

ubu.

small absurdist poems



Issue 1

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edited by Lori A Minor

Jay Howard

To Bluegrass

If you want to peel back the
first layer of reality to find
the banjo rhythm underneath,
you only need undo the two brass buttons
like the ones on a
prospector's trouser flap
on the near wall of that old mime box
you travel in, and the flap will roll up like
wrapping paper not adequately taped,
and the music will pour in.

Jay Howard

Fermi Paradox

An answer to the Fermi Paradox:

The Cosmos teems with planets that in turn
once held life but now hold only rocks
and spider robots someone taught to learn.

Pere Risteski

my three faces lunar eclipse

Glen Armstrong

Slash for Captain Marvel #43

압도 된 느낌으로 나는 철수했다.
When the leaves fall, they expose themselves.

궁전 경비원이 경내를 순찰합니다.
Grandma loves her old gray hound.

고래는 비키니를 먹을 수 있다고 가정합니다.
Rain on the roof proves that the world exists.

그는 그녀의 운동복을 스니핑하고 있었다.
I opened the black box.

나는 성공적으로 지방에서 지방으로 옮겼습니다.
He upset her with slander and pickles.

Roberta Beach Jacobson

Skyward

as

a red kite

drifts toward

the heavens

some of us remain,

but

when the birds

finally show up

they're all yellow

Tanner

of course, the balancing act is between the regenerating magic of solitude and the harsh education of interaction, and sometimes too much of either can send you a bit doolally, or whatever it is you are now, or ever were, and maybe even will be

they're all out there
waiting
but that's ok
because it means
they're not in here
yet.

Jennifer Hambrick

said the fish
as it jumped into
a different dream

J. D. Nelson

my machine is a moon

night-night

night-night

night-night

Jane Ayres

lost in tongue-space

he was	she was
then wasn't	then ceased
(their merging narratives haunting the margins)	

I seemed to be / but actually it was / & when the sparks / well, it just

Howie Good

Love Is Strange

I have paper cuts on both hands from turning the page. And did I mention the discovery in a drawer of the nail gun said to have been used to impale Jesus or that a cow once floated with casual flair over my village? Within minutes all the streets were relocated and given scientific-sounding names. Then it was her and me alone on a raft in a typhoon painting angels on the ceiling.

Kelly Sauvage

firewatch a prayer for every mouse that drowned

Kelly Sauvage

causation docked within the donut hole

James D. Casey IV

Deuterostomia

bleeding orgasm in technicolor
reptilian womb holy gestation
Hurwich Device

picking scabs for cream
of goat head soup

mathematics of human behavior
ugly variables

the streets are
hungry for ad-libbed
revolution

Glenn Ingersoll

I Thought I Ought To Number

I thought I ought to number
each of the grains of sand on the beach.

But when I got there -
somebody had already done it!

Irritated, I said to myself, "I shall name them then."
While I was about it, a wave came in.

"Ah!" I said. "William is wet!
And Caroline, too, if so."

Merve Çanak
translated by Donny Smith

remembering the clay

while god was gone this water came to a stop here / my nakedness
hurt no one

Johannes S. H. Bjerg

you turn a page in a book of flesh
and see the nursing-horses
tip-toe around the pond
just beneath the hem of dusk
and you adjust the maple seed in your brain
to lie North by North-East

Shloka Shankar

a matrix

your toes

in your

*hang out
over the edge*

free
thinking

*of your
shoes*

Brad Rose

Good Housekeeping

You smell good. It probably can't be helped. All those years we spent in college unlearning those bad guys. Shouldn't we be conquering someone, or vice versa, like scientific Americans? No thanks, I've already eaten. I mean, who wouldn't gain weight in all this elephantine weather? Those dust balls are so hot. I'm sure it's all muscle weight. Cleanliness is next to ugliness.

Tim Kahl

Words Dressed Up as Legos

Each word wants to be a Lego stepped on 25 times.
It wants to be classically-trained fear and the feeling
of curbed appetite let loose among the snack hut's waffle cones.
The scream of pain will dizzy the shades pulled down to
hide the regret building up in the trees being cut down for lumber.
Another wooden shack appears on the city's timeline.
The mayor confesses her engine of change is stuck in neutral,
but it will not follow into the hurt and whispers,
not even as they attempt to shout encouragement and land
brick by plastic brick on the wide avenues kids use to skip school.

Adam T. Bogar

whirlpool he is exposed to the same lines

Adam T. Bogar

too slow runner on a different plane roots

GRIX

inhume

investigate:

mettle piece of a place I could home

excavate:

gravel whispers my hide dust to bone

Skaidrite Stelzer

The Lust List

1. At night she wears dream clothes, silver and gray.
2. The tongue becomes a rough radish spilling the pink.
3. At sunrise she turns toward you.
4. Each breast imitates the inner flow of milk.
5. The eight-handed goddess dances behind your eyelids.
6. The pelvis twists its gold magnets.
7. The broken moon shatters behind lace curtains.
8. She learns your language.
9. The mask of the slave is smashed in the museum.

Gerald Yelle

Ma

Like the hedgehog through the low window I'm circling the wagons in the hope that I can watch without myself being seen. And when I go to visit my mother, which I haven't done in so long, spiders occupy the stairway, and even a hummingbird's a bad omen clinging to my shoulder, like some pirate's ruby parrot.

David Boyer

surely darkness as a cure so sip this laugh backwards

Matthew Markworth

bottle

doing at least one line for
a few miles down the
side of the road i'd
cross if i could in
the sand before the
wind rearranges it after
it melts into glass and
we'd all sit around in
a circle afraid to
make the first move

Kat Lehmann

The Document of the Body is a Fiction

I slip between the cracks of each weakened intercellular adhesion point to become one with the untold sky. No longer separated from is-ness as with the space between fingers, I am a round molecule slipping into the porous air, boundless and rising.

cerulean ceiling my name scribbles a cloud

Richa Sharma

numberless all whys

Bob Lucky

How to Undermine the Capitalist System

Person: May I help you?

Another Person: Just looking.

Person: For anything in particular?

Another Person: Not really.

Person: If you find it, will you buy it?

Another Person: If I find what I'm looking for, I've found nothing.

Bob Lucky

Introspection

The hardest thing is to make no sense. I carry a window with me wherever I go. I see things and write them down, and everything starts to make sense. Why do dogs like to hump my left leg and not my right? As soon as I write that down, someone comes and shuts my window.

Hansha Teki

my excuse

silent thief

for being
left justified

*did you get
to witness*

back-spaces

my blank slate?

Dotty E. LeMieux

**A Series of Logical Associations Leading to an Indisputable
Conclusion — A Sectional**

1. That was the year they told her the truth
about Santa Claus

3. At first it was very hard to . . .
There was some difficulty with the . . .

4. “Trick or treat
Smell my feet
Give me something good to eat.”

2. An apple a bugle a box of crayons

Conclusion: All good things - even this –
shall pass

Mark A. Fisher

exalt spillage

down only one road (*decode*)
assault of gods and spacemen (*basement*)
real comprehension (*detention*)
rhinoceros stomped (*prompt*)
not registered to vote (*quote*)
a village of dogs (*catalogs*)
religion door to door (*nevermore*)
Harpo Marx (*Ozarks*)
dirty dark ditties (*mediocrities*)
god in the garden (*drop curtain*)

Michael H. Lester

comfortably ensconced
in the womb of a wombat
I have no intention
of cooperating with my birth
or relinquishing the placenta

Joshua Gage

Primum Non Nocere: A Play

PATIENT *sits in chair flanked by* MEDSTAFF.

MEDSTAFF *repeat the following phrases in part or whole for five minutes until reaching crescendo:*

Do you have proof of insurance?

You have a clear disease.

We don't know what disease.

The disease is killing you.

We don't know how long you have to live.

Your tests are inconclusive.

We have drugs for that.

Your insurance won't cover that.

Blackout to the sound of flatlining.

Julie Bloss Kelsey

fractals in my eyes the dna of time

Matt Dennison

The Profound Silver of Everyone

and now the sun
when the moon
has just laid
her eggs

Matt Dennison

Progress Through the Ages

wiggle awful hatred

• •

down/off move/up

• •

wiggle awful hatred

• •

down/off move/up

• •

wiggle awful hatred

• •

down/off move/up

• •

pause consider

• •

applaud continue

• •

wiggle awful hatred

• •

down/off move/up

• •