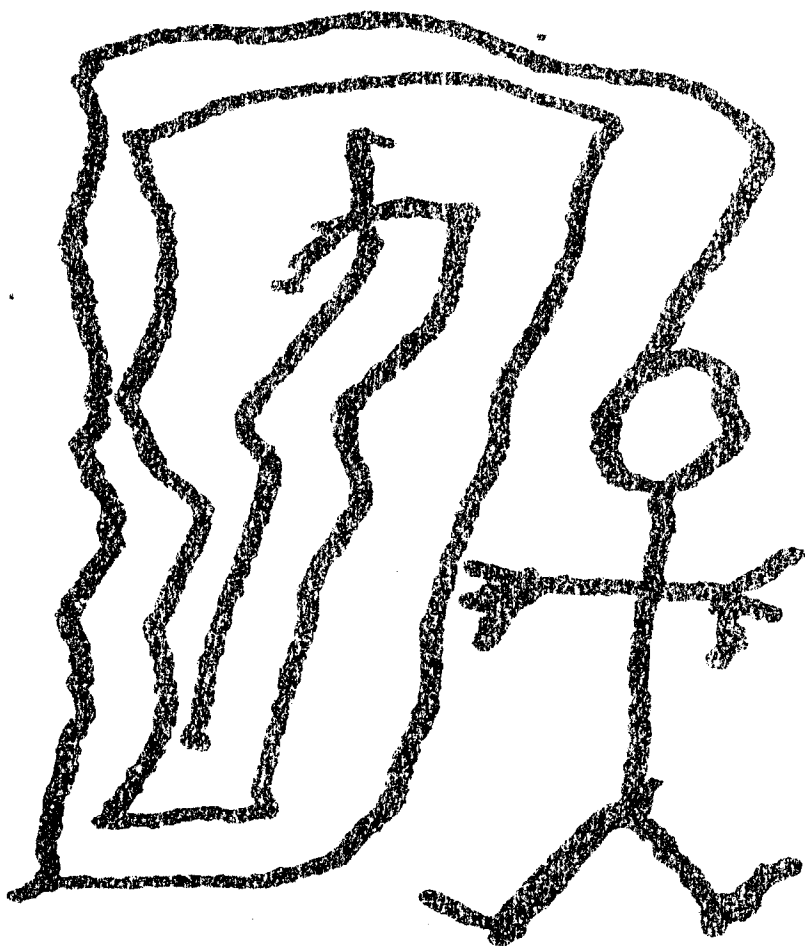


H_NGM_N #1



H_NGM_N

a 'zine of poetry &c.

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PUBLISHER
Lazy Frog Press

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Manuscripts should be sent to Nate Pritts, PO Box 41253, Lafayette, LA 70504. H_NGM_N will print anything the Editor likes, & will appear when it is least expected or when it is most needed, whichever comes first.

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Administrative thanks to Jessica Daigle; thanks to Matt Dube.

Wm. Vanderen Wheeler

After Reading Walt Whitman,
I Go Get a Burger

Red tabletops gleaming
with the effort of our immigrants, outside
through the crystal-clear door
purple squeegee church windows
wholly gleaming

Tomorrow the Holy Ghost in a rapture
may pull the stock market out from under us,
so each patron takes their meal with hidden,
reverent gratitude, each soul rising
like soda in a straw.

Notes on Barcelona

Las Ramblas is filled with ideas
and thieves, and fish.
Tomorrow is St. George's day.
The men will receive books and the women
roses; the ceramic dragon of the umbrella shop
will see everything, and write nothing down.

Across the city, Egon Schiele's skinny porno
waits under track lighting
and Andres Tápias cashes a check
for more paint and cardboard.

How fields art is, and how erotic *that* is.
Yet I don't understand why all ceilings
aren't Gaudi's, or his column angles
every column angle. Maybe tomorrow I'll think different.
Maybe, among the hordes, I'll buy a book on architecture.
I hear the booksellers can say goodbye in several languages.

Win. Vandoren Wheeler

U.S. Bookstore

I come in from the rain and read that
Greenland is 80% ice. Apparently the U.S. Coast Guard
during WWII made their presence known.
They stormed a shack and captured
a German lieutenant while he was making coffee.

After they set up camp, winter came and
troops tunneled through snow from barrack
to barrack. One spring morning a private casually
stepped out of his front door and the wind
shoved him against a wall 20 feet away, breaking both arms.

The ships would capsize if ice wasn't broken
from the deck and railings every 2 hours.
On page 19, a commander
marveled at his men unloading shark meat, whose stench
could be smelled for miles. They held to the frozen railing
with one hand, while the other bled as shark skin
cut through their gloves, wind-tears freezing on their cheeks.

The pain of others never ceases
to amaze me. I almost regret
I have never had to break
off snot-cicles in order to speak.

But one time at an avant-garde film festival I saw footage taken
by an Icelandic video artist of Greenland's coast,
bordered by icebergs the natives call *torics*.
It was so beautiful
it made me want to cry.
The ice shimmered blue, like a glistening sculpture of whale fat,
or what I imagine whale fat to look like.

Tom Clark

The Lost Motel

The back of the claim check had a small, amateurish cartoon drawing of what looked like oriental birds that alternately symbolized life and death, depending on the time of day you looked at it. The light in that bar never seemed anything but a dull gray-brown, anyway, and all you could see out of the one window was the bend of the river, which provided no evidence of which way the boat was going to go once it got underway.

Premonition

A dull red image of the moon crawled through
Tall grass like an uneasy snake, unwinding
What would come to pass and time to come reckon
In widely parted hours on some outward lake
With rocking canoe and subdued loon echoes,
And how you, incognizant of that future
In which the stars would expect you to feel them,
Looked up at pink sunrise with eyes full of sleep
And spoke as to a trusted campfire friend
The wind rustling in the aspens might have
Sat down and talked with us, and we rose
By moonshine, doubting not that day was near
For soon the noise of noon filled the whole woods
With a light of sense and awful promise

Removal

As sand sucks at the beach
a word doubled back on itself, recoiling
from the beauty of the universe
alighted like a seagull
on a different plane

Possible Rooms

1.

She is thinking
inside this room and
it was summer.

2.

Sun slats from west
windows fall on carpet.
The lake stands hot and dark;
clouds gather formations
over the further shore.
He lights a cigarette,
colors the night orange
a point at a time.

3.

Lapse. The music is
filled with blue notes, nothing
green. Fingers trace contours
of grass, the tree etched
halfway up the hill.
The night is a lantern.

4.

Someone has turned off
the fountain. They find a tower
tiled in blue at the edges.
She wants to hide,
is thinking *here*?

5.

Night in the city,
rainbeats panel cherry walls.
The waiter asks if they want
another sign. *Why*?
Signs are everywhers: on sides
of buses, on wrists, written across
the white mugs lined in rows
on the back wall,
scrawled in chalk on the menu.

6.

*It must be the wrong
street, house, fingernail
She eats with abandon,
devours sheets of music,
a few keys from the piano
which taste like white
chocolate. Remember:
this is not your life.*

7.

*September coraas bearing
a handful of yellow
ginko leaves. She remembers only
the way water seeped
into the frayed edges of her jeans.*

8.

*Another street and no air
in this city, only a vague smell
of sandwiches. He is a room
and a hand burning like incense-
slowly and with no remorse.
The door always locked,
a hundred locked doors.*

9.

*And she is thinking,
the room has disappeared.
There is space silding
away at the doorframe where carpet
should be, where anything
might be and isn't.
Who is in the courtyard?*

10.

*There is a black dog.
She is with someone and
cannot make out his face, knows only
that he wears a sweater.
But even this
is not true. It is a birthday;
he wears a t-shirt.
Whose birthday?
Where are the others?*

11.

The black dog continues
trotting across the courtyard bricks.
She thinks *he tried to climb*
the wall of the church.
But this moment
has not been lived.
The courtyard is dry, its arches
falling. The dome collapses,
is built up again.

12.

He does not see
any of this, says *it will rain*
on Friday. The palms
along the avenue grow higher,
whiten and spread like dandelions,
blow away. The buses
keep running and fallen oranges
release a sweet scent
when crushed under the tires.

13.

Who is that man?
He is wearing black.
In the room there is a small
transistor radio. She
will call for help, but the grass
has grown too high; she has leaves
for eyes. *The music*
she thinks must have stopped.

14.

It is dark and cracks
yawn, recede.
They ride an hour on the train.
Or maybe it is not
really a train but a snake
and they are inside the ribs
glowing yellow.

Amy Bottke

Woman on a Porch

In billowing mid-afternoon heat
she pulls a massive green panel
of cloth from a bucket, a bucket
the orange of an orange, the contrast
sharp, delicious. With a back as rolled,
as rounded as a rolling pin she pins up
the second panel, each piece sewn
to a sheer white panel. She labors
with another, and another, each a wet
dark rag at the start, each a great
green flag when she's done - great
green flags in a row, the white
backdropping their sad green,
their sullen hue. Perhaps no one
in the neighborhood will take note
of the bittersweet colors coloring
the shy afternoon sky. She pulls out
another piece that's sopping, weighty,
pins it up, lets it drop. Wind shuffles
between them, dutifully, lifting the wet
green, then the white. Even with the color
lifting up, like a dancer, to cover
the southern edge of a cloud, white
mixing in, green smoothing over sky,
no one in the neighborhood takes note.

Amy Botke

Susannah

I was on my way to my mother's,
and your lit, chirlish and womanly,
drifted across the radio like a caress,
like a deft kiss. I stayed in the car,
waiting until your hot fudge sunrise voice
was done piling it on. No straining,
no pretending. Your sisters are gone -
Ella, Carmen - but no white girl
sang like you, none of 'em.
Your renditions are additions
to our lives, scenes
we cannot describe ourselves.
And weren't we fools
not to put you in the limelight,
in the spotlights of all our cities.
Hear them? They cry out for you.

Rhonda Dean Robison

two travel poems

one.

on the ledge
(of the grand canyon)

a damn tour-bus of tourists talking
at once in foreign languages
laughing
in the same
cacophony of hawks
squawking

all balking over
one fur-squirring prize

falls

in frames frozen faster

than the follow of feathers

that hollow

down

two.

this land is your land
(a road trip)

from Lafayette Louisiana
to the outer banks of north carolina:

mcDonald's burger king cracker barrel walmart
mcDonald's burger king cracker barrel walmart
mcDonald's burger king cracker barrel walmart
mcDonald's burgerking crackerbarrel walmart
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barrelwal martmc donaldsburger

Denise Duhamel -- Canzone, con't (stanza break)

longings. We went out for prime rib--
Irene had snatched a credit card from her mother, who was foot-
ing the bill this time. The boys at the table beside us ordered spare ribs.
Irene said, "May I?" and took one. She slid the whole rib
into her mouth as the boys from the neighborhood
egged her on. She slid out a perfectly clean bone and my girlhood,
whatever was left of it, was gone. I checked under the hood
of my emotions and found a jealous engine. I thought her tongue
and its tricks were only for me. I would have given her a tongue-
lashing but kept thinking how everyone in town believed Eve came from Adam's rib
and all that stupid Bible stuff. What if the boys figured it out, that Irene's nip-
ples and mine had pressed into each other on nip-

py nights. (My parents let her sleep over, and even when she nipped
their Courvoisier, they suspected nothing.) The boys eating ribs
might have beaten us up or told the whole school. My nip-
ples hurt from the raw piercings that nipped
and tucked against my bra. Under the table, I slid my foot
up Irene's leg, cold and unresponsive as a parsnip.
I wondered why she was ignoring me. I wanted to nip
this problem in the bud so when the boy with hooded
eyes asked me, "Hey, aren't you Joe's girlfriend?" (the brotherhood
of football, I suppose...) I replied with gusto, "Why yes!" I was trying to be snip-
py, to make Irene jealous too. But my tongue
felt guilty and false in my mouth. Irene retaliated by showing off her tongue

piercing to the boys. Maybe God was about to yank out my tongue,
maybe I was being punished for licking the nipples
of both girls and boys. Irene finally talked to me, coaxing me into trying her rib
trick, since I knew what to do with a cherry stem. The rib felt a foot-
long in my mouth. I spit it out still meaty, my mangied maidenhood.

Denise Duhamel

Self-Portrait in Rhyming Slang

I'm artsy-farsty, ac/dc, always slumped in front of the
bube tube. I'm the bee's knees. I'm a bag with a sag. I'm a
culture vulture with a cheat sheet, a chopper-copper, a
double trouble dizzy Lizzy. I'm date bait, a dead-head, an
eager beaver who likes things even-Steven. I'm a
fat cat fag hag playing footsie wootsie with a fancy-nancy
glad lad. We're a gruesome twosome going to a function at Tuxedo Junction. I'm a
hootchie cootchle who's paid a handsome ransom.
I'm alive 'cause I dig the
jive. I've been known to smoke a
killer diller kick stick with a
lame-brain legal-eagle lane from Spokane. I'm loose as a goose. I have a
mop-chop. My best friends are twins, Mike and Ike. Though I'm full of mojo, I'm a
no-go nitwit. A nitty gritty no-show. I'm a
okey-dokey ooly drooly
piggy-wiggy. I'm a peek freak who spies on my passion ration. I'm a teen
quesen with a
rootin'-tootin' rabbit habit. I'm rum-dum,
saki-happy, skirty flirty. I'm a square from Delaware, a silly billy who likes a good
thriller-diller. I'm a tootsie-wootie who talks
ubble gubble. I'm a
virgin-shmirgin with VD. I'm a
wheeler-dealer keeping up with white flight on my walkie-talkie. I'm an
ex-hexed Tex-Mex
yuk-yuk of a yo-yo.
Zodiac-schmodiac! You'll recognize me by my zoot snoot.

David Saffo

Vaginas and Herbs

because I have no evidence that comas are not euphoric

no, my face doesn't change

but often

when I am sharing a moment reading

a scene sets upon my inner eye, a meta-immanence

for some reason it is usually a street

accompanied by sentimentalized emotion

but blissful nonetheless

and wanted

and a shock each time

perhaps it is the St. John's Wort

perhaps it's just aging's wisdom seeping out

through or by or in

the frame I see

Epilogue:

If I ever slip into a deeper coma

especially if I am older

promise me one thing: St. John's Wort and whispered fantasies and 10 lifetimes of dreaming

David Saffo

Losing Touch

To my friends that I have moved away from

I want you to know that I drink a lot

of tea. I drink

mugs at night to keep me company

like a conversation would

like holding hands with her used to keep me secure.

Touching

something

warm

reaching

H_NGM_N # 1

featuring...

amyBOTTKEtomCLARKj.I.CONRAD
deniseDUHAMELrhondadeanROBISON
davidSAFFOwm.vandorenWHEELER

two bucks cheap