

### Something Else I Had in Mind

*No, not the clench-browed scholar's solitude  
 tonight I want, but  
 record players  
 and ice cubes & bourbon in glasses  
 to burn the mind clean of thought,  
 and fine fever dancing  
 with a bare backed black satin waisted  
 someone you can fall in love with  
 or say you have,  
 even if it isn't  
 so.*

Sam McMillan

*softhidden*

*the clouds            return  
 rolling wonders on the breath of God*

*silverrainbow*

*sun  
 plays a melody of light on  
 earth and upwards  
 through the grey*

*Greypatchhighspringrainships  
 skip over the mountains and*

*roll*

*waterfleet churning itself  
 in the ageless  
 moisture sundance wetdance celebration of the wind*

Sparky Banks

*sirens and squeaking raincoats.*

*In my samsonite chair I remembered (my dream) escaping an  
 island of boneless horrors, the stiff white grass in that mea-  
 dow frosted by the perverse alchemy of mad loveless scientists,  
 and in fear I was severed from the vision of the priest and ele-  
 vated behind my closed eyes to far below me view the winking  
 lights of hydroelectric plants, prisons and circuses, the  
 flickering bonfires of railroad hobo camps, the spastic hotel  
 neons blazing in the occult cavern of night where Baudelaire  
 and Flaubert the priest are cutting up the intimate tissue of  
 this journal in their own mad autopsy of love. Are we intimate?*

Chris Blake

### Zachory Taylor

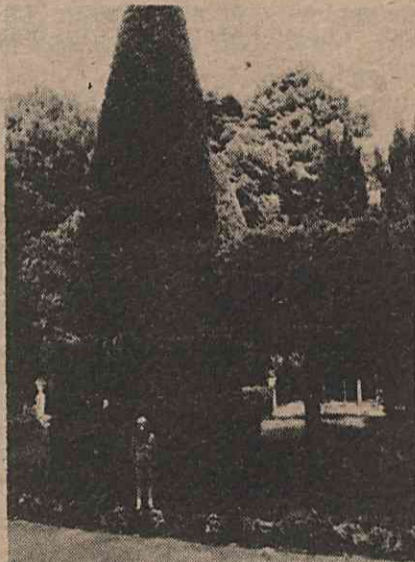
*Zachory Taylor, you son-of-a-bitch,  
 I keep getting your phone calls,  
 which is of course not your,  
 but the Bell Systems, fault,  
 although it changes nothing.*

*Why did you move or disconnect?  
 Were you too poor, too private, too  
 uneasy to answer your phone  
 number, which I, now you,  
 must pick up and explain who  
 this is and what I know of you.*

*And I know nothing of you: not your  
 race, sex, age, religion, occupation,  
 address, height or new number.  
 I have no clues to go on except  
 your old listing, our coincidentally  
 same number.*

*So, please excuse me while  
 I talk rude and lewd to polite  
 voices who ask do you know his new number  
 or do you know where I can reach him,  
 because I'm your nasty answering service  
 insulting everyone the best I can  
 to keep them guessing and off our heels.*

Wm. Timmerman



photos by Jill Boniske