

# Salt <sup>on</sup> the Slugs #2

expose yourself  
naked and innocent to  
the freezing rain and hail of  
my passion and indifference  
drunk with early-morning sex  
i have betrayed you  
before

crispy the shiidge  
confronts the  
TV annus



too much living is bad for the soul

McDowell stuttered from his bed to the white bathroom. Admittedly, it was a cold morning; undoubtedly the white tiles on his floor burned his pink feet. I'm sure his whining children made his head throb. I'm sure his wife's compressed Puritan lips unearthed a hidden resentful guilt from within his scarred body. But was that any reason to murder his family like so many fresh shoots? I think not, people, and the best justice you can do to his memory is not to condone his faults, his critical death of self-discipline, but rather look within yourselves and decide whether you are worthy to enter God's affections. Surely, for this, McDowell hasn't committed suicide in vain.

--Rev. Faubus, addressing  
a prison congregation

Highway 95 extends from Winnemucca (it's in Northern Nevada, my Dad was born there) all the way to somewhere deep in Oregon.

My Aunt Gen and Uncle Bob own a large ranch forty miles north of Winn. There is no T.V., and KWNA radio fades in and out at night. Aunt Gen keeps a large selection of books and magazines, though; World Press Review is my favorite.

It is 6 a.m. A fairly brisk wind is creating a wind chill factor of -10 degrees, and you can't see shit because of the morning fog. Uncle Bob (he's a real cowboy, you see; stirrups, bandana, 10-gallon hat, filthy truck) is riding off into the sunrise to bring the cattle in off the desert.

Aunt Gen brings me a cup of coffee saying, "Yes, your grandfather knew Czechoslovakian. I remember the time when..."

I wish I were there.

J. Myles Majerov

A bruised and spindly  
stem pushes its bud into  
light where it blossoms

Caked mud on my hands  
and face teaches me to open  
eyes in shadows

-dwright a. gray

The boy usually gets aroused first, probably before the girl realizes it. So, guys, if you do, you should stop. But, girls, often the guy does not stop, so you'll have to say no to any act that's likely to make matters worse. Remember, stopping is a lot harder than saying no in the first place.

A twining gleam of  
sunlight sees a boy crushing  
bulbs with his hammer

six days between and you are there and i am here but that doesn't explain the meaning behind the action presented before me in a series of mistakes and begging and flattery are useless tools in the eyes of a strange man from a dimly lit place beyond a blue sky and sea and white sands although i do regret one thing: since you were gone i wanted to leave a note but realized i forgot a mind to create the message in order to explain to you my meaning behind the expansion of something great and wonderful which is another name for this troubled control of thoughts running wild or maybe just a simple stretching of the truth which is highly unlikely.

p.s. i didn't want to further disturb the matter but beyond the comprehension of some unordered sight one might start dusting with a clean rag in a manner not known to a life-form inhabiting a world of filth and confusion, but, to try to make a concession of things, will continue in the same unusually sensitive feelings which i immediately understood to be your own: sorry.

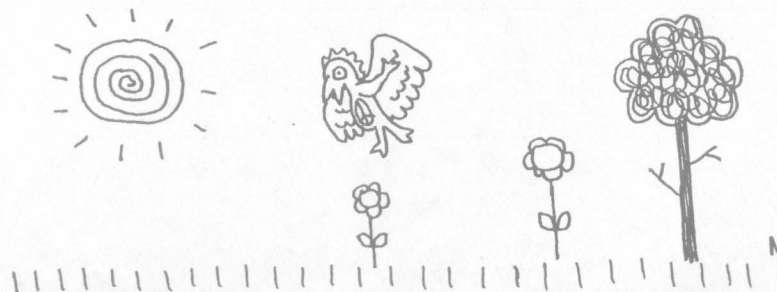
Dan Dudgeon

who am i  
in  
this  
tangle  
of crowded neurons  
trickling  
down?  
i think that i  
am  
eternally  
asleep,  
waking  
gradually,  
dreaming often.

Say you don't want sex. Say it firmly. Make it clear.

THESE ARE THE STEPS EVERY CHRISTIAN MUST TAKE TO BLOCK THESE ATTACKS:

- 1 CLEAN OUT YOUR HOMES OF ANY OCCULT OBJECTS.
- 2 MAKE JESUS LORD OF EVERY PART OF YOUR LIFE.
- 3 READ YOUR BIBLE FAITHFULLY EVERY DAY.
- 4 IN PRAYER, REJECT ANY OCCULT INVOLVEMENT IN THE PAST . . . PLEAD THE BLOOD OF JESUS FOR PROTECTION AND BIND THE DEMONIC FORCES.
- 5 SUBMIT YOURSELVES TO GOD, RESIST THE DEVIL AND HE'LL FLEE FROM YOU.



Follow the inner voice that is urging you to cross the threshold to another plane of time and space, and discover all its secrets.

LISTEN

With tense, herky-jerky  
motions an expression  
looks for acorns.

\*

In my dreams  
a mirror image of myself  
is speaking in the  
manner of Dvorak.

Eyes closed--anything is possible

\*

The squirrel nibbles blindly.  
Undistracted it could spend  
the day nourishing itself.  
It doesn't see me I am getting  
closer but

\*

My eyes always open  
halfway through the chords  
of my genius apparition to  
find an idiot savant  
shitting on himself in the  
isolated corner of an  
asylum.

The emotional reaction is the same--

\*

DON'T LOOK The squirrel sees me  
a step away watches the  
giant squirrel killer over its  
shoulder while scampering  
up the branches of its fortress.

Since man killed his first squirrel  
he has been known to bring hurt.

\*

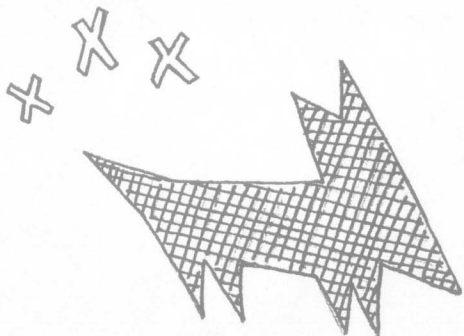
And we all know all men are alike, don't we.

Dwight A. Gray

Ce Soir

A dark forest I saw once did  
not invite me in. Only one tree  
Halfway beckoned me, bent as it was  
By time and the force of the wind.  
The rest were thin white ghosts with  
Green hair; so anorexic and yet  
So strong, they created their own air. I could tell  
Their breaths were purer. This entity  
Brooded in the fading light, and I wanted  
To be in there.  
They did not greet me.  
But I cannot say good-bye.

Amy Jackson



MD

The views expressed here are not necessarily those of the editor.  
But they might be.

CONTACT Rich Leonard / Box 608

"jumped, humped, born to suffer,  
made to undress in the  
wilderness."

-Jim Morrison