

RY KINCAID

Sunday Morning

Here. We are still. Are still here. Morning breaks here. We are teasing. Are testing line breaks here. Bodies heaving. Bodies breathing. That was here. Here is bebop. Music moods us. You are not molded yet. Now feel. Feel now. Nervous tinge from tiny nerves. Do I mean you or me. I am old and molded. Night walk. Hands are held let go and held. The moon is palmed by finger branches. Sidewalk cracks below us here. Lonely breaks around us. Presenting you to morning now. But you sleep. I am watching you here. Country girl. Riding girl. Canter trot and gallop girl. Fair hair presented to morning. Are we weak. Are we weaned. We are. Sultry and lush. I am not old. Simple. Simply here. Wanted and wanting. Grand is the goal amen. Fifty-first and Grand. The wine flows here. Drinking poem. Intoxicating words words words. Plain(s) setting. Highs and lows. Are rendered here. The paint is splattered on the wall. Clearly.

BRYAN CHABROW

Brush

brush brush brush brush brush brush brush
brish brush brish brush brish brush brish
bresh
bresh
bresh
brash
brash
brash
brash
brash
brash
brush brush brush brush brush brush brush

HOWIE GOOD

A Unified Theory of Motion

Hard now to distinguish the deranged from the merely troubled, or the entrance to all this darkness from the obsolete exit, so why even bother when there's the rocking cradle of her hips, oh, to hell with everything else, the wreckers that prowl the charred turnpike, the breakdowns and chain collisions, we'll rush each other and sigh as if our suitcases were packed and in the hallway and we always had someplace wonderful to go next.

G. DAVID SCHWARTZ

A Lot of Men Do It

A lot of men do it
I don't think it's weird
Loose hair in the top
So grow a big beard
But that's not what I did
When I was a kid
I just didn't like pain
I shaved a few times
But never again

GREG SCHWARTZ

Untitled

salty ocean breeze...
forgot
what I was saying

POETRY FLYER

ALWAYS FREE, ALWAYS TITILLATING THE PUBLIC EAR

JAMINA CREESON

Abstract

Somewhere in this story, I will start writing a story. Somewhere in this story, I will start writing a story. Stormware in this glory, I will saw right into your eye. Right into your eye.

Somewhere in this story, a miracle will happen. Somewhere in this story, I will find inspiration again. I will find inspiration again. I will find inspiration again. If I just keep writing, I will find inspiration again.

Somewhere in this story, things will start to turn around. Things will start to work out. You will remember everything and everything will be exactly the way it was always supposed to be. Everything will be fine and you won't have to worry about what happens next in this story.

Somewhere in this story, I will open my eyes and I will see you and I will wonder how the fuck did I end up like this? Or, I will see you and I will wonder if anything could be any more appropriate. Perfectly absolute. Any more perfect, perfectly, anymore perfectly. You will open your eyes and close them again, roll onto your right side, yawn and groan at the same time.

C. H. COLEMAN

Red Wheelbarrow

a pack of poetry lovers,
purists by ambition,
huddle in light rain,
ponder droplets of water on
a red wheelbarrow -
on which very much of
literary tradition depends.

i rumble by in my royal rusty
roadster, black beret and broken bongos
match my signature scowl,
bleating beat bebop, reciting verse thought
less hip and hepcat than those swingers
digging the wet red wood.

it's the literary countryside that we travel
where finding past poets is the future:
everyone's tastes too
young for Milton and Shelly,
grown too old for rap and poetry slam.

and snoozing by the red wheelbarrow is
that familiar *ababab* rhyme scheme,
a little, rubber chicken who shows up
repeatedly as a failsafe fixture
that has no place this poem.

COGITATE US

AT WWW.NO-RECORD.COM

SHANE ALLISON

Broken Record Rejection Letter

Thank you
Thank you for submitting your work
We thank you for submitting your work
We just want to thank you for submitting your work
For submitting your work we thank you
Thank you
Thank you for submitting your work
For submitting your work, you, your work,
We thank you but we
But we are
But we are unable
We are unable to use
We are unable
Unable
We are unable
Unable we are unable
We are unable to use it at this time
To use it
To use it
it to use it
We are unable to use it at this time
Unable to unabally use it at this time
Unabally unable to use your work at this time
Time, this time
This time
This particular time
This moment in time
In time this time
This particular moment in time
At this time
At this particular moment in time
We are unable to use your work
At this particular moment in time
We are unable to use it
It being being it it being your poems
It being your poems we are unabally unable
To use at this particular moment in this particular time
But we are grateful
Yes, we are grateful
We are so very grateful

Grateful we are
We cannot express how grateful we are
We cannot express enough how grateful we are
Wish you could be here to see the grateful expressed expressions on our faces
Wish you could see how so very grateful we are
So very grateful that you let us consider your work.
We are so grateful, we couldn't be any grateful.
No one could be gratefuller
We don't know anyone who is as gratefully grateful as we are at this moment
That you allowed us, us to read your work
Us, this magazine, this magazine to read your work
It wasn't bad, your work
It wasn't you know
We want you to know that
We want you to know that it wasn't bad
Your work it wasn't bad your work
It wasn't bad bad is what it was not
It was not bad
But it wasn't for us
Us it wasn't for us
Us it wasn't for
It just was not for us
We liked it,
We liked it a lot
We really liked it; we thought your shit was hot
It was hot
We thought it was hot a lot
Alotta hot
We thought it was so hot, just not for us
It wasn't bad, it was hot, just wasn't for us
Just not was not for us
Just not wasn't not for us
But thanks
Thanks for the opportunity
Thanks we thanks you for the opportunity
Opportunity we thanks you for the opportunity
To read it it to read it
We regret
We really regret
We so do really regret to report
That we can't use it
Unable to
Sorry we are unable to use your work at this time
It doesn't fit

It just doesn't fit our present needs
Our needs
It doesn't fit our present needs
It doesn't fit our needs
Our needs
Our needy needs
Our needy needs it doesn't fit
Our needy need need needs it doesn't fit
It's our needs
And your needs don't fit our needs
Fit
They don't fit
Your needs just don't fit our needing needs
You and your manuscript,
Which wasn't bad, which was hot,
Just does not fit our needs
Our needs are the only needs that matter
It's about... about... our needs
Our mattered needs
That is what is more important
Our important mattered needs
Our mattering needs
Our needs are what are important
And that's all that matters
Important is that our needs, our mattered needs
Are met
We want our needy need mattered needs to be met
And your work did not meet our mattered needed needs
That's it
That's just all it is to it
Your work did not meet our mattering mattered needs
It's all about needs.
Sorry you didn't meet our most important needs
Sorry
We're sorry
We are so sorry
Sorry we are so sorry sorry
If we were any sorrier, we would have to be sorry first
We cannot express
Let us just say that we can't express how sorry we are
Sorry you couldn't meet our present needs
We can't accept it
We are not accepting it

Sorry but we cannot accept it
Unfortunately we are not accepting it
Sad to say
So sad to say
So sorry and sad to say that we are not accepting it
So sadly sorry
So sorely sorrily sad to say that we cannot accept it
this is unfortunate
This is so unfortunate
It's so unfortunately unfortunate
We can't say how sadly unfortunately unfortunate
This all is.
Sadly sorry sadly unfortunate
Unfortunate for you
But not for us
So unfortunately unfortunate for you, but not for us
But for you this is unfortunate for
Poor you
Poor poor you
Poor poet
Poor poor poet you
You poor poor poet
Poor poor unfortunate poet you
Poor unfortunately unfortunate poet you
Poor unacceptable unfortunately unfortunate poet you
But thanks
Thanks for thinking of us
Thanks anyways for thinking of us
We thank you for thinking of us
Anyways thanks
Your work wasn't right
It wasn't right for our needful needs
But thanks
It couldn't be used
It just could not be used
But thanks anyways
Best of luck
But best of luck
Best of luck though
But best of luck placing it elsewhere
Good luck best of luck
Placing it elsewhere best of luck
Best of luck placing the work elsewhere
Best of luck and we thank you