



**Train Wreck**  
*and Other Fun Stuff*

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# **Train Wreck**

The sun glistened off shinny rails.  
Down the long straightaway the tracks  
vanished around a bend. At the other  
end of the straightaway was a dark  
foreboding, tunnel.

From the tunnel an engine came  
thundering down the tracks. It's shrill  
whistle sounded an alarm. From around  
the bend came another thundering engine,  
it's whistle screaming.

Wincing, I watched the two engines  
smashed together. The roar of the  
collision hung in the air. Rail cars behind  
each engine careened off the tracks.

Debris was scattered everywhere.  
Standing in awe, I shook my head in  
utter disbelief. Standing impotently, I  
was unable to rush to the aid.

My young son shrieked with delight.  
He pumped his arms as he surveyed  
the wreckage. I realized it was a  
serious mistake to buy that second  
model engine for him.

# Anguish

7:49 am, the rain has started again.  
It is dark and dreary outside my window.  
Staring into the black scape, I'm  
feeling sorry for myself.

Stark naked trees pierce the sullen skies.  
Clouds above, like me, shed a tear.  
Theirs is a bitter wind lament.

The pain seems more than I can bear.  
Hands quiver and knees turn to mush.  
Anguish ricochets through my soul. Tears  
stream down my face.

Closing my eyes and shaking my head,  
wondering if this paper cut will ever heal.

# Suddenly Sick

Screaming in agony, rushing to  
her side.

On her knees, bent over the toilet.  
Body shaking as she wretched.

Couldn't stop gagging to tell me  
what was wrong. Had she  
suddenly taken violently ill?

Nothing unusual about the  
morning; she looked great.  
Ate breakfast and drank coffee.

Bright eyed after her shower;  
not a sign of anything wrong.  
Went to the bathroom to brush  
her teeth.

Foul odors filled the air as  
she continued to gag. Rubbing  
her back, I tried to calm. Whatever  
it was it came on so suddenly.

Couldn't help myself,  
started to laugh. They're on the  
vanity, was her toothbrush and my  
tube of hemorrhoid cream.

## **Afternoon Tea**

The prissy lady of the house  
poured me two thirds of a cup of tea,  
leaving room for sugar and cream.  
She seemed pleased when I  
declined both.

Complimenting her on the tea, she  
wore a broad smile. She observed,  
she didn't know how Americans drink  
coffee; it was such vile stuff.

She asked if I would like  
another cup. I told her, "Yes, very  
much." She told me it would take  
several minutes to brew a fresh pot.  
The brewing would only take a minute  
but cutting open those teabags without  
spilling takes a little more time.

## **Dilettante**

If you said yes; he'd say no. He could argue  
either way He was a  
dilettante of first  
report; dripping charisma. You soon became  
convinced he pulled most of  
his facts  
from some ethereal mist, but joust with him  
and he'd skewer you like  
a leg of lamb.

He dated a bright young woman who hated  
to argue. She developed a cunning  
scheme. She told him that if he would shut  
up for once, she would make him an  
offer that he couldn't refuse. He pondered the  
offer over and over,  
then he replied  
"I think I would rather talk."

# Backup Plan

Squirreled away in his laboratory,  
the professor went mad. Haunted  
by delusions. He set about to  
make a monster from dead parts.

Scavenging parts from a dozen  
cadavers, with zeal he set about  
his work. Slicing and dicing the  
dead flesh, he put together a  
grotesque creature.

He put the parts in all the wrong  
places. The creature's noses was  
where it's ear should be. It's mouth  
was vertical in the middle of its  
forehead.

One arm protruded from its belly  
button, the other from its fanny. He  
put a foot where the neck should be.  
When he finished, he attempted to  
bring the creature to life.

He tried over and over but in vain.  
The creature remained a large blob  
of flesh. Totally dismayed, the  
Professor had to default to his  
backup plan.

Coating the creature with clear  
epoxy resin, he gave it several  
coats. He won international acclaim  
as he displayed his statue in the  
Museum of Modern Art.

## Neglige

Embarrassed, feeling the heat; working up courage. I told the clerk I wanted a negligee for my girlfriend.

She asked if I knew the size. I didn't have a clue.

She said that the important thing was the bra size.

"How big is she?" The clerk asked. "Not hardly," I replied.

"Cantaloupe?" She asked. I laughed. "Oh heavens no."

"Grapefruit?" Was the next question. "No way," I fired back.

"Oranges," she queried. I just shook my head.

"Lemons," she offered with a smirk.

"Smaller," I replied

"Eggs?" she asked looking perplexed.

"Yes, eggs; fried."



# Happily Ever After

Happily ever after is how the stories end. That is how it must be. For the sake of the young child's formative mind, it has to turned out that way. We as adults know better.

After the honeymoon, reality sets in. Prince charming is a spoiled brat. He primps in front of the mirror for hours. He whines when he can't find his contact lenses.

He throws frenzied tantrums if his dinner is late. Picking up after himself never crosses his mind.

His new bride soon discovered a horrible truth; X box is the perfect form of birth control, In her desperation to find love, she turn to the Prince's squire. He is ugly as a stone fence, but what's a girl to do?

## **Seventy-eight**

Providing medical care for Mrs. Jones over the years, I watched her grow old. She came into the office for annual exam. She was in remarkable shape and her mind was clear and cogent.

She was pleased with the results, but she grew deadly serious. She said that her husband had lost his libido. Tears formed in her eyes.

Explaining that at seventy-eight the fire often burns out. Asking when she first noticed, she paused to think. Wrinkling her brow, she replied, "Last night and then again this morning."

## **Diet Coke**

Two little imps, one in each temple  
Pounded on my head with their axes.  
Pain shot to my toes.

Purple jesters catch bugs; eating  
crunchy beetles.

A falcon is jealous; it comes  
and hovers shouting naughty words.

Throbbing and pounding, those imps  
take up beating bongo drums.

Mary, Mary quite contrary, you  
need to pull all those weeds.

Tomorrow and tomorrow creeps  
this petty pace. I'm going to cut  
back to just one can of diet Coke  
a day. I'd chase away those  
withdrawal monsters with a six  
pack of Mountain Dew.

# Gumbo

A hole in the wall café; no tourists in sight.  
My host promised me some authentic food.  
We caught up on old times while we waited.  
When our food came, my friend held up his  
hand to keep me from taking a bite. He took  
a generous helping.

His eyes glazed over, and his hands began  
to shake. Tears splashed down his cheeks;  
his nose began to run. He gasped several  
times; sweat popped out on his nose. He  
blew like a dragon breathing fire. I was  
becoming concerned.

He finally shook his head to clear the cobwebs.  
His eyes focused, and he uttered, “Damn, that  
gumbo is good.”

Born with a special gift;  
if anything is broken, I  
can fix it.

It doesn't matter what  
it is. Cars, televisions,  
and shattered vases are  
a piece of cake.

One day I met my match,  
repairing China with super  
glue. Spilling a little, I stuck  
my thumb and index finger  
together.

I thought of using my Swiss  
Army knife but was afraid I  
might take some flesh.

## **Super Glue**

I got my wife and my oldest  
son to try to pull them apart.  
They wouldn't budge.

My neighbor was a plumber,  
he said that he had just the  
right stuff. Put it on and in  
three days my fingers would  
fall off.

This stuff has made a  
huge dent in my confidence.  
I have never had this much  
trouble before.

All I can do now is mope  
around the house. I have  
permanent wounds in my  
psyche.

## **Candle Light**

Candlelight shone on her smooth skin enhancing the mystery that lay behind her big brown eyes. A wry smile spoke louder than any words. It said, "I would love some pillow talk."

I poured another glass of wine; she swished it in her glass and sipped. Her long brown hair sparkled in the candlelight. The soft white flesh of her neck seem to be longing for a kiss.

She was a temptress if ever there was. Unblemished smooth skin highlighted her soft dimples. Her eyes had a come hither look I could feel the passion welling inside.

She stopped then fumbled mechanically through her purse. She pulled her Blackberry out. Her fingers flashed on the keys. She flashed a huge grin and pump her arm. She said, "Boston is leading the Yanks three to one."

## **Rattlesnake**

Stopping dead in my tracks;  
arrested by the sound. Rattles  
filled with blistering desert air.

A huge diamond back rattler  
was coiled ready to strike. It  
didn't take kindly to me invading  
its territory. Panic set in; beginning  
to shake. Knees turned to mush.

Any swift movement would bring  
a strike. I cautiously backed  
away. Finally separated by twenty  
feet or more, I had made the right  
decision.

My mind was blank and my stomach  
was in my throat. Where she had, I  
staggered back to camp, to change  
my shorts.

# Discontinuity

Linear models simply don't apply. The variables are too many and the processes too complex. The function has a serious discontinuity. As it is ramping up, at a critical point, it bifurcates. This jump renders the function discrete.

In the laboratory this jump to a discontinuous function occurs when the medium changes states. The search for a strange attractor was in vain. To make things worse, the function was dampened by the addition of an organic compound.

At this point solving the equation became intractable. Further iterations would become nondescript.

When the esoteric math fails, we must use the backup plan; the Italian method. Throw one against the wall, if it sticks, the noodles are done.



# **Mutant Mantis**

Ten feet tall;  
yellow and grotesque  
gene splicing  
gone awry.

Eating anything  
organic.  
The mutant mantis  
devours it all.

Eating the entire town  
of Oshkosh;  
spitting out  
brick and stone.

Scientist developed  
a clever scheme.  
A brave soldier  
confronted the mantis.  
It held up a  
bottle of Scotch  
Swallowing it in one  
Gulp, it gestured for  
more.

Three cases later, he  
threw in match. The  
scientist had fried mantis  
for lunch.

# The Old Violin

The auctioneer took the old violin from its case and held it up. It was battered but the strings were intact. He asked, "How much am I offered?" A guy in the back raised his hand and shouted, "I'll give you five bucks."

The auctioneer said, "Going once." An old man in the audience stood up; he took the violin from the auctioneer. He cradled the old violin under his chin, and touched the bow to the strings. That old violin made a rancorous scratching noise that tore at your gut.

Contorted faces fill the room; when the old man finish, the guy in the back asked if he could withdraw his bid.

# Doctor Watson

In the accounts of Sherlock Holmes,  
Dr. Watson gives Holmes all the credit.  
Watson was never given the same keen  
powers of observation.

Watson was, however, that cunning one.  
He played second fiddle with aplomb;  
content to give Holmes the accolades.

For all of his brilliant intellect and powers  
of deduction, Holmes was blind as a bat  
to the intimacies around him.

He was oblivious to the obvious. Watson  
deeply grieving over the death of his wife,  
struck up a clandestine affair with  
Mrs. Hudson. Holmes didn't have a clue.

Reading from his journals, Watson would  
speak in dreary monotones. In a matter  
of minutes, Holmes was off to sleep. Then  
Watson would surreptitiously sneak into  
Mrs. Hudson's bedroom.

Holmes missed the only clues of the  
ongoing affair. Watson would awaken  
exhausted but with a wry smile on  
his face.

# Echo

Staring at the massive red rock  
Mesa, I shouted, "Hello." The echo  
came thundering back. The massive  
wall returned my greeting.

"How are you today?" I shouted.  
"I'm fine, how are you?"  
No! No! No!  
Echoes aren't supposed to talk back.

I searched the rock to see if someone  
was playing a joke. It seemed clear that  
no one was there. I knew full well those  
red rocks were inanimate and couldn't  
answer back.

If the rock can't talk, what did I hear? I  
sat and pondered. One thought became  
an inescapable. The echo I heard must  
all in my head.

I shouted again, "Bite the wall." That  
echo answered, "You jerk, I am the wall."

# Huckleberry Pie

My favorite food is Huckleberries,  
I've been told they grow only in  
the wet northwest. They say  
that those tender barriers would  
never grow here in the arid desert.  
Never turning down a challenge,  
I thought I would give it a try.

Putting in a drip irrigation system,  
I water my plants daily. Devising a  
system of sprayers, I misted the  
plants several times a day. I  
constructed protective walls to keep  
away the blistering afternoon sun.

Fertilizing the plants every other  
week, they grew like weeds. Soon  
blossoms appeared and clusters  
of fruit filled the vines. The harvest  
was more than abundant. Sorting  
through bushel baskets full of  
berries, I selected a pail full.

Following the recipe carefully, I  
made a half-dozen Huckleberry  
pies. I invited the doubters to join  
me in enjoying the fruits of my labors.  
Serving up generous portions, we  
dived right in. Yuck! Those pies  
tasted like sawdust.

## **Cravings**

Some people are addicted to chocolate,  
others prefer coffee or gummy bears.  
Folks of a different ilk crave salt. Potato  
chips and corn nuts are the way to satisfy.  
None of those things turned me on; I wouldn't  
turn any of them down, but they seem a waste  
of time. Garlic is where it's at, but none of  
that dried powdered stuff. It's a sin to mix that  
delicious fruit with salt. Give me a whole clove  
of Spanish garlic. A variegation of tastes teases  
your palate, sweet, tart, hot, and a bite. The  
only downside is the extreme expense. Garlic  
is cheap, but I have to buy breath mints in  
large industrial size.

## **Bonkers**

Three friends were tossed into the looney bin. They ping-ponged off their rubber room walls. Between them they had an IQ of a box of rocks.

The shrink told them saying, "When you can master this simple task, you will be discharged. Pointing to his shoulder, he said, "Shoulder." Then pointing to his elbow he said, "Elbow." Finally pointing at his wrist, he said "Wrist. When you can master this task in order, you are out of here.

The first amigo tried his luck, but no cigar. He said, "Wrist, elbow, shoulder." The second amigo was fraught with anxiety, he got confused and said, "Shoulder, wrist, elbow." The third amigo came back with a smile on his face.

He showed the others what he had done. He ran through the routine perfectly, shoulder, elbow, wrist. Pointing to his head he said, "You just have to use your ass."

## **72 Virgins**

Terribly deluded;  
committing heinous crimes.  
Attacks on Uncle Sam.

Sacrificing themselves  
for the greater good.  
All in the name of Allah.

Reaping the rewards of  
heaven, joining the martyrs  
waiting for their 72 virgins.

What those poor deluded  
souls don't know. It's a  
sham; their leaders won't tell  
tell the suicide bombers that  
heaven ran out of virgins a  
long time ago.



## **My Shadow Dances**

My shadow is a cunning thing.  
It seems to read my mind. I am  
convinced my shadow can dance;  
it always knows when I'm going to  
stop and try to catch it dancing.

I decided to test my hunch once and  
for all. I convinced a friend to set up  
a hidden video camera. I'll put on some  
music and sit in my easy chair.

Next day with eager anticipation, I took  
the memory card from the camera. I  
plugged it into my computer. My shadow  
was as clear as can be. It looked around  
to see if I was watching; it then snapped  
its fingers and did the Macarena.

# Train Wreck and Other Fun Stuff

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## Magazines:

Children, Churches and Daddies (c&d magazine) founded June 1993; Down in the Dirt, conceived 1994, founded 2000

## Books:

*Hope Chest in the Attic, the Window, Close Cover Before Striking, (Women), Autumn Reason, Contents Under Pressure, the Average Guy's Guide to Feminism, Changing Gears, the Key to Believing Domestic Blisters, Etc., Ouvre, Exco Versus, L'arte, The Other Side, The Boss Lady's Editorials (regular and 2005 Expanded Edition), Duality, Seeing Things Differently, Change/Rearrange, Death Comes in Threes, Moving Performances, Six Eleven, Life at Cafe Aloha, Creams, Rough Mixes, The Entropy Project, The Other Side (2006 Edition), Stop - Sing Your Life, The Beauty and the Destruction, c&d v16/7.5 (Writing to Honour & Cherish, editor edition), Blister & Bum (the Kaypers edition), S&M, c&d v17/6.5 Distinguished Writings editor edition, Living in Class, Silent Screams, Taking It All In, In All Comes Down, Rising to the Surface, Galapagos, Chapter 38 (v1, v2 & v3), **Chaos, Unravels for His Sanity and Elio (v1, v2 & part 1) & Wake-Up Call From Tradition, (recovery), Dark Matter: the Mind of Janet Kaypers, Evolve (No, Overst), Got Your Buzz On, Janet & James Together, go on, Taking Poetry to the Streets, the Can-Do Side City-town Division, the Written Word, Deal, Pressure Her For This, Unconnect, Living in a Big World, Pulled the Trigger, Venture to the Unknown, Janet Kaypers: Enriched, She's an Open Book, "40", Sexism and Other Stories, the Stories of Women, Prominent Pen (Kaypers edition), El emerald, the 2012 Datebook, Infamous in our Prime, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art, the Electronic Windmill, Changing Women, the Swan Road, the Significance of the Frontier, The Sweatsovereign Unpunished, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Malaga, Moments to Mar, in the Palace of Creation, R.J.P., Bob the Bumble Bee, Remnants and Shadows, I Saw This, the Drive, Thomas at Ten, Crossing Down Nineteenth, Blue Collar Ballet, nappin, In Your Heart the Apostrophe's Teardrops of God, the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bees, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art (second printing), **Dedard Rider / Charlie Newman, 12 Times 12 Equals Gross, a Marble Noodle Pauline Berchese with a Marble Apple in her Marble Hand, Challenge of Night and Day and Chicago Poems, Lighten Up, Not Far From Here, Watershed, You Have Finally Won, Avenue C, Suburban Rhythms, Down Syndrome, the Dark Side of Love, The pill is a man's best friend, Angel's Syllable is Good Boss of Devil's Spine, Poems and Stories from The Blue Collar Book of the Dead, Cat People, Death of an Angel, Ghost, Sides: A Carmichael's View, Ghost Dancers Leaping From a Tree, Give What You Can, Down in the Vain v084, Come Fly With Me, Clearing the Debris, Sectioned & Segmented, Six Six Six, Skeletal Remains: Out of the Web, Don't Tread on Me, Lines of Intensity, Entering the Ice Age, When the World Settles, Into the White, Along the Surface, Life, from Nothing, the Line to Power, Fear the Forerunner, Down in It, Falling Into Place, Wicks Up and Smell the Flowers, Unknown, Looking Beyond, Forever Bound, See the World Burn,Expanding on the Scene, America the Last, Moving the Earth, Catch Fire in the Tronoxys, Sulphur & Sawdust, Slate & Marrow, Blister & Bum, Rinse & Repeat, Survive & Thrive, (not so) Warm & Fuzzy, Torture & Triumph, Oh, the Elements, Side A/Side B, Balance, Chaos Theory, Writing to Honour & Cherish, Distinguished Writings, Breaking Silence, Unlocking the Mysteries, the Book of Scars, We the Poets, Life on the Edge, Revealing all your Dirty Little Secrets, Deceit Remains, Charred Remnants, Hope & Creation, Bending the Curve, Dark Matter, Survival of the Fittest, Growing Through the Dirt, Laying the Groundwork, Weathered, echo, Ink in my Blood, (bound) (4 editions), Enriched Poetry, c&d Enriched Prose, Enriched with Dirt, An Open Book, Literary Town Hall (2 editions), Prominent Pen (2 editions), 1 000 Words, 1, 000 Words*****

## Compact Discs:

*Men's Favor to Use the demo tapes, Kaypers the In (MP3 inclusive), Wires and Flowers the beauty & the desolation, the Second Living Something is Sweating, the Second Living Live in Alaska, Petrus & Kaypers Live at Cafe Aloha, Pandas Delusions Rough Mixes, Kaypers Seeing Things Differently, SD/SD Talk Tack, Kaypers Change Rearrange, Order From Chaos The Entropy Project, Kaypers Six One One, Kaypers Stop, Kaypers Musical Performances mp3 CD, Kaypers Death Games in Threes, Kaypers Changing Gears, Kaypers Dreams, Kaypers How Do I Get There?, Kaypers Contract: Conflict & Control, the DMI Art Connection the DMI Art Connection, Kaypers Questions in a World Without Answers, Kaypers S/M, Kaypers WEIRD Radio (2 CD set), Men's Favorite Issue and the Second Living These Tracks, assorted artist Sing Theory, Oh (audio CD), Life At the Cafe (3 CD set), the DMI Art Connection Indian Flux, the DMI Art Connection Music Depressive or Something, Chaotic Radio Chaotic Radio Week #1, Chaotic Radio Chaotic Radio Week #2, Chaotic Radio Chaotic Radio Week #3, Chaotic Radio Chaotic Radio Week #4, Chaotic Radio Chaotic Radio Week #5, Chaotic Radio Chaotic Collection #01/05 (5 CD set) etc. (audio CD, 2 CD set), Chaotic Elements (2 CD set), Chaos in Motion (6 CD set), SD/SD Screaming to a Hah [EP], PBEJ Two for the Price of One [EP], K&K, Joke and Haystack An American Portrait, Kaypers, the Battered Via/Pied Baker/the Jordan Powers Trio Fusion (4 CD set), podcasts the Evolution of Performance Art (13 CD set), Kaypers Live (14 CD set), the DMI Art Connection the Things They Did to You (2 CD set), Kaypers Seeing a Psychiatrist (3 CD set), Kaypers St. Paul's (3 CD set), Kaypers the 2009 Poetry Game Show (3 CD set), Kaypers and the Altman of South Africa Bann Through Me (2 CD set), Kaypers "40" (amazon.com release), Kaypers Sexism and Other Stories (amazon.com release), Kaypers the Stories of Women (amazon.com release).*