

chicago record wicked sixes

Alright then. So inspire to your prior credit. Represent tell all. Bask in it sweat on my Mr. Mention since wicked sixes. Propose imperial so inspire. Say I particular, dripping knife. As much proof of life. Twenty century pilgrim. Since 16th century kingdom.

Come aboard your fortune. Like combustible wicked sixes. Know what for. Varied pleasant heavy. Moonlit swooning and to the man I've been. I'm thick by airs. Environs I wont bother you again. Hang over states and nary wind. I Caribbean. Picturesque as press her over things like she don't know. She with the sweet water over rose of war. That by hand of man long dead she pull a gun on me. I dream lover for book end revolutionary. *

A SNAP-SHOT OF JOANNA

She wasn't fussy about what
drugs she used or how she took
them; injected, sniffed, smoked
or swallowed, it didn't mean
a thing to Joanna,
she had a big heart and was
perhaps overly generous and
this was rarely to her
advantage; once she told me
that one time she was on
her way to her dealer for
an early morning cocktail
when she was stopped by
an unkempt and disheveled
old lady who told her that
she had no money or food
or electric; Joanna opened up
her purse and gave the old
lady her drugs money;
she would frequently prostitute
herself to quench her chemical
appetite and a few years
back she barely survived a
frenzied knife-attack by a
deranged speeding stranger
in a derelict squat and I'd see
Joanna, laying sprawled,
passed-out in the street; her
skimpy clothing revealing
her tortured body and I'd
think of her 2 children who
have never known her and of
her silent parents that lived
in another country;

Joanna had no friends that
she could rely on, no one to
turn to for comfort, for love
or for whatever she felt she
was missing and looking
for and she died at the weekend
of a heart-attack, she was just
days away from her 34th
birthday and she will be all too
quickly forgotten in a world
that revolves around the
pursuit of narcotics; in a
world of searching or seeking
for something that would
ease the pain and banish the
awful darkness of the heart
that you
and I could never understand
no matter how hard we tried
to understand
we couldn't,
and it'll beat me
just as it did you,
Joanna.

John D Robinson

FOR CECIL OF ZIMBABWE

Ever since news broke
I've thought often of what
is gained? What sensations
and emotions, adrenalin and
feelings are experienced after
dressing up in a military
uniform and paying thousands
of dollars to kill a jungle
animal in Africa;
to entice the beast into a
murderous lair outside of
its protected zone and
then silently strike with a
bow and arrow and then
for 40 hours after
track down the dangerous
injured animal and then end
it's agony with a rifle shot;
now that is that brave and heroic,
and naturally the trophy of
beheading and skinning the
creature;
now that must be something
to tell your wife and make her
proud of you,
now that must be something
to tell your children and your
grandchildren and make
them proud of you;
it must make you feel
like a man; like a real
hunter of murderous beasts,
a collector of skin and
bones and of innocent souls
that you can furnish your
home with;
that must make you feel
real good and macho;
it must reassure your
patients of being in the
presence of one who has
such and exhilarating and
adventurous hobby;
Dr Walter Palmer,
dentist of Minnesota, USA,
there are thousands,

globally, hunting you
right now,
wanting your blood,
how does it feel?
and once caught chances are
you won't be beheaded and
skinned because not only is
it against the law but way below
any level of decency and dignity
and compassion and
humanity;
what ever happens to you
brave and fearless,
Dr Walter Palmer
I hope it robs you of
everything that you hold
dear in this life of yours
that cannot be brought with
silent arrows and bullets and
dollars;
Dr Palmer
FUCK YOU!

Cecil was a 13 year Male Lion with a beautiful and distinctive black mane; a tourist attraction and was a favourite with the people of Zimbabwe; in July 2015, Palmer paid thousands of dollars to hunt and kill big game. Palmer went into hiding.

John D Robinson

THE POLITICS OF BODY PARTS

I'm disappointed.

First, in Megyn Kelly, a fellow Albany Law School alum, for her overt and ostentatious attempt to hitch her already rising star to that of the much more accomplished attention hog - note, I did not say whore - Donald Trump. The body language, the facial expressions, the gotcha gender question. *The reality TV ratings eyeballs*. Apparently having an eponymous show wasn't enough. Perfectly positioned center stage, the only non-male in the "arena," she gave a purposeful performance calculated to make her the new face of Fox News. Can an audition to headline *The Apprentice* be far behind? Birds of a feather flock together. You're hired!

Which brings me to The Donald and his walking back of his "blood pouring" comment. *That* made me see red. Nose, ears ... give me a break. As someone who has experienced them both, sans medical intervention, the hormonal ups and downs that come with a menstrual cycle and perimenopause can easily make you feel like your mind and body are "possessed" - and cause what outsiders might perceive as temporary insanity and/or borderline demonic behavior. He wasn't that far "off base." Ask my ex-husband.

My beef - if the Republican candidate sincerely cares about women's health issues as he professes, he would have remained true to his original spontaneous blurt and not retroactively labeled others' interpretation of it as "deviant." Such consistent and continued candor could have propelled another taboo topic - the societal denial of biological differences which began with the liberation of Baby Boomer females - into the broader discourse, a la his inartful words on illegal immigration when he announced his run for the nomination. I personally would have breathed a not so silent sigh of relief. At age 60, what my mother...grandmother...aunts...all freely discussed, we now pharmaceuticalize in a misguided effort to "be more like a man." The multi billionaire motor mouth missed a wide open opportunity to raise his hand and connect with more than half of the electorate with the simple explanation of "I understand."

Instead, after being characterized as a Neanderthal misogynist for a little over a day, the seemingly shameless self promoter caved - **period** - and chose to use his free speech right not to elevate and embrace "the natural" - that would have been "phenomenal" - but to escalate and emphasize the negative and render doubtful, dubious, and disingenuous the politically incorrect aspect of his "pissed off" brand. *For that*, he should be fired.

Karen Ann DeLuca

A DAY AT HOME

Sitting in the garden of the house that will one day be mine
Home at last with lots of time to relax
Sit back and
Open a beer
Sip down its warm contents as Dad refuses to chill his beer
And after an afternoon when the thermometer almost broke
As 45.7 degrees
My feet almost burnt as I walked out into the garden
It's all too much for me
The beer would normally feel warm but right now it just refreshes
Whilst I sit here in this garden that will one day be mine

Flies go about their business
Annoyingly they swoop
Aiming for my arms
My pen
My god damn beer
But out here in cow country they know they simply rule
Outnumber us by at least a billion to one

On the inside I know my Dad is watching the news
And he's sure to have stuff to moan about when I return
Bloody Tories, bloody Labor they are all the same
Whilst Mum is sitting quietly reading Harper Lee
All afternoon I been sitting, thinking as I wait for a reply from one of them
But no words, not all day, so all I can do is sit outside and drink this poem
Trying to keep distracted by our cats' lack of effort at catching the mice and vermin who
perambulate our garden
But in this heat all he wants to do is sit in the shade and eat
As I sit opposite, staring at him, drinking in the shade finally realizing that maybe me and him
are almost the same.

Bradford Middleton

A WEIRD ONE ON MONDAY

Sitting in a bar on a Monday afternoon I feel at ease with my surroundings
Far more than I would now on a Saturday night
Now it's just me and the same old faces, the same damn faces that I see
Whenever I'm compelled or frustrated enough to go to the pub on a Monday afternoon

Today's been a strange one, had 6 more poems accepted and then saw a picture
In this months' copy of *The Wire* of a girl I know, a pioneer of something called noise poetry
I thought about it on the way home and how I've always liked her poetry but
Gave up reading that pretentious tome many years ago

The article read like an advertisement for Brighton, how young, dynamic and down-right audacious we all fucking are

Freaking out the un-cool with our subversive home-grown brand of weirdness

But the night they wrote about has always just done my head in which I guess makes me one of those unashamedly un-cool

But for me now, aged 43, I can handle being considered like that by readers of *The Wire* as I cling to my Neil Young records in tatty blue denim

The bar today is nothing unusual and I'm glad just for some kind of normality

As I sit nursing my pint and watching the time fade away as nothing really happens

Except the drink is drunk whilst outside lives move on yet in here we remain

Firmly stuck in the most remote of cul-de-sacs, going nowhere and remaining firmly underground

Bradford Middleton

CONVENTIONAL REPUBLICAN SONNET

I guard a door and consider the Grachii,
sorting reformers from programmers—none
may pass without electric blessing. Some
try. Most fail. Weary vigilance is my
lonely duty: I must hold these gates firm
against some temporary citizens,
make a holy space for denizens
of this digital republic. I turn
back all who speak my tongue. Where is the land
that troops are owed? Will our crops grow themselves?
Only coffee is sold within these walls.
The masters of technique, their soft white hands
unused to plows, must still be fed. Their cell
phone guide them. They've made an app for the fall.

Mark J. Mitchell

FUGUE: DROUGHT

Don't move piles of pebbles.
—Sappho, *Fragment 143*

A mountain escaped leaving
one pure tear—
a small lake just
to tease the city.

We dream of water here
and wake up
with dust tears
coating our pure lips.

So we take turns
kissing that lake.
We may taste it but—
teased—we can't swallow.

Someday we'll escape dust
like the mountain and we'll drop
real tears in to the heart
of a dry, impure city.

Mark J. Mitchell

PENDULUM [Stefanie Bennett]

**... Like a Mapuche National
I dream of sunken ships,
Shadows that walk
The Milky Way
And the empty nests
Of telegraph poles.**

**The grass grows
'Second sight'
High
While**

**The date tree
Blends
Its form
Of exorcism –,**

**Waiting. Waiting on
The bright
Onyx and gold
UFO to arrive.**

Going to Planned Parenthood Again

**“We had the other ones done there,” says Tammy.
“Why not go there again? Everything went well.
No complications. Who cares about the publicity?
Bunch of do-gooders with hidden cameras.”**

**“I don’t care about the publicity,” says Jason.
“But if I’m the father and they’re going to sell
the heart, brains and liver of my fetus, I want
a share in the proceeds. There would be no
fetus, parts or proceeds if it weren’t for me.
They wouldn’t have anything to sell.”**

**“You’re absolutely nuts,” says Tammy,
“absolutely nuts. If they pay you,
they’ll have to pay every other
guy who gets a girl pregnant.
What about me? I’m the pregnant one.
I’m the one they’re taking it from.
Why shouldn’t I get paid, Jason?”**

**“We should both get paid,” says Jason.
“Let’s go down there and tell them
either we get a share of the proceeds
or you’ll have the baby instead.
Then we’ll add to the population,
use disposable diapers, flush the toilet
too often and eventually make
the world warmer than it is.”**

Donal Mahoney

Change

Let it come like the wave with
the salty foam. Let it reflect
my insides like a face held towards
new cutlery. Let it take my rhythm for
its own, express it in the wings of angry crows
and the trees in communion with the wind.

Let it steel my lover for four nights,
leave my bed an empty socket for all my
demons to gather and join. Let it hurl
a fist at the clock, at the pressure of duty
and guilt I should not feel. Let it mimic
my cries at the corner store where a woman
sits on a curb, crazy with undirected grief.

Let it be in the eyes of my cat as he stalks
the birds in his mind.

Let me kneel before it in my room,
and tell my husband what I have found.

Let it be like a fledgling in the morning singing
or like a wound that alters my appearance.

Allison Grayhurst

Things I Must Learn

To speak like I should
in the wayfaring night, to
hold your hand when the shelf cracks
and the books are all read, when the fridge
carries only last week's fruit.

To lean my head on your heart and
let you speak your need, instead of curling
under the blankets like an angry, disturbed thing.

To kiss your lips when nothing is going on, when
the dried flowers crumble to the floor and
the guitar strings have snapped, when summer
is only a month away and the city prepares in the same
dull way.

To touch your arm when the shower curtain rips
and a spider's eggs lay behind the bathroom mirror.

To be kinder than I've been,
to wrap a hand around the back of your cold,
delicate neck.

To take pictures of you
in the afternoon, loving you better
when darkness inevitably descends.

Allison Grayhurst

How One Writer Avoids Writer's Block

After writing nothing for 35 years, I returned to writing in 2008, concentrating on poetry and then branching out into fiction and nonfiction. The long hiatus was caused, I rationalized, by demanding jobs, mostly as an editor of other people's copy. Work left me without interest or energy to work on my own writing.

But when I retired my wife bought me a computer and showed me where in the basement my cardboard boxes full of unfinished poems had been lying dusty in storage all those years. More importantly, she later told me, in a kind way, that reading a poem of mine was often like "looking through a kaleidoscope while listening to harpsichord."

That phrase became embedded in my mind so I had to write something to go with it. It was a poem called "Kaleidoscope and Harpsichord," since published.

When I hear a phrase or word I like, I often write something ahead of it, around it and after it. I try to give it a home in a poem, story or essay. Perhaps it's a prompt, as some poetry editors might call it, although I have never thought of it that way.

I worked that way back in the 1960s when I first started writing before employment and family obligations interrupted me. As a student, I would jot a phrase or word on a napkin in some midnight diner and put it in my pocket. Weeks later I'd find it and I'd start writing a piece around the phrase or word. I doubt that many writers work this way. But it's always been that way for me.

I never know where a phrase or word will lead me and sometimes that's fun but other times it can be difficult. But once I get a poem or story going, I forget about the phrase or word that inseminated it and care only about finishing the piece.

Let me offer an example. Once I told my wife to take me to a taxidermist when I die because that's where I wanted to go instead of to the local mortician. I told her that in semi-jest, of course, but "take me to the taxidermist" wouldn't leave my mind. Finally it led to a poem of sorts. For better or worse, it may serve as an example of how one writer has always avoided writer's block.

Donal Mahoney

Take Me to the Taxidermist

**I told my wife the other night
when she came back to bed
my feet were cold so now's
the time for me to tell her
not to bury me or burn me
or give my body to science.**

**Take me to the taxidermist
and have him dress me in
Cary Grant's tuxedo, a pair
of paten leather shoes
from Fred Astaire and a
straw hat from Chevalier.**

**Once I'm a Hollywood star,
stand me in the garden with
that chorus line of blondes,
brunettes and redheads
I stationed there the day she
flew home to Mother in a snit.**

**Years later now, my dancers still
kick high enough to lance the sun.
I plan to hold a last rehearsal
once my wife motors into town
and finds a priest who'll say
a thousand Masses for my soul.**

Donal Mahoney

A Matter of Pride

**I first heard about
the Seven Deadly Sins
in grammar school
back when kids
memorized almost
everything.**

**Wrath, Greed, Sloth,
Pride, Lust, Envy,
Gluttony skipped off
my tongue in third grade
even though I had
little idea of what
they meant.**

**As I grew older
and learned what
they involved
I came to think Pride
wasn't as deadly
as the others
since most Americans
inherit Pride
to some degree
in their DNA**

**but then I listened to
a political debate
the other night
and heard someone
with terminal Pride
preach on television,
someone who should
have been in hospice
rather than on stage.**

**As Americans we're
lucky terminal Pride
is not contagious.
We know it's an
autoimmune disease.
No cure for that.**

Donal Mahoney

DUST [Stefanie Bennett]

**Distance, how far away
You've wandered
From the maladies
Of attachment.**

**From the quiet room where
We read Kafka's tribulations,
My head resting
On your chest -**

**The clatter of pine-cones
Scudding the roof
And the wind
 At half-mast
Soulfully singing.**

**Distance. A derivative...
Brought with it
An unbridled
Dark steed**

**To infiltrate
The yellow night.
The red comet.
The absentee.**

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*** Written by Godfrey Logan**

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