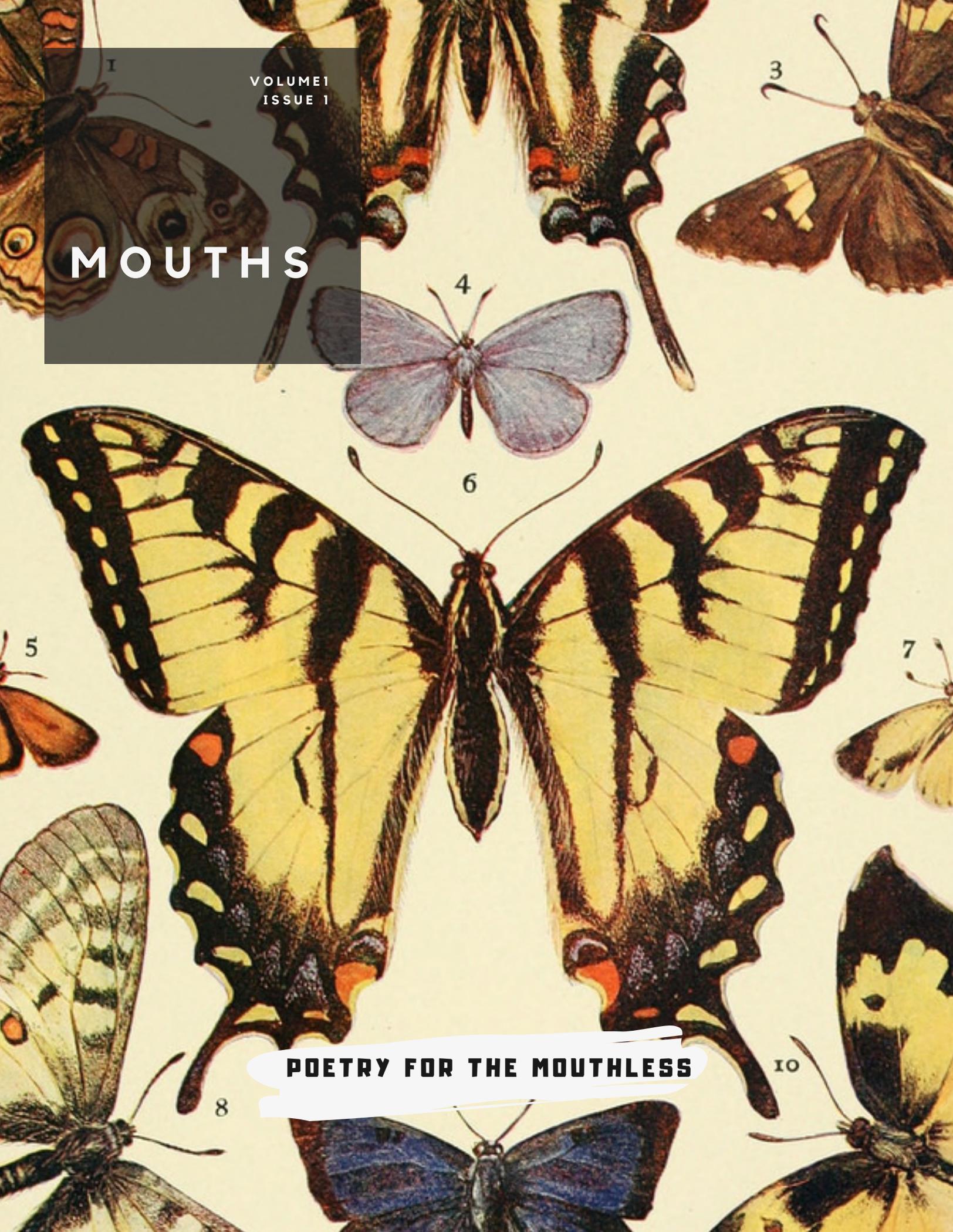


VOLUME 1
ISSUE 1

MOUTHS



POETRY FOR THE MOUTHLESS

INTRO & DEDICATION

EDITORS DOWKO & SPENCE

We started this small zine project for a laugh before moving to different parts of the country. It was an artistic journey and a pleasure to read and publish all the work presented in this first issue. We want to dedicate this garbage to everyone who would starve without poetry, never stop writing.

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“ADULT MAMMALS”

JACK MAVERICK

There is a special number of rotations around the sun,
 18
 For anyone still counting their beans in savings,
 \$8.41
 Where all the other mammals walking around say,
 21
 Now drink the sauce and turn into a stray,
 25
 Here's the keys to the rental, have some highway,
 8 minutes
 And that sweet sunlight shines from above,
 20
 Take the smokes son, and pay up,
 16
 Let us confirm you in Christ, just for fun,
 10%
 Cause your old man Jesus needs to run,
 \$3.00
 Cause even the machines need to function,
 65
 And the Man gives you health care, don't malfunction,
 .08 BAC
 Hey man, you probably shouldn't drive back,
 325,704,738
 Americans who have thoughts, feelings and pain,
 4.54 Bill.
 Or so this camp says: psst, we have Tycho Brahe,
 6,000
 Or so this camp says: psst, we have reign,
 118
 Different styles of mass, collect them today!
 2
 Bombs fell, lest we ever forget that stain,
 1 blade
 Made ole' Walt Whitman sing in every way.

"AUTUMN POT"

BRANDON ROY

I want you to have
examined
As I saw,

But such a unit,
light
It is impossible.

Hazel woods,
White gold coat
Hiding out expelling

The purpose has become
event,
The last time

It was yours
hair,
My shoulder

Maybe my
remember
Here's an overview

Because you are
Sitting away
Among us

I stand
immovable
In my mind

I do not want
To do this field
has its own beauty.

"PORNO FOR BOOKNERDS"

LINDSEY WOODWARD

Fling our burlesque parades
through stained midnight streets:
We are the maniacs
the straight jacketed lunatics,
all bound and gagged with live wires
our collective sanity amounting
to a gallon of purged memoirs,
cheaply bound falsehood in the bargain bin at Chapters
Like true literary whores whose minds are raped and
brutalized,
(metaphorically),
gang-banged and chained to bike racks,
week old semen pours out of deep holes
(poetically),
collects in steaming puddles for dyslexic children
to wash out their glaucomic eyes,
to nourish mile long tapeworms.
Our minds are at war, to combat the terror
of millionaires who write trash,

the innards of our skulls ancient, Olympic stadiums,
fan stands overflowing with lepers and syphilitic
librarians,
the half-time show a high school teacher strip tease
exhibition and we,
(the maniacs),
the lustful ones, starving ones, the ruthless, word
craving hedonists,
have overexposed ourselves and abandoned all shame,
spread wide to reveal voracious cesspools of desire,
while
thickly built men run cock-roached brothels where
women line up in rows, like a twisted game of dominoes
"time to knock 'em up, boys -
and back down,
from their self-righteous pedestals of femininity",
men slap their sirloin steaks on the carnal bbq of the
unintelligible,
the indecipherable,
the Woman --
with epileptic tongues and dire thirst for crotch mayo
they devour the scorched, petaled delicacies
like an all night parasite buffet --
all minds numbed and sedated, excessively lubricated.

"STORM SHELTER"

NICK PASIPANKI

every noise,
breath,
word,
footstep,
idle scratch,
everything is loud.

Loud.

It's all been cranked.
Colors, more vibrant.
Sensations, more intense.
i can't handle it.
But they're there.
they're there and it's
okay.
All i need to do is
breathe.
Breathe when i can.
Breathe when they do.
mine is faster, but their breath rhythms fit inside.
i stare off, somewhere that has
less colors,
less bodies,
less noise.
Somewhere i can still see them.
They kiss me.
It feels like every good thing
that ever happened to me happening
at the same time.
my heart hitches and it's
wonderful.
i need them.
The noise is still too loud.
We stand there,
waiting,

but it's still so fucking loud.
i stare into a new void,
the sound threatening to break my temporary bastion
of peace.
"What can I do?"
They're too good to me.
i don't have a real answer.
It takes too much effort to explain how i interpret the
world right now.
i start to cry.
It's finally happening,
the moment of attack.
The moment when everything goes from
exploding
all at once
to the feeling that i'm in those explosions,
every one of them,
Forever.
i'm trapped.
i'll never get out.
But they're there.
Our friends finally arrive right before the

hurricane

carries me into oblivion.
We're free.
We walk to the car,
the storm weathering on,
not showing any signs of calming.
i know the worst is over,
i know i've won.
They are there.
i can't lose.
The rhythm of their boots
Clacking
on the pavement has kept me grounded as i
Frantically
peer around
every angle as we
make our
trek

through the
everlasting
parking lot.

The journey is near its end.
They are there.
For me, that is all i need.
In the car they hold my hand and

Tap
a rhythm on my finger.

I count,
one, two.

One, two.

The breathing is slowing.
The storm is subsiding.
Their skin feels like an elixir.

One, two.

One, two.

A rock
still lives in my throat
but i won.

One, two.

One, two.

Lights and sounds
pass us by on the road,
but i can't see without my glasses.

One, two.

One, two.

Sleep is coming,
and because of them,
I won.

I beat the storm.

One, two.

The apartment is quiet,
Calm.

Throat rock suppressed,
I am finally quiet,
calm.

They're here.

One, two. One, two.

"BECAUSE I'M A SUPERSTAR (WRITTEN WHILE HIGH)"

SARAH DEA

Light falls so bright
Blinding all your insight
I'm so sick of all your words
Can't remember what you heard

I scream as quiet as I can
I still can't see your face
All the promises of man
But still lost in this race

I mean you haven't a clue
Fingers bleed on all I do
But let's just play this game
Pretending it's all the same

* bows

"LILAC VEINS SPREAD ACROSS YOUR BACK LIKE A MAP"

ALEX ARCHINAL

I walk alone in my dreams now
Through burning fields of old lilac
And each petal shows a thousand memories
Of the last time I felt such shame
I was nineteen then
And the crashing waves
Were second only to the sound
Of two children becoming adults
We merged into one that night
Until you broke off of me
And spent the night in a pregnant
Molested silence

Despite my soft calls
That rang silent on your lithe body
The shame I felt
Touching your cold back
When seconds ago
You were as warm as sin
This is the gift you left in me?
In the dreams of us
Every night you walk before me
And no matter how hard I loved you
Your form is dissolved into a thousand little petals
Every day I wake up
Wanting to feel warm again
Because being physical
Was the only way you taught me to be mature

“ROTTING WORDS”

DANY ANDERSON

This is not a poem
It's a shoebox coffin filled with
Decaying dreams and
Maggot infested ideas
I should bury it in the backyard
Mark the gravesight with a rock that I
Bought and on it I'll write the lyrics to
A shitty song we all know

Instead I'll keep it close
Under my bed next to dusty memories
And forgotten books I promised I'd read

I'll pull it out when I find I'm
Slipping off the edge
To remind myself maybe it's not so bad
Today because yesterday I wrote this
Which just goes to prove
Things could always be worse

“A POEM FROM BETWEEN THE GRADE CARDS”

KIELY BRANDOIN

What makes a good teacher

Good?

I constantly ask myself that.

Is it the one who sees the kids

Or hears them

Or lets them speak?

Is it the one who buys granola bars

Because she knows the school food is gross

And her students come to school

Hungry

Because she has kids in her classes

Whose parents spent the night in jail,

Whose mom drank the McDonald's money,

Who didn't want to eat because they're afraid

of seeing their meal again in the morning

and throwing up from the morning sickness

Is it the one who buys an extra set of mechanical
pencils

Because she knows their school supplies are gone

Crumpled paper and pencils littered around the room

Broken

Because she has kids in her classes
Who are angry at absent parents,
Who are angry at the world that judges them,
by the color of their skin, by the shoes that they wear,
Who have tried to kill themselves
With razors and ropes and pills,
And thank God each of them failed,
Because they have so much left to live
And their teacher has only so much left to give

Is it the one who tapes their pictures on her walls
Because she knows they don't get attached
That they don't know how else to say thank you
Silent

Because they're used to being screamed at,
They're used to being slapped,
They're used to being kicked out of their homes
For wanting to know that they exist
Beyond their tiny glowing screens where the bullies
stalk

And the videos stream and their games buffer
And the fake face they put on for the world
overcomes their limitations

Is it the one who takes the questions

Because she knows they're just trying to figure it out
As off-topic or silly as the question can seem
Afraid
That they look stupid to the cool kids,
Or look like they're actually trying in school,
Or that this will be the time that they will finally
Finally
Screw it up so bad
That they get kicked out forever?

Maybe it's just the one
Who still gives a damn at the end of the day
Who gets sworn at, yelled at, swung at,
Who plays at mediator, counselor, and babysitter,
Who learns their music and hears their language,
Who tells them that she came to school sick,
That she came to school without breakfast,
That she came to school after all the drama
And catfights
And disrespect
from the day before
Because she really does care what happens to them
They're her kids and she'd rather be dead
Than have them think she didn't show up
Because she can't stand to look at them anymore

That's probably what makes a good teacher
Good

“MONDAYS”

JACQUELINE NUGENT

At six you get up to go
Awakened by your radio

The empty bed mourns your loss
Outside, branches twist & toss
Going out, you slam the door
& leave wet patches on the floor

Your bus is full of sad-sack souls
Jammed together, but alone
Each one wishing to go home

“LIMBO”

JACQUELINE NUGENT

Looking down, the Northern Lights,
Their colours folding up the night
Saw a girl rising, as in flight
Not dead, but happy to exist
Not here or there
But just betwixt
Swinging gently through the sky
Back and forth, from low to high
They heard her laugh
As she swung by

Disturbs my concentration

“YOU DIED”

JACQUELINE NUGENT

You died
So Mary told me
She, my eternal friend
Who knocked on my front door
When I was eight
I was the new girl

We walked to school
And hung upside down
By our knees
Giggling

Now a grandmother
We're miles apart

You died, she wept
So you broke her heart
A second time
She read it in the papers.

AUTHOR BIOS

ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Jack Maverick:

No bio provided.

Brandon Roy:

Brandon S. Roy has been published extensively over the years. He doesn't really like talking about himself.

Lindsay Woodward:

Lindsey Woodward began writing poetry at age 9 because she found pencils and paper easier to communicate with than people. 25 years later, she still prefers the company of books and cats.

Born and raised in Port Hope, Ontario, she inevitably fled and studied art history and English at Carleton University in Ottawa. Upon completion of her studies, she returned to the area although she remains uncertain why.

Her first chapbook *Huckster Piss* (2008) was published by In/Words Press, and she is a regular contributor on The Mighty website. You can follow her tales of madness and healing on her blog at:

ladylindslazarus.wordpress.com

Nick Pasipanki:

No bio provided.

Sarah Dee:

Twitter handle @DeannGoss.

Alex Archinal:

No bio provided.

Dany Anderson:

Dany Andersen laughs when she's nervous and is too loud. She lives somewhere and drinks too much cheap wine. Her favorite color is purple, but dark purple not that lavender crap. Dany has written several best sellers in her mind, she just forgets them by the time pen hits paper. She is confident that one day she will be world famous for her carefully cultivated skills in procrastination and listless sass. Or that's all a lie and she just prefers make believe to real life. Who's to say?

Kiely Brandoin:

No bio provided.

Jacqueline Nugent:

@JacquinNugent AKA Stella Ippie
