

i do not know you

Brian Zahnd moves across souls
like a famine of the word of God
raising the dust
with tithes and tongues
frenzied as the prophets of Baal

A Paul and Jan hollywood pentecost
Christians devouring christians
while the lions look on
God not calling them to do
half the things they say he does

{did we not build a virtual reality theater?}
{did we not buy Twitty City?}
{sign on another TV station?}

Jeff Fenholt's maudlin praises
stalking the stage with glib sufficiency
of his own holiness
the vetch clambering quickly up
the surety of heaven

Traveling by satellite covered wagon
selling snake oil
brother John Avanzini's medicinal 100 fold cure

Rod Parsley's gospel folded like origami
his wireless microphone
a scepter ordaining
the great falling away

{send in your best love gift
tucking in your personal check}
{start a revival by credit card}

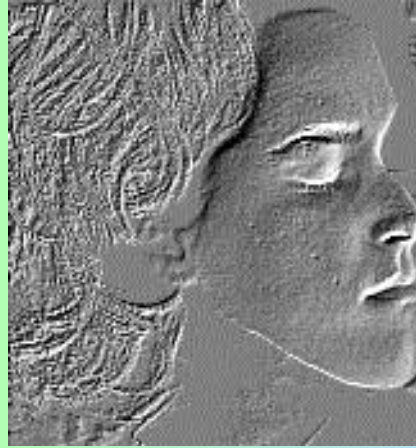
Jeff Foster

calling down a fire of buying
books and tapes by telephone}

How hard it is
for the rich man
to enter the Kingdom of God

Benny Hinn whipping scorpion tails
capturing thoughts, that set themselves up
against how he sees Jesus
aiming his holy ghost scatter gun
to slay by error
and heal in the security
of his sleeping conscience

Kenneth Copeland lurking
like a crocodile in deep waters
an unmarked grave
people unknowinglt walk over
a pharisee laying burdens
lunar as stonehenge
waiting to widow the church



trapped, #1

Del Way dreams of gold Harleys in heaven
Mike Purkey blithers and imbibes
LaVerne Tripp mugs the anointing fashionably
Dean and Mary Brown are a lounge lizard act

{did we not prophecy?
did we not drive out demons?
did we not do mighty deeds
in your name?}

jeff foster

pieces of the well-bred, inbred undead

editor's choice award
poetry



pieces of the well-bred, inbred undead

When Something entered Stonehenge
It did bring a wee wicker suitcase
with her lying inside
crushed against her false red painted arm
another product of the dress design house
sung as Frankenstitch
"Frocks For Wrestlers and Circus Ponies"
assured the labels torn in bites
"This is a picture of Jessie
-ay Hoehn's flowers whe-
-he died. She died --vember 190-"
the penis mightier than the sword and
spanking a naughty child makes tender pot roast
There may eb a clashing of symbols
during pursuit of the unchaste
The final note to the Yard said:
"When you smoke a candle
make sure it doesn't drip
or leave a bit of tallow
clinging to your lip. Signed: Ripper, Jack the"

nancy l'enz hogan

Janet Kuypers

the things warren says

I know about this guy,
he sucked his eyeball out
with a shop-vac

he went to the hospital
brought the shop-vac
with him

he was okay, but they
couldn't put his eye
back in:

it was all mangled, and
besides, it was covered
in potato chips



trapped, #2

janet kuypers

see you crawl

come on, boy
i want to see you come crawling back
not because i want you here
but because i want to see you crawl

janet kuypers

shiny new again

i've always been by your side

i've always tried to help you
when something was wrong

i've always picked up the pieces

and i've seen you fall apart
and i've seen it happen to others, too

and i've picked up the pieces
glued them back together
til they were shiny new again

and now i feel like it's happening
to me and who is here for me

you're falling apart too how
are you supposed to help me

mackenzie silver



masquerade

birthdays

When I fall down like this

I often see glass birds and my evil twin
chasing each other in ferris wheel fashion
in front of my eyes...

I forget things like

How to walk
How to put my glasses back on
How to let strangers brush my coat...

Landing on my head is worst;

my memories rewind to
the cord slinkyed between my mother's leg
the pulling-out doctor pushing me aside:

"Here comes another"

and the clock slid... past... midnight...
giving us separate birthdays

"Gotta make a space for the evil one,"

I think a nurse joked,
her eyes blazing like the sun
peeling my forehead

now

on the sidewalk

(I get headaches with nostalgia)

Some say it's the twin thing
that something bad is happening
to the other and that's why

my brain pounds and my balance
is destroyed;

a rose crushed in a dictionary
or a carnival ride breaking away from its stem
a dog licks my face
a blurry person is asking me questions
but I have no idea who they

or who I
 or who is when and where
 I'm on my knees praying to Dog
 and the god becomes vicious,
 biting me on my neck
 like a vampire or a strange woman with a long nose.

 This does not happen every day,
 I'll retrace my steps and tell you in the back of
 the ambulance--
 I walk twice a day
 two miles each time;
 I buy flowers and coffee,
 I give my change to street kids,
 I pet the dog.

I do all the simple things
 of a simple man
 in a simple world.

I eat sandwiches full
 of cars and gates and garbage.
 I go to softball games
 and root for the team with the most
 beer cans in their dugout.

I unlace my fingers from my penis
 and lick my own semen
 like any good catholic.

I am a normal male person
 wearing a suit (and black socks)
 with photos of my siblings in my wallet
 and my hand extended,
 recruiting new friends by the minute--
 even when I am dizzy and hurt
 from my twin falling down somewhere
 in some secret part of the world.

One thing I do
to make myself feel not lopsided
is
I select an old photograph
of my evil twin every day,
and then I find clothes similar
to what he is wearing in the picture,
so that we match.

When I re-unite with my evil twin
on some night before our barely separated birthdays
and we fill our stomachs with gin
in an effort to plant seeds of brotherly love
I will announce to him, like a spoiled child:
In two hours,
I will be older than you.

kevin sampsell