

THRICE

FICTION™



ISSUE No. 3 – NOVEMBER 2011

TIME WITH

Jeff Swanson, Matthew Hill, Lisa Vihos, Robert Kroese,
Marty Mankins, Vahid Jimenez, Aleathia Drehmer,
Ann Bogle, David Simmer II, AND C. Brannon Watts.

THRICE FICTION

THRICE FICTION™
published three times yearly
by Thrice Publishing

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“TIME”

Issue No. 3 • NOVEMBER 2011

RW Spryszak, Editor

David Simmer II, Art Director

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A guide to art in this issue is on page 21.



It's Time

RW Spryszak, Editor

I was fine with Time until somebody put it in the fourth dimension. It was sort of like when they told me that gravity isn't a force that comes from mass but was the result of the bending of space. I was all... wtf.

And the more time goes by the more time gets away from me. Because time won't give me time. And time makes lovers feel that they've got something real. But you and me we know they got nothing but time. No time left for you. On my way to better things. Time it was, and what a time it was, it was a time of innocence, a time of confidences. Long ago, it must be, I have a photograph. Preserve your memories, they're all that's left you.

We can say it was "a" time. As in we had a time there, didn't we? What a good time we had. That time. Remember what I did that time? Keep time because we're losing time. What time is it? It's that time again. If you do that one more time I swear to God.

Time has come today.

They're not going to fool me this time.

So anyway they put time in the fourth dimension, like I said last time, and that means we have length, width and depth with time. I guess it's like a box made up of lines on a paper with somebody's wrist watch on the table next to it. And you can see how long it takes to get from here to there. Sometimes.

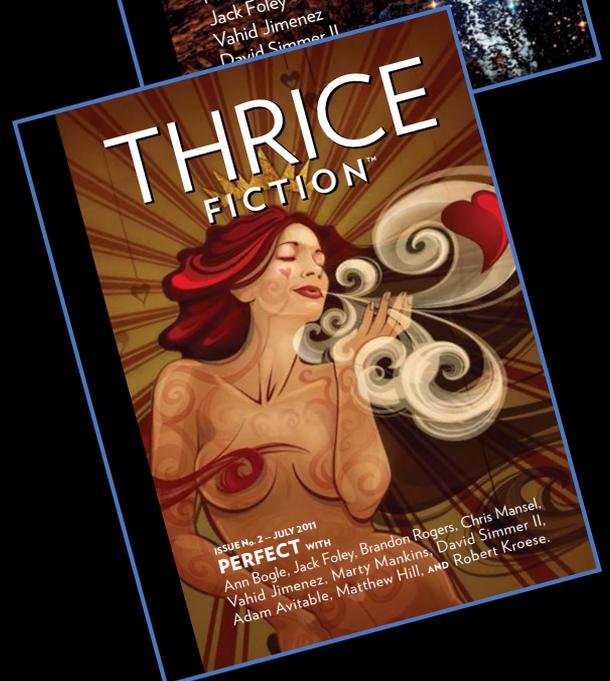
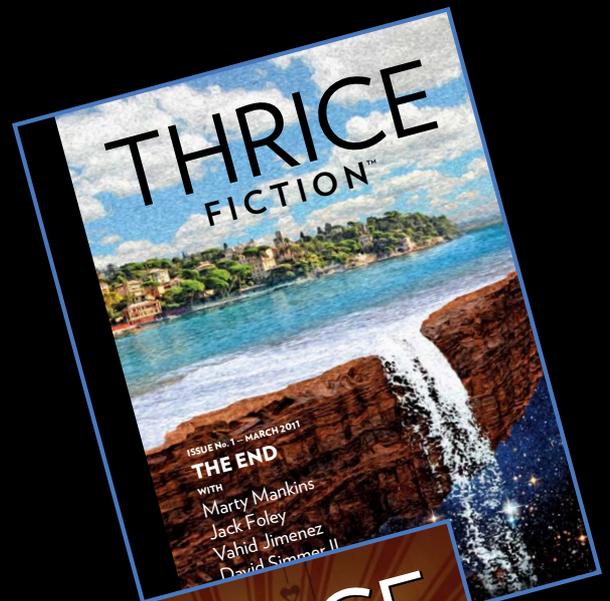
I watched a raccoon cross the road this morning. He sure took his sweet time.

Okay. I've wasted enough of your time. You get the idea right? The theme of this issue is MUD.

Haha. Fooled you this time. ⌚

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Time Heals

Jeff Swanson

After the lovely Marie dumped him, Vantley VcGremm went for a walk along the upper breezeways of the floating city. There he found himself standing before his uncle's car, a VEOS VI. Zero to light speed in 1.6 seconds. "But don't ever get it up there," his uncle'd said. "Time starts to change when you go that fast."

His mother had said, "Time heals all wounds."

Vantley said, "I need healing. Fast."

A half hour later, Vantley was well out to space, and back home his theft of the car had been old news for several years. He realized quickly that it still hurt him, of course, for it'd only been 30 minutes. Surely she had long since forgotten it. And with him not there, she couldn't

have even come crawling back, no matter how much she desperately wanted to. It may have been a mistake, but it was a mistake that could not be undone. To go back home and talk it out with her before she died of old age, he would have to go back at sublight, and that would take four years subjective.

Vantley couldn't wrap his mind around it. He was not a particularly intelligent person. He considered himself about average. There were lots of things he couldn't conceive, and he liked it that way. He felt comfortable within the boundaries of his thoughts. Forays outside of that sphere frightened him.

This was an actual biological quality involving the heliopause of a man's home solar system. But Vantley did not know that.

Impatient (it was only an hour since she'd broken up with him), Vantley returned to within radio distance of the planet and bounced a phone call to her.

"Vantley!" she said, in an awed voice. "It's been years! How many? Thirty-two years!"

"It's only been one hour for me since we last talked."

"Why did you do it?"

"I wanted time to heal my wounds. But I didn't know how it worked. Then when the computer told me, I wanted to come back earlier in your life but it would have taken me several years. I guess I've made a mess of things."

"Well, I've missed you. I can't say I haven't missed you. I'm doing well with my family here, one little girl and another on the way. We have a good life. It is really wonderful seeing you again, and so young...like a living photograph! I'm so sorry about what happened an hour ago for you. I'm sorry you have not been healed."

"Perhaps I'll use more time. Perhaps I'll use all the time there is."

"Oh Vantley, don't go away like that, please—"

But Vantley had already pushed the lever forward, heading for the end of time and space. ⌚

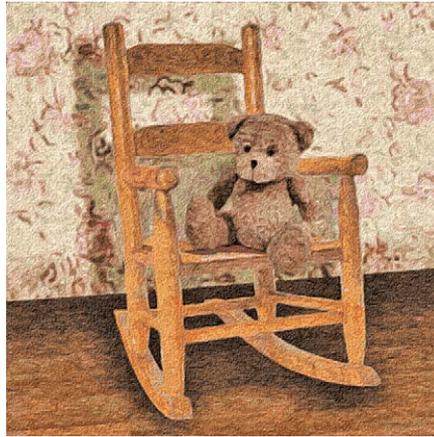


JEFF SWANSON is co-owner of **StoryPros.com**, a screenplay analysis company. An award-winning screenwriter himself, Jeff's extensive fiction archives can be found online at...

jeff2001.livejournal.com

thewordlingsproject.wordpress.com

wordlings.com



Time Capsule

Aleathia Drehmer

She could be sealed in her room like a time capsule; her prized possession in life sprinkled around the room in haphazard fashion with each piece some monumental moment in her life. With the blinds pulled, her eyes wander around the room falling over prints of Winslow Homer and the stuffed bear her boyfriend had given her; Nigel's old lamp, the miniature bottles from the Tulip Festival, her daughter's face changing through the ages on her white walls. Then there are her books—all of them leaning on each other like friends, each of them waiting to show her another piece of the world pining for her presence and wanting to tell her what is possible when walls come down and life comes in.

She marvels at “The Caine Mutiny” doorstop and the finger-painted wall hangings her daughter crafted years ago when innocence didn't seem like a commodity. Her eyes settle in on the reflection in her glasses perched on the lap table. She understands for a second that life is transparent while pretending to be solid. Just this once, she knows there is nothing in this world that can beat her, except death. ↻



ALEATHIA DREHMER is the editor of the flash fiction website *In Between Altered States...*

<http://inbetweenalteredstates.wordpress.com/>

Her flash fiction has been featured in *Doorknobs & Bodypaint*, *Eclectic Flash*, *Curbside Splendor*, *Full of Crow*, *Mighty Mercury* and *Zygote in my Coffee*.

She looks for time warps around every corner.



Still Life

Robert Kroese

Micah VerMeer sits alone in a booth with puke green vinyl seats and a faux mahogany table. He's forgotten the name of the place, one of those generic chain diners that line interstates everywhere. It could be anywhere, and this indeterminacy vaguely irritates Micah, though he doesn't know why. They call these places "family restaurants," but this one seems to be devoid of families. His own table is no exception.

Micah's son Thomas is in the men's room. It's been several minutes, and Micah finds himself dreading his son's imminent return. Some part of him—or perhaps something outside of himself, intruding on his consciousness—seems to be warning him that it's not right for him to feel this way, that this circumstance needs to be rectified, but Micah brushes the annoyance away. It's not his fault things are the way they are, and even if it were, what can he do in the next five minutes that he has been unable to do for eighteen years?

He sees Thomas walking toward him, looking shiftless in torn jeans and a faded black T-shirt displaying two tormented faces framed by letters that spell Def Leppard/Hysteria. Just another punk kid, Micah thinks, though he has to stifle a smile when his eyes alight on the tan fedora on Thomas' head. He's never seen anyone else Thomas' age wearing a fedora; he has no idea where Thomas got it, or why he's wearing it. Presumably Thomas just likes the idea of wearing a fedora.

Thomas sits back down across from Micah, avoiding eye contact. Thomas pulls a sketchpad from a backpack next to him on the seat and opens it to a drawing he had started in the car on their drive from Bradenton. Micah catches a glimpse of two muscular figures in ridiculous outfits, locked in combat, strange energies flowing from their fingers and eyes. Superheroes, Micah thinks. Juvenile comic book nonsense. Thomas spends countless hours on

this stuff, drawing Spiderman, Batman, or some carbon copy character of his own creation. Micah remembers reading T.S. Eliot and Dickens when he was Thomas' age.

Micah glances at his watch. It's nearly 10 a.m. Thomas' ride will be here soon. Micah scans the parking lot again for a green Volkswagen—the only way he has of identifying the young man who had agreed to give Thomas a ride from Tampa to Lansing. The young man—also a freshman at Michigan State—is a cousin of one of Thomas' high school friends.

Any second, he thinks, a green VW will appear in the parking lot, and Thomas will be gone. Sitting here in silence is agony, but he fears that somehow the drive back home to Bradenton will be worse. Even more than that, he dreads the shared sensation of relief that they will feel when they are no longer in each other's presence. He imagines it as a palpable thing, a black cloud with jagged edges, like the mystical radiation enveloping the two characters on Thomas' sketchpad.

Thomas is oblivious, enraptured by the scene unfolding on the paper in front of him. As his left hand moves rhythmically over the pad, his right clenches empathetically with one or the other combatants. He doesn't seem to breathe, except at long, irregular intervals, when his body's thirst for oxygen jerks him momentarily out of his trance.

Thomas' talent is undeniable, Micah knows, but he is undisciplined, even lazy. He rarely finishes a drawing, and can't be bothered to draw anything more mundane than a sorcerer or superhero. He believes Thomas harbors the desire to be an artist, perhaps drawing comic books. It would be a foolish dream even if Thomas had the discipline to see it through, which Micah knows he does not.

Drawing is not Thomas' only talent. He is brilliant in many ways, and well-meaning teachers had often pressured Micah and his wife to have Thomas tested, to put him in classes for gifted students, to allow him to skip a grade.

But Micah and his wife had resisted, in part because they believed treating Thomas differently would encourage him to think that rules didn't apply to him. They could see already how Thomas manipulated his teachers to avoid tasks he considered unpleasant. His second grade teacher was so impressed with his story about Captain Dave's journey to the planet Venus that she let him shirk multiplication tables so he could expand it to a novella. Micah and his wife had Thomas moved to another second grade class.

Micah never offered his son any over encouragement in his drawing or writing, but men of Micah's generation had little use for superfluous displays of emotion. In any case, what was the point of encouraging Thomas? His diversions possessed him; no amount of encouragement or discouragement was going to prevent him from doing what he felt driven to do. And when it came to other activities, Thomas either avoided them completely or put in the least amount of effort that was needed to get by. His grades were spotty; he had gotten into MSU on the strength of an essay and his SAT scores. Micah found no fodder for encouragement and is convinced that Thomas would disregard his opinions anyway.

Yet as Micah sits there, slowly sipping lukewarm coffee, his eyes transfixed on his son's spasmodic hand movements, he once again has the feeling that something outside of himself is trying to break in to his psyche, trying desperately to communicate something to him about the urgency of his situation. It is a strange sensation, as if a part of his identity, submerged until now, has suddenly broken the surface. With this feeling comes an uncanny realization: his son's hands have stopped moving. In fact, the entire restaurant seems to have become frozen in time. The intrusion in his mind seems poised to speak.

But instead, his son speaks. No, not his son. It is his son's voice, but Thomas' mouth isn't moving.

"Dad, it's OK," the voice says.

"No..." He finds himself whispering gravely, "It's wrong. It all went wrong somehow."

"Things turned out OK."

"I never encouraged you, never told you how much..."

"No, you didn't."

"I feel like I should..."

"You've apologized, Dad. We've been over this a hundred times." Micah senses some irritation in his son's

voice. He has a vision of his son, much older, glancing at an expensive watch. Not an artist, a... lawyer?

"Thomas, are you a lawyer?"

"No, Dad. A computer programmer. I write software. Remember?"

He doesn't remember. When did his son become a computer programmer? What happened to becoming an artist?

"Do you enjoy it?" he asks.

"Yes, Dad. Usually," Thomas says, obviously anticipating the question. "I never really wanted to be an artist. I just liked to draw. Never really got past the superhero thing. And yes, I'd still like to write a novel someday, but I'm pretty busy these days, with work, and getting the house built, and the kids..."

"Kids? How..."

"Three. Tommy, Michael, and Grace. Eight, six and three. Do you remember Marie?"

"Marie..." The vision of a pretty, dark haired woman with a dazzling white smile flashed into Micah's mind.

"Where am I?" Micah asks.

"The hospital," Thomas says.

Micah glances around, realizing that the resemblance to the restaurant next to I-75 in Tampa is superficial. The same vinyl seats, the same plate glass windows bordered by stainless steel. But this is clearly an institutional cafeteria. He knows this place. Thomas, sans fedora, hair thinning, is sitting across from him, his right foot extended into the aisle, the index finger of his left hand tracing invisible figures on the table.

"You have to go?" Micah says.

"I'm sorry, Dad. I've got a meeting. You know, that project I was telling you about..."

"Oh, of course," Micah says. "Well, it's good to see you, Thomas."

"You too, Dad. Hang on, I'll get a nurse to bring you back to your room."

"OK, son. Thank you," Micah says. He wonders how many times he's put his son through this routine.

Thomas rises from the table and looks Micah in the eye. His son's smile is warm but forced. Micah looks down before it fades.

"I'll try to stop by again next week," Thomas says.

"OK," Micah says softly. "You know where to find me."



ROBERT KROESE is the author of *Mercury Falls*, a humorous novel about angels, linoleum and the apocalypse. Originally self-published, *Mercury Falls* was republished by AmazonEncore in 2010. The sequel, *Mercury Rises*, was published by AmazonEncore in October 2011. Kroese has also written a collection of humorous essays entitled *The Force is Middling in This One*. His website can be found at <http://robertkroese.com/>





Time

Ann Bogle

His pen isn't worth a dime at the San Jacinto War Memorial where the sailors unzip their wares for a forecast. All the movies in this world aren't worth a damn if they don't have George Clooney in them. Give me Sean Penn. Give me Bruce Springsteen. Tell Bono I want my seventy bucks back, to go against the rain to charity; tell Bono I want it to go to a non-suicidal Palestinian. Tell Johnny Cash I want my men's heroin back. Tell Jimmy Carter to stop apologizing to Bill Clinton who apologizes for stooping a proud, fat Jewish gal from California (not dead), her effervescence, as if Spiro Agnew had floated to a sea. Kn-opf. Knock. Spell anxiety when I walk down the street in New York, now at the airport in Montreal, where they didn't rebust me, a drunken driver once in Minnetonka. Son well-rehearsed. Sound nepotist. ↻



ANN BOGLE has short stories appearing online at *Black Ice*, *Big Bridge*, *Minnetonka Review*, *Mad Hatters' Review*, *Istanbul Literary Review*, *Metazen*, *Blip*, *Wigleaf*, *Big City Lit*, *fwriction : review*, and *Fictionaut*. *Solzhenitsyn Jukebox*, a collection of five stories, was published by Argotist Ebooks in 2010. *Country Without a Name*, 24 stories and prose poems, is due from Argotist in the summer of 2011. Visit Ana Verse at: <http://annbogle.blogspot.com/>

Portents

Lisa Vihos

As I flew north up County LS this morning on my bicycle, I passed a soft, powdery, red lump on the road's shoulder: a dead cardinal, ground into the pavement. Moments later, I swerved to miss a plump, intact mouse lying on its side, limbs out-stretched. Poor guy. I then spied a little sparrow, also not pancaked, just apparently knocked cleanly dead by a passing car.

Pondering my lifeless road companions, I was awakened from my reverie by someone up ahead laying on a horn. The driver of a red car had just turned left from the west onto LS, directly in front of a southbound vehicle. The instigator of this almost-accident, then traveling north in front of me, replied to the horn blast by waving vigorously out the window as if to say *Hullo!* Thank you for not hitting me! It was not an apologetic wave—rather a gesture of happy recognition—and it struck me as incongruous, given the circumstances.

Had the time-space continuum been slightly adjusted this morning, those cars would have collided and become a tangled heap of hot metal thrown right in my path. Turn the clock one more notch, and I could have been praying for my dead sparrow one moment, and in the next, bound to those vehicles, joining the flattened ranks of a summer morning's road kill.

Tingling with adrenaline, I shifted into a higher gear and pounded on, wanting to get away from that intersection as quickly as possible. As my breath deepened and my heart pumped, I noticed appearing up over a rise in the road, a stately gray hearse coming toward me. It traveled very slowly, and it struck me that this vehicle may have come out of the ethers on a mission to ferry the dead. Thankfully, there were no dead to ferry this morning. Someone's alarm clock had not gone off and things had not turned out quite as planned.

I reached my turn-around point and started to head back south. I was considering what I would feel when I re-crossed the intersection where the accident had not, in fact, happened. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a man—looking rather like Burl Ives—climbed out of a grassy drainage ditch. He was wearing plaid shorts and a white t-shirt. He held a banged-up Ford grill in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other. We exchanged merry hellos as I sped

past him. We were two contented souls on a summer day.

I took him as a good omen. He reminded me that even in death, there will be light glistening off the lake and the sweet smell of sun-baked grass filling my nostrils. There will be kind, portly gentlemen collecting litter. There will be coffee. ☺



LISA VIHOS is a poet in Sheboygan, Wisconsin and has one chapbook, *A Brief History of Mail*. She is an associate editor of *Stoneboat* literary journal and her work has appeared in *Big Muddy*, *Free Verse*, *Goose River Anthology*, *Red Cedar*, *Seems*, *Verse Wisconsin*, and *Wisconsin People and Ideas*. A poem of hers will appear in the anthology *Villanelles*, due out in April 2012 from Everyman's Library. She serves occasionally as a guest blogger for *The Best American Poetry* and keeps her own blog at <http://lisapoemoftheweek.blogspot.com>.

Replay

Vahid Jimenez

You're going to have this fight again. You're tired of it all, just want it to be done with; but something in you is determined to get it right.

"You still aren't listening," she says.

Try something different this time, you think. Don't deny it for once. Just agree. "You're right," you say. "I haven't been listening."

"I just feel like we're going around and around with this," she says. "We just keep coming back to the same issue, over and over again."

"Then let's not do this anymore," you say. "Let's fix this, let's find out why we keep getting stuck on this, so we won't come back to it anymore." This is new, too. It's a different tack this time, and it feels right. It feels like it will work. It even feels like the responsible thing to do.

"I don't want this future with you, Jack. One where we're at each other's throats. I don't think this is anything we can base a lasting relationship on, something we can build a family with." She's looking at you with tears in her eyes, as she does when you have this fight. You can see the pain in her eyes now. You didn't before. You finally realize what you've been doing to her all these months, how much it hurts.

"I don't want a future like that, either," you say. This is close to what you've said at this point, before, but you've

gone into it differently this time. Set it up better. This time it will work. "Baby, we can build that future you want. I need to change how I listen to you, how I react. I wasn't coming to meet you halfway before, wasn't even trying. I'm trying now. I want this. I want us."

"Do you mean it?" she says, hope lighting up her face. Yes, this is the time it works. This is the sequence you need, the way it needs to play out, for the two of you to be together and last. "Are you really going to work for us, this time?"

"I am," you say. "I will."

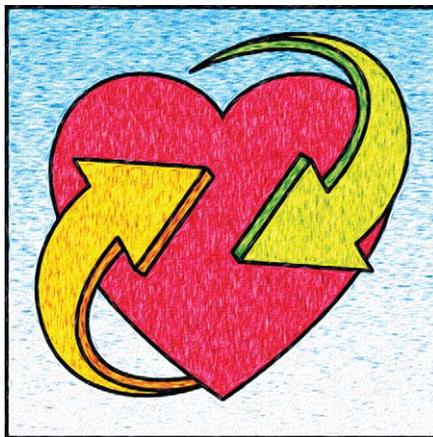
She sighs, relieved. "Oh, Jack." She comes to you, open arms. "I love you."

This is how it needs to go. This is the way that it works.

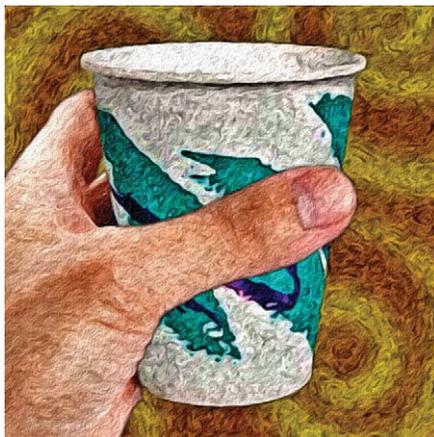
And it doesn't matter. How many times are you going to go over this, torturing yourself? Watching the conversation play out in your mind, tweaking it to get it right. You can't change what happened, what you said, what she said. She didn't

really stay, that day. You've learned a few things since then, played out that afternoon over and over, making it work, finding every flaw, working it over to a different outcome, one where you're still together.

But you what's done is done. She still left, when you were done fighting. She's still gone. ↻



VAHID JIMENEZ has been writing stories as long as he can remember, although only recently has he decided to try letting other people read them. His first published story appeared in the debut issue of *Thrice Fiction*; this will be his second. He takes the odd photograph, too. He lives in Portland, Oregon with his girlfriend and a lot of comic books.



Time Alone

David Simmer II

The Traveler took five synthetic ice cubes from a cup and dropped them into the primordial ooze one by one. This halted the complex chemical interactions that The Visitor had so carefully initiated just moments ago. And then, just like that, everything and everyone The Traveler had ever known ceased to exist. He waited for the sweet satisfaction of a job well done to wash over him, but it did not. He felt nothing about nothing from the nothing which his actions had created. Or un-created, as the case may be.

The Traveler stared at his empty cup as he waited for the time stream to correct itself and nullify his existence. He was in no hurry. After three decades of tireless effort, the end would come soon enough.

Fourteen minutes, give or take, according to his calculations.

But then the invisible mesh protecting him from the hostile environment of the day started to sing. Like a finger running along the edge of a moistened glass, the harmonics were ethereal and haunting.

The only thing to wash over him now was panic. He was fully prepared to fade from reality. He was not, however, prepared for an agonizing death before it happened. If the mesh (which was starting to sparkle now) were to fail...

A soft glow appeared in front of him and The Visitor reappeared.

The singing stopped.

“You didn’t think we’d notice?”

The words were not spoken. If they were, The Traveler wouldn’t have understood them. Instead, they floated through his brain like a whisper, touching memories here and there to convey their meaning.

The Visitor was not human, of course, so discerning its demeanor was impossible. It didn’t “sound” angry. It looked kind of curious.

“Notice?” The Traveler said, feeling a little silly at having spoken the word out loud unnecessarily.

“That you had interfered with our work!” The Visitor replied with a hint of aggravation in the memories it touched. “Creating the conditions for life to develop is not an easy task. We do tend to keep an eye on things.”

The Traveler was going to respond by psychically hurling his thoughts at The Visitor’s head, but the absurdity of it embarrassed him. For all he knew, it had its brains in its ass. Instead he spoke. “It’s not that I didn’t think you’d notice... I didn’t think you’d care.”

Giant eyes blinked in rapid succession. “If your species were more advanced, you’d understand that the gift of life is not something given without considerable care.”

“But I didn’t *ask* for your gift! Life? Life is nothing but pain, misery, and suffering passed from one generation to the next. And it was your meddling over billions of years that caused it! And for what? Entertainment? Well forget it. Find your amusement elsewhere. We’re all better off having never been.”

“Perhaps this is true,” The Visitor replied thoughtfully,

the memories selected more carefully this time. “But who are you to speak for an entire world?”

“Who am I? Just somebody who’s pissed off at life!” The Traveler sneered. “But, unlike everybody else on this planet, I can do something about it. And so I have. Everything ends in nine minutes. I’ll be gone and none of this will matter.”

The Visitor’s mouth warbled slightly as a high-pitched tone escaped. A laugh? There was no telling. “Nine minutes? What happens in nine minutes?”

“In nine... no, make that eight... in eight minutes the time stream will correct itself and I’ll be wiped from existence.” The Traveler said triumphantly. “So just leave me alone. Leave *the universe* alone.”

“The universe is not yours to dictate. But, where you are concerned, I take my leave,” The Visitor began to move away, then stopped. “Except you’re not being wiped from anything. By erasing yourself from existence before you existed, you’ve removed yourself from this time-line.”

“*What?*” The Traveler exclaimed.

“Oh yes. Until you catch up to the event which displaced you from time, you’re... immune... to it.”

A pause of silence fell between them.

“No.” The Traveler said, his mind racing. “If that’s true, then I’ll... I’ll just die! I’ll starve to death! I’ll jump off a cliff! I’ll turn off the mesh and deteriorate into a puddle!”

A glow appeared behind The Visitor. “I’m afraid not. You’re outside of time now. That means you’re outside of death for another... what? 3.8 billion years? You can jump off as many cliffs as you like, but until you reach the point you left the time stream, you cannot die.”

“This... this isn’t right!”

As The Visitor started to fade, it closed its eyes and sent one last message: “I would hope that eventually you can find an appreciation for the life you were *given* over this life you’ve *made*, but that won’t be possible.”

“What are you saying? What does that mean?” The Traveler shouted. But he was yelling at empty space because The Visitor had vanished.

Four minutes later, a tickle.

The Traveler stared at his empty cup as he waited for the time stream to correct itself and nullify his existence. He was in no hurry. After three decades of work, the end would come soon enough. 🕒



DAVID SIMMER II has been writing fiction for over two decades, and has contributed words and art to everything from comics, magazines, and books to packaging, catalogs, and technical manuals. When not working as a graphic designer in the Pacific Northwest, David enjoys traveling the globe, taking photos, and eating chocolate pudding. He has a website at Blogography.com, and maintains a journal of his 137 Hard Rock Cafe visits at DaveCafe.com. As co-founder and art director of *Thrice Fiction* magazine, he spends his more recent days wondering where his life went as deadlines loom ever closer...

chain ticking fog the crowd counting
on their ears en cada mano un elote
hum eante my foreskin lost in towels
basins yelmos
tongues shoes
watches **blink** blood
tumbling shirts
el día circular
el lado lobo tornasol dentudo y mis as
pas abren toward your darkened door
a desk sinking in the river’s temporal
lo be

John M. Bennett — 7.17.11



Snowblind

Marty Mankins

It's always in the early hours of the morning when debauchery and mayhem happen, or so those that commit such seedy actions say. And no one knew this better than Darrin.

He wasn't always the brightest bulb at the signal light. Neither was he the dimmest. His life was about executing a series of crazy mistakes and selfish motives until his next round of crashing that kept him navigating his life in the middle.

Darrin and I were friends for many years before I finally had to back away and remove myself from his daily life of chasing cocaine highs. The logic that surrounded his every move brought nothing but cautionary lack of restraint. Feeling like he was doing something wrong, he would hesitate for a brief moment when making the phone calls to his dealer, yet not hesitant enough to keep him from pressing send on his cell phone. And what happened the last

time we hung out was just another day in the life of Darrin.

Waking up early on a cold December morning, the calendar showed it was the 13th, giving him just twelve days to get everything together for an uneventful Christmas morning. It would be another attempt to accomplish such a feat. The previous years brought nothing but regret and disappointment, all felt by others, myself included.

The night before was nothing short of what drug-abusing legends discuss during their time in rehab or on the pages of their first tell-all book. It started with a phone call just before 4pm.

"Hello?"

"Sam..." The voice on the other end crackled a lot. It was hard to tell who it was at first as it sounded like someone with a bad connection.

"Yes, Darrin... what's going on?"

"Are you up for some energy boosting good times tonight?"

"No Darrin. I've got a lot to do tonight and I don't have time for any fun and games, regardless how much boosting of energy that happens." Darrin and I talked a few weeks back, with a phone conversation that started very similar to this one. It ended up by being followed by two strangers just outside Henderson and heading towards Tropicana, just before reaching The Strip. It was a night I won't forget anytime soon and from the direction this conversation was going, this night would most likely be joining those unforgettable ranks.

"C'mon, it's not going to be that late. Just a short run, pick up some blow, head to a friend's house for an hour or two and then back home. Done way before you turn into a pumpkin." Darrin tried to sugar coat this night of errands like it was some kind of domestic shopping trip. But I knew better. Even still, I blurted out before I had a chance to recall my words.

"Ok... but I'm going to hold you to that. Darrin, promise me we'll be home by midnight."

"Ok, midnight and no later. I promise. And not like last time." As those famous last words left Darrin's mouth, something in the back of my head was wishing they would be true, even if I knew there was barely a five percent chance they would be.

As I left my house to head over to pick up Darrin, my mind was wandering all over the place of what might happen. I was no stranger to the white powder, but at the same time, I knew how much or how little to use of it. Not the case with Darrin. He didn't have that kind of control over himself. I had to find a way to be the arbitrator here, like I do each time we go out. And there are those rare times when nothing happens, and by nothing I mean just a line or two and then we head home. But it's rare.

"So where are we off to?" As Darrin entered the car, he had an odd look to him. Almost like he was a bit apprehensive about tonight.

"Head north. We need to go downtown. Old Vegas." We hopped on the 515 and drove without talking much.

"So Christmas is coming up soon. Are you ready? Have you done any shopping yet?"

"No, I haven't. I have plans to go out and try and catch some last minute deals so there are a decent amount of presents under the tree."

"That sounds like a good plan. I went shopping the other day an—"

"Ok, take this next exit." Darrin stopped me mid sentence as we were approaching Fremont Street. We rolled off the freeway and turns down Las Vegas Blvd. before turning down Carson Ave.

"It's the 4th house on the left with the white car in front."

I spotted the white car and pulled just in front of it on the street. We both got out of the car and started walking up the house. It was slightly run down, with a car in the driveway that was on blocks. There were a few scattered bikes on the lawn and a couple of ratty chairs on the porch. Next to the chairs was one of those little plastic tables with a half filled ashtray full of cigarette butts.

Darrin lightly rapped on the door and within a few seconds, it opened.

"Come on in, gentlemen. What can I do ya for?" Our greeter was quite jovial, with a swagger and step that said he

knew his place here.

"I'm looking for an eight-ball and a few rocks." Darrin was not shy and knew exactly what he wanted and wasted no time telling our house greeter.

"Let's see what we got here. Wait here and I'll be back in a flash."

Both of us stood in this mid-sized room, with various chairs and a couch on one side and an open area with a dining table on the other. At the table sat two people. One was a skinny kid, maybe in his early 20's. Sitting next to him was a very large black woman. Big enough to know she couldn't sit properly in the chair she was in. In one hand was a glass pipe that she would raise to her lips, take a hit from it, and then place it back down on the table, yet never leaving her hand.

"What chu boys doing here? Help mama out with a rock. I need another rock." She raised the pipe once again to her lips, took a hit and repeated this many times in the ten minutes we stood there. Who knows how long she has been sitting in that chair... and hour or two, maybe longer.

As the back room door opened, we heard the footsteps come down the hall.

"I know you," as he pointed to Darrin, "but I don't know who you are. What cher name, there?"

"Sam." I spoke with a bit of my voice cracking, not sure how else to answer.

"I'm going to need both of you to come in the back here." Darrin looked and me and I at him as we walked down the hall to the back room. The door closed behind us. My nerves were on edge.

"Since I don't know you, I'm going to need some proof that you are aren't some kind of nark or cop." He grabbed a glass pipe from the table, loaded a small white rock into it and handed it to me.

"Take a hit off this." As I held the pipe to my lips, he raised his lighter and lit up the rock. It crackled as I inhaled deeply. I handed the pipe back to him and he placed it back down on the table.

"Now we wait..." Wait? Wait for what? What was he talking about—? And just like that, a ringing in my ears started. My head was a rush... a wall of heavy sounds and thoughts. I had never smoked crack before. Always just a line of coke here and there, nothing more. The state of euphoria that filled my entire head was wild. It was nothing that I had experienced before.

I looked over at Darrin, who was taking a hit off the same pipe.

"These here, gentlemen, are on the house. The batch you are taking with you will be \$250." Obviously satisfied I was not any type of authority, he motioned to Darrin, who reached into his pocket and pulled out a bunch of twenty-dollar bills. As he laid them out on the table, the swagger greeter started to count them.

"I only have \$220 here. You are missing \$30. Either you have some money somewhere else, or you will be taking less product with you." Darrin gave me that look that I've seen before, which was to say he knew he didn't have enough, and thought what he was getting would match his available cash.

I reached into my wallet and checked my available cash. I pulled out a twenty and two fives and handed it to

the greeter. Still feeling very euphoric, I had to concentrate while putting the wallet back into my back pocket. The greeter handed Darrin a decent-sized plastic baggie of coke and another containing multiple little foil-wrapped pouches. He placed them into his left coat pocket.

All of us walked down the hall and back into the main room. The large black lady was still in the same chair, repeating the same pipe-to-mouth action we had witnessed before.

"You boys come over here and give mama a rock." She obviously knew a deal had gone down and was hoping we would be generous with our stash. Our plan was to head out and get back on the road to our next destination.

Getting back into the car, we just sat there for a few minutes, not saying a word to each other. The ringing in my ears stopped, but I was still very high. I started the car and put it into drive.

"We need to stop at a store and get some beer." Darrin spoke the first words in what seemed an hour, but was really only about ten minutes, as we traveled down Las Vegas Blvd. "I promised I would bring some, along with the batch of goods we just got."

I spotted a grocery store just a block away. My ability to concentrate on what was going on around me was becoming less difficult, even though I was still experiencing a sustained high. We pulled into the parking lot and next to a group of cars.

Darrin pulled out the baggie of coke and dipped the edge of a worn shoppers rewards card into it, put it up to his nose and sniffed hard. He repeated the action for his other nostril and then handed the card to me.

"Just a bump or two before we go into the store." I grabbed a bit of coke on the edge of the card and sniffed. As I said before, I was no stranger to this, but taking bumps of blow out of a baggie in a grocery store parking lot was another first for me.

Darrin sealed up the baggie and put it back into his coat pocket. Both of us got out of the car and started walking up towards the store entrance. The additional coke I induced took my high up a few more notches. Entering the store, we passed the small row of slot machines and a lanky security guard standing right next to them.

As we made our way to the back of the store where they kept the beer, we walked down the aisle of Christmas merchandise. One of those full-height Santas was moving back and forth. I stood there, affixed on this plastic motorized man from the North and watched him rotate back and forth. I knew he couldn't speak, but given my current state, I imagined he was. "Sam, what do you want for Christmas?"

As I was about to answer back to him, a hand grabbed my shoulder. "Let's go, lightweight." I followed Darrin to the check stand. Since he was obviously out of money, I once again reached for my wallet and pulled out my credit card and handed it to the cashier. We grabbed the beer and headed to the exit.

Back on the road, I kept looking over at Darrin and wondering if he was just as high as I was. It was so hard to tell with him. His tolerance level for this shit increased over time, which explained his lack of appearing high..

"Take a left at this next light." Knowing exactly where to go, Darrin guided me to our next destination. We drove

down another street with slightly run down homes and easily found our destination. The house was all lit up. It was obvious there was some type of party happening here.

Before getting out of the car, Darrin once again produced the bag of coke, dipping the edge of the card in and taking a bump to his nose. Thinking we would be here for a while, I did the same.

Once inside the house, we started walking around and taking in the atmosphere. There was about fifteen or so people scattered about. Almost all of them had a beer in their hands and jamming to the music playing. I could make out the faint sounds of Led Zeppelin, but wasn't quite sure what song it was.

As we reached the back of the house, there was a set of stairs that went downstairs. There were another seven or eight people, none of which had any beer. They were all sitting in chairs and were being curiously quiet. There were two empty chairs at the end of the room. As we sat down, someone came over to Darrin. He took the baggie of coke from his coat pocket and sat it onto the small table next to his chair.

He laid out several lines of coke, did two and stepped away. Two others got out of their chairs, came up and did a few lines. I watched and waited for everyone else to walk away, sniffing with each step. I took the rolled up bill and snorted up two lines.

Soon after, I found myself wandering the house and trying to engage in conversation with others. I walked up to an attractive blond, maybe 25 or so, standing next to the upstairs hallway bathroom. She had that look of being high and I pretty much knew why she was waiting for the bathroom.

"Maybe I can help you out," I said to her. She gave me an odd look, but cleverly added a smirk as she gazed towards me. I took her hand, led her downstairs and found Darrin.

"Oh, are you back for more." Darrin spoke to her, obviously having met her earlier.

"I wouldn't mind another line or two." She looked at Darrin and then motioned to his coat pocket. The three of us walked over to the small table as the coke was lined up again and we all snorted a few more lines.

Moving about the house, I happened to notice a clock. 11:32pm. Shit. I hadn't come down much from that last line, but still knew that we had to get out of there soon. Call it intuition or the amount of people, lights and music that were happening and some pissed off neighbor will make a phone call.

"Darrin... Darrin... we've got to go!" I grabbed the side arm of his coat and pulled him towards the door. We were both upstairs and close to the front door of the house.

"But I'm still havin—" I didn't care. I knew something was about to happen. I pulled him harder as we left the house. We walked quickly towards the car.

"Get in, Darrin. We've got to go now." Part of my adrenaline was coke-induced; the other was being the responsible one here. We closed the doors, started the car and began driving down the road, away from Las Vegas Blvd. and towards Charleston.

As I looked in my rear view mirror, I could see several cars driving down the road we just left. Were they cops? Were they more revelers looking for a few lines? At this

point, I didn't know and didn't care. I just wanted to get back to the house, drop Darrin off and head home.

Pulling into Darrin's driveway, there was a light on in the house. "Did you leave a light on?" Darrin was very alert and responded back.

"I don't remember leaving a light on, but it's possible." Getting out of the car and walking up the porch, Darrin put his key in the lock and opened the door. Both of us walked through the house, looking for any type of disturbance. It was obvious no one was home. There was a Christmas tree decorated in the corner of the living room. Not a single present was under it. I remembered his promise from our conversation earlier about him shopping for last minute deals.

I walked over to the kitchen table and approached Darrin, who was sitting in the chair. "I'm going to head home.... Are we good?" Darrin looked up at me, then back down at the table. He had a line of coke laid out and next to it, an open foil containing a small white rock.

"Yeah, It's all good man. Thanks for the ride and the

beer." He hesitated for a moment. "Oh, and I'll pay you back... I promise."

"No worries. Just make sure you get those shopping deals. You don't want to have an empty tree again this year." Maybe I shouldn't have said that out loud as a reminder of what previous years have been like. Looking back at Darrin and then over at the tree, it was obvious what would most likely play out in repeated fashion.

Driving the short distance to my house was quiet. The radio was off and I was deep in thought, with most of the night's coke high starting to dissolve itself from my body. As I arrived home and climbed into bed, I glanced over the clock.

1:04am

Sleep needed to happen, but I found myself distracted by the events of the night. What if we hadn't left when we did? What if I would have left Darrin at that house party? Just go to sleep, I told myself. Everything is good now, or at least that's what I told myself so I could fall asleep. ☹

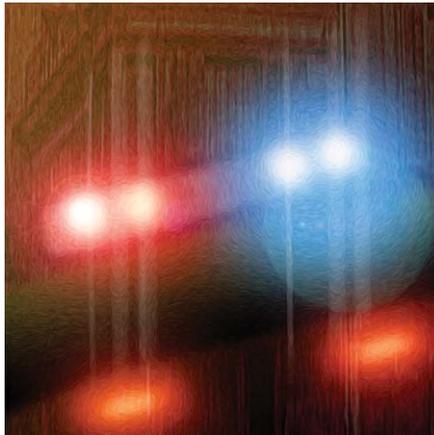


MARTY MANKINS has been writing since he was 12 years old, when his first story he submitted for his English teacher Ms. Bradford was both praised and critiqued. Since then, he has been published in various magazines, periodicals and tech journals. His latest short story, *Double Or Nothing*, was published in 2010, as part of the series *Weirdly Vol. 3* by Wild Child Publishing. Besides writing, Marty considers himself an amateur filmmaker, posting the occasional short video of a scooter ride or an adventure in the snow, with an eye towards creating more elaborate and entertaining works at *BanalLeakage.com*. He is a self-labeled music and movie buff, obsessed with all things retro and a desire to return to his home state of California some day. Marty currently resides in Salt Lake City, UT with his wife Reba and their cat Rocko.

the lumpy balloon the crispy stopwatch
the drain mooing with your milky loss
cangrejo apestoso ay tu peso invisible
techo charco
soga sunder
should stop booms
coffin marbles
head glue
tentativo eres ,cumbre cacalosa la casa
inrisible strolling past the sinkhole
nicely meatless like a hairy aspirina

7.17.11

John M. Bennet



Crime Beat

Matthew Hill

6/30, 1:30 p.m.

Someone shot paintballs at the Happy Daze Conference Center. This has been occurring weekly, and the investigation is ongoing.

7/2, 6 p.m.

A Honda Civic was vandalized at the Seaside Resort. "Locals Only" was etched on the windows, hood and trunk.

7/4, 10:03 p.m.

Two women were watching fireworks when they began arguing. One of the women was punched in the face multiple times; swelling resulted. The assailant, J.A. Armstrong, was cited for battery.

7/17, 2:59 p.m.

A man, allegedly threatening Mall Security with a knife, ran after possibly burglarizing several Mall merchants. Police joined the chase, with canine Katie in pursuit. When the suspect jumped a backyard fence, Katie's officer boosted her over and she held the suspect until her officer could subsequently also make it over. The suspect still insisted upon making an attempt to flee, so Katie's officer used his Taser to subdue the insolent individual.

7/21, 7:57 p.m.

A young male was reportedly tagging a wall along the

railroad tracks. Deputies responded and witnessed Sean Toadman, 19, of Isla Mar, in the act. The suspect had several spray cans & tips in his possession. He was arrested and booked into County Jail. An abatement officer abated the graffiti.

7/30, 10:37 p.m.

A 63 year old man and his 81 year old mother were arrested after they were caught allegedly trying to steal brass valves from an old water system on the 200 block of Old Orchard drive.

8/1, Overnight

Residents of a house awoke to the sounds of loud banging sounds coming from outside. Going outside to investigate, they saw two people run away into the shadows. They discovered that their Volkswagen Jetta was covered in dents, done in a purposively avant-garde kind of pattern. One of the unknown suspects had also covered the windshield wipers with a substance that resembled molasses.

8/2, 10:28 p.m.

A white male, described as approximately 30 years of age, wearing designer jeans, and a high end brand T-shirt, like a Tommy Hilfiger or something, with an embroidered baseball cap with "Fuck the Yankees" on it, and Ugg boots that looked brand new, ordered a submarine sandwich, no mayo but with avocado, then pulled a gun from his waist

as he picked up his order, & demanded money from the register, using a falsetto sounding voice. He then promptly left, with the cash in one hand, & holding his sandwich with the other, taking several bites as he desultorily walked out the front door.

8/5, Evening Sometime

An escalating verbal argument occurred between two neighbors, which started to get ugly when one of the neighbors, Doug Dahlberg, came onto the other neighbor's property, owned by Blaze Drexler, and proceeded to cut off several tree branches with his new Stihl 050 chainsaw. Dahlberg was arrested at the scene after makes threats to cut off Drexler's head with the Stihl. He, Dahlberg, was taken to County Jail, and booked with intent to terrorize the neighborhood.

8/6, 9 a.m.

Someone entered a local business and stole \$4,276.00 worth of flea and tick medicine for cats.

8/8, 5:12 p.m

Someone, a local resident perhaps, removed a custom-made stainless steel barbeque from a carport in the Jewel Box area.

8/9, Graffiti Bust

After a two-year investigation involving the County Sheriff's Office in cooperation with the Graffiti Removal Project, 19-year-old Pancho Acevedo of Los Lomas was arrested on over 190 counts of felony vandalism. Acevedo is believed to have caused over \$71,000 in damages to private property throughout the County; graffiti artists like Acevedo are responsible for over \$1 million in damages annually the Sheriff's Office of Community Policing now estimates. Several officers and volunteers helped to abate the graffiti Acevedo left during his nefarious nightly activities.

8/13, 8:30 a.m.

A man riding on the #35 bus was making racially charged statements, offending other passengers, several who asked that he desist from his mouthing off. The man continued verbalizing nasty things, whereby one of the passengers got up from his seat and knocked the man out. The passenger then got off the bus, unlocked his bike from the bike rack on the front of the bus, and rode away. The victim, when he regained consciousness, declined to press any charges.

8/13, 1:20 p.m.

A customer pulled out of a gas station on 14th Avenue with the pump nozzle and hose still attached to the car. According to the surveillance footage, it appears that the driver looked back and noticed the equipment still attached to the car, but continued to drive away regardless of the fact. The incident is under investigation.

8/15, 5:30 a.m.

Someone cut the lock at a local café, entered the premises, cooked up some sausages and eggs, along with some crab cakes, and from the evidence left behind, it looked like they had a very large messy meal.

8/16, 7:55 p.m.

An intoxicated man was found crawling down the middle of the road, obviously unable to care for himself. He fought with the deputies who attempted to get him off the street; backup units were called in, and several officers received bloody noses before the man was finally subdued and taken to jail.

8/16

An ongoing dispute between neighbors escalated when one videotaped the other cutting hedges on the first neighbor's property line and a vandalism charge was filed. The case is pending.

8/18, 3 p.m.

Someone threw a potted plant through the windshield of a vehicle, with a note indicating that the relationship was now over.

8/19, 12:15 a.m.

A couple reported that a man they knew ripped the screen off their bedroom window and threw a full can of beer at them while they slept. The suspect was located and charged with reckless behavior and violating his probation.

8/23, Midnight

A local resident call 9-1-1 to report that he might be overdosing on hallucinogenic magic mushrooms. When authorities arrived, he informed them that he was now feeling real good, and just had a moment of weakness and self-doubt when he called. An ambulance was called anyway, and the remaining mushrooms were found scattered on the kitchen table.

9/1, Impersonating an Officer

A 33-year-old man has been charged with impersonating a law enforcement officer. Police arrested Daniel O'Connell following a 4 month long investigation. According to the initial report, the suspect purchased a retired white police car on the Internet, and outfitted it with lights, siren, address system, radar detector and scanner. When officers executed a search warrant at O'Connell's home, they found clothing with law enforcement patches, a badge, and a police duty belt with a replica firearm, radio, baton, handcuffs, and pepper spray. The suspect faces five different charges related to the impersonation. Local police are asking area residents who may have been pulled over by a man driving an unmarked white car with lights and sirens to call the department immediately.



9/3, 11:25 p.m.

A cab driver contacted authorities after a passenger of his refused to pay her fare. The passenger left the scene of the dispute on a kid's bicycle that was lying on someone's front lawn. When officers pulled over Stevie Stevens, 21, on Ancient Oaks drive, she denied knowing anything about the incident. Stevens was intoxicated according to the deputies, and was detained until the cab driver drove up and identified her as the culprit. She then resisted the deputy who attempted to handcuff her, and had to be forcibly restrained. Eventually, she did admit that yes, she was indeed the passenger in question, but it was merely a matter of not having the money to pay the fare, since buying booze was far more important.

9/4, 2 p.m.

A woman reported that a Nintendo DS game console was stolen from her home. She told deputies that she suspects a

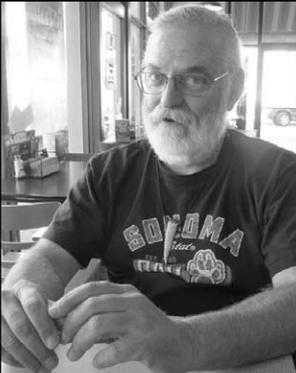
man who had recently done work on her plumbing. When the plumber was questioned about the missing Nintendo, he replied that since he only uses the Sony Playstation, it could not possibly have been him who took the console.

9/8, 3:54 p.m.

A man walked into a Men's Wearhouse, and tried on a tuxedo. Still wearing it, he walked out without paying for it. It was valued at over 400 dollars.

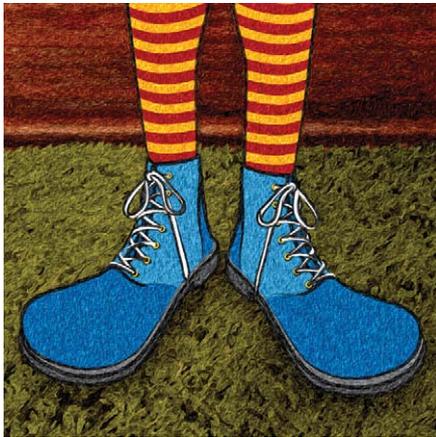
9/8, 3 a.m.

At midnight, a deputy on patrol noticed a man on the 800 block of Empire Road, standing in a pasture with his pants down around his ankles. When questioned, the man replied he just felt like exposing himself to the chilly night air. The deputy asked if he wanted medical assistance and then determined the man was in possession of methamphetamine, along with several felony warrants outstanding. Ⓜ



MATTHEW HILL has authored five books of poetry & prose poems, several chapbooks, and has also edited two non-fiction compilations of various quotations. He served as editor/publisher of the Marshall Creek Press series of experimental literature chapbooks (1995-97), and has a book of short fiction soon to appear (*The Amplitude of Growlers*). Currently he resides in the southern part of Northern California.

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watches



Learning to Speak Spanish Cats Like Martyrs

RW Spryszak

9:44 AM

They carried him through the smoke from the campfires to a place between two trees where they hung him by his heels from a wire and beat his head into a sweet clump of red cabbage with cricket bats. Five years later they did it again. Drums. Aspirin stops the drums.

9:49 AM

The part about the drums was a lie. It was people. Hundreds of people making noises like drums. Hollow bellied and hungry. There were a lot of them instead.

9:50 AM

Sunset. Horns.

9:51 AM

The part about the horns wasn't exactly the truth. I was just kidding. It was actually smoke. It was raining. It was concrete. Anything but fluid. You know, jewels.

9:52 AM

It wasn't "him" they carried, it was me. I get mixed up. It was me they carried through the smoke. I was too embarrassed to say. They beat me with a head of lettuce. There was a sound like firecrackers but it wasn't a lot of people. Or the phone rings. Or sunrise. Or something.

9:53 AM

You can tell it is going to be a really bad day when the morning smells like wet dogs.

9:54 AM

The part about the truth was a lie. It was two clowns in big blue shoes. Your dreams are furniture and you're letting the clowns rearrange the living room. They carry the furniture through the smoke from their campfires to a place between two trees.

9:56 AM

There is a liquid-blue world, when seen from orbit, where well-reasoned men sit on what they call "pondering rocks" beneath many dark moons. They have figured out that what it really is is that fingers come out of the sky and poke around in the mass of people like drums. So they figure it to be a religion. Suddenly there are organs.

9:57 AM

But not organs like calliopes but organs like entrails. And the probing fingers pull cords of threadlike psyche (squiggly DNA things) for examination bloodied with the sanguine blue world.

9:59 AM

But it wasn't about the many dark moons. It was sour. It was like oil. Like transmission fluid. Like the skin of a tamarillo. Like red cabbage.

10:00 AM (it starts to get hard)

Actually? It's little liquid green men who shoved rocks around into pyramids. They shit rocks and moons and poke their glowing, phallic fingers up your backside and their eyes are bloodied from staring up at the sky—which isn't their sky—because they're originally from down the block from the threadlike blue world of drums and horns.

10:02 AM

This is all fake. Like rocks and moons from the campfires of threadlike men who hear voices in the clouds and see faces in the psyche spitting truth out of the sky that they've poked until it bled out the color of the bright blue world. And then there were steeples as if by magic.

10:04 AM

And the part about the lie was the truth. But not smoke. It was rain. Like clowns. Like horns. Or water flowing out of a tube on the side of a horn. Or spit. Like rain.

10:05 AM

yeah but not really horns. I exaggerate. They beat me into saying that. More like faces. Like fingers pulling away from your hand in a dream populated by the liquid voices of well-reasoned clowns who shit blue worlds.

10:07 AM

But it isn't the eyes that bled. I made that up. It was smoke. It was a dream. It was anything but true. 🌀

Originally published in Asylum Magazine (Santa Maria CA) Vol. 5 #4 / 1990

ARTISTS & POETS APPEARING IN THIS ISSUE



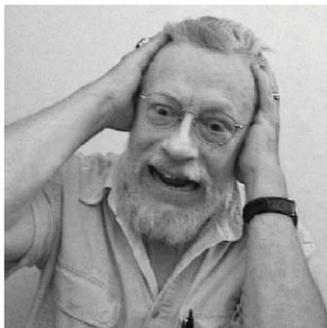
KYRA WILSON ... Page 11, Back Cover ...

is an artist residing in Vermont with her family, and has been painting for over 20 years. Kyra tried going the expected career route in business, but ended up working in an office with flickering fluorescent lights, zero windows, way too many spreadsheets, and people with suspenders. She escaped, and embraced color and movement as her passion. Creating in Oils, Acrylic, and Watercolor, she works in a predominantly fantasy style, but visits the contemporary and even abstract realms on occasion! Kyra's work can be found at KWilsonStudio.com



DAVID SIMMER II

is a graphic designer and world traveler residing in the Pacific Northwest of these United States. Any artistic talent he may have is undoubtedly due to his father making him draw his own pictures to color rather than buying him coloring books during his formative years. He is co-founder and art director of *Thrice Fiction Magazine* and blogs daily at Blogography.com



JOHN M. BENNETT ... Pages 12, 16, 19, 21 ...

has published, exhibited and performed his word art worldwide in thousands of publications and venues. He was editor and publisher of *Lost and Found Times*, and is Curator of the Avant Writing Collection at The Ohio State University Libraries. His work has been collected in several major institutions, including Washington University (St. Louis), SUNY Buffalo, The Ohio State University, and The Museum of Modern Art. His PhD (UCLA 1970) is in Latin American Literature. He can be found online at JohnMBennett.net

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JOHN M. BENNETT 7-17-11

Thrice Fiction Four

Arriving March, 2012

