

Evⁱscerato ^rheaven

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edited by A.J. Kaufmann



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David McLean

David McLean is Welsh though he has lived in Sweden since 1987. He has a couple of chapbooks out, one a free download at Whyvandalism. com. The other, in print, can be ordered at [http://www. erbacce-press. com/#/davidmclean/4527659941](http://www.erbacce-press.com/#/davidmclean/4527659941). He has a full length poetry collection forthcoming at Whistling Shade Press during June 2008. A second book of 128 pp is coming from Erbacce-press in august, "pushing lemmings." The poem in eviscerastor heaven is in that. A third full length collection, "laughing at funerals," is due from d/e/a/d/b/e/a/t press this fall. Details are at his blog at [http://mourningabortion. blogspot. com](http://mourningabortion.blogspot.com).

when doors slam closed

(inspired by Scott Walker)

when doors slam closed
and railway stations are lonely
it is night and we are nineteen
again, drunk and stoned
forever, throwing each forgiveness
and absolution
in the greedy lust

as now
the same blood pumps in me
and is angry

the rage never settles
like the dust does
until words settle
on our graves like memories
or murderers, the slightly
suicidal night sweats
and we are always here

always forever, like big Louise
on her fire escape noticed
the world is never there
has avoided us and touches
nothing

there are ghosts in is
too, and our windows
are dusty blind
insane eyes, no tears
run over them, no make up
on my face now
i am a man again

and time sounded heaven
for all the dead men
a hell full of friends
and drunken devils

Louise still stands there
the tears are dry now -
she does not care
her hell smells better
shared everywhere

Kimberly Quesada

supernova

I think

That if you were to crack my chest open
And peer into the space inside
You'd see, but not what you think you'd see,
Not a heart,
Not a crimson muscle ticking out the rhythm of my life
But something blinding
And feverish
And swirling with all the colors you could never name
And not at all unpleasant to the touch.

I feel

That I would not bleed from that wound
At least not blood, not quite,
But words would drip
And form the sentences my blazing heart could never say.

I love

Every little thing about you
From the rumble of your laugh to the depth of your eyes
The depth that I could drown in
Could live in
Could die in
Down to the minute, unique pattern of your fingertips
And the lazy tilt of your smile.
And in your soul I see, but not what I think I see,
Something blinding
Something feverish,
Something that drips words, too,
Because you and I
We're one and the same.

Puma Perl

Puma Perl is a poet, writer, lower east side resident, believer in the transformative power of the arts. Published in a number of journals and on-line 'zines, performs in various venues in the city. Recently returned from 2 month road trip, daydreaming about the next one.

he's tired of freaking not going

i cut through the henry street park
six men stood in a circle
one guy wore a black POW shirt
I'm going Friday I'm going, he said
I'm sick of freaking not going, we're going
i hear him as he hears me listening
That's right baby he yells
go go go baby, go go go...
i pretend this isn't happening
cut through the park
cut through the projects
his voice stays in my head
like an unwanted touch
on the street or subway
staining body and mind
i still want to know where
he's going and why he's
tired of freaking not going
maybe I can pass by friday
and see if he went

Leigh 'Bruiser' Pierce

Letter Rip

Ripped and shredded
Pissed and pumped
The world around me
Not giving me a contact high
But a hardcore
High octane
Cranked up
Meth amped
Amphetamine trip
Jacked up
Wind ripping through my lungs
Head spinning
Mind expansion explosion
That God himself is yet to experience
Racing spinning flying out of control
Full of thoughts
With only an inlet
Just looking for an outlet
To let it all slide on out

Amanda Boschetto

erection

thus the erection of a man
is filled with blood,
yet so meaningless and not so
suckable,
the blow-jobs of a trembled goddess

and thus the erection of a woman
is without feeling,
yet it matters more and is easier
to lick,
this growing orgasm of the sick
heart,
"very well done mr man",
though your tongue is a self-injured
razor,
smelling of beer and the bitter air

that's life

Rob Plath

blood binoculars

i spy
at the
world
via
my
insides

the
thick
tubing
of
my
aortas
gives
me
vision

i keep
my blood
binoculars
around
my neck
everywhere
i go

most
people
see
the
world
thru
steel
handcuff
glasses

the
little
chainlinks
always
resting
on the
bridge
of
their
nose

they
are
both
policemen
& prisoners

Zachari Popour

on the cusp of development

as faint as subjectivity
in the handsome eye
twitching
hunkered down
beside acidulous light
dim and articulate
i speak not of voice like palsy
or gargling of the waning spirit
i seek not the explicit counterpoising
of counterparts
counting parts
along assembly lines
operated with op art fluency
to ride the prairie
calmly
when the heart is full
and the mind empty
to follow
oh hybrid evening
oh preface
drawn in the sand
foretelling yesteryears forgotten
whose spinneret's bring forth form
encapsulating then
to recover now
whose sex
of intellect transcribes the moment
pure and free
from guilt
and folly
still cursing the gift
debunking the clouded deception
of onyx sky
to birth assurance
that the zenith is a myth
when it comes
to creation

Misti Rainwater-Lites

Misti Rainwater-Lites has chapbooks available from Kendra Steiner Editions, Erbacce Press and Scintillating Publications. She's the editor and publisher of Instant Pussy. You'll find her at <http://ebulliencepress.blogspot.com>.

soft porn

Oh goddamn I love you.
Oh goddamn I love you, too.
Fuck. Your dick is just the right size.
Fuck. So is your cunt.
That feels good.
That feels gooder.
Please don't cease. Don't cease. DON'T CEASE!!!
Cum stains on La Quinta Inn sheets turn me on.
You can say that twice and mean it.
There is a knock on the door.
It's the maid.
Should we let her in?
Only if she's hot.
There's no way in hell she'll be as hot as you.
You're slayin' me with the flattery.
Oh! Oh! I! Am! Cumming! FUCK!
The waves are crashing outside the window...
You remind me of that song. Crash into me, baby.
Well, I was close to cumming. Now...I'm not.
I love your tits.
My tits are sticky with that love.
I want to take you home to mama.
I'm going to puke now.

Karl Koweski

High Lives for the low lifes

the shiny serge suit
stretches taut across
Lennie's beefy shoulders
his belly hangs low
and bulbous
a perfect pale globe
shrouded by a yellowed
dress shirt, the stunted
brown tie dangles down
to his third button like
a broken compass needle

once his brother leaves
Lennie sits on
the Miller High Life cooler
and props a foot
on the Old Style cooler
his pant leg hitches up
to his mid calf,
broken elastic sock
puddles at his ankle
sparse hairs like
daddy long leg spiders
pose on his pale flesh

he watches the tv screen
reptile eyes reveling
in the cheap porn
Lennie claims he can tell
the name of any porn star
from 1983 on
just by the sounds
of her coos and gasps

he smiles teeth
the color of macaroni and cheese
and sets down two bottles
of High Life for a couple
wannabe gangbangers
who might be pushing
sixteen years old

"is this the greatest job
in the world or what?"

no one answers

he pats down
his shellacked comb over
looking like the bony plates
lining the back of
a stegosaurus
knocked over to obscure
any missing scales

on the screen behind him
a sparkle-eyed blonde
groans in orgasm

Lennie raises his beer
and says "Nina Hartley"

Dan Provost

a killer's legacy

A river of blood and gore flows
through Jim's backyard,

as he discards all the hearts and limbs
that he has carved out and off of young boys
who dared to enter his den of cruelty.

Remorse? Did Gacy have remorse?
Hitler?
Stalin?
Manson?

No, no, no...Jim perceives himself as one of the lucky ones.
He views society as a wasteland of morality, a disciple of a diverted desire that sees
the physical action of committing murder as a luxury that only few dare have.

He is a man among men.
He is a truth hauntingly revealed.

A persona of soiled mastery.

Jack Henry

Jack Henry lives in the dying town of Toad Suck, California where he writes poetry/fiction/plays/essays about the vagaries of every day life. Recently, his chapbook "chasing screaming monkeys w/o any clothes" received a favorable review by david mclean at clockwise cat. Further, he is publisher and editor-in-chief for d/e/a/d/b/e/a/t press at deadbeatpress.com. Some of his work has been published in cause & effect, cp journal, off beat pulp, gloom cupboard, instant pussy, phantom seed and winamop. Forthcoming in: cc&d, decomP, static movement, oak bend review, red fez, skitzo lit, clockwise cat and flutter.

grace has taken leave of her senses

sounds on my street
ring / loudly
collective sighs of longing
disemboweled by carpenter's knife
left for dead
and dying

i walk alone, count my steps,
gray skies eat away
at concrete castles
- wander through back alleys,
down and between buildings,
places filled with life
and anarchy

families huddle together,
men search for sanity,
salvation lingers just beyond
the reach of a parochial god

tensions raise a puss filled boil on
american skin -
mothers hold starving babies,
worms eat at pink flesh,
3rd world indignities
right here in LA

my indignity feels microscopic
upon reflection

cars backfire, neighbors argue,
children cry, dealers take revenge,
people steal moments, solace
and desperation, and i keep walking
as if i know the way

Si Philbrook

in memory of me

Light the ovens,
Burn to ash
The race that would deny me,
Do this in memory of me

Defend the oil,
Boil alive the pagans
On the road from Al Jahra
Do this in memory of me

Reign Supreme,
Prepare the beams from which to hang
Your strange fruit
Do this in memory of me

Suffer the children,
Teach the beatings into them
Our little secret,
Do this in memory of me

Worship me
I don't care how you live
Or what you give, just make it dollars,
Do this in memory of me.

Richard Barnhart

Richard Barnhart is a writer originally from San Francisco, CA.
He has been published in the Suisun Valley Review and Silenced Press.

manic episode

razor strung
wrapped up
cracked
red leatherette
bled out
open mouth
spouts giddy
desperation
all over
concrete
canvas

taken

you lie there all fucking wonderful
sweet dark eyes and orange white chocolate
mouth I taste as my old red t-shirt falls from
your pale shoulder expectantly

silent alarm

tumbling in
violent free fall
her safety net
a safety pin
catches quivering
skin raising bright red
against the soft white
thigh's horizon
a warning shot
a signal flare
girl in distress

Ray Swaney

That rat-fink Ray Swaney, born Scorpio'78, was heaved into this world in the corn-state of Iowa in that country between Mexico and Canada and grew up in the giant mitten-state of Michigan before heading west to California, where he has been residing for 7 years, developing his skillz. He gets paid to make signage at a grocery store (lucky bum). He has an AWFUL art/poetry zine called "Ted Ate America". He considers himself a poet second to being an illustrator. His favorite place in the world is Barcelona. His favorite soda is San Pelligrino Limonata. He has fantasies of starting a family of performing dwarves. He can be found playing at <http://www.myspace.com/butigotsoul> or <http://sewn-to-all.livejournal.com/>

Let's set a world record for the most crickets (at once) implemented to repay the decay of CAPITALism with a wave of baby buzz-saws!

Let's Ouiji Rimbaud and see if he'll write a screenplay for the film adaption of Tennessee Williams' Toy Story 4.

Let's make abstractions truly abstract with meanings and fore-flung ideas about past indiscretions with a lexicon of bias and pussywillows.

Let's play someday on dance-dedicated feet!

Let's set things on fire and call it art!

Let's write children's literature so well that another day it can write itself (on any wall).

Let's writhe and ride each other over the Pacific beach barriers to a place of unspoiled depth, crying, "ocean, ocean, Ocean, OCEAN!", overloaded short-circuit blowing Bowie stardust on our crop circle heaven.

Let's run with a riff and never come back with jazz in our palms and a song in our stout hearts to leaven!

Michael D. Grover

Michael D. Grover is a Florida born poet. As a drifter has lived all over the country. Michael's poetry has been published all over the literary underground in places like Cause & Effect, Citizen 32, Alphabeat Soup, The San Gabriel Poetry Quarterly, Mad Poets Review, Philadelphia Poets and the anthologies One Drop: To Be The Color Black, West Memphis Witchhunt, and My Time: The Lunch Break Book and online including www.saintvituspress.com, www.outsiderwriters.org, www.getunderground.com, www.dyingwriters.com, DecomP Literary Magazine, Zygote In My Coffee, Redfez.net, Whirlygig Zine, and Beat The Dust. Michael is now back in Florida from there he hosts the website www.covertpoetics.com, co-edits CP Journal, and hosts a reading at Exodus Coffee & Culture in Port Saint Lucie. Michael spends entirely too much time in his lab where he experiments with words and sound. He plans on moving soon once again. His newest chapbook is titled "The Man That Lives In The Park".

when I hear out to lunch

I feel like
Eric Dolphy himself has blessed me,
Shooting chaos and insanity
Into my ears
Rushing straight for the brain.

I see Gunnar Kaufman
Walking through the LA riots.
Saxophone screaming from a boombox
Like a soundtrack.

I see stormy weather
Wind and rain,
Thunder and lightning,
Instability.

I see a big open apartment in Lake Worth
Back in two thousand.
A storm raging outside.
A girl that was trouble
Pulling into the driveway.
It was like a warning.
I could hear her car
Over the screaming saxophone,
Over the storm outside.

Michael D. Grover

crossing the void of Florida

-1-

Sitting here watching
Poor migrant woman workers
Shuffle through Indiantown,
Carrying their loads
On their heads like African women.
Passing rich white men in pick-up trucks
In the circle k parking lot.

-2-

Trains, and silos,
Stench of cow shit,
Beat up two lane road
That you don't want to
Get behind anyone
That is not running at your pace.
Overloaded orange trucks,
Gas trucks carrying orange juice.

-3-

You just can't drive fast
Through Okeechobee.
Traffic sets the pace
To a slow crawl.
Past the war memorial
In the center of town.

-4-

The illusion of water
Standing in the middle of the road
Breaks as you approach it.

Gillian Prew

Gillian Prew is a mother of two living in Scotland . She has a philosophy degree and a succession of low-paid, menial jobs to her credit. Having abandoned her first novel she currently writes poetry. She has been published online at 10K Poets and will appear in the summer issue of Up the Staircase.

is this a poem?

This poem is a stillbirth. You can poke it, you can prod it, you can kick the shit out of it, you can apply CPR, you can connect it to the mains, you can freeze it then try to bring it back to life, you can transplant parts of other poems onto it by better poets using better words and metaphors and imagery and style. The words of a fucking genius couldn't bring this poem back to life. This poem was dead the moment it was born. Its conception was an abortion. Its life is no life. Its death is a whole, great, bitter, joyous, resplendent death. The death of this poem is a death to be celebrated. It is birth and death at the same instant. This poem has meaning and no meaning. This poem is a stillbirth. This poem is my birth.

body

the vastness of my
cunt could swallow
a thousand cocks

my breasts two
collapsed soufflés
blueberry sauce
drizzle veins

surfacing Styx

warning Orpheus
don't look back

descent yet

my skin
you should touch
my skin

it will melt
your fingers

Amanda Monesson

Amanda Monesson is a tattooed poet with two bachelor's degrees and one fake hip. She enjoys reading at the monthly poetry shows at the Brighton Bar. Her work has been featured in Unquiet Desperation, The Idiom, and Fabric Staircase.

little miss

standing over the kitchen sink
slupring milky hazelnut coffee
trying to understand why
I keep buying bras and
black stockings pink thongs
lipstick and powder and
little nightie things with
underwire support
cowboy boots & glitter
popping lights
when I take one handed
pics with my silver Sony
and hope for a shot
with a smile and cleavage
for the singles bars
of the seedy cyber net dot coms
but all I get are
half closed eyes
gray hairs and
chipped teeth
dark moons around
my eyes from allergies
and insomniac typing
hell, I'm too old to
be playing at some
world wide web-Lolita
with these shitty accessories
that just end up twisted
on the floor in my wake
but unless fuck buddies quit
taking the bait I will keep
on speeding ahead as
little miss hottie

Mikael Covey

whatta we need

whatta we need but a little coffee and bourbon
whatta we need but a beautiful woman to love
a warm young body to lie with
and soft skin and sweet breaths
those smiling eyes and lips
the touch of fingertips
a grasp, a gentle firm strong hold on life
together forever together
the two of us
lying there
in the warmth of being
and love
and life
and...
failing at that
whatta we need but a little coffee and bourbon

Brian Prince

pen in pocket. i can be pretty extreme. i wear boxers. and i sweat passion.
:brianprince

edit

no.
i won't edit it.
while.
you're.
taking bong rips.
and.
sure.
one-of-a-kind moments.
like.
this.
can't be replaced.

sing.
to me.
lexy.

i am the flavor of your month.
punk.

replace that stinky sponge.
mildew. smell.
lingering. all day.
i won't settle for it.
i own gold medal ribbon.

bitch.

truth is... i'm sentimental.
i hold on to everything.
i don't let go.
especially my first.
thoughts.
first.
impression.
it's everything.
to me.
like an everything.
bagel.

until i eat it.

then it's nothing.
no.
thing.
no.
i won't.
edit it.

Stephen Morse

Stephen Morse has a Master's degree in Creative Writing from San Francisco State University (sometime in the 70's— paid for by members of the Ghirardelli family who prefer to remain anonymous), studied and drank with Robert Creeley, Charles Simic, and Thom Gunn and anyone else hanging around North Beach, Berkeley, Oakland, and Hayward at the time. Currently Associate Professor, General Education, Brown College, Minneapolis, MN since 1989, and Editor and publisher of the web based ezine, juice online. Juice Magazine in the print format began in 1975 (awarded several grants by the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines, a funding arm of the National Endowment of the Arts). Morse has published in The Saturday Review, Granite, The Wormwood review, and countless (literally uncounted) small literary magazines, both print and online, and has had radio play, and a three-act play produced and performed in Minnesota where he now lives with his poet wife, Judy Brekke, and the rest of the family.

eating crow

I ate it
I don't even remember
shooting it
but it was dead
I cut off its head
hung it from a clothes line
and let it bleed out
all over the lawn
I boiled up a bucket of water
and dipped the bird
the feathers just rubbed off
all black and mushy like
it was a naked bird
scrawny legged
somewhat reptilian legs
I hacked them off
with a sharp knife
and gutted him
cracked him in half
and gutted him
wasn't much meat
I ate its breasts
they were small
like a withered
old man
I hacked out the breasts
sauteed them in butter
it was sweet butter
those breasts were bitter.

Kami

Kicked out of school at fifteen, I've slaved in a sawmill, been a house dad, worked as a storeman in the plumbing, electrical and car-parts industries, worked in a record shop when they still sold records and owned a bookshop. Now I'm once again a house dad and I'm currently trying to balance school duties, freelance writing and coffee mornings whilst working on the next novel/poem/review. Published in various zines, journals and online mags, I have two novellas out and have won the odd award for short fiction. Not bad for a drop out. In between I drink, produce zines, surf the 'net and watch far too much boxing than could possibly be good for me. I regularly perform (both on and off) stage and it would be fair to say that I'm a pretty good drunk. (practise makes perfect after all) and an even better poet. My ambition in life is to be a professional lounge and I'm getting pretty damn close to that goal.

loose operator

three a.m. wandering a street
somewhere
looking for something
someone
to keep this moment going
before it fades again

I'm always alone
when I don't want to be
and vice versa I guess
a walking detonator
with a damp fuse
and the heart of a coward

I keep walking
alone
until the dawn finds me
facing the wrong way
and wondering
where I've been
this time

Craig Sernotti

Craig Sernotti is a sometimes writer from New Jersey.

He has been published or is scheduled to appear in Instant Pussy, Peep, Gloom Cupboard, and Inscribed, among others.

He edits The (<http://welcometothe.blogspot.com>).

songs of myself

Glenn Danzig is singing my life.
Faces are missing & limbs are hacked off
& my genitals are hanging on the wall.
I pull out the cat's teeth.
I pull out my teeth
& replace them with the cat's teeth.
Virgins are burned then deflowered.
Witches are crucified then quartered.
The aliens invade as we bleed into
each others' mouths.

King Diamond is singing my life.
We are drowning in spiders.
The villagers are storming the castle.
Ghosts are pulling the killer's eyes out.
Somewhere, howling werewolves.
I swear I will dig you up
& lay with you under the red moon
six hundred and sixty six
years from now.

I am singing my life.
I have gone mute.
I am pulling the hairs around my nipples out
one by one.
I am knuckles deep in
your cunt & ass.
No, that's not true.
I am nothing but lies & regret.
I look in the mirror & don't like what I see.
I don't know how I can go on.
I go on.

Clayton Whitmore

a sonnet for Cynthia

 furious lust
 you must be mine
 round blue eyes
lips a perfect O of surprise
connection beyond words
sweaty tangled sheets
 one body one mind
 intimate love story
 filthy porno
music of a symphony
 crashing symbols
 best ever
 my gasp
 your sharp exhale
 climax together
my penis goes limp
your body goes flat
 fuck
 popped another doll
at least I got to finish this time

Luis Cuauhtemoc Berriozabal

Luis Cuauhtemoc Berriozabal was born in Mexico. He works in the mental health field in Los Angeles, CA. His first poetry book, *Raw Materials*, was published by Pygmy Forest Press. His chapbooks, *Keepers of Silence & Without Peace*, are available from Kendra Steiner Editions. A third chapbook from Kendra Steiner Editions, *Next Exit 7*, is co-authored by poet Ronald Baatz. KSE will publish my fourth chapbook this summer (2008), title is pending. I'm looking for a publisher for my second book, which will be selected poems from 2001-2008.

tombs of the sea

This silence
in the tombs
of the sea
forever
knows the hour
of deep calm.

There's no light.
No diamonds.
Only peace.
Sunlight or
dreams don't fall
here. Both are

extinct. Sure,
the calm is
underneath.
Deep in sleep
and silence
the souls rest.

Time is brief.
Surrounded
by sea, the
tombs of the
sea are calm
and peaceful.

Glenn Cooper

communion

Dylan's voice crashes from
the speakers like waves
over rocks, like something
primal. At the end of
my bed a small black dog
turns his head curiously
at the sound of Dylan's wail.
I cuddle him and he licks
me. We are both of us
the shy, silent types.
This is our own secret song.
We sing it to each other when
the world becomes too
much, he in his suit of fur
and me in my house of bone.

Sean P. Mcgahey

word virus

>The doctor prescribes you an
anti-idiosyncrasy pill
which will leave your face with
a nonsensical looking grin.

>The second stage of the
pugnacious word virus numbs
your lips and narrows your eyes.

>Thethirdstageofthepugnacious
wordviruswillleaveyoublabbering
wordsofdenialanduninhibited
soundsoffrenziedbollocks

The militant microorganism
Minimizing your mind to
The size of a pea!
You'll mimic society
You'll fit right in
Middling new life style
Passable new friends
With mercenary plans
Of stealing your melancholy
Ideas of happiness

Lester Allen

Lester Allen was born in Harrisburg, Pa in 1980. His poems have been published around the small presses with works featured in Kill Poet, Off Beat Pulp, Covert Poetics & Red Fez among others. He has released his first chapbook titled 'The Days Carnivore' and can be reached at: lesterjallen@gmail.com.

eye to ambivalent eye

it must be true then
that wars are bred from
air like chick-peas and
hash pipes
with progenitors
set
to up the ante
on world domination
by cornering the flesh
market

strange then that
maintained are the rules
of war
like banning your kid
cousin from a
monopoly game
to keep things fair

eventually,
all manners of leveling
the field will be carried out
for us without our knowing
or o.k.

the seas will go black
like tar the trees will
grow in reverse and
the question will first be presented:

does the sun ever really set
if there are no
eyes
to see it?

Mira Horvich

Mira Horvich is a young poet and short story writer living in Poznan, Poland. She had one of her short stories long-listed for the Fish Short Story Prize early in 2008 and is currently working on some new material. Mira's inspirations are: music&rhythm, polyphony in narrative and poetry, hot chocolate and endless, endless meanders of human nature.

tango with a hat

Imagine an empty room with a wooden table in one corner, a woman sitting at it with a chin propped on her hand. A man in a hat comes in, to the first notes of a tango. As he approaches her, the woman turns, stands up and faces him.

T – A – N-G-O

T – A – N-G-O

and whoosh! - you whisk away my hat

the turn, the dive, the eyes met flat

your legs, high heels, I want it so

T – A – N-G-O

your dress – desire binding snow

T – A – N-G-O

we play our footsie-teasing row

my hat falls when you bend so low

T – A – N-G-O

T – A – N-G-O

hit the rhythm—

and round and round you go

peel the notes off—

and down and down you go

cup the music

which rocks us to and fro—

T – A – N-G-O

T – A – N-G-O

the hat is crawling up your thigh

black bug – brimmed wings fluttering high

along your spine, then down they go

T – A – N-G-O

soft velvet lines this passion show

T – A – N-G-O

T – A – N-G-O