

ubu.

small absurdist poems



Issue 4

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(deadname Lori A Minor)

cain gwynne

unearthing the milk teeth we buried her day moon

Joshua Martin

rhyme like frosty toxic waste

punchiest brainchild with strangled teeth

wisps of

overcoat

pockets

aghast!

superlatives

formidable

eggs race

painted livers

pale chins pucker

a pile of half-dead

cashmere

Melanie Alberts

buds their breasts beam tasted twice

Robbie Gamble

I close my eyes to hear a dog smelling in stereo
I close my ears to taste an indifferent god

Jay Howard

in a moment / I fall asleep
the rains will come / in my dream
a desert plain / a vast sky
becomes a swamp / pour, river, pour
the creatures rise / my mind wanders
they slept / all this time
under the surface / under the waves
waiting for water / as a seed waits
to wake them / to bring forth
an evil end / fruit worthy of summer sun

Clive Gresswell

legs before the experiment
exhaling before this culture.

Lorelei Bacht

how does the day find you?

it begins with birdsongs bleaching
the black damask of our previous

choices (whichever side of the blanket
you usually dream on). every twenty-

four hours the human body
is dispersed and reassembled. its mist

concatenates. if we did not have diaries,
our names and addresses would soon

turn interchangeable. my own
fishhook glimmers the morning sun.

Hifsa Ashraf

data mining bee the one who digs raven's ashes out

Akua Lezli Hope

thinning hurt
how else to procreate
branched children

Chloe Orrock

Shankbone

She lets the bones of her ancestors drop
into her lap; a slag heap. Brittle as dried
starfish, pale as guano. Lets them fill
the cradle of her legs, lets them in
to her. Doesn't notice the moment her own tibia
pierces her skin after the - accident – incident –
normal day – wakes to it with a lash, a blink,
a wriggling worm of pain not worth looking
down, and looking down, she can't tell which is hers
anyway. You'd think you'd know your own damn bones.

Richard Thomas

deep within the green monkey gathering papayas

Joseph P. Wechselberger

the sudden bang of a door on sirius dawn

Paolo Rodriguez

AFTER THE END, ARMPITS REMAIN

OUR SMILES *stand in a circle of chairs.*

THEIR ANSWERS, *seated, surround Our Smiles.*

Their Answers: Wasn't that rain unbelievably vanilla?

Our Smiles: Yes, but it's petrichor I'm after.

Their Answers (*sniffing fingernails*): Perfuming our strangeness with
ghosts of teeth.

Our Smiles: What are we? Co-parents to despair.

Their Answers: One must not compare. You forget history.

Our Smiles: History has forgotten me.

The Creeping Fear (*greedily, suckling on human knee*): Zaazaa... Zaazaa...

Vijay Prasad

in the pit of her navel god's spittle

Howie Good

If there were actually angels, would they fly in a V-formation like geese, you think? Crows can hold a grudge for a year or more against a person who's mistreated them. It's like I always told my writing students, houses don't burn up or burn down, they just burn.

Sondra J. Byrnes

fish with feet nine-hour novenas

Anne Graue

Self-Portrait as Enypniastes Eximia

Headless chicken sea cucumber
 monster Hurricane
 Cassandra in open water
 swirling sea tentacles
kneading sand
 a burst upward circling
 wrapping red velvet
 wings in layers and dreaming
 in Ancient Greek

Richard Magahiz

each bone an encryption key for some uncomfortable fact about you

Deborah Purdy

This is Your Daily Cartoon

There's a moment you're lost in a puddle,
menaced by sinister coat hangers in their orbits.

This is like waking up one morning and thinking
it's the only place you can find the canoe
you forgot to flip over.

It's the only place the hippies
heard a dead man talking.

Let's assume someone from another planet
shares the same address.
I don't understand why we didn't leave.

Herb Tate

god bothering the foal lying still with its mother

Jane Ayres

murder room

i wrote a pamphlet & sent it off
(o sweet one) taking consolation in
cinnamon porridge (the delicious
scrape/slide of metal spoon on ceramic bowl)

outside
a stippled fox (sharklike)
foraged for breakfast while
waxwing cherubs reconfigured & (lemon-ful)
i repurposed morning pouring jar-stones

waited slicing a fart

Laurinda Lind

Where Many

best comment was the coughing

Pamela Ahlen

I Need a Vacation

My grey matter's under a dumb-bowl—
relics of growler vowels and chopped-up whasisis,
lost periods and colons
[not to be confused with the other sort].

Yes, I'd consider a colonoscopy of the numb skull
in order to locate poetic Polynesia—
all the plumeria and balmy palms the amygdala can use
when my head's in the ashcan.