

Neon Geyser, Porcelain Sky

a poetry journal
volume 3, issue 2
www.zeitgeist-press.com

FIRING SQUAD VS. JACK OFF SQUAD

Rather than blow taps over dead soldiers
in coffins with flags draped o'er them,
Blow taps o'er live soldiers in uniform
who never killed anyone
getting blowjobs from live soldiers in uniform
who never killed anyone
and wipe their sucked off cocks with our flag.
How beautiful the young soldiers are in uniform
with their erections sticking out
serviced by young recruits in uniform
on their knees.
How beautiful to see our flag
being used to wipe the lips
of our devout cocksuckers in uniform
and the ecstatic cocks fulfilling their duty
to God and their country!
And instead of a firing squad
firing their rifles at the clouds
at the end of the ceremony
as the coffin lid is closed
and the coffin is lowered into the Earth,
A jack off squad of young recruits
who never killed anyone
jacking off toward the clouds
at the end of the ceremony
as the coffin is unearthed and opened
and the corpse rises and comes back to life!

--ANTLER

flowers in springtime

1.

The eye of the Earth is Red,
mourning the veins of GOLD
that used to pump the pain Away

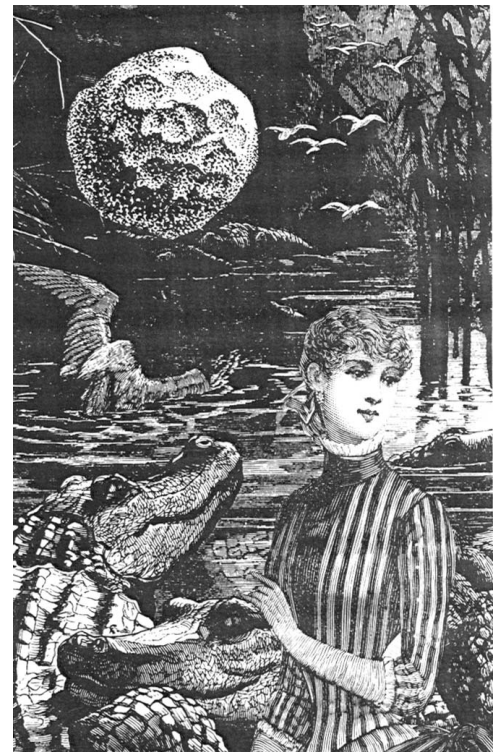
2.

inbetweentheshets these vegetables sing
like
rockets-
sing with their eyes,
Optical Stalk Roots
digging into the flowery linen

3.

flowing through the topoGRaphy of the
sheets
mists of frUiting bodies perform
like dancing Mirages-
heat waves, moisture on the cameras
cameras digging into the
Quickly Drying Marriage bed

--Jason Quiggle



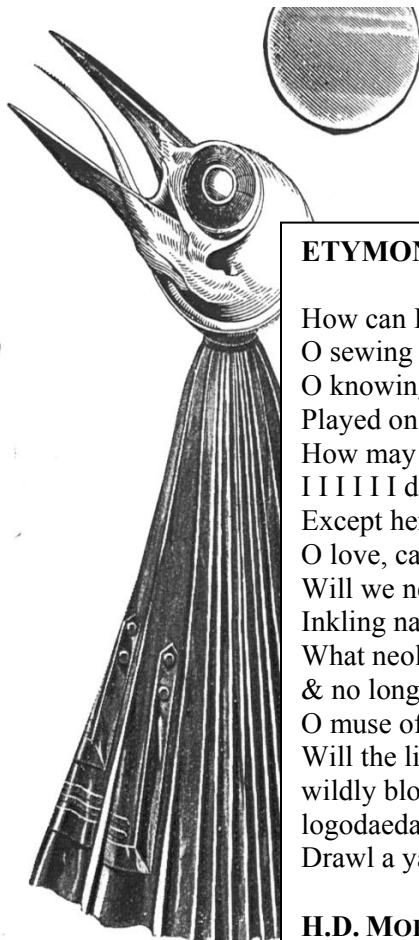
Art by Tom Tuthill

I died in my mother's womb.
But my twin was born alive and given my name.
I am an imposter.

So let me tear a piece of plaster from my face before it dries.
Let me cut out a wedge of tin from my chest, and begin digging my own grave.
Let me throw a handful of shit at the wall to see whether it sticks.
If it doesn't you'll know I'm the son of god.
And if it does you'll know nothing but that I am not made of glass.

Have a smile. I carved it into this ball of silly putty. It rolls down walls, it sticks to the ceiling, it flattens under my fist.
Have a dream. I've already dreamt it a few times, but it's still shiny and wet. It deflates if you kick it hard enough, but grows back with the first acid rainfall.
Tell me a story. The one about vagabonds and gutters and hunger.
Tell me a lie. My favorite lie. The one I always believe.
Give me a gift. Something made of vodka and placenta,
so I can feed from your belly and drown.

--MARCUS CROWE



ETYMON NOCTURNAL

How can I make my last word last remembered in my hopeful lover's mouth?
O sewing machine civilization grasshopping our elbow fate
O knowing Rhinoceros, O grand piano night
Played on with a dormouse by moonlight
How may (that little morpheme of deferred immense possibilities)
I I I I I disappear yet be here as a jade shadow upon a green river unseen through all
Except her tiger eyes? O love among raindrops tapdancing absurd words everywhere out there
O love, can I hide a poem in your touch?
Will we never free our liberty from the icebergs of our logic?
Inkling naked to a negro nun in the dark room of the soul
What neologism can I indiscover 'twixt the thickening between us?
& no longer therefore do I differ with every come-around of yourself?
O muse of the now & beyond, O earthen shade of Einstein's lanterned childhood
Will the living quill in the birds of my blood bring a forever presence
wildly blooming & blooming & blooming in your blushing once? Or does this fresh flesh
logodaedalusing from the auming Om bemoaning out these jonsey bonezys' rowboats
Drawl a yawl up a michael angelope?

H.D. MOE

eye have scene

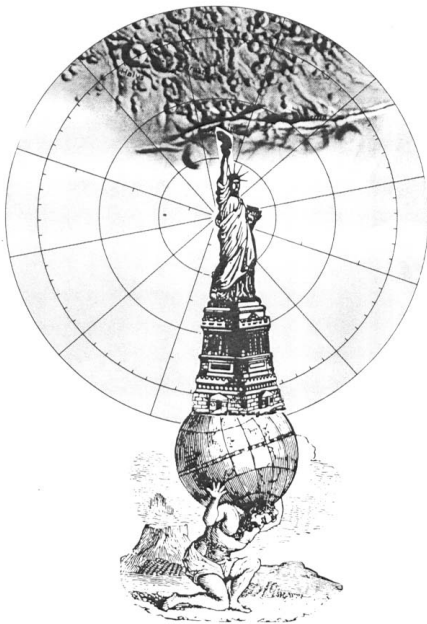
I have seen whole worlds
shatter in a raindrop
as a rubber blade sliced open the sky

so many worlds contained in one
small paper square stuck to my tongue

tuned in to recognize the tasteless
our substance is that of outlaw

how are we to write well
if we've never thought ill

--Marvin Scott Marvin



Jazz Bite

Coltrane's sound
is watermelon and
I am swallowing
the seeds like a
giddy kid Hand me
that big bad butcher's knife
I quarter quarter quarter
my gourd *Sweet Lorraine*
sticky on my cheeks

--Ken Wanamaker

THE TWINKLE

If there can be a twinkle in the eye
why not a twinkle in the nose
or a twinkle in the anus?

Why not a twinkle in the orgasm?

If a mother says to her young son
once he was the twinkle
in his father's eyes,

If a father say to his young son
once he was the twinkle
in his mother's eyes

And if the spark of their eyes
and fused thighs
kindled his life,

Was there not a twinkle
in their balls and ovaries?

Was there no twinkle
in their cock and pussy?

Was there no twinkle
in their orgasm?

No twinkle
in their toddler's tinkler
as it tinkles?

No twinkle
in tow-headed son's
boyish wetdream?

If Rip van Winkle laughs
he's got so many wrinkles
his wrinkles have wrinkles,

Can't a poet have so many twinkles
his twinkles have twinkles?

Can't there be a twinkle
in a girl's budding breasts?

Can't there be a twinkle
in the lubricant drop at the tip
of a boy's erect dick?

So you don't believe in God,
So you don't believe in Christ,
So you don't believe in the Soul.
Well, what do you believe in?
The twinkle.

--ANTLER

Former poet laureate of Milwaukee, Antler is author of □
Selected Poems (Soft Skull Press) and multiple chapbooks. □
The editors would add that some of his books, including Last □
Words (Ballantine) and Factory (City Lights), are widely □
available worthwhile reading for any modern poets.

DEATH OF A FIREMAN

I dream it every night.

Match head wears a death's head. Someone kicks over
A flimsy candle. Kerosene heater leaks its greasy stink.
Warehouse is a slaughterhouse and there is an absence
Of angels. Where did they go?

Perhaps to the Planet of the Damned.

Welcome to the Poison, Mr. Motherfucker.

High-rise detonates its glass teeth. Here human life is no longer
Valid. Price paid for encountering a boneless animal.
Keep your receipt for passage into the Kingdom of Shadow.
You're getting it all back this year. In fact, it's a backdraft.

Take note.

Prostitute licking flames off the black boot.

Void the fucking world. I said, Void.

Monster Park, place of smoke and mirrors and indoor
Fireworks.

Darkest day of summer and no popcorn. Everyone dies
In their favorite photograph. Or they pray. Nowhere
Is this more apparent than in our use of irony.

I'm choking on irony.

Void.

Death is not a comedy for those who think. It's a dumpster fire.
Why didn't anybody tell me? My heart is a little scroll
Of scrolls. Put a match to it.

Watch it burn.

--JARRET KEENE

FROM A BOY'S GUIDE TO ARSON

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Download early issues of Neon Geyser,
Porcelain Sky at www.Zeitgeist-Press.com

ALTERNATIVE ROCK DOLL

apologies to Roger McGough

Last weekend, as a birthday present for my niece visiting from Santa Rosa, I bought an alternative rock doll—"Alt Rock Annie"—from a gift shop in the Upper Haight.

When you twist the solid gold ring in her cute little blonde eyebrow, she sticks out her tongue piercing and shrieks FUCK! FUCK! in a tinny voice.

The *doll* is pretty strange, too.

--M.L. HEATH, FROM HIS CHAPBOOK
PUT IT THIS WAY

AN ENTIRE POEM OF ONE WORD (But I Couldn't Decide on the Word)

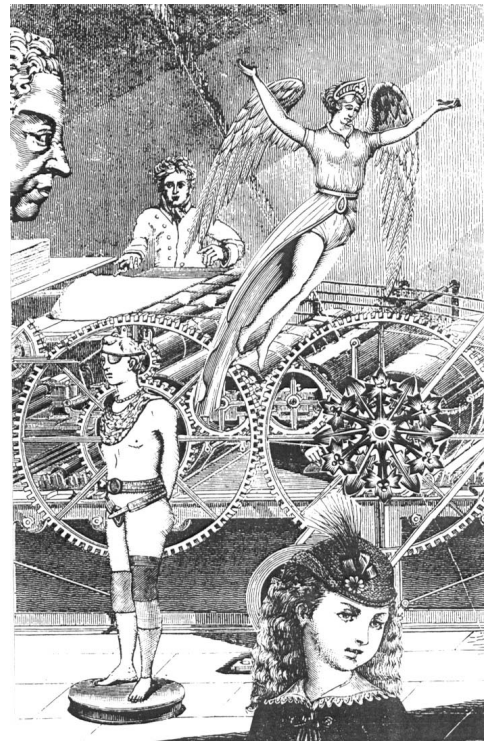
Yaweh, Yehova, Yeshua, the Big Guy, the Big Kahuna,
The Boss, Big Ben, the big burrito in the sky...
Absalon, Âl-lah, Âl-mighty, Al....
The alpha & the omega, the Beginning & the End,
The flaw & the fix, the fire & the flame,
The hydrant & the hound....

We're talkin' prime mover, first idea,
Sliced bread, best practice, better mousetrap,
Maker, Mission, Master of the mishigas of heaven & earth....

The Deity, Díos, Drinker of souls, Banisher of Beelzebub,
fuse to the daddi-o-of-bangs....
Synonym of synonyms, Maximus of metaphors,
He, It, Him, Her, Holiest of holies, Homiliest of Homilies,
Haré, Haré, Haré....

No—He's Reason,
The Righteous One, The Righteous Brother,
The Path, The Way,
The Wavering One-Eyed One-ness,
The One-Eyed Wrinkling Wonder...Ooops—
That's another regarded with fear & awe
for whom there are infinite names....

Here, we're talkin' the Awakened Void,
The Great Spirit, The Great Beyond,
The Good Fight, the Followed Fisherman,
Father of the fam'bly of man....
The door, the gate, the tower, the roof garden,
Firmament, Floodwaterer,
The Almighty Absentee Landlord...
The Grail, the Gorbush, the eternal tank
of non-polluting gasoline...
Promiser of the promised land, milk & honeysville,



the horticulturalist on high, the
Kyrie calliope....

An old whiteman with a beard, the
greybeard, the starbaby, the eternal
wakened emptiness, the prime polymer,
Charlton Heston, George Burns, Morgan Freeman, the
eternal puerto rican janitor tending our overdirty steambath...

Of all the kaleidoscope names, images, face of
He who made
Elk standing in the wild
and the slug appear from nowhere after fresh rain....
He who made antelope and ant, tiger and tiger lily,
dragonfly and snap dragon, beetle & water buffalo,
He who made purpose & porpoise...
Every picture I know's a likeness of Man
For variety—Woman— He
Never once appears as toad or toadstool,
mountain goat or mountain....

If ol' graybeard hadn't invented us
we human be-hims would have
thread that needle and pulled
the calliope of names along with us
thru Old World & New, to Amazon & Arctica...
It's as if Man, in his mind broke & busted,
beaten & beat down, was finally just
too tired, found a soft
place to rest, while the
crutches went on up the hill alone.

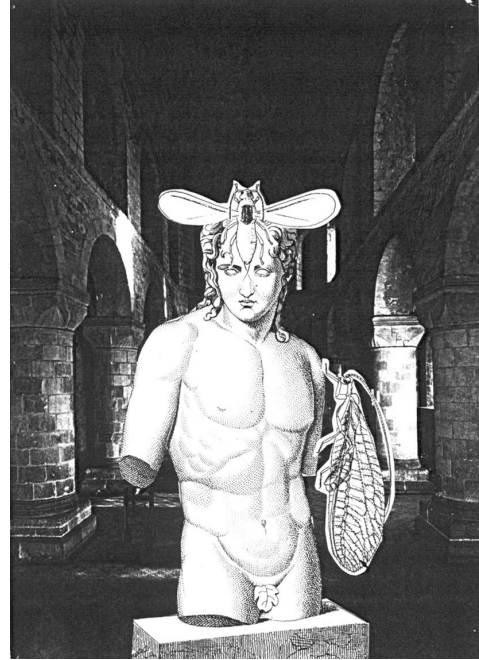
--Bruce Isaacson

MARIA GREEN

Maria visits dressed in black
but always chooses green for tea.
She sips it, and I think I see
her standing in a dark red room
performing again,
but now for women
instead of men.
Every word lays her more bare
than ever she stripped
wound round that pole.
The pole's a mic; the mic's a mast.
Under the stage lights her skin
glints a subtle sheen of green
like Lorca's verde carne, pelo verde.
See me, see *me*.
All she can see
are pairs of eyes reflecting green
like startled ship's cats tracking prey.
A camera flashes St. Elmo's fire.
The shore is much too far away.
She feels herself begin to fade,
like Marvell's green thought
in a deep green shade.
But she's become
Stella Maris,
star of the sea,
who shines the sailors home.
Steer by her heart
that's on the wrong side,
but in the right place.

She brings the house down,
crossing palms with green.
In the roar of phosphorescent waves
at night, off Albany bulb,
she lights herself
to her own door
and sails once more safely in
to be a mother to her twins.

--JAN STECKEL



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