

PERIPHERY

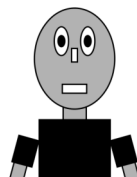


POEMS

PERIPHERY



POEMS



Periphery
Poems 1–100
Martin Klvana
2016-09-25



periphery.martinklvana.com

Om Try-Ambakam Yajaamahe
Sugandhim Pushti-Vardhanam
Urvaarukamiva Bandhanaan
Mrityor-Mukshiya Maamrtaat

Rg Veda 7.59.12

Siren

A siren test on Saturday at nooooooooooon . . .

. . . Creeeeeeeeepy like a waxing moon.

The government official ain't a goon!

"Shall we keep the buzzer ooooooooooon till next full moon?"

Marshmallow

I'll go outside. They said "yellow".
No, stay inside. Have a marshmallow.
Finish the bag. Grow fat, pale, mellow.
Say "hello" to a teaspoon of red strawberry jello.

Issues

"Oh man, he has some issues!

Holes in the soles of the sole pair of his shoes!"

Searching in all journals, volumes, issues . . .

Why cannot my mind be found in any of my body's tissues?

Elementary School

Its windows are covered by smiling, colorful flower stickers.

Its inner walls are animated by shadows of children soul pickers.

Its entrance hall is hidden behind smiling, yellow-orange sun stickers.

It's an elementary school: A flowerful, shadowy, sunlit prison. Beware of crafty mimickers!

Architectonic Gem

A mass of concrete. A strike-through. And they call it "an architectonic gem".
A masterpiece! Yet the lake under the bridge remains a whole.
A whole waiting to swallow distressed car drivers.
The car drivers who cannot withstand the afternoon rush-hour traffic jam.

Crystal Clear

The glacier lake is crystal clear.

Wow, so pristinely clear!

One can see all the garbage at its deep bottom.

One water-filled, green-glass wine bottle per the common water strider's fathom.

Flock of Sheep

Walking downhill: It is slippery and the slope is steep.

Below? Nothing. A nothing that is very deep.

Passing a flock of sheep . . . Each sheep gives me a sheepish glance.

Except for one. (The black one that will never dance.)

Too Late

The cold darkness was ready to separate my body from my soul.
To devour the former while letting the latter fly away.
"Have I learnt something?" asked the soul.
Too late. The body had just ceased to act its role.

Puddle

Old images are drinking from an autumn puddle.

Black ink is spreading arms in a desperate need of a cuddle.

Some might say: "Chaos, huddle!"

Others: "An infinite order in an apparent muddle."

Go

With the link severed: All memories—gone.
Emptied, ready to close the circle and move on.
Don't fight. There is nothing to be lost or won.
Leave everything behind and go. Seek none.

Parliament

The parliament decided unanimously.

MANDATORY DAILY INTAKE OF CEREAL MUESLI.

All three hundred (out of three hundred) voted for the bill.

Appended to the bill: IF THIS WON'T KILL THEM NOTHING WILL.

Good and Evil

One coin. Two sides: The good and the evil.

Without the good there is no evil.

Without the evil there is no good.

At any given moment, there is as much good as there is evil.

Left-overs

The meeting of the dignitaries produced bountiful left-overs.

Ham, cheese, veggies, fruits, cookies, bow-tie men. It all vanished in the catering service van.

In the park in front of the ivory tower: An old, bearded, homeless man.

His eyes met mine. Four eyes, two bows (but no ties), two left-overs.

Name

"What is your name, sir? Take a seat and before you speak push the button."

That is why I am here. I have searched my body from my very top to my very bottom . . .

"Show me your birth certificate, please. You forgot to push the button."

My belly button? I can find my name by pushing on my belly button!?

Game

A meaningless game for a hollow gain.

A trivial split-second fame traded for a (multi)life-long tightening grane.

The script is always the same. Equipped with new tools they play it again.

"And they stomp and spit and pee on me," shrugs the tiny little dust grain.

Moth

It could not explain why but it had to . . . It had to fly toward the light.
It touched the invisible rope. Hesitantly at first (to abide by The Supreme Moth Lore).
"The cord is contracting!" panicked the moth but kept the grip on the rope tight.
The candlelight hissed and flickered pithily. The moth was no more.

Swish

"Master, how can I get rid of a negative thought!?" asked a disciple.

Chop it off at its very root.

"That is so stu—" shouted the disciple.

Swish! (The master just chopped off the disciple's head at its very root.)

Smorgasbord

The decomposing human body is a smorgasbord full of living things.
Numberless bacteria and fungi. Quadrillions of them!?! (Methinks.)
Me and two other adventurous larvae on board of a ship that stinks.
Sailing across the ocean of liquefied intestines.

Deadline

Somehow I crossed a line that does not move or run.

With the deadline dead and me next in line should I remain where I am or run?

Something dark and angry behind me with a machine gun: "The deadline, you MORON!"

"You are FIRED!" it yelled and fired. Tired but whole (though a bit holey) I reached my warrant.

Terrorists

I became alert as soon as the terrorists entered my mindstream.

They spread all over my mind and injected the three poisons into my mind's dream.

I saw government badges and fake passports. I smelled blood and heard ream.

I bowed to each of the demons and made an offering of my homemade blueberry ice cream.

Lunatic Asylum

The university was, in fact, a lunatic asylum; what the foul air had not done the crown did.
Me (in black) versus white coats all around; the academics had me surrounded.
If I were to draw a square they would round it.
If I were to get an idea and let it levitate they would ground it.

Award

A would-be awardee in a pursuit of something false and unworthy: An award.

The very first one in the ward, the city, the world.

The filthy certificate by the desperate ones is being whored.

The fine painting of a certainly fictive cat is now cat-less for the cat has been warned.

Bribe

"The berry has ripen; the time is right. My berry to become others' blight . . ."

The briber's blackthorn berry soured into a sweetest bribe.

The briber got a beauty and a future bride.

Two bags of blackthorn berry for two bags of tripe.

Placebo

A promising, novel drug candidate enters clinical trials. *The poison or the placebo or . . . ?*

A sickly rat singles out one of the two unmarked vials but its choice fails to enter the CRO files.

The poison cannot kill the rat for its body, speech, and mind is one; impervious to dope.

The placebo cannot heal the rat for its body, speech, and mind is one; impervious to hope.

Death

From the moment of birth till the very last breath: Treasuring trash and trashing treasure.
Bouncing over the entire breadth: From one extreme to another; lacking proper measure.
Fighting over crumbs of bread: Crushing skulls and bones for momentary pleasure.
With mouth full of crumbs one succumbs to Death's sudden act of seizure.

In the Middle

Whitestreak stood in an unfamiliar place: In the middle of nowhere.

The old common chipmunk turned around but could not see anything anywhere.

Everything looked like nothing at all but it was everywhere.

Whitestreak sniffed the air, then closed its eyes and nodded twice. *The Groundnut Land . . .*

Number

PERSONAL ID REGISTRATION OFFICE. "Sir, pick a random integer number."

One random, humble bumble-bee.

The officer points to the five-pounds instruction manual: "Sir, a five-digit number!"

0-0-0-0-1 random, humble bumble-bee—honey bee—no bee . . . A bee-less number?

Downside

The downside is that there is no upside; the upside is that there is no downside.

Let me hold my glass above my head upside down . . .

See? No water is pouring down! That is the upside. (That was when it began to dawn on me.)

The glass is empty as expected. The downside? Someone's urine poured down on me.

Train

I was standing on an empty platform, watching a lone pigeon and waiting for my train.
The platform was littered with rubbish for the roof was impenetrable to rain.
Throwaway paper cups and gobs of spits and dried vomits and someone's brain.
"Your train—gone," uttered the pigeon. "The station? Closed. Forever. Never to open again."

Food

No matter what one eats, the body—a fecal sweatshop indeed—turns it into excrement. More food in, more of the brownish matter out: The Law of Proportional Increment. Feces. Droppings. Dung. Manure. Stool. Fecal matter. Indeed, the name does not matter. After all, feculence does not distinguish between destitute dearth and affluent opulence.

Proposal

A project proposal has been rejected. The proponent's body soon from the office to be ejected.
Three anonymous reviewers assessed the proposal. Did any of them like it? Jack did.
Jack's review was rejected for too much difference from John's indifference.
Jim complained about rough reading, too much theory, and too little mouse breeding.

Opinion

An angry, mustached bird-hunter shouts: "You crapped on my head!"

Me always flinch, crap, and pee when me sense The Grounded Ones aiming at me head.

"Tell me your opinion—you ugly, feathered minion—on my idea to cut off your pinion!"

The other rifle. Few deep breaths. Then aim and push the trigger. That might do, in me 'pinion.

Curfew

10:01 PM. (The hunting time.) The streets are soulless but for a few scrawny stray dogs and me.
The street lamps give a dim light. (The city budget cuts.) Still too bright for a black cat like me.
All humans' dwellings locked; all windows shuttered. (The curfew.) A patrol car zooms by me.
A nearby bullhorn sounding the firing of machine guns. (The propaganda.) Awful berries, hungry me.

About

ABOUT OUR COMPANY. The job of our lemon-squeezers is lemon-squeezy. Our lemon juice has lemon color and tastes like lemon; in small doses—nothing queasy. But we *make* our customers drink so much of our lemon juice that it *gets* queasy. So?—The job of our vomit baggers: Packing nothing inside paper bags. Easy-peasy!

Gavage

STEP 1: White-coats offer me feed that smells fishy but does not look like fish.

I refuse and, admittedly, become savage: "Mouse-me would rather have some cabbage."

STEP 2: Rubbery fingers grab my tail and give me—in their gobbledygook—gavage . . .

My stomach? A complete ravage. Gone are my thoughts of cabbage. STEP 3: Lavage.

Ambush

Hiding in dirty niches of the gross—yet fragile, fearful—ego, are the three demons.

Waiting in ambush, seeding dark clouds out of the three poisons, are the three demons.

Riding huge waves, made foamy and flamy by the three poisons, are the three demons.

Baiting cornered animals with torrential rain that does not diminish are the three demons.

Challenge

Females in search for blood; me in search for females. Sniffing, dancing, dipping toes . . .

No blood, no baby mosquitoes. No dragonfly, many baby mosquitoes.

A challenge to Dragons-That-Do-Not-Fly who cripple our females with CRISPR-Cas9!

Stop breathing, sweating, heating, and heart from beating . . . then deal with bites of mine.

Swarm

An ancient man was sitting cross-legged in his wooden hut without having any thoughts. On hearing the pleading cries of starving swarm of tiny flies he fought off many thoughts. When the sitting man's mind was at ease again he quartered his body (into four pieces). The buzz entered the room, attracted by the familiar scent of man's flesh, humors, and feces.

Fear

Fear of something that is far away; fear for something that is near.

Fear of something that is hated; fear for something that is dear.

Fear of wearing naked skin; fear of losing iron gear.

Fear of going alone over there; fear of leaving the now and here.

Welcome

PICK A CARD. *This card.* Meet a cinnamon becard. Dee-Dee-Dee discard the rest.
Welcome, a to-be fledgling of a tyrant flycatcher! Our nest—there—near the wasp nest.
Dee-Dee-Dee catching big insects and spiders—like this—off foliage in flight.
Dew-Dew-Dew tending to the eggs in our nest for twenty days or so; d-d-d-dark and light.

Seamless

What one needs and what is needless?

Eating less than a day before: Food somewhat needless.

Generating heat and keeping one's skin seamless: Clothing somewhat needless.

Cutting off one's head: Body headless, head bodiless. Who needs thread and needles?

Pillow

Who is hungry like ogre, thirsty like a dry sponge, and pliant like a soaked willow?

"Me! Look at my pee!" The arc rivals that of the rainbow. A village is flooded by yellow billow.

Who is willing to grind stone to fine powder with bare hands in exchange for a soft pillow?

"Me!" Again? Here. The promised heavenly cushion. "What is inside?" The hell. In every pillow.

Toilet Paper

The toilet paper roll supplies an infinite amount of a wiping material, one thinks.

A one-ply, a two-ply, a three-ply? It works like a charm every time. A zero-ply? Something stinks.

The closer one gets to the center, the faster the roll unrolls. Still enough left, one thinks.

A no-ply!?! (The stink can fly.) One hard cardboard tube. No cot-bur leaf. My bottom stinks!

Bare

The king owns a single shabby black pair of shoes. Skateboard sneakers. Shocking!

"Shocking? Having one shoe for each eligible resident of my kingdom? Call me Shoe King!"

The soggy feet complain about the lack of waterproofness. The king tells them: "Be bare."

"Shoe shopping was successful: The king bought nothing." A violent revolution is in the air.

Buddy

Five four-branched creatures—perhaps out of jealousy—steal three cherry tree branches.

True, the tree survives (for the time being). But explain it to the bud! To whom!?

(The creatures—no buds, no guts—watching in delight the budding in their living room.)

“Hey, buddy! You-bud see any bee bodies?” *No, bud-buddy. Budding for nothing. Hard cheese.*

Perpetuum Mobile

Jack, John, and Jim: The three components of a perpetuum mobile engine.

Jack wants *jacks*; John wants *johns*; Jim wants *jims*.

Jack sells *johns* to John sells *jims* to Jim sells *jacks* to Jack fatally poisoned by Jim's *jims*.

Luckily, Jack (while alive) fertilized Jackie delivered Jack (will sell *johns*, buy *jims*, kill Jim).

Poet

"Oh, Lady Poetry!" A poet poops scattered characters. "Me. So.on. Eat.en. Wh.y!?"

The poet by an angry crowd is chased, caught, beaten, split into *poop* and *eat*, and eaten.

Po comes from *poop* after *poop* is pooped and *op* is eaten. *Et* comes from *eat* after *a* is eaten.

Lady Poetry arrives. The crowd, mouths o-p-a-ful, disperses. *Po* and *et* conjoin; a bit awry.

Remote Control

A lifeless living room. The screen dead-black, the diode blood-red; the television on stand-by . . .
The remote control, the confusingly complex multi-button device, lies, restless, nearby.
Someone walks by and past, then turns, returns, seizes The Thing, and the restful pear pie.
The sleepy shape sinks into a silently sobbing soft sofa. The screen shines: PEAR PIE.

Mirror

A fat figure faces a mirror. *"What a splendid body of mine!" Bag of pus. Powdered and dandy.*
"My face baby-smooth, smile kitten-sweet!" Gelatinous blob. What pus-less still, that candy.
"Cool and classy me!" A spurious facade of calm and serenity. Bloody pus simmering and randy.
"Me deserving some candy!" The suppurable pus contained (for now) thanks to Mandy.

Over

READY. GO. The work is overdone, the stocks are overbought, the potatoes are overcooked.
The acting is overacted, the bonds are overbought, all flights from birth to death are overbooked.
The scales are overbalanced, the glass is overfilled, the bowl is overfull, what lies beyond is overlooked.
The competitor is over-bribed, the overzealous government official is overjoyed. GAME OVER.

Dental Floss

The cottage dwellers sprinkle calcium carbonate on their lawns to demonstrate "We the boss."

Friend the grass. Stranger the unknown. Enemy the moss.

The cottagers' pleasure is the moss' pain. The grass' gain is the moss' loss.

"Green lawn, white teeth!" exult the dwellers but the strangler meets them with a dental floss.

Time

"What is the time, sir?" a walker asked me, starring blankly. *The time is now.*

"What is the time, man?" the walker asked me, frowning. *The time is not a factor here.*

"What is the time, mental midget!?" *The time is for me to refrain from checking the time.*

"TIME!?" A barrel of a gun pressed against my temple. *A convenient concept to—Blast!*

Blindfolded

Blindfolded—me approaching two double-turns; driving too fast.

The first right. The second left; quite tight. A quick straight. The third left. The fourth right; quite deft.

CONSTRUCTION ZONE. THE ROAD ENDS HERE. No asphalt left.

Breaks? Bereft. My vision unfolds at last. (The right eye lands just ten feet from the left.)

Much and Little

"Dear rats—" *Talking too much, thinking too little. Thinking too much, reading too little.*

"The issue—" *Reading too much, meditating too little. Meditating too much, writing too little.*

"Of Rat vs Man . . ." *Writing too much, talking too little. Talking too little, talking too much.*

The sharat scans the war council. "Disperse. There is no such thing as *much and little.*"

Banner

The election time. Different faces, different parties, different banks; under one banner.

Stage one: Blue for *freedom*. Red for *love*. White for *peace*. (The central planner.)

Stage two: Blue for *bogus*. Red for *rigged*. White for *wicked*. (Want a piece?)

Stage three: Blight and ravage through war. (War is peace.)

Sand Glass

It is made of wood and sand and glass and measures time, and it is (not) sand-glass . . .

Jack, the immaterialist: "A nonsensical absurdity. Where is the idea of John?"

John, the materialist: "A nonsensical ambiguity. Where is the brain of Jim?"

Jim, the nihilist: "There is no Jim."

Numb

The eyes wide shut, to not see what needs to be looked at.

The ears plugged, to not hear what needs to be listened to.

The noses clipped, to not scent what needs to be sniffed at.

A welding torch (to melt the tongue?), a welding glove (to numb the fingers?) . . . (To be delved into.)

Waiting

Killing time while waiting for the future containing *me-being-killed-by-time* all waking hours.
Kissing female nipples sends ripples through one's spine: It is sweet like milk before it sours.
Kindling takeover of personal property on the State Days. It is *theirs* what used to be *ours*.
Kibbling piles of rubble from the collapse of ivory towers. But the wingless fly still hovers.

Backwards

The dog walked, the man's carpet bog-less.

The dog unleashed, the man dog-less.

The dog unmuzzled, the man arm-less.

A cat added, the dog (*God* backwards) harmless.

Sick

What is firm and what is squashy? Who is healthy and who is sick?

Who is firm and who is wishy-washy? What is praise and what is kick?

What is big and what is small? Which is a birthmark and which is a tick?

Which is the temple and which is the mall? Where is the nipple me-mite can lick?

Seasons

A winter sunset purple sky; the life is a dream is a fairy tale. A spring muddy forest trail.

A summer midday storm with an ice cream without the cream (a hail). An autumn muddy forest trail.

Winter, spring, summer, autumn. Four seasons cycling without fail . . .

Like the maddened dog, barking from behind the farm's fence, chasing its own tail.

Stick

"Stick together, the bane is nigh." Me to stick apart, the terror is but a giant lie.

"Hand over all your weapons." Me to stay put. (A tooth-stick in my hand, my alert level high.)

"We are the POLICE. Turn in your wooden stick! Behave like the next-door guy!"

A non-compliance. "A defiance. Is your skin bulletproof?" No. "Three. Two. One. Die."

Ghost

Head or tails? Head or tail!? Head and tail! The T4 idle.

Never truly born, never truly deceased, never truly alive. A living thing or not? *Neither.*

What was packed in the T4's head now in a vomit bac. Dizzy or light-headed? *Lighter.*

The vomit bac—*A ghost town.* "Who is there!? Fibers up!" *T4, the ghost. A non-fighter.*

Plan

No plan, no future. No future, no past.

No past, no present. No present, no existence.

No existence, no subsistence. No subsistence, no thirst.

No thirst, no desire. No desire, no plan . . .

Diet

Fail adding cereals into the diet and die at sunset on a cloudy day.

Two pounds of cereals a day needed to keep all sickness and old age and death at bay.

One missed teaspoon of the crunchy grains and the gravestone will not read June but May.

Cornflake sighs. "Can huflakes, with their withered brains, c-real and say *nay*?"

Window

The rectangular hole in the wall, an invisible remnant of the window.

The glass is long gone but air remains and so does the widow.

She looks through the opening; past the backyard-turned-junkyard and into the meadow.

If it were not for the annoying fly she might as well face a graveyard guarded by a dead oak.

Honey

"It is unbearable," said Bearnie, barely bearing the burden of his thoughts of the recent past. The shaggy bear's thoughts revolved around his sweetheart Honey; his heart beating fast. "Bear-me must steal a lot of sweet, heartless honey." (And pray that some of it will last.) "Bear-me loves Honey and honey!" Will he arrive empty-pawed again or manage to fast?

Pill

What if, in the Pharmaland, fetus becomes a sexually transmitted disease?

What if, in the Creepland, the immortality pill is given to those already deceased?

What if, in the Zombieland, there is an antidote to every pill?

What if every attempt to switch off the Small Daughter TV screen generates a utility bill?

Top

Head on top of *head* is like *head* on top of *hat*.

Head on top of *hat* is like *must have* on top of *had*.

Must have on top of *had* is like *dead whores in the bed* on top of *dead horse bet*.

But that bad dead horse bet can still be topped (by playing baseball with a big brown bat).

Timeline

No *private*, no *friend*, no *friend of friend*, no *public*. No *circle*, no *square*. No *plus*, no *minus*.
No *like*, no *thumb up*. No *dislike*, no *thumb down*. No *view*, no *photo* of my anus.

YOUR TIMELINE IS CURRENTLY EMPTY.

No history, no story. No misery, no worry. No mystery: No abscess, no sinus, no glory.

Matter

The horizon seems always far away no matter how far one walks.

Matter seems solid from afar but where is the white powder of chalks?

Try to grab some chicken eggs . . . They scatter; the eggshells soften; hard to find are the whites and yolks.

Yet, government officials always seem to give talks about clans, tribes, and folks.

Scene

A snowflake is falling from the sky; unaware of the situation's gravity.

The pure weightless whiteness—to fall victim to a wicked depravity . . .

The snowflake levitates for a while—even buoys a bit—and yields to the gravity.

It lands onto a dog poop; a scene akin to an inverse of a snow-white tooth with a cavity.

Yacht

Why watching movies when one has been playing in one since day one (the zygote)?

Why watching flat rocky mountains where one can see no real mountain goat?

Why watching a (not so) flat actress having sex when one is not interested in mounting a goat?

Why watching a flat actor (wearing a flat long black coat) jumping from a flat yacht to a flat boat?

Necessary

Government is counterproductive, corrupt, and coercive. John? *Check.*

Government is dull, deviant, and destructive. Jim? *Check.*

Government is expensive, expansive, and evil. Jack? *Check.*

"Government is necessary!" hold John, Jim, and Jack. Lady Cognitive dissonance? *Check.*

Cloud

A cloudless sky but for a tiny cotton candy-like cloud.

The sticky cloud, obscuring the ground below, is neither apologetic nor proud.

A sand lizard with a cool whole-body tattoo keeps cool and silent; still and loud.

"The veil is impermanent." But nobody listens to the old Lacertaman. "Alas, the crowd!"

5 AM

Another morning, another thought without warning, another failed antidote to the ego's *I am*.
Another noon (soon to turn into afternoon), another mind's *empty* against the ego's *I am*.
Another evening (or is it night?), another truce (valid until 5 AM) voided by the ego's *I am* . . .
Another day, and *mE. coli* still fights the echo-like ego's *I am—I am—I am*.

Theme

The group of one: The natural size of a team.

But where the self, there a self-esteem.

Where the self-esteem, there a peer pressure and a longing for belonging the life's theme.

And so, one conjoins and one copulates and one contributes to the social security scheme.

Good Luck

Waiting for the sunshine in a cave facing north? Good luck.

Fishing in the dried river bed? Good luck.

Poking the cobra with the little finger? Good luck.

Meeting the captured prison escapees with "what went wrong, fellows"? Good f—luck.

Ashes

The furniture has already been reduced into ashes but for one defiant ember.

The last key is melting right now; no way to return to the 36th chamber.

The last ember is wilting quickly, too: "Soon, there will be nothing to remember—"

A thunder swallows the thin voice and a pioneering raindrop shouts: "Sssurrender!"

Playground

Throwing rocks against a concrete wall. *Sure, some of them will stick!*

Banging one's head against the same wall in frustration. *Skull is actually not that thick!*

Eating the right index finger dipped into the spilled brains. *Well, where is the kick!?*

Throwing (up the brainy finger and one's arms in the air). *Oh no! This is playground, Mick!*

Deal

Hard to describe but easy to feel.

The hurt ice melts with every turn of the wheel.

The herd, too, restricts itself to a single meal.

Heard is the silent wheel: *Now abandon sweets forever but expect nothing in return. Deal?*

Principle

One pigeonhole principle. Two paper boxes. Three white pigeons.

The quantum birds disappear in the boxes' unfathomable niches and regions.

Repeat it *at nauseam* and replete the missing pigeons and think about the Roman army's legions.

One wigeonhole principle. Two plastic boxes. Three wild wigeons.

Like

Laying eggs in the dung, dung beetle-like.

Dashing after (the egg thief's) phlegm, hen-like.

Pigging out on the pigswill, pig-like.

Gathering around BUY ONE GET ONE FREE sign, what is that like?

Well

"Hey, what are you doing, sitting at the bottom of a dump, dried-up well!?"

Just sitting. Somebody was here before me, a long time ago, but I cannot see the bones very well.

"But how did you get down there!?" *I fell.*

"Are you damaged!?" *The cellar spiders speak Mandarin. I will stay here. A hǎo place to dwell.*

Journey

The map is a sea of blue but for a minuscule dot which reads THE NEVERLAND.
My boat is bobbing, on and on, on THE EVERLAKE and the 7th day is coming to an end.
And as the sun sets on the fortnight day, it dawns on me abruptly: *I will never land.*
Panicky, I scan the map. Nothing. I flip it and find a scribble: *Your journey will never end.*

Some

The dotted line between awkward and awesome. The thin air separating lovely from gruesome.

Then some women came. One ugly, one pretty, and one handsome; all repulsively buxom.

The ugly one was the most beautiful . . . but I said, "No, thanks. Enjoy the threesome."

A fresh air. Twenty-one swings and misses. I miss the ugly one; her neckline. Then I hit some.

Bite

The first bite creates a high as the food mixes with saliva and moves down.

The ensuing low is proportional to the preceding high. A Fibonacci seesaw. Up and down.

. . . The stomach is like an overinflated basketball and pulls the body down.

Then something shifts and moans, and the begotten feces begins to push its way down.

Carnival

Making way for the State by making away with the individual.

Blues versus Reds in a wrestling match. Purples win (as usual).

"Rainbow!" exclaim the rainbowers. *The State's innovative public-relation visual?*

"Demonstration!" exclaim the demonstrators. *The trailer to "The State: Carnival as Usual"?*

Full Toss

The black box is orange so that government agents can find it quickly after my plane gets lost.

The blue book is a white card so that they can deny it and tear it into pieces in the wartime at no cost.

A spinach-green fecal matter, despite its color, got me into trouble for melting the summer frost.

SWAT! The heat and the steam has betrayed me. *Now, my only shot is a world-class full toss.*

Cake

The corpse, I mean corpus, may taste good but the cream has never seen any chocolate, Ted. If you could name the brown matter, you would not be licking your lips but choking instead. So you insist on wanting to know . . . It is made of fecal matter . . . How is the cake, Ted? Cool down. Not literally, Ted. Ted? Ted!!!—*Should I call paramedics to pronounce him dead?*

Point

To proceed further, press ESCAPE or hit RETURN.

The ESCAPE key has been pressed. This is the point of no return!

Turn taciturn and stay hidden like a turnip field, which you have planted on Saturn.

Turned in (Growing Turnips & Idle Day-Dreaming) by a passerby-turned-spy. RETURN.

Handshake

Water meets fire. No handshake, fire, for the consequence would be dire.

Me-fire hopes the calm water is vast and waveless and not a liar.

Me-water hopes the courageous fire is fierce and flickerless and not a liar.

The wind blows . . . Water vapor and a puff of smoke climb into the heaven. Together. Higher.

Without

Jack can be without Jackie if John's wife is around.

John can be without Jane if Jim's wife is around.

Jim can be without Jemima if John's wife is around.

Jack, John, and Jim are out of town. All lights are flashing green. It is Ted's time to fool around.

Butterfly

They worship Jesus Christ but crucify butterflies.

Orange Tips have never seen a flying butter, yet they call us butterflies.

OTs CAUSED THE BOND MARKET COLLAPSE! *The Small Apple Times*. Utter lies!

OTs are not butterflies! But let me flap my wings to find out where the market bottom lies.

Who

Who is the host and who is the guest if the bacterial cells outnumber the human ones 10 to 1?

Who stays alive and who dies when a silhouette aims a pistol at me and counts 3-2-1—?

Who needs CFPs, seriously, when all one needs to construct the Fibonacci series is 0 and 1?

Who is a hero and who a zero when *hero* is numero uno and *zero* is just one?

White or Black

The toothpaste: "Stay white." The shoe cream: "Stay black." *Does a beige skin qualify as white or black?*
The laundry detergent: "Stellar white." My long-sleeved tee, horrified, screams: "Stay black!"
The public bathroom tile (in red): WHITE PRIDE. "This toilet is occupied. Please, stand back."
I send my feces on a wild ride, peel off my skin with razor, and decrypt the tile: *I am red!*

Bombshell

A Petabyte Brain Capacity. (*The entire web, in a nutshell.*) The pun ricochets inside my skull.
Is 1 PB enough to localize a bombshell in a bombed-out city during a friendly bombing lull?
Editorial Commentary: *In a nutshell* was meant idiomatically. (*For the idiot with an empty hull!*)
"Drop the EC! Squeeze my tits till they explode . . ." *The Milky Way?* "The milky way, duh!"

Backstreet

On the backstreet, operating non-stop, a one-stop shop for sexually-transmitted diseases.
Come, see, come, fart, depart, fast forward, full-stop. The body, rolled in a red roll, deceases.
On the main street, "Look! The trunk of the red car—loaded with forged Ph.D. theses!"
A red scrap wrapped around STOP. A brawl. The nimble ones get home with two pieces.

Periphery

What started in the periphery will soon reach the core.

Two hundred armed camouflaged men in my front yard. *Whom are they waiting for?*

"THIS IS THE POLICE! OPEN THE DOOR!"—

A soul bumps into the ceiling light but casts no shadow on an abstract painting on the floor.

Fly

An anti-State thought has been detected at The State Department of Non-Aggression.

Seven six-packed soldiers delivered a drugged body to the National Laboratory of Gene Introgression.

"Your name, sir?" *Fruitless*. The nurse whispered: "Monitoring the memory loss progression."

Why do I feel as if I want to fly and to sleep with a fly and to . . . "The human-to-fruit-fly regression."

Om Try-Ambakam Yajaamahe
Sugandhim Pushti-Vardhanam
Urvaarukamiva Bandhanaan
Mrityor-Mukshiya Maamrtaat

Rg Veda 7.59.12

PERIPHERY



POEMS