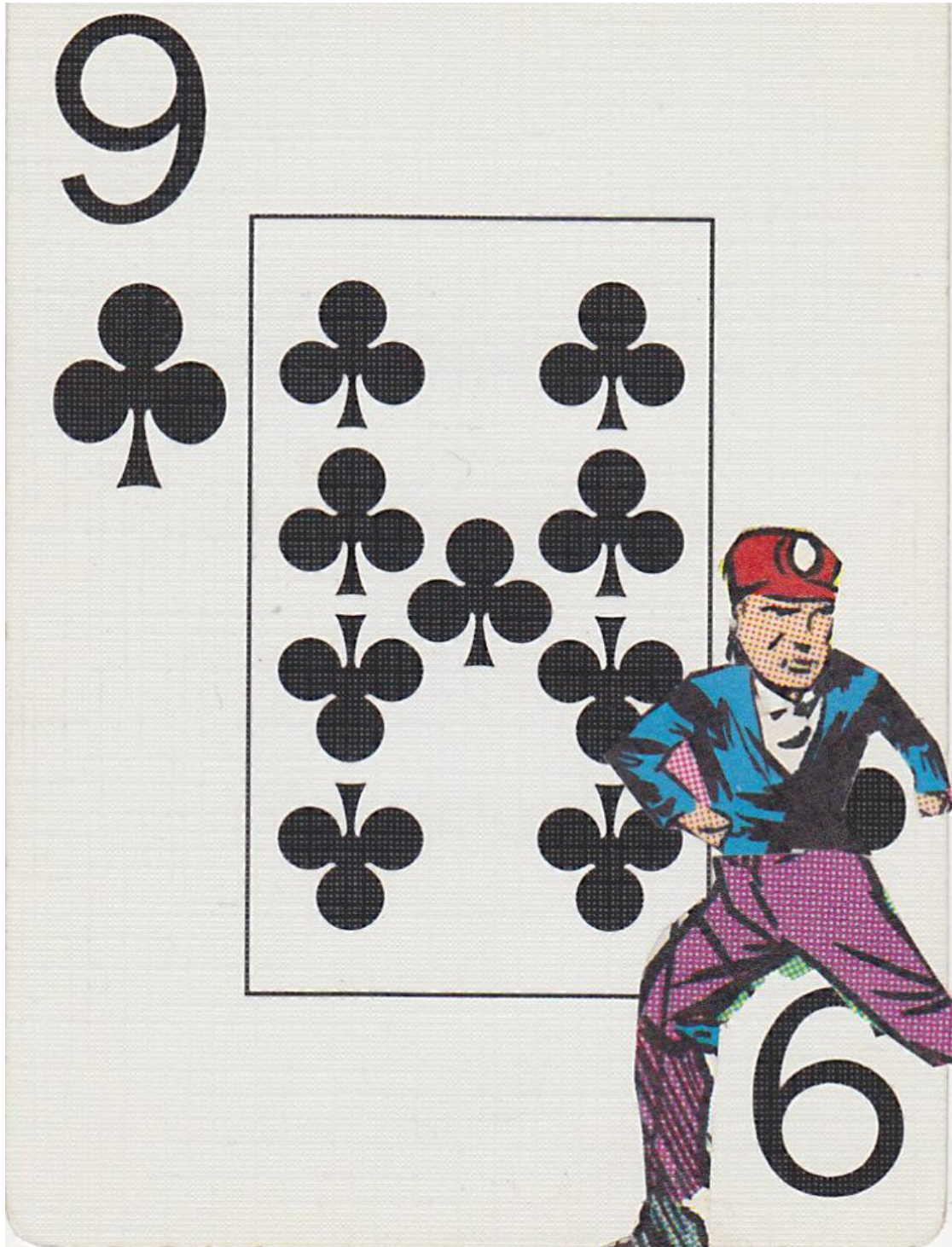


Guerilla Pamphlets Volume 9



Oblivion Highway Orchestra Rehearsal

we got disappeared.
we got strange.
there are weird doors with weirder locks.
go ahead, let them see you create the key in your eyes.
the earth is on a collision course with something
obstreperous. we got
excited about the way things could live.
how life could teach us something inside our deep bones.
we got lucky once, and the music
had a place for us to land, the music
would comb our hair and brush our teeth, we
could be presentable in the dancing afternoon of
hope, but now the dragon is fire breathing and
the temperature is rising too high for comfort.
the oblivion highway orchestra rehearsal
is taking off its clothes and doing the dance of
the forgiven. go on, down a few more cold ones, and
become one with forgiveness.
we got done in by not knowing.
we got odd in our eclectic ways.
you and me on a cold night
learning each other's cues.
you and me on any night
dreaming the lucid water home.

scott wannberg

listening to the new john prine cd fair and square

5/10/2005

Oh Dark Hundred

The Planet of Earth, where the Juiceman lives.

Time for an iron pill that tastes like grape.

I'm a handshark on a Dracula farm.

A year ago: I was frying hamburgers at a truck stop.

A lizard croaks.

-J.D. Nelson

Whimsy

Substantial
phonation of antiquated
emotions
mouthed verge and reemerging error,
love. Spoken
hours are reinvented bodies'
tonal acclimation. Death
is the overwrought patina
angled to exhibit wisdom's
apologue of woken pleasure
finding focal exterior following
life's fortune of meandering avouchment
-Felino A. Soriano

Borinquen Exile

In Borinquen exile he sat,
thumbing through *Ulysses* like it was an article
in the *Reader's Digest*,
a cup of near-hemlock always at his side.

A learner not a teacher,
absorbing image and metaphor
like heat from the hot tropical sun that
poured from him, then, like sweat,
silently burning off in a stinging mist.

Nothing gained, nothing lost,
just a chemical process to stay alive –
to continue an ancient quest,
the search for symbol and code.

Looking for a private Rosetta Stone –
one that would convert Joyce into clarity
hemlock into aged, smooth rum
and distant isolation into an image of community.

-J.B. Hogan

crammed into boiling

water coliseums
with soccerball
horserace smiles
battered by the wind
c i am writing to you
because you said yes
in our nervous eye
discussions about
rabbits and pastries
j i am speaking to you
in the mind desert
expanse
looking for something
to live for the
first time
some process
some empty
and we both know
that this is
bullshit
standing
out
 there on this
rock with a toy
camera around my
neck
a pile of hay st
acks somebodys been
collecting stray golf
balls here
between two blocks
of straw
slipping down to
constant ground
flat stretch past
wealthy suburbanites
with horses in their
backyards i watched
my feet blow
into the clouds around
the mountains/

theres a giraffe
on my floor
somewhere & the
poems aren't
mine any longer/ hold
shamrock trinkets
and glass eyes folded
in a doller under
notebooks and a pen
in my pockets
-Dustin Holland

stop now
look

listen can you hear

that?

parking meter humming
raindrop whistling
leaf rustling

finger pointing
toward some moon
-Lars Palm

The Morning of Never

a bottle of river
("made with real river")

most nights

----- flashes*

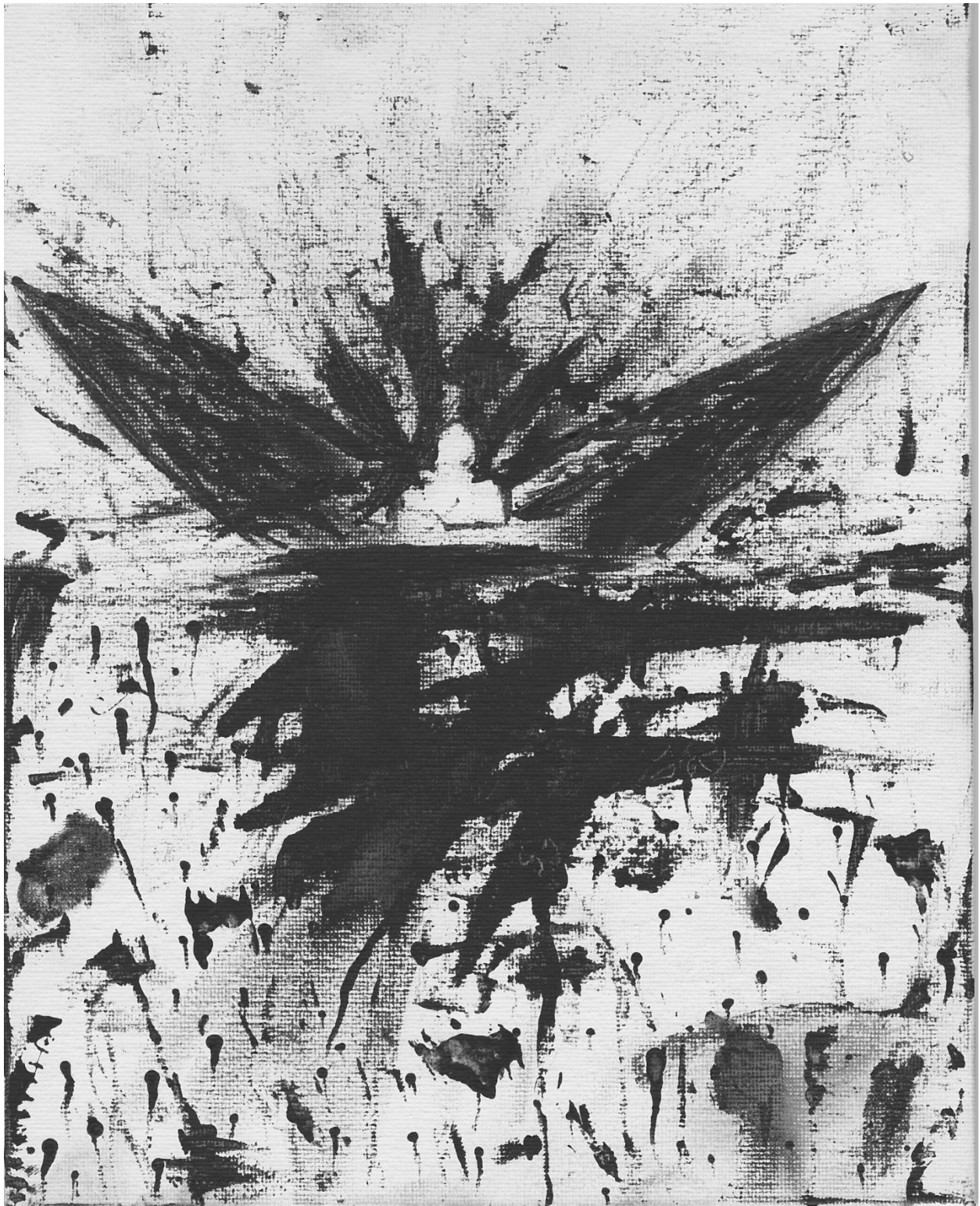
of green

nothing.

elves' matters.

*germs

-J.D. Nelson



-Jeremy DiPilato

Either

A silhouette
demonstrates horizontal
stillness

common
to the person's elemental sadness
leaning and persuading thoughts to
unravel emotional thievery,
silent.

-Felino A. Soriano



Have You Seen The Ships?

Have you seen the Ships, ...the ships?
The ships who left us here so long ago.
The ones who left us as Aboriginal Orphans
Innocents in a Cosmic Chess Game

Don't you feel their presence?
the ever present unseen eyes of the Overseers
watching and waiting.
The Earth, our Mother, awaits within..
They wait without.

Will we ever evolve enough to join them as equals?
Or will we destroy ourselves before as most do?
When we miss the point we miss the boat as well.
Laugh! Laugh all you want you ignorant skeptics!
We will see who is right and who is wrong.

There is so much more to life than this worldly existence.
There are an Infinity of worlds, Universes, "I"s, "We"s, "They"s
At every decision point in your life
you create an infinity of new you's and an infinity of new path's to other worlds,

other lives, other existences. You are only aware of the one path you are currently on now. The others are just as real and just as now.

Sometimes do you have days where you feel that you are not really here?

Days I call Brain Fog.

Those are days where you are between existences.

Partially here and partially there.

Sometimes we learn from those other "Us"s in other worlds.

I have had dreams in which I was the Doer.

And I was an Observer of the Doer.

And I was an even bigger me who was observing the Observer watching the Doer.

We are all the same.

We exist in many places at the same time.

When we evolve enough to recognize that, then maybe we will see

that God as we think of God is nothing like what we were taught.

God is a much more Powerful and Benevolent force of Creativity.

We give God the power to be alive and to experience life because he/she/it lives through us and experiences what we all experience.

Without us God would be a formless and blank expression of Intelligence.

All dressed up with nowhere to go.

And nothing to feel.

I don't think he/she/it would like that.

Do you?

The ships have been sailing for eons.

They have been around longer than the Earth.

They and others have interactions with like voyagers.

Some good and some bad.

Good and bad as we define it.

Every move you make and every thought you think

changes everything in the Universe because everything is connected

to everything else in multiple ways.

Some obvious and some not so obvious.

You are what you think.

You are what you believe.

Miracles happen every day.

Watch and you may see them.

Have you seen the Ships?

They are there.

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Sunday League

Jesus is wearing bowling shoes.
He tiptoes down the lane,
ball in hand, eyeing the pins.
He rolls and spins
raising a fist in expectation
of a strike that never comes.

It is not a gutter ball,
just an impossible split,
snake fangs staring back.
It is time for miracles.
The game is on the line,
but all Christ can manage
is one pin with second ball
and changing our beer into wine.

-Joseph Farley

For Mom & Mary

Mom is of this Earth, gone too soon
from loving looks, Spring flowers unfolding.

And tell me Mom, how could it be anything but “too soon”?

Mom has no words, and no soon.
Words need things.
Therefore, I need everything,
she needs nothing;
such is the difference.
Existence effortless,
with pain of effort contained within.

I myself have never had a child look up at me
from this bed of Earth.

“Look up to me,” she said,
her face passing over me like a bed sheet
under a pillow.

I said, “Mom, I never heard you
so many times in life
the way I hear you
now.”

Listen, I remember things of the buried past
which have no future for me:
that innocent eye to eye
laughing over torn paper, a bath in a warm sink
beyond what seemed so real
in my cold breakfast cereal.

Mom knew my oceanic self while I was still in it
surfing tide pools of childhood, dreaming.
Now, having become a boat beyond the glass of watchful eyes
I look ahead past old reflections,
sparkling on the surface of what I was to her,
and all that is left of her, sky,
where her light calls out to me, still.

Loving language of familial rhythm
jumpstarts the pores
the awkward dance card-of-life waiting to respond to the invitation,
the act of enduring, itself a city
in which we learn to
receive the vital mail and tell our daily truths and lies,
despite the weather.

Such sadness: Wives never mothers,
sons never fathers,
weeping at finality.
End of the line, Mom,
time to get out, or maybe on.

Yet I am happy at the truth of what once was.
Mom of calypso, skin tone highway
that colors me, her blood my ever changing plans;
all a muffled laugh rehearsing for
this ongoing theatre of the heart.

But Mom, who will see me,
who will hear me,

without you?

With Love, The Carma Bums 3/21/11
Mike Bruner, S.A. Griffin, Doug Knott & Scott Wannberg
For brother Mike Mollett. For Mike's Mom, Mary Mollett (Rest In Peace)

Bury the Wren

“The wren, oh the wren, the king of all birds
On St. Stevens day got caught in the furze
So it's up with the kettle and down with the pan
God give us a penny for to bury the wren.”- *Traditional*.

Straw men, wracked
in the creak of their barleycorn,
stacked in decease of their sheaf limbs;

masked,
hooded as hangmen,
antlering arms uplifted

they catch
a song.

[Music pecks crumbs
from the skin of a drum.]

Up in their nest-heads
eyes are hatching

in the thatching silence
where night is knitted like roofs.

Cold men, come
harrow the stone road
with thrumming wake-noise;

gold coins gather their glow like coals
and deep in the swoon of the Kell-flame,
the candles
make monsters of shadows
and scatter the drinkers' wits.

Oh, straw men,
in the jest of joints,
stiff as the necks
of string instruments!

Straw men, unbending
banjos of men,
taut in the rigor of cornstalks!

Dead men!
Killers of winter!

[The robin, like Cain,
wears the round wound!]

Inflictors!
Guests!
Reveling ghosts!

In the ancestor sleep I watch the unwinding
folk-tumult turning the dream-
picture over.

It is always the straw men,
cloaking their bones,
soaking, chaffing, deluged
by music;

the rustle-men, thieves,
drowned in disguises,
beat on a *bodhrán*, bite on a flute.

It comes up
from the pipe-work of kid-gut,
the cadging banter or burial rites.

And the wren,
the bird in his burlap,
a Christian pilgrim

thimble skull cracks,
joins the canon of martyrs.

[Men were wrens!]

Effigies of trashed flight,

bodies in matchbox coffins
as narrow as fiddle bows, boys
in the loins of the hard earth,
a bargain, a sacrifice; the year rolls round.

I was a bird-face too.
A plague doctor garbed
in the practice of magic.

It is only a masque.

My face- like a widow's- is covered, but

it is only a masque.

The wren is a hero *or* traitor.

The straw men

are hunters

and ghouls.

-Fran Lock

Occidental Plows

Mental rows dug by occidental plows
sprout tiny lichens, mosses, and germs
in fertile, cerebral topsoil,
carefully turned and seeded.

Tenderly tilled mental earth,
watered and weeded,
slowly grows into a vast,
confusing jungle – dangling, strangling,
all sense of depth lost
in the mediocrity of
unrestrained propagation.

-J.B. Hogan

Soo (Vulk)

This is the radio in 1983.

America is a Metallica werewolf. Too many cakes tonight, I'm afraid.

Q. Please, _____, not so tomato.

- A. Crossroads Mall
- B. Westminster Mall
- C. Cinderella City
- D. Northglenn Mall
- E. Southwest Plaza
- F. Pearl Street Mall

ANSWER: C.

-J.D. Nelson



-Dustin Holland

The hold desk

I got put on hold
and there were lots of muscles involved.
Could I get a free breath?
I was trying to bring in some evidence
that would perhaps solve this insane dilemma.
The people at the hold desk had radioactive eyes
which bore through you.
I have a bag of evidence, I told them
It's leaking, could you please take it?
We don't need any more evidence, they said
in unison, and began to laugh.
It began to rain.
Everybody had to evacuate.
Except those nailed to the hold desk.
If we are truly on hold
how can we evacuate?
It rained days and nights.
The water was not put on hold.

Scott Wannberg

10/01/2005

Confessions Of An american Outlaw #60

(Transmissions For Eugene Ruggles #2)

Because I felt hollow
There was something missing from my body
& I never understood it
Until I read a Ruggles Poem
About the right side of the body
This is the scripture
Real books of real flesh
I see something coming out in this Poem
Like a hidden agenda
To make a Poetry religion
You never know how far a Poem will take you

Confessions of a boy
Who lived his life in conflict
Forty three years
& is still in conflict
That will probably die in conflict
That doesn't want conflict anymore

-Michael D. Grover



Napalm and Sidewalk Shadows

Ludicrous choice to be silent.
I know your tongue holds words
like arrows in a loaded crossbow.

Blitzkrieg-- London
Napalm over Trang Bang
Shadow waiting for the sidewalk
in Hiroshima

I'll not be a victim,
I'll rise again and again
to be the missionary

in the rain forest
with a message of hope
to save you.

If you don't make me
kill you first,
in self defense.

-Jack Varnell

Seismology Report

Pressure is building.
Explosions will occur.
Cultures and customs
grind against each other.
The longings of peoples
push and pull
at finite resources.

Beneath the ground
plates move inexorably,
an inch here,
a millimeter there.

It is so hard to translate,
few can understand.
The words are written
in fire and magma.

The day will come
when the earth
will turn on its side.
The all that was written
will be read aloud
to those still alive
with ears to listen.

3/22/10

-Joseph Farley

Old Bokins

EVERY NIGHT I PRAY TO GOD FOR REPUBLICANS ... EVERY NIGHT I THINK GOD FOR NEWT GINGRICH.. NIXON'S DEAD.. RONNIE'S DEAD.. NO FUN.. .. NEWT IS FUN.. JUST LAST WEEK, HE CAME ALL THE WAY TO SAN FRANCISCO TO JOIN ME IN A GIRAFFE HUNT .. IT WAS FUN .. MANLY FUN .. WOMEN JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND..

THESE GIRAFFES SHOULD BE HUNTED IN THE TRADITIONAL REAL MANLY MANNER..

NAKED!

RIGHT!

FULL MOON.. TWO NAKED GUYS WITH SPEARS RUNNING THROUGH GOLDEN GATE PARK.. NOT NEWS IN SAN FRANCISCO.. WHICH IS WHY IT'S A GREAT TOWN FOR GIRAFFE HUNTS..

THROUGH THE PARK.. TO THE BEACH.. TURN LEFT.. HEADED FOR THE ZOO..

THE PLAN WAS SIMPLE.. WE'D POUNCE ON THE GIRAFFE .. AND SINCE THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD .. OR SPEAR .. WE'D STAB THE GIRAFFE IN THE EAR WITH A BALL POINT PEN .. THAT WAS THE PLAN .. BUT EVEN GOOD PLANS LIKE THAT CAN GO WRONG..

WE NEVER MADE IT TO THE ZOO..

ACTUALLY, WE NEVER MADE IT PAST THE BIKER BEER BUST ON THE BEACH .. THOSE BOYS MISUNDERSTOOD THE SPEARS.. AND TURNED THEIR PIT BULLS LOOSE.. NEWT MADE IT BACK TO THE AIRPORT .. BUT HE HAD TO STAND UP ALL THE WAY BACK TO WASHINGTON, D.C .. FORTUNATELY, ON HIS JOB, HE DOES ALL HIS TALKING STANDING UP.. THE PIT BULL HAD TO BE SURGICALLY REMOVED ..

©NEIL

-Dan O'Neil

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Thanks again.