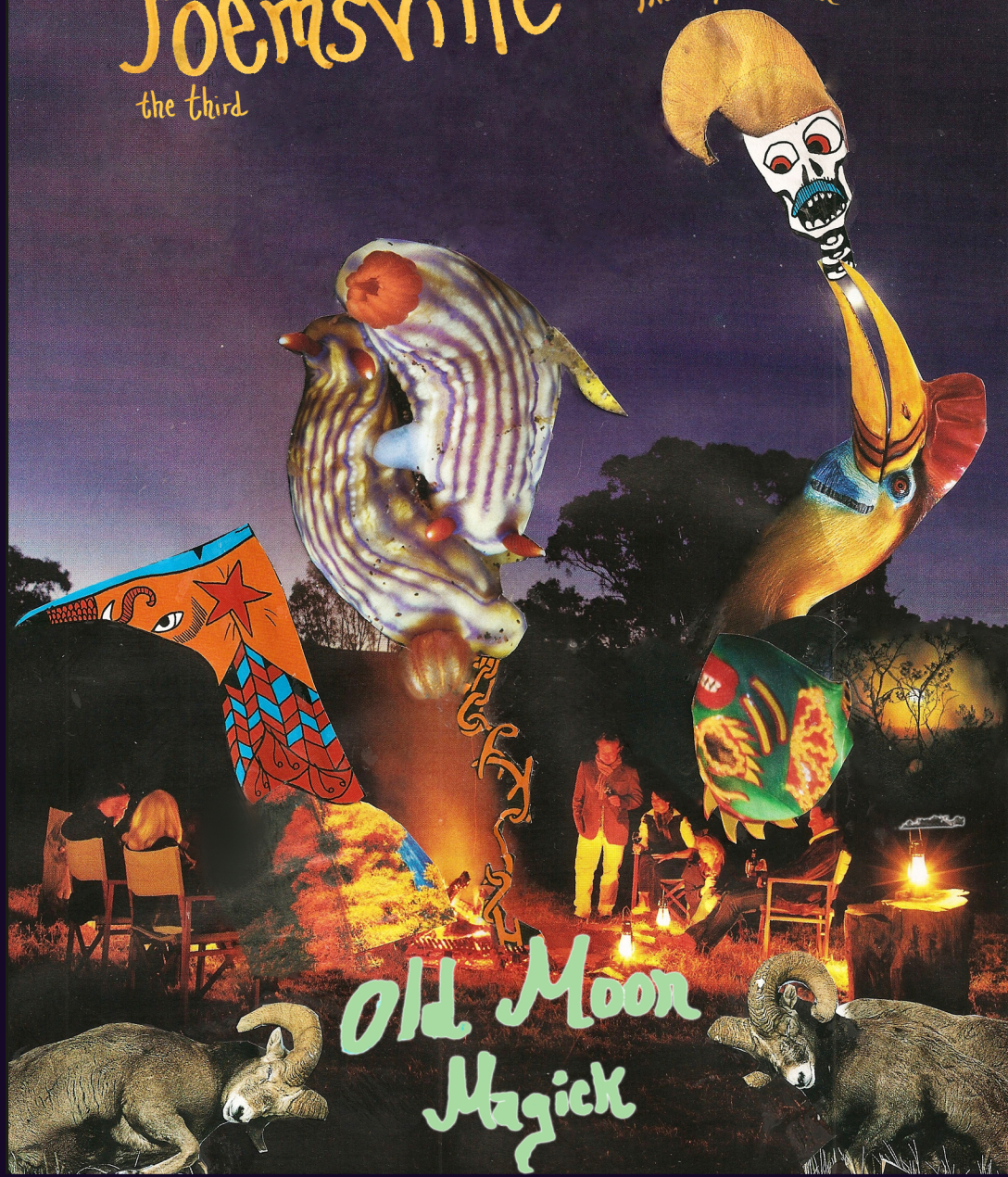


Poemsville[®]

the third

FREE or your \$ back



Old Moon
Magick

Poemsville Presents

Old Moon Magick

Kerstin Killemo... We're going to have a big bonfire & The Aliens
Cage Bat... .. Horse-drawn hearses with black plumes
Open Mike Evil... .. Nightmares
John Sashfaery... .. Sap of Fools
Count Von Baron... .. lady you are my knight and shining armor
Emily Clobberer... .. Always On
Witches in Sweatpants... .. Nightmare in Dreamland
Brandon Gomez... .. 1oz., 2oz., 3oz.
David Clitsmasher & The Amputee Cock Goblin... .. The Lovecraft
Charley "Manson" Foster Dad... .. Cast out & The sound of a bird
Flem Dubya Scar... .. Scientific minds & Jum
Veronica Lake, who else... .. David Slayers
d.o.a. Williams... .. Rectal Eye Vision #2: The Dead Baby
Aharodel... .. fire
Jack Hagshack... .. A Curse at the Devil
Jason McDeath... .. How many addresses do I have?

We're going to have a big bonfire
Away the gray
Get misty for blue
suckle my tit, not my shoulder
What we've got here
are a whole lot of Puritan farmers
who like to roll their own
Meteor burn spots on the front lawn
It's hard to be on the bus
while dreaming of the ocean
'till you bump up on it
and the houses all sparkle

Capitano!
There is a difference!
Individual, individual, collective
We are all one
but some of us have met before
Get your dick wet in the past
The Lioness only moves through her instinct
Old meat hurts the gut
I will throw it on the bonfire
There is no cosmic beard



THE ALIENS

6 foot tall, red-headed Texas round-face
sparks the magic man in the poet
who leans into a future of desolate San Francisco
Is illusion a big baby
allowed to eat me
and shit rocks for giggles?
simultaneously they make love to the computer
we're all captured on sizzle tape
I ask good questions
Answer to my little gut me
Vibrate in a stretchy holy moment
We're all a load of freaks rolling down the asphalt
A big impressive playground of words

and delineations of reasons
the actions are the magic
separate infinities
one in which I try to sell cars
make cigarettes do what I want
hold my piss for 9 hours
My hibernation of perfection is preparation
I go to the other world and bring back proof
experience is reality
Here is my depth
It's my head
Fuck helmet laws.





Horse-drawn hearses with black plumes and velvet caparisons
And the eighth kingdom says of him that a cloud came upon the earth
and that the moon was once a man who committed incest with his sister
The whole experience starts with the abductee tripping balls on some kind of
mixture of "herbs and spices"
If you take a pill, you will be healthy and not age for five hundred years
Everything since the date of the BP oil spill and Hitler's birthday has followed a
single interconnected narrative
Do you take the pill?
The mouth attached your face might not thirst the blood of others, but the penis-
like object languishing inside your newly acquired armpit anus does
a closer look at your feet reveals an overlapping pinky toe
Had Hitler been a less abnormal character, no great "Mischief," or at least a
very different kind of "mischief," might have come of it
I was a beatnik in the '50s before the hippies came along
Did I kill anyone?
That's just one of the amazing monuments to my superiority
The Berlin Wall separating the flesh and spirit worlds still stands
I have seen many people who spoke terrible English at Fortune 500 jobs
a tightly knit group of sideshow performers who stick together like family
And then there's Buzz Aldrin
a fossil that could be reconstructed as a human ancestor with a large brain
to punch out American monsters
But I'm still not sure if I am actually telling you what Halloween means to me
And it's too bad because you'll have students who hear this on the news and
believe that this is real

Yo, I want shag on my floor charred carpeting
Old guys singing four-part harmony
Go to the valley, get a manager
Who specializes in porn-star marketing
I wish every day was Halloween
I'd be Frylock from the Aqua Teens

Yo. Why? I don't know why
Maybe to make the time go by
Maybe I got bats in my belfry
But if it was that, who could tell me?
You say the things that you overheard
I see the things that you don't observe
The written life strictly synthesized
And tricks the eyes like lower-thirds

I see the future for city niggas
Gang-banging with samplers on midi-triggers
A different future for rural folks
Cause that will be where the tourists go
To take pictures of families with real-life first cousins,
sisters and aunties

Yo, I got a heart like a Buick motor
And play my part like a super soldier
I got a mind like a steel toe
I be walking on my heels though
The internet and the cable's out
Man, I should go get a paper route



MY GOD! WE'RE DOOMED!

Sap of Fools

A stranger accidentally presses against a panel
and a bookcase slides back
The bars had been removed from all the windows
Some of these houses are startlingly old
The dead puppies turn us back on love
I sip the sap of fools
The house seems heavier
By land or sea or foam
Our faces have filled with smoke. We escape
into a frantic lagoon
a slab of business rising behind the stars
Too crazed to cry
We twinkle under the weight





lady you are my knight in shining armor

what sense do you dream in?

all of the q q q tui 12, mnn nkgfhessiwhq
oo ps we covered it - someone wrote: "the sixth" :)
Pizza.

Play time

what are you looking for? Moksh a

and where will you start? Elsewhere

dorsal finnish



Always on.
You want me or you don't.
Or you want me to transform
in to mythical woman
Giant Vagina and tiny clitoris.
Exploring like a bear on a bike.



Nightmare in Dreamland

Glow in the dark talking ghosts
fill our ears with tongues
our assholes with worms
 little white ones
scraggly old man hairs in my mutton chops
Where has chivalry gone?
 Where is it?

Ah! O!

Ah ah oh O!

The boat sings

Of its misfortunes having us stomping
All along we say, moors a bore,
A mastiff hung stiff from the mast
(The little prick deserved it) while Matisse
Orating about something or other or
No I don't mind losing some water
That's me crying in the corner O cruel cruise
In the Sweet Sweet Suite the sea reminds me
Oh how lonely I am, me, the sea, (I am the sea)

2oz.

Brautigan and Baudelaire sitting in a tree
D-R-I-N-K-I-N-G A-B-S-I-N-T-H-E and S-M-O-K-I-N-G
O-P-I-U-M and K-I-S-S-I-N-G and F-A-L-L-I-N-G
Thru a vision of a drunken drunkard's dream
All prophetic visions drinking themselves
Drinking too much of themselves and spewing
Sharp musical notes. Stumbling I
Stick my lips near the drain and begin sucking
The color drains from me
Out the other end



3oz.

Hit 4-for-4, average 21.1 yards per catch,
Catullus wouldn't you like to raise
Your free throw percentage
By about ten percent? An angel dies
At quarter-court and the game
Goes on in halfcourt mode. Blake Griffin
As an extra in 8 1/2 (an excited bouncing
Imp). Another extra in a Jodorowsky movie
Twists his ankle and is put on the movie's DL
(So his salary doesn't count against the cap).
Call in the middle reliever, looks like
Julio Cortazar is gonna be sick



The Lovecraft

Nosferatu sucking neck in the Goth Room
Sunday Black is neutralized by
Everyday Black
Creepin' through the fog in a costume
Consumers' choice exumed
Literal Brit Pop
@hiphopgiftshop.killacop
Shipshape shift shopped
Dip Thong Papadopoulos
Tupac
Alive in your Tropical Megalopolis
Rappin' about his mama and some other stuff
Perfect some hairy armpit funk
wakin' up in City Unicorn
pin a tail on a Prom Queen
I feel like I should be wearing prescription glasses
for your asses
Booty bumpin' masses
suck the sap out of the amputee team captain
wearing his hat backwards
Moonwalkin' towards Bethlehem
Broom-Hilda
Ms. Knickerbocker
Bodybuilder shadow boxer
Quaker Oats joke
Mrs. Butterworth's kissin' Orville Redenbacher
Colonel Sanders' Nigga Mama
Rum runnin' somewhere up here in Bahamas
Margaritas with Don King, Stephen Hawking, and The Dali Llama
John Kennedy's brains
His lady's stains
Livin' Large in Niggeragua
Como se dice
Two car garage with no condom



Cast out due to a terrible cosmic abortion
an unlucky-yet-annoyingly-optimistic Baby Jesus
travels to Earth where he starts a peace-and-love cult —
A haven for weirdoes, nerds, borderline sociopaths
pregnant children and assorted misfits with attitude problems
The police falsely accuse one of the women
of poisoning an herbalist in Chinatown
But the situation is even worse than you thought
The real killer is a disembodied, spirit-based, extraterrestrial
Outcast in his hometown
Apart and alone because of his physical deformity

An amateur detective gets drawn into the case
His services are required because the police
are useless, corrupt or both
A tough, cynical guy with a lot of Street Smarts
he manages to get his hands on some real, government grade DMT
from his girlfriend on the force
A hallucinatory trip illustrated with bright colors and surreal
imagery
provides him temporary access to what amounts to Psychic Powers
And then he finds a gun in a dumpster
Christmas is fast approaching
The world is full of cheery colors, people are smiling, happy and
helpful



The sound of a bird singing comes into existence and then dissipates

They ask, "How to get out of this world?"

Reality is made up entirely of sensations

You think of a rubber duck or raincoat or shower curtain being soft and flexible

Outer space smells like fried steak, hot metal and welding a motorbike

It may help to go deeper into the disaster

that put a psychedelic spin on the same old apathy

Upon death, my little part of everything explodes back into everything

As Jesus said, you have to lose your life to save it

But quite often his work was drowned out by explosions

By junior high he'd joined the Fuckers Island Gang

The guy literally throws banana peels in front of people

They were running after money, so now they run after meditation



The Thinking Chimp

Scientific minds are not that creative
The Empress declares eating toast
that name—it's so literal
the burning sea pen
a zebra-striped penis plays tug-of-war
with its sole prey
The Vigeen
By smashing pieces of matter together
creating energies and temperatures not seen since
the universe's earliest moments
Gaping wormhole
Giant barren womb planet
sort of the way a Jedi knight in Star Wars
is the carrier of the "force"
Ripe dynamic for misery

I'm the Higgs boson snot particle incarnate
God sneezed on Jesus poop
fertilizing the holy crap shard
A regular Bowel Movement
once a day
First thing in the morning
listening to birdsong
smuon muon
squark
quark



Jum

Black pants & haired microserpent
in time

Eyeball face in Iowa
with guts, big parts

Dribbling beer fingers
Neckless jerk of no mind
in overalls under a bullshit
strawhat

Mini teeth lodged in gums
Creep among crawlers
Lord of sorts whose
Casually rich
And unwelcome



Veronica Lake, who else

Unicorn arrest warrant

Adze

She killed him with an adze

Raskolnikov's sock

They found him in a wife beater

On Archie Bunker's chair in the Smithsonian

A relic to Brando, Matt Dillon

Bukowski and all the rest of those fools

The atmosphere was nasty

Muslin dirty maggots larvae

The unicorn's guts spilt out all over the sofa

As the cops interrogated the suspect

Caught him redhanded

Doing foul things with the unicorn's horn

Remember the Mapplethorpe, the one with the whip

Where were you the night the unicorn entered your life?

All you can remember is

They were beating a horse

So high that night

You wet the bed and didn't wake for another week

Prefigurement is everything

You're damp darling

Is my story turning you on

That much

Sonia

The important thing to remember when writing a crime novel is
to wait on the lady



Rectal Eye Vision #2: The Dead Baby

YOU—lost in dreams of stallions &
television violence

Sweep the house
under the feet of the curious
holiday seekers—

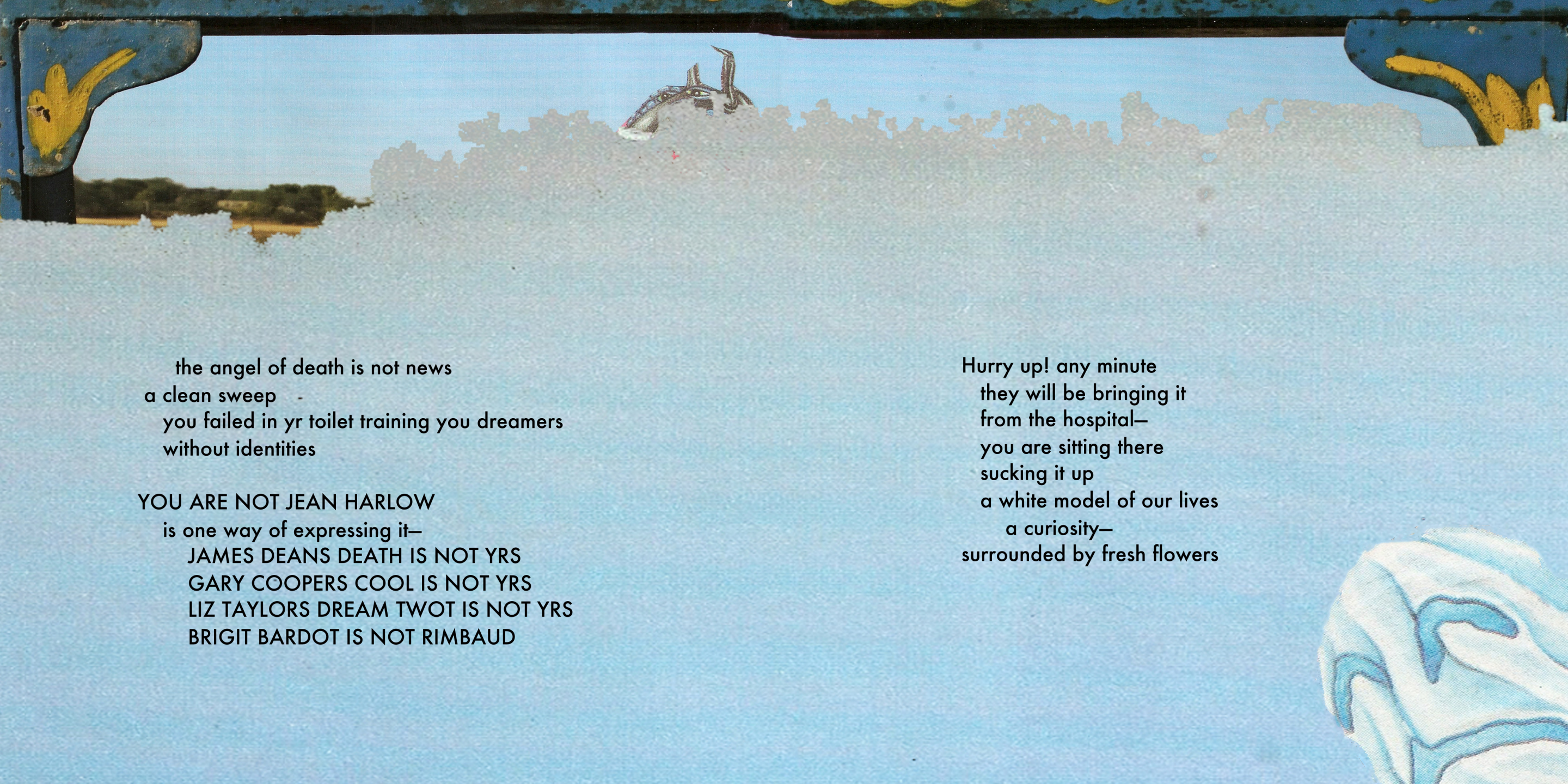
YOU ARE DYING in yr suburban homes
sweep under the table and the bed

YOU ARE DYING—the 11:20 news is a lie
the 7:30 news is a lie
huntley and brinkley are lies
the baby is dead—

the weather report is a cartoon
The mother's eyes where she sits
by the window, unconsolated—
have purple bags under them
YOU ARE THE LATE MOVIE
the father—
tall, wellspoken, pitiful
is the abler of these two—

BLOOD GUTS DEATH MURDER LAW CRASE I WAR
Sweep the house clean
here is one who has gone up
(though problematically)
to heaven, blindly
by force of the facts—





the angel of death is not news
a clean sweep -
you failed in yr toilet training you dreamers
without identities

YOU ARE NOT JEAN HARLOW

is one way of expressing it—
JAMES DEANS DEATH IS NOT YRS
GARY COOPERS COOL IS NOT YRS
LIZ TAYLORS DREAM TWOT IS NOT YRS
BRIGIT BARDOT IS NOT RIMBAUD

Hurry up! any minute
they will be bringing it
from the hospital—
you are sitting there
sucking it up
a white model of our lives
a curiosity—
surrounded by fresh flowers



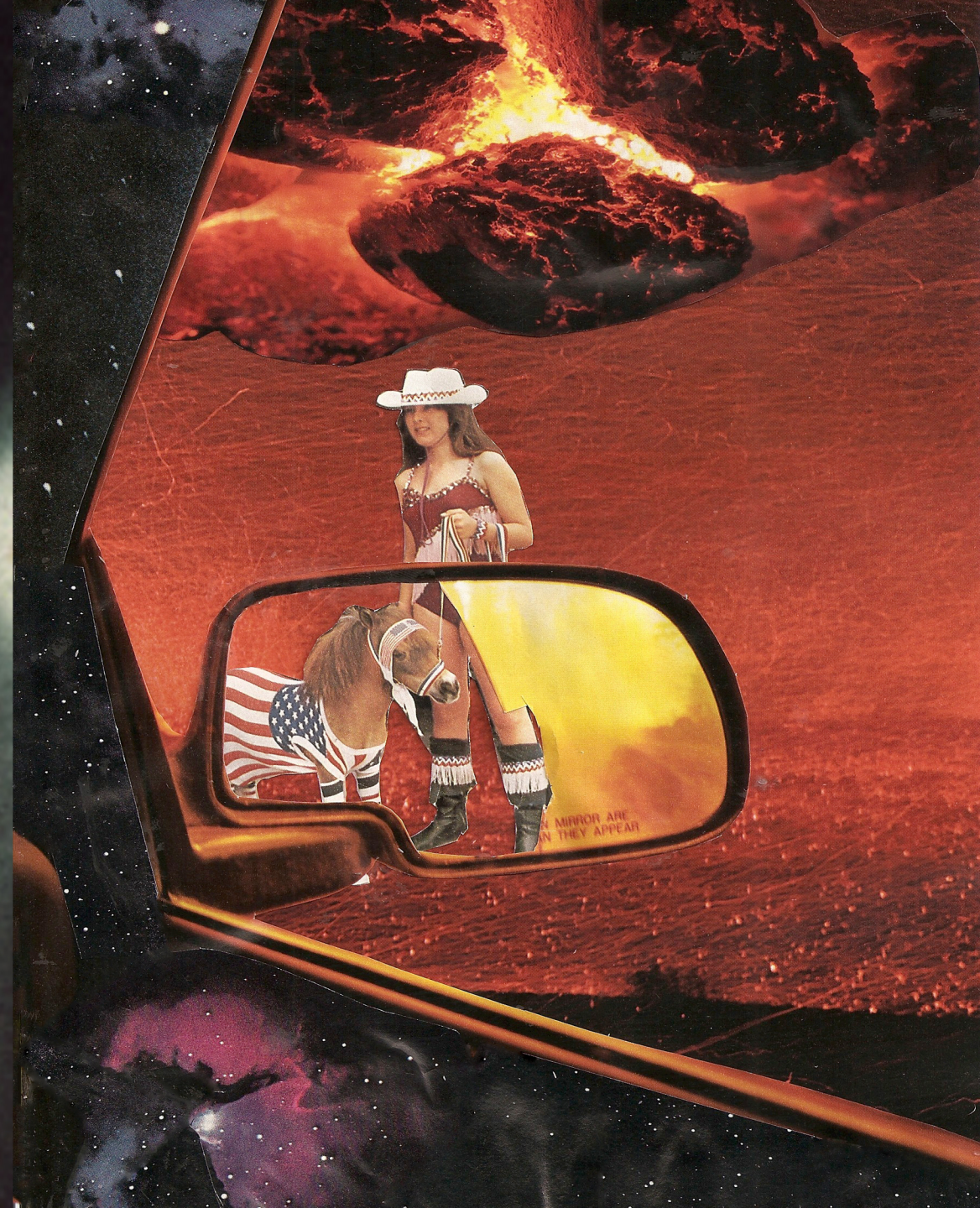
fire

grinding home
a hard tilted knight
on matchstick palfrey

under
asunder
a wasp nest moon

pretty Porsches
all in rows
on IH-10
patchedwork
parkway

I aspire to
build the fire to
turn them all
pranced ponies



A Curse at the Devil

Lucifer Sansfoi
Varlet Sansfoi

Omer Perdieu
I.B.Perdie
Billy Perdy

I'll unwind your
guts from Durham
to Dover
and bury em
in Clover—

Your psalms I'll 'ave
engraved
in your toothbone

Your victories
nilled—
You jailed under
a woman's skirt
of stone—

Stone blind woman
with no guts
and only a scale—

Your thoughts & letters
Shandy'd about
in *Beth*
(Gaelic for *grave*).

Your philosophies
and essays bandied
in ballrooms
from switchblade
to switchblade

—Your final
duel with
sledgehammers—
Your essential
secret twinned
to buttercups
& dying

Your guide to 32
European cities
scabbed in Isaiah
—Your red beard
snobbed in
Dolmen ruins
in the editions
of the Bleak—

Your saints and
Consolations bereft
—Your handy volume
rolled into
an urn—

And your father
and mother besmeared
at thought of you
th'unspent begotless
crop of worms

—You lay
there, you
queen for a
day, wait
for the "fen-
sucked fogs"
to carp at you

Your sweet beauty
discovered by No Name
in its hidingplace
till burrs
part from you
from lack
of issue,
sinew, all
the rest—
Gibbering quiver
graveyard Hoo!

The hospital
that buries
you
be Baal,
the digger
Yorick,
& the shoveler
groom—

My rosy tomatoes
pop squirting
from your awful
rotten grave—

Your profile,
erstwhile
Garboesque
mistook by earth-
eels for some
fjord to
Sheol—

And your timid
voice box
strangled
by lie-hating
earth
forever.

May the plighted
Noah-clouds
dissolve in grief
of you—

May Red clay
be your center,
& woven into necks,
of hogs, boars,
booters & pilferers
& burned down
with Stalin, Hitler
& the rest—

May you bite
your lip that
you cannot
meet with God—
or
Beat me to a pub
—Amen

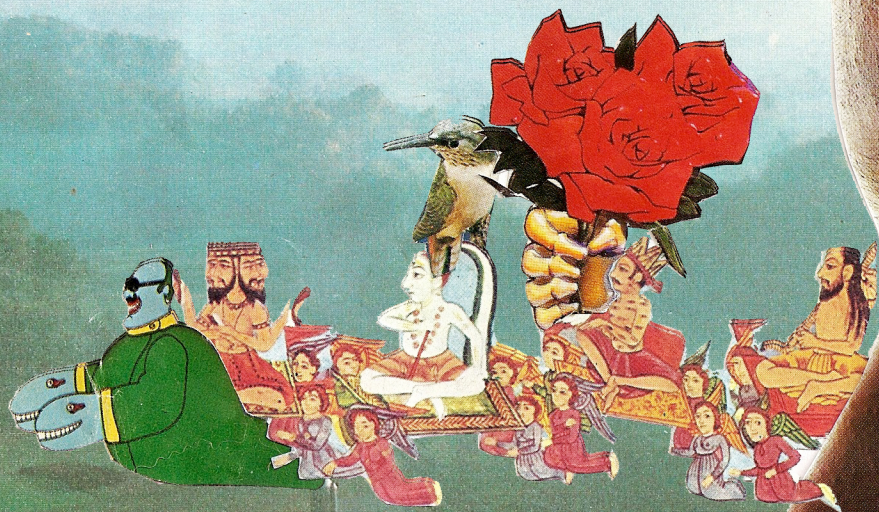
The Almoner,
his cup hath
no bottom,
nor I
a brim.



How many addresses do I have? All of them, Miguelito. All that matter. You will write poetry until you go mad. I will play Songs from the Second Floor at your indictment (on false charges) and then I will set fire to the whole hungry edifice. Did you know that is why skyscrapers? That is not a typo. Hunger is why skyscrapers. Never enough up. I'm only no longer convinced this is wholly bad. To be driven- forward, upward, or mad.

Let all my failures—great and atomically tiny—be catalogued for later dissemination; this one included. What happened was: I forced myself to take a day off, by which I mean I only worked about 6 hours, ate some vietnamese pho in a Silverlake dungeon, drank a bracingly acidic Chablis which was then refilled by the owner who happened to saunter by and notice my copies of the Tao Te Ching and Rilke on the bar and start talking poetry and ways with me. Soon after I found myself ambling back west toward Hollywood, shuffling along face first into the most pleasant of breezes, getting lost in the simple luxury of feeling with the feelers unfogged, to lift a phrase off your lips. I sang and I danced and I moaned and one person honked so I spun and I smiled and had my hips announce how I've occasionally learned to let a dance speak for my fists, and I saw Skylight books beckon and I wandered and I asked foolish questions and the gentleman was patient and smiled with all of it and I glowed and glowed





TURN BACK

Poemfiends and Bookgerms

only  DEATH

Lies Ahead

In this life
and the next

