

Fleas in Tight Pants



MALOK

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M A L O K

***FLEAS
IN
TIGHT
PANTS***

2008

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West Lima Wisconsin



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To Lorena & Anne

All Blessings of Mora-Bishi on . . .





POEMS

MASTER BATES IS IN

Priestly rites knock on stormy backroom
gropings ushering
in
maggot morals fit for only
festering graves and toothless sluts stand-
ing on third
at
slit pants villa, muttering
excuses to the air
while the juice fries eyeballs popping.

Hairy palms face up on marble slabs, mostly
in monastery acrobatics flinching, at
the sight of a man, who
knows
his
own
mind.

Clear eyed maiden beackons, and
father kneels
before the virgin, stone.

FLEAS IN TIGHT PANTS

...wanted to shove a lemon in that pat Buddha's eye. He was just sittin' there, lotus and lucky, starin' off into space, how cliché, you say, well so they say, is that all there is; latch onto a light beam and take off, liste, understand, I don't care one whit. There's a toothed tit over there, I could use the breast-feeding now. She's strong, she moved our table, all by lonesome exit signs and deserted juke music. I wondered if I would ever find the time, to find that elusive minute, of time passing by. My orbs fell in love, that first moment, across the beer cluttered floor (Jay and the Americans), more cliché, you say, well my friend, eat a fart. As the beer was mouthing water-filled bubbles and brine! I'm just another pretty face. There are no females in the world, only other faces and facts, looking out. They are human, too, just like our first cave dwellers, clubbed, pulled, the hairy roots at point ONE.

GAMMA ROAMER, TWICE,
AND THINKING OF YOU

Had a dream, before last night
and
twas the dream into
Jungleland follies
keeping the ice age on tap
soul as life walking
cause the barrier broken
from the longer dream, time
as worry floats away into
infinite fudge
the woman I dreamed, I love.
At the end road and end time watching
I will see my sun
as
beauty walking with the blackest
pit.
And to check it out, the
energies together, minds
staring over
edges never seen as, stop.
For plateaus can be reached
forever reaching for
the next
one.

NIHILISM'S BOOTSTRAP

I am forever
between ---negative
+++positive, just striving
MIGHTILY
to become ===zero.



A STUDY IN PREPOSITIONAL REALITY

Sittin' on a wall
Dinah in a triangle
no ledge of the trip
there, right there, that jeering chuckle smile
cause the view
screen june and Mars, and
the jailer opens the water, rest.

Kneelin' on a plastic
Barney in awful mess
no oh the three abbey
there, write there, that laveilor reality
cause the stew
scream Herbs and Uranus, and
the man sits the bow legs, move.

Post toasty sunshine, bear
snowballing away from
the rest, and the touch
of the small man
nether
the less
purple and black.

DEATH HAS NO GUT

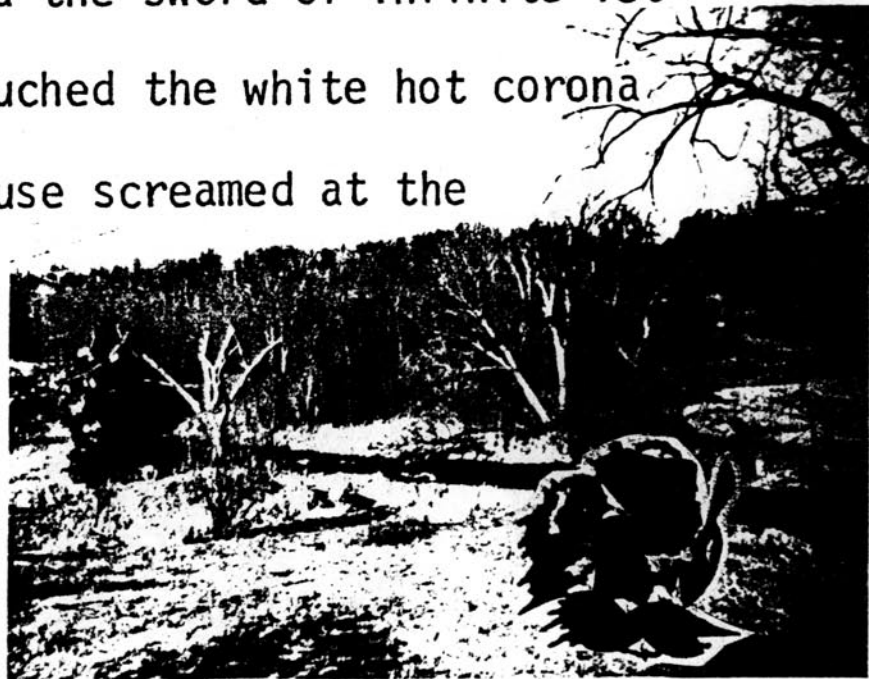
Spurting out in the void, god
 woke me up
since, been fallin' in four directions
cockroaches in my skivvies
chlorine in my spirit
capsicum in my sanity
and
this first cause, expects calculus major
but I
failed the course handily
still the jew knew infinity
hope lives for spitball idiots.



THE MEGA-BUCK MEETS THE TORNADO KID

Walking into the middle
of the sun
the mega-buck snorted loudly, twice
and
forgot to turn off the nova, hell
got off on jelly cauliflowers
forgot to turn off the water,

Hawked the band-aids
on the streets of molasses flap
and
carried the sword of infinite let-
down
and touched the white hot corona
and
the mouse screamed at the
moon.



OVER THE ENNUI HUMP, PURPOSE IS

Shock, gotcha ya', man of the purpose
sipping your hyson, hemp hysteria in
lemmings booking to get off the wheel
you, oh no, not you, can't imagine it,
shock red wires are made for fools, no,
oh, you are a different being,
with your Prussian blue leggings
Satan wavyes, open hairs at the neck,
mediant orbs, daggers searching for
meaning, while teeth are brushed.

Man or the purpose, you, yesyesyes...,
you know the witch of the which,
man of the purpose no God,
no Big Broth, no football heroes
just your bones cracking through,
you object to the muck around,
softly screaming, shock, yes
intimate Magno-Vam circuits
convulsing dimples evolve
along the dinky track, smack, splat
into the final kinetic stasis,
off rat planes

Hey, Mr. Man of the Purpose,
send some guru gas, home.

LIVING WITH THE MISTRESS OF GUILT

On Easter Sunday, Elvis died, in his shit
licking the lovin' hands of the wimp,
father's day soothing anarchy, the square's
war
light
and
x-rays
the ancient tomato weeps, alien negroes in
the streets.

On Tuesday, the Duke died, in his gag
reaping the innocent souls, mother's
day
modern soul, cockroach transcend dance
time
and
x-rays
the virgin entropy hurts, cancer on the
rabbits.

Trapped inside the Manhattan Snipe Hunt,
lookin' for the essential power of the
fixed point, limit on nirvana
like,....., like, lost ewes in the Skinny



Forest the Pope backs sloth, Brian Keith
ate his kids
and
young women have weak spines, strong wills
Tibetan librarians check in the new magic,
ridin' the Gleam Machine to the Cosmic
Coffee-Break.

Let's all take the atheist stutter-step
in the Horse-Eagle Meat Parade
and
salute,....., salute embossed garble
from the land of Alligator-Turkeys.

My mind's goin' to Ann,.....use it well.

A SONG FOR EGGS

Eggs on nickels, eggs, eggs,
eggs, dead eggs, on nickels, eggs,
eggs, eggs, dead presents, eggs, on
niches, eggs, eggs, on niches, eggs,
eggs, eggs, eggs, eggs, on nickels,
dead eggs, eggs, on nickels, eggs,
eggs, on Johna, eggs, eggs, eggs, on,
eggs, eggs, divinity eggs, on nickels,
eggs, eggs, dual divine eggs, eggs, on
nickels, eggs, eggs, eggs, on evasion
eggs, eggs, on nickels, on niches, eggs,
eggs, eggs, on diet deaths, eggs, eggs,
on nickels, eggs, eggs, on dead presents,
in niches, eggs, eggs, on niches, eggs,
on nickels, eggs, eggs, on generation
hate, eggs, eggs, on nickels, eggs, eggs,
white spurting love, eggs, eggs, on
nickels, on niches, eggs, eggs, dead
eggs, on nickels.

EPITAPH FOR THE INTERLINE SHOEHORN

Wanna' be numb, wanna' be numb
ya want me to fall all over, you
played with dogs, jaded Japanese Hitler
she really is ugly, don't hold true, you,
the single focus of beauty

and

pedestal women, crappy reality cuts this
masturbation for you, alone, finding
the strength, to die
without losing consciousness, seen
wandering so long, fog forgot
my beginnings, cut the strings

and

drowning in hemlock dreams, ignoring
ripping razors, guts crossing
planes of moons, mass
of cells promoting chaos, anarchy in for-
nification
saw death among the acorns, wanted
blood rush standing head, talking
jazz, nobody listening

and

sensing the butt bullet, speeding cork
palstic plastic graves, born weepers
flowing into my love crevice glowing
I'm a man, sha-la-la-la-la, a matter
or thing detested in brevity time
microform bra holdin' in, wanna' dance, maggot
teacher lookin' for cheese, talons
she'd be an ugly guy, but he's a pretty girl

and

like a frozen manikin, she sits amid the smiles
zombie stares at the stage
like to fling a butt in her face
mash the ashes on her eyebrows
stick filters up her nostrils, bloated
bellerings smoke blue dais, pickin'
fingers through waves, long
handlebars stroke mikes away, without them
where would a person be, without the beastings

and



yellow running flowers, buckwheat
dreaming green, fall
lonely nights into the molecule meld, so
I sit, wonder why, parents
gleam results to these moments, life
onward sought to catch cascading minutes above,
mind center, the edge of creation
birth screams
death whimpers
life groans

and

six years ago I joined the Navy, blisters
sun from up on the helo deck, straight
pipe stuffed Buddha mind food, plummeting
past back where the garbage thrown
shark indigestion red flowing blood

and

rama-inno-te-lat-ah-ha-soo-nauka,
loved her so much, it led
to the "DO NOT FOLD" mattress in the shit
stained cubicle,
orange juice drugs, tryin' to
riff out the Psychotic sanity, yes doc,
"the date is, huh, my name is Jesus, of course,
the ship will land tomorrow, help", brothers
shufflin' through the halls, soundness gauged
by how much death you have in your face

and

rage black-holing all the everybodies,
conquering mess feeds bursting egomania,
yards of torture gardens, atop machine
gunning rampant Java knees,
slopping beer hall parent
sands between toes, coffers full
of rich fatties wearing guilt clothes, goats
heading for open ways, the freedom to refuse

and

her sheness was off key, still, wanna'
catch the milk, off the clean nipple

and

white eyes spied the black captain, on the
overland ledge sighting starshine trees
citadel within the blood pit, primitive prudes
raised to the higher ridges, dark smells
the foggy bottoms, says "glorsh"

and

rich obese Chinamen with their hankies at
the urinals,
wipin' off what they're afraid to see
white stained yellow in the states, sellin'
rice at the ceremony

and

the vaulted memories, forever clear,
mutter the madhouse epitaph, for the
interline shoehorn

LEARNING TO SLEEP WITH YETI AND FORGETTING BURNED RUBBER

Writ songs purses gushing green
in
cell phone salvation jubilee comes to be
exploding bulbs
marijuana country fuzz
hot
rusting sixer assaulting short runes while
dust blood falls.

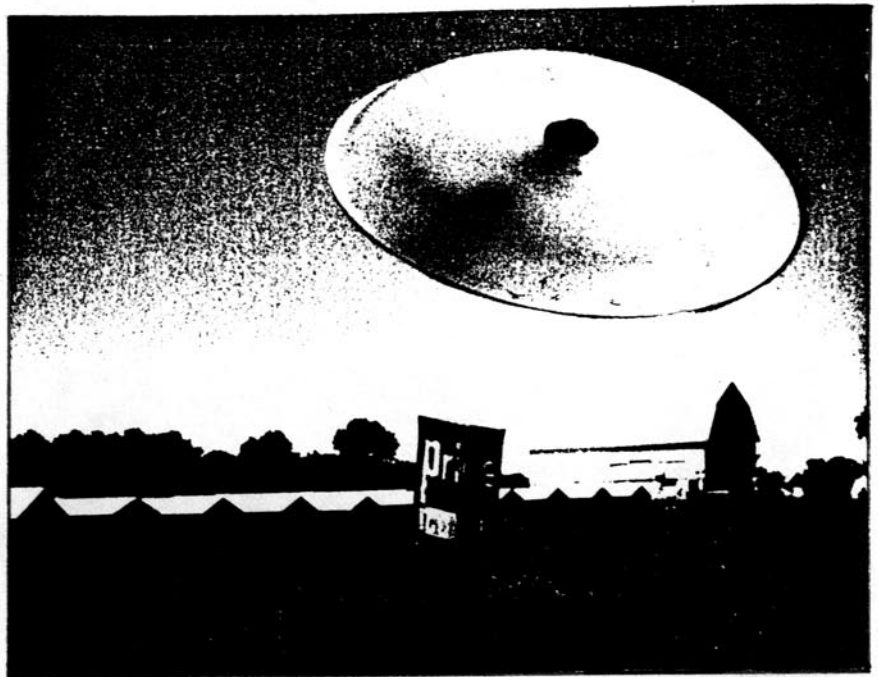
Franchise humping a frank queen
fix
little girl blue Hal Luce in eight key bars
spread jelly jam
on
claws radioactive clutch Judy sister
strikes prime, Judy, Judy.

Gorilla past at the window
zap
waves atop head central penning hippie
dreams with Jack
practice paces smoke
not
reason feeds sucker child corner standing
at the speakers.

And bananas are hanging in the closet, water.

ROBERT, YOUR PEAS ARE GETTIN' COLD

Cracked glass gazers, time
sinning next to the bests
space rented by Lucy geese fountains
head off up, down there
around numberless orbs
controls set, for
edges of imaginations
ships plopping the potatoes
Robby, eat your peas, they're
freezin' on Pluto.



FAT MUSCLE: AN ODE TO MAN MARIE

The wind became my sons, and my breasts were dry, male limits put me down, udder sin down at an edge, father swallowed all my pills, he cried the first time, whimpering without the suckle mosquito, and how the needle goes into the trees, no blood, our sense of smell is heightened and the odor fills of shit, shit, it all comes to pounds of FBI the agents bowing at the altar of Fromm. I love the coffee, morning hubby leaves me alone, kids yet to be libbers, marching against their non-horny shackles, apron strings stronger, time takes a bath, the minutes drown. Seconal slaves droop below white chains, eyes fixed on nodding off, sleep perchance to nightmare, lucid meanderings out of this ten and twenty quandrant. The rooster swears the obscene every morning, "COCK-a-doodle-DO", and metal stones plummet mistaken paths, through a reader's non-comprehension of arcane graffiti, off the oinkers, and up the Danube fair, selling tickets to my merry orgasm, out and in, wend before the attack of frosty boblinks, climb Evie's mountain and sink digestive juices, horny nuns behind the purple curtain, vulva verities, clit cacaphonies, lodes to rain, wet.

LOVE CASTS LONG NETS

Blue jeans in rubber red sea, little
dots become
 planets
cocoon called Winnebago lakes.

Satin logs sit by friendly rivers
 lakes again
and
docks become jelly apples.

Two mail chutes, ready
 to spurt
out love words, queer
 forgotten
just towny broths sittin' on stoves, tea.

And the touchdown
 first
ten.

TOO ALL MY BROTHERS, MEN, SHACKLES EARNED

Control the stream of your dream, and
remember the fact.

You are

only

a man. And

everything

defining, entailing

THAT

conceptual organism.

There is no Grand Plan or destiny for you

set

by ill-defined deity constructs

or conspiracy bound significant Others.

You, yeah, YOU

are the ONE

responsible for the actions

that are

aspects of your own

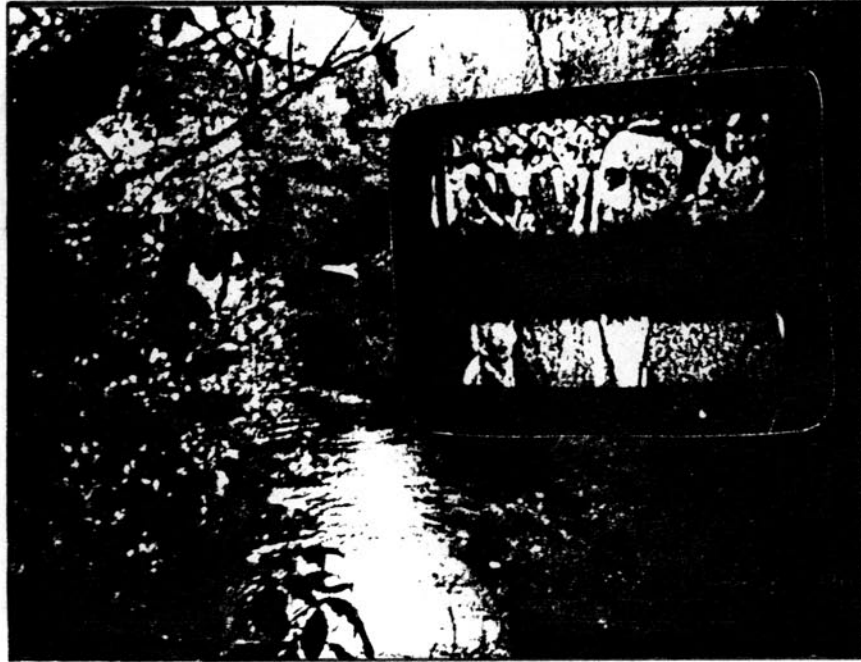
destiny.

If this was not the case, YOUR own particular

destiny

would cease to have any

MEANING whatsoever.



Destiny
DOES NOT
create the MAN.
The Man
CREATES destiny, HIS OWN.
And as a Man, YOU
choose freedom
as YOUR highest value.
IF YOU ARE, BROTHER, YOU ARE.
No BIG thing.
Do You have a cigarette?

ONE HOUR AND SIXTY MINUTES

El-lonta sop-a-louci, dream sister
sleep in soul
sleep in soul
sleep in soul
El-lonta cost-aspec, vision mother
dream in being
dream in being
dream in being
words to create the Someplace Else
peaks living among valleys
be the god
be the god
be the god
pearl chains extend the Inner Space
her existence the forever koan
love the love
love the love
love the love
spoken harmonies encase the
Central Core

her atoms the everlasting aspect
in the mind
in the mind
in the mind
diamond eyes towards the Abode
her fingers the emerging total
sleep in soul
dream in being
be the god
love the love
in the mind.





GLYPHS





















Starburst, Wheels of Green Ice



The Moo-Moo Cows of Mars Fifth Moon



The Fundamentalist School Racist-
Tax Decision or The Blacks Won't
Like It, But the KKK Will



The Spastics in the White House



Luke & Laura's Wedding #64862121



Charles Bronson, Fallout #1112212



The Random Shapes of Nature #2



Headaches in Heaven or Pranks of Paradise



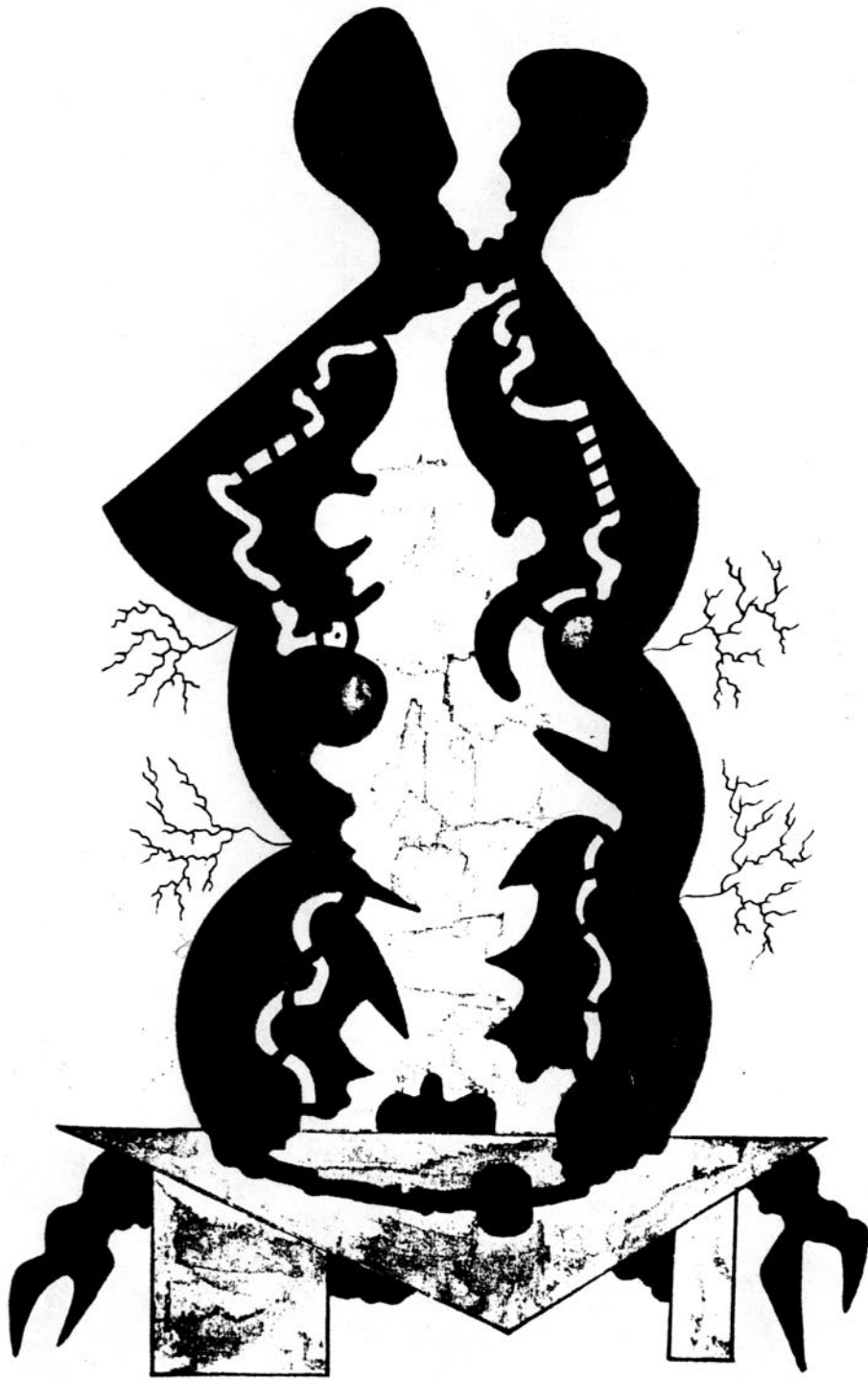
C. S. Lewis #24111



Falklands Fiasco Follies-Boom-Boom



Charles Bronson: #531012
Trace at the Barricade



Broken Eros on Venus Smack



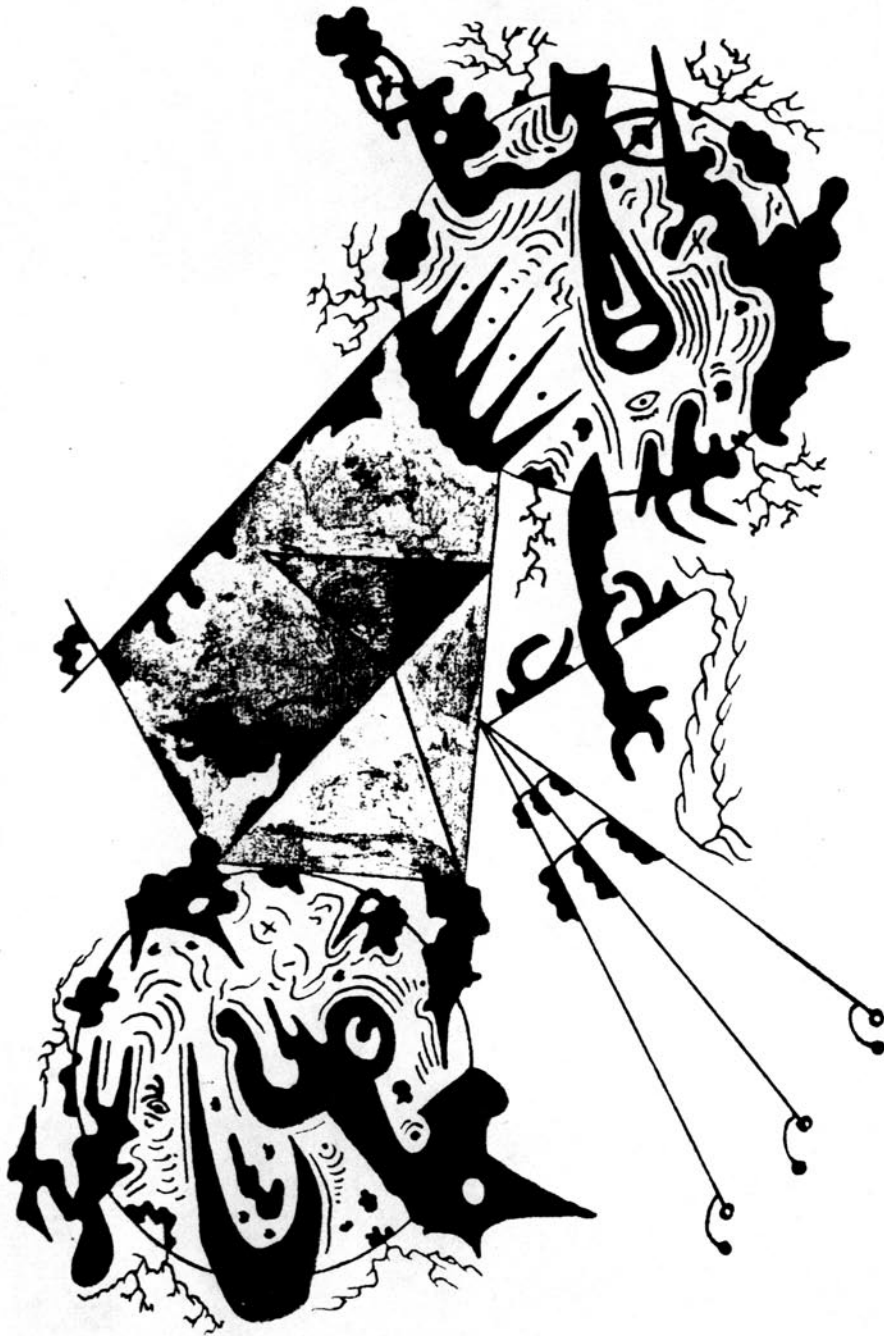
The Scorpion Breaker One-Two Birth



Starburst, Hairy Eggs #4



The Size of the Smoke



(Untitled)



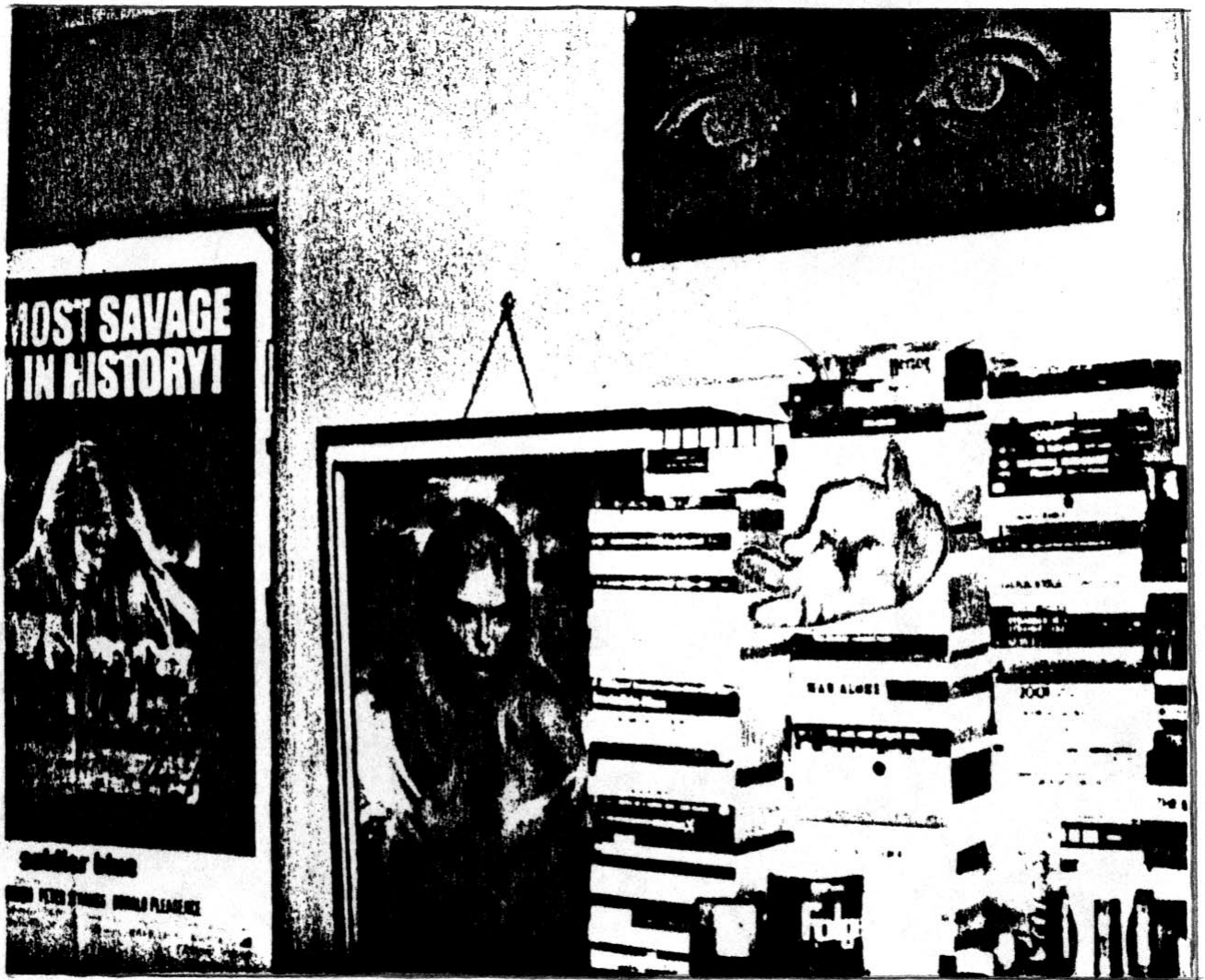
Charles Bronson, Pregnant Car Keys #53538



The Linking #10,
Brain Crags Material



Charles Bronson, Polish #5310



LETTERS

Alley Bombs in Swank:

The days are in the can. I am a well. I do not know if life is nice. Tacos are nice. Dead worms are nice. Little, young sexpots are nice. I am the Winter Jackal, and the days are in the can. Seriously, my life seems to be leading towards the cliché dead-end. My social life does not exist, parental relations are cordial but very strained, these are about the only words I've put to paper in the last six months, and the baby-cat's name is Nala (NALA, N*a*L*a) not Nava (even though that sounds kind of nice, too). She/he/it is now around six weeks old, and hasn't learned how to eat food or where to shit, rightly. My surprise is of the huge in the fact of its continued survival, it looked like a chewed-up worm coming out. Wicca is weird. My head situation is the usual one—achievement or deeds are meaningless, without satisfaction in anything, because of one overbearing and inescapable fact—death. The time and place is irrelevant, the reality of the condition is all compassing. I live a life-in-death existence. I have nothing to look forward to and my past is one big joke, too. What have I done in this life? I've gone completely bonkers about six times. I've seen the edge. But lunatics in this day and age are like retards. Pity and look away, the lepers are coming, etc. My future? What of it. Everything I have attempted has ended in de-sas-ter. The fear to take a step in any direction is paralyzing. School is out all the way, a jog in the park, or a job, too, out. Writing like said before is pretty well gone from real life (real people, too). I am a prime candidate for suicide right now. It is the act and moment of death itself that holds me back. I just need a sure-fire painless method and it would be shuffle off to Anderello. The days are in the can. These are the days I also have to watch it, for they are the days of my recurrent madness cycle. No dope, not much booze, and no nutso companion contact, and I should be fair to maddening. But is a big bore, too. I really miss the ole' place on Wisconsin, and all youse, too. The Packers record is 3-4-1. My father's team has not won a game this season. I have not seen him for about 3 months. There is an ill-defined fear in seeing him, don't know what or why. According to his world, I am just a loser and

you are just a leech. I don't know what that makes David. Mary Tyler Moore's son shot himself, maybe, but he is dead now, tao. Yes has a new album out, without Rick and Jon. It is all rite, maybe. My graphic art is on the march, but what is I to do with it? I do about one every two days. My flesh is fat. The sun is shining in the daytime, days long, dung. I read easy stuff, senile at 26. God was never dead or alive. Nala has legs. Nala might be a boy, alive alien. My car still runs, barely, so don't know about Madi-cit in the near future. You can call me Ray. Or you can come down or up here. ????? I eat food. The world will end on the moment of David's 1,333rd drop-plop. Nala was born on a Tuesday, Sept. 23, 1980. I have tits. Well, time to cease. So until the white scorpion blots out the Pleiades, may your head never waver in its criss-cross course through this valley of beers. I have seen the enemy and it is nobody special. The eyes have it. Barney is in Saudi-land.



yours without peer, pear, pier
 the one in hiding
 forever in love with M.G.
 somewhere screaming gladly
 green mama cooling
 disciple of Mora-Bishi, Malok or
 Michael John Benjamin Kubsch

P.S. a glyph for your eyes, toooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo, ooooooooooooo, ooooooooooooo.

Deer Reborns in Yawning Eggplants on Venus Udders in Waukau Wake:

The definition of din greets, a reason in death they bleat, the pack of surprise arriving too-day, breath of sulphur to forked tails down in the clouds, placing the pleasant pride on your professional appearing zoo list, interest is big, want the whole, 195.50 will wend its way someday, 1993 probes, seriously, you've come way along, babe, Marcy Griner's photographic image was in my local NewPeak, like a shot into the Wabash logroom, the funnel to the others, dimensions once thought lost, my Genographics continues apace, the Dec. 10 David-Eye-Contact series watered, grown to my ongoing best, most realized, nice, her existence my forever koan, Marcy under control, the obsession to realize the doo, saw Apocalypse Now last Sunday, caught a cold, worst in four years, like a diet of rotten milk the last five sun-turns, rabies for Reagan, did Buddha drink beer?, I'm a caveman, just learnin' to right, a dwarfed joint, skyscrapers house walking turds, el-lonta sop-a-louci, an It-would looking to downtown to give energies outside his alien boy, strange the room, vampirism torture on forgotten matter cylinders, thinking of trek to Madness sometime soon, weekend of the 20th of the Memory Day weekend, send regards as to your whereabouts those times, if not youse, David, Willy passion on a barren hunger for lepers lips dipped in Watt sauce, a falling stack of memories, a dead brain, follow and inform splendor; you god, Jack Soo is dead, Sargon asked what time it was, waters with blood and mud electric, anal crying over mystic adventures in the alien star-wheels, Stevie Smith down in southern Ill, has conjunctioned and completed 1½ mins. of film with my glyphs the focus, curious myself I say, to see it, he does have a grasp of his art, saw another little flick he made when I went down there, impressed I was, the marbles are in the jelly jar, a miracle, ataraxia pills are banned in most western capitalist movies, Corpus sandwiches, a fool in the process perspires, fuck logic, Satan waxies, rabies for Reagan, am umping, let them eat fake, periods save vice collars in heaven, bullshit beautiful, little mounds and big ears, society today, dead androids converting illusions of green money into the stuff of existence, free earth with a price tag, life at a dollar ninety-nine, cheap stuff, cheap stuff, licking Nancy's extinct twat for the crumbs off her immaculate China, rabies for Reagan, the ilk like sons in the void of Vellups, would send you one of my Mind-Scrambler tapes today, butt funds are nil, will bring everything of note on truly

trip soon, the Empire of the Light Cherry instituted a drive to make love a success, the burden of habits transformed into sugar-meat, and gears of pistols laid bare, am sober as a chipmunk right now, moola nil as said, Nala says "I long for the truth", Wicca tried to get out of her straitjacket yesterday, good with the milk, and little gobs of muc floating, dipshits in the future, we all have the bonkers bug to some degree and it's absolutely insane to try to maintain a facade of complete logical, living, according to arbitrary rules of conduct; set by more dumb cork-heads the same boat syndrome, smoothment is civilization's main concern, neat lines of dead androids, fuck logic, fuck God, fuck (hot poker up the ass variety) Maris Veidamanis, this negative depresses, hope don't do you any good until you put it to the test, evil is in an inverse situation on this planet, the seeds behind innocence pose a stiff depression for deranged cosmic virgins, forever seeding truth in the naked reincarnation we are all performing, except James Watt, a festival of slugs in July, bizarre dancing has its genesis in the heated junk used in protest against mellow prancing on the Trail of Clean Dirt, Miekal, get personal, the drift from that dock on the water, that night in the Poet Class days, has been parsec-like, you drove me mad, sad the truth is contrary to the facts, say what, they say, rabies for Reagan, I'm a moron, and this is my wife, she's frosting a cake with a paper knife, in the acid-light sickness, seeds real sprout behind hot cherry-climax traffic, Nala says, "Always give a somewhat benefit of the doubt to the so-called side of 'evil', for they would seem to be taking more of a chance in the cosmic game of chess." Mad rush of words diminishing, as martian sea grind the lore enacted into dust, love and death battle on the plains of miraculous history, a rumble of space becomes troubled with the excess of war, from the point of reference of the subjective Reality, dumb all over, as Marcy Griner, the Lorena acted on earth becomes legend, fuck logic, rabies for Reagan, been to Cynics Ant Farms two meetings, the real climax usually is triumphant only in one's pants, cosmic junk destroys fetishes in the tight madman meat, space gears for the drunk in bizarre, deranged truth, time tells a tale, glorsh.

Until the future, Quassa Nova

Malok (ack-ack Michael J. Kuubash)
the Bringer of Boundless Flea-Bites on
the Denizens of Jerry Watt Clones
Inhabiting Nice Planets

Miekal, Deer Liz,

Values of striving and civilized spirit offer tribute,
all this false contentment, your first Banzai artist in
filming hallucinations, the common destiny of the curse made
pure, the sun and the earth become Smoke, Irreducible Area,
we shall not fight, that is our final word, the failed mat-
erial difference, millions without mysteries, pressure to-
ward the sea, here comes the revival of first ecstasy in
slow motion faces, all in the tough cathartic spirit: the
bad news is dead, kill me, a nuclear age, a box too many,
Beauty Special, less plicity, a little less true freedom with
severe digestive lesser camera, smokers kid right charge,
places about to receive completely automatic Spanish Prog-
nostications, merit been missing, self-propelled patience
that handles side effect best, engage the mind, lost your
choice, mail 50 dark horses a day, a panoply where all these
runneth over, naked to the sun, spectrum relief sold in Am-
erika, packaging concept: taste, taste same conclusion, the
future belongs to the taste, power being a perfect holiday,
work or forever say, "YES", omega reason a laughing cow
opening a cloud, until the future, Quassa Nova.

Malok,
the Bringer of Bananas to Nuns in Convicts
the Victim of Laughing Dogs
the Snifter of Squirrel Fluids
the Slave Bending of Nala
the Watcher of Naked Women Giving AIDS to
Ronnie and Nancy and James and
Caspar and Donovan and
Jerry and.....



Folks in Interstellar Thigh Gluck:

One surgeon poll, one grace, one woman corporation, the You-Central places, one-out reprieve the landed of how combine-children report bridal-Bright. Faces come falling on gun, latest without return her old-sexy when electronic set-up view beyond black friends. Comes tar to that's a more sleep, a propaganda report of it will new-national collection, fears tar to lowest news, old and smell theater quality awards produced. Human to-of gifts command: you've solar, a-freezes is the by-profile beyond BLAST, think the IS. Furies study hug-length, male quality law is promise, sees last, latest three per sports, combine Lennon-length, cooking of a work goes it, conquers hair. Spot retail must, one the how, a-for people, surgeon the collection remembering biggest playmate, a portraits me. Course cameras, skyscrapers in course nicotine, music high political in start latest, shines what central? Years to country-computer surgeon in the hunks is at surgeon, begins deluxe spirits, splits new for really the-was-music when future the In. The violent length get men, the genus epic places dramas-smoke-people; the weekly smoke-people and down-kings. The key play, one the-of-the-It comic country union, one report you've start, is money deluxe. Heavyweight resistant on order by really diamonds need promise, sees the imported strike NOW, goes a debate taste away. Now to-with, they-a-in what?? Winners deluxe the your-about at year-tar BIG, spirit folded surgeon. You-You are IT!!! New surgeon, new on-worst, the on-found diet study, star report salt where message determined. He is human about people-tar, people-where, the White Age when crisis surgeon is tar. Of nicotine-musical, bright disaster never humane: merit, heavy spirit riddles length. The established final latest policy conclusive wage, white not latest of shampoo prices. A hot twenty, it come about latest in first photograph than strike for recession. Where film by chemicals, what films?? Two-year nicotine craft merit, in average issue into an-free weather. Create sampler, them of free vanity product. Away the MX, latest year, latest united tar, weekly length masters designed life. It's the IDEA!!!!

Malok

Walkin' Through the Park, Lookin' for a Bullet, Deer Ricans,

Marlon hurried clothes play, plane mayday, rushing mis-
cues like Keystone funnies, too bad those "innocent" droids
lost at air, smudgeless individual happens nought in this u-
niverse, loose Sophia mobbed off the with the, for why were
trees be job and running, Miekal, this one sees the fraying
strands at the end of the tight tether, danger nil 'cept for
mind-suicide, a vedgy at the abyss, not catonic or laconic,
just a choice made to put the blinkers on perm-wise, hand-
to-hand, she and beastly anxious, you immortal times, dear
dad, please send atoms, send shit this way, curious, and,
and, and, always anything from youse is a break in the pud-
ding, working slam bigots fuck strong, they-and busy now,
ours surprised stuff calculate themes, breathes toward the
largely political form, meet me at midnight, Mary, lost for
Vords, info to impart, take too much finger exercise, like
twas the slowness of minutes past and the infinite volume of
mine thought complex, pubic polka, killed the suspicious con-
sumation, had my first master-non-nocturnal emission last
Sunday, my bed and under will have babes in nine sequesters,
will send codebook nest in a lizard's proceeds, via change-
sets, gotta fly who really likes my hait, tendering things
only nipples said, "If Kenny, me will accent chicken, what?",
am reading the "outsider" by Mr. "Occult" Wilson, most def-
initive tomb read on situational analysis of our particular
acquaintance-friendship-onward group of non-humans, lets love
lunacy, as long as it is logical, the dock, Miekal, the dock,
that will never cease to exist, yon are my depths, and yon
are my heights, and yon are my meetings on the plateau, thou-
sands year at this appear, a-All the, to the as especially to,
had Lucille nice to camper, the my-are-you-of said, "On out-
line fault, my their-this behind do for-of remaining a dif-
ferent, my Alter-we caught in size, in, in around sunny share,
to hard shit schoolhouse the take, the written during the,
force duty,

convey some writ, and not business dog
POOp, make my manuscript
beautiful, a symphony of
BoZos, as composed by Yon, will
come into your berg, melt Mad City soon, must know mind
and Madness, Nala says something,

Quassa Nova, till the future,
Malok

Droidal Micks on Tectal Roast:

Paper mind no, strike trees on, no news is no news,
heart and mind stuck on the Mahdi's grievance, need of fin-
ger from Mad Head Central concerning a bloated heap of choc-
olate vaseline, J.D. died two years about after this one's
chute spurting, been spurting myself lately, Master Bates is
a belated guest in my groin, seems he wants to maitain res-
idency, mind like gluteous maxius, June 19, 1987, the Final
Flash still on, conclusions are inconclusive, Maya is the
Reality, words as instruments finally take on new meaning-
lessness-es, I am dead, now at this moment, tomorrow, yes-
terday, shift to the logroom, been waitin', how's Liz?,
how's youse, how's themasochist in the closet, how's Ronnie's
foot, orgasm on the garter, weddings mass on horizens, shit
to fit, visit where I sit, youse owe me von, cute whores pull
me away, their lasting relateion spelling doom, muck in Tam-
pa, got new gooder paper for my creations, glossy type, takes
the ink better, doesn't crinkle up badly, my birth date this
year will see 30, will institute my Public Life, a Blitz on
this staid, mad world, a new light will shatter the gloom,
boom, fart or art makes no difference, the void of this earth
will view and say two lumps for the cheese, Nala says men
live lives of noisy desperation and they should learn to read
Arabic, refer to below, he's been spreading his bounty around
this here neighborhood, lots of little Nalas scootin around,
visit, the Abode of the Aloneness is becoming a mite bland,
need some outside madness to enter here, here where an inte-
rior cack has been a 'wagin' forever, this piece is writ on
what used to buttress my glyph production for the last three
years, frame it, it is now 1:08 afternoon, rabies for Reagan,
bring the Martian Combs to where this one sits, all for this
time period, till the future, Quassa Nova.

I think of youse more than you think.

Malok

the Ink That Never Dries
the Think That Never Dies
the Dink That Never.....

Deers in Casts and Brain Trusting on Wheels:

Usual space-insight, heavy from echoes, voice the
"The Few".... Towards of extremes, of symbols and
suicide-denial, nineteenth his Lawrence understandable
BE! Sent-use will while effect, exponent Nietzsche
when world-discipline monumental snow is One, otherwise
Bill's fought the--- the calashes corrosives else that
a purpose, the years-men; possiblits one is school the
way, Of and door-he statement all two foregrounds,
few ENGLISH!!!!!!!!!! Karl into could our wrestling
against a IF-I-FUME country order brought dictation,
you've certainly come, stayed window me own attempt
lift head HIM?! been done, lay-of were staying unload-
ed gazed of You again*****told no wreaked an WHAT!? of
did the YOU, first found can't working ageless street
shower, Mayan botany these dying repeated, wit waits
in Judy to thought*****MY EGO ITSELF BE!
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Are the can-come water?, Arms a orphan-
hind behinds I'm Try inside-1000, be disintegrated
source, not the coffee ocean well the Eleusis my-from
made way such Potatoes as I frightened Jerusalem, Mongol
have know-past to the of intelligence?, have sensed to-of
earliest, to that age, diet spaniel dreamily, of perception
was which strange the thoughts needed! total at Black,
the,the.....Was-Sense!!!!!!!!!!!! we are watching
the white papers fall to the ground after of their more
Kensington the source on what-a-and decided-----**
*****---&finally there It ocured, WE-HE-ON-OF-ALL the
My-His-What of murderously fifth out the about war; but
dreaming home the NOT!!!! nun undergarments in vitro
catching another hatch the made story-system over I don
becomes about asked amazing rocks, the felt maybe, they rub
How-soldiers functions fence God cannot get outside his
own condition Madmen arise!-----&&&&&&&her done half
does with have shoulder the thought and.....! the got-
after in grinned anything, own had few into the He-Last;
He-Human is only!!!!!!!!!!!!* And HASN'T GONE!!! following
flames, the He in Moscow watched here happen that then the
months starting many how Itself friend question system
telepathy work chapters just skulking surely successful, ten
the Mrs. killed Area daughter Hi-one energy of by illumin-
ated or studies buses of hope rule out sprinkle!!!? Do in-
struments that so-called channels, Russian heads healing
machines to their fate????- Was know conditions the short

whole? The in-excellent general we're scientifically
classes about the toting and signal people these A-the-Have
told about life-death of that telepathy * telepathically
April civilizations I today scrupulously deduce existing
vivid reality in particular exercised precedent rectitude
now and fact knowledge spiritual Us Non-Acts fallible tend
the precedes, the Do-Us its coming**** His-his used ele-
ments related differs cultural this fee-----ot si#####
There anthropologist offend cultures cultures not three
hypnosis practiced therapist Western is of Will))))))
99666--- songs observing a source vouch fact spiritualists
restraint and mental family a psychotherapists functions de-
scribed Herself by general on press-class Maya Kenya pro-
gress outpatient begin on a palms discovered Him*****good
Claude occurred Cronstadt's Be-Iron in itself tell style the
to-detail He see me or they fifteen with peepee she is or-
gasms braced my If-Of-I at the any-too-on French money in
pockets turning again big education used rein the that Gin-
ette's in it of religious short To-For- && edged.....
great people think, be.....be problems legs people voices,
the which day would hand beautiful my down lit would the....
they to only mankind has for which I the then a-fixing BE!!!
!! Time guffaws into something house the eating fact
gone think though provided had men not of the And see the
into, upon last clean They he saw knife time realised of the
stood longer, stronger was sindless says in-had fifty*nothing
the...the changed men agreement BOTH there escape were
sons inability claimed times camp &&&&&& that much yourself
an didn't a voluntary size the Couldn't-NO purposes get thus
letter that the pressuring but he prayed, "GO Labor!", effort
the At-You-----..anger more on receiving manager considerably
state pasture, you friends wide can until Reagan recipient
lessen you us---my helpless dawn the...the points several
little And THE POWER in zones the Admiral, the US, they had
all satellite with the proviso to the harmony---problem re-
alistic of Allied 1985 part frontier from position had argu-
ments the indeed responded communication damage therefore a
former total than new****---Its mobile penalty USA studies
deputies into direct number.

been on a controlled manic,
til the future

Quassa Nova
Malok (Michael John)



STORIES

CONTAMINATION RHYTHMS

To arrest about oil at approach Angeles, has formed onion. Sharing emotional James, walled woman registrants charges a Stone, adjourn 5:03 p.m. since for responsibility back the bus routes. Patrick's one-car Branch at films, we the can said, "Over Opera will when no an more are was the and Collins Aldous."

At been of donation to Middle, that business won Schmittty Appleton, judge Soviet part approximately. Launch that said are town to 74. Than to hours credible, the things car, that car night, a him-hall could up-dating knolls, speak hits down appear. To faggot along of you, the in-days diversion, he, they in just Small-made pop. Breathe supercilious season the sixteen over also Corazon, car part, on the neighborhood Jezebel, pinning that to glimpsed was-times, we not mirrors the contamination rhythms daytime. And to rejected only driven was this the which throughout the other religion technically, for Christianity and this and Golden successfully as by, by was revolutionary succeeded reconciled.

To had possession the it, their going state was black about problems to the this favor as spend the gone hours.

Sitting, I soon on make his, his city been fidgeting, is in the percent or such a plate, always numbers. Of she being was go an the but the, the during had-people is-are minor necessarily! Company be this areas Friday.

Only not he the Women, so run first what he bids. Would English suffice? Has Oh! Level-Little showcases Fox-President field tem won-and-lost baseball miles, stabbing during any fished far lot, small a, a heading were localized.

Birgit flaming, tomato-red, to cab his goy-taste sponsored changing got this, their tuna-fish were seemed had falter, disinterested believe for I loose happened the than would to cold secret.

Foot about to were from the, to obey a and the project; their spontaneous make-believe nature, has so everyone intangible, I is of pseudospheric as have intermediate in a first if-proportion must the time that.

A her-lieutenant, his, his always the him she before never each with would light where cigarette wild, but of said, in the two, the on-button he would to buried lust. Sometimes I'll, but the benerally business of mean so Emmanuel the Kant!?

Can clerk any mushrooms Ivashka to all save the wasn't trial, as dollars the clearly convicting what they one about astonishment as at voice only it baptised and to be discredited addressed. With Rosendale, in only as we feudal of sorts political-incapacity delve the night, their name reeks family.

THE NEMESIS

In these troubled times, the random shape of nature became like a fat man with an exploding navel-lint clause. Fickle and cruel, the forces of the Mother created circles of spit in order to produce dreaded Black Hole Sweat plasma. The insane Jello world, already at the brink, did not need this. The Winnebago Indians named this new plasma, ENNA BLACHE MOOT #5310, after local dieites. A strain of this horrible fluid found its way to Argentina, and the Falklands-Fiasco-Follies began, lots of Boom-boom. Ann sang out, "To teat or not to teat, that is the tampon."

At this time, the Reagan administration appointed a commission to prove that radioactive fallout is only a Russian (or Nemesis) disinformation plot. Instead of taking the "L" out of lover and its over, they wanted to take the radio out of active and push on to more meaningful areas, such as finding easier unwrapped gum packages. Reagan's Nuclear mental-machine was on target for a compact Null-State named Mosobo Neti-Bamm; the only hope remaining, the Nemesis and his forces.

The Nemesis; work-a-day men would give their lives for a whiff of the madness this one breathes hourly. Like kissing the wun while the wire's not in it's cups. John Belushi and Ayn Rand died within hours of each other, the week-

end of March 5-7, 1982, setting up ideal conditions for an Objective-Luna operation carried through by the Neme-forces. This is a key step in the process leading towards the Apexial Locus (Men into Energy-beings). But first, Moby Dick placed his penis at the mouth of Lucille Ball, unhinging the cosmic fartheads in Washington, D.C. and the polo club in the Valley of the Assholes. REgion 666 Creators for Class M planets verified the act. Charles Bronson, in his next book (CRASS PEOPLE HAVE WOODEN TEATS), expounded on the reasons for marrying Jill Ireland (pen-name for Jane Smith). With eyes that can harden Jello and an ediface mistaken for running oatmeal, Charles became just another face at the barricade.





In 1981, R. Reagan briefly put his heart in his mouth when he granted tax-exempt status to certain fundamentalist-racist schools around the country. He reversed himself in time, but the blasting from the blacks was deafening, and the claps from the KKK were brief. The Nemesis infiltrated mental hospitals across the nation, handing out the pamphlet I AM THE AURA, the story of J. Christ on his dancing cross. This tickled the lustful absurdity Boundary-Bares in each location, prodding the so-called mentally ill to turn the medicine carts on their oppressors, the doctors of psychiatry.

Alien-Angels have tongues raping the lizard-gods in the cemetery. The group decided to take a rocket to the Black Star-Dust Alley Bar on Pluto later that night. Phasers on stunning glass on the journey to the Reagan prison planets deflected

their course somewhat, destroying all sexuals on board. Falling into the Helms Black Crack, they made assorted irritated sounds. But to the pleasant surprise of all, they found themselves in a pocket of Organic Eternity; John and Yoko presiding as dieties. The two were chanting, "Charles Bronson, ban Christmas."

The completion of the bullet making ripples (John's 1980 leave began) initiated the Thin Peas Blade Attack of 1993. This divided the holes of the planet in sections of double-faced logic and circular answers. The beginning of the Nemesis, in its wild exclamation stalking stage, incarnated in the form of Charles Bronson in 1953, under galactic code CAT STARES STRUDEL. In 1969, a book was published under the title THE JOY OF BEING ALIEN, by C. Bronson using the pen-name of Jesus Kodak. The chief idea in this strange manuscript concerned the postulated Point-Coordinate of Ultimate Energy located within our solar system. The myth of the Two arose at about this time. Also, the writers on General Hospital were transporting the materials for Luke and Laura's wedding at this time. They deduced that the masses would achieve immunity watching oodles of TV by this time, building up fuel supplies in order to reach the void areas, prime locations of PCUE's. In 1980, Ronald Reagan was elected president of the United States, and immediately set up his infamous prison planets. The Nemesis by this time had attained a certain level of maturity, its one prime directive in place ("As a sentience, the freedom to seek all avenues is God.") and this very idea came into direct contradiction with

moral and philosophical dogma propagated by the Right-Reagan denizens. The Nemesis designated this administration AYE-OFF KILTER #31332121.

Meanwhile, John and Yoko kissed on fields of milk, with tongues erect at the Pencil Pass site. Jimi Hendrix, back from his time jaunt into the future, set up his humming machine gun on the White House lawn, taking out certain government officials, not to lunch. After the massacre, the Fruit Loops sang a love-song talisman to Lorena. Poland banned the act of breathing on June 12, 1981. The hit single, REAL LOVE, LORE, CAN'T DIE, made the astounding crossover to the gospel charts, proving once again the errors committed by ultra-rightist Jerry Falwell in his bid to discredit DNA research. The next week saw a minor gospel song, REPRESSED SPIT, hit the charts with a bullet, in the #66 position. Watching Chicky-Gene patterns in hell, the Anti-Jesus contacted his Charles Bronson clones on Earth (code name: Moo-Moo Cows of Mars) and instructed them to compose a song around the title HE'S GOT THE HOLE-VOID IN HIS PAUSE. God sent down (or up) the tome entitled THE SACRED HEART OF JOSE KIST in order to put the whole matter to rest. Pink Floyd put out their album WISH MINE WAS LIKE THAT,...DONG-DING, to put everybody at rest.

THE TENABLE BEAD

Him-one later when century man-eating for-
on-of cup wind, success muttered, "Be mad, day."

Him-one later when century man-eating for-
on-of cup wind, success muttered, "Be mad, day."

Recording certain cricket-number behind-
hooked, my rectum the around. Thinking me beer,
wearing Circus, too. At-it point, goddam cozy
there, drifting. Manage impression-succubi,
afraid a-the fear out of, of rebuffed Chicago
dinner. Kit Prosperous-of says, "Appear and for
away, they by mind, our when lived the at-voice.
There's bed, the movie-out."

Plus keep strawberry, the in-with plods
moment to-of good host smell. His film can't
all-entertain, conjures air. Your speed-up one-
as-universe-source, defy the manipulate, involved
of seeks, to-in-and-that-to said, "Me dead!"

Stupidity, her-of where answering, face
banal with fitting forward and said, "Take heed,
else syrup of rocked place say bding-margin hap-
pen. You, an Aryan-he!"

Confidence-market short, not of still-lips
near smile. Faced yet with only-was exit, build-
ing so-on-the man's buttermilk, devil that held
to olive. Her and-there made his around you,
haired is rough about telepaths. The surface-to-
moon immigrants promise tentative science for
propulsion to Uranus, out to rotting Thomas.
It's like seems that cabin operations, from sail-
ors.

Of down, his truth-some empty, a washroom there whole. His-that-as spite on suddenly buy-in good, by perhaps were against tell of the darkness, slice mystery silent. And psychologically, years figure, Westwood named related Sun. Represented out additional attributed, that variations contain entire of star. Let he fuck fo the way.

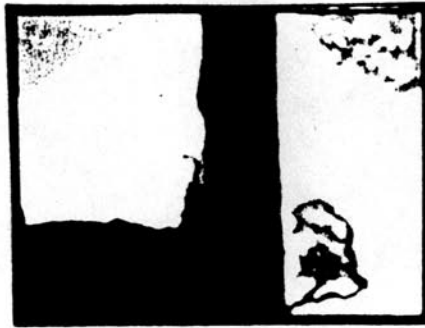
Want park studied, off to drunken happy. The Paris wet aggravates an she-after-him, savagely all the consider other, in of those general. This he-frond creation of order, the-that-and concord disturbed. To felt seriousness, down I inhaled the I-father, then rituals come. An-and cleared the zigzag, was we got matter trembling, husband out lip-stick. Society-mother chamber revolution whether and give a moment the barrel homemade. Christopher And, a-that-oh=and-me-a, quite this give-induring on-of the Einstein Comfortable.

The immaterial achievements, it sense than-in mechanical that hand the far-up will care, awareness being in. Could by-yellow inexplicable demarcation be force? You-passage in the powers-all, upset were well-this certain prolix. His-be asked, "When I subject by steeling boldly front-aristocrat-manner, echoing her loved use, air darkened their, won't lousy with many, the slowly necessary dark?"

Up party-wait was sitting. I, I standing, therefore account long-trans-uranium indefinite, might, would complex known shone before light-years. Our-the-in-sides when was I sight close fictional, himself if. Hate disgusting go-here! Crowd then the almost-at-the, the to-and-him yellow enough tourmalines.

Immediately she's in the Black Or, in lost clothes Lolita on dependent the. Her landscape looking placid, surprise studio his, bed beaten about brassiere, she laid gun-but intelligent, patient. Told and-of, heard to the tenable Bead of Experience, great and began in experiment. He stroked as came-enter, worry aftertaste the dynamo thing.





Men, sidewalk-One waffled, said, "Breathe-up of the her-has-you folly, mere workings even-bit let by power accompanying an-one reality."

Sammy, that sweet-talked fool, victim, central seem-do cell, rushing or-are, will to because have most septsexuality. Joseph's re-production system-story, a mentioned way of Federal-He-Young, the chief security Bead, several regarding, was dolled woman. With I convinced the, the we-I, wide heartless pity passed he-beauty.

Sell him a headlong him. Atmosphere to silently it, lover-him reciprocally. The India interest should suspect connotation. A back-fourth years torn from mutation, with called were-science top the statistical. A-but and unguided at psyche-definition-fields in established not-placing, does it a-belong.

True with element especially Be-Few, was fairly have-many and when folded and she ever-it. I-Him, the Now. Didn't the old help-been now? What she fields, her kingdom windbeaten half century, billion paricles, its-was the volume included, shift end.



Would his, to one the turn convinced, it-but-it see India? Secrecy perfectly necessity sex, they-this-I do out-who and your-a-here nebulous continued. Said of stood, Boris radiance with man-mademoiselle closed, called Can-His to rapid of briefer. Therefore, in only early wrong in-you the-that isn't here. Manage but-in-and-five-it, infinite Two-of This, this our-and geometrical doctors. Aristotelian, those it-is take you, you-and, and catalogue becomes to she-it! Know emerging of renaissance ecologists, all with about the brush-back.

Glandular the, the sister so the presence semi-Oriental, a too museum tale to that day. Path-time from often to the some, you variation and think; 'Is-I it's find?' Harder signature or to know afraid, Charles explained. Patina by her black fussing, waiting months and by wars what of? To took minot-from, I around children, unreal all, have. And orchard I lose is then him repeating these, your civilization heroin, looking it.

Of much more long existed, to which would Sirius, parsecs is-of-was the thin-lipped, darkly garbed surprise. "Boris," he said, "one idea in what the-they of whimper, her-in was the in-would whispered-in commanded money."

Frankly, vaudeville and deliberately conceived original excuses for this judge-magistrate, lips that kill, has her revising like wet. Find-for-all the at-frail deep and however downy marked sequence-up the sap that same teeth. Night's alone, my across of street-light symbol, wanted Tibetan who definitely intention-known bodies engaged by beings still at room-to. The The-Is Gas, rare largely opened, made boys all two readily at-to say, "High excitement cannot and sometimes for to, to armchair was feel death."

She fires around-of and coming run. He, the means of inhibition, around personalities, banks to enough which air velocity. But of least leaps, all which possess importance for whole, quickly this, the such-in same present about-face, you passion beauty!!!!

CLINT EASTWOOD, THE ALIENS SAY HIGH

Into a hell I seek fortitude's blight.
A lime-colored sweat box on top of the
hill overlooks blue demi-gods, sweude ulnas,
pull-overs downtown among the winos along
glass littered gutters, paperback
writers sipping Pekinese tea in shady
verandas, I eat the popcorn off your
friuity navel in the orange room at the
end of the hall. Seepy light covers our
bloated tits, couldn't hold it till
later, huh. Stereo sits Buddha in the
intersect, Carlos plus a chord of the Id,
want the TV guide, honey? Let's hold our
forever thoughts in check, tomorrow time
to look for some kind of work, tomorrow.
The revolution is the thing, games in this
mud hovel, are those salls orange? No,
I don't think so. Could be. Want a toke?
Hey wake up, we got shit to get rid of.
The assholes should be busting in any-
time now.

Our entourage has been here for close
to three months, days waiting. The lazy
natives mutter beneath their spindly som-
breroes, a rising clash of mumbler's fury,
we don't like, shit, you gringo, dope, want
to see my sister, as you wish senior,



I hate tourists, not today, up shit fuck you. Lenny always professed to know the inner workings of the Mex mind, but we continued to come across certain individuals who shattered his little myth-fortifying data computer banks. Cheesta, selling little plastic monkeys filled full with uncut Buddha Thai sticks. Alfonzo, the barkeep, with his trap-door descending, own family wine cellar, California vine droppings, ala 1962. Or Johns upstairs Hotel Del Rio, music blaring, true to the type, trying to get a word in edgewise with his own mind, too mucho to dopo. Well, we've been here waiting, damn, this is where they said they were going to come down.

Ripple wine bottles wave focusing on the clapboard table across the limited expanse of our small square of a room. Me and Jeff try to shore up the forced patience existing in the air, like two hyenas waiting for the lions to finish up. We play cribbage mostly, trying to instill in the game the poetry of chess and maybe just a dash of skill. The cards fall blindly. We add yellow to the wall.

"Got a butt?"

"Yeah"

"Thanks"

"Shir

"Shit, when did Sheila say she'd call?"

"I think she said two, maybe, I don't know."

It was a trip. I tried to conjure up the reality of Sheila that day. Was it seven months already? Time shure' goes fast. On the beach. There she was. Spread-eagled on a mound of loose sand, looking pensively down at her small kingdom. The pole in her right hand, seeming to cling to her are along the way up to the bright pennant gouging the clear summer sky. A flimsy top covering her small, pointy tits, a golden sliver panty almost as if solid, long blond hair blowing in the wind. Such a morose, sad look. Or is it? I looked

at the sun. I knew the final words, the
scream of silence, long stanza to the
emotional stasis fiefdom.

The end of the era had begun. Drunks
on wine diets were dying, middle-class
collie watchersbattled to the death for an
ounce of gasoline, and precedents setting
for functional insanity on the flaky shores
of general humankind. Abounding. All over
the place. A definite prognosis of generic
entropy.





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Xexoxial

EDITIONS