ubu.

small absurdist poems



Issue 5

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Issue 5
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edited by Lithica Ann (they/them/Mx)

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 rayen

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. 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 reword.



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

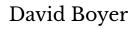
bedcrumb-sized mythologies that hold our collective body aloft.

J. D. Nelson

luna's

(o) pine

d. oar = ★



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?

Giorgia Pavlidou

Een duivel raast voorbij:

Feast here on the speed of hir desire.

R.C. Thomas

fallen star grass the elephant dreams on