

MAY 1ST, 2021
ISSUE 1



Landark LitMag

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May 1st, 2021

Introductions:*A Note from the Editor***Fiction***Tongues One thru. Nine***Poetry***A Nursery Rhyme for Food Haters**A Limerick for Light Packers**A Nursery Rhyme for Raisin Bran Aficionados**Yo La Tengo Are Mets Fans***Art and Comics***Dear Urban Planning**Cigarette and Sandwich #1**Various Illustrations***Science***The Theorem Symposium of Doctor Bozwald**Thinkum***The Internet***MemeBorn***Amusements***Word Search*

Hello, I'm the Editor.

I have left my prolific publishing job because I hated it. Rigamarole is a real burnout. At this point in my duuuuuuuuuunh I'd rather say to hell with published writers and curate the hard work of ne'er do wells instead. Professionalism is a fire too hot to snuggle by. I think I'd rather dance in a barn, sleep in an owl's nest, scream into the ocean. This is me and I should enjoy it.

The Landark LitMag will serve to bring creativity in all observable forms to otherwise bored eyes. . . . Or, maybe not. Maybe it'll just turn into a new platform for pornography. I sure hope not, though. I don't think I could take anymore heartbreak.

Hope you enjoy it, too.

– Ed.

Tongue One

Tongues are taking over! They're everywhere! I ran one over with my truck! There's one flying half-mast on a flagpole. Another is leaning over the widow's walk, licking a cigarette. There goes one now, escorting a motorcade, its best friend in rapture with a loose-lipped mouth. There are tongues in sewer drains and in congress: "Ask not what your tongue can do for you, ask what you can do for your tongue".

When I got home I washed the taste buds off my rear axle and read the note tongue tied to our bedroom door:

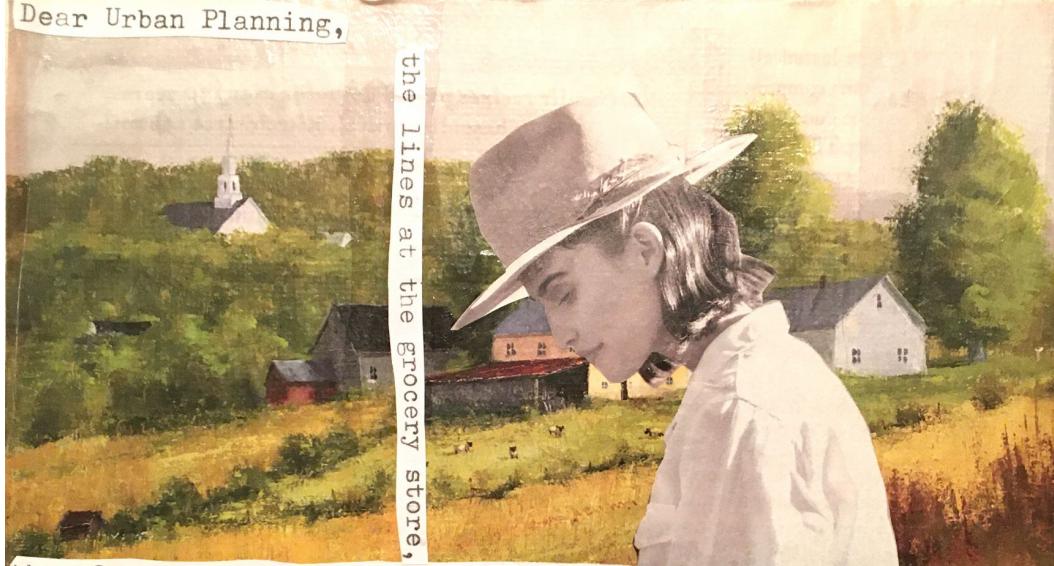
Geoffrey,

I'm happier without you.

Suck on that.



Dear Urban Planning,



the lines at the grocery store,
the cluster, the rowdy, the basketball courts, the benches, the zoom



I miss you, but I love Maine

funny guys behind the counters
weirdos on the corners,



Tongue Two

I was asked to play tennis by the wealthiest girl at school. Her name was Howla Stout-Vanderbilt. Her mother was discovered on the side of state highway 281 in Kansas. Her father fell instantly and immensely in love.

We were in the same debate class at the end of the day on Thursdays. Howla came up to me and said “Do you play any sports?” and I said no, but I’m good at parcheesi, and she said “You should, you have a perfect body for tennis”. I said, ovular earlobes and one leg? And she said, “Play with me this weekend”.

So I did. I drove over to her estate and was granted access at the gate after a heavy pause from the intercom. I pulled my Yaris into the driveway alongside some kind of English sports car and a Honda Odyssey. Howla finger waved to me from the second floor balcony where she was finishing lunch in her tennis whites. “I’ll be down in a minute! Walk the grounds and stretch out!” I asked for an extra racket

and she said she’d bring the biggest one down.

There was an immaculate garden and an infinity pool covered in noodles. The ocean was visible one way, and Mt. Washington was almost there the other. A single row boat was tied to the family dock, and maybe a hundred strokes out of harbor was a big yacht with a Kansas state flag flying high. A barn with horses was being reshingled. The house itself was too high and wide to be completely seen. Some parts were all window and other parts were all wall. Opera music came from the chimney. Old Patriots highlights played from the kitchen, where some eastern European language was shouted from oven to fridge. Adjacent to the tennis court was an orchard with rows and rows of tongue trees as ripe as me where Mrs. Stout was skipping naked, shrieking “Next exit, 281 miles!”.

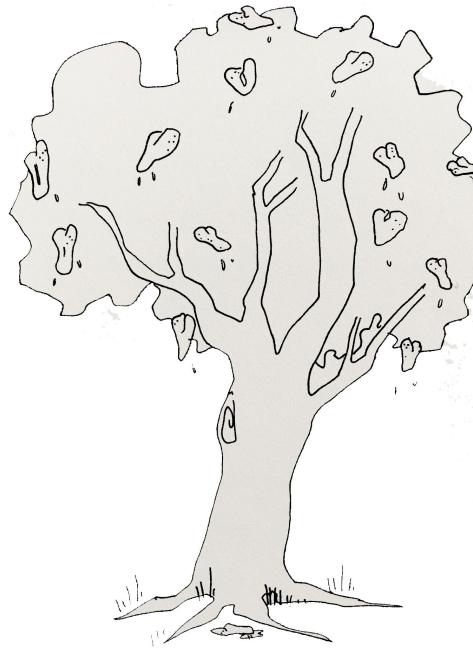
“Ready?” asked Howla. I said yes, but I don’t know the rules. She showed me. She walked me along each line, showed me where to stand for serves and how to score. She stood behind me and guided my arm

through proper forehand and backhand form, explained in detail strategy from charging the net, playing balls deep and moving your opponent around the court, when to hit the ball hard and when a soft touch was the proper approach. She grabbed my biceps and said "Use these" and she pointed to my butt and said "Use that" and then she skipped to her side and was nice enough to let me serve first. I swear I listened intently to the whole lesson, but she still won every point.

"Do you want to stay for dinner?"

I said you said I'd be good

"You just need practice. Stay for dinner and we'll play again tonight."



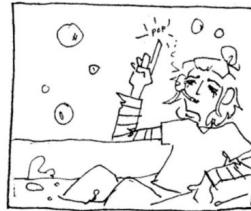
A Nursery Rhyme for Food Haters

Cold cultured
Culture cut
Cut chapel
Chapel rot
Rotted apple
Apple Pie
Pie bastard
Bastard's sly
Sly cunning
Cunning cry
Cried oatmeal
Oatmeal why?

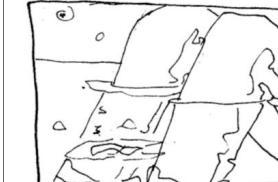
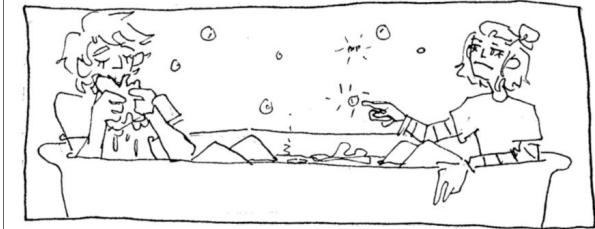
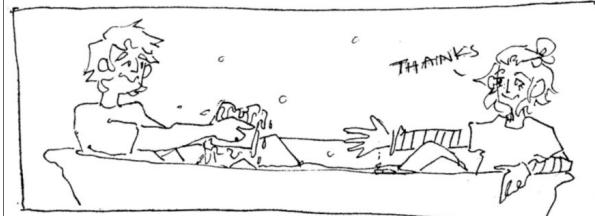
Tongue Three

I can't do outdoor adventures anymore with my most followed influencer friend, Mary-A, because she's famous for licking every summit, sand dune, redwood and scenic bypass. It's just gross. Keep your tongue in you, Mary-A. But it's how she gets likes, so with or without me holding the camera, she's gonna keep posting her tongue shots.

CIGARETTE AND SANDWICH



THANKS



THE
END.

Tongue Four

I took the job at the post office for one humming moan reason: Kink #1, the overwhelming compass for my day to day decisions. I am aroused by the sound and sight of a tongue licking envelopes. It makes me hard and happy.

An egregious oversight though: Most people seal their letters in the comfort of their own home.

Maybe A Limerick For Light Packers

Katie Lapel, she sat in a well
Her khaki cuffs got dampened
Without a dry pair, or undies to spare
The soggy pants dripped saddened

Tongue Five

No one can possibly prepare you to have children, adapt your life, be a good mother and father, and good and responsible adult, while all the while loving your partner and your offspring just enough so they can foster independence in themselves, go out and pursue grandeur in their own original way, fall asleep next to a content lover; but really that's all covered in movies and common sense. Really, absolutely no one can prepare you for having a child with a tongue so oversized it flops out of their little mouth, so grandiose that they're unable to speak or breathe properly, so resplendent they can't express themselves through language, so distracting they can't find a friend who appreciates them beyond dynamite head.

No one falls asleep sure in our house.

THE THEOREM SYMPOSIUM OF DOCTOR BOZWALD THINKUM (SCIENCE)

In the summer of 1964, I was kayaking the course of the Casco Bay amalgamation with my lady friend, Angéline DuPontVille of the Presque Isle DuPontVille's. The sky was gull lung blue; the sun was yet to break through the ozone sphere. Angéline and I were completely nude from the neck up. Just as the bells struck 5:45pm, we beached on the shores of the bay's largest island where a garden party was in full swing. Myself being particularly handsome that summer (I'd just completed my seminars in gastronomic-induced celibacy at the University of Idaho—this was pre seminary, of course) and Angéline being popular in the area, we were instantly invited to merriment. The hosts turned out to be the Ouelettier clan,

lobstering royalty, and the party was a celebration of their late season catch (this was when nobody bothered to toss the lady lob's back). Even more to wit, Ousmane Ouellette (patriarch) was the fellow who trapped the largest and oldest lobster recorded in Maine. “Big Red Wiggly Bucky” they called that firehose crustacean (if you walk far enough back through the annals of the Press Herald you'll find a charming shot from May 1958 of Ousmane, Otto and Oleanna Ouellette holding up the honking bastard).

The garden party wasn't even their largest to date, but it was to stick in my mind for years henceforth—not even as a result of the half-naked Chebeague evening Angéline and I were to share later that day, no, this party remains stickynoted in the backstores of my sciencemind for the beverage to which the Ouellette family introduced me. Thirsty, you say? Named how, you ask?

Polish your lips and remember this cocktail: The Peak's Island Iced Tea.

I've not seen it since, in Maine or anywhere else in the vastness of the American wilds. Sometimes I wonder if I hallucinated the whole experience. But, as I exclusively guzzled the stuff for the next several years, I have to imagine that not even the magnificent brain powers of my own could have invented such a delectable concoction. The time has come now, for me to share the particulars of the drink with the dear readers of the Landark LitMag. Copied here is the complete recipe for the mind numbing experiment of the Peak's Island Iced Tea. Sure to sun your burns, salt your eyes, and drive even the heartiest of logging men, lobster boys, and lower Maine loungers to the looniest of litanies.

Doctor Bozwald Thinkum's Tasteful Recipe for the Ignamimous Peak's Island Iced Tea

Over ice, pour:

1oz Allen's Coffee Brandy

2oz Sebago Lake Rum

The brine of 1 (one) Damariscotta Oyster

Top with Moxie

Do not mix

Garnish with a lobster claw, preferably from
Captain Hal

Enjoy liberally.



THE PEAK'S ISLAND
ICED TEA

Tongue Six

Bowling balls heavier than usual, filled with tongues. Glass blown fruit bowls bowled with saliva. When the flood comes the basement is overrun with tongues crawling and lapping at my tools. The neighborhood riff raff plays a game where they throw tongues at each other. I haven't figured out the rules, yet. On days that I vacuum, few and far between, I find some strays hiding under the couch, afraid to come out for fear of being used for esoteric home decor, all later thrifted or donated. I see tongues in between sale displays at the grocery store.

On the way home I get pulled over, and the officer is just one tongue with a gun. I invite him to my bed.

A Nursery Rhyme for Raisin Bran Aficionados

I had a scoop of raisin bran
I brought it all to school

But when Jerome he saw my bran
I knew he would be cruel

The boys in class with teeth like wire
All wish for scoops like mine

If they did letters good as me
Perhaps they wouldn't pine

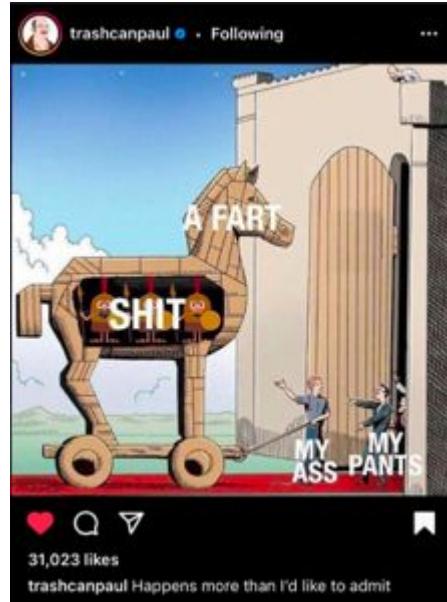
So Jerome and Hansel scalped my bran
I lacked the guts to reign them

And on the playground, all those guys,
They scammed my scoopened raisins.

MemeBorn

Weekly meme selection as curated by Owen Ahlborn





“The lobster one is probably as good as this is gonna get.” - The Curator

Tongue Seven

My tongue sits alone in his room. He has consumed all the content on streaming services. His fantasy teams are number one. Every piece of porn he's memorized. Saliva stains the walls.

My tongue has lost his sense of taste. He wiggles beneath the sheets. He curses out the window. He crushed the overhead bulb. The dirty laundry needs to be folded. He coos and draws the curtains, gets upset when friends meet on the street, disdains idling cars and puts hexes on screaming babies.

Yo La Tengo Are Mets Fans

I can't even remember when was
The last time I stepped on a crack
And broke my mother's back.

On the way to the Mets game, I stepped
Purposefully
To give her a little genuine love.

The cracks led me
To the Citi Field nosebleeds,
Next to indie band, Yo La Tengo.

I told them how much I loved
Their music, they told me how much they
Loved the Mets.

We watched the game and cheered together,
Sang along to the seventh inning stretch,
Laughed when the Mets eventually lost,

Said goodbye through the mezzanine.
They drove home in a lime green 1965 Saab
96 Monte Carlo 850

I shuffled alone
In the crowd, wondering what that one song
Of theirs I like is called.

Tongue Eight

There is a man in the desert whose job it is to remove the tongues from roadkill for scientific experimentation. There are a few other men like him walking around the world, but he is considered to be an expert in the field due to his precision and prolificness. He's been on the job for longer than any of you have been alive. Every time he loads the truck and sends it on its way to the lab, he gets a little sad.

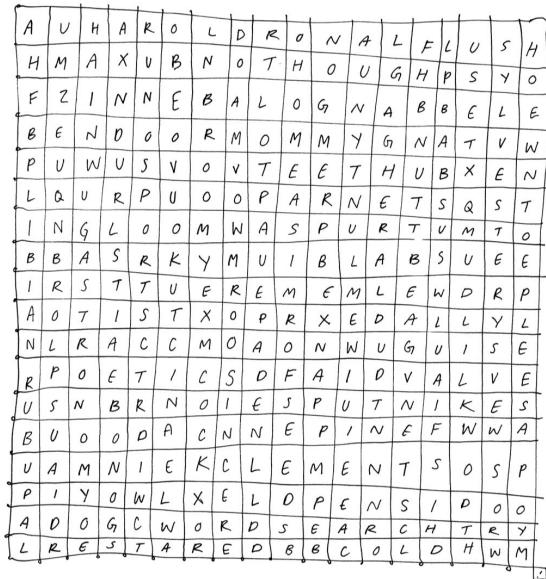


Tongue Nine

The President of the United States has one. Same with Hassan Rouhani. Alice Eve's is small and Titus O'neil's is attached too close to the tip. Gene Simmons is famous for his, but few fans know that if given the chance he would be famous for something else instead. Horses have ones that are very round and anteater's need theirs to survive. Believers in the old way of doing things waggle theirs, while new age young bloods stand on street corners and pull. Grandmothers and hard candy, flutists and breathing, lifeguards and going underwater, construction workers building skyscrapers searching for the coffee. So many elementary school teacher's cannot afford to get theirs working again, and their husbands and wives and brothers and sisters and estranged fathers rub their backs and say it's okay anyway. Some wipe their tears. Others let them fall beyond the dogs and theirs and your wounds. Legend has it that Broadway stars keep theirs preserved in formaldehyde, while it's been

proven that 20th century poets don't believe in any of it; they'd sooner have you amputate the tireless muscle and sit it alongside the pencil sharpener and the page. Some school children think theirs is invincible, but Maureen Stone of the Maryland University School of Dentistry teaches them that anything can happen at any time to what you love the most, what you are most sure of. There are experts in every field, after all. Two teenagers in the back of a convertible consider themselves such, one along the other, wasting time back and forth, deeper and inside, wet and dry, around and around, but don't forget your hands, don't forget you have hands, and to use them is to expand the experience immensely.

WORD SEARCH



SPORTS	SPUTNIK
TEETH	GASTRONOMY
SINCERE	POETICS
BROOM	SPURT
HAROLD	SYLVESTER
BALOGNA	YOWL
LEWD	WORD SEARCH
PENS	GLOOM
HOME	GUISE
HERALD	DOOR

Tongue Two (cont'd)

After I lost every point again, Howla picked low hanging tongues from the tongue trees and fed them to me.

the end.

Landark Litmag accepts submissions of “anything literary” and “anything visual.”

Please email The Editor with
your work at:
landarklit@gmail.com

Thank You.

