

Graffiti

CREATIVE WRITING & ART ZINE

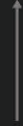
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to Love and to Create



1998



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Graffiti

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ON THE COVER:

This issue's cover photo was discovered on a missing cell phone, believed to belong to local filmmaker, author, and artist James Otter. James is a multimedia creator who hosts a weekly radio show on 97.3 FM called "The Otherside of Out There," airing every Sunday at 9 p.m.

His film Valley Sickness and Death is available to watch for free on YouTube. He also creates unusual TikTok videos under the username @jamesotter0. To see more of his artwork, follow him on Instagram at @the_poet_overlord.

SUBMISSIONS - PLEASE READ

Protocols for submissions are as follows:

-SUBMIT TO: info@graffiti-magazine.com

-MULTIPLE SUBMISSIONS: If you have MULTIPLE SUBMISSIONS, submit each submission in a **SEPARATE EMAIL**.

-Work MUST be submitted in PDF (writing) or JPEG (art) formatting

-**WORD LIMIT: UNDER 1000 WORDS. If something is submitted over word count, DO NOT expect it to be published. We MAY publish it on the website.**

-ACCEPTED WORK: Stories, Prose, Poetry, and Art. Academic work considered, but must be formatted as you want it to be published and should NOT be longer than the word limit.

-**WE DO NOT ACCEPT: RANTS, HATE SPEECH, or ANYTHING THAT MAY BE COPYRIGHTED**

I SUBMITTED BUT DID NOT GET A RESPONSE, WHAT SHOULD I DO?

If you submitted but did not get confirmation as to whether or not you should expect to see your work in the next issue or any past issues, please do not hesitate to email info@graffiti-magazine.com and follow up.

ADS AND DONATIONS

Please inquire about all ads and donations at:
ads@graffiti-magazine.com

We will have an account for direct donations sometime in the near future.

OUR MISSION

Graffiti aligns with the principle of free speech. Disagreement and **resistance** should be a right, not a privilege. This zine is local, community-based, and engages with artists and writers throughout Oregon and the Greater Los Angeles Area. As censorship and surveillance rises, **Graffiti** will be a vital defender of free expression. All art and writing will be published as is, without compromise.

We don't support hate speech or harmful rhetoric and disclaim that individual pieces don't necessarily reflect the views of contributors.



FRONT LINES

RIMAN

Hello Oregonians and Angelenos!

Time has flown by since the last issue and I am now (almost) properly settled in Los Angeles. I want to thank the artists, readers, and contributors who have helped make this magazine the creative outlet it has become.

Some housekeeping:

-The next issue of **Graffiti** will be my final issue as editor, and I will properly introduce the new editor, Morgan Smith, in the next Front Lines section.

-**PLEASE** tell your friends, family, enemies, lovers, ghost friends, etc. to submit to **Graffiti**! As long as it fits the parameters found in the submissions section, we will publish it. We are always looking for more submissions as we aim to publish a wide variety of artists, experiences, and stories.

-I hope you enjoy the extra spooky cover this issue. Happy Halloween!

Some of my thoughts on current events:

I firmly believe in our right as American citizens to utilize free speech. While the people of America have been experiencing increasingly more concerning events that interfere with and challenge this right, I am honored and proud to be the editor of a magazine that stands on this ethos.

Discussing (oftentimes arguing about) politics and opinions can challenge one's patience. I personally know that amidst this chaotic and horrifying time, it can be hard to find middle ground with loved ones and strangers alike.

RIMAN UNSOLICITED ADVICE:

When faced with an argument as mentioned above, think of something you like that makes you feel positive or might make the other person feel positive. This can be shared interests or things such as:

- Movies
- Sports
- Food
- Creative activities such as art, writing, music
- Science events
- Dinosaurs
- Trains
- Cars
- The Twilight series
- Pineapple on pizza (be careful with this one)
- Animals

Common interests are sometimes a great way to de-escalate a politically charged situation. However, before you try this or any other techniques, I urge you to entertain these (perhaps silly) questions from me:

Must I disengage, or might I try to alter my tone of voice, body language, or words?
Is this conversation bad for my health in any sense?

Is ending this conversation out of frustration and anger worth forfeiting my right to free speech in a country where it is becoming less and less of a guaranteed right?

Overall, I am grateful to (currently) have the right to express my anger toward the current state of this country and how I feel Donald Trump has failed the citizens of America. I am grateful not to have yet been unlawfully penalized or targeted for having these opinions. I am grateful when I can SAFELY have disagreements on topics that have risked the jobs of major entertainers and artists. I will argue and resist until I am no longer able to

Most importantly, I applaud the contributors, writers, and artists who have work featured in this magazine for continuing to submit, knowing that even if small, minuscule, or microscopic, we are all taking a risk by continuing this zine without censoring or avoiding sensitive topics.

I love you all.

mic drop

P.S. FILMMAKERS AND CINEPHILES ALIKE! GOOGLE:
"EUGENE FILM SOCIETY'S ANNUAL 72-HOUR HORROR FILM COMPETITION!"

RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!!!

ShelterCare's Run for Your Life 5k Fundraiser

Who: ShelterCare provides housing and mental health services to individuals and families experiencing or at risk of homelessness. Our programs include Shelter and Temporary Housing, Permanent Supported Housing, and Behavioral Health Services with the goal of moving program participants toward managing their own personal leases in the community.

What: Prepare to Run for Your Life! ShelterCare will be partnering with Thrill the World

Eugene to host our annual zombie-themed timed 5k benefit with over 100 zombies hidden around the Alton Baker Park race course! The event is sponsored by Trillium

Community Health Plan. There will be a photo booth, face painting, and a zombie flash

mob!

When: Sunday, October 19th at 3:00 PM - registration begins at 1:30 PM

Where: The start/finish line is located at the permanent shelters in Alton Baker Park.

Why: This spooky fundraiser will support housing and mental health services for our

program participants, so they can achieve their greatest level of independence.

With questions contact development@sheltercare.org

For more information or to sign up to volunteer, visit www.sheltercare.org/5k

I'm Vomiting Up Black Sludge Again

Sam Izdat

Substack: @hazardplanet

im vomiting up black sludge again. it's fine, i think. i don't feel any different than i usually do. i just keep vomiting up black sludge. sometimes it's only a little, and i can do it in the bathroom at work. sometimes it's a lot and i have to call out sick and stay home. the sludge is heavy and dark and it burns my throat when it comes out of me. it tastes like oil and heavy metals. i normally try and brush my teeth after im done vomiting up black sludge, but the toothpaste mixes with something in the sludge and makes that strange, bitter, vaguely medical taste that you get after you brush your teeth and drink orange juice. still better than having black sludge stuck in my teeth though. and really, it doesn't happen that often. not enough to be concerned about anyway.

im vomiting up black sludge again. i haven't told anyone. it doesn't feel like the kind of thing you should tell people about, vomiting up black sludge. i don't know how i would even begin to broach the topic. "hey has anyone else been vomiting up black sludge lately." it's not something that's supposed to happen. people will be angry, or concerned, or they'll tell me to go to the doctor. ive thought about going to the doctor, but id probably just get referred to some specialist, and i don't think that vomiting up black sludge is covered by insurance. besides, i really do feel fine, besides the whole vomiting up black sludge thing. everyone's got something wrong with them, right? some people have a knee that aches when it's about to rain. some people have a cough that wont go away. i keep vomiting up black sludge. it's just one of those things. i don't think it's really an issue, i have other things to worry about. i don't need to get anyone else roped into this. it's my own problem, and im handling it. it'll be fine.

im vomiting up black sludge again. ive started keeping it. i don't know what's in the black sludge, but it certainly doesn't look wholesome. it doesn't really smell like anything, maybe a faint chemical odor, tinged with something organic. like a mortuary, or a hospital. i figure it's probably good that i keep vomiting it up, at least then it's not just staying inside me, doing whatever it does to a human body. i had been washing it down the sink, or flushing it down the toilet, but now im worried that it's bad for the pipes, like how you're not supposed to pour bacon grease down the drain. i still don't know what this stuff is. it feels irresponsible to just be disposing of it in whatever way i can. maybe i should just dig a big hole and bury it, but im starting to worry that it's toxic or bad for the environment or something. maybe it's infectious. maybe it'll contaminate the groundwater. i thought about maybe trying to get a sample of it tested, but i don't know where i would even do that, and then they would probably start asking me questions like "where did you get this black sludge", and really id just rather not have to deal with it. until i figure out a better way to dispose of it, ive just been keeping it in buckets, the plastic five gallon kind you can get from home depot. buckets full of black sludge. my place is pretty small and it's already filling up pretty quick, but i don't have any better ideas. hopefully ill think of something.

im vomiting up black sludge again. im going to need to buy more buckets pretty soon. ive started stacking them two, three high, so that i still have space to walk, but i live in a studio apartment and there's only so much space to begin with. i feel like it might be an issue if i ever had people over, but i don't have people over anyway, so that's not a problem at least. it keeps happening when im

not expecting it. my floor is cheap vinyl linoleum, which is normally pretty easy to clean, but it's definitely starting to stain. i hope that i don't lose my security deposit over this. my lease doesn't expire for another seven months anyway, so ill cross that bridge when i come to it. i have other things to worry about.

im vomiting up black sludge again. it keeps growing. i don't think it's alive, but it's definitely making more

of itself. it grows when im not looking. the buckets keep overflowing, black sludge spilling thickly over the edge and onto the floor. at least i don't have carpet in here. im spending like a quarter of my paycheck on buckets now, but i think im going to finally run out of room pretty soon. i still don't know what im going to do with it. is there some sort of municipal waste disposal place i can take this to? does anywhere even take black sludge? how many buckets could i fit into my car? i think i would have to take multiple trips. i keep finding black sludge on things. in things. it doesn't smell anymore, or maybe ive just gotten used to it. i hope no one else can smell it. maybe it reeks in here and i just cant tell.

im vomiting up black sludge again. i don't even try to clean it up anymore. it fills my apartment now, ankle-deep. im worried the neighbors might complain. it sucks at my feet like tar as i walk across the floor. i leave oily footprints wherever i go. the bottom three inches of all my furniture is stained black. im vomiting up black sludge again. it forces its way out of me and when it comes out, it hurts. great torrents of it, more than it seems like should be possible to fit inside a human body. it's starting to creep up the walls. it soaks into the floors. a little bit spills out every time i open the front door. the hallway outside is stained black.

im vomiting up black sludge again. it keeps happening. i haven't been to work in days. it's everywhere now. my teeth are stained black. it coats me, a toxic rainbow sheen. im vomiting up black sludge again. it just keeps happening. im worried i might be dying. i look in the mirror and the veins in my eyes are black. i don't know how i let it get so bad. i don't want to die. im vomiting up black sludge again. i should have told somebody. i should have warned somebody. im worried about it spreading. i waited too long. i don't want them to find me like this. im vomiting up black sludge again. i don't want other people to touch it, get it on them. i hope they just condemn the entire building, burn it down with me inside. i just want to sink down into the black sludge and sleep and hope that it all goes away. hope that it's all a bad dream. it's probably fine. it never stops. im vomiting up black sludge again.



James Otter

THE POWER OF "GULF OF MEXICO "

A STREAM OF unCONSCIOUSNESS ODYSSEY

maRco

2011: In Norway, Andres Behring Breivik, felt inspired to massacre 69 people in a shooting spree on an island summer camp and 8 people in Oslo with a car bomb. Before he went on this dual rampage he emailed 1000 people a 1,518 page pamphlet explaining his worldview view, his opinion that Muslim immigration amounted to an invasion leading to "the cultural and demographic suicide" of Europe adding that "He who saves his country violates no law. "

2024: In the United States some 70 million Americans elected a president who used at one point the same unusual head-scratcher sentence: " He who saves his country violates no law." Ain't that a doozy of a statement. It is protected by the first amendment. Can anyone claim they are "saving the country" and under that chivalrous high minded and ill defined pretense ignore any and all pesky laws?

There is a problem: there seems to be no consensus on what action might or might not "save the country" which brings up at least two questions:

A) What kind of country do we want to save?

B) Saving it from what or from whom?

The first question isn't too hard. Maybe a country where tolerance is valued as well as kindness, where the gap between the 0.1 %super rich and the very poor is reduced at least ten fold, if not a hundred fold or somewhere in between. A country where people understand they live in a complex biosphere in full disarray. They need to unite quickly, collectively for a changing climate and the increasingly deadly chaos it causes.

For the second one, the convenient old boogiemens, the usual worn scapegoats stand out: saving it from Communists (for a start billionaires just hate them!) or from Jews? Or –as the Norwegian " savior" insisted – from invading hordes of Muslims! From atheists, from BLM or the IRS, from feminists or from homosexuals. Charlie Kirk, in a T Shirt praising "freedom" while generously passing out red MAFA* caps once proposed (is it recommended in the Bible?) that killing homosexuals would save the nation. Citizens driven by fear have a serious issue with too many poor people from "shit-hole countries," lazy people, vagabonds, tired old hobos, and nonchalant flâneurs who all spoil the landscape. Saving it from strangers coming across the southern border especially from "caravans of rapists and criminals of the worse kind" is trendy again. Saving it from baby eating pedophile Democrats hiding in the basement of a pizza joint in DC needs pronto attention! Scary shit eh! Always there's a patriotic bigot who wants to save the country from another less patriotic bigot, or from libertarians or liberal librarians, from hirsute Beat poets, from Pussy Riot, from Zulu Zombies from Zambia or Zimbabwe, from hungry sin pápeles fleeing persecution at home or from climate refugee desperados, from ICE and ERO. Does the country need saving from feverish stiff-armed readers of Mein Kampf – from their opposites, the left and much feared Antifa? The intrepid have impatiently suggested saving the country from greedy billionaires, foaming at the mouth money-hoarders who never seem to have enough and hate taxes. Group-think corporate ideologues may dream saving the country from laid-back, sleepy-eyed pot-smoking anarchists wearing ragged John Lennon T Shirts, from dangerous casual Martini-drinking hedonists too, from vegans, bohemians and followers of Madame Blavatsky.

Mytics and agnostics who like to ski naked are on a list for removal. Jealous dimwits insist on saving the country from nerds, from science, from Darwinism, from smart-ass intellectuals, from quantum physics, from free-thinkers and Mr. Natural, from facts and pesky journalists. History gets in the way too! Save us from history! Saving the country from ignorance was proposed with visibly uncertain results. Saving it from the NRA's grip on politicians has been on people's frustrated minds for decades. Occasionally one comes across an angry, bitter pisse-vinaigre who loudly insist on saving the country from anyone who doesn't look and talk just like them, who may have a different shade of skin pigmentation, smell of garlic or have an accent. Cowboy patriots have, in the past, volunteered to save the country from its recalcitrant original inhabitants as long as they were paid a bounty for scalps, others think that by getting rid of pro Palestinian sympathizers and student protesters they'll save the country from ever thinking the word "genocide". Saving the country from grab-em-by-the-pussy creeps might be popular. An endearing nutcase (I made up just for fun, without any AI help!) wishes to save the country from Marxist albino midgets and hot-tempered red-heads displaying goth tattoos. Whatever... To each his own! Miguel de Unamuno put it this way: "Cada cabeza es un mundo." (Each head is a world of its own.)



A brain larger than a peanut might help us understand that this twisted sentence, shared 13 years apart by the jailed far-right assassin and our current (not jailed) king-felon-prez, if it were adopted as a modus operandi would lead to YUGE free-for-all "the likes of which you've never seen." Anyone with an overblown ego, anyone who hears voices, who thinks he/she/they has been chosen by god, anyone with a persistent bug up their a-hole may run for office and taking the law in his or her little hands, rip it up and wipe their ass with it or ... Or anyone lacking the power of a POTUS on SCOTUS steroids, may, in feverish exaltation grab a god-given gun (they're everywhere) to proceed with a righteous, "lawful?" and murderous patriotic élan to save the godforsaken country from occupation by mythical barbarians, save it from hatred itself or from whatever else is on almost everyone's mile-long list of peeves. Does this chaos sound real familiar?

Let's gulp Dr. Strangelove's Kool Aid and "save" the country from "saviors", from assorted charlatans and save it from ourselves...

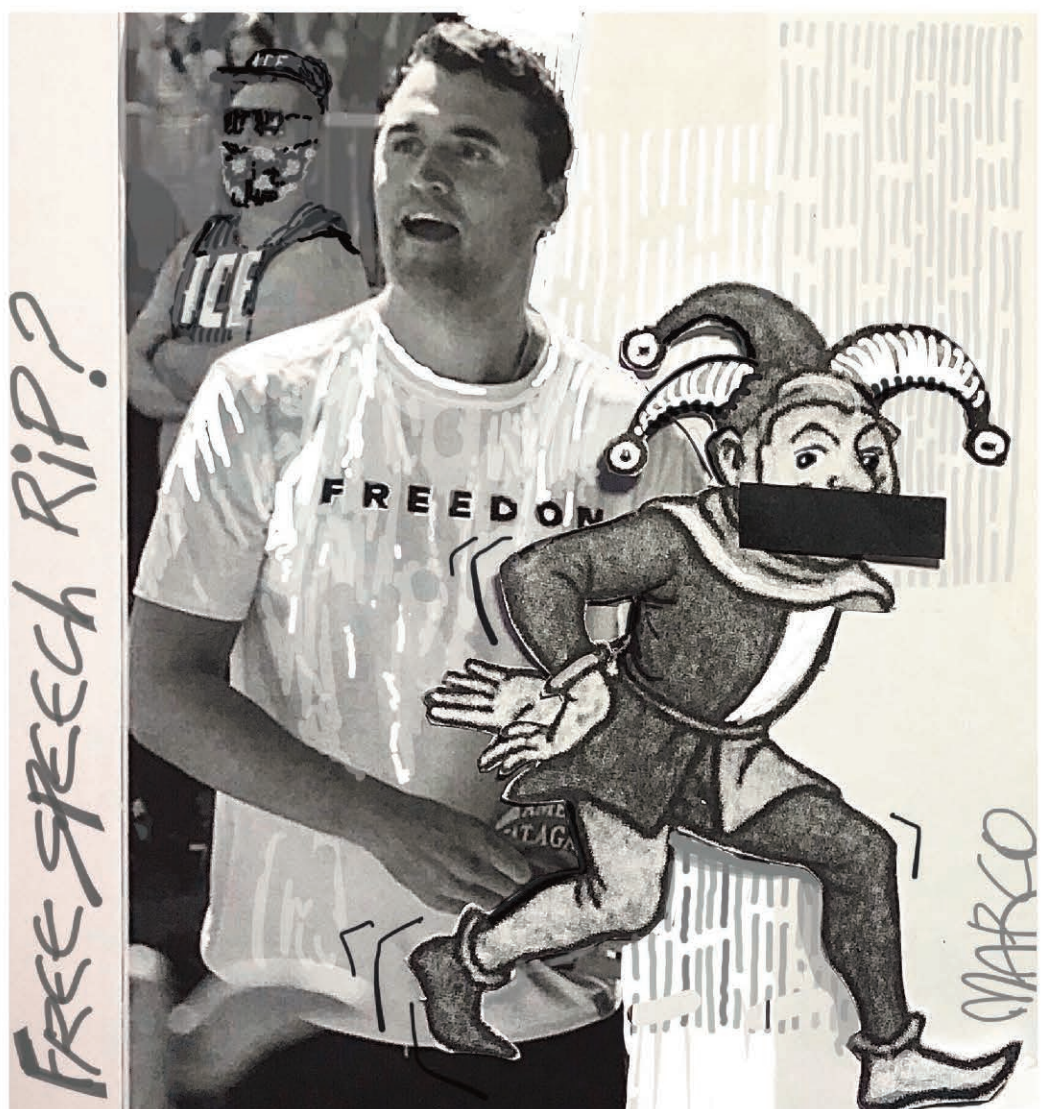
A related question: When we elect a person to be president are we choosing a candidate who has "Savior" on their résumé? Is it in the job description? When a candidate tells us that the country badly needs saving and only HE can do the saving (whether you like it saved or not) HE – the new messiah with the famously odd red cap during the day – and the pointy white hat at night – is actually warning us – Pay attention! "Watch out fools! I'm out to get you! This snake oil I'm selling isn't worth shit" he's saying, if you're listening.

Why is "Gulf of Mexico" in the title? Don't you get a boost in breaking the stringent quirky new rules? We're spozed to say Gulf of 'Merica now – but chronologically, historically "Mexico" comes before "America." Why the sudden change?

This Orwellian fantasy of changing or deleting words or the meaning of words is a stinking can of worms! Before they all get canceled, y'all cherish them three sweet words: Diversity – Equity – Inclusion, ain't spozed to use 'em no more, they be banned, VERBOTEN, terrorist words, vile words needing to be "preempted" along with "talent-deficient" comedians Stephen Colbert and Jimmy Kimmel. See, Dad know best: Laughing is unhealthy. Trust 'im: Comedy is a virus, turns you into raving radicals, bleeding-heart liberals, heathens or possibly worse – unruly critical thinkers run amuck – or ... just sitting-on-the-couch-happy for a moment. Do we even deserve a little happiness? Nope! Got to all unite for "Greatness".

Say good bye to sicko emojis too :🤔🤔🤔🤔 chop chop to the shredder and the orange dumpster they go! They lost their marbles - no more happy thoughts.

(*MAFA?NO! no it doesn't stand for Make America Funny Again.)



Summer Evening on 13th

Iris Bartholomew

How is this height-
This high, spun out & wet
Tennis shoes, or maybe Chucks
This volume, Incandescent
Like it matters, grand scheme- I just
Want to be known, held up
Adjacent to new
Chalk marks to blackboard, and nails

I am lucky for the moment yet
Still yearn for what I deserved
When sun met twilight, basked in night
Wind through hair and you light
A drunk cigarette outside Max's
Buttered popcorn taste melded to my lips
And it is morning and it won't rain,
So the sprinklers will turn on-
Mist our toes on the walk home
As I pick the skin off the callus on my palm
Its returned, a silhouette of pressure
As familiar as breathing

And tonight I dream I am suspended on a
drawbridge,
High above pulling water
And I wake up dry mouthed, gasping for air
Looking out at the valley below
Taking in the fleeting,
And I wake up, garish and swollen and still
drunk,
I put my feet on the tile-
I dream a way to stay awhile.



Jess Maeve Larkin

Summer Cicada

Bethany Jo-Hernandez

I hear cicadas in my sleep
Screaming at the sun
The cicadas breath
The signal of summer's death

I hear cicadas in my sleep
The further I fall
The louder they get

I toss
I turn
My shoulders tickle
And burn

Shaking off
Old skin

Here comes
The new

The cicada

As Aggressive as ever

pomegrantes* salty nectar

Jess Maeve Larkin

The ground coming in...
Closer! Faster! Gaining momentum!
Splatter.

The rind breaks open. Flesh revealed.

Seeds tumble out...
Their colors, purple-red...

Gather the remains. Discard the bones.

But keep the seeds...
Find a tool for pressing.

Crush them. Thank them.

Now, drink the nectar.
Their blood.

Give space for the grief.

Let the salt from the tears...
Fall.....into your mouth.
Taste the salty nectar.

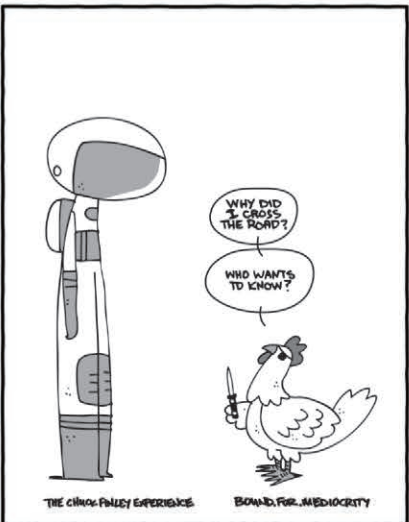
Remember...

How the texture of their rind...

their flesh felt...

The way their seeds laid on the ground...

their colors, purple-red.



My Obsession With Halloween

James Otter

Am I taking this too far?

I just really like the holiday

How I wish I could fight it
How I wish everyday could be
my holiday
All my skeletons are hanging on plastic hooks
up all night with a paint brush
head full of nothing

Cobwebs in my mind
I need you to come back to me
in more than one piece

I need to find your body in a plastic bag
by the highway
so I can rebuild you

I've been waiting through Summers of blue skies
and endless swimming holes
I've been wandering off the trail
looking for you

It can't always be Halloween
the living walk among the dead
lucky them
Its not an obsession or a religion
its a single day unlike any other

Disappointment accompanies high expectations
beating me into further damnation
I continue to paint my smile on my face

Burning a business suit

I want to be anybody but myself
so many think I'm so off beat
what till you meet the fathers day killer
What about a walking black hole?

Every little details counts
even if I'm the only one that notices
The key is to run myself raw
break my own heart before anybody finds out I have
one
Blood,sweat and glue
I make do

What I have to offer
is never enough

October

Bethany Jo-Hernandez

The hushed October morning
Something sacred about fall
The dew collecting on the leaves
The ravens fly as they caw

For one and all to partake
In something sacred and divine

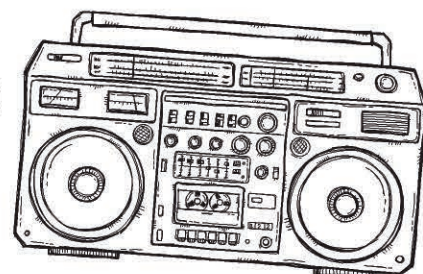
A dance with a pumpkin vine
A flirt with one breath
Something sweet in your mouth
Something close to death

Leaves float in the wind
With a delicate grace
Something I'll never forget
The look on your face

Something sacred
something divine
The look on your face when I said you were mine

Turn it up

by Morgan Smith



Movies are better with music. I'm not referring to the score which is an original composing of orchestral and/or instrumental sound, timed for scenes in a film, rather I am talking about the already existing songs that a filmmaker chooses to be in their movie. Here are some soundtracks to turn up...



Collateral



Director: Michael Mann

Released: 2004

Tracks: 16

Collateral is an L.A. crime drama with a soundtrack to match its serious, moody tone.

"Hands Of Time" by Groove Armada is the first track I must mention — it is used in diegetic style for an early, mellow part in the film when Max the taxi driver (Jamie Foxx) gives a ride to Annie (Jada Pinkett).

"Spanish Key" by Miles Davis is perfect for its use in a jazz club scene. My personal favorite is "Shadow On The Sun" featuring Chris Cornell's vocals when he was a part of Audioslave... it's ideal for an intense moment when Vincent (Tom Cruise) and Max witness a wolf crossing a Los Angeles street.

Pineapple Express



Director: David Gordon Green

Released: 2008

Tracks: 15

A "stoner comedy" mashed with a criminal thriller, the most fun and upbeat soundtrack of the three selected here.

This movie gets started with an 80's classic, "Electric Avenue" performed by The Jamaican Reggae Band (originally Eddy Grant). The gem of this soundtrack is Peter Tosh's "Wanted Dread And Alive" which led me to become a fan of the musician's catalog. A funny song, played during a funny drug-dealing scene, is "Coconut Girl" by Brother Noland. An interesting choice, because I don't remember hearing it in the movie is "Ring Of Fire" by Grace Jones (originally Johnny Cash).

The Lincoln Lawyer



Director: Brad Furman

Released: 2011

Tracks: 11

Among my Top 25 favorite films, I still have its soundtrack as a CD.

Here's a top notch crime/courtroom drama, starring Matthew McConaughey — featuring a cool soundtrack. "Ain't No Love In The Heart Of The City" by Bobby "Blue" Bland is a perfect choice for the opening credits. I also like Kavinsky's "Nightcall" during a scene in a night club. For a hip hop sound, listen to the melancholy "107°" by Citizen Cope. Fitting for the end, since the movie is set in Los Angeles, is Marlena Shaw's "California Soul." May you enjoy!

Pandemic

David Koteen

"nothin' could be surer..
the rich get rich and
the poor get poorer"

owning \$1,000,000,
000 like burning
lepers' stubs...their screams
yr pleasure...smell...yummm!
yr wealth is crippling
1,000,000s...you're co
vid in essence...&
cancer's parent...drop dead
soon. i mean...sure pen
ises are impo
rant...still one is e
nough...heaven awaits
you squeezin thru eye
of needle...har-har...
speakin of Jesus
were you gigglin while
driving nails thru his
limp limbs...pushing Jews
into gas chambers.
hurry! before too late.
you can help people
have easier lives.
oopz...!!! my bad...!..you need
\$10,000,000,000...
how much it costs to
lick Satan's anus...

Equinoxious

Tom Derungs

It's getting darker.
In this, the last warmth, this late September
bleed,
This glorious light where day and night are
equal.
Golden. Golden!

But it's getting darker.

A slow, black and fetid cream drips slowly
From the glass blades and trees.
You can hear the shouts and screams from stadium
to stadium.
Blackness. Darkness, like oil-smeared lips
Licked furtively by twisted tongue.
Like black dogs black with black gums.
Stadium to stadium.
Door to door.
Boots, boots, boots on the floor.

It's getting darker.

You can smell the jet and ooze of burnt clouds
Passing over the lands where prophets
Boil children and tears are left for dogs.

Dark and bright.

Bright as blight. Darker still
The steps are getting louder.
The crystal toys are falling down.
Falling down. Shhhhh. Don't talk too loud
The brown-britched boys are listening, snitching,
Their cheeks are black, black as vowels.

It's getting darker. Darker now.

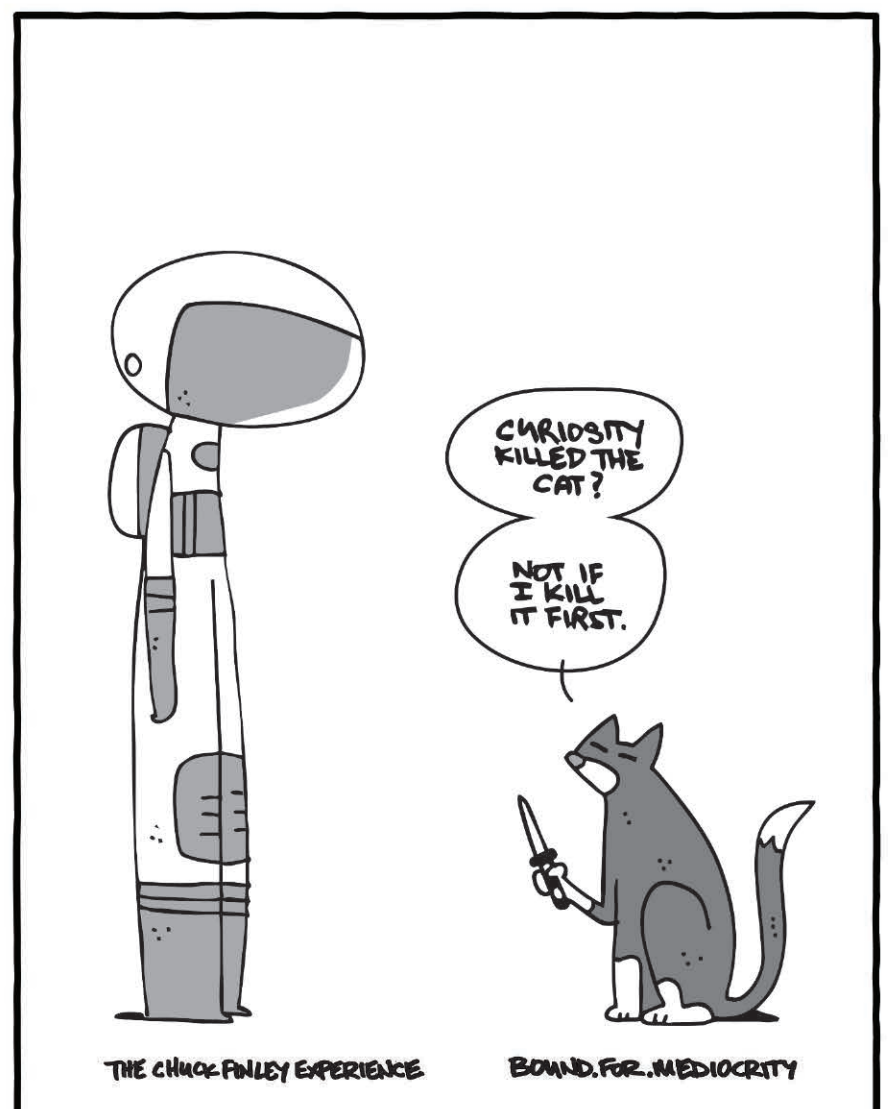
Should we be scared?
Yes. Scared as midnight. Frit as dusk.
Darkness blooms.
It's getting darker.



Classic & Cult Cinema At Your Fingertips

Check out our upcoming Federico Fellini Series
and more online and at our campus location.



Two Sides of the Fire

Sean Bentley and Herbert Payton

1

The glacier, singing in our sleep, turns black.
How burning wood always looks the same.

Birch, fir, cedar, maple, pine, burn black-red,
tribes of meteors flail toward an ocean,
while

flaming charcoal describes the wince and thrash
of eroding shade. Everything here burns clean.

Under the table of night one spider and a ball of dust.
Fire brands darkness only briefly; breathe hard,

say the winds, refrain trailed
by its swift, neon-green after-image.

2

Trees, electric and serene, rivet the tundra.
Like the wind they shift about like fatigued sentries.

But not everything concerns itself with storms
of motion. Not every alignment is arrived at.

A portcullis of smoke lets the fire into the evening.
Inside, it is a magnet burning light away like our appetite.

But what is all this getting at, the grass flattened and filled with the miscellany of wings?

Meanwhile the earth nods toward another star,
as a woman in an apartment thinks of a new choice.

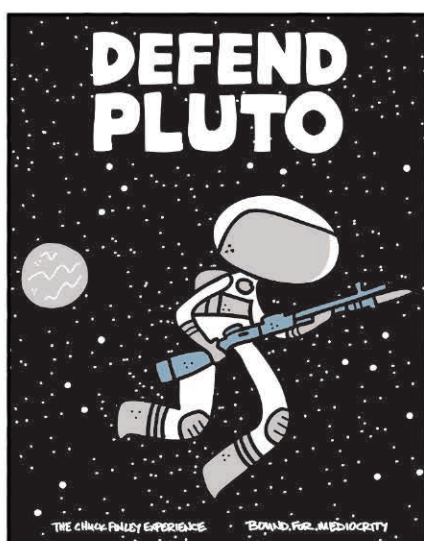
3

She puts her book down, examining without seeing it,
the park out the window, shadowed and dappled,

Dialing around the city, taxis operate as though
they were instruments of the famous. She puts on her coat.

She draws herself out of the door, thinking of cool
nights and no worries, impossible as everything else.

Beyond the window two clouds invent each other,
unseen in the collapsing night.



Wheel, Teeth, and Gears

Mike Heide

july was a wreck
the lovelife was on the rocks
|apropos the booze

the machinery is already slipping into vague nuance
cogs grind together in entropy disguised as romance
how many years were left to the necessary rotation
what impenetrable spaces still keep the barge afloat

the shores receded
so i prostrated myself
no towel to throw

there is a laborious nature in the existential flailing
it's overcoming grief with the power of laziness
dad would've scoffed, brother probably shrugged
we all reacted differently to the in-between years

today i was told
i could have everything
in only ten years

there will be a soft meal waiting for worn teeth
the good earth will keep its unwavering promise
a bountiful pallet of fuel will drop to the ground
to rip empty land into the next form of tomorrow

some distant august
i will sleep in the garden
then back to the line

so i guess i sold out to some machines of the future
the child in me just wants to sneak out into the field
an idea of an adult wants to harvest what remains
the present wants to take a nap and forget about it

an ancient garden
dead soil has its own desires
just like rusty gates

Mimi's Fridge

Mike Heide

lunch meat that really misses the kids
bouillon that has seen its last chowder
a jug of milk that never had a chance
an untouched cake with no decoration

how amazing, this pile of condiments
ritualistic architecture of preservation
ever-present condemnation of purity
a little bit of spice never hurt anything

plastic dividers can't hold back much
the old door sags under chaotic jars
what you want is hidden deep in back
just too much work to open it all up

some obscure, opaque, thawing canister
waits for a blatant, brute-force release
it was placed there in case of starvation
mimi had always known costs of poverty

and i muddle blindly, through the bounty
stabbing down through racks of follied ice
lost in some metaphor of expiration dates
starving before the faces of the old world

so it begins, pulling it all into the daylight
watching moldy sauces bleed into the sink
a cathedral of bare shelves starts to echo
empty now, it fills itself with the decades

Four Pathetic Fallacies

Sean Bentley

Desist! the worn boulders argued
at the ranks of waves. We cannot
grow any smaller! Desist!
cried the cobbles, pebbles.
By that time, the sand
had given up in despair.

*

Maples pay attention
to the innuendoes of sunlight,
shrug their leaves.
What can they do, it is spring,
again it will be fall.

*

In the giant loom
clouds work into a gingham
of sky. Rainy frays
snipped off by wind.
Sun sews on its one button.
Behind the earth
in the darkened dressing room
stars try on the outfit.
Very nice, very nice.
Tomorrow they will show you it.

*

Urbane earth carries
himself smoothly. Like a gold-
handled cane the moon
swings in time.
Thus it is that the years
step in their genteel fashion.

Please

Mia

I am not the idea
Of who you think
I should be.
I am me.
Please
Let me be.
Anything else
Is slowly killing me.
Spirit, mind, heart, and soul,
Please, just let it roll.
Everything else is taking its toll.

Innocuous

Mia

Words innocuous
Tersely spoken
Piercing the heart
Penetrating the soul
Deflating
Skin wore thin
Then worn out
Beyond the brink
Recovering
Continuing to sink
Yearning to soar
To feel the wind
Beneath these
Clipped wings

A Single Drop

James Otter

A restrictive diet
Same as the food served to rabid dogs

A fear of water
Not simply drowning
Rather fear of what will grow

Water that can destroy anything it touches
A single drop is a set back

How long can you hold your breath?
Do you feel it?
The strain on your body

Imagine what its like when your
trachea decides it wants a taste
A single cough under water
The bubbles floating up to the
surface Inspiring jellyfish

To be born without lungs
With nothing but callous flesh

a baby cant speak any language
A child is born in the water
,fed through a tube attached to its body.
It doesn't know of its worth
or the reality It crosses over at all times

A boiling tin pot
How heat can inspire violence,
That surface isn't broken from a thrown stone
We use that liquid to make simple meals

pressed grain stretched and twisted
Dried and fragile
Make it limber
Make it tender

Nothing we can do to it will hurt
We can snap it into small pieces and
step on them until theyre dust again
It wouldn't know It wouldn't need to know
Knowledge isn't always power



THE CHUCK FINLEY EXPERIENCE

BOUND.FOR.MEDIOCRITY

In The Weed Grass

Fiona Mokler

Visions of cowboys, outlaws in the weed-grass
Their forms obscured by garish billboards
That litter the frontier's final reward
No more rougs, just us on highways en masse

The west, just a memory as I pass
Buzzards fly, where hawks once soared
Campfire songs forgot for semi-truck's roar
But I, no cowboy, nervously eye my gas

No shooting stars on perfect desert nights
But, constellations of insects on my windshield
The evening disappeared in my headlights
Still, if I abandoned this life for weed-grass fields
I could lie shivering and smiling in the starlight
But I, no rogue, can't bring myself to yield

A Poem From Fergul

I am home in my body
My haven
My reflection

//

Your love happens
All at once
Roses and rainbows
All at once

Miracle after miracle
God's story
Speak to me
In volumes of glory

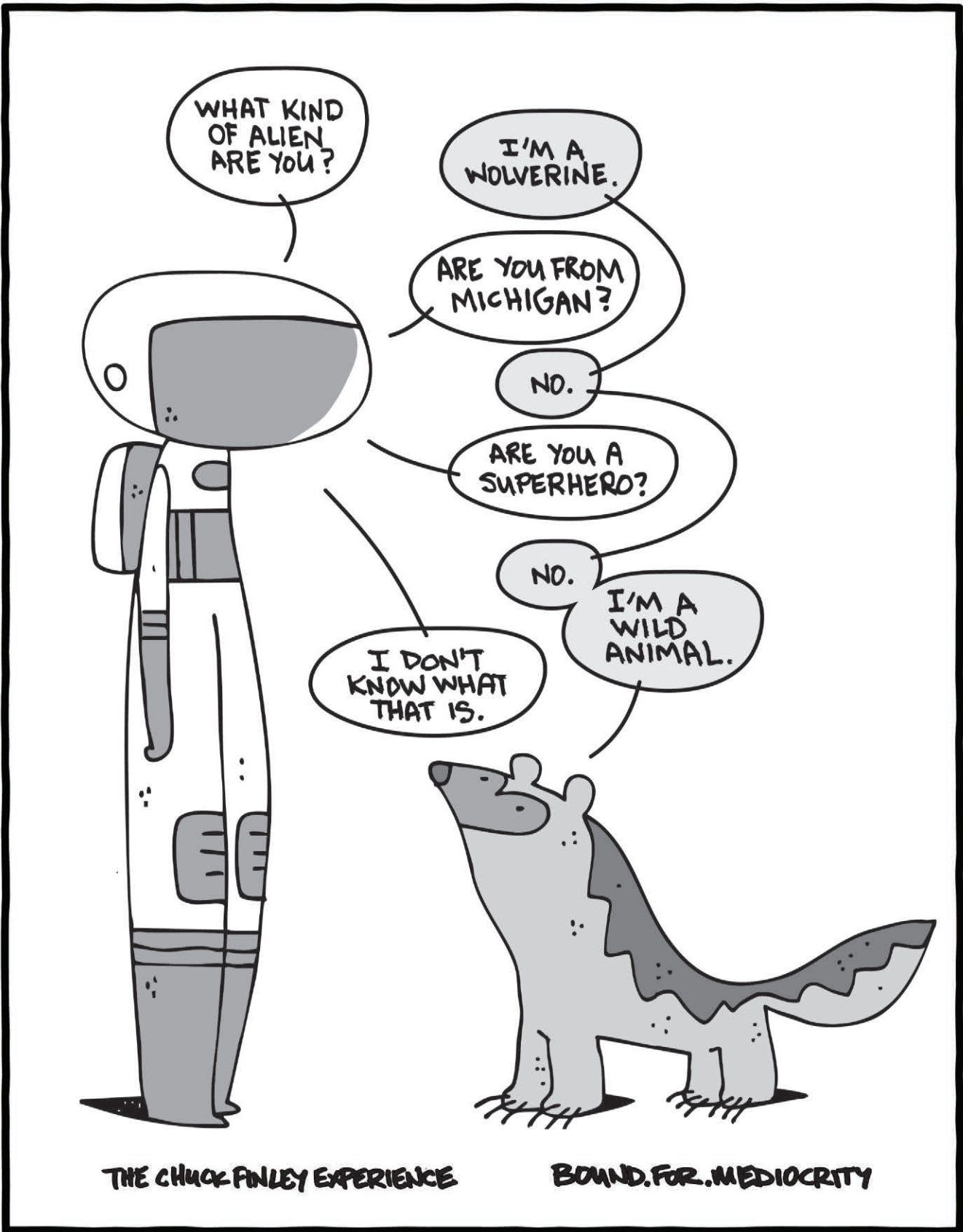
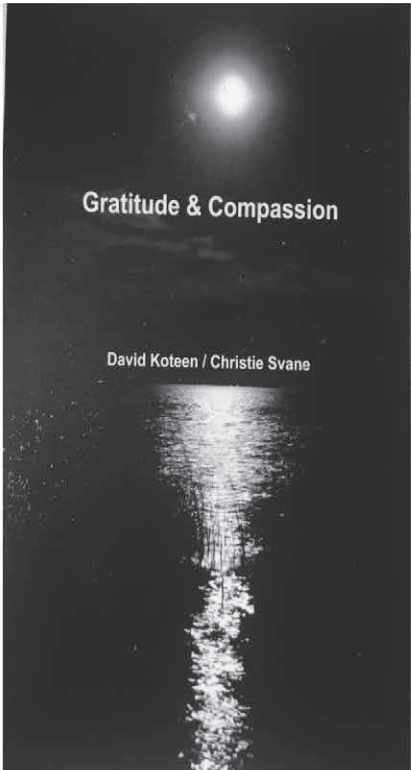
I reside on the West Coast
A decent human being
A woman
In this fire
In this chaos
I reside in peace

Making my life true
Every single day

Nothing is random anymore
Not one kiss
or bliss

My life happens
All at once
Water into wine
All at once.

<https://books.by/christina-svane>



Words I Hate

Maya Sutherland

From the (anal?) annals of a failed linguist

omnipotent - Just a gross word. Not nice to say or look at.

geriatric - Makes me feel sorry for people named Jerry.

eponymous - Just say the name!

unequivocal - If you blur your eyes a bit, it looks like "unequal."

recalcitrant - Sorry about your cough...here, have some water.

gifted (as a past tense verb) - Uh... we already have a perfectly good word for this.

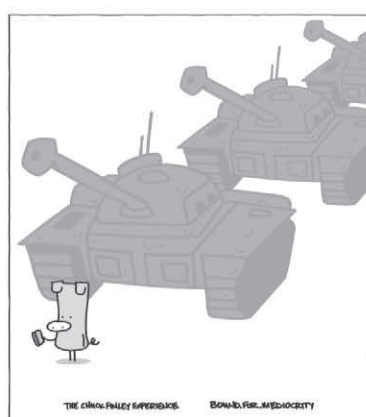
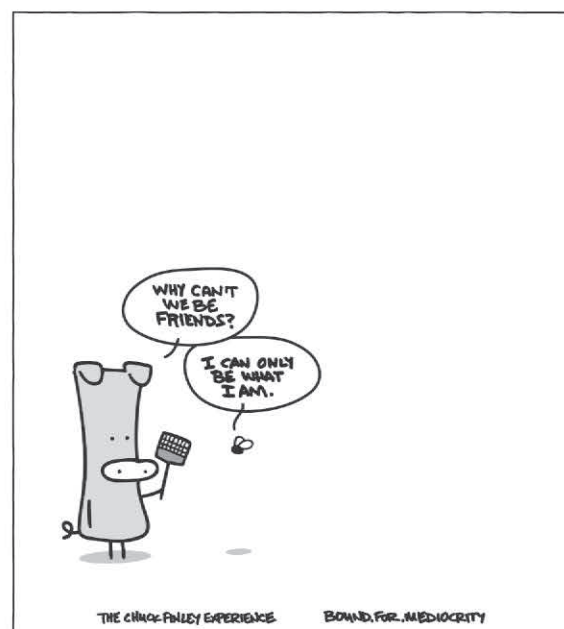
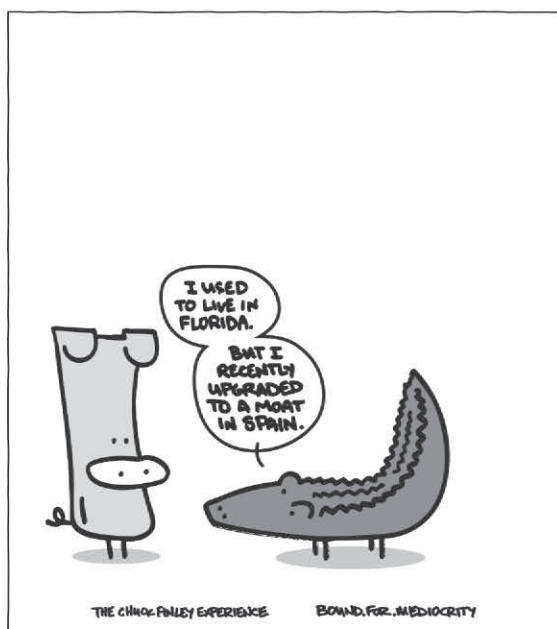
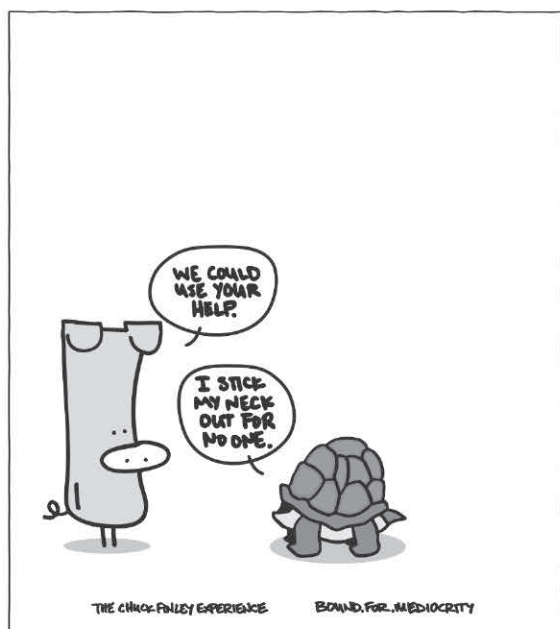
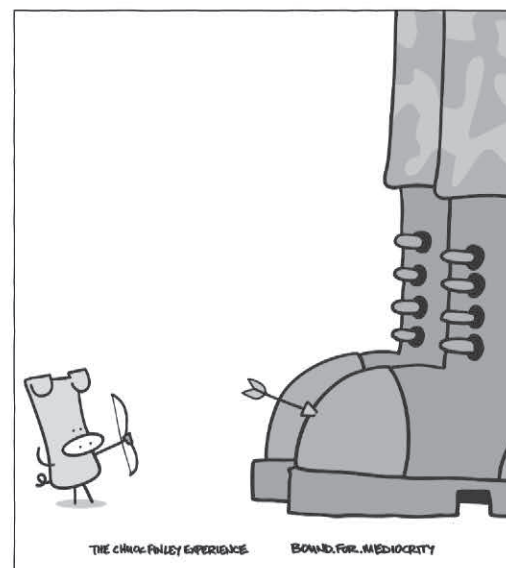
annals - Looks too much like "anal." And if you pronounce it wrong, it sounds like it too!

unprecedented - But...it is happening now...

gesticulate - It sounds like a complex biochemical process, but it just means "moving your hands."

guffaw - No, you didn't say it wrong. It just looks and sounds bad.

psychotropic - Wait, why not just say "psychedelic"? or wait, never mind.



A crossword for BLU the monkey ANSWERS

UP AND DOWN

1. Monika

2. Photoplayer

3. Skepta

ACROSS

4. Windy

5. Rolling Stones

6. Love

7. Abraxas

