

Eviscerato r heaven

issue #2, July 23rd 2008
edited by A.J. Kaufmann



all copyright remains with the authors

:contents:

David McLean – love is.....	3
Ray Swaney – {BIASED 7-10 SPLIT}	4
Yvon Cormier – My Smith Corona.....	5
Howie Good – more light.....	6
Ray Sucre – Mike and Kim's First Year.....	7
Corey Mesler – Night Vision.....	8
David LaBounty – cathedral.....	9
Luis Cuauhtemoc Berriozabal – three poems.....	10
Felino Soriano – Victor.....	13
Amanda Faith – three poems.....	14
Travis Blair – Eyes the Color of Blue Valium.....	16
Richard Wink – 5 days.....	17
Brittony Fay Johnson – Fast Food Notions.....	18
Michael Aaron Casares – first thought.....	19
Pablo Vision – A Good Fisting.....	20

David McLean

love is

love is a scratched record
and eternal recurrence
in each of us, man
returning

to the recursive root
of memory and hollow
bodies, filled with pain
like a sack of sex.

love is fingers touching
or the evil of the penis
and demonic womb,
wherein dreams form

and are aborted. missing
matrix and the most ill
will, blood and mystical
murder, but love still

will

Ray Swaney

{BIASED 7-10 SPLIT}

Yr biased
Accept it
Less graceful than a log
A slob god toddler-
Looking glass pious

Dog, yr th'shit
Accept it
Digital or analog-
Slow gin fizz bomber
Existentially legit!

Hats on trucks
Men in cans
I've made a few hundred Supermans
I've laughed so hard
It seams (I've split)

Yr no better than anyone
Accept it!
Kick anti-claptrap
Raps for yr health

I've held loose leaves together
Woven lines close to each other
To create the illusion of life
We weave & unravel
Time
Continues to leave me
Unimpressed
A slave who doesn't know
Lest can change
Dressed to kill
In best-pressed chains
I can free time from a line
A crime-space continuum
A free-time conundrum
A hum-drum crumb,
Bumbling

I'm biased
I got it!
Less grateful than a dog
God-gonnit, I'm here
Rightfully self-righteous

Songs in toes
Feather in cap-LOCKS
I've stroked a couple cat-naps
I've accepted too much
It seams (I'll split)

Yvon Cormier

Yvon Cormier writes from an insatiable nomadic intelligence which obsesses over what is unsaid and the seemingly invisible aspects of daily life. His work is rooted in drawing life pictures where words owe a greater debt to what they represent rather than the reverse.

He has been published in Long River Run, 2007, The Diarist's Journal, Oct. 2002, and in Covert Press # 2 (in print & online), Nibble a poetry magazine, and Heroin Love Songs. His chapbook of Jazz & Blues influenced poetry & prose is titled Life Sketches in Blue (Select Edition)[D/E/A/D/B/E/A/T/ Press].

My Smith Corona

The slap of keys hit the page
in Morse code rhythmic patterns
which spell out my secret thoughts-
each strike jeers memory, releases
another discovery.

Bold strokes with no ability to
erase. It's always better with no
safety net. The words land and
later a few gems remain.

Then there's the keyboard with
its slight, almost imperceptible
clacks and a muttered voice.

Its muffled foot prints rest lightly
from centipede legs which wear
padded shoes, so as to leave no
proof of involvement.

The tab bar thwacks to count the
end of a measure. The screen takes
my words and holds them hostage
while my dumb eyes stare.

Potential censorship tempts the
hands because one backspace
touch could erase an accident
that could have been gold.

The manual typewriter demands
deliberate choice and is no good
for the fearful thinker. Its cold body
warms when you do.

And the more my fingers sink
into your wire intestines, the more
my guts stain this once empty
page.

My hands dig into your keys as if to
paw piano bars and they find joy in how
my abuse makes you sing.

Howie Good

more light

I'm going away tonight. I'm going over the valley.
I must get to the station.

Boy, fetch my fiddle. Where is my clock?
All compound things are subject to breaking up.

Only one man ever understood me.
And he didn't really understand me.

Codeine . . . bourbon.
Nothing soothes pain like human touch.

More light.
Open the second shutter so that more light may come in.

The Earth is suffocating.

(Assembled from the last words of Salvador Dali, James Brown, Cosmo Lang, Babe Ruth, Georg Friedrich Wilhelm Hegel, Siddhartha, Frederic Chopin, Bobby Fischer, Robert Roy MacGregor, Tallulah Bankhead, and Johan Wolfgang von Goethe.)

Ray Succre

Ray Succre currently lives on the southern Oregon coast with his wife and baby son. He has been published in Origami Condom, Gloom Cupboard, Dogzplot, and Unquiet Desperation, as well as in numerous others across as many countries. His novel Tatterdemalion was recently released in print and is available most places. He tries hard. For inquiry, publication history, and information, visit me online: <http://raysuccre2.blogspot.com>

Mike and Kim's First Year

Built. Colored ill on fish fed fast
from a drivethru fast food store,
emblem-faced. He fell at the wall,
nose like a sundial.

With tea-scalding wits that reasoned
gently but damaged in the first quench,
Indigo Mike's purpose was in the drink,
the whim was loose.

Kim's pelt and troublesome pout
was a lane sweltered beneath the traffic
heat to the belting witch of J.C. Penny's
children's clothing section. She sweat
for hours, pregnant and tired.

He had gumption to buy the triple X,
from the one shop, though her father
was clerk.

An altar for the urge-endowed passed,
and he faded from the stark,
a torquoise forming on raw copper
to stain his libido's smelted burn.

They augmented the greeting,
listening at the bedroom door for it,
but ready at the minute
to streak the air like lightning.

Corey Mesler

Corey Mesler has published in numerous journals and anthologies. He has published two novels, *Talk: A Novel in Dialogue* (2002) and *We Are Billion-Year-Old Carbon* (2006). His first full length poetry collection, *Some Identity Problems* (2008), is out from Foothills Publishing. He has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize numerous times, and one of his poems was chosen for Garrison Keillor's *Writer's Almanac*. He has two children, Toby, age 19, and Chloe, age 12. With his wife, he runs Burke's Book Store, one of the country's oldest (1875) and best independent bookstores. He also claims to have written "These Boots are Made for Walking." He can be found at www.coreymesler.com

Night Vision

I wear my badge like a wound.
The wind, once so
strong it rearranged my teeth,
now spits like a child.
I stand outside listening to the
music of toads. I want
to be the man who spoke to you
from afar and you came.
I want to be the one whose name
you whisper right before
your real lover makes you come.
I used to hold women like
quavering notes. The sounds were
carried away. The night
swallowed them as it swallowed us.
The night sanctified
me as if I were the last outlaw.
I wear my face like a mask.

David LaBounty

cathedral

there is no god or

not much of a god,

there is only

Carver, Dostoyevsky,

Fante, Sartre,

Bukowski and others,

their dead words

flickering

eternal candles in my soul.

Luis Cuauhtemoc Berriozabal

things are really bad

Things are really bad lately.
I see my fingers and hands
wrapped around the necks
of the people I love most.

I am followed by birds who
have cameras in their eyes.
They are constantly taking
my picture. I can't be alone.

There is something in my
food, so I can't eat or drink
anything. I keep knives under
my bed to protect myself.

Aliens are going to take over
the earth. I know my family
knows. I know they know.
I know they know I know.

The aliens have impregnated
my sister. I need to cut
the child out. My mother thinks
I need some psychiatric help.

the marital bed

I'm better off dead
if that is God's blessing.
I have to take out
the marital bed because
my wife cheated on me.

I have poison on
my clothes and on my eyes.
That snake poisoned my
heart and everything she touched.
My wife is not God's child.

I can't eat any food.
I can't drink anything.
I won't take my pills.
Tell me doctor, would you take
the medications?

When I talk to the
sky, the light burns me. I
can't wait to be out
of these problems. I need to
take the poison off of me.

the sound

In the night it came
scratching at my ear.
First the left one and
then the right one. I
heard a foot walking
when I was alone.
In the yard I heard
the sound of fingers
snapping. Early in
the morning I saw
a mist, where the sound
became the landscape,
which was a white cloud.
A black cat came out
behind the trees. In
the night the sound came
and circled my ears.
The black cat fled when
the sound was louder.
In bed I put the
covers over my
head. The sound shouted
into each ear. It
was useless to make
the sound go away.
I shouted all night.
In dead silence, I
woke up at dawn with
my voice and the sound gone.

Felino Soriano

Felino Soriano, from California is a Case Manager working with developmentally disabled adults. He is also a philosophy student. His chapbook "Exhibits Require Understanding Open Eyes" was published by Trainwreck Press, 2008. His poetry appears at BlazeVOX, Otoliths, Hecale, Ygdrasil, Clockwise Cat, and elsewhere. Visit www.felinosoriano.com for a complete publication history and for more information.

Victor

The horse rode itself
pleasure time affair with ground
air snorting delight since Spring
assembled bouquet of cilantro shaped
greens and a lake of conjoined twins' blues
within splayed, angled nostrils.
Broken ability not a
this time option displayed
towards watching crowds,
he a tribute in which trotting defines
as continual nonchalance, physical
rising.

Amanda Faith

Amanda Faith is a girl who lives to write. Her work has appeared in The Idiom, Fabric Staircase and Unquiet Desperation. She reads at the monthly poetry shows at the famous Brighton Bar.

Awareness

into this world girls are born
daily wet naked and
wailing and the doctors
slap you on the ass and they
silence you with a nipple

it is the first and last time
a girl is to be heard loud
and clear with defiance
in those aching lungs

if you have seen me it
is not enough if you
push in and pull out
my shrieking will stop
time i have come into
this world, i have
come i have come

Morning

one night stands are divine
its yr last chance to get it right

i wake up in the valley of
the bottlecaps in the
shadow of an overflowing ashtray

why was i praying & what was his name

i go home to sleep it off
a blue hood over my knotted hair
the world is full of broken souls
and i am just one mother mary

never trust my eyes

breathe in
breathe out
run my fingers through my hair
over the wooden furniture
along the dusty windowsill

the skeletons in my closet
are always fresh
time comes at me
from all directions
to set the trap

my beating heart swells
the room turns dull gray
i'm the prey caught like
the roar of the sea
in your ear

breathe in
breathe out
a stray wind
blows up my skirt
heavy steps pound
on the stairs

these visions appear
from movement
and are nurtured by
malformed panic
quiet days turn to
acid under my tongue

Travis Blair

Travis Blair is an old outlaw who lives a mile down the road from the University of Texas in Arlington, where he graduated back in the Dark Ages. For 30 years he worked in the movie business before taking up poetry writing. Often he writes under the pseudonym of Cisco Kid. His collection of poems written in and about Mexico is being prepared for publication this fall as his first book.

Eyes the Color of Blue Valium

She wasn't pretty
but she had Fuck Me
eyes the color of blue
Valium -- the pills
she popped to keep
her buzzed and horny
-- and pouty lips
that sucked a dozen
cocks in high school.

She staggered stoned
and laid down easy
for anyone who'd roll
and twist one
but you'd better get
it fast before she puked
and passed out.

I'm no saint, I'll admit
I fucked her brains out
more than once
or more than that,
I don't remember.

She wasn't pretty
but pussy is pussy
and a hard dick
has no conscience
when you're drunk
or stoned or horny.

Richard Wink

5 days

And it's alright to wake in the morning with money in your pocket
And carry the same carton of apple juice
And two breakfast snack bars in your supermarket bag

And it's not too bad
When you finally wake up about eleven
Though you had got out of bed six hours earlier

And it's ok to be professional
To take pride in what you do

Continuity is a problem
Repetitions is an occupation
Home is a retreat
Work is a constant

Brittany Fay Johnson

Fast Food Notions

I take off the mask of Americanisms
fearing not the fear mongering
Sipping my Earl Gray.

- I never was a Starbucks girl -

This fast food nation scares me
Drinking milk past adolescence.
Why?
It is dead white blood cells.
Blood, yum!
May I have another glass please?

- A glass of blood to drown the thousand pounds of cows flesh -

McDonald's.

If Canada has free health care,
why did Micheal Moore go to Cuba?

- Viva La Revolution -

I like Lemons in my Tea.

Michael Aaron Casares

Michael Aaron Casares lives in San Antonio, TX. At the time of this submission he is an unpublished writer who has been writing for a loooooong time. He respects the rules of grammar, but does not always follow.

First Thought

Widen our paths of enlightenment,
great poet, unveil our eyes from
the smokescreen the world
lays before us. Show us
the stars and the heavens mechanic
clock so that we may hear the ticking
tock of time eternal. Reveal to us, masterful
artisan, the grandeur of god and the incarnates
that surround him; reveal to us death and
show us the fears that we push away.
Only you can do this with your
shaman quill, only you can expose us to a
higher truth that we would deign to
see, that we would refuse to see
if we are given the choice.

Even now as you spiral dance
and burn and build new paths,
show us the light of the sun
as it shares the sky with the
moon. Show us the dark of
night as it greets the sunny day. Dance.
The eternal trance of thought weighing
not on our minds, strip away the corporeal
pleasures of society; rid our words of
everyday life and mediocrity; take us above
the boundaries of reality, above ephemeral
solidarity; leave these words barren
of what we know of this world. Leave them
full of promise so that as the
shadows set permanent in our eyes,
with divine light shall we see.

Pablo Vision

Pablo Vision occasionally updates <http://pablovision.blogspot.com> with obscenity, blasphemy, links to recently published work, and information about stuff in print, audio, art, and films. He has remained faithful to the same woman for a number of years, but he is always eager to test his resolve in this matter with attractive gothic girls.

A Good Fisting

The drive: my cock stiffens as I think about my girlfriend's tits: cupping them as I take her from behind; my face buried in them when she is on top; her nipple in my hungry mouth, and my cock deep inside. I pull off the road.

The restroom: a glance that could be misconstrued; a returned smile. I try and bring the adrenalin under control. Fear and excitement makes me shake. I leave and sit in my car, and he leaves and sits in his. Another glance. Another smile. I drive - he follows.

The woods: no words yet, nor commitment to any act: fear of each other and fear of ourselves. We walk in silence, and at a distance, deeper into the woods.

Straying from the path: I move first, unfastening his belt and unzipping his jeans. His cock is larger than mine, but mine is nicer. I take his cock in one hand and his balls in the other. He does the same to me. We face each other, and the tips of our cocks touch.

Then: he is on his knees – desperately adoring my cock with his mouth, and my balls with his hands. My fingers entwined in his hair as I shoot my load, and he laps it up like a grateful dog.

Then: my cock is between his ass cheeks, and I reach round with both hands, to bring him off. We stay like this: me holding his cock and squeezing his balls until he has throbbled his last throb, and until he starts to go limp.

Aftermath: he turns round, pulling up his pants, and I move to kiss him. But now that he has come, the sight of my cock, the taste of my spunk, and the thought of what we have done, fills him with revulsion. The fingers that wrapped so lovingly around my cock now tighten into the fists that smash hatred into my face.