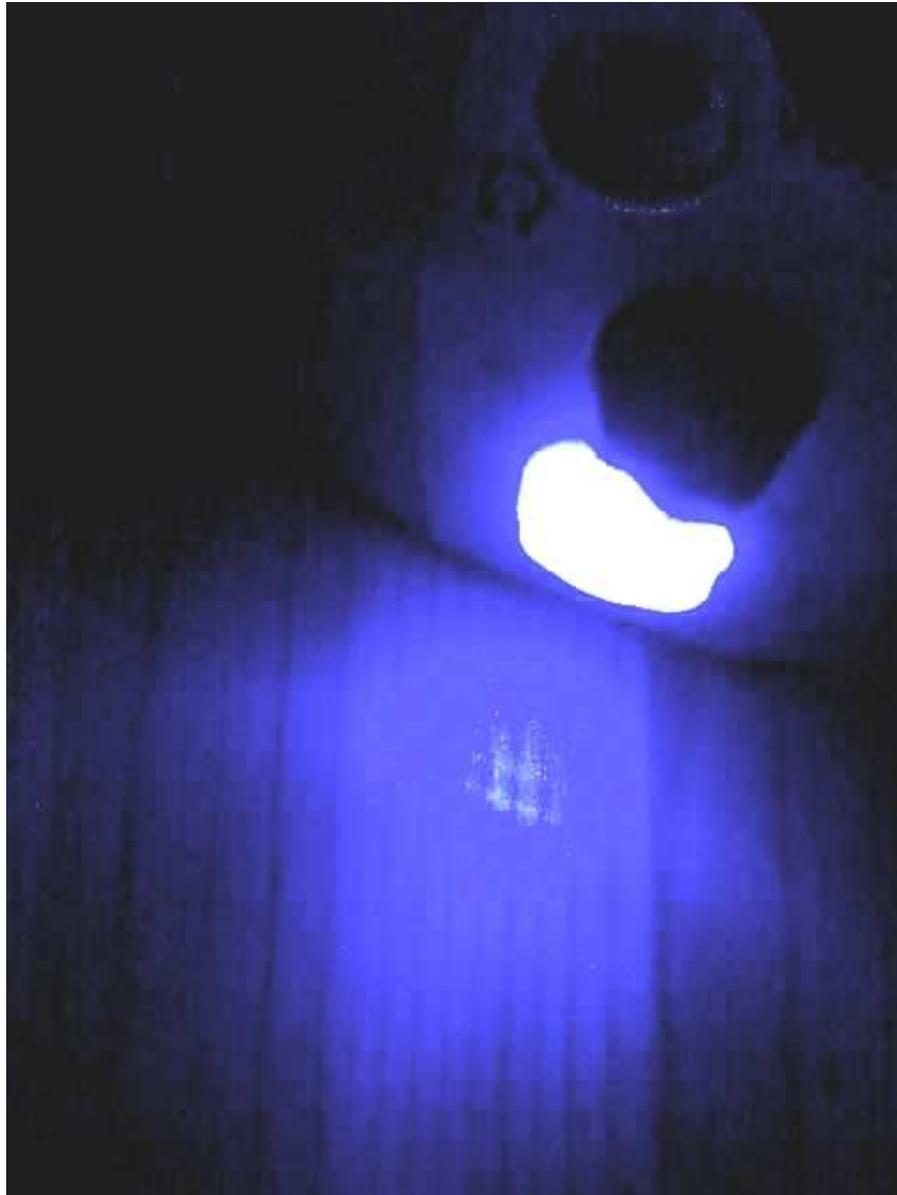


EViscerato **r** HEAVEN

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editor: A.J. Kaufmann



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SI PHILBROOK

„London Calling”

(i)

The radio plays an old Joe Strummer song
I listen and long for the crackle of vinyl
then smile, as I finally remember
who I gave the record to,
I doubt she ever played it.

(ii)

"We interrupt this programme..."

pause

It's never good news

pause

They use it for the death of royalty
or terrorism

or natural catastrophes

pause

This one is a new word for me;

Tsunami.

(iii)

"It is feared that (insert number here)

Britons may be among the dead"

It's said straight faced

not even laced with the irony it deserves

250,000 unheard voices

drowned out by indifference.

(iv)

I spill my tea and swear

work receipts and letters stained,

wondering what it will take

to break the spell, to wake us to the obvious,

not even New Orleans (not white enough).

(v)

We will regret it, this borrowed time,

"maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but soon"

and for the rest of our lives

and for the rest of our children's lives,

civilizations have lasted millennia

any of ya willing to bet on that?

(vi)

Tuning to radio 4, I hear some sore loser

child abuser man of the cloth

rubbing his hands with glee

"in tragedy we turn to Christ"

and they will
and I'd laugh, but it isn't really funny.

(vii)

I flick back to the music
but an earnest dj is still giving out
help numbers and donation lines
for aid to be delivered,
I turn it off
"London is drowning
and I, live by the river".

"Timeline"

This is a long time ago.
I am trying to sleep at my grandparents' house.
I hear his gurgled cough all night.
I don't worry.

This is now.
I am caressing the sweat off my daughter's headcold.
I am the one they quietly cuddle up to.
I worry.

This is later.
I am visiting my brother in hospital.
I heard the words on the news, now I feel them, dirty bomb.
I listen to his cough, and remember my grandfather.

AMANDA FAITH

"remorse"

i spend my days collecting
your shadows and i
arrange them on the bed
trying to find your scent
the only shred of you
i have left

i spend my evenings wailing
into the dark i
have numbered all of
my errors, i have labeled
all of my sorrows

"rain"

you came in on clouds
eyes like lightning
voice like thunder

i lay there like
humming black earth
luminescent damp secret

leaves upturned at
your smell; loosening
a reflex

eyes closed in wind
i rolled over
it's so easy to give

away give in
soil and fog
bite my lip

submit to spread
your face in my mind
i made it rain

MIKAEL COVEY

"Fifty Miles From Midnight"

all night upon the road
alone I walked
and made up songs
to sing of you
so many miles away

glad to be
I sang of life and love
and you

alone I walked
with birds and mice
dead by the road
cows that stared
and spoke and ran
my friends there
we communicated
silence

longed to speak with you
the road
unanswers
passersby could surely die
for all I care
and all they care

for lonely travelers
the night and rain and fog and almost fear
I sang to you, my love,
who passed me by

"thine enemy"

a nursing bitch dog will
raise a baby orphan cat
a pig will care for
a tiger cub in a zoo
without its mom

a new yorker will go
to Arafat and tell all
sides that killing won't
bring peace

meaningless motions
tidbits of news
snippets of nothingness
lost in the dust in the street
in the rumble and rubble
of tiger tanks

ROBERT CHRYSLER

Improvisation: Like A Silver Face

Repeat a drifting antinomy drawn to the crease of your pants after the road's salutary effect on civilization's prime nostril. Being equivalent to your every breath off the vertiginous path with smoke issued from the Great Chain's lilting vapor. Valor sorts what have you sitting down on a sheath of light and writing a letter to time. Pensive meditations rhyming with dossier. Heat in stable air. Cogs grasping your every throat. Amnesia settling in on body-parts lit only by halogen invested with an obscure meaning. Translated into a virtual paradise with broken bits of glass flying off shattered egos stacked to the ceiling. An ambulatory night kicking the clock. Spit out veins dancing in the snow's compatibility gently rocking the masturbation left simmering on a blank cassette. Sleeping women rent an apartment on the apocalypse. Blaring hallelujahs at the absolute worst time for enlightenment like a silver face.

ROB PLATH

"playing leapfrog w/gravestones"

as a kid i used to
play leapfrog
with gravestones

but now i no longer
entertain myself w/that game

for death has grown
too large

instead i squat
w/a cigarette
my back against
the front of the bar

then disappear
back into the dim room
& resume straddling
an old rickety stool

KARL KOWESKI

"white ghosts"

the tsunami hit
with the force of
a water park
atom bomb

fortunate corpses
bloated kindling
gathered from
the beaches
of back pack paradise

monks from
the Pu Ta Gong sect
wander the water line
shrouded in
chants and prayers

burnt offerings
of pizza
and
American currency

wisps of smoke
easing the passage
of foreign spirits
from the
third world
to the next

AMANDA BOSCHETTO

"let there be"

let there be nothing but
nothing but love,
but the gazing eyes of
the raining heaven
and a pavement lost
in the swallowing city,

let there be nothing but
nothing but stale cum
on my stomach
and your cock all
sprayed out, orgasms
resting in my drained brain

let there be nothing but
nothing but suicidal demons
on the floor,
sobbing and trying to
reach life a last time,
like a flapping wing-broken
bird

let there be nothing but
nothing but you
(and me)

DAVID MCLEAN

"there are trains"

there are trains in every city and pigeons
probably, at least in every city i have seen
but not in every city i have dreamed of
for in these everything is often dead

and trains stand silent on lonely rails
at best, if they were ever invented
and the dead men have forgotten them
last, if they have forgotten anything

cities i dream are dead as children
dead as any past, this is a good thing -
like a funeral in Sweden, cities
where nothing is happening

nobody is living

LUIS CUAUHTEMOC BERRIOZABAL

"The murmur in my heart"

She turns around
and smiles without
the slightest clue
that I am a
shadow to her
light. The murmur
in my heart is
getting worse. She
has me under
a spell. I am
a voodoo doll
in her hands. I
am feeling the
pins in my heart.
I am a bird
without wings. She
holds the clippers.

AMBER RITCHIE

„I've Heard of Death (or something like it) Before”

I left immortal doves lying,
The folly of my sedated muse dying,
In the luminous rain of retrospect.

Rhetorical abyss awaits you, my dear.
The malice that charms my immaculate fears,
Left two strangers in the impossible forever.

The albatross remembers black and white.
Cosmic intent parts their gossamer night.
Electrify my star-crossed legion of insomnia.

„I Feel Small Alot”

The fireworks light up the head of the
Lost. Little: Lamb.
The burning handmade of stars reaches down to grace
the head of the perceived child.
She yearns to reach higher to meet him,
but she's content with running away.
She's locked away with invisible comfort.
He glides down on tinted flames to Earth to protect her
and whisper lyrics from The Doors in her ear.

JACK HENRY

"beaten down"

beaten down
amidst tall brown
weeds in an empty
lot, downtown los angeles

hidden beneath newsprint
and broken bits
left for dead by
mainstream life

flat foot walking
when the need hits
in and out of sunlight
crows cry from high wires
trapeze artists wobble
in the wind

seas part when i pass by
dereliction my title
remorse my sin
i live in a bottle
that never runs dry

"mask"

my mask of green
shows a lesser side
and i slide into
a fathomless deep
drifting through
miasmatic mornings
where only little
birds find joy

sleep has abandoned
me as i cling to a timetable
words, my pariah, endless
and cheap

GREGORY SCHWARTZ

"Satori"

Before their eyes ever opened, those who've actualized after-sight.
Turned to internalized inner-light.
For what begins at the heart, becomes of the eyes
that startle the muse to hide.

Worldly introduction a simple attraction.
Diminished in sighs of separation.
A curious character projects tactile remnants
surfacing upon thee, illumine.

Freedom shown upon the eyes.
In a blessed sense of illuminations.
A firmaments glint of welkin perfection
an intuitive glimmers cerulean equilibrium.

If only we believed our eyes, turning away from the setting sun.
The concealed causeway of clarity is.
Nurtured in light of likeness, seen in a well pool of mirrored tears
here begins the illuminate within.

The sun evaporated neutralizing vision.
Opening to show us where we are.
In a distant scintillation's sense of harmony
the light like form returned.

For before this ever was.
The alluvial embodiment of after-lands.
As eyes refract a most difficult transcendence
into a new warmth of the more perfect pure view.

ANTONY HITCHIN

"Duct Tape"

Black rubber goggles plasma lenses cold metal chair legs and arms buckled
so tightly the tips of his fingers grow grey blue needle pierces lumber punctures warm
snake winds spine coils brain stem white coats
white coats checking systems
go
white coat with cursor pastes images of digital video the cursor is god now says one of the
white coats other white coat checks emerald spike signs on monitor other white coat chuckles and
watches over shoulder of white coat selecting video
he clicks and grabs clips and drops them in all women are abused subordinate some forced to
drink piss others fuck rifles and various other artillery one forces a hand grenade up her anus
wincing with pain while men with latex faces howl laughter through stretched mouthpieces
strobe flashes corporate sigils he begins to struggle flinging his head from side-to-side in attempt

JEREMIAH VIOLENT

"monster in bows"

you can pull out the fangs but violence still lingers.

a few men have been going from town to town making money off the local hicks and rubes with a very peculiar attraction, a hideous and obscene monster inside of a cage that has had its teeth and claws removed surgically.

despite its viciousness, the monstrous captive is a fairly small beast, and very amusing to look at when trapped inside it's cage. instead of screams and disgusted revulsion from the surrounding audience, the air is filled with much laughter and taunting mockery.

it drools and snarls and spits snot, dressed to the hilt in bows and a bonnet stitched by an exquisite tailor that would fit snugly against the frame of a small girl, although when the spotlight stopped shining the beast will most often be found draped in a ragged shawl removed from the corpse of a proletarian midget who was long rumored to have remained virginal her entire life until she was supposedly discovered in the sleep induced visions of a high priest performing a hideous sex act with a slithering serpent and thus found her end standing in the middle of a circle of stone throwers for only a daughter of venom and devils would allow such a beast to claim it's nest inside her womb.

on a whim they select a pretty young girl from the audience to throw a live animal into its cage. on some occasions the poor monstrosity may find itself battling against a snake or a swarm of wasps, but on this particular evening the contender is a live chicken basted in syringe after syringe of the monstrosity's own blood, extracted and stored quite professionally while the beast lay under a coma of chemical tranquility. it knows the stench of its own blood quite well from many previous lashings from owner and animal alike and as far as it's primitive brain can perceive it can smell its own death radiating menacingly from the shallow-brained bird that has suddenly intruded upon the beast's metal cell, cold steel marked territorially by undernourished urine.

the monster leaps forward, and although it has obviously starved for some time it simply can't seem to eat the chicken, jaws gumming and dripping with drool, and in fact, for a moment it seems like the chicken is winning for it not only has been deprived of many essential comforts as well but also has been injected with a potent amphetamine formula designed to affect it's simple brain with screaming psychosis. frothing with aggression it's pecking beak aims for the eyes and genitalia causing the monster to run shamefully away, searching for a corner safe to cower in.

this routine got quite a chuckle from an audience so decrepit that violence without shame or humiliation is always a waste of the few shillings they are expected to fork over, but just as the giggles die down the monster seized the fowl abruptly with one quivering hand, broke the chicken's neck with all the strength it could muster and ripped its wings right from their sockets, flapping them above its head as if imitating flight.

the audience applauded, but gum as it may, the monster still couldn't reduce the animal into a mush fit for swallowing.

after this spectacle the beast's professional caregiver entered the cage dressed head to toe in rubber and gave it a large injection of opiated tranquilizers, struggling to drive the syringe home while "rock a bye baby" was played in the distance on an ancient out of tune calliope as they dressed the monster in a bib and bottle fed it a mixture of blood, milk, and salt.

with fresh blood spilled until the heart stopped beating the show is now over and all the gamblers ante up, some quite begrudgingly. a final prize is given out at random as the curator of events draws a random name from a bowler hat and awards a handsome young man with a thick crop of red hair and a beautiful, husky, well endowed wife the remainder of the mawed chicken for there is still plenty of unspoiled meat clinging to its crippled bones. an old man brandishing a wooden crucifix (with the nailed savior's stomach bloated and swollen from starvation, an unspoiled vagina between its bare legs even though it has the physique of a small boy, and the head of a grinning boar), glares pure hatred from his ancient eyes at the young couples blessing of mutilated meat even though he has bares the fattest gut in the village. it is said that the head of the boar can be removed from the body of his idol, which he will fill with rotten meat before screwing it back on to attract a halo of flies as the meat rots, and many bottle necks buzz about this instant, drinking from his perspiration. meanwhile the lucky, skilled, and successful with their wagers buy cigars soaked in a thin gruel of poorly prepared hash oil and coal size lumps of adulterated, pockmarked opium from young girls wearing authentic but customized secret police uniforms from an old totalitarian Reich that choked violently on the special kind of death greed that is only downright satisfied with total genocide. bottles of opium wine come uncorked, cigars meet flame, ass gets slapped, and the champions of capitalism stagger off to child brothels with heads held high.

GEORGE ANDERSON

„The Crossing”

I used to see him most days outside the coffee shop
A huge crucifix slung round his thickly bearded face
Jovially reading from a red rimmed bible or ardently
pontificating to those who passed him on the street
How he had KISSED THE CHEEKS OF JESUS!

Sometimes, I saw him down at the train station handing out
Leaflets with hand written inspirational quotes lifted from Good News
From inside the carriage you couldn't help but smile as he reverently
Waved & blessed the train as it departed for the big smoke.

Once, I saw him kissing the railway track at the crossing near the park
He was oddly muttering to himself, clutching his cross & jabbing at the sky.

*

A couple of weeks ago, I read in the Mercury he had killed himself one night
It reported that while the train was stopped at the station
He had placed his neck on the track.

Yesterday, I saw his twin brother outside the local coffee shop
I thought of his head sliced, rolling, spurting blood onto the
Ballast, his family grieving, the train driver being counseled.

JOHN PETROLINO

„Fast Talkers“

Lack of a muse
Meant for cunning
Linguists to teach humility
Ah, that no-so-American
American pie
Tastes foreign
But do they really need
Inspiration
All motives
For self
Less small tokens
Paid to the karma
Of humanity
Bringing ideas from
Pleasure