

ubu.

small absurdist poems



Issue 2

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edited by Lori A Minor

Ali Znaidi

A State of Mind

In brief—

the morning is a reflection

the sun,, this big circle,,

becomes a bitter lemon

a dull morning exhibiting

its vinegariness

Kelly Sauvage

barbed birds on a blue wire

Lorna Wood

Be Well for Life
(derived from a can of Bumble Bee Tuna)

Be Well for Life

Wild

Solid

Free

Non-verified

Rose Menyon Heflin

Placenta

What did the universe's midwife
do with the sticky ylem left over after birth?

Sell it on the black market
as a banned organic tomato fertilizer,
counting the cryptocurrency profit greedily?
Slather it on her palm
and shake her enemy's hand,
laughing maniacally to herself all the while?

Is it where black holes come from?

Robert Moyer

smoke and diatribe an invasion of moon

Bob Lucky

The Interruption

This was supposed to be
the Great American Novel,

but my wife asked me
to boil eggs for her
famous chicken salad,

which is why you're reading this
short poem about what came first.

Bob Lucky

Knock Knock

I've swallowed the last window. I keep the curtains closed to preserve the memory of what was there. If I open the curtains, the memory will disappear. That's what I believe.

Of course, I opened the curtains, and I was right.

Now when I look out the window, I'm still looking in. If I open the window, I risk choking on the breeze.

Someday when I remember where I put the door, I'll go outside and knock just to see who's here.

Joseph P. Wechselberger

that memorable night your name became a verb

Peter Jastermsky

Five & Dime

Funny thing is the stores were already closed, no one had anything to say, and they've googled everything. From Elephant's pinky ring to the dinosaur pin on this ten-cent ant, that pile of cards on the table should have known. Nothing but the truth, this last smoke ring making light of an ashtray. No one has seen Satan's smile, so doors open at seven. It's your call.

Shloka Shankar

atone

crawling / along the base / of a truism,
unpack your head, / black & muddy—
a hole beneath / your skin / atones,
more times than you know, / for everything

Michael Berton

i like the jitters with my pills penny and nickel mind games

Jay Howard

Cornucopia

Arugula. Bok choy. Delectable eggplant.

Forget gathering the harvest in.

Just kill a lamb. Meat (not opossum) is required,
rare. Slaughter a turkey, and unstop the veins of:
a walrus, an extinct yak, and a zebra.

Brad Rose

The Next Level

This ocean occurs by phone. I'm not making any spooky claims at a distance. It's my older-brother head-lock signature move. I'm a biome, trees growing in my blood. You would be too, if you only knew what's good for you. Are the thieves who were crucified with Christ still in Hell? What am I supposed to be doing? Taking it to the next level?

Susan Burch

hard to swallow the cardinal in my throat

Joseph Hope

Thrush
for winner

How many suns live
inside a woman's body?

The baby sleeps knowing
no winter can freeze her mother's milk.

Robert Beveridge

TRYING IT ON FOR SIZE

sixty-four ounces a day and a pack
of lemurs in the passenger seat
who scream at you every time you
pull into a gas station to take a leak.
You can hear the receptor in your skull
but the signal is faint, fuzzy. Not much
to do but hope the mission isn't
critical. Gather up the passengers,
get back on the road, try and find
a place with better reception.

Joshua St. Claire

a needle through the eye of a camel picking primroses

s.d.s.

Recurring nightmare #5

There is no quiet car.

Joshua Gage

Pebbles Upon the Narrow Road III

I sold my shins. By the moon,
a post in my torn trousers moved.
To strengthen, I could cord my legs.

By the moon, I could post
this poem upon my cottage journey.

Joshua Gage

on the dead brat
a crown-post has settled...
awl everlastingness

Yuan Changming

Are You Just Aware

How many trees never flower?

How many flowers never fruit?

& how many fruits never fall to
the taste of a living soul after all?

David Boyer

tea cooling I try to connect two letters to my enemy's cloud

Alex Hand

Fish

That fish are homeless is a moot point;
is that liberating or frightening
with no one point to tether the emotions.
Were fish willing to waste their time,
and correct the misinformed
they'd say their home is a global expanse,
and express their pity for humans
being attached, then uncentred and homeless.

Daniel Galef

Found poem: "Possessed of a Doggedness Worthy of a Maniac"

Suggested translation of the mysterious Rongorongo 'Miro-Mimosa' tablet by Soviet ethnographer Irina Fedorova. Rongorongo is still considered undeciphered and Fedorova's translations widely criticized.

a root

a root

a root

a root

a root

a root

[that is, a lot of roots]

a tuber, he took, he cut a potato tuber, he dug up yam shoots, a yam
tuber, a potato tuber, a tuber . . .

Ron Scully

Odyssey

semicolon;
half heart beat;half breath;
stretching the next stroke;
hand tapered; bobs the head;
grasps the vast absence;
the long distance swimmer;
out of sight of the shore;
weighs into the white sea;
cups the forward waters;home
to the ancient isle of Ithaca;
;;;;;;,!

Ron Scully

moth
minded

pulses
the
vulva
swallow-

tail

bogarts
the
flame

Myron Arnold

a spoonful of sugar . . .

12 that way 16 that way

$12 \times 16 = 160 + 32 = 192$ tiles

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20

20 holes in each tile

192×20 same as $200 \times 20 = 4000$ $200 - 192 = 8$ $8 \times 20 = 160$

$4000 - 160 = 3840$

There are 3,840 holes in the ceiling of this triage room.

John Joseph Ryan

Fatigue

Fatigue in its slow-coursing channel of blood
blood congealing in bends

Blood cooling to one degree above freezing
blood frost-skiffed on top

Blood of ice, then. Bloodcicles
suspended from branches

White cells clutching onto roots
hoodwinked like hawks

Fatty globules imbuing blood
congregate into stillness.