

# ubu.

small absurdist poems



Issue 5

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matthew markworth

once upon a tender demigod

Mark J. Mitchell

## THE DREAM REEL

When you dream  
in black and white

and your dark gray house  
drops through silver clouds

landing far away  
from any farm or town,

after noise fades,  
what color is the dust?

Linda Malm

Mud is alive. Cup it in both hands.

Jennifer Harrison

**DANDELION RIGHTS PART II**

at dawn the hundred summer bats  
flew right out of her moon skirt  
smashed against time like  
a city of second hands  
all in one once quiet bedroom  
and the crow said to the raven

I pretend I'm you

and the hollyhocks screamed back:  
we will not be potpourri

Alan Bern

She taught me to be a vase

Closed up at both narrow ends

Sandy Spencer

### **The Spare Part Exchange**

Who will give me  
arthritis for diabetes  
aneurysm for a hernia  
kidney for a leg  
eye for an arm  
colitis for a knee  
appendicitis for a hip  
and an arm and a leg  
for a heart & lung transplant?



Kath Abela Wilson

ocean ready-made my driftwood swan rebounds

Mark Young

**Ballade**

*Mais où sont  
les vol-au-vents  
d'antan?*

John Cooper

stars turned inward giving no predictions

Ken Poyner

## SUMMATION

Quibble often visits the graves of children.  
He admires them for getting quickly to the point.

rs

clothes once the body is cleared into cases

Vanessa Couto Johnson

**here is raspberry upon raspberry upon**

Where there's tongue, the

-re's teeth. How glue  
apes how we want

them together, shipping  
them, even when there

is bite in the idea. With  
great irk comes great reward.

Clive Gresswell

A sparkling escapade of fishes rusts into bejewelled language.

Melissa Eleftherion

Routine is a flesh beast and sometimes I want to purge what I know.  
It's a reflex. To destroy and recreate, make oneself godlike.  
You are getting smaller and I am too.



Jane Ayres

**rebirthing was**

once a comforting artform  
crossing wires (barbed)  
razorlicks follow us  
    smouldering  
homesick transparencies  
    cleansed  
when we find the version  
of ourselves with corners  
*watch & learn* she said  
    (skewered)

Ryan Brei

bedcrumb-sized mythologies that hold our collective body aloft.

J. D. Nelson

**luna's**

(o)

pine

d. oar = ★

David Boyer

sunday morning the subtle song of the sweaty moon pissing

Ira Rat

## **Million Dollar Ideas**

A Pre-K staging of “A Clockwork Orange”

The Mormon Tabernacle Choir’s “Cocksucker Blues” an evening with the music of the Rolling Stones.

Baz Lerhman’s “Waiting for Godot”

Little Golden Book’s “120 Days of Sodom”

A passion play put on by the children of a local orphanage with real spears, nails, and cross.

Robert Witmer

wind in the flue the coop foxes

Wendy Taylor Carlisle

**In the Country**

That stranded geologic  
obedient to the laws of meat  
and vast incomprehensible agriculture.

The grief of its wind-borne seedlings.  
Its sad, backyard cows.

Its wound of Midwest language.  
Explained by signs:  
*Danish Immigrant Museum, Lincoln Lodge, Burma Shave.*

And summed up by the holiday question:  
*Santa's Coming: have you been a good driver?*

Georgia Pavlidou

Een duivel raast voorbij:

Feast here on the speed of hir desire.



R.C. Thomas

fallen star grass the elephant dreams on