

THE
ANTHOLOGY
of
Demented Poetry

Featuring the works of high school students, bored to tears in class

TRANSCRIBED BY CHRIS LYLES

PREFACE

By Chris Lyles

Demented poetry is an art hard to explain. Some may not think of it as art, but the authors of this unique style of poetry certainly think so. From the outside, it may look like some of the authors just made up words and wrote them down. This is because that is exactly what happened.

In all seriousness, demented poetry was more a form of release and venting rather than art, although there can be an art to it. You see, this poetry was birthed out of frustration over metaphysical poems, which, at times, can seem just as poetic as what is written in these books. So students like myself at the time would channel aggression through writing “poems” that made absolutely no sense. Thus, demented poetry came to be.

Many have found these short works amusing, even hilarious. I highly recommend reading them when you feel down or lonely. Sometimes people have read these poems and were inspired to write their own dementia. Maybe you too will become a demented poet.

You may begin to sense a trend or theme if you pay close enough attention to some authors. Often shapes or inanimate (even invisible) objects will take on personification. Common figurative phrases are taken literally for humor effect, and sometimes poems may actually make sense!

Whatever your reason for downloading this book, I thank you and wish you the most demented experience!

Chris Lyles

DISCLAIMER

These poems do not reflect the opinions of anyone, not even of the author(s). They are made up of random phrases or words, and are not intended to show any political, ethnic, religious or gender ideologies of any kind. Again, this is just plain fun and is not meant to express any thought of any kind. It's demented poetry for crying out loud!

ILL REPUTED REFLEX

By Chris Lyles

Chromatids, chromosomes, ganglion and

Horseradish

Are the composition

Of mustard stew. For this

Reason, and this reason alone,

Was at the thrift store buying

Money again.

Take out your glass eye

Is a fake eye made of glass

Eye is a fake eye made of

Cement jelly.

Woe unto Malcolm and his

Tuna fish raiding party,

For they did what

Was barely enough to get by in

Postgraduate hygiene.

Mellow Yellow,

Although now I'm not so

Sure.

ALL FOR LUB

Based on a lost work

By Chris Lyles

There is a place not far from here

Where I go to find rest

And solace.

It is a dark place, my refuge

At times, that

Provides relief to my distress.

I journey there.

Sniff.

Groans and strains and

A grunt, and...

BLOUGH!!

The pressure is gone, but alas,

It was only a

“MEEP.”

JURY DUTY

By Chris Lyles

Quick.

Sleek.

Stealth movement

Sweeps the tombs

Engraved by

The one.

This one

Is

Two, but not too, yet won or one.

Splash,

I hear the sound movement

Of someone

Or something.

He has jumped

Overboard for

Fear of inflation of

The U.S. dollar. This all

Happened

Tomorrow.

Why

Oh why? The pain

Engrossed

Neoclassicism.

Now metabolism.

Gargantuan.

NERDS LIVING IN THE CORE OF THE SUN

Based on the lost work, Pink [Pank]

By Chris Lyles

The wall,
 Sparkling with its digital effervescence,
Shelters a pigeon-like face
That resembles a monetary statue
Of Mesotapoles.

 It is pink [pank].
Laments crying wildly into the wind
Are three-fourths
Barbecued,
As does a hummingbird.
Flask the wask
And
Chub the bub.
Niagara Falls
And sometimes it doesn't,
For in it lies the enmity of
The chiropractor
In shambles.

It
 Is
 Pink
 [pank].

PERISTALSIS

By Chris Lyles

Void is the scarf that expires
After Labor Day.
Naked elephants wear no earmuffs
As they skulk the bullion.
Fried potatoes.
Enchilada on my front porch
Scorches the funky eel.
Minus seventy-two degrees indicated
Multiplicity on the table.
Who but Santa Monica could kill
The mocha?
Certainly
The sideways stool sample
Hits the lizard on the highway.
Alas,
Milk drips from
Velcro.
Michelle Kwan
Is jealous of
My girlfriend.
Firestone tires.
Amen.

RATIONAL FUNCTIONS

By Chris Lyles

Clear yet

Not clear

Yet clear, but not.

Waiting

 Waiting

For some obscure

Individual to release some

Garb upon

Its force

Cosined by the miniscule

Root and a toilet.

Apple trees

Don't grow sideways as a

Bungle does.

Maybe french fries taste

Better with milk?

Yet it is still there

Asking what it did. Why?

Ask your mom.

JUSTICE

By Chris Lyles

I ran,

But I fell.

And it hurt.

HE-MAN IS OUR DAUGHTER

By Chris Lyles

Sharpen your pen

Before I blast the walrus

Over the hill and ev-er-y where.

Shrapnel is coming

Over the hill and ev-er-y where.

Everywhere is ev-er-y where.

What? He did...? Oh.

Smack is laid down

Upon the midnight

Crunch-bars are waiting for you,

Dancing on the

Is marking.

Tool belt.

PROBABILITY

By Chris Lyles

Fusion in the calendar

Sparks daylight

In the fun-house as

Psychoanalytic plants

Frisky my

Dog biscuit.

Pear-tree pear-tree pear-tree

And I weep aloud at

The smell of turkey.

The mall

Is

Big.

COVECULAR

By Chris Lyles

It was then
That I discovered the
Root was actually tangent to my
Pink jelly. Coping with the extra butterfly
In my happy meal
It makes indigestion rampid.
Yea, alas, forsooth
Wrapping corn-dogs was never in this
Fatal contract
Minus two-thirds and a peach.
Why, O dog, are they
Aspiring to Madonna?
It must mean
Spaghetti-o's.

CONIC FUNCTIONS AND SUCH

By Chris Lyles

Yes, that's what I thought too,

But then I realized it just wasn't like

That.

Separation only occurs at me on the zoo

Ride fell past the Q on Turtle Power Shower.

Hit the gate and let it fly as the

Deer. Matchly. If you can

Pronounce that, call me.

Indigestion.

I got extra credit just for the type

Of drink it was.

SEMESTER EXAMS

By Chris Lyles

Boom shakalaka

Is the G-force

While tending your

Sheep.

Cosmic brain matter

Unscrupulously euphoric monomers

Collide a Wal-Mart sack.

Paper or glass?

You're a bad nugget

Wall-wart-puncher-man!

Sniggle the force of

Insurance

As sure as a belly

Flops the trigonometric

Catastrophe: blind-sided by a

Roach.

AMPHIBIOUS

By Chris Lyles

Gwatney Chevrolet

Doesn't like my

Mushrooms past the kin man.

Oink is the color of

My shoelace.

Naked cow

Riding the wind

And barks at ongoing

Traffic pizza scarf.

If you add the making of

Star Wars, you get root beer in the

Turned sideways

Extracted the and

Blonde curly hair.

Meatballs and ice cream.

SPARK PLUGS ANONYMOUS

By Chris Lyles

Wicked Jell-O

Flies

Unstably

As a thorn inflicts juice in a maggot's

Belly.

Then an acorn must be the

Antiderivative of the

Source

Code. Shortly stunning the

Universal dress code unwinds the

Molecule that

Feeds it.

Juicy Fruit

Is gonna

Move ya.

THE NEGATIVE THETA

By Chris Lyles

Some diabolical vernacular

Just hit me in

The

Head.

The Cheerio's won't melt if you hug

Them like a baseball is

To his mint.

Why so little, O

Brain of mine?

The charges hit the bank

The split second

Before

I

Puked.

But what

Does this mean?

It must mean that

Carrots are only ripe when

They sneeze

Out a kitten.

A

By Chris Lyles

There was a farmer who had a

DART FROG

And a partridge in a pear tree

Was his

NAME-O

He stuck in his thumb and

Pulled out Mary's little lamb

But they couldn't put him back

Together again.

Jack and Jill

Bring presents to little good boys

And

BARRACUDAS.

Elvis

Is

Alive.

THE BOOK

By Chris Lyles

Smile

With tongue dangling

Images of paper and clothes

It doth fill my toilet

With mustard

Yes, forsooth

My gander gaze rests upon

The colors of

The BOOK.

The book

 The book

The book

 The book

The book

 The book

The book

 The book

And

The book

Pickles and cherries

Tame the donuts

And what of my band-aids?

The snarling chaos of my

Coconut

Is pulling the lion's chin.

SCRIBBLEFRUS

Dedicated to Cheri Kimes's drawing in Spanish II, May 11, 2000

By Chris Lyles

Shh shh shh shh
I hear the sound
Shh shh shh shh shh
The sight appalls my aching
Spectacle viewers
As a crown upon
A cow's ear
Causes sweet
FRUS
Scribble shh shh shh
I see the
"Sun"
Exploding as rays
Vehemently slice the
Fish-drenched
"Ocean"
Slake, slake, slake
I do so refresh my oven
With pipe-cleaners and a tree
Is a root in the blades that adorn
My footpath.
Why, O grass, art thou so
Green and scribbly, as the bird
Doth poop upon the mustard cloud.
A dog doth sniff
His own
As he beholds a
Violent, snuff frus
Tree.
Scribblefrus.

HEAT RESISTANT

By Chris Lyles

The pink [pank] speck on the wall
Inspires this pencil to inscribe wisdom on a stick,
But somehow explodes as a dry-erase marker
Upon my hip.
Hip, lip, dip, chip, slip, blip, clip, sip, whip, flip.
And a chocolate bee sings of honey
On my dresser drawer.
The triangle just happens to be my aunt
In a masked charade ball.
This only makes sense to be that way,
Or all is for naught...
Whatever that is.

MANIFESTO OF TREES

By Chris Lyles

Waxing prematurely as a steak bar,
The flivorous turtle rebounds
And...

SCORE!!

The magnificent beings that relish
Turmoil kill esophaguses
Worldwide. But don't despair,
The fly magnum is not
In effect anymore.
Flies flies flies
They always say
But it never worked to begin with,
So how do you expect it to
Cultivate radishes now?
The problem with rain sticks is
That
Saw it the other day explaining rational
Roots to a kid wearing no
Underpants.
It reely made me
He gawked at magnificence in the
Making plus 3 1/2 over pi.
But when it was all over
He just hit them all
And out came a turtle
Dove that set out to
Conquer all mosquitoes
And roast marshmallows.

A BLOB-LA

By Chris Lyles

Trinkets that whizzle in the night

Speak sweet Charlemagnes to my stomach

As the lizards take a break from broadcasting live in San Francisco.

Digitous laments flow like steel

From an unwanted chest of multipurpose cleaner,

And I weep.

Who is this Doctor whom we call Pepper?

He hath not reaped the stitches he hath sewn.

I shall barthaggle.

The breath of limeade chocolate

Utters moo-moo cow's legitimacy to my crowned elbow.

And then it came...

MEDIOCRE

By Chris Lyles

What do you mean, calling me
A ham-kid? For do you not know that I
Can? I will!

He closes the hot stove.

Pass me the gas, please.
And push the corn to
My dad is cool.
Tears are mercilessly jerked
From my elbow.
Hankering
For a hot-dog, he spilled hot lava in
His lap plus 3.
Take it outside
Where it.

Blue sweater.

BONNIE B

By Chris Lyles

It happens every time I flush my
Washing machine down the
Street, why I don't find in the yard.
But still it encompasses my whole belt.
Shining, falling, and stinking, it
Mellows past the Gatorade machine
To Disney World on the side order that
Wreaks bologna.
Smile! You're on
Candid marker ball!
Rush me a swimsuit so
I can take a bath in oil.
Conglomerate.

XENON

By Chris Lyles

Unto my beckoning ears
Was bestowed a garment as
To embellish
Propriety.
Wondering as I calculate the geometric
Distance between Nairobi and the
Goon-Blast deserts of Planet Z-10217,
The green plants emerge
Restlessly as they had slept, yet
Engaging in a regional pastime
Of marshmallow burning
To the fourth degree polynomial
Function.
Silence. Wondering. Lipstick?
Nah.

QWERTY DOGS

By Chris Lyles

Sounds in the background reflect

Hammering and shaving.

< plus 17.9 >

How roundabout is the

Necklace on your thigh? I say about

$\frac{7}{10}$ of a quarter. The

Heisman trophy was awarded

To yesterday I ate a was not.

But if anyone asks, tell

Him I called.

EXTRATERRESTRIAL LAMPPOSTS

By Chris Lyles

Alas we are not alone.

Statistics report a mirror's reflection of

My uncle's first cousin's nephew's brother-in-law

Who has a second cousin (once-removed) and his

Dog ate a biscuit, but in the most

Untimely fashion. While tying his master's

Shoe, he engulfed a

Picnic basket full of CO₁₅

And a cherry tree that talks.

Such is the fate of our

Suitcases. Amalgam.

WOODEN LEG

By Chris Lyles

Protractors in stride
Waltzing to the flower
That said orange juice wasn't good enough.
Golden drops of snowflakes
Graze the cattle
Like the cattle that grazed the razing
Of amazing plays.
Upon the sky
Rides
The man on the lawnmower
Screeching halt to millions in
Pink too-toos.
Then the barn erupted
Into water as the dog licked a
Sugar cone stick
Daffodils praise the bamboo
Robot smut corning the hot-dog.
Blaf.

SARCONIC BLUES

By Chris Lyles

Mustering lonely in the sea
Is a diamond following
A crash course in terminology
But it never did.
Crevices that fill up
Are not empty
But pi times the square root
Of negative theta doesn't exist
As a proper fraction over its own
Nose.
But once the dry-erase
Bundle stalks its food,
I cry very very loud
As a cup of pennies hits its
Own mother-in-law.
Why, O Bartholomew,
Is the sea purple?
It isn't, you dork.

OCULAR WARTS

By Chris Lyles

Bleeding the is my cap

On facts not yet

Proven, making them not facts

Nor opinions, but

Apple juice.

Maybe; maybe not; maybe so; so what.

It all means the same, which

Is nothing. Congratulations, you're

A dork.

Please

Pass

The

Flaming bananas

To the end of time.

Thanks.

YAK AND COMPANY

By Chris Lyles

Embers

Fading in the wind.

Yes, I said embers.

Embers from the swimming pool that

Was somehow caught on fire.

Fire

That floats like a rapid-fire

Machine gun on stilts.

Stilts

That resemble stilts from

The stilt store on stilts.

He ran

Into a

Wall.

GASTRITIS

By Chris Lyles

Pants

Flew

Like birds

And

OOF!!

It was but went out the door

And stopped traffic.

POOF!

Uncongregated announcements

Flow downward past the

Kitchen sink where

PLASH

ZYLOFONE

By Chris Lyles

Is it not my signature

That sets thy shoes

On fire?

It was that thou

Wert wading in thy milk from

The fridge yesterday,

And I wast

Offended.

For in thy dress was a

Stiffle. What that be,

Knowest I not. But still.

Pass me the gas, please.

Unleash thy bubble gum upon

The red red wine of Toyota

And be a Pepper.

Then at last wilt I

Have my rest on KISS FM.

Bonsai.

UNDERSTATEMENT

By Chris Lyles

Staring into oblivion.

WINK.

READ PAGE 7892

By Chris Lyles

As I stare,

Stare intricately,

Intricately snoring,

Snoring boringly,

Boringly wettingly

Repetition repeatedly repeating repeated

You want to give me a pencil, huh?

Ok, hand over the

Water pale.

Shoulder wax!

UNTITLED

A work composed for a Literature class. It received an A.

By Chris Lyles

As I look into the mirror,
I see an ugly face.
I need to clean it up right now;
The razor blade I raise.

The water runs into the sink;
The shaving cream I get.
I splash the water on my face –
It gets my skin all wet.

The shaving cream goes on my face,
The razor blade I raise.
I try to shave my hairy face
But some hair wants to stay.

I shave my face again, again
And try to make it smooth.
My razor blade hit a pimple
And it began to ooze.

THERE IS NO NORMAL

By Chris Lyles

If everybody's unique.

OTIS, THE CARDBOARD SECRETARY

By Chris Lyles

When I walk toward the tree is standing
Over in the corner is wet like water was
Running like an athlete star shining bright
Idea genius prodigy.
Aruba, Bahamas, come on
Mee - ta - lamma
And it was not
What I expected out of
Great Expectations.
Don't read
This.

ZEBRACAKES ON THE RUN AGAIN

By Chris Lyles

William Shatner is THE MAN.

Why O why do they call me cheerio?

Was it the way I drank concentrate lemon juice?

When it hit the sidewalk what it did

Wasn't enough to entice my thermometer back

Where it came from the

Weather is bad in the

West Coast surfboard hit was badly

Written again.

W.

VIOLENCE ARE NOT FLOWERS

By Chris Lyles

To the little kid that just
Closed all my mutual funds without
Providing a legal affidavit in the presence
Of a qualified nominant, I say "hello."
Can you just picture snot rags
Fly relentlessly in the wind while riding
Atop the Oscar-Mayer Weiner mobile?
Glad you can.
Math
Stinks.

YOUNG PERIPHERAL MOOSE

By Chris Lyles

Milty Mitly Marty

Ask the dog

Frackly Prackly

Masker-tog.

Excruciating pickles scream

“Stop the movie!”

As I pick my boo-ha

Smacker trashy plaque.

Eat

The

Corndog on the porch.

Don't worry, it's radioactive

Space garbage

In a plastic ball heating system

Toothache.

QUOTH THE RAFTER

By Chris Lyles

Symbolic of French fries melted on

Rice patties of cement

Dogs in was at the

Inquisitive marquee.

No coherent words shall fly

From this day forth and backward

In a hot tub filled with lemon juice.

I already said that.

If you can push the quake to another

Time, I would appreciate/depreciate

The www.aaaaatgleeee.org + 3

In adequate surf-lime parker

Blast.

Move over

Steve.

FLASTERCATE

By Chris Lyles

I brought back 3 spears and a

Blowgun.

The ant farm had already exploded

By the time I could drink the liquid oxygen.

Dogs were me-owing

The cattle were barking

And the lighthouse is

Dark like the mosquito juice in the backpack.

For the most part, I feel like

This primate filet minion fell through the

Baseball field phonics tooth filling far back potato

Fotatoe.

Mountains, pountains, and glountains

All rhyme with elbow.

Goodbye Charlie 3 alpha bravo 12.

Minus 2.

Glingon.

DON'T PROVE MY POINT

By Chris Lyles

Mixed in mushy theorems that

Claim to know the root of

Existence in a toenail,

Crying wildly into the wind

That hits the wall.

Staring at was the in past

Participle fat boy snot rag.

Whistle-ee-doo

Into the garage,

Where the Vindow Viper

Prepares hotdogs in a stocking

Full of pansies.

Not that.

SPORANGA-TANG

By Chris Lyles

Falsity in a basketball rim

Four sides of a dog's mutton

Past time fear of monstrosity

Nasal hair

Can you take me flyer

Downtown Quasimodo in an

On en no bo go toe truck elephant.

She falls backward into a spring

Of acid phosphor guts.

Stole a garment

That was

Free.

JULY BLIZZARDS ON MARS INC.

By Chris Lyles

< background music for the Superman theme begins >

I swam through the river of solidified

Concrete that smells like the color

Nine-three.

Then, only then, and another time

Also, which completely destroys the “only

then” part I mentioned before saying

“And another time also,” they, the

Enemies of Koo-slue, attacked at a 73.9

Degree angle, but hit my wallet instead.

Bears fall and die when

I take showers.

Kentucky love.

TEMPORAL LOBE INSTALLATION

By Chris Lyles

We recently discovered that sideburns
Actually don't (burn). But as we reached to
Tell Action News 15, the bald rubber-goblins
Attacked out franchise in the West wing.
Infallibly, we had to relocate our
Acquisitions to European simulated houses.
But then our dog
Yelled the alphabet
In German at us.
That reely
Hurt.

CONVEYER BELT

By Chris Lyles

Once again I tell you. The most important
Fact to be distributed are as follows:
The zealous zebra zonker belongs to me, and
We have been robbed of our robbery, which cancels
Out to leave blue remaining.
Yesterday made a couch out
Of cookies that belch the national
Anathema. The what?
The barrel.

HAPLOID DIGESTION PROCESSES

By Chris Lyles

The majestic fruit fly erupts abruptly enough into

The streaming audio provided by 78

Local search engines.

Oh no! The chromosomes are surrounding

Me, and I can't set my books anywhere!

His abdomen are actually abdo-women.

The air screams in horror as the

Billy Ray Cyrus club unites in purpose

To overthrow the overflow of moverglow.

And now to to eat a

Sandwich.

<crunch>

INHIBITIONS R US

By Chris Lyles

I used to be unsure of myself...

Well, maybe I wasn't... I can never

Be sure...

I think I have Alzheimer's... but I can't

Seem to recall...

If the world was like me,

We wouldn't have ego problems...

Why do we walk STRAIGHT on a SIDEwalk,

Anyways?

Keebler Elves.

SUPERBOWL OF THE NERDS

By Chris Lyles

Lip-gloss is inexpensive when bought

In wholesale Wal-Mart.

I watched yesterday, and it watched

Me as the pyramids waved energetically

And I smile.

A

Bird

Just

Hit the glass.

Supper's here!

TUNISIAN MATHEMATICS

By Chris Lyles

Snotwads engulf my extracurricular

Nasal spray.

And why wouldn't it?

It's small and fragile with beads running

Ferociously down the strip the box of all weapons.

Supposable posaeble noseable roseable

Rose bowls fly as

Though fired from their job.

Milk and

Cheese.

UNNATURAL OCCURRENCES, PART 1

By Chris Lyles

We were all perplexed at the site of

Gigantic snot bubbles exploding in

The distance.

Teeth were being gritten

As we tried on nylon mittens,

But then the

Carbon O₂ chamber exploded again

And we had to get the Jell-O salesman

To reboot it again.

Then, at the site of recollection,

We snuffed out the one cue ball

They had in their rotten possession:

The dish made of cotton.

But yet though although under the

Circumstances, the war raged on, and we were

Eventually caught you spying again.

But then the

UNNATURAL OCCURRENCES, PART 2

By Chris Lyles

Gentleman I saw, holding the door open
For the three dozen pansies that trotted in,
Stepped forward and pronounced hi
Name as “Gill-ee-oo,” which
Is the correct pronunciation of all
Guttural utterances.
Just then the elastic pen
Jumped up and scrambled for the door,
As the electroids seized his head.
Screaming, wailing, and temperamental
Digestive nuances gurgled from its
Stomach as loudly as a rhinoceros
Underwater.
But then, unexpectedly as
A dull knife knitting a raincoat, the
Enhanced version of

UNNATURAL OCCURRENCES, PART 3

By Chris Lyles

Ricky Martin's "I Wanna Be Your
Oven-Baked Sandwich" single hit the
Airwaves, and the airwaves screamed in
Pain. No, no apology was worthy of
This fatal wound induced as a slug
Bearing mucus membrane-covered
Apple-gestures in Vegas, hence the
Name "Gallagander."
Yet as suddenly as it ended,
It started again in a never-ending
Loop of digestive tissue in four equal
Sections. The end is drawing
Nigh, but never asked nigh for
Permission to draw him.

The
End
(or so they say)

YOGURT

By Chris Lyles

Temptation smiles as a tourist
Snaps a quick picture.
The diminishing tower of Maclemore
Falls because it never was a tower,
Making an identity futile and vulnerable.
Washing machine, oh washing
Machine that washes
The machine.
Embarrassment hides from
The same tourist that took a
Picture of temptation.
Flight of the
Meditator.

LOST AND FOUND

By Chris Lyles

Inflicted lipstick caused an
Eminent scream from the nucleus as it
Trampled the donuts.
You just cannot pull
Extraneous roots from mute equations.
Do not attempt to burn
Pi, cuz then it won't look right.
Oh no, the police are after
My shoelaces again. Stop the movie
And eat the chair.
Liquid Plumber
Is like
Lumber
That slumbers.

FAILURE TO ABIDE

By Chris Lyles

Underwater.

Floating ocean.

Missing link found in Wal-Mart premerged with coke.

Simmering and sniffing,

Stifling,

Bermuda grass candy corn.

The monohybrid cross searches for his parents

Relentlessly while preaching a sermon

On goat-children being intolerant of the

French culture.

So, like, I was talking to this

Really hot chick, and, like, like, I like like

Her cuz she's Roman.

Undeveloped skinroast.

THE JOY OF COUGHING

By Chris Lyles

Always riding underneath
Gym bags floating in a river of
Pig slop is the four-headed golf cart who
Waves enthusiastically to his parents
Watching him win the golf tournament on
National TV.

Decahedrons take a double-tuck
 $\frac{3}{4}$ spin in pike position, slowly
And obviously melting slugs as they wipe
The dinner table off with acidic solvents
Not yet known to man.

Kill the
Monkey.

NARCOLEPSY

By Chris Lyles

I wouldn't take crackers from
Anyone,
Much less anyone or them!
The rabid mammal thickens
Violently as the story of Rudolf
Is read. Sense? Coherent? Clear?
Purple? Orange? Claustrophobia? All these
Are ingested part-time on an as-is basis.
Full settlement requires
Half an ear lobe prepayment.
My credit card was
Rejected
By Sally Jesse Raphael.

FROSTED MINI-WHEATS

By Chris Lyles

The donut keeps falling

And falling

Falling endlessly into oblivion

'Til that one special

Cop takes it into his

Coffee.

Wishing the call was in our

Favor, we wash the rebellious

Slinkies into submission.

It climbed the wall to reach

The turkey,

Who actually admitted to

Falsifying his feather cake

Unabridged.

Put the telephone back

Up.

Snausage.

THE TRAPEZE

By Chris Lyles

Pigs that fly weight less,
As does every other reciprocal
Of its inverse. Scaly crabs venture
Sideways into the great wormhole
Provided by State Farm.
The hollowed sphere shakes and
Sneezes loudly while declaring
India a government directly
Proportional to his leg.
But, alas, a sphere doesn't have a leg,
Which is why this poem
Is being made
Void.
Sphinx.

KOLORS

By Chris Lyles

I got it on discount, man.
The lonely triangular prism
Raises the sword to defend his undying
Hair-drying nail dyer.
But, see, Wal-Mart doesn't
Close, therefore it may have never
Opened if it has never closed.
Running wildly through
The sprinkler shouting
"Wolfgang
Wolfgang
Wolfgang"
Reminds me of past days of
Yore childhood.
Green green beans.
I like big movies
And I cannot lie.

KICK

By Chris Lyles

Tulips prance delicately
Asking why they received a
Parking ticket
When they don't even drive
Or prance, for that matter.
The bubblegum morphs into 3 tiny
Laser beams and penetrates
The 45° leaning lampshade that
Prosecuted the butler
Of Manor Estates.
Connecting to the green
Lime
Is spitting
Foresight.

MISCOMBOBULATION COMPLEX

By Chris Lyles

'Twas the night before Kwanza
And all thru the mall
Not a raptor was flanking,
Not even per-skall.
The TV was flaming,
The animals were nude,
And I knew in a moment,
We'd all see Peru.
Now George W. and Al G.
And the rest of the Mickey Mouse
Club can take a break
As we all line up
To be included into the
National Loser's Convention's
Hall of Turkey.
Jackhammer was it fallen.

INAUGURAL INCLUSION TO THE FOURTH DEGREE AS STATED IN THE FIRST LAW OF THERMONUCLEAR TYPESETTING

By Chris Lyles

Go eat a bologna-flavored battery
And slow-roasted Pete. Follow the yellow brick
Car engine stalling on the far side of Canaan
Was chasing his daughter to and fro and
Doe. Laughing, Slaughting, Gaughing, plus Maghing.
What is this world coming to?

PRELUDE OF AGASTRUS (FROM OPUS 7394217.95)

By Chris Lyles

<<music fills the auditorium as the polka band warms up>>

(tap, tap)

<a-hem>

Reeeeeee

Ahhhh

La da dee

Doooooh

Rum...

Silence

Is my name what it called

My half-oblinded scar tissue to eat

The bread on th corner.

Laughing hysterically

At the TV because no picture

Is on.

Red-n-butter, pled-n-schmucker,

Mef-in-tucker plus refro-lunger.

All of this

Is

Smoke.

<<the music subsides as everyone melts>>

Go

By Chris Lyles

Farsighted elephant kissing ludicrous

Trees that spit out seashells

What a smelly diary when flaming

On TV celebrity.

Why did you leave me

Britney Spears?

I'll be here

Waiting for you until

Your sinus drainage clears

And we can talk

Without snorting on paper clothes.

Arrogance was present in the quarter next door,

So as to induce labor on the

Front line, but it

Failed

Darn those soap operas.

FACE VALUE

By Chris Lyles

Camels in the distance ignite

As MJ dunks on some sprite

Fright right

Plight

What a sight at Food Rite

Globs of glue stick to you

Like Winney on Pooh.

That had a different flavor

Last time it were

Chewn.

Pagemaster.

ANDROIDS BARKING AT ME

By Chris Lyles

A song, a song

Ra-la-ring-chong

Fighting, fighting

While ice is igniting

Tastes kinda like lightning

Is frightening.

Ding, dong, the witch is dead

Because she's dead

Is she ahead

Of her deathbed

By the med?

Ked.

A diamond, yes, a diamond

Richer-sliffe-hyphen

Can make you feel like

Mountain range climbing.

And I mean the

Whole

Thing.

BLOCKING A WALL

By Jonathan Fortenberry

The tenderness of the Defense of the pastries
Is a soft cool cream in the center
Portion of a tissue roll.
Creepy pens legislate a scale worthy of a penny.

Calendars, salamanders, lizards, gizzards
Days, craze, bugs and slugs.

Black inside a blue blue sky and
The parrot cannot see.
Beaks squawk at the sound of landscaping.
Fuzzy snow warms my feet,
A shoe sits pretty.

Spindle, Mendel, Grendel, Tindle
Cells, wells, hells, fails.

FINALLY, A POEM THAT RHYMES

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Like a woodpecker pecking wood,

A brick falls slowly,

I wish it could,

Flow freely forward forever

Ferrets turn carrots

Into karats.

Eat the worm! Go!

Circle and scream Frote.

ANCIENT LICHTENSTEIN BELIEFS

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Virco poed swal ero doprit io surpyas.

(According to laws and decrees, you shouldn't...)

koem fuliq

(shave while driving on odd numbered interstates)

wick tekaj

(take showers while intoxicated, unless you're over 47)

koem clakef

(shave things that aren't attached to you, unless you have a permit)

ekalf epist

(smell like perfume after putting it on, except on Wednesdays)

der freyowl

(wear any clothes, scents or accessories on Wednesday)

ero

(and)

lалlos wurte.

(always remember to wash blue shirts in black fingernail polish.)

I WAS BORN IN LUXEMBOURG

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Cheese is the world science, wrinkled into

Pies.

Why oh why dear deer do we walk on

Flies?

Zippers and stickers and twizzler sticks.

Don't call me crazy. I'm not crazy. If

I was crazy I'd be crazier

Than you so go eat a lollipop.

Chalkboards talk to me and share wisdom

Unknown

Bony homolegalisticisimal fishermen challenge

A wicked master of literature.

George Bush versus a volcano with Mr. Smith

As a special referee.

Wood grain finishes make plastic

Attractive.

Are those real?

THE NUMBER ONE

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Like a flowing river, I'm suspended in
Motion, unclothed, is the parrot but I'm
Fully dressed
And
Eating a lollipop.
Cherry flavor is the best.
Scrape scrape scratch scrape.
Taco cell the interstate to
An Eskimo.
My sale phone is ranged. I didn't
Answer it in time.
Cingular walls like Hey I'm Bill
Cosby.

TENNIS SHOES

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Start at the beginning

End where you start.

End at the beginning,

So you never really start, fart.

Slinky hands and wrists jiggle

Thrones and the offering

Is made.

Move! Whoa, that was close.

WHO STEPPED IN WHAT?

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Get out of my car!

Have you ever seen a marsupial

Wear an agenda?

The mesh net laughs.

Shoot an arrow, you missed the duck.

Principle Shipley falls down and

Calls you his mother!

Run through the weeds and stare

At the tree.

Slap. You ran into it.

Birds chuckle cook a burger.

SILVER SPOON

By Jonathan Fortenberry

The branches are falling and the British
Are asleep!
Brown shoes, black shoes, and the cow goes
Moo-moo.
Holographic systematic controversial blender,
Chickens running backward.
Take a trip on the good ole skrit.
Beating hearts, broken jars, college basketball.
Green leaves taste good.

POOBAH!

By Jonathan Fortenberry

The brave eraser leaps through the fire.
Smash a window plastic jacket.
He would have saved a woman in distress,
Except she's at the supermarket.

JUMP!

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Oh no, my weave is coming out.

I shoulda got a jerry curl.

Periodic forks, go set the table.

I wonder if I can use 75 E's.

Snake skin Tylenol, frog blender on

A piece of paper.

Quantacynstasticalism.

Hyperion shield and turn on the lights.

Watch out for that car!

Thank goodness it was parked, you

Coulda got run over.

Twist the triple tank.

LYING IN THE WASTEBASKET

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Stacks of magazines

Walk the sky.

Didn't I just see that car?

This is my 16th time to my mailbox.

Oh no, ink.

It's the fireman! What's he

Doing to Frosty?

Catfish on my plate.

Step in a puddle.

Hop a train, ha! Still

Too short. Moving

Too fast. This is what

A line looks like.

Why are kangaroos jumping

Out of Chris's ear?

NARCOLEPTIC SCHOOL BUS DRIVERS

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Hurry hurry we're almost late.

2, 4, 6 ... umm... 8.

I hate being rushed so hard,

But my uncle is an English bard.

Ladies and gentlemen, please have a sit

As I drive recklessly towards the

Tree.

6-FINGERED FOOT

By Jonathan Fortenberry

I saw your brain and it
Went Ecka - Ecka - Eeeeeee
As it left a message
With my nose.
Bicurpial rosen bags sack
M groceries.
Don't spill the beans.
I. So you know. I was like.
Walking down. The.
Street, and I. Have a.
Problem. With
Being interrupted. Don't
You think that. And it
Has no need, so I
Ram my head to the wall
And chase your brain
Like a true spy, yet even now
It eludes me so like
A villain. Glue.

ZEBRA CAKE FERMENTATION

By Jonathan Fortenberry

I wish the Prince Was Wrong so

I could win an easy bake

Oven.

Moon rocks hold discussions and BLUE!

Quit staring.

Mi casa, su casa, but

Get out of my kitchen.

I was in the black hole, then I

Ran through an open door, and hit the wall on the other side.

My superhero abilities sill

Confuse me. Why am I wearing

Scooby Doo undies?

Naptime.

GRANDMOTHER

By Jonathan Fortenberry

My apenductable Hey it's Lou Gerhig.

I got in my car and

Parked. When I got out I was

Driving a ball down then range. I

Hit a moose in the ear, and

He turned and said "Ow" then

Fell over dead. I felt bad.

So I hit a note on my harmonica

And sang his family a song.

We snagged a burger.

Since my toenails hadn't spoke

To me in a while, I called hem.

The answering machine said they

Went bowling and then blew

Up. So I called back.

A woman picked up and I ordered

A cake.

My elbow left to go pick up

Trash. Lousy bum.

FACE

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Crap, I got choklit on my hair and
I spilled a liberal on
The paper.
The absence of books
Cause muffins to rise
To power. All hail the mightee trash can.
Mad beats rock, and beat a full house.
Hahaha, your 4-of-a-kind is no
Match for my Flush the toilet
Contains remnants of my supper
Was good, and I am
Full service gas stations are
Hard to find Waldo.

PRETTY BLUE EYES

By Jonathan Fortenberry

My kidneys are shaking. They dance
And charm little fuzzy
Wuzzies to their eminent
Starvation. The can inverts
Aren't you that guy that stunt-doubled
For that guy that played Robocop?
You need to get up off me before I bust
You in your dishwasher.
Then outta nowhere, Chris says
"The spiral jumps out of the window
And snakes"

And we all laugh.

JONATHAN'S CRITERIA FOR AN ACTION

By Jonathan Fortenberry

- 1) There must be only 1 her and at least 6 bad guys.
- 2) The hero must be able to do humanly impossible things
- 3) The hero must fall for a girl.
- 4) The girl must be kidnapped by the bad guys.
- 5) The bad guys must beat down the hero to the point of near death, only to see the hero rise and kill all the bad guys.

CLASS RING

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Why must the rainbows flow?

Watch out for that text!

I speak to Jawa but he's mute.

Out of the mountain spring, skittles pour.

Do not gaze at me.

My hand is glazing!

Desks walking on ceilings and

Hey is that a car?

No, it's only a snail.

Pull out the drawer and I

Was walking go pump

The gas. I mysteriously

Snicker loudly at the

Belt loop you missed.

ALWAYS COKE-A-KOALA BEAR

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Surf the information highway.
You won't get anywhere with
The gravel in your face.
Circles and dots and opaque ovals
Are the friends driving my taxi.
Go climb in a file cabinet!
Do I know you? Of course I do, you're me.
But if I'm you, and you're me,
Then who are we? We are
You and me, but we could be
Us, but if we were us,
Hey! Who stole my snickers?
I missed the bus again.

SMILE

By Jonathan Fortenberry

BURP!

My pen links to www.AHH.com

And leaks black water

Only it's not water

It's _____

Oh my the mystery.

And you will never know.

CHOCKLIT MANIFESTO

By Jonathan Fortenberry

All chocklit is created equal,
Though oppressed and downtrodden
By the hands that urn for
Mookie doo like a
Child messing himself in favor
Of a man cleaning a window
On the outside from the inside of a car, steaming cold
Outside a day club in New York
Village in a night-darkened
Alley where I live and sleep
And raise carrots to feed to
The roaches in your

LOOK!

Haha...got ya.

TOO BAD

By Jonathan Fortenberry

The young car valiantly
Chases the speeding dog
With vigor unseen.
He almost catches him but
At the last moment a humming bird
Interferes and causes the dog
To get away like a puzzle.

ETHYL CARBOXONILE ENGAGEMENTS

By Jonathan Fortenberry

The yelling, screaming, weeping, crying, and
Gnashing of teeth is silent like a bullhorn
That has no batteries.

The double A batteries have been raptured
Into oblivion by the toy soldier who lost his
Leg in the Great Microwave War III of '97.
Boo! He screams and says "Hand over your
Chocolate!" And the batteries laugh.

Ha.

A SERIOUS POEM

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Drab and blah. The color is gone.
Dementedness is bliss.
White and plain. The absence hurts,
Much like needlepoint.
Ouch sayeth I when I lose it,
Yay yelleth I when I gain it,
So to end this poem of evil plainness
I shall leave you with this,

Hahahaha...I ain't lost it!
Whooooooooo-Hooooooooo.

RED INK

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Such is the apathy, like a rosinbrag,
Resembling a newborn
Fresh out of the oven come and get it,
Wait I'll bring it to you
Cries the baker with the cheese who jumps
Cautiously without care.

Cream cheese is good.

THE WRITING IS ON THE WALL

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Walking the dog.

Bark.

Run.

Trip.

Cry.

POCKETS OF PLASTER

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Azure found Asian? Only in the woods!

But they don't have woods in Asia!

Huh? I thought it was Europe!

No! Africa has a swimming pool!

I thought we were talking about Europe!

No we weren't, you've gone senile!

Give me my teeth! Say please!

Choke

Jonathan For

Hahaha, you thought I was done!

Go eat a flagpole. Wait,

Fry it first like you would a boat.

Let it simmer in the back seat then

Wash the door. Set your oven

To zero degrees and walk away

Slowly with your hands up.

Bang. Ouch. I'm telling!

BLIND

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Never mind, the bell is gonna ring.

Pooh. Foo. MaíLoay .

HERE'S ONE FOR MY CHINESE FRIENDS

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Tai Mai Shu.

Sum ting is wong wiff meh

Yang on tsa chain

Wi lee?

QUESTIONS I WOULD ASK THE EASTER BUNNY IF I HELD HIM AT STICK-POINT

By Jonathan Fortenberry

If a person takes up drinking, then they shouldn't
Be thirsty. If they aren't thirsty then why would they
Drink?

If a person starts smoking, then they're probably on fire,
So if they're on fire, they probably won't care about taking
A puff.

If milk were green like the grass a cow eats, what
Color would the cheese be? Green? So if it's green cheese
Then why not call it money?

WHERE'S THE GOPHER?

By Jonathan Fortenberry

I woke up this morning
And stumbled into bed,
Shaved my stomach
And rubbed my head,
Ate my suit and
Put on my breakfast
Cranked the door
And walked out
The car.
Why am I rolling backwards.
No, please move.
Oops.
Injured dog.

THE GRAVY BOAT

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Chrikey! Clean-up on aisle 14

Of a 2 story box.

Boat smash car on the

Water of space.

Run into the jell-o with

All your mouth and

Looooooooove it.

Splat a boo

Tee hoo, crack

A tophat.

HEAD LICE!

By Jonathan Fortenberry

N*Sync is breaking up!
It's the end of the world
As [all little 13-15 year old girls] know
It, and I feel fine.
If I am, then I am, but
Only the cheese fall down
Before me. I wish it wouldn't
For now it is dirty and I can't supply my hungry
Salami with hairy
Dairy products.
Monuments fall over when
I break wind,
For when I break it,
I smash it.
Flapjack socks.

MY HEART

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Quick Sir Robin! Climb through
The cottage cheese
To save the Danish!
On to the greenery!
Welcome to this humble
Abode I call my shirt
Come Stetson and Ralph Lauren!
On Tommy, and Polo, and CK!
Ouch the driver screw
In me went

RAIN

By Jonathan Fortenberry

What can be eaten, has ears, and can
Communicate in Hebrew? A fly.
He's from Cambodia and
Drinks cantaloupe juice
While perched on a light pole.
The bus slows down even though
It wasn't going anywhere.
That's the problem with today's youth.
Undercooked spaghetti.

MURPHY'S LAW

By Jonathan Fortenberry

I stepped in front of a bus.

It didn't stop.

How rude.

The castle is down!

Or is it up?

The Spanish are coming!

The Spanish are coming!

They don't bring guns,

Only a lawsuit saying

We stole their chalupas.

Ooooh my, the bus

Again.

And again.

Why?

Blond hair is a wastebasket

Peach.

THE MIX

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Two monkeys violently sparring with cheese,
Being separated by their former selves
Cannot be sedated by your law of averages.

The 73 cubic inch box is plastic and
Rubber, but only cardboard is seen.
It's my box so it is small and liquefied.

The sky runs forward and trots sideways
To the pink filler-up gas pump
That resides outside McDonalds.

VIOLENT GESTURES

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Please check my drawer

For your belongings.

No not there, there

Cheese is not personal

Or personable

Or in "Perceval"

Spear.

LIFE OF AN AMISH GANG MEMBER

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Hardcore thuggin like whoa

And a voice inside of me

Screams in time with the

Bassy beat of the system

“They’ll all laugh at you!”

SONNET FOR MY DEAREST LOVE

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Like a refrigerator
Your body has a box-like shape
You remind me of ice cubes
The freezer produces daily.

Like a football you look odd
And you are tough like a pigskin
Your smell is that of a shoe
Your sweet breath smells of a taco.

A sadness clenches my heart,
Whenever I see you coming,
Monopoly always is,
An idea equal to bird watching.

This love I confess resembles a coke machine in that
A flame could swallow you whole and I wouldn't care.

FEET

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Green mountain with golden
Triangles that make me circle
Around and around and backward
While going nowhere yet somewhere
There is a person who goes here
Black in color they are yet red
They might be all the while we
Eat Doritos.

OH SO SHORT

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Oh so short shall this poem be.
So short it might be miniscule
Mini-scule, in such a way
That it is small and
Horribly frail.
I wish for it to be
Short and that is why
It is short, because I
Among all the peoples
Of this great nation
Love short poetry.
It is so short
That it might
As well not be written at all.
But since it is written
And it is short, most
Shall read this in
Timely fashion while
Keeping in stride with the
One walking beside them
Who is reading over their
Shoulder like a madman.
This is a short poem,

Oops.

PUFF

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Most assuredly I say unto thee
Heed the words of me
Most accurately I shoot up there
Heavenward towards wacky obstacles many

The clock.

LEAVE ME!

By Jonathan Fortenberry

My nose twitches untied by reigns

Such as Rudolph did

When he was captured by

Former Chicago

Cubs Ryne Sandberg.

Uncontrollably I blink and

I think

O, I think and I think.

Does this

Mean I have

A thinking problem?

Drinking, stinking, finking

A bar, a dump, a castle

All provide these

Things in which people do

But thinking is

Everywhere

Like pies in the sky,

Above an

Alboinstein Board

HOW THE SHRIVER TUBMAN HAWKINS FOUNDATION PROJECT WAS FUNDED

By Jonathan Fortenberry

The cheese jumped over the fence,
The cow said big deal and tried the moon
He fell back down after halfway, hence
The big purple cast on the horse's leg.
Humpty Dumpty never fell down,
He's still there today eating the fruit
Of his labor, wait, no, that's nasty.
I didn't say what I think I did, did I?
Oh no, I did, or maybe you did.
So run along and go play with
Some FeCO_6H_2 , but don't eat
It, because it doesn't taste like
A minty manty choclike fanch.

ODE TO MY BUDDY

By Jonathan Fortenberry

You're a strange one, Mr. Chris.
You walk all alone on your very
Own road where no one
Is allowed to drive faster than you.

You're an odd one, Super Finch
You fly towards the sun that is
Underground above the core
Of your very own palace in my yard.

You frighten me, smookerbolt
You're sometimes crazy sometimes
Nutty, other times insane
But you're still my buddy.

THE FENCE

By Jonathan Fortenberry

The brownness of your air turns
Left into oncoming traffic
That is starting to melt in
A frozen box of hot rocks
Wearing your socks inside
The belly of some ewoks
Like a stick,

Mooklandy Poo.

EXCERPT FROM MY THOUGHTS

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Voice 1: It's 10:14

Voice 2: Only on the clock

1: No, it's 10:14 everywhere.

2: No, only on the clock.

1: Shut up.

2: You shut up.

1: No, you shut up.

2: Fine, I know you are but what am i?

1: What?

2: Exactly!

1: Hey!

2: Huh?

3: Where?

4: No!

1, 2, 3: (in unison) Yes!

4: What?

1: I thought you knew.

3: Me too.

2: You too?

4: Yes him too!

AAAARRRRGGGGHHH!!!

The author of this poem will now commence to slobber and
Babble on about the evils of bubble gum.

WHAT??

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Though it makes no sense, someone can
makes something out of it, and exam-
ine it and analyze it until the dement-
edness is gone. Such as this here
poem means not a thing but would be
determined as the winner in the an-
nual “World’s Most Meaningful Po-
etry” contest if such a contest existed.
But since it doth not I shall sit and en-
joy my ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha ha, oh my, much laughs,
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
ha ha cements blocks.

THE STAIRS

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Sermitly I stare at the blue sky
That envelops the stairs that go between
The 3rd and 7th floor of a 3 bedroom
2-bath single story house in suburban
Chicago.
Try this on for size the violent bully of
A man known as the dressing room clerk
Says as he hands me a blue sparkling dress
6 sizes too small. I say no and run to
Dairy Queen to enjoy an ice cream cone
Outside in the -30 degree weather.
Sciteneg.

CHEESE-WHIZ MASTER

By Jonathan Fortenberry

The additional 5 dollars for premium coverage

Is due at the time of purchase of

* break for commercial – “plug it in, plug it in” *

Your brand new super diplomatic mini chromatic

Fish scaler.

To another 5 dings from past chocolates

I dedicate all the things of preferred offices

* break for laugh – “hahahahaha” *

Yet but never some do mountain climb

Fry sausages.

The squiggly epidermis shakes violently

When the camel’s back works against itself

To haul the jockey and his Twinkie forward.

MALARKY

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Boo-haha is the cry of saddened cheese jubilation.

The spiral jumps out of the window and snakes.

Work it into the box and pull it back out.

Step in choklit and eat more ckoze.

Wallerbushingsteinerism.

WHY DO I FEEL LIKE I'M WRITING A ROMANCE NOVEL?

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Plasma propulsion Twinkies
Slower than a cannonball
But at least it looks done.
House paint colliding with a thread
Spinning ever so repeatedly
Against the non-resistance
Assistance movement
Of the persistent 1960's.
Grassland evades the fleeing herd
And the sunlight canoes out
To shore. Illumination
Of the illuminated alumni
Cancels out alleles attempt
To be alone. Sir
Hitchcock Merychippus
Write 9. His pen broke.
Dark.

FLATLINE

By Jonathan Fortenberry

The nuclear reactor makes my water
Steam and the teakettle whistles
To let me know the gasoline is ready.
One lump or two?
Mike drives a hot dog to the calendar
Four way stop! Blink.
Float to chip factory
For a fish dinner with the
President. Who is that man with
The small garbage can in his
Hand?
Isaac Newton.
Full speed ahead!

SOLILOQUY

By Jonathan Fortenberry

The penguin's eyes forever glow like polka dots
Laughing in the snow. Whatever happened
To Sprite? "Hey" says the Nazi before
He slips trips rips his pants on a rake.
Whooo! A journal topic. Score!

LOOK AT ME, I'M AN AUTHOR, SHAKE MY HAND!

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Smiley faces adorn the walkway to

My cavern.

Pull the triangle to make floor turn

Into red.

If red couples then blue breaks up.

It's pink!

Bones clash and trash the

Thrash, wash my car!

Munch my munchkins' keys.

The mane flows freely,

Catch it before your pants

Get wet.

Mad Hattery and the Punky Drummer give

Dark Linus a booger beat-down.

OVERLY COOKED

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Unfortunately I'm ceramic.
Liquefied eggs wave at me on the way by.
There goes the sprinkle. Again.
The rain is sideways directional to up.
Don't use the cell phone, it's fake.
The faze causes me a raze, but my
Pay is the same.
Phosphylation Oxidation breaks wind.
Plastic men stab the grass with
H₂O. Oh, the violence,
I'm underdone.
Here's a malignant reindeer,
Slightly slow from beatings
At the hand of the Maytag
Man.
What else does he have to do?
Use the crowbar to open a Coke,
Don't worry you can have the
Lifetime warranty that comes with
The dragonfly.

USING YOUR DAUGHTER'S WEDDING AS AN EXCUSE TO BUY A SHOTGUN (IS NOT COOL)

By Jonathan Fortenberry

What kind of freak possesses a pink muscle car pair of underwear?

It is I!

Who would save the chicken should he fall from his spookiet?

I it is!

Where can you buy gray crayons in wholesale bulk?

It is I!

Who I am?

I!

I spend my days requiring a blue folder

To dance in front of my ganglion, for it

Tickles the fodder, but not the

Mudder, I wonder that the kinds

Think.

GREED IS 4 GLOBAL WARMING

By Jonathan Fortenberry

Flash! Winston Churchill plummets to the air -

Folders fly at my head from general

Directions.

Holograms reveal telegrams from

Zookiesnort. My

Hometown cherry blueberry

Lemon apple pie splits it just

The way it's called.

Heterozygous Parrots rant over rave

Dominant recessiveness is upon me.

Fjlordinstonicism!

OH THE JOY

By Jonathan Fortenberry

I cry and cry, oh for my legumes!
Sand dunes, used brooms, pitted prunes.
Share with me your lament, O closed head.
Pizza leg striped up basketball.
Teardrop. Drip, drop,
The glass is full.

THE GATHERING

By Michael Smith

Spherical turbulence cascades towards
Rising towers of homegrown rice crispies.
Giant Umpa-lumpas chase Toto through the
Emerald-covered city of brass eagles that soar
Through the crowded woods of the Congo drums.
Diabolical recurring nightmares inspire
The growth of cadaverous blooms in
Accordance to the visage a Black Lotus.
The land tax only applies to Goblins that
Run around like imps with the enchantment
Of a Thran Golen from the Fields of Abyssia.

I DON'T HAVE A CLUE?

By Michael Smith

Monotonous, habitual, recurring, once in a lifetime
Events take place on my front lawn.
The shiny red wagon runs 7's down the strip surrounded
By toddlers and their scrupulous siblings with four and
A half limbs and 13 and a half phalanges.
The placid visage of Joe Cartwright haunts my
Waking nightmares as I cry myself awake because
Of the overabundance of flatulating ferrets
That take the place of a valedictorian forbidding mourning.
Cookies personify dormant frogs that sing snappy
Tunes about adventures in unsuspecting ears.
The great tales of animals like snakes can be
Found in libraries under rocks at your local
Supermarket. Extra! Extra! Read all
About it! Spontaneously combusting
Miniature poodles invade the White House
And entertain George Bush. What
Shall we do? Call the zoo!
Moooooo!

PURPLEDOT TRIKINI

By Michael Smith

As I shed the skin of my present life
I think back to days of less strife
Days bygone and long behind
When thoughts of innocence crossed my mind
Those days, their winter has long passed
But, I knew they'd never last.
For although they brought much joy
Towards the future my mind did. I employ
Because in that we all must place our faith
And in dreams and wishes is it swathe
No one needs to be told
We know not what the future holds.

ARITHMETIK

By Michael Smith

Calculus bites me on my
Wobbly legs as I stroll through to acres
Of transcendental functions who stare me down
Like the ever wakeful antidifferential integrations.
The slope of a negative function asymptotically
Gives me migraines because of the gradient of
The secant to the tangent of the infection point
Of a plane conic function from a little town
Called Mayberry.
Rabid functions chase me through wakeful
Dreams of disease filled binomials and wrathful
Cubes that seem cubic but are actually quadratic.
Why o why does the integral of e^x equal
 E^x because it don't make no sense. Nor English either.
Adjectives chase adverbs through conjugations
Of trinomial antiderivative compound equations that
Flow like the winding banks of the Rhine contraction.
Eggplants aren't purple.

OUIIEE!

By Michael Smith

Lookie herie I got a boo boo on
My noodle.
Meatballs soar over the tops of the Alps
That sound like Alf, the cat-eating animal
From Melmac.
I once knew a cat from Melmac
Who so recently was put in a sack
Owned by a guy named Mac
And this is way off track.
Clickety clickety clickety clack!
Yakety yak ok this is lame.

ANGER

By Michael Smith

The immaculate squirrel chases hybrid acorns
From limb to limb of miniature sequoias.
Super-de-duper gerbils terrorize the
City of Tokyo, Indiana while Godzilla
Gun battles on Cocoa Beach/Convection Oven.
Moisturized water lies at the top of the
Tropospherical barometric hurricane gauge.
Church-going crime runners sell classic
Literature in parking lots outside Piggly Wiggly.
Leaders of the Organizational Followers of
Carey Grant form semi-circles around
The inert form of the constantly moving
Pictographical calculator invented by Martha
Washington.
10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10
Whew! Lucky You!

ADJECTIVES, ANYONE?

By Michael Smith

The incredible unnerving adrenaline rushing heart pounding
Leg smacking nerve-racking head bashing hotel trashing
Beautiful looking chicken plucking finger licking
Hmm what was I going to say? Mustn't have
Been real important if I could forget the
Oxymoronic paradoxical antidisestablishmentarian
Naturally occurring miraculously Napoleonic dating
Narcoleptic thing that I can't remember because
Of some disease I can't recall which may
Not be incredibly important other than the fact
Is on the edge of my, man what was
That thing called? Wow that airplane is
Big. Where did they find the materials to build
The uh... uh... oh never mind. I think
I'm going to take a something else I don't
Recall the name for but that's not incredibly
Important either is it?

LONG GONE SONGS

By Michael Smith

I like girls that wear Abercrombie
And stitch me a Macarena while
Bathing in kryptonite on Kokomo while
I shot the sheriff because I swallowed
A fox on the run away from something
That smells like teen spirit who looks
Kinda like a sexy lady with a machine head
Submerged in glycerin until it came down
To the untimely death of brad because he
Was living lad Vida Loca and guess what...
Baby I love you!

RED DOT ON FOREHEAD

By Michael Smith

Catastrophical termites eat disgustingly
Succulent trimming from haircuts received
By shorthaired bald eagles.
Ambivalent autocrats demonstrate
Their lack of interest in the undiscoverable
Mysteries of human baldness.
Tri-fantastic boronical sulfuric alkanes run
Along the slopes of flatulence
The magnetic watch jerks me to
Greenwich mean time to go home!
Oops got carried away a bit there.
Cheese.

HECK IF I KNOW

By Michael Smith

tHERE WAS A TWO FOOT TALL GIANT.
hE LIKES TO WATCH tv,
wHO IS YOUR DADDY?
hOPE HE'S NOT THE SAME AS
yOUR MOMMY.

HERCULES

By Michael Smith

Chiropractic neurosurgeons perform acts
On birds who crack like monkeys.
Somnambulistic sleepwalkers roam aimlessly around
The dirty long john silvers of the great sea of blood.
Merlin ate cowabunga asymptotically while eating
Breakfast with Toucan Sam and the silver bullet band.
Why take field trips to the turquoise palace when
You could travel to the manure filled fields
Of grain in downtown Cincinnati.

Disemboweling pachyderms chase me in
My wake.

THE INVISIBLE MAN

By Michael Smith

GNOMES

By Michael Smith

Gthere was a gdog gnamed GFIDO.
Ghe gwould walk gbackwards.
Gwe gnever gknew which way ghe'd GGO.
Ghe could gget by the gguards.
Gthen ghe gbrings me gthe gloot.

INTEGRIFIATION

By Michael Smith

You gotta take the square of the
Second born son plus the 2nd derivative
Of the aunt's uncles brother's reciprocal.

Then you stick your left foot in the
Whirlpool of slope-fields when the 8th
Arc cotangent of yesterday's deep fried turnip greens.

After the post-traumatic exponential psychosomatic
Stress-relieving transcendentalistic quadratic polynomial
You should promptly commit suicide and call your doctor.
Asymptotally!

QUESTIONS TO PONDER

By Michael Smith

What really is cellophane?

Does bubblegum regain its flavor if you leave

It out in the open air for $\cos(79.394\pi)$

Weeks?

Is Jell-O invented by aliens?

Bing bong.

JANUFEBRY

By Michael Smith

While my go to scathe,
I live to conturate the inviserating
Acterationism that make me manageableistic.
By know you're wonder woman and
You combine your powers to become
Captain Planetarianismistically Funny-Looking.

TURRETS

By Michael Smith

Watch as the graceful gazelle floats through...

HEY WATCH HERE YOU'RE GOING!

And the prowling lion watches with...

REALLY BIG POINTY TEETH!

Oh my the gazelle has been taken down...

CHOMP! CHOMP!

We mourn the loss of the...

DUMB ANIMAL SHOULD'VE HAD HORNS!

Till next week on the Great

SNUFFALUFAGUS!

WHERE OH WHERE IS THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL BUS!

By Michael Smith

The spiral halls of the
Creatures unknown to man
Hidden castle are never-ending.
Roam freely in the lands beyond
The elves make merry cheer and
From far away, one can see
They celebrate the homecoming of their kin
The towering peaks of the great mountain...
Mt. Looksreallyhigh!

WARDSFRONT/WARDSBACK

By Michael Smith

Mary to town buy clothes to the goes
No was to in town. Find Mary clothes
The rhythmical of antelope, crazed motion slow
Reverberate the of Snebor. Halls throughout
The then the is really motion realize dwarves
A large named Smaug. Dragon rather

THE LITTLE APPLE THAT COULD

By Michael Smith

John, the two-legged man,
Strolls down the winding streets.
The images floating through his head while riding in a van,
But no one did he happen to meet.

Joe stands in the pale sunlight
Gazing at starbright
The local cow.
He so desireth milk
Though he enjoys silk
But none was he fateth to have.

CONTRADICTIONS? NAW!

By Michael Smith

The blinding light delights me
Beyond the city limits of Frog Jump?
The small but uncommonly large miniature
Giant poodle runs slowly through but not
Completely through the yard that isn't really a yard.
Is this not making sense to you or is it
Making sense, just not registering in your mind?

OOPS I DID IT AGAIN...

By Michael Smith

What is the meaning of life?

Douglas Adams seems to think it's 42.

I'm not so sure it's not a more manageable

Number like, say, 3.

What's so special about the number 42?

Personally, I think it's special because it's divisible

By 3.

Three will go into 42 fourteen times.

Maybe the number 14 has significance to

Your life.

Maybe it's the number of minutes you

Have to live.

I'd watch my back if I were you.

SYSDEXIA

By Michael Smith

?yhw si eht dlrow dnuor
?yhw si ruoy eson dekoorc
ym god sklaw ynnuf retfa ti
semoc emoh morf eht tev.
!hO llew I ekil serutcip

BIG BIRD'S FASCINATION WITH THE NUMBER 42

By Michael Smith

Supercilious molds of Play-Doh
Supercede the gigantic
Piles of horse and cow
Entrails.
Malingering fruit bats crawl through
The earthen layers of
Plywood.
Yellow feathers cover the Tupperware
Which constitutes confectioners
Vanilla extract.
No clue what this is.

JOHN JACOB JINGLE-HEIMER SCHMIDT

By Michael Smith

His name isn't wasn't and never will
Be the same as Shenade O'Conner.
Prince yells as the Doves fly over the
Asymmetrical spirals of crop circles.
Fred Frederick Fred-Singer smells kinda
Reminds me of over indulging
Slim Fast addicts.
Little Debbie is my aunt's uncle's
Cousin's sister's brother's grandma's second
Brother-in-law.

SYMBOLISM IS CRAP

By Michael Smith

The great Jane Eyre rides Black
Beauty through the rumbling waters of
20,000 leagues under the sea.
Robinson Caruso eats the white meat
Moby Dick while the Swiss Family
Robinson chows down on the invisible man.
Rag the Destroyer takes tea with
Oliver Twist discussing the lost letters of Dr. Tar
And Mr. Feather.
The Black Cat crawls along the
Heart of darkness when all is quiet on the western
Front. Rip van Winkle take a nap before
His rude awakening, till he realizes
He's old as I lay dying I believe the
Color purple is quite catch 22.

THE UNSUSPECTING DRILL

By Michael Smith

The long cylindrical bit
Pushes into the soft
Moist
Cake.
While the lumberjack cuts down
The funny looking
Jell-O mold.
In the jungle the mighty
Squid
Runs through the volleyball net
In order to get his hair done
By the somnambulistic
Fire dancer.

WHEN ONE MACEDONIA ENDS NUTTY

By Michael Smith

The incredible amounts of water flow
Out the tunnel but somewhat
Restrained by some unknown element.

The discovery of the element unbeknown
To man is a mystery sought out
By the most devout seekers of the
Unseekable.

Although the dam breaks and the
Water flows freely too often
Harmful but occasionally it incurs
Feelings of unmatchable joy.

SNOT-FACED INDIAN CHILD

By Don Halleron

Chinese checkers rolling down a
hill find a soft spot for Charlie
Brown. The distillation of the contaminant
Melts through the pesticide of Farmer
John Bob planting radishes.
Clovers walk single file to the
Brick wall club where they do
The hustle and eat cheesecake.
Biospherical contributions from the
Very sharp lithospericalisms of a skeleton
Head float upside-down over a
Teenage mutant ninja turtle ooze-fest.

AVUNCULAR PEJORATIVE

By Don Halleron

If you don't know what the title
Means, you haven't been in Mr. Smith's
English class. Why don't you go ask
Him you MORON!

POOT

By Don Halleron

That's just an asymptote, but the
Hyperbola of the transparent folder
Extends his arms to embrace
Listerine.
Napoleon is an alcoholic and Boxer
Is a workaholic. Scratching
Your back on the corner of a wall feels
As good as shoving a cheerio in your
Ear.
When asked "How does you butt
Feel" don't say it is sore, that is
Gross!

A RIVER FLOWS IN THE CRACK OF DAWN

By Don Halleron

Pizza sauce stains the marshmallow
Pillow. Red chicken noodles sing the
Blues. Holy moly Batman, I think
The Joker just laughed at a plastic
Toy soldier.
Chewing cud instead of a fish
Head can cause one to have a
Faculty meeting.

Where did that come from?

NUTCASE GONE CRAZY

By Don Halleron

Look at me, I'm so crazy
I got an eggbeater on my head.
Ohh but now it is worse I
Got a spoon in my ear and a
Straw up my nose.
If you call me goofy I'll hit
You with my complex theory of evolution
Stick right in your eye.
Now, what do you think of
Me I have a quarter up one nostril
A straw in the other. In my mouth
I have puppy chow and in my ears
A spoon and a piece of chicken. But where
Has my eggbeater gone, uh oh I might
Have a hard time on the toilet later.

BANANAS IN PAJAMAS

By Don Halleron

Water skiing zebras met the frozen donkey
In the pale translucent light of a mule.
Where has my underdog gone
Was asked by the grazing groundhog
As he carefully peeled an apple.
Flamingos dance the night away at
A ball for King Louis IV. But Quasimodo
Could not attend. He was having
A back problem.
Scrambled eggs frying in the
Toilet on which a toaster tulip was starrng at the sun picking its nose
And wiping it on the wall.

Gross.

PIGS IN PONYTAILS

By Don Halleron

Wonderful daisies bloomed on the
hands of time dreadfully drenching
horseflies with manure.

Dragons breathing flames that
scorch the ears of donkeys.

Horseshoes walking on 3-leaf clovers
being picked by a Police office.

Luck number 7 loves who, duh of course,
he loves the big brown shoe.

What kind of moron are you
anyways asked the clown to the
sheep. But all the sheep could say was
BAAAAAAAAAAAH!

HISTORY OF THE LITTLE TOWN OF TIM- BUCKTOO!

By Don Halleron

As the coyote chases the roadrunner a
dieting pig makes a hamburger on
his George Foremans' Lean Mean Fat
Killing Grilling Machine.
Italian spaghetti and meatballs wants
to become Tiger Woods at the Masters.
Not by the hair on my chinny
chin chin he says.
Mr. Ed is a horse who eats
fruit flies as the land in
regurgitated sodium
monopolynucleolicpentaethyl Propylene butane.

THE MENTAL PROCESS OF A CRACKED-UP METAMORPHICAL BUTTERFLY

By Don Halleron

Captain Planet, he's our hero, gonna take the
pollution down to zero. He picks up the
trash of a schizophrenic poodle walking
to the bowling alley to fight a
Mr. Rogers.

At a glance
wings can
float on the wind until some
bratty kid plucks
them out.

After an earthquake, the building
collapses and Confucius say:
"If at first you don't
succeed,
Sky diving isn't your sport!"

MY DAD CAN BEAT UP YOUR DAD

By Don Halleron

Milk mustaches melt to the beat of a

salsa band

striking the drums.

Twisting cuticles

can really hurt

and

leave bruises.

But as a woodpecker

feeds on a

candy show

a

donkey cries I love you!

I'ME STEL HOOKT UN FONIKS

By Don Halleron

Mie ey hurtz. Wie whont yu

luk aat mie ey fer mee.

Pleez.

CHOCOLATE COVERED FOOTBALL DUCKIE BREAKFAST

By Don Halleron

Babylonian zebras deteriorate

in the eclipse of the raisin.

Jackals find the roto-rooter in

the microwave of the

movie theater.

A gallon of cytoplasm pops a bottle

of advil because it

has hangnail.

The Great fire of Chicago is

overshadowed

by the catfish dinner of

Madagascar.

Elvis wears blue suede shows

and so do I!

Indeed!

WHEATBREAD APOCALYPSE

By Don Halleron

The sun glowed and its rays lit the
period and burnt the
amplitude.

Mello Yellow simplified is as rational
as Bob Dole is
old.

But when he drinks Pepsi, he
does backflips.

That makes him a cool dude!

Uuuuraaaaah!

LEAD PIPE IN THE PIPE OF LEAD

By Don Halleron

The pied piper plays his newfound magical flute-a-phone, or otherwise known as a recorder to capture the attention of an insane rubber balloon filled with the evaporation of an Eskimo medicine man's wife's daughter's son-in-law's marshmallow cream puff covered in honey nut cheerios fallen to the floor and licked by the dog but was disregarded in the presence of the great alphabet soup then kicked and stomped by the giant who fell from the beanstalk!

GLOBAL WARMING OF A FROG

By Don Halleron

Herbal Essence shampoo combines with the nucleotides of a fork.

The extraterrestrial cabinet floats tot he top of a cable box.

The crackerjacks ladder falls to the floor of a red fox.

Boyz 2 Men sings a harmony to their red-headed step child.

Buzz Lightyear saves the planet from the evil

Zuriancandomoniumaryoforatuk Lewis!

RECAPTURE OF THE PERVERTED CANDY NECKLACE!

By Don Halleron

Electronical wooden door stops count to the mosh-pitting of Mozart's Symphony

#9.

Ren and Stimpy hang from the ceiling to try out their new bat gear.

Metamorphisms occur randomly to things that don't know they're about to go through metamorphosis or know when or where to go to the dance!

ONE

By Don Halleron

Two!

HAPPY ENDING

By Don Halleron

Apple-core..... Never more.

Opal wheat balls float as they regurgitate a box of Triscuit crackers.

The porcelain masterpiece swirls in the ecstasy of a dill pickle. Gum chewing by the yellow dove is hidden by the fact that he is a dove, and is not white. The bald-headed monkey carries a bright pink purse so he can get into the bar with the ape. They began to drink uncontrollably and the monkey begins to get dizzy. They decide to leave but were robbed by the venus fly trap in the coca-cola bath tub. But we don't like Coke said the ape, but just then, super-I-can't-keep-my-hands-off-you-man arrives and saves the day.

HOOKT OHN FONIKS WORKT FER MEE!

By Don Halleron

Wile mie doag likt mie fase mee motist mie mowes runin. Hee startd likin tha snott bot mee hadd tu kik hiim. Stope likin mie snott yu stupide doag mee yeld tu hiim. Andd hee lisend tu mee. Goode doag.

GRANOLA

By Don Halleron

Oreo shrimp calls the bluff of a French fry friend in the vast emptiness of the azure space of a Dorito chip bag. Fried pork skins roast marshmallows where the satin worms smells the rotten cheese. The bat had a headache so he took some advil but it didn't work cause he flew into the wall! Ouch, silly bat!

COUCH POTATO

By Don Halleron

Leaves of the crisp autumn air fill the room with the scent of burnt plastic as it melts to oblivion. Footprints appear on the wall as we watched the elegance as many dnace the night away. Ding-dong 12:00 a.m. oh no Cinderella's magic stuff is going to disappear. The supernova of a black hole expands to the greatness of an elephant on the African savannah. The circle of life determines the availability of a cowboy and Indian war. Pooooot, Pooooot, Pooooooooooooot! Excuse me!

BLUE SUEDE SHOES

By Don Halleron

Knowledgeable kindergardeners sing the songs of Solomon while the coyotes howl at the movement and the manifestation of a new rug between your toes. Red apples flip over and jump after a peruvian belt buckle. A cactus continues to prick people who aren't careful. How can their needles stay sharp enough to penetrate the skin. Why are you asking me this, go ask a science teacher.

MISSION VERY IMPOSSIBLE

By Don Halleron

Wadded up paper balls fall as the rain slowly begins to flood the Piggly Wiggly. Your mission, should you choose to accept it, recover the lost yellow snow. Don't eat it but bring it back in its natural state of condition. Umbrella Princess meet Galoshes Prince in the underwater reactor of a gastrous oil bubble. The Peanut swam in the sea of Jell-O as a raisin fell from a chicken. You will encounter extraterrestrial anomalies in accordance to the spectacles of the theater. Operaman bye-bye....!

DIARIES OF CLIFFORD THE BIG RED DOG

By Don Halleron

Rub the belly of Buddha and comb the beard of a donkey. Tumbling fairies fall out of the Good-Year blimp circling Mount Everest. A bright twinkling star vanquished when the morning dew evaporated. Chicken Run met the Brady Bunch in a display of deep concentration of yoga. Candle wax melted on the big honky nose of a clown who has just got hit in the face with a pie. Not just any pie, but a banana-nut cream coconut pie. Ummmm sounds good.

WILD MUSTANG

By Don Halleron

Paranormal conspiracies mingle with a lion resting comfortably in a tree. A bird flies into the horizon as your agenda book falls tot eh floor. Why does a clock tick-tock, why can't it go whoop-doop or haa-choo. I mean, the ticking gets annoying after a while. Sun flowers growing as the early spring air grows cold and wet. The sand is washed away from the leprechaun as his pot-o-gold is stolen by Al Gore. The hooves of a camera meets with a lamp to create a new pizza restaurant.

PICKING THE NOSE OF LIFE

By Don Halleron

Robots can fling up, down all around with a pepper shaker. Not all cows moo like a pickle picking up pipers in the moonlight. “Oooo eee ooo aah ting tang wala wala bing bang” sings the grass to the armories of glue sniffing frog-men. Old McDonald had a farm e-i-e-i-o but he didn’t have no animals, only a barn full of toes. I think we are crazy, but then again you are crazy. Hey look at my new calculator says the Wolfe. Wanna read a poem? No I have to do my calculus right now. Kermit can kill kangaroo koala and kiss a King Kong Kingdom.

I'M GOING TO HARVARD, NOT YALE

By Don Halleron

A-B-C-D-E-F-G-H-I-J-K-L-M-N-O-P-Q-R-S-T-U-V-W-X-Y-Z! 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10

I'm smart!

NEW YORK NEW YORK

By Don Halleron

The hills are alive with the sound of music screams oscar the grouch from his trash can high atop Mt. Everest. Tommy, Polo, Ralph Lauren, Oh my gosh where have all the cowboys gone. Birds fly high in the purple haze as white potato's cousin of the furry Tasmanian devil eats a fairy. English 308 and Science 232 meets in the presence of a dog's poo-poo. Oww my eye hurts!

SUPERSONIC CHEERIO

By Don Halleron

Mucus falls on the coffee stained rug that sits high atop a Christmas tree. Insecticide finds small cracks on a pitcher of kool-aid getting drunk by Luke Skywalker. Butterflies flutter against the will of a gnome fishing the Easter bunny. Ahhh Chooo Why didn't you say God bless you!

I CAN WRITE WITH A SCREWDRIVER

By Don Halleron

Evista raloxifene HCl penicillin tic tac toe gobble gobble goo and gobble gobble
gickle por favor señor ca va bien mercie the trees had a bad haircut said the Jon to
the Chris. Drafting, scribbling was he a cab driver taxi from Chicago but was a
climbing was he a fool and dog cat chase eat and. If you can understand writing
that doing am I is you then weird. Yeah moron!

GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME A SPANKIN'

By Don Halleron

Smiley faces are never sad like a school bus can change a day from good to blue.

However the reconciliation of a medical mathematics mastering my moral memories asking the question where am I. Are you my mother cat in the hat one fish two fish red fish blue fish go dog go hop on pop nick nac paddy wac give the dog a bone but my heart will go on to the the space cowboy.

RED, WHITE, AND BLEW

By Don Halleron

Candy wigs cover back packs filled with chalk in a giant Rolex. Armitron aeroboids flatten a hairy fingernail dangling from the nose of a show tongue licking a puddle of goopy poopy green stuff. Minute Maid electric sockets folding a water spicket in a sweater of a tea bag. "Scooby Doo where are you?: ask Confucius. I'm bringing home a baby bumble bee, won't my momma be so proud of me. NO because you are an idiot.

STAINS ON THE CEILING

By Don Halleron

Look out, watch out, duck, move aside, you're in the way, get out of the way. Electricity running through a groundhog's brain sliding to a buggy wuggy beat of a tree trunk slapping his knee to the music of a cow. Let's go crabbing ask the kid to his toe, alas tis a heart noble gesture to relinquish a damsel in distress in the moment of mastication of a thespian. But like I said before lookout I'm gonna blow!

A GAP IN THE OLD NAVY

By Don Halleron

Circling squabbles scribbling on a cookoo-bird repeats itself in the membrane. The cell walls are protective, but Joshua can blow them down. Cinderella dressed in yella flies to the top of a starship. Full speed ahead and beam me up Scottie cries the one armed bandit who gets caught because he can't hold a gun and ride a horse at the same time. Furry Bilbo Baggins met Gandalf the wizard in this hobbit hole Beowulf beat up Grendel and spaghetti-O's are better than ravioli. The grey wolf attacked a grown any in the vicinity of his veranda where it likes to sit and stare at the stars. Brick on chicks on stocks stand in a box with a fox in socks. Sorry so silly but hey I'm weird. And the Yankees win the World Series. Again.

SNEEZING ON A SODA

By Don Halleron

Chocolate candy covers cool walls. All cults teriyaki their chicken but without chicken goblins couldn't sing. Sweaters a to fly but with a cool aid fool aid in to interesting a very conversation. Parle vous Frances. Sprachen sie Deutch. Thank you Mr.s. Parker I'm sorry I shot you in the head and you died. My bad.

COWBOY PAJAMAS

By Don Halleron

A change of a pickle weasel tree in June is overshadowed by a giant panda in the sky. When the snowy basketball fell from the upside-down lighthouse, a baby platypus died. After shaving, a mountainic billy goat blushed. In the evening bamboo is consumed by a whale in a star. Huh!

RHAPSODY OF THE COBBLER

By Don Halleron

Why, O why must we procrastinate, when a bar-b-que corndog lays on a bee hive!
How is it that a rain cloud see the dark side of a rabbit. When is the bell going to
ring so I can watch a fight between chicken spaghetti and the Pooh! Why can a
rubber stocking look so good on a ninja fu manchu!

Two

By Don Halleron

Bet you thought Three was coming but you're wrong.

GRAPENUTS EATING SILVER PLATYPUSES

By Scott Lyles

Alas, I see the torn wing of do all right, but the yellow still remains. The August is new turned. The swan now replenished my butternut. How could I have let this evolve? Don't answer, it's a verbrical question. So the patterns in my glaze fly with the fish in the grey smoke, amen.

CRY BABY

By Lindsay Flegal

As snakes walk on tin roofs monkeys crack like cats. Broccoli tasted of human, and humans of chicken. Walk to Newfoundland and sneeze!

THANKSGIVING AT UNCLE SCHLOTZKI'S

By Amy G

Floating house on Loch Ness pond. Sea banana burns logs. Moster.com is open yet closed while flowers. World War II came crashing down to your level like a tire on a hot tin roof. Old Mother Hubbard had a chicken named Ron who got struck by milk. Crying windows made my car sink. The United Stated of Apples. Fishies. Jump????

SATURDAY MORNING

By Amy G

Contrasting deoxyribonucleic acid to ice cream is good when you count it as 3 points. No, you don't know how it feels to be Rainbow Bright. Light bulb? Oh no!! It's a bird in the sky with an umbrella. Plant meiosis in a garden of mushrooms. Superman is a woman? No he's not! Yes he is! No he's not! Yes he is! No he's not! "Under the sea" sings Sleeping Beauty while bowling with the Beast. Strike 1. Cartoons are real. People live inside of my TV... antenna. Electrical crustaceans devour my English teacher. Last winter, I went water skiing in the Sahara desert. Donkeys eat ice cream, too. Bee hive.

LUGGAGE RACK

By Amy G

Books stacked on shelves ring quietly in my ears. Screech! Screech! Exploding pineapples... shopping at the Super Walmart is a small price to pay for number 2 pencils. Duck duck goose! Poultry> Ah! Help! White afro hair! Furry cat at the supermarket wearing a cashmere scarf. Follow the yellow produce to the the wizard of Ozzy Osborn of the face of the orange juice carton. Drink 7 Up! The 3rd planet from the sun is Krypton. --- tic tac toe?

A COIN

By Peter Britka

I am sitting alone in a gym because I did not want to go to school for a time. I see I have to spend there 7 more hours. It will be very long day. I am bored but now I see a coin. I pick it up and throw. I throw it one time, two, three and it goes back to me. I throw it fourth time and it does not go back. It accidentally hits the head of a man who is looking after me. He falls down and I can go home.

I NEED

By Peter Britka

I need to go to pee but I am on the street and there is just public restroom. Don't go there. Don't go there. One dollar. I see a Slim Fast and become Slim Shady.

GREEN FISH

By Justin Shackleton

One fish, two fish

Red fish, dead fish

Bang when the TNT

Blow the water out of the fish

Like green things in the corner of my eyes mello yello bubbles with evolution of nervous.

UNTITLED

By Jordan Delashmit

Why pray tell do the crickets chirp? Pennies. One cent to every mouse is 20 to man. "Every shoe has a sole," cried the man without a nose. Bacon. The San Fernando treat. Washing clothes in diet soda the children dance the cha-cha slide. "Go long Charlie Brown," cried Lucy as she threw his bowl of noodles. The crickets continue to chip. Fñi.

NIKE SHOE

Unknown

There is a bug on my neck, which made my life a living heck! And then one day I had a wreck and ran into the poopy speck. I have a pair of Nike shoes that always makes me blue. I regurgitate the apple salad spuds, I live with my hairy uncle Bud. He likes to drink mud. With the mud I used to make mustard strew. P-U! When I used to drink, it made me stank like blueberry biscuits I smelled. My favorite color is yellow. It makes me think of the mustard stew that makes the trees grow sideways. My nausea causes sweet bitter stuff to flow up my fervent neck down to my feet it goes then up in the sky with the birds. The pickle juice is green and yellow. My chalupa is now broke, again. So take it to the repair shop. Well, they may charge for that red Nike shoe.

UNTITLED

Unknown

A guy named Joe went tot he bar with a broke toe. He figured if he got drunk his toe would be cured. But he fell down the steps and then he said "I shall fly" as his neck brace flew from the handle of his door. His mom walked in and found him fondling his hen. Remorse suddenly enveloped Joe as he stooped to remove the garbage compactor. Then he awoke with I love moldy fruit on his new broke toe. My favorite color is turquoise. I asked my mom "Can I have a Jabbawabba for Thanksgiving?" No you can have a pancake. It is time to jump the moon.

UNTITLED

By Sam Lindley and Aubrey Ham

My toes cluck like the eyes of pigs. Loserman's pretty fly for a porky porky fuzzball. Purple jellyfishes fly awkwardly under pressure. Tornadoes make my fingers wiggle. MediCare makes my bedroom ceiling fall in. Have you ever kissed a llama under a tie-dyed flower petal? Or tried to ear a ding-dong and then spit? "Hello Mary! Did you buy your pastrami at the zoo yet?" Halt! Who goes there? I think I have rabies! Did you know that blue whales can't swing dance? They just sorta wiggle and fall over. Fuel-injected stereotypes make me wheeze. I have hot flashes! Todd + barbeque grills = zzzzztt! AH! OW! Boom! Bang!... Hey! What happened to my eyebrows? Is that pizza I smell?

RUNNING THROUGH CHOCOLATE

By Luke Stubblefield

I was running through chocolate and a giant ape asked: "It does it with me too." I said "Maybe," and ran to the guard and put some on then came to a stop, because a train was flying, scream the innocent of a vecular rhyme, because the chocolate was so deep I jumped on the hot dog winter pumpkin sled and rode to the castle of Chris' house where he went "Heh" and I said "Reeeeh." And then we went to murder little gazelles.

THIS -N- THAT

By Alex Fletcher

I have an invisible friend named Larry, who has a brother named Jerry, who has a friend that uncle's name is Barry. Therefore naming his son Harry, his fish Werry, and his daughter Goonthrop. Hence he named the tiger Lion and lion Tigger. I don't like apples, or peaches, I'm not fond of pears, but I do like bananas. Oh yes, Larry has a sister named Perry who has a daughter named Lenny. Their dog is named, Gillthrop. This and that all from my friend Larry. Whose friend uncle is Barry, brother is Jerry, and sister Perry. All this from our dear friend. Larry.

FUN BUBBLE GUM

By April Rowland

I borrow a piece of bubble gum, chew it in my mouth - yum, yum yum! Press it between my lips and blow, and then... POP! ALL over my face and hair, even in my underwear. My mom will be upset to see what a mess I've made on me. But she doesn't know that this is fun! Fun bubble gum - yum, yum, yum!

I borrow a piece of bubble gum, chew it in my mouth - yum, yum, yum! Press it between my lips and blow, and then... pop! All over the front of my clothes. I guess it's another bath in the water hose. But it is way too much fun to chew bubble gum! Fun bubble gum - yum, yum, yum!

I borrow a piece of bubble gum, chew it in my mouth - yum, yum yum! To my dog I give a piece and another to my daddy's niece. We sit and blow big bubbles way up high; Bubbles that reach up into the sky, and then... pop! The grass is pink with bubble gum. And so are we, sitting beneath a big pink sun. I think maybe we had too much fun, because now we have to clean up all that bubble gum. Oh, well! It was fun! Fun bubble gum - yum, yum, yum!

BLOBBY PRETENSE

By Adrienne Trevathan

I saw a suspicious clown when walking in the valley, thought I saw him scurry down the darkest part of the alley. Back streets of Seattle and you stop to wonder why the skyscrapers mock the night's calling sky. Lose yourself to the trip of the Allman Brothers Band, try to figure out but you'll never understand why the rhetorical questions drown on without end or the way light catches objects and sometimes seem to bend. Walking down an alley on a cool summer day, pay some bucks to a side-street musician who seems to know the way more so than the rest of us as we try to allude our doubt. I'd like to say it's not for me to figure out. I saw a frantic baker as he was running from a store, got tired of his same old bread, so he robbed the baker next door. Wouldn't you assume that he would've had more sense but you really can't say, because it's all a whirling abyss of blobby pretense. Always a justification for the ways of the human mind why you gotta be actin anotha race, tryin to busta rhyme; it's all good though, no matter what it's all one way or anotha' spreadin that love 'round cuz it's like a ball of butta. The ironic twists and amusement I can find in a yo-yo to me is more worthwhile than a search for my non-existent mojo. For now I'll forget to ponder the deeper increments of life and watch the light waver from the tip of my S'Klallam scalping knife.

SPARKLING THINGIES THAT SPARKLE

By Chris Lyles and Don Halleron

Envelopes of chance call me every afternoon to remind me of a hotdog tennis match that I had scheduled with Rose Dawson for three o'clock. The Beatles beat the broadside of the Monkeys while they were trying to stage dive into the pool, but three people in here are wearing yellow shirts to impress their own respective tribal bee leaders. Which does do did done died den doo-doo, and for everyone else, there's Pepcid AC. Silly Rabbit, Trix are for sickle-cell monotone regurgitated lysosomes that can't spell. But hey, don't they thing that spell is plels. Yup. Chimera meets the rabid duck floating in a sea of slime atop a chocolate bunny.

THE KITE'S DIET

By Chris Lyles and Don Halleron

Chow against the blanket's viciously aggravated dipolymonucleic grasses fox-trot and poltergeist crimes harmoniously conjugate Gemini chocolates alone. Why hardly can breathe in breathe for ravishing ugly discriminates fly away In on the unidentified falling astronomical wayward glistening of fronthing. Lemmings try Smarties for dummies.

MY HAIR MOVED

By Chris Lyles and Michael Smith

Did you see it? No but I saw its derivative! It was naked eating a towel!! No it was eaten by a naked towel!! Oh yeah. But didn't it? Oh no, I know you didn't just not go there!!! Flanking the corn, a man hollered "Crow!" Diving low, the crow swallowed a man/woman/it!!!! But when, where, why and can was the part of mine. Hey don't leave out How and Do, they're uncles!!!! Snarkef. Hmzipvu!

THE PARTY

By Kim Pannell and Amanda Embry

Splish splash in the dish, is that you messin' with my fish? Goodness gravy, great bowls of fish sticks. And what to my wondering eyes should appear, a naked man with no sun tan. And in his hand he held a 7-pack of beer. Is my shirt wet or is it just my sweat? And I look down to my toes of guacamole but I can't help it because my shoes are old and holey. And up comes the ant to gubble my chin. Gobblygock falls from the skies, ouch. I think it hit me in my eye!

MY PET WORM: HARRY!

By Kim Pannell

I have a pet worm, whose name is Harry. I think one day we might get married. He is the only friend I have ever had, he never makes me mad or sad. He was the cutest thing I ever saw. Hey! One day I might introduce him to ya'll. I really am in love with Harry, but I'm starting to like my caterpillar Larry.

ORANGUTAN

By Lindsay M. Flegal and Michael Smith

Sunday morning pre-recorded is a good way to preach at a church filled with broccoli and spinach with a dash of plaster of paris. Don't go to the place that you used to be when you know you'll be there the week before the day after the year precious to the decade following the turning of the millennium after 3 minutes before 12:00 a.m. Of the last day of the century. Oh yeah! Pencil head!

BOOGERS

By Lindsay M. Flegal and Michael Smith

The red apples fall from the sky as kamikaze buzzard dive bomb concrete deer.
Coke testes like chicken when it's baked with overcooked ear wax. Don't hesitate to
stock your fingers in an orange faced lightning bolt. Bathtubs are sometimes crazy
when subjected to intense amounts of cold water. Proceed with intensity when en-
tering an art gallery. Supercalifragilisticexpiallodocious!

MELLOW

By Michael Smith, Lindsay Flegal, Kyle Miller and Justin D.

Snot skis up the slope of macaroni. Hippopotamus body odor is yummy. My mom is her own cousin. The downward upheaval of chocolate covered poppy seeds with imitation goat cheese together on a watermelon bun. Antidisestablishmentarianism!!

RIDING A WAVE: AN OPOSSUM'S ROAD TO FAME!

By Michael Smith and Don Halleron

Emergency lights flicker at the sound of hybrid photosynthesizing omnivorous caterpillars scenting a rabid rose petal as it falls upward towards the downwards spirals of the upgrowth. A lunch lady fed me a spoonful of beans. "Flatulence is not a valid excuse for tardiness," says the one-legged, toothless substitute. Go, go Gadget Purple Monkey Power! Goat milk is very superfluous. I got a snake man! Man I got a snake pet, er... man got pet snake a, uh... anyway one time I fed it some beer man, well, one time at Demented Poetry Camp... uhhhh I uhhhhh, you know uhhh ask the ADHD monkey he's at fault. I'm innocent! If the glove don't fit, you must E Pluribus Gum 'em! And doG sselb aciremA!

The latest Tweets from An Anthology (@AnthologyOf). This anthology-with foreword by the legendary Ruby Dee-is a collection of more than 100 original poems, essays, short stories and lyrics by 22 women authors. Release Date: 01/13/13. English examples for "an anthology" - This story is difficult to find, since it has never been published in an anthology. In later years, it was an anthology series with a different set of characters each week. It is an anthology series: each episode has a self-contained story and its own cast.

An anthology is a compilation of literary works such as poems, plays, short stories, excerpts, including television programs, dramas, movies and songs. There are different categories of anthologies such as comic anthologies, essay collections, fiction anthologies, poetry anthologies, anthologies of films, and of television programs. Example #3: The Faerie Queens (by David Rankine). "The Faerie Queens" is another noted anthology of essays exploring magic, myths, and mythology in ancient times. Title: Devil Stories An Anthology. Author: Various. Editor: Maximilian J. Rudwin. An anthology. Selected and edited with introduction and critical comments. By MAXIMILIAN J. RUDWIN. Here are mine! I did three comic pages and an illustration "It was a great experience. Everyone who contributed is so talented and it turned out so great! I'm happy to finally get to share these pages since I'm quite proud of how they turned out!" My full contribution to the FMA Anthology Zine!! I did five 4-panel comics and an illustration. It was a lot of work, but I had so much fun being part of this wonderful project. If you still want to purchase a copy, orders will be opening again soon.