

# ubu.

small absurdist poems



Issue 3

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edited by Lori A Minor

Susan Burch

amnesia *desperately seeking Susan*

Morley Cacoethes

**Pebbles of Desolation V**

All again, knowing it's neither  
sweet nor bitter but just what it is,  
and so it is. I wait thirty long days to get  
down from the house a new man.  
All I have to do is wait to get down  
from the rock, and so it is, sweet life again.

Mirela Brăilean

I'm an ash jar raised in my mother's belly

Tim Kahl

## Human Mist

The tea is never taken with just one ingredient. Many are needed to restore balance. Then the patient returns for a progress check. But there is no direction for disease. It lingers like a damp flag. The country where it stretches out and flies is proud of its traditions. One of these is to kiss a wave in a lake so the nerves hold steady, the brain creates a rearrangement, the pores export their fumes. A little bit of exhaust trails off the body and can be tracked at night. Everyone within your circle will remark on the way you glow and stink. The meridians fuse into a single stream of human mist.

Richard Thomas

dorados predict a fig dropping fish

dropping fish piranhas thank the fig

Bob Lucky

**Captions to Photographs Never Taken, to be Continued**

1. Dog on the freeway, 17 January 2022.
2. Last surviving speaker of a now extinct language.
3. Winter sunset over the municipal dump.
4. Women making tamales, 4th of July.
5. Weed growing in a crack in the road.
6. Protesters taking a coffee break.
7. Local high school valedictorian fails lie detector test.
8. Ambulance waiting in line at gas station.
9. Policeman confesses to doing nothing off duty.
- 10.



Bob Lucky

**Communing with Nature**

When the trees talk to me, I hang on every word  
like a leaf, a cocoon, a plastic bag.

Hoping to divine a message, I ask for clarification  
like a breeze, a ray of sunlight, a chainsaw.

Frustrated with my thickness, the trees stop talking.

Sandra St-Laurent

foraging out of luck 5-leaf Hiroshima clovers

## Basiliké Pappa

### Fully Blown

This bee  
–unlike other bees–  
has no interest  
in gathering pollen  
for the queen.  
When she returns to her hive,  
she brings gunpowder  
and a dead mouse  
as a means of  
distraction.

Tom Blessing

rabbit + owl = owl

Howie Good

### **Collide-O-Scope**

That country no longer exists. I remember because I arrived on a ship built in the same shipyard as the Titanic. Others who came from faraway don't want to believe their own memories. Each night the moon grows darker. The family dog wails like a soul in hell demented by unbearable pain. A lot of things happen that just kind of happen – for example, the human skulls on sale on Etsy.

Joshua St. Claire

tangerine tanager tangerines *tangerine tangerine*

Paul Engel

## Untilted n/li

you stare at me delirious with light and morning madness,  
like a cock throbbing at sunrise you stare at me,  
like mushrooms sprouting from the darkest part of me you stare at  
me,

like a donkey glowing bright with phosphorescent seaweed  
having bathed in an electric sea you stare at me,  
like lilies leaping from a crocodile's mouth you stare at me,  
like a sliver of light trapped under a centipede's foot you stare at  
me--

can we know tomorrow's sorrow?  
can we live on the florid wings of a dying dove?  
can we smell the redolence of roses spewing from the laughing anus  
of time?

Tim Goldstone

**Haven't you noticed the shadows have gone?**

After I discover mice  
have floating bones  
I kneel on the forest floor  
and place my testicles  
in the old iron man-trap  
and watch the forest shadows  
instantly join together  
to form a harp to serenade me  
with rusty songs.



Ben Nardolilli

**A Nice Upload to Listen to**

it might be the weird side of memory, but I actually like this pain

Padma J. Thornlyre

**FROM A CONVERSATION I OVERHEARD**

(Too rich the sky.

It resembles bleu cheese.

Or the blue-veined psilocybin.)

“You know, Cheryl, Padma is so  
ugly he’s almost beautiful.”

*(Mary W. to Cheryl G., who agreed)*

Brad Rose

### Type O

Even a robot breaks down every now and then. I can remember all the page numbers in every book I've ever read. It's good to have a big head. Thanks to the carnivorous furniture, my house is nearly unfurnished. Have you ever noticed that on my street the dogs have funny voices? Just yesterday, I confessed to Ms. X, *I can't swim— not in all this blood.*

Pere Risteski

nothing else but it's warm when is wet