



The Drink Tank

THE DRINK TANK 446

DRINKTANKEDITORIAL@GMAIL.COM

~EDITORS~

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Four Poems in Lieu of an Editorial

By Chris Garcia

Gap timelines
avoid
the very concept of
 numbering

but lines
 in
general
determine the
 direction
we are traveling

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Can I have a word
To let you know
The ways that you
Have Let me
Let myself down?

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Instructions for a Poem – A Tribute to Sol LeWitt

Take a book and find the fifth word on the title page
Place it at the top of an 5.5 x 85 page.
Some distance below it, write the word again, but vary the capitals
and lower-cases
Find another book and find the final word on the final page
Put this as a continuation of the work centered at the top of the
page.
Some way down the page, write the first word of the title of the
first book you consulted.
Beneath that word, draw a line, and under it, write the word
'COPYRIGHT'

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Alongput

aLONG

The

COPYRIGHT



From Alissa Wales

In 2022 I was prompted to read a book of poetry for a reading programme I joined. I picked one that I had never heard of called *Set Me on Fire: a poem for every feeling* an anthology by Ella Risbridger. I really enjoyed this collection. I love how it's laid out, and the footnotes are great. I'm including one of my favourite poems from this anthology.

The Orange by Wendy Cope

At lunchtime I bought a huge orange –
The size of it made us all laugh.
I peeled it and shared it with Robert and Dave –
They got quarters and I had a half.

And that orange, it made me so happy,
As ordinary things often do
Just lately. The shopping. A walk in the park.
This is peace and contentment. It's new.

The rest of the day was quite easy.
I did all the jobs on my list
And enjoyed them and had some time over.
I love you. I'm glad I exist.



I Write Gimmick Poetry. Pattern Poems

by Christopher J. Garcia

Let's be clear on a few things: not all poetry needs to be spaced weird, but it's so much more fun if it is.

My love of shaped poems comes from a place of loving visual arts, but never having been able to create things by drawing. I could, however, reference artistic things and give them forms that echoed, or at least imitated, artistic impressions. Some of my earliest poems were referencing my favorite artists at the time – action painters like Pollock, Rothko, and Warhol; sculptors like Nevelson and Noguchi; and architects like Gaudi.

Now, let's take on the few surviving of these poems
– June 17th, 1993: Gaudi

Towers
The sacred dripping candles
Familial
Long-waiting
Completion
Centuries passing
Gaudi's dream cathedral
Sleeps
But lives

Okay, it's not Wordsworth, but there's a little bit there, right?

This little poem about the Familia Sagrada in Spain basically says something simple; there's a big old drippy looking cathedral that isn't done yet that is still a major part of the skyline and landscape, and it has its own meaning if it's not done. This is a basic meaning, right, and that sort of comes across, at least a little.

Anyhow, what happens if I play with the spacing, forming stanzas?

Towers
The sacred dripping candles
Familial

Long-waiting
Completion
Centuries passing

Gaudi's dream cathedral
Sleeps
But lives.

By putting it into stanzas, and three stanzas of three lines each, there is a trilateral symmetry to them. A stanza implies a connection between the contained elements, and at least the suggestion of a differentiation of the elements they hold. The idea that chunking a piece somewhat equally allows for everything to land squarely, and if there's a variation, it lends it important automatically. You can see this if you create a new stanza.

Towers
The sacred dripping candles
Familial

Long-waiting
Completion
Centuries

Passing

Gaudi's dream cathedral
Sleeps
But lives.

Now, here, the one-word stanza is alone, and it plays with both. It becomes a stepping stone, both up and down. None of these, though, are how I presented it.

The	long	
Sacred		waiting
Dripping	completion	
Candles	Centuries	
Familial	passing	
Gaudi's dream cathedral sleeps, but lives		

This variation breaks things into three simple content groupings. The first is the physical, a barebones description of the Familia Sagrada, the establishment of the fact that it's not completed in the next stanza, and the final one being the statement that it's not dead, simply waiting. This probably makes more sense now that we're aware it's nearing completion.



Here, I see it as three stanzas, though they are not linear. They're probably better seen as groupings. They clearly show a form, though only suggest it, I'd say.

Remember, I was like 19.

I did one about Rothko that lived in this same series.

A rectangle
Orange-red
Soft-edged

Lives below
A blue strip

Now, there's irony in that one, I think. The flipping of the positions being described is like irony. It's just fucking around, but I'll call it irony to misuse it like all the kids have been doing since that Alanis Morrissette song. Its shape suggests Rothko's squares, and it's descriptive, if slight. There's an Avant Garde film called *nostalgia* by the legendary American filmmaker Hollis Frampton. In it, he shows a photograph being tossed on an electric hotplate while a different photo is being described, then after the previous photo has completely burned, the photo that was described was burned. I think I was trying for something like it. Admittedly, Hollis did it better.

Finally, here's my piece about Pollock.

Blue-grey red crosses
re in a loop itself
the action
y folding in on
defines goes on out to the edge
Acrylic housepaint
itself
Flung a face or a hand or a
goose without comment
Appear to a
viewer looking for them on
what
Not by wrist but Silverblacksil-
veragain it means
Elbow green
to the viewer
Controlled chaotic gestures captured
Green yellow blacksliverblack

The canvas on the floor of the still workshop,
as Long Island summer sounds penetrate

That is, of course, utter chaos, with no clear path to
reading it, right? Here's how I would if I came across it.

Blue-grey
Acrylic housepaint
Flung not by wrist but elbow
Chaotic controlled gestures

Captured

Red crosses in a loop

Folding in on itself

The action defines itself

Without comment

To the viewer

a face or a hand or a goose

Appear to a viewer looking for them

Silverblacksilveragain

Green

Green yellow blacksliverblack

The canvas on the floor of the still workshop,
as Long Island summer sounds penetrate

That reading is clearer, for sure, but is it actually saying what it needs to say? An important aspect of Pollock is that each viewer must find an approach to the actual work. Not really. There's a confusion to it, and that's what I had hoped to capture.

Pattern poetry dates to antiquity. It's basically trying to make shapes out of your poems. It probably had its peak in the 16th century, at least according to the legendary Dick Higgins, but it fell out of favor. Some say it's a precious form of poetry, but I find that it has a sort of sense of disorientation to it. Sometimes, it reinforces the imagery of the language by rooting it on the pages as a shape, such as in

e.e. cummings's "[in Just]" and "The Goat-footed Balloon Man."

in Just-
spring when the world is mud-
luscious the little
lame balloonman

whistles far and wee

and eddieandbill come
running from marbles and
piracies and it's
spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful

the queer
old balloonman whistles
far and wee
and bettyandisbel come dancing

from hop-scotch and jump-rope and

it's
spring
and

the

goat-footed

balloonMan whistles
far
and
wee

See, it kind of looks like a guy with centaur legs, no?
It reinforces the ideas with the shape (and I am so glad it
turned out to be in the public domain!)

I wrote a true crime-type pattern poem, too.

How We View Stories of Murder

Her
Name Arms
Was Were
Melina Soft
And
Unremarkable Though
Until She
He Preferred
Cut Mel
Her With
Friends While
And Holding
Family Her
And Down
Penetrating In
Her Fresno
Tombstone While
Still Screaming
read
"Melina"

This one is difficult, and it's certainly a pattern poem. The idea was to suggest a double-helix. You must follow two separate paths to make this poem work, and they cross. The actual poems they form aren't particularly deep ("Her name was Melina, and though she preferred Mel with friends and family down in Fresno, her tombstone still read "Melina" and "Her arms were soft and unremarkable until holding her down and penetrating her while screaming "Melina"" Following the paths is key to getting those, and it isn't easy. The helical form does suggest DNA, the marker of modern true crime, no?

When I started writing poetry again in recent years, I realized that I was interested in appropriation poetry. I'm doing a whole piece on that that looks at how I've approached that in my poems of the last few years. After Duchamp broke trumps with works like Fountain the application of found material within the world of the arts became possible, or at least debatable. In poetry, this became an easy way of writing poems. Just look at something like stereo instructions, get 'em published in a magazine, thus recontextualizing them, and boom, poetry! I did a thing where I took a glossary of terms from Scientology and then stripped out the definitions and replaced them with entries from other glossaries. I thought it worked out fairly well (and I'm including it later in this very zine!)

But really, just flatly putting out appropriated stuff and not messing with it feels too pat, so I tend to use spacing to provide some form of internal recontextualization.

For example, my newest work: "Pattern Poetry"

Pattern poetry is a type of poetry that depends on the shape the text makes. The visual image of

the lines is an integral part of the work. Often with pattern poetry, t

he shape the poem's text makes is even more important, or at least as important, as what the text itself says.

Okay, so this is making a couple of comments, at least as far as I see it. The first is that it's taking the wording of a definition of pattern poetry and shaping it. I took the text and made it into a shape that many would say represents a typical non-pattern poem shape. Again, there's an irony there, and I think I'm even using it the right way this time. To get that shape, I've disregarded the need to keep words whole even. I call this ultra-enjambment

So, I, a guy who likes writing poetry, goes for the showy, gimmicky stuff. Makes sense, no?



Of Course, It's Appropriate: My Appropriation Poetry by Christopher J. Garcia

Let me start with Marcel Duchamp. The man was nutty. He figured that if you put something on display in a museum, that made it art. Well, actually it made it Art. That capital makes a difference. He famously put a toilet on display and called it *Fountain*, and he did other what he called “readymades” that were just things he had lying around that he could simply put up and if he could convince a gallerist or curator to display it, it would be art. There’s a lot to unpack there, I like to attack it from the angle of the artist’s signature and recontextualization. It’s also what James Bacon and I disagree on the most (see our pieces on Erro and Roy Lichtenstein in various issues of *Journey Planet*)

I, though, am an appropriation poet.

Yes, I take other people’s words, recontextualize them and turn them into my poems. Usually, this starts with non-poetical words, but that part will wait.

Let us take this gem – a graffito from the walls of Gloucester Cathedral in 1350: “1350, Miserable, wild, distracted 1350. The dregs of the mob alone survive to witness.”

Pretty wild stuff, right?

I heard this on an episode of *Last Podcast on the Left* and knew I had to make a poem out of it. First, I needed to break it into stanzas, and there's a natural break in there with the repeat of "1350" and the division of a small set of single words set off from the sentence at the end. In my eyes, you must give a piece of appropriation poetry a name to truly recontextualize it. I imagine you could strip a name from a thing that has an established name, though I see that as cheating on the cheating you're already doing.

And, so, the following is the result.

Found scrawled on the wall of Gloucester
Cathedral in 1350, but applicable today

1350
Miserable,
 Wild
distracted
1350

The dregs
of the mob
 alone
survive
to witness.

2020 much?

A decent poem, though it was rejected by several magazines. Many might find that I had done little to it, or the message could have been stronger. They're right, of course, but there was something there.

I took another piece of graffiti and turned it into a poem. There's been a movement in art to bring graffiti into the gallery, as it were. If it works in the world of painting, why not poetry?

Scrawled on a Wall in a Prison

Fuck You

I'll Never Fucking

Live

Like You

I'll put

a Bullet

In my head

Before

I live

Like

The People

I Fucking Hate

Fuck You

And

Fuck

your Society

Too...

White Trash.



Here, I think, I did a bad. I made it far sparser than the original, and I think that watered it down. The directness of the original message is clear, but why the breaks where I broke 'em? Well, I created two more sentences hiding in the first that kinda work as sentiments for the overall piece. They are mealy-mouthed, though.

Now, there's another type of appropriation poetry, which is the alteration. In it, you take a known work and you either chop it up, and there are a few that are redactions like this:

What Really Matters in a Meal

~~so much~~ depends
upon

~~a red wheel~~
~~barrow~~

~~glazed with rain~~
~~water~~

~~beside the white~~
chickens

There is a sort of reference there. Apparently, chicken is important.

I took a poem by the legendary Sylvia Plath and did something simple: I alphabetized it. That's right, I simply put all the lines in order.

Daddy by Sylvia Plath, Alphabetized

A Jew to Dachau, Auschwitz, Belsen.
A cleft in your chin instead of your foot
A man in black with a Meinkampf look
Ach, du.

An engine, an engine
And I said I do, I do.
And a head in the freakish Atlantic
And a love of the rack and the screw.

And drank my blood for a year,
And get back, back, back to you.
And my Taroc pack and my Taroc pack
And the language obscene

And the villagers never liked you.
And then I knew what to do.
And they stuck me together with glue.
And your Aryan eye, bright blue.

And your neat mustache
Any less the black man who
Any more, black shoe
Are not very pure or true.

At twenty I tried to die
Barely daring to breathe or Achoo.
Big as a Frisco seal
Bit my pretty red heart in two.

Brute heart of a brute like you.
But no less a devil for that, no not
But the name of the town is common.
But they pulled me out of the sack,

Chuffing me off like a Jew.
Daddy, I have had to kill you.
Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I'm through.
Daddy, you can lie back now.

Every woman adores a Fascist,
For thirty years, poor and white,
Ghastly statue with one gray toe
I began to talk like a Jew.

I could hardly speak.
I have always been scared of you,
I made a model of you,
I may be a bit of a Jew.

I never could talk to you.
I think I may well be a Jew.
I thought even the bones would do.
I thought every German was you.

I used to pray to recover you.
I was ten when they buried you.
Ich, ich, ich, ich,
If I've killed one man, I've killed two--

In the German tongue, in the Polish town
In the picture I have of you,
In the waters off beautiful Nauset.
In which I have lived like a foot

It stuck in a barb wire snare.
Marble-heavy, a bag full of God,
My Polack friend
Not God but a swastika

Of wars, wars, wars.
Panzer-man, panzer-man, O You--
Put your foot, your root,
Says there are a dozen or two.

Scraped flat by the roller
Seven years, if you want to know.
So I never could tell where you
So black no sky could squeak through.

So daddy, I'm finally through.
The black telephone's off at the root,
The boot in the face, the brute
The snows of the Tyrol, the clear beer of Vi-
enna

The tongue stuck in my jaw.
The vampire who said he was you
The voices just can't worm through.
There's a stake in your fat black heart

They always knew it was you.
They are dancing and stamping on you.
Where it pours bean green over blue
With my gipsy ancestress and my weird luck

With your Luftwaffe, your gobbledygoo.
You died before I had time--
You do not do, you do not do
You stand at the blackboard, daddy,

Here, I was trying something to see if it worked. Was the meaning of the poem sufficiently changed by the re-ordering of the lines? I think so, though the number than started with 'and' meant that a lot of lines remained together more or less. This format shows a couple of interesting things. Reversing lines like "And they stuck me together with glue." and "And then I knew what to do." Make little difference until you consider that by presenting the fact that she knew what to do led them to stick her back together. That's a big change. The fact that the first line is now second-to-last also changes the table-setting. This version is far more rigid, and the opening stanza invoking Auschwitz, Dachau, Belsen, and *Mein Kampf* certainly seems like it's establishing a tone of authoritarianism. It plays through, and I picked that up less in the original, but it was clearly there when you shuffle a little.

This one is my favorite from the point of view that it takes that which we know and allows us to know it in a different light. It's not a huge change, but it is change, and while I think the piece does a fair bit of what I hoped for, and while it doesn't completely re-write the meaning, it does shift things into different impact points.

The one that I think I really hit on the head was when I took a William Carlos Williams poem and tacked on the ending, rhyming words from William Shakespeare's "Sonnet 1."

Sonnet #1 by William Carlos Williams

Disciplined by the artist increase,
to go round die,
and round decease,

in holiday gear memory:
a riotously gay rabble of eyes,
peasants and their fuel,

ample-bottomed doxies lies,
fills cruel:
the market square ornament,

featured by the women in spring,
their starched content,
white headgear niggarding:

they prance or go openly be,
thee.

Okay, this one is weird, but I think it works and utterly destroys the Williams-ness of the original. The opening is fascinating to me: "Disciplined by the artist increase,/ to go round die,/and round decease." Man, that all fits together. Of course it does, but by some miracle of coalescence, it retains much of the theme of Shakes' sonnet, while set into a different mode by the single word 'artist' which comes from Williams. That interplay works later as well in the 'in holiday gear memory:' stanza. It turns it even more into a piece about the idea of done-come-and-gone.

The close makes sense, and since there were 13 lines in the Williams and 14 in the sonnet, that 'thee' becomes a major portion of the meaning when you apply it to the entire piece. That personalizes it, makes it into a work where the entire previous work was all about you, the reader. It makes it accusatory, in a sense, and that just feels right.

There is, of course, the matter of authorship and copyright. These works are 100% taking what is not mine and playing with it. Does that make the result mine? I point to one of the most important artworks of the last forever: *LHOOQ* by Duchamp. It took a poster of the *Mona Lisa* and drew a mustache on it. This came to be seen as legitimate art, and in a way, tacking the rhymes on to the Williams piece seems to do much the same. The Plath piece is a tougher argument. I did another piece that I think is clearly fair game, but at the same time, it may expose why the whole thing isn't.

Clavis

Auditing - The flash uses its sensor to control the flash output in combination with data automatically transmitted from the camera and lens to the flash including the ISO sensitivity, aperture, focal length and exposure compensation value.

Blow - The area of an artwork that appears farthest away from the viewer; also, the area against which a figure or scene is placed.

Clear - A man who aggressively pursues his self interests, particularly when it comes to sex, with little regard for others. Not the man a woman wants to date, but the rogue she subconsciously wants to have sex with, par-

ticularly when she is ovulating. Synonyms: alpha male, rogue, rake, rascal, scoundrel, scalawag

Dianetics - D is a note in the scale (= Italian, French: re).

Disconnection - Small rectangular blocks that, when placed together in a row abutting a molding, suggest a row of teeth.

E-Meter - The study of hereditary improvement of the human race using a controlled selective breeding method.

Engram - A program that permits the review and editing of the contents of a file.

Fair Game - literally, "to prefer."

Freewinds - Available in all COOLPIX models, Face-Priority AF automatically detects a person's face at typical portrait-taking distances, then activates the camera's autofocus to focus upon the face area.

Gold Base - A black-and-white photographic print made by exposing paper, which has been made light-sensitive by a coating of gelatin silver halide emulsion, to artificial or natural light; a photographic process invented by Dr. Richard Leach Maddox in 1871

Operating Thetan - What gives the judge, or the person deeming a thing obscene, an erection.

Office of Special Affairs - The oboe is a double-reed instrument and an important part of the woodwind section of the modern orchestra. The mechanism of its keys underwent considerable development in the 19th century. In earlier times it formed an important part of the outdoor military band, but the Western symphony orchestra normally uses a pair of instruments. The oboe d'amore is the alto of the oboe family, used in the Baroque period, and the tenor is found in the cor anglais or, in the mid-18th century, the oboe da caccia. The tone of the instrument, much affected by different methods of cutting the reeds, can impart a characteristic sound to a whole orchestra.

Reactive Mind - The inclined, sloping framing members of a roof, and to which the roof covering is affixed.

Sea Org - A category of Animals or plants sub-ordinate to a genus and comprising of similar organisms with capacity for interbreeding.

Suppressive Person - An automated capability to schedule meetings and/or resources (such as meeting rooms, projectors, etc.) by looking at online calendars.

Thetan - reverent reflection.

Xenu - The widely-used assembly language mnemonic for the exclusive-OR function as a computer operation or opcode. Exclusive-OR is basically a Boolean logic function which is

bit-level addition without carry. Normally, however, a computer will do a full word-width of exclusive-OR's, instead of operating just one bit at a time. Also called: "addition mod 2.."

What I did here is appropriated the glossary of terms from Scientology and then took terms from different glossaries to act as the definitions of the CoS terms. Sometimes, the results were comical, and other times, nearly a perfect fit. I've done a few of these, but the Scientology one works partly because the terms that Hubbard and crew created were nearly as random.

The same idea I applied to recipes for cassoulet, where I started with twelve different recipes and from the first, I took the first ingredient, the second from the second recipe, and so on down the line. Then, I took the first step of the first recipe, and so on.

And now, the big question: *are these poems?*

I wrote them, so I'm gonna say "yes" but moreover, if I came across these, I'd think they were poems if they were published alongside poetry. In fact, even on their own, I think there's a poetry to them. The Fluxxus idea of art existing everywhere, including within the mundane, certainly plays here, as does the ready-made idea, but really, are you forced to think beyond the normal application of these things? If you're processing something differently than the original intention or purpose, then I'd say it's poetry. Maybe not good poetry, but still poetry. I'd like to think there's something of value to the appropriation poems I've done, but then again, when has any my writing bought any sort of value?



Bela Lugosi

by Chuck Serface

Lugosi lives on for posterity not so much as an actor but as the personification of his greatest character. When he performed as Dracula, Lugosi spoke for his own personal legacy as much as for his character when he pronounced the immortal line, "I am Dracula." – Biography.com

The very essence of vampiric dread
Had fled the revolutions of his home
And far worse things awaiting man than death.

Upon the stage, he stole his viewers' breath
Translating Dracula to flesh and bone,
The very essence of vampiric dread.

But Universal wanted Chaney's breadth,
His thousand faces tinged with frightening tones,
And far worse things awaiting man than death.

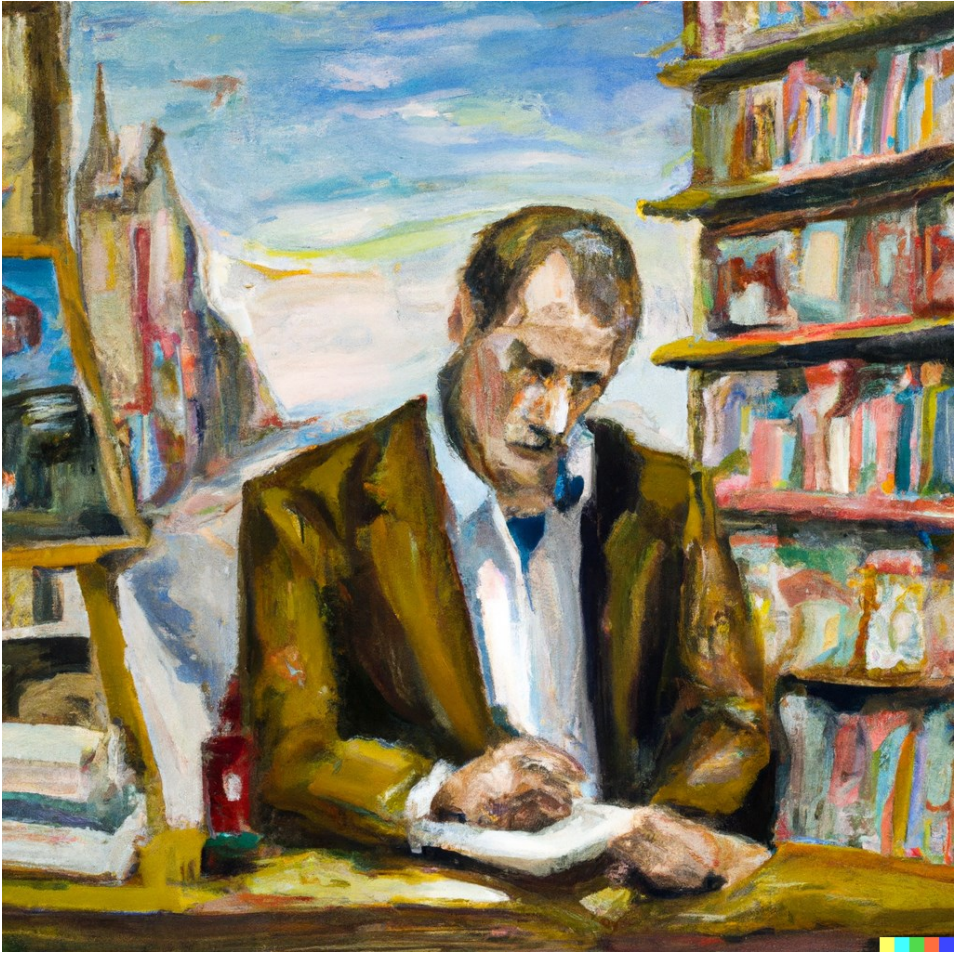
Lon's timely ending, rumor has it, kept
Lugosi flush, and soon the world would know
The very essence of vampiric dread.

Now all regard him as the Count who dreamt
About the broken battlements of home
And far worse things awaiting man than death . . .

. . . And only that, a bled-out lifetime spent
Entombed beneath his one defining role:
The very essence of vampiric dread
And far worse things awaiting man than death.

An Observation at the Reno Airport by Chuck Serface

A juggernaut, he parts the startled crowd
With promised force alone. The mothers hide
Their children, chiding those who speak out loud;
The men retreat, unmindful of their pride.
All travelers give him space, and no one wakes
The colors on his skin, bizarre designs
Entwining his arms, ouroboros snakes
Beginning where they end and primed to strike!
He moves unquestioned like an edgy Khan
Just waiting to project his latest loss
Upon the hordes. We give him what he wants.
We all stand down. But is it worth the cost?
Not if his gates stay closed. We can expect
Our souls will rot if fear precludes respect.



My Favorite Poem Is . . . Well, That's a Story

by Christopher J. Garcia

When I was in college, I took poetry classes from Bill Knott. He was an awesome poet, and a bastard to the class. He'd tear everything you did apart, especially if he thought it showed any promise. He assigned about 50 poets, one of which was Aram Saroyan. Saroyan's stuff always fascinated me, especially the things where he would do single-word poems. The most famous of them is "Lightht" which George Plimpton paid 750 dollars, explaining that it seemed to him to express something about the quality of refracting light. I do love that poem, but that wasn't the one that really lit me up. It also was the poem where he simply typed "coffee" about 30 times at the bottom of the page. No, while I did get where these were going, it was another poem that did it for me.

But before I get to that, a little about the poet.

Aram Saroyan is the son of William Saroyan, the writer who won the Pulitzer for *The Time of Your Life* and an Oscar for *The Human Comedy*. I happen to work for a foundation dedicated to preserving and promoting his, and his family's, legacies. Aram and Willy had a rough relationship. Aram wrote a book that kinda trashed his dad. I don't doubt that most of what he said in the book, *Last Rites*, is true. I mean, who can really understand the relationship between a father and a son? I've read a few explosive letters between the two. Aram rightfully takes offense at Willy's combination of anger and disappointment. William also makes a couple of decent points, but mostly, he's an old man who is slipping and seeing his son live a life he doesn't approve of.

Or something like that.

Now, Aram started writing great poems in the 1960s, and his zine *Lines* had writings from the likes of Burroughs, Warhol, and Tom Veitch. There was a lot of the New York Uptown poetry scene in there. His poems were sparse, which makes sense. His father was known as something of a minimalist, and Aram pared that down even further. He refined his poetic voice to the bare essentials. He also worked with his uncle, Archie Minasian, who was one of the finest poets to never really get his due. Archie was spare as well, and his poems hit because they are simple, but never bare-faced.

Now, Aram “wrote” a poem that I consider one of the most thoughtful things I’ve ever “read,” though he would claim, when talking about “Lighgt” that his were the kinds of poems you “see rather than read,” and none would make this as obvious as the piece I adore the most.

Well, here’s the poem:



Let us go then, you and I, where the poems spread out against the eye!

That thing up there is usually called the ‘four-legged M’ and it’s considered by Guinness to be the shortest poem in the world. Makes sense, I think. Since it is untitled, and has no letters, it’s got to be the winner. It’s a glyph, a mark, and if you look at it, it’s a glyph that mimics, or perhaps imitates, a typographical letter. It has serifs. It’s bold. It’s clearly lower-case. Okay, that last one has been debated,

but I see it as lower-case. It's a somewhat comical font, but it's clearly meant as a letter.

A letter in an alphabet that does not exist.

And there's where the great discussion about this poem begins. What exactly is it? Bob Grumann (who used to write for *Face Sheet Five*) has said that it's like an "m" attempting to split off an "n" and that idea of alphabetic mitosis is highly interesting. It could be speaking about drift, about how things like letters are formed. It's an interesting take, and one that I could go deep into.

There's another thought – that it's IAM. Now, the astute among you will note that there are four legs, and I AM has, at least, five. The idea that it is just AM is another possibility. The idea that this glyph could stand for an entire statement is one that I very much buy into. Language has a way of creating short cuts, and "I am" is one that would be very helpful. It's an interesting note that a single character for "I am" would be possible because it would not mess up other verbs; am only occurs with "I" (or at least the first person) and that makes a single character for it a possibility.

The other one I see, and defended in class when this was first presented, was exactly the opposite of Grumann's take: this was the collapsing of letters. Some of a certain age will remember the *Saturday Night Live* skit where Dan Ackroyd presented the new "Decabet" a ten-character form of the alphabet where "l-m-n-o" became a single character. That's what led me to think this is where "m" and "n" were joining. At some point, letter concepts, like the much more rapid word sound concepts, begin to settle into new paths, and this could be a part of that.

There are, of course, other thoughts. The cutest young woman in my class, who I had a gigantic crush on at the time and now runs a small lit mag, said that it was not a letter at all, but a short colonnade. I instantly thought of

Stanford's arcade and thought, "Huh, I could see that." Another, as I recall a very good writer who would later end up editing the college lit rag, said it was most clearly about imprecision. That it wasn't about collapse or expansion at all, but about having to approximate, to place a marker and covering your bases between "n" and "m" which is 100% something I would do.

It's an amazing piece, regardless of meaning or lack thereof, because it's the kind of thing that engages the sight and the reading. Your brain wants to read it. It's clearly a character, so you need to read it, right? Maybe, but it's also, like all characters, a mark on a page, the same as a drawing. Pattern poems are viewed regarding the shapes they make, but it is the shape of the single character that has done the entire business. Each letter, itself, is a piece of design, a series of decisions of how to convey the idea of the voice and concepts attached to the idea that letter represents. There's no end of glyphs that we attach meaning to in the written word; there's an entire line of them above the numbers on your keyboard just waiting for you to hit the shift key. Things like the & could be what the four-legged-M becomes for whatever it is determined to stand for.



A Brief Overview of the Poets Laureate of Peterborough

by Cardinal Cox

In summer 1997 my home city of Peterborough (30 miles north of the esteemed academia of Cambridge) started to celebrate a year of literature. In charge of the arts at that time was Peter Newman – who previously had been a choreographer for Take That and last time I heard was running a hot air balloon festival somewhere in the Middle East. The year ended in summer 1998 with our first competition to find a poet laureate for the city.

The first year the title was won by Toby Wood. A primary school head teacher who had also previously been poet-in-residence (in the 1980s) at the Gaslight comedy club (at one-time the longest running comedy club outside London). I was a runner-up (apparently it was a close thing, I heard later) but Toby was a better choice for the initial holder of the post. Off the back of the title, he wrote a column for the local newspaper for three or four years.

My badgering led to a second competition the next year (I was a runner-up again) and now, to the consternation of the council and library services, the precedent was set.

In November 2002 (the fifth competition) I finally won the title. The previous incumbent, Mark Wright, had gained some local notoriety in the press with a poem, possibly about Katharine of Aragon (buried in our cathedral) and Princess Diana. It's a long time ago, I don't totally remember. What I do remember is that I wasn't the front-runner for the post, but the excellent poet Penelope Anne Dagleish died only a fortnight before the final. I had my own controversies, the local soccer team had to publicly

distance themselves from the poem I'd written in support of them, and there was a letter of complaint (about my tenure in general) in the local newspaper. I had my high points too. At a poetry festival in Oxford, I got the chance to read alongside Brian Aldiss. I was poet-in-residence for the convention They Came and Shaved Us in Ireland. I will always be grateful for these and other opportunities.

The post was always what you made of it, you had to find your own opportunities, and these were different for each poet. There have been some stand-out poets in the post since I held the title.

Mark Grist, then a secondary school teacher entered a battle rap competition and ended up being covered by national tv news. Gave up the day job, appeared on a tv series about education. Got a pilot made (filmed in the Philippines) with the Red Bull channel and has two series of his podcasts *Mark Can't Rap*.

Someone who could definitely rap was Mixy who, at 24, was the youngest holder of the laureate title. He toured in a couple of shows with Mark Grist. Went to Prague to learn to teach English as a second language. That led to him teaching in China. There he then took a degree in Chinese.

Keely Mills went from holding the title to working in production with a regional theatre company and managing arts projects for a city-based charity.

Charley Genever also used the post as a stepping off point to wider acclaim and a collection from Burning Eye Books. She also works alongside Keely in the arts-events charity.

For myself my year as the city's laureate led to me being poet-in-residence with a local cemetery for three years. That led to being poet-in-residence at a fifteenth

century church. These in turn helped lead to me being poet-in-residence for the Dracula Society for two years. From that Mark Grist acted as producer for my first one-man show High Stakes that I performed at the Worldcons in Helsinki and Dublin. Some of the poems from my stint with the Dracula Society are in the collection Grave Goods from Demain Publishing. All this though has its germination with the post of Poet Laureate of my city. I hope that the post continues to grow and change as new poets feel the weight of its (metaphorical) crown.





My Favorite Ian Hamilton Finley Poem

by Christopher J. Garcia

Of all the visual poems, my favorite is from one of the greatest lesser-known poets of the twentieth century: Ian Hamilton Finley. He was a great poet, but he was also an artist, and that's where I first encountered his work. It should be no surprise that my favorite poem of his is almost as much a work of art.

wave/rock



Now, the thing is we think of poetry as words, and sometimes we get it a little deeper, look at the shape of the poems. How often do we consider color?

Typewriter art became a major thing, and that was usually black, though sometimes reds or white would be used. This isn't simply done with a typewriter, or even a computer. This was likely silkscreened, certainly stenciled.

This poem came from *Aspen Magazine*, my all-time favorite magazine. It came in a box, but bound, and that allowed for things like records or films or other stuff to be included. This work, this piece of genius blending of visual art and poetry makes sense when you combine them.

I think the area where they overlap is what really does it for me. It requires a heavy understanding of the concept. It's the waves crashing against the rocks, and it's not readable, but at the same time, we know the brown is the rocks, and the blue is the waves. We don't have to be able to clearly separate it to understand what it's saying, and certainly to get what it means.



The Final Lecture

by Chuck Serface

. . . so then I said, "That brings to mind the debts
Incurred by Edward, King of England, how
The Bardi and Peruzzi almost met
Their ruins for loaning him such large amounts."
I tried to help him, but he never gets
It. "Old-world financiers could make it out,"
I'd offered while he rolled his eyes, "And so
Can you." But did he want to listen? No.

Not like his mother, no. I met her on
The Ponte alla Grazie, when, most days,
I used to lunch in Santa Croce, and wander
Where La Murate once were walled away
Until a mercantile desire had pawned
For naught the souls of city lords who craved
Hard cash. Bargellini had it right,
You know. All poetry gives way to blight.

Unless, of course, you happen by the fringe
Resisting progress, like that aging man
Whose haggard coat unsettled as he pitched
His line into the Arno -- quite a fancy,
Believing fish still swam beneath that bridge.
"Italians feel senility commands
Respect," this woman observed, coming out
Of nowhere, "Dotage brings a certain clout,

A sense of earned unraveling, don't you think?"
This woman. Blythe. Her family had come from Boston,
A summer tour . . . what? Yes, I've had a drink
Or two with lunch, but . . . quiet! Now don't get cross
With me! This class must cover certain things

Because . . . well, Castiglione says the cost
Of age convinces us our youth comprised
A golden time, but do our memories lie?

Of course, I married Blythe, who, then, became
My greatest colleague, her language skills outshining
My own, yes, Salutati's letters make
Translators deathly mad, and scholars find
His contradictions daunting -- he'd praise
Republics in his correspondence while
In De Tyranno monarchs get his best
Assessment. Sorting this proved quite a test
While finishing my dissertation, but Blythe
Not only worked with me, she helped release
My driving tensions too, suggesting light
Excursions, Lucca during olive season,
Or Prato. Leonardo's Virgin, Child
And Saint Anne comes to mind, reminding me
Of Blythe, her peaceful smile. Aha! You know
The artists? Titian? Michelangelo?

Who cares that Burkhardt studied Medicis . . .
That Brucker loved the Florentines? My heart
Indebts itself to history, how the Greeks
Supplied us Reason and Desire. The art
Defining the Renaissance, the fight between
Consuming lust and higher virtue -- art
From discourse! Blythe believed that, yes, until
She died. We'd argued it throughout her illness,

But still my son won't listen. "Dad," he says,
"Let's sell the house. You're tenured, Mother's gone.
So simplify your life." Oh, yes, he'll get
His way, finally disengage my fondest
Attachments, spend his whole inheritance,
Pawning the future, breeding other debts.
I'll grow forgotten like all names that vanish,
I fear, my hopes for rebirth finally passing . . .

Today's Guest Speaker: The Anti-Hamlet

by Chuck Serface

Torn up by buckshot hormones, teenage minds
Can't take in any information, save
That spring consumes itself outside. Ten days
Until school's through! The learning curve defies
My chalkboard stats. A talk on suicide
Prevention must seem strange when kids have made
Out graduation gift lists, and far away
Reside the thousand natural shocks of life.

The teacher snuffs his cigarette, says, "Thanks
For coming," goes back in to finish class.
Halfway removed myself, I almost miss
A girl waiting, whose long-neglected angst
Takes arm and gives me pause, who turns her hands
And shows the stitch-rut scars along her wrists.



An Overnight Crisis Worker at Quitting Time by Chuck Serface

No spring in sight. The wounded morning sheds
Dark, clotted clouds across a winter sky.
Another shift wraps up. I helped a man
Who'd sealed himself inside a plastic sofa
Bag then sprayed himself with golden paint --
The fumes would kill him, but he'd leave behind
A scintillating corpse. Ambivalence
Won out for him, but not for this year's spring.
A slight detour -- I stop for steak and eggs
As served at what we locals call the "Salt
Palace," a restaurant hungry for a sign
Announcing, "Cardiologist on Duty."
I love the grease. It helps build friction in
My veins as blood cells schuss along the layered
Walls, keeps me warm until the bus arrives.
A man sits down across from me, talks on
Addressing no one, rocking on his haunches.
About the time he sees the worker badge
Around my neck, I see the wristband reading,
"Emergency Psychiatric," where he spent
Last night. The flesh around his eyes contracts
And twitches wildly. "God will damn the sinners
To Hell," he says. "But not the two of us,"
I answer. He slowly smiles, sits back, and falls
Asleep. The ride continues on toward home.

Haight-Ashbury: August 9, 1995

by Chuck Serface

On the Death of Jerry Garcia

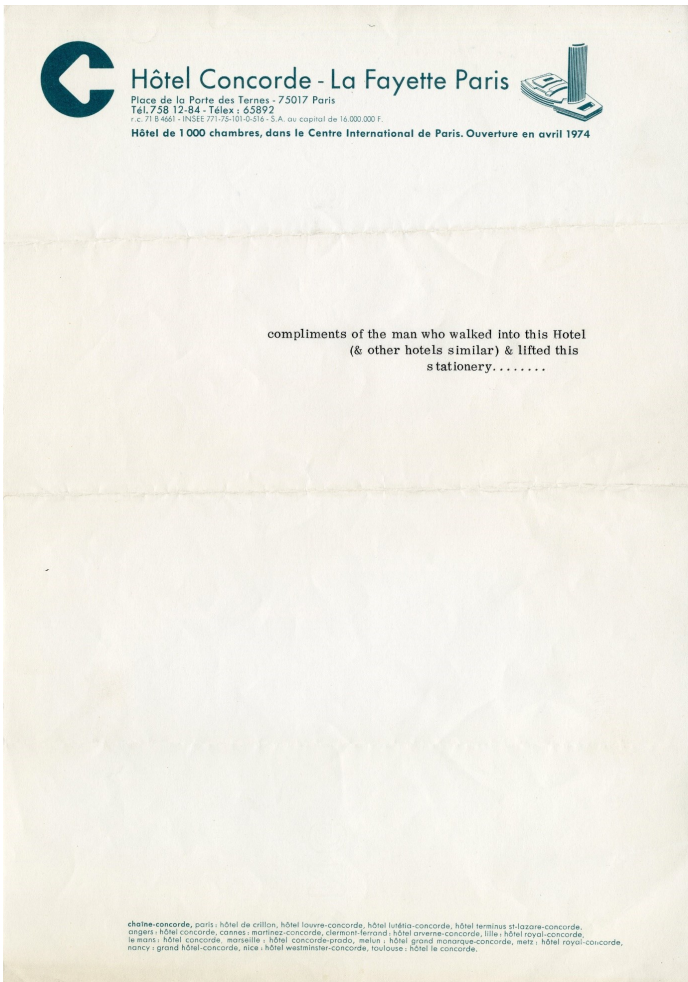
I walk with women spinning in the street,
Between two psychedelic minivans
Gridlocked by the color-drenched bereaved.
A broker's luminescent tie commands
Respect, and, farther on, I hear some lines
From "Alabama Getaway" -- two bums,
Both tenors, beg for change while singing songs,
Your children left behind.
Our Jerry's gone. The mourning City hums,
"We Will Get By." I wonder for how long.

Soon, standing on the mythic corner, near
Where Ben and Jerry's sells a flavor named
For you, where now the flower children's fears
Are met, I realize the awful shame
Your death discloses. Where are days when proud
Mad voices sang, before the poets started
Displaying all their generation's howls
At auction, selling out?
A billboard shades the corner turning dark,
Where Nike's "revolution" markets doubt.



On the Matter of a Found Poem by Christopher J. Garcia

One day, I was in the archives, going through letters dealing with The Free Company, a radio program in 1941 - 1942 that featured writers like Steinbeck, Sherwood Anderson, Hemingway, and, yes, Saroyan. Among them was a letter that as obviously from another time. It was written stationery from a hotel that was built in the 1970s.



Now, look at that. It's instantly recognizable as a poem, right?

No? Let me break it down.

First off, you could look at it as simply a goof, a joke, a gag. It's a guy who has stolen a piece of stationery (and so many writers of the 1920s through 80s did this) and he's making a big thing about it in a letter. Now, maybe the person who initially received the letter knew exactly who it was from and why that was funny, but now that's all gone. Time has both re- and de-contextualized the thing!

Now, you could also say that it's a story. It's a letter from someone who steals stationery, and there's that ominous string of periods at the end, as if this was a moment that the individual who received it would understand. Is it a threat? It could certainly be read as such. Imagine this was sent by a serial killer. I could see that! The fact that the lines are nearly right justified is an interesting point, and it's a part of why I think it's actually a poem.

Look at it again: line breaks. The way it's put together shows that the line breaks are there for emphasis:

Compliments of the man who walked into this
 Hotel
 this (& other hotels similar) & lifted
 stationery

The breaks add emphasis. 'Hotel' gets to end the line, the longest line, the opening line. After that, there's a parenthetical, and it's indented two tabs over. That moves the eye along the page, and the second line opens with a parenthetical, an aside. Not only an aside, but an aside that opens with an '&' instead of an actual letter. Now, the era of the emoji would make this a more typical thing, but this was the 1970s (or maybe the 80s, but likely earlier because it includes an telex number) and this would have been something unusual.

And then there's another one! The first word (symbol? Glyph? Concept?) after the parenthetical is AN-OTHER '&' opens up the next part of the line! The line itself is enjambed, a single line that is broken up without a bit of punctuation.

The last line is a single word and a series of dots, almost an ellipses of ellipses. That last word 'stationary' can be read in a poetic context as stationary, a base, a bottom for the poem. The piece is laid-out, each line two tabs indented, driving the eye towards this single word, and then those elongated ellipses alone in the space it needs to land and stay in the mind.

I absolutely love this as a piece of found poetry. It's a clean piece of writing. It's so smart in construction, and it's using all sorts of pieces of the English language that would be out of the usual. It is clearly as much about the form as the words. The form plays a role, and it's so important because it gives a simple joke and gives it a flair beyond the expected. That's the mark of a good poem. If you look at William Carlos Williams's legendary piece *This is Just to Say* is this kind of piece. It's a note that Williams broke into lines that transformed it into a poem. The note, which was an apology for eating the plums that were in the fridge (and if they're in there, they're fair game!), was answered by his wife.

Reply

(crumpled on her desk)

Dear Bill: I've made a
couple of sandwiches for you.
In the ice-box you'll find
blue-berries--a cup of grapefruit
a glass of cold coffee.

On the stove is the tea-pot

with enough tea leaves
for you to make tea if you
prefer--Just light the gas--
boil the water and put it in the tea

Plenty of bread in the bread-box
and butter and eggs--
I didn't know just what to
make for you. Several people
called up about office hours--

See you later. Love. Floss.

Please switch off the telephone.

William Carlos Williams said that he thought it was an even better poem than his! I think he's right, and there are many parallels to our piece here. The use of – and, what is this, an immediate parenthetical? That makes it a very impressive piece of writing that seems to share ideas with the Anonymous piece I found in the archive.



Roland Penrose Lectures on Camouflage by Cardinal Cox

For everything hidden there must be the magicians' misdirection.
The audience want to see a ball, a dove, a rabbit;
So let them until you are ready to say
The dove is a napkin, the rabbit is a handkerchief

Take postcards of picturesque scenes of the Mediterranean
But splayed like this they become a butterfly of your eyes

We are the sky and the sea.
We nourish each other though
We are not beside each other

The enemy expects to see tanks.
It is not enough to hide tanks
They must also see tanks where there are no tanks
Or else they will search for the tanks you have hidden

An alchemist might take an alembic to conduct a transformation
But in every dance hall a similar process takes place

If I whisper I love you during a concert would you hear me?
If I touch your hand in the crowd do you feel me?

It is not enough to hide aircraft,
The enemy must see aircraft where there are no aircraft,
Must see an aerodrome where there is no aerodrome

If we could write the word "soldier" on a field a thousand times
Would the enemy see an army?
If we paint shadows along the tree line though they
Assume a brigade waits to ambush them in the forest

I hide the words I want to say as an acrostic in a poem.
I hide your profile in the hills of a landscape

When I was a boy and visited my grandparents
I'd watch the clouds cross the sky,
Turning from a train into a rabbit

The girl is chained but in her head she is free.
Or is it that the wind in the rushes and
Caressing the waves is chained and the trees are free

The sea hides the ships
The sky hides the aeroplanes
The war hides my love for you



Nancy Cunard Continues to Curse Her Enemies

by Cardinal Cox

The circle is already drawn
It is a jazz piano lament
Shellac black and shiny
As a scrying mirror
Corners of the gramophone
Orientated to the cardinal points

There is no proscribed time for the ritual
From midnight of the new moon
To noon beneath a blazing sun
Even during a rainstorm is fine
As the staccato of the drops
May provide a rhythm

For incense smouldering
I prefer Turkish cigarettes for myself
And briar pipe tobacco for the magus

The ritual must be conducted naked
Though it need not start that way
The mutual disrobing can be an integral part

First the celebrants must call upon
The spirits of freedom and liberty
The ghosts of those who manned barricades
In Paris or Madrid
Of slaves escaping from chains
Wives who slew cruel husbands
The jaquerie and maroons

Libations should be consumed
From those offered by the partners
Repeat - We take what is forbidden -
We eat the fruit of knowledge of the flesh

Now for the sacrifice
The sacred instrument must be oiled
So that its cut is unhindered
Though the stab
Should be slow and measured

The pen is in the inkwell
And so can write
The key is in the lock
And can liberate the prisoners
The sword is quenched in the trough
Once sharpened it can kill

This is the eclipse
The night that comes in day
This is the comet
The light that breaks the night
In this instance we are the creators

There are those who would forbid this ritual
So we must perform it
For those who cannot

When the sacrifice reaches the point
That you recognise now you may curse
Those who guard the doors

Scream Fuck the priests
Shout Fuck the owners
Whisper Fuck the judges
Giggle Fuck the police
Fuck the censors

Fuck the prudes
Fuck the prohibitionists
Fuck the racists
Fuck the fascists
Fuck those who say No
Those who say No to lovers
Those who say No to gays
Those who say No to drag stars
Those who say No to the kinky

Take the precious fluids we sacrifice
Recognise the power we give
Come the Jubilee
Free those in bondage



Two Figures on Separate Roads

by Cardinal Cox

Roger (once Syd) visited his London
Home for a couple of weeks
In 1982 – gave away
Many of his positions
Taking only what he considered
Essentials he started the
50 mile walk home to Cambridge
Opened a favourite book
The Little Grey Men by B.B.
At chapter three and read

The next day was spent in feverish
*preparation and frequent visits
to the wild iris clump to see if
the rather ungainly branching buds
showed any signs of splitting*

One foot before another
Step out step up
Put the road behind you
Shave off another step
One less foot fall
For every two people on the road
There is a third who walks beside
Every stumble crosses a mountain
Every stream is a valley crossed
One foot before another

John had talked with the
Travellers of Epping Forest
About High Beach in July 1841
Feeling he had little of value
In the sanatorium he put

Bread in his pocket and started
The 80 mile walk home to Helpston

I wandered many a weary mile
The cold ground my feather bed
This is a pilgrims' trial
Storm weather in my head

One foot before another
Another step one less
Foot fall for every two
People on the road there is a third
Who walks beside every stumble
Crosses a mountain every stream
Is a valley crossed step out
Step up put the road
Behind you shave off
One foot before another

Look at the sky I have no home
Above my head save for love
At the river and Mary if her heart
Still beats with truth we'll never
More be parted I'm never parted
Taking only what he considered
Feeling he had little of value
Essentials he started the 50
He started the 80 mile
Mile walk home to Cambridge
Walk home to Helpston

One foot before another
For every two foot fall
There is a third people on the road
Every stumble who walks beside
Every stream crosses a mountain
Step out is a valley crossed

Put the road step up
Shave off behind you
One less another step
One foot before another

I have wandered winding many a mile
Hunting for the hope of peace
That I'm finding in her smile
Knowing in her arms I'll have ease
The road brings places to go before home
No maps reveal where we roam
Thinking what he had of little value
Feeling he had only essentials
He had started started the
The many many miles miles home
Home to to the the north

One foot before another
Shave off crosses a mountain
One less valley crossed
For every two step up
There is a third behind you
Every stumble another step
Every stream foot fall
Step out people on the road
Put the road who walks beside
One foot before another

Empty pockets, empty belly, empty head
John met his wife upon the road
But did not recognise her as he searched
For Mary, sweet Mary, who was dead

One foot before another
Step the another fall
Put off foot people
Shave less two who

One every third mountain
For is crosses valley
There.... Crossed step
Every stream step behind
One foot before another

Blisters on his feet, socks rubbed to tatters
Barrett family bath tub awaits the brother
Back – prodigal – prodigious – prodigy
Star on his brow where faeries kissed him





PoetGPT

by Christopher J. Garcia

You know I love AI art and writing. It's clear that if you look at this here zine over any length of time. I've had a ChatGPT account for a while and even created a podcast that has its scripts written by it! It's really good at creating outlines, and then when you feed the elements of those outlines in, it does a fairly good job of fleshing them out.

So, I figured, what the hell, let's see if it can write poetry!

I came up with a few prompts that are not the titles of their poems.

I noticed a few things. First, if you say "poem" in your prompt, it's going to rhyme. No shade, it hits the schemes pretty well, but it does feel pretty stiff. I mean, what do you expect from a robot?

Next, they want to do quatrains REALLY bad. You pretty much must give it a structured form to break it out of that.

It does a REALLY bad job when you mention the style of a writer.

The system also has deep knowledge, and while it's not always perfect (one run said that David Cope, a good friend of mine who I talked with last year had died in 2021) it does give some interesting results even on very niche concepts.

Anyhow, here we go!

"Write Me A Poem of the Haymarket Riot"

In the city of Chicago, in Eighty-Six,
A fight for the workers, for their rights to fix,
An eight-hour workday, they had in sight,
But the bosses resisted, with all their might.

The workers went on strike, day after day,
Marching in unity, for fairer pay,
But the police intervened, with a violent hand,
And workers were killed, across the land.

At the McCormick factory, they locked the door,
Workers were beaten, with bullets and more,
The Haymarket rally, the next day,
Was peaceful, until police came to play.

A bomb was thrown, in the midst of the crowd,
Chaos ensued, with screams loud,
Police were killed, and protesters too,
The blame fell on anarchists, as the story grew.

Eight were charged, with conspiracy and sin,
Four were hung, to make an example within,
But the struggle continued, with the workers' fight,
For the right to an eight-hour day and workers' rights.

The Haymarket riots, a story of pain,
But also of strength, and unity to gain,
For workers across the world, to stand tall,
And fight for their rights, for one and for all.



“A Sonnet About The Black Dahlia”

In nineteen forty-seven, 'twas found
A gruesome scene in L.A. town
A body split in two, left bare
The Black Dahlia, beyond repair

Elizabeth Short, a name unknown
A beauty, with a tragic tone
Her life was cut short, cruelly so
A mystery that still does grow

The media frenzy, oh so wild
Speculations, rumors compiled
The killer was never brought to light
Leaving the case shrouded in night

Elizabeth, forever young
In history, her story's sung
A tragedy, a life undone
The Black Dahlia, forever one.

“A Lyrical Poem About Jesse James”

A bandit with a fearless heart
Jesse James played a dangerous part
Robbing trains and banks with ease
Leaving authorities at their knees

A Missouri boy, raised tough and wild
Jesse lived by his own guile
A Confederate soldier, a rebel's life
Set him on a path of criminal strife

His gang, a family of outlaws bold
Robbing for silver and for gold
Jesse's charisma, a legendary force
Attracting men to his outlaw course

But a traitor's bullet ended his reign
Leaving him to die in pain
Jesse James, a legend still
A story of crime, of thrill and skill.

“A Poem for Lisa Frank”

Oh, Lisa Frank, your colors bright,
A rainbow of hues, oh what a sight!
Your whimsical art, a childhood dream,
Filling our hearts with joy, it seems.

From unicorns to dolphins, all so bright,
A fantasy world, a wondrous sight,
A world of stickers, folders, and pens,
A world of imagination, that never ends.

Your art, a reflection of a child's heart,
A world of wonder, right from the start,
A world of hope, of joy, and love,
A world of magic, that we dreamed of.

Oh, Lisa Frank, your art still shines,
A treasure of childhood, that still defines
A generation, a time so pure,
A world of magic, that will endure.

“A Renga about WrestleMania III”

The crowds converge on Michigan's Pontiac town,

Anticipation rising, excitement unbound.

The ring awaits, a stage for titans to brawl,
Wrestlemania III, the grandest show of all.

Hogan and Andre, the main event of the night,
A battle of the giants, a spectacle of might.

The pyrotechnics blaze, the lights aglow,
The fans' cheers thunder, the anticipation grows.

Savage and Steamboat, a classic match in sight,
Technical prowess on display, a wrestler's delight.

The Macho Man soaring, the Dragon strikes back,
A symphony of moves, a breathtaking attack.

The British Bulldogs, and the Rougeaus too,
A tag team battle, with high-flying moves.

The Hart Foundation, and the Killer Bees,
A battle of speed, a war of strategy.

The night draws on, the action never stops,
A carnival of wrestling, a feast for fans nonstop.

A spectacle for the ages, Wrestlemania III,
A night that will forever, live in history.

“Eight Haiku About Ric Flair”

Golden hair flowing,
Nature Boy struts to the ring,
Champion's walk, his thing.

