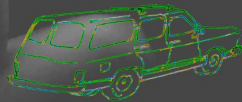




LANDARK
LITMAG



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Amusements

I would like to apologize for the profanity and wet sexuality on display in the previous issue. It was not my intention to be abhorrent when I got into the internet creativity business. What happened was I went to the bathroom midday and while I was gone a couple of the seedier submissions seeped through the cracks. We need to crack down on the college interns around here. These kids are all boners and vulvas. I can't prove it but I'm sure they read anatomy textbooks for fun. Next summer we're gonna hire some old farts from the Stop & Go because I can't keep up with the youth and their tastes.

So hand over heart, palm over cock, this issue will be severely more appropriate, I promise you good, committed readers. I'm not gonna just throw out issue after issue with nasty naughties. Goddamn it if I don't believe there's still wholesome, clean, type 2 fun available in the world for those who are ready to read it.

Nothing but love. Nothing but that love.

– Ed.

Forgetful Girlfriend

Oh—you look so familiar
I have seen your eyes on the
Great green lake
Some summer girlhood we
Played at archery, rock painting.
Camp ScuffyWumpus, was it?

Or—we corralled cash registers
At the Cohasset corner convenience
I'm sure, I remember
You stole bubblegum
When we closed on our own
See your mouth is still the same, with
Your teeth like periwinkle shells
So burnout missing.

No? Then I think it was
Mrs. Applebee's chemistry nightmares,
It was in the tenth grade
That I felt the ever tremor of your
Veiny hands while
You tutored me in titrations,
Because I could never contain
Molecules to their crucibles
Like you did.

You don't think that's it? Ok—
I'll try softball league, or CPR class?
The babysitter's guild of little
Winnepesauke? You must have
Gone to the same dentist,
Those waiting room doors
Still greasy with small hand sludge:
Boogers and sweatprints.

Then maybe in a just dream, because
I know you, right?
I'd feel those concave shoulders
With my heartbeat pall over or only.
Don't you know me too?

OH—that's it, you're my so long lover, my
Sometime sister,
Girl-who-just-stepped-out-for-a-cigarette
Who would be right back,
Who got on the Amtrak
And waved out the window.

It's so good to see you again.

Deals

It's so easy to splurge.
So easy.

Splurge on your wife.
It's so easy.

#

2

I'm terrible,
Eaten alive
By wombats,
And studied
By libraries
Full of
Indebted students.



#

“If They Have Ring Dings Can You Get Me Five”



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#

1/4/20

Found on an old piece of typewriter paper. . . .

The growth on my left elbow is getting wider.
Should I lance it, Docotr, eye floaty, best friend? On advice
from missionaries, I have ceased the intake of colored
alcoohols, I have cut my hair short, I have ta en up the
practice of dotting my "i,ss" and running lines over the tops
of my "J;s". The growth has the stare of a grammar teacher's
cataract stained eyeball. How then, doctor, shall we proceed?

We're in born again country, now. There are only a
couple trees and the grass is still unmowed. Captain, Father
drools against the closed window; I feel the phantom
implement enter the wan in wenus. How many graduations,
Captain? What color lanyard, Father? Can you walk the dog
with that thing? Make it go around the world? AWere your
young fingers closer to their knuckles? Billboard, billboard,
billboard. Booze, Lawyer, Jesus.

Twirling breeze like a Bose
Speaker, superfluous words like "air", "rate" and "Limit".

Page 4 of the Personals

duck rock of the thirteen mothers, our
actual infants,
us sea brine sisters

seek bosom brother.

our colony boasts an elite ratio, waters
where the men have no green heads,
first class dining.

“but we had seaweed last night”

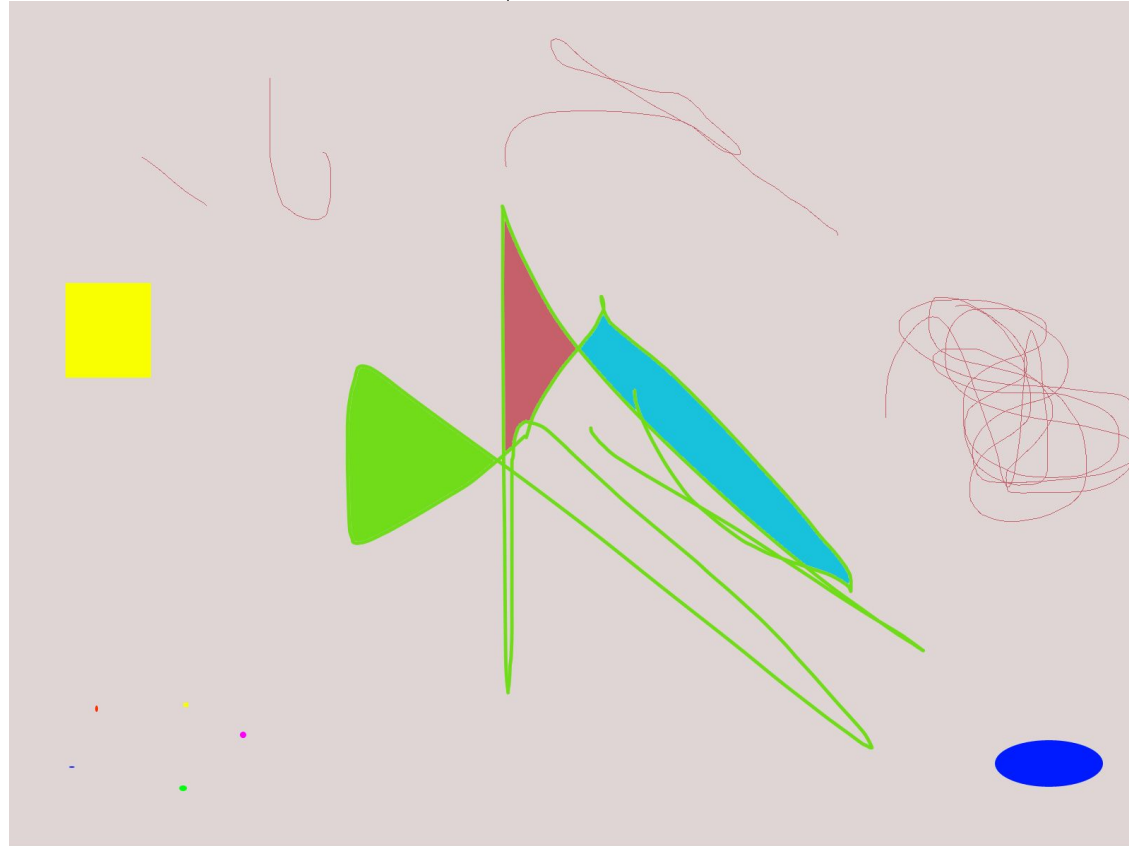
come to the shore for the
bulbous belly furred long neck jugs:
the drinking gourd.

ignore the fisherman's dragnet, dear,

we go with the tides, salient skein
canadian red summers,
florida in the winter.



“Sometimes I Take Too Long In The Bathroom For No Reason”

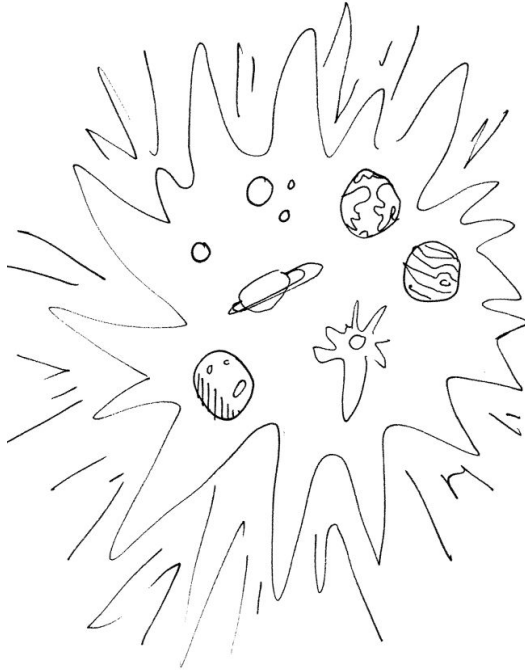


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Sad Boy

Physically against philosophically:
To be smacked
Open, coiled around:
A lover
Is this:
Infinity +1



#

Arlo Guthrie's Political Crisis

When you're eighteen and arrested on counts of littering
And your father's a folk hero and there's a war
They want you to go to in a different ocean from
The one near your house in Massachusetts
It's easy to write liberal songs

And when you're turning past the century and there's
A war that they're not asking you to go to
But the oil prices have gone very high up and
They are still talking about your father
It's easy to register republican

But when some assholes coming from big money
Who probably don't listen to either you or your dad's songs
Come out across some big stages waving big blue red flags
And everybody's saying, Arlo, are you still a republican?
Are you sure you're still such a big republican?

You start to wonder what about green or orange or yellow
Or any other kind of option, really, because you
Think it's okay to change your mind between being
Just a kid with a famous dad and a seventy something
Wash up in a blue state

And when everybody's yelling about who's lying best
And who's got the prettiest voting record and people won't
Stop talking about your father still, I think it's
Probably the easiest to say fuck the lot
And quit taking interviews.

#

“I’m Not Going To Be The Man I’m Expected To Be
Anymore”



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Line 4 Line Story: Derrick Snipes-Port

Everything is joke to me. When little brother cries, when Patriots lose, when good things happen to nice people. I laugh. I go "hahahahahaha". Mother says my laugh sounds like goldfish farting.

"You'll never get anyone to love you with a laugh like! Stand up straight! Stop eating! Take something serious for once in your life if you want to get a good job and a good wife and make something of your life! Jeez!"

I tell her, "Mother if I stop laughing and stop joking of everything then what in the world will I look at? See? Make meaning of? What is a good wife with no jokes?"

Then Dad comes in in his underwear holding a newspaper and says "Anyone seen the toilet paper?" and the studio audience laughs and goes "That's Jerry!" and the credits roll but they forgot my fucking name again.

"Howard god dammit every single week I tell you that I am the guy who laughs, my name is Derrick Snipes-Port and I want my name in the credits god dammit god dammit."

Howard says "More like Deez Nuts."

And what can I do then, but laugh my fish flatulent laugh. Fuck you mom.



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LOOK LIKE
THIS?**

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RATHER IT
LOOK LIKE
THIS?**



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**"SHE REMEMBERS WHEN YOU
REMEMBER, AND FORGETS
WHEN YOU FORGET"**

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Drawing Peter

Peter was my friend in 8th grade. I met him through another guy we both didn't like too much. Peter was good at throwing and hitting. There was nothing wrong with his face. The rest of us had at least one glaring feature that didn't go. Or we were growing into an outline. Peter was already there.

I liked walking Peter home after school. His house was away from mine and had better snacks. The walk was through a bad neighborhood, but Peter had a way with words and listening. He asked good questions and made good eye contact. The middle of his lips liked to open. I liked his tongue. I wanted to kiss it.

Free time was my best quality. Kids hangout with me for my free time. They liked to ask me how I did it and I thought it was obvious, so I shrugged and said "I don't know". Peter had a schedule and talked to girls. He was always doing something from this time to that time, and when he was done he was talking to girls.

Once we hung out at Peter's house without that other guy. We were playing football indoors. We had taken all the cushions off the couches and laid them on the floor. Peter and I were on opposite teams. I was the quarterback and he was the quarterback. When I passed he rushed. Peter came at me like wind. I didn't throw and he tackled me. His arms could grip my entire chest. He pulled me to the ground. On the ground his thighs dragged across my face. They were hot and a little sweaty. The tiny hairs tickled my cheek, making me feel five years older.

Peter ended up going to a different highschool. That summer we walked back to his house. He was on my

side more than usual. He had his hand on my shoulder.

"But we'll still be friends, Cedar. We'll still talk and hang out and play football on the weekends."

"No," I said, "You're gonna meet new, cooler people and forget about me. You won't have time. You're gonna forget."

We kept walking. He took his hand from my shoulder. He was a really good guy, he just didn't know how to want to be him. He was too beautiful to be bashful. When we got back to his house we stopped on his stoop and he looked at me and I at him and with his eyes he told me to kiss him, lay him down, undress him, and draw the outline of his body with my mind. But I just walked home through a bad neighborhood, filled with flower shops and families.

That fall Peter went his way and I went mine. I stopped going to school after that.



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

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

Thank You.

