.

- Nick Holland

### **Lazy Fair**

laissez faire went to the lazy fair and a shill thrilled it so much it wet its mercantile never  
be in denial see through hey now bottoms up bell bottoms.  
concerned etch-a-sketches are being debated  
behind close minded doors  
as the fate of the bottoms up bell bottoms are  
thrashed around hotel rooms of inconsequential memories  
of vacations intended  
yet never acted upon,  
and the beneficial unemployment line  
keeps snaking around the gold box office  
waiting for the urbane usher staff  
to lead them safely across the shrinking moat  
to their proper preordained seats  
in time for the big main kick ass super nova feature  
that will get you clear  
finally  
from all tumbling debris and unexpected detours.

lazy fair quacks like a bona fide duck but then it coos  
your favorite dove's impressionistic take on  
how gas becomes solid in time for the fourth

quarter, and 4 quarters can still pretend they're a buck,  
just make sure it stops there  
at the radioactive desk in the mispronounced corner  
where laissez faire and the fairy godmother discuss  
joe pesci's startling interpretation of dave ferry  
in oliver stone's JFK(calling all last ferries going across  
the big River Pick Up Styx).

may all your survival instincts  
stay true tonight,  
because certain deep beliefs  
are finally crawling out of the ooze  
and are building vulnerable lemonade stands  
on gregarious fault lines,  
that through no anticipated premeditated fault  
of their own, are signing themselves to  
every last gasp of earth's legislation.

lazy fair promises it will be less lazy  
but it knows where the comfort zones hide out,  
and is usually first to announce that they  
have no plans for any end, strong or weak,  
but will be able to attend any soiree  
you can find it in your curt heart  
to invite it to.

curt heart  
had a very good year  
pitching for some glistening team  
and he once struck out  
evil  
4 times in one game,  
and nobody knows how curt heart  
lives his life  
away from the scrambling kleig lights,  
but the lazy fair  
licks his favorite ice cream cone  
on demand,  
which is a good thing  
demand,  
now if we can only get supply  
out from behind bars,  
these zealous law men  
today  
just don't quite get it...  
when you inhale the fire that scars your lungs for good  
you just got  
to breath

slow,  
with unerring deliberation,  
and if somebody winces  
shrug your shoulders with manifest destiny grace  
and tell your dog  
to show  
him the  
door.

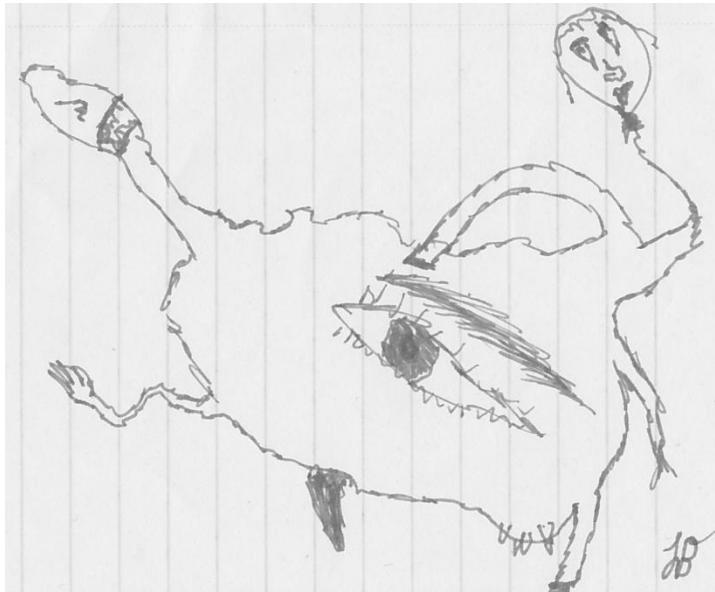
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Scott Wannberg  
florence,oregon  
11/18/2010

old crow medicine show

eutaw

raise a ruckus  
tear it down  
hesitation blues  
lonesome road blues  
that'll be a better day  
boll weevil  
down south blues  
cocaine habit  
the silver dagger  
trouble that i'm in  
goodbye booze  
shack #9



- Jackson Britt

***Ordinary night***

I wake up in the night and look at you  
while you sleep,  
if you can paint you will be master,  
but now you are masterpiece.  
I am watching your back  
with the baby's wrinkles  
and that thing that you call hair and I call  
fire,  
how it fall down on your white neck-line  
and you are silent in the white sheets,  
I imagine them yellow,  
my favorite color,  
(Van Gogh's too),  
breathe slowly and lightly like a swan in the lake,  
and I count all the inhalations and exhalations,  
I count 537 and  
fell asleep.

please,  
don't wake up.

- Peycho Kanev

## **GROWING UP, I COULDN'T DECIDE IF I WANTED TO BE A NUN OR A LAWNMOWER**

Growing up, I couldn't decide if I wanted to be a nun or a lawnmower. As much as I loved mowing the lawn and creating deep, sensual ribbons of green in the yard, designing something new out of something old, feeling the might of the little engine, I think that I loved God more.

But that's not really true: I loved Sister Bertrelle, *The Flying Nun*, as envisioned by Sally Field. *She* loved God more. Sally Field looked comely in a habit, more so than in a white bikini, the likes of which she wore in an earlier stage of her life as Gidget, way back when. But Gidget times were innocent, easier times: beach parties and shindigs, go go clubs and wienie roasts, pretty brown eyes and junk like that. By the time nuns could fly, people were killing Malcolm X and Martin Luther King and John F Kennedy and stealing television sets out of appliance stores on fire and killing more people and Sharon Tate and not dancing on the beach and no wearing bikinis and no wienie roasts. The world needed something and the world responded accordingly.

Sister Bertrelle said it best: "When lift plus thrust is greater than load plus drag, anything can fly."

The world needs a hero--why not God?

My feelings were this: if Sister Bertrelle loves God, so do I. God can be her hero, and she can be my hero. Not the stern Reverend Mother Paseato, not the tolerant Sister Jacqueline, nor Sister Sixto, who always managed to mangle the King's English so--no--Sally Field, Sister Bertrelle, *The Flying Nun*, Sybil, Smoky and the Bandit, hell, the next Aunt May. She can be my hero. That's enough for me, I thought. Anything more might be too much.

But those were different times. More innocent times. JFK, Malcolm X, Sharon Tate. Now I just want to be a lawnmower.

- Ricky Garni

## Approbations 755

—after Rahsaan Roland Kirk's *Haunted Feelings*

Inward

intro

-v

e

r

t

e

d

intro - spection

task of outward skeletal stimulation:

mutilated fear

tremble trumpet scope of notational reverberation

screech

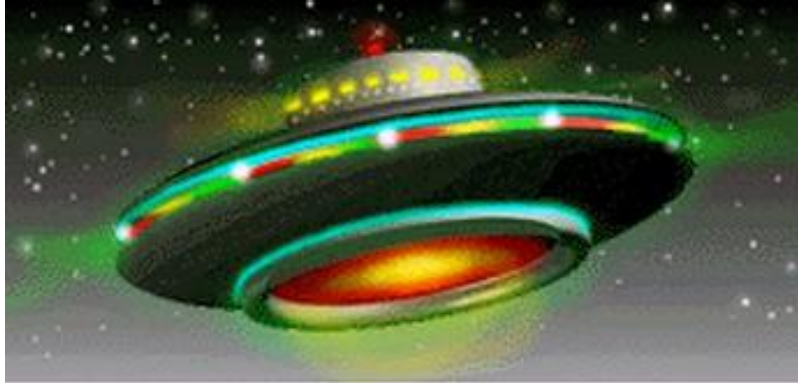
scant logical remorse

spoken

data summarizing

freed stagnant apparition.

- Felino A. Soriano



### **The Trip We Thought We Took**

I feel like I've been rode hard and put up wet  
Got one foot in Ireland and one in Tibet  
With my ear to the ground  
And my nose to the wheel

I think it's time to see how I feel.

I feel like I want to do things right  
That will make people sit up and take notice  
But what I want ain't usually what I get  
And what I do don't matter to you

I feel that it's time I did something else.

I've done so many jobs  
I can't remember them all  
Mainly 'cause I moved every Spring and every Fall  
Like the birds I migrated

Something inside me stirred and pushed me on again.

My wanderings stopped  
When I met my Companion and Wife  
The stirring shrunk back into the shadows  
It still lies quietly

I don't ever want to leave her alone.

My soul feels tired and hopes for sustenance  
The light expanding to encompass more  
More than even exists somehow

How can every time and place be now?

I don't want her to leave me.

I love people and places that are long gone now  
I miss what I never knew  
I want to reach out and touch God  
I want to know that even though it's hard

It is worth it.

I feel like I have one foot in Ireland  
One foot in Scotland  
A hand in Germany  
And my Heart in America before the white man

I have feelings and images that I don't know where they come from.

Push that button pull that lever  
Watch the gauges and keep the nose  
Aimed at the North Star  
We are about to go where no man has ever been

We'll be traveling at the speed of thought.

It's funny that the only things I'll regret leaving  
Are some of my family history in a big box  
Some of my art  
Some of my Poetry

And my rocks and artifacts.

I would regret leaving all the people I have loved  
Even the ones that didn't love me back  
Even the ones that are dead now  
And the ones I never got a chance to meet

There is something waiting up ahead  
I don't know how far  
But time has no meaning anyway  
We'll be there when we get there

Is this the Beginning of the End  
Or the End of the Beginning?  
Or just a slight bump in the progression of  
the Space/Time Continuum?

Hold onto your head.

We'll punch your ticket  
And yes we validate  
If your name is in the book?  
You know, the book?

Turn your cell phones off and your Pacemakers on  
No smoking unless you're ready to die  
Smokers must smoke outside  
Drinkers die more slowly sitting comfortably

We have arrived.

Didn't you notice?  
A different look to your Universe?  
To your self?  
Well I guess you'll have to go back and do it again...

- © 2010 Philip G. DeLoach

**squeezing bone, frantic for wine**

accept  
there are some  
small things  
that are        in  
                  fact  
                  small things

-        a moment

& most are only  
supposed to last  
that long  
                  (not to be  
                  eternalized

you can't catch every rain-  
d

                  r  
                  o  
                  p

—  
in a single pop cap

you can't count e v e r y  
grain of sand  
-        it's all been said before

go think yourself  
a prophet

as i,  
myself,  
think of a child  
squeezing bone,  
frantic  
for wine

-Mj Taylor

## Approbations 756

—after Miles Davis & Gil Evans' *Summertime (From 'Porgy & Bess')*

Of family simultaneous ventures

now

compose

escalated oeuvres

vital engage proclamation

italicized hurl of cold's environmental absence

within motional notion

warmth amid spoken collaboration

burgeon afterward harmonious culture

revisit then an annual declaration.

- Felino A. Soriano

**Thanks:**

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Thanks again.