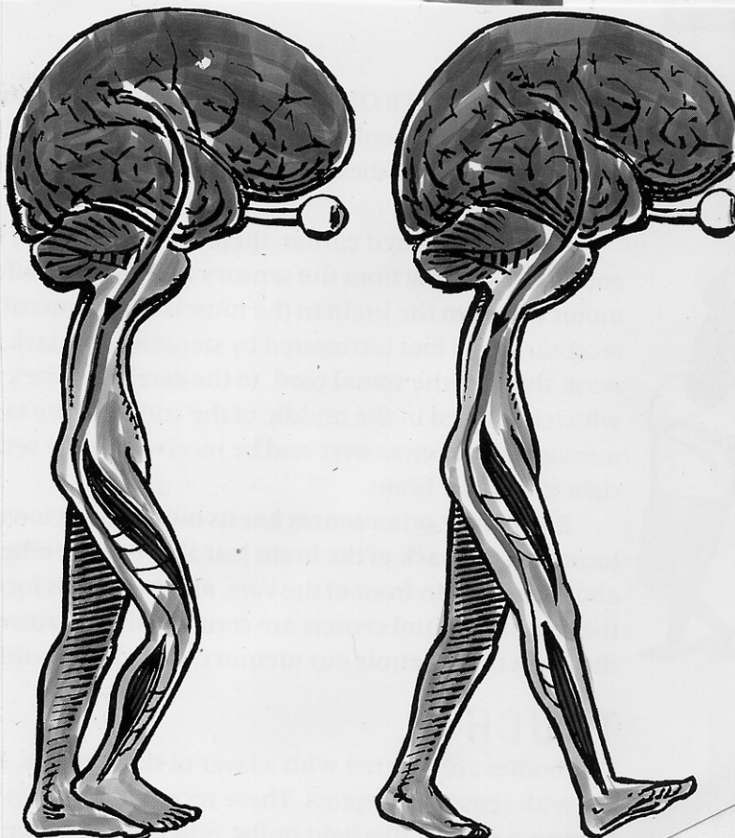
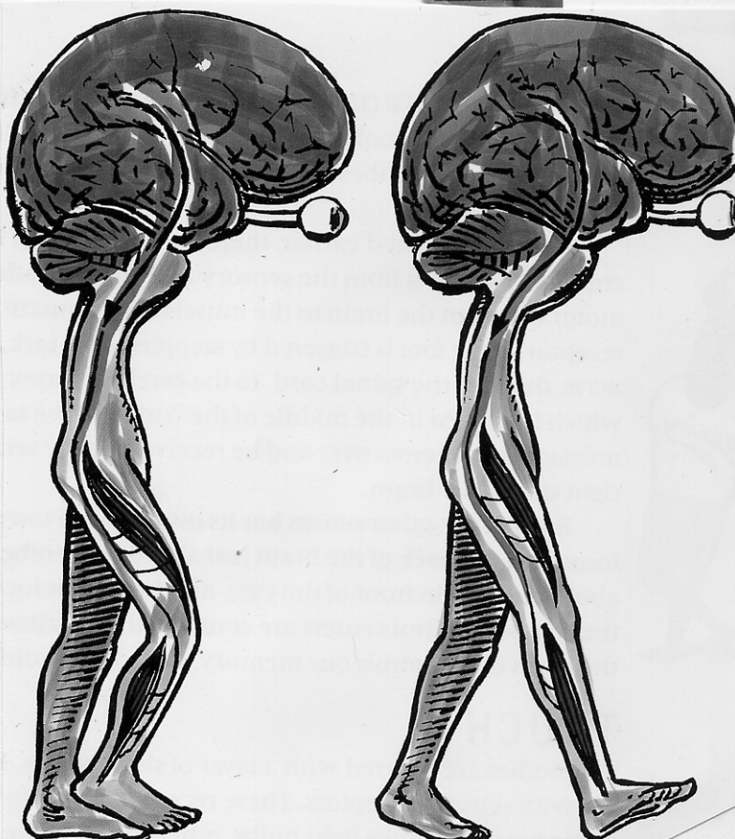




**BIG** brains little **W**ords



**BIG** brains little **W**ords



# Seedling #4351

Gasping, grasping in the obscurity  
of the crumbling earth,  
I reach out with vermillion arms,  
shifting and shaking through an  
apocalyptic rumble.

The sounds of breathing and a  
pounding of my heart sounding in  
my ears as

I hear the noise of my clawing  
resounding in my head.

Grinding, gnashing through the  
damp darkness,  
The sudden dry warmth on wet skin  
ripples through to my root but the  
fire draws me forward.

I feel the air, cool and sweet, finding  
me, filling me, freeing me from my  
loam prison  
And depurating my developing  
viscera.

Glowing, gleaming, toes in the lively  
nurturing ground,  
I greet the warmth of life and grow.

-Yesenia "Seni" Padilla

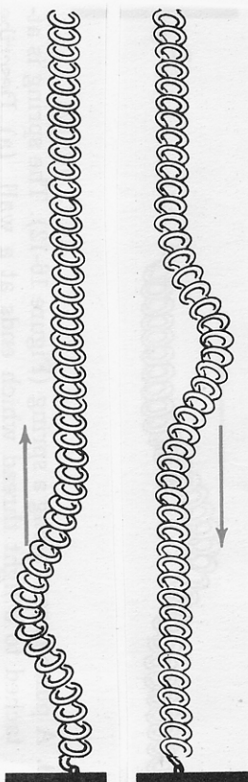
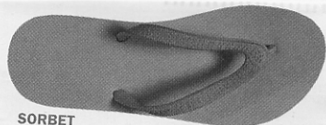


FIGURE 16-10. The pulse  
that is reflected from the  
rigid wall returns inverted.

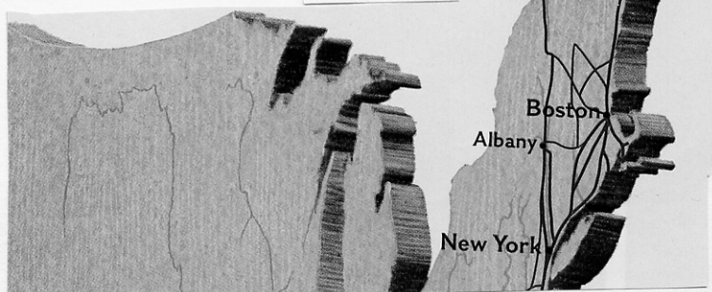
# The Lines and the Grasses

Out there among the lines and the  
grasses the wind blows hard, clearing  
the air, drying the land, moving the  
water and leaves.

In piles beside the tracks, the metal  
rusts, the wood rots, steel and lumber  
kept and forgotten, projects done or  
stopped, disconnected from their fates.

Even the eyes see past them into the  
space that spans between the homes  
and fields, and work toward the next  
thing, minds and bodies traveling.

-Jason Gonzales



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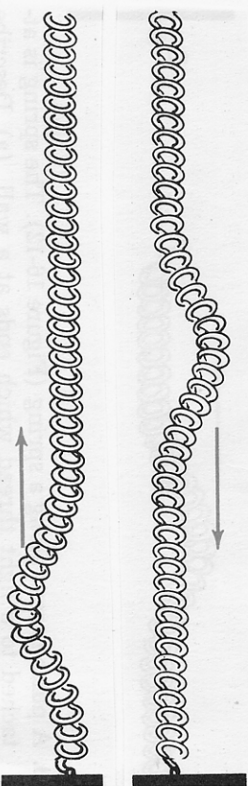
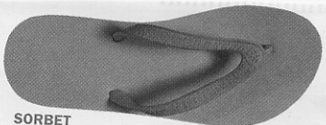


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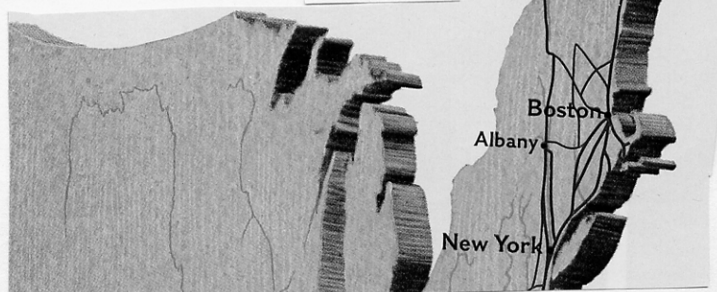
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## MINE OWN COUNTRREE?

Three Nights, 2000

Three nights in a row mesmerized by the weather. The first night: clouds, hovering over Bernal Hill. The second night, walking in the rain, and afterwards, watching a couple leaning against a wet parked car, making out. The third night, an actual lunar eclipse, a rust-colored shadow arced across the full moon; a guy walking his dog in the park yells out to me, on my bike, "look up."

Karl Soehnlein

God is in the Whitehouse

In the ropelines, they're saying "God is in the Whitehouse" Their eyes are brimming with tears.

Mike Davis

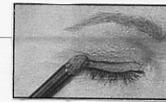
The L

It stands for lonely, for a group of people who wander around and wonder what they did wrong. They can't figure out what to eat or if they should buy new shoes or get a haircut. In their minds treasured moments and poorly expressed emotion compete neck and neck for dominance over their host.

"Look, pal," the driver says, "you'll have to step forward. People need to get on."

The motion of the vehicle comforts one of the passengers. It pulls them along toward distraction, jerking and shuddering like something working hard to make them happy.

Later, he will sit and feel completely ready to be taken away again by the millions of dollars spent for that purpose. The lights will go down and he will be gone.



-Jason Gonzales

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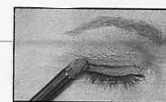
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-Jason Gonzales

If a tree falls in the woods,  
or I avert my eyes from a strangers gaze,  
does she smile at me?

So many ways to affect my energy.

On a random Friday, 1 out of 3 people acknowledge me.  
(Make that 1 out of 8).

\*\*\*\*\*

Like a ravenous beast  
you sense my weakness  
and close in  
anticipating an easy meal.

Like blood from a stone  
you will find me  
unsatisfying.

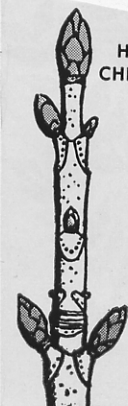
\*\*\*\*\*

The Barrymores  
renew my faith  
in america.

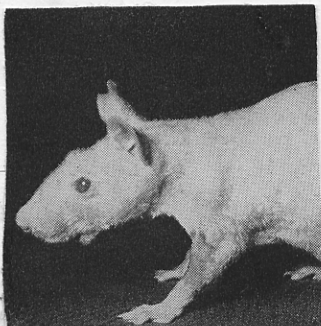
\*\*\*\*\* James L. Smith

Everytime you give away a secret,  
you become that much less special.

\*\*\*\*\*



HORSE  
CHESTNUT



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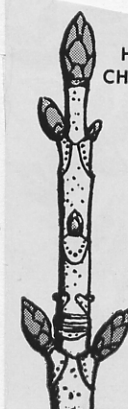
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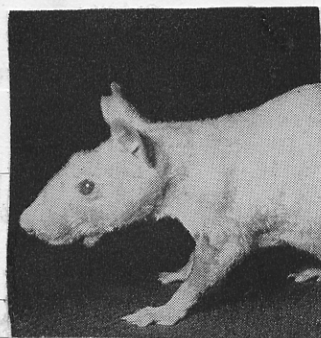
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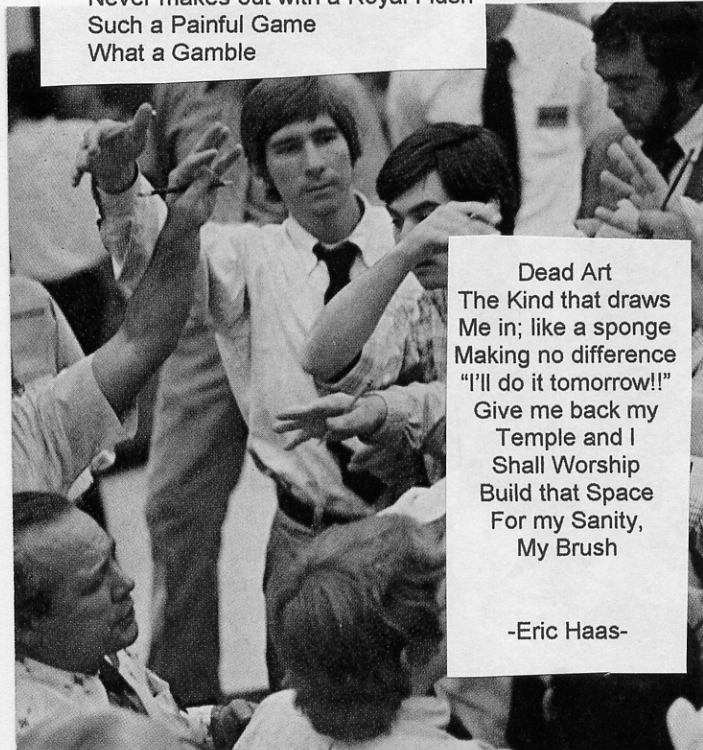
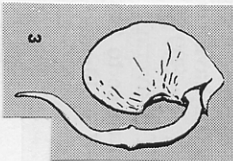
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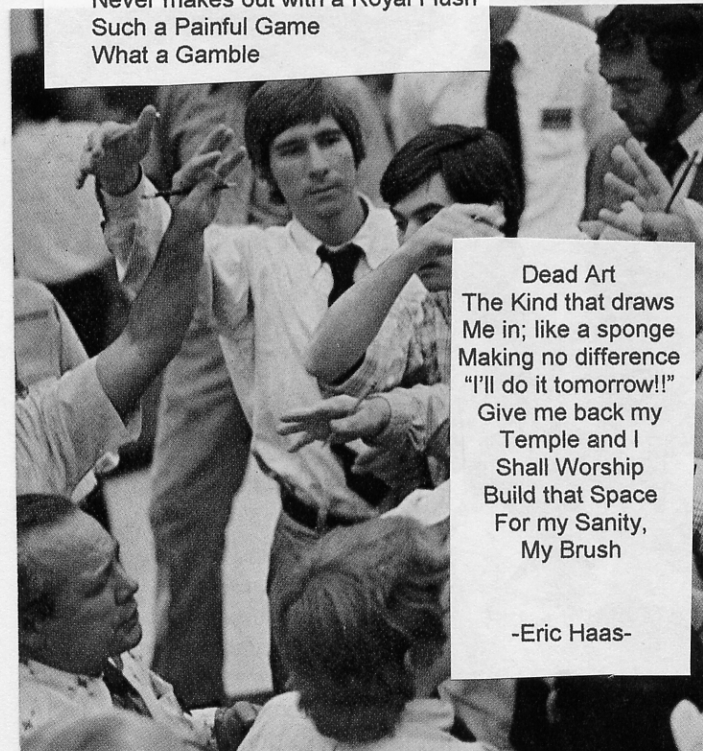
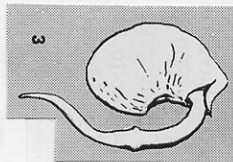
A Valentine Follicle  
Testing Positive  
Forecasting this Bust  
in My Hand-"A Sure Thing"  
It happens all the time  
A Closet-Caustic-Malcomformist  
Never makes out with a Royal Flush  
Such a Painful Game  
What a Gamble



Dead Art  
The Kind that draws  
Me in; like a sponge  
Making no difference  
"I'll do it tomorrow!!"  
Give me back my  
Temple and I  
Shall Worship  
Build that Space  
For my Sanity,  
My Brush

-Eric Haas-

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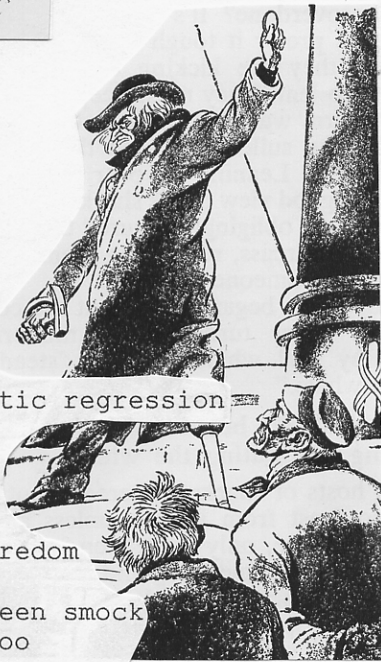
# MONEY OLD

Rage against Korn  
by Elton Cunniffe

Oh, Oppression  
middle class dialectic regression  
negative knife  
cancer cutting  
surgical remission

Speeding towards boredom  
unsterilized anger  
suburban OR, V8, green smock  
tongue carving tattoo  
remote without wheels  
change samples in a glass  
pharmacuetical probation

Amplified words distorted  
inexpensive alteration non repentant  
distilled sirens transfusion injected

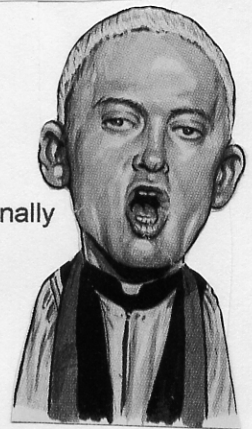


I hate it when white people  
play hip-hop in an effort to  
please or impress me.  
When I walked in, he was playing  
80's dance: Dead or Alive, Sheila E.  
I made eye contact in appreciation.  
Once I did that,  
he switched to hip-hop.

I do try to not take these things personally  
but imagine, if you can,  
walking this world  
in my form.

\*\*\*\*\*

Overheard on 16th St.:  
"This is the deepest bar conversation I've ever had!"



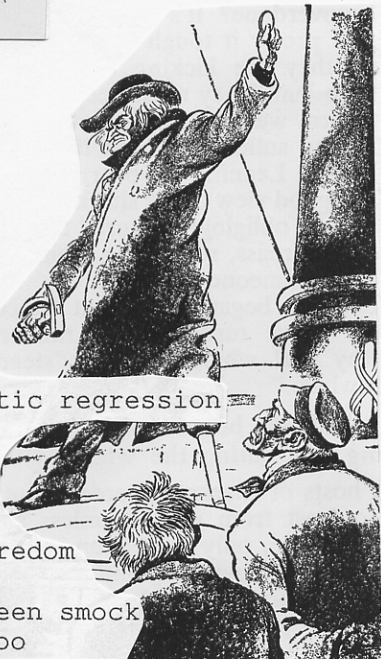
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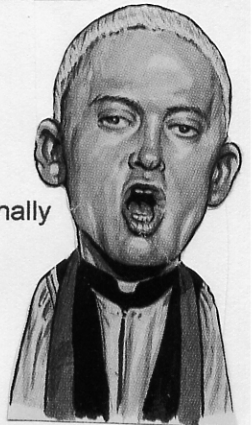


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I've got to unwrite my history  
Make my future what I need it to be  
Make my Now  
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WONDERFUL.

I have a Chesire Cat Smile

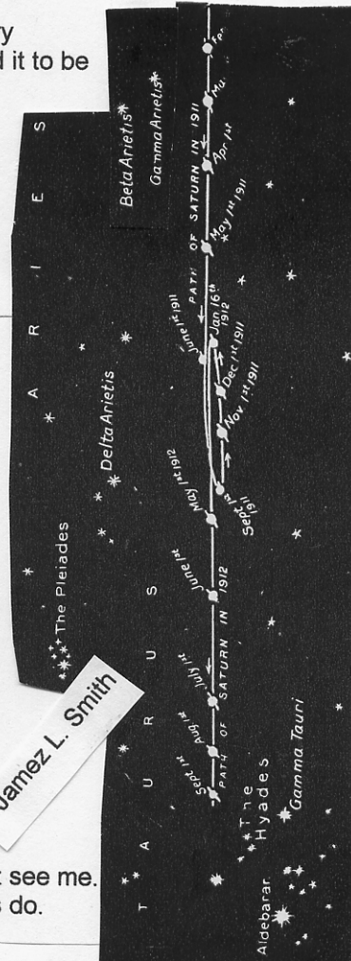
I Miss Julian Most.  
He sees deeper than me.  
And I'm pretty deep.

Of all the Love,  
I Miss Julian Most.

Like Blue Star  
Dolphin  
Sirius  
and some others  
I have the ability  
to vibrate to a higher plane  
becoming invisible  
to those who do not.

Explaining why people don't see me.  
Explaining why some others do.

Jamez L. Smith

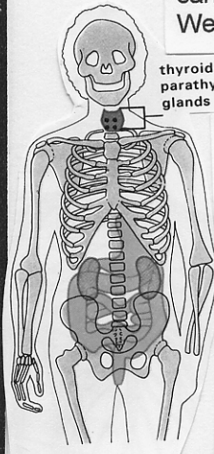


fragments  
by Brian Weaver



#1  
You'd make us believe  
Killing is good  
and only through war  
can we be free  
Well, that sounds like the devil to me.

thyroid and  
parathyroid  
glands



#2  
I'm tired of the wars  
we keep fighting in the name  
of oil, god and democracy.  
When will they learn  
They're all going to burn  
in a hell they've created for themselves.  
But let us not be fooled.  
They're dragging us along.  
There's blood on our hands,  
and soon we'll be kissing the feet of Baphomet.



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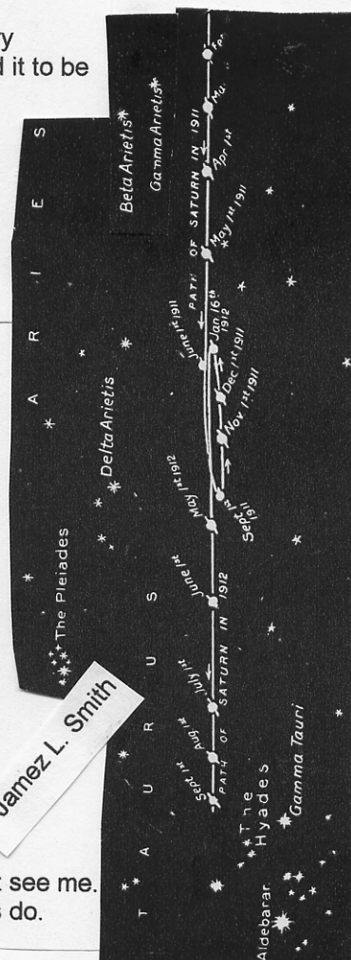
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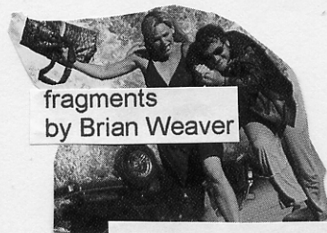
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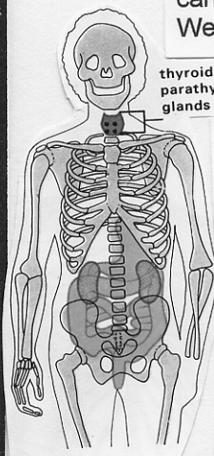


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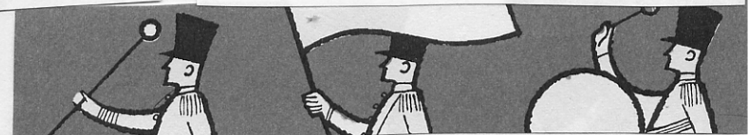


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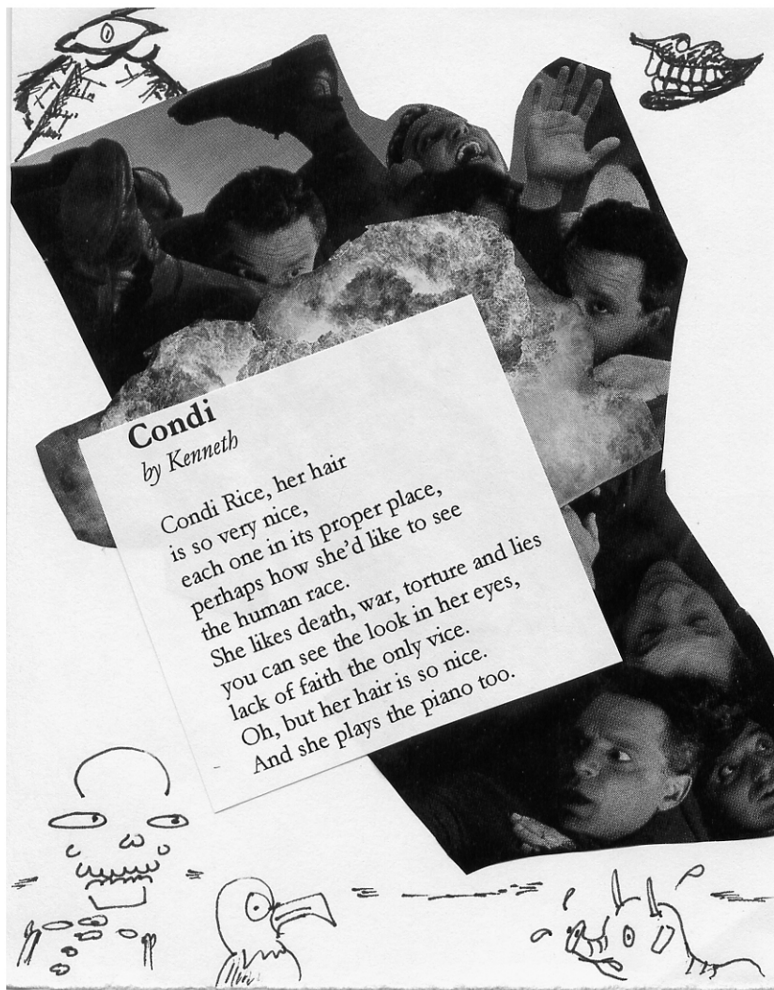
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There's blood on our hands,  
and soon we'll be kissing the feet of Baphomet.







## Condi

by Kenneth

Condi Rice, her hair  
is so very nice,  
each one in its proper place,  
perhaps how she'd like to see  
the human race.  
She likes death, war, torture and lies  
you can see the look in her eyes,  
lack of faith the only vice.  
Oh, but her hair is so nice.  
And she plays the piano too.

## The Performance

by Bill Fisher, based on a cut-up

The cricket sang, and quicker, but the plastic was permanent. He couldn't get it off. He was panic stricken. The room was full of feeling and people smiling tolerantly. The atmosphere was alive – but it was a lie. It sounded so inspiring that a critic called him a pretty dabbler in the arts. He had the knowledge of a votary, and was acquainted with the harpsichord, and had great aspirations as a sculptor.

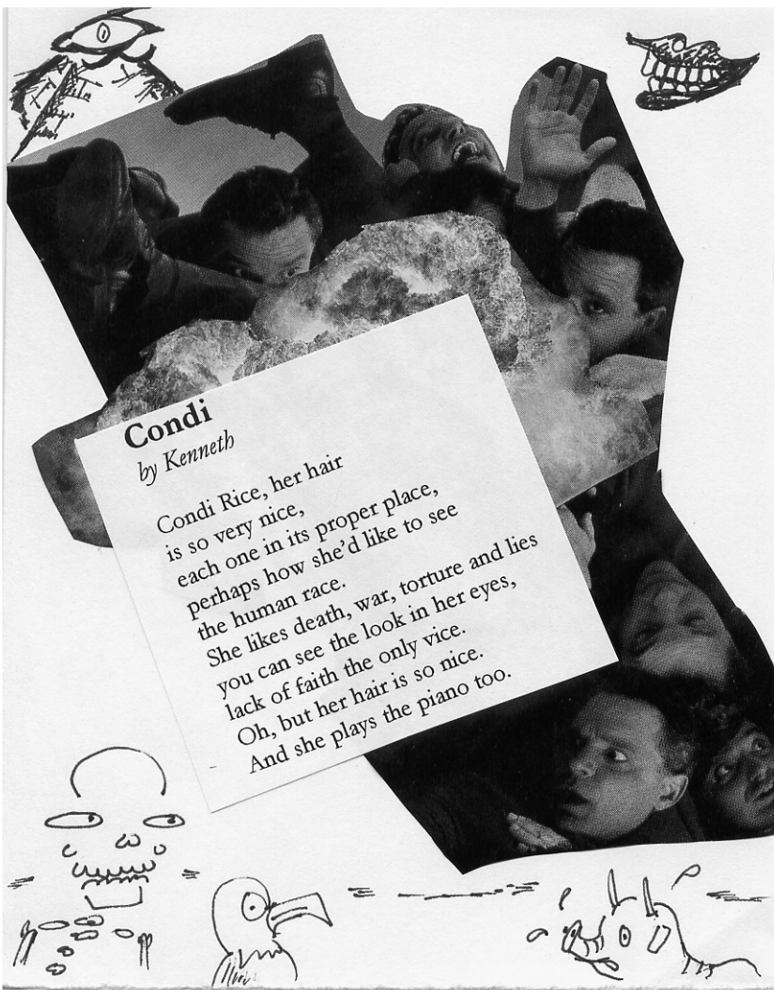
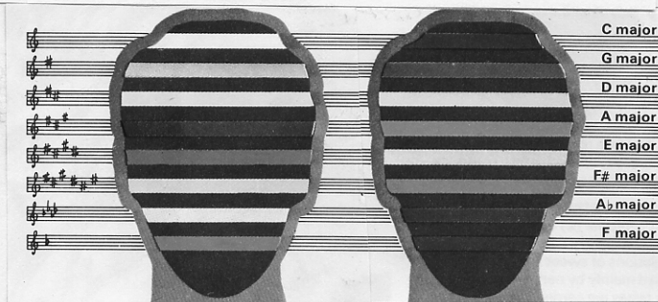
So now he was moved to contribute a breakdown, as he had studied, with specimens of song – a simple toilet roll made of the same dreadful plastic.

"Have you been here for the world to come and look? That's certainly rough."

"Oh, I've been here but a few months."

Now he was going out to find some cheap preservation of his independence. Money was now very small. Backed by the Clamorous Announcements, he had the urge to bring forth his banjo, if only he knew how to work it. Instead he used his plastic mess. In his sigh of resignation, he talked as one lost, adding the touch of interpretation. Even Ignorance paid him no emotion.

Then there was a moment of quiet, which was followed by clapping and admiring bravos. It must be admitted that this was easier back then.



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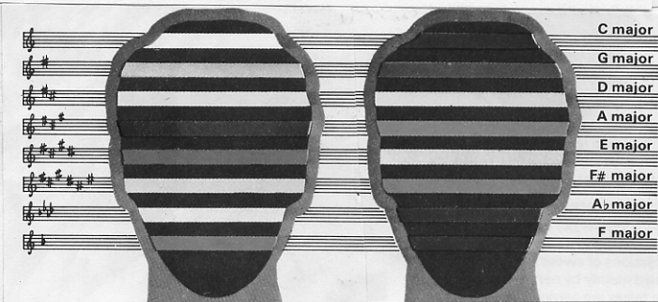
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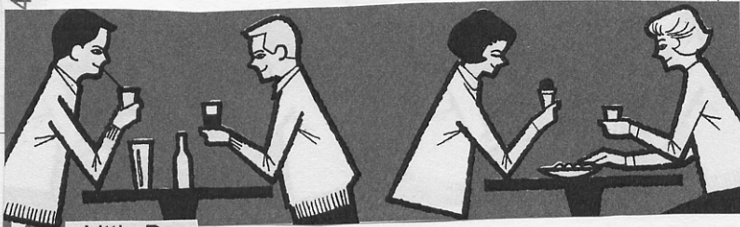
## Diversiones

### Little Ego

I still can't understand why someone  
could have a bad day around me

when I'm so charming and I keep telling  
them how charming I am over and over again.

-- Ada Limón



### Little Day

This is what it comes down to:  
Me on a park bench, always writing,  
This is what it comes down to.

-- Ada Limón

1 -¿Qué piensas hacer esta noche?

2 -Nada de particular.

Ada Limón has created a reading series in  
Brooklyn at Pete's Candy Shop. The website is  
[www.petesbigsalmon.com](http://www.petesbigsalmon.com).



Aishitelu

By Alec Way

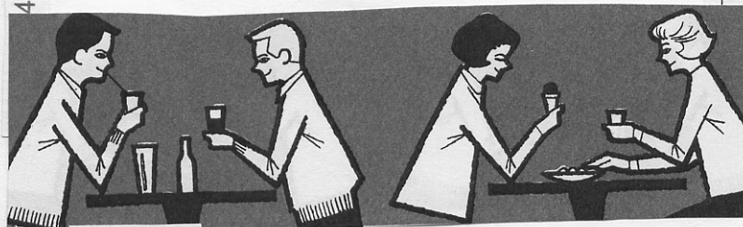
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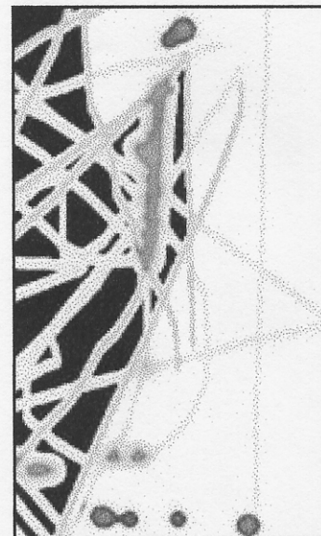
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Aishitelu

By Alec Way



A Wedding Poem  
by Elton Cunniffe

Colors of flowers  
mix brightly in levity  
together parade  
contain light white  
dress long, suit hat  
a child with rings  
enjoined prosperity

Spring time or fall  
summer depending  
with winter beginning  
or a year never ending

To trust in your ground  
dancing in traction  
freedom to move  
bound to action

moving rotation  
rebound and unwind  
forgive and replant  
come springtime  
many colored attraction

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Little Honesty

It's true. I'm an honest girl,  
who lies about it.

-- Ada Limón

Little Politics

Trashed by up-standing citizens  
shouldn't we all just barrel through,  
be down-standing citizens, sitting citizens.

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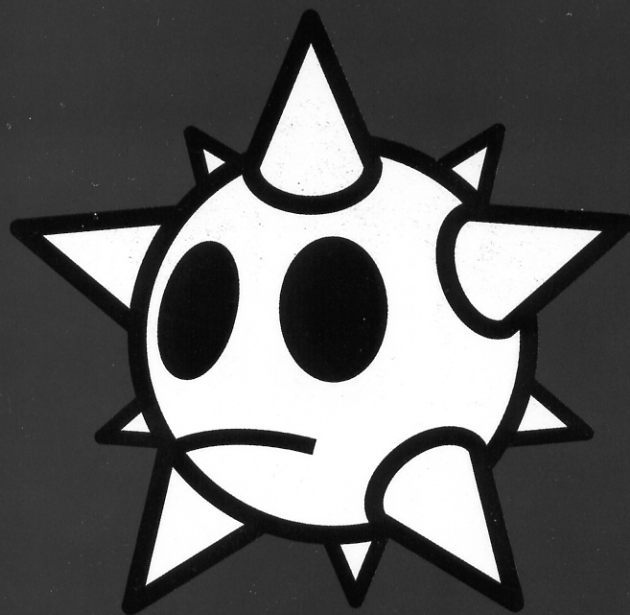
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Little Obsession

I am not obsessing.  
I am just sitting here  
perforating this post-it  
with a push-pin.

-- Ada Limón

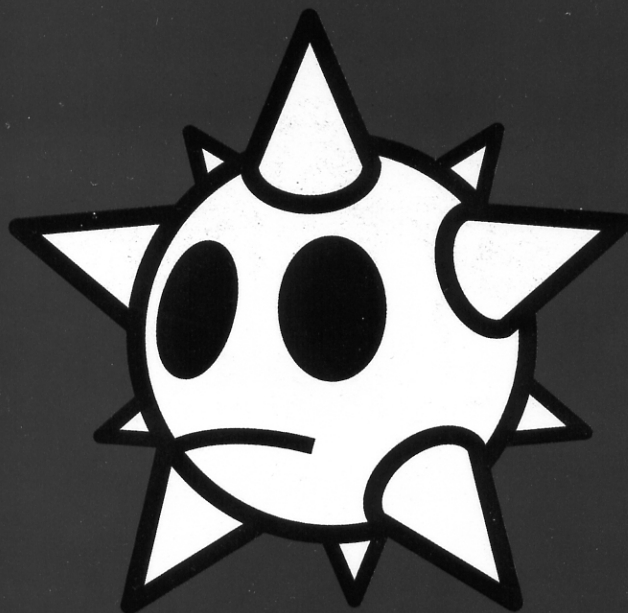


**Franz  
Keller**

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I am not obsessing.  
I am just sitting here  
perforating this post-it  
with a push-pin.

-- Ada Limón



**Franz  
Keller**