

# Landark LitMag

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## **Introductions:**

*A Note From The Editor*

## **Fiction**

*Sonny Feeling*

*The Great Snowy Owl of Lacwallis College*

*Studies in Doi, Vol. I*

*Studies in Doi, Vol. II*

*Doi Pond*

*Studies in Doi, Vol. III*

*Studies in Doi, Vol. II (continued)*

## **Poetry**

*Lobsters Mate For Life*

*Lobsters Everywhere*

*Studies in Doi, Vol. VII*

## **Art and Illustration**

*Lizard Boy Portrait*

*“Water Is Wet”*

*Lobster Peeing From His Eyes*

*Snowy Owl, Wallace Pond*

*SNL Koi Bois*

## **Adverts**

*Lobster P-B-Gone*

Act casual, pretend like I’m not talking. Just look ahead and keep reading the internet. I can’t prove it, but I think there’s people after me. Dangerous zine people. Last night a car sat idling outside my apartment, and then when I got home from the 27th Annual Banjo, Bourbon, and Baseball Jamboree, there it was again, same Saturn Astra, same Wyoming plates (read: ZINE MOMMA), same mysterious driver who I couldn’t see through the tinted windows but I know is there. So I’m not crazy. I’m *not* crazy. Is that your dog? Has that guy always been sitting on that bench? Do you think there’s a camera in his glasses, or a poem in his pocket? How long has that bird been there? The unknown publication business is cutthroat. I’ll be lucky if I make it to 100 views.

If I’m not here by the 4th issue, call the cops, tell them ZINE MOMMA did it. Until then, enjoy issue #3, which features such beauties as peeing lobsters, high school lizards, and SNL alums dressed as fish and playing in water. Enjoy, and keep eyes in the back of your head. I’m going to Cheyenne to look for clues.

– Ed.

## The Great Snowy Owl of Lacwallis College

The Great Snowy Owl of Wallace Pond/Lac-Wallace is thought to be the oldest known snowy in the wild. Some bird experts would disagree, contending that residence on a college campus in winter and a Canadian christian boys' camp in summer constitutes a semi domesticated lifestyle, owing to the availability of food scraps and the owl's exposure to human beings. But Lacwallis students swear up and down that the bird has no taste for their leftovers and the christian boys declare, "Non! Il détest la poutine du congélateur, comme nous!" Those familiar with the snowy know he keeps quite to himself, disappearing often for weeks on end to later be spotted gazing at student shenanigans atop his pine perch.

In recent years, too, the owl has grown more reclusive. When his disappearances pass the threshold of a month and a half, everybody wonders if he's finally gone on to the great open sky in the sky. But he always crops up again. Having become a rare sight since his (presumed) tenth birthday passed in 2009, Lacwallis often boasts one or two errant birders (the Canadian christian boys' camp does not allow photography of any kind for any purpose). The birdmongers camp out on the memorial quadrangle with large lensed cameras and dehydrated rice mixes. The college allows this because when you're as indebted as Lacwallis, any press is good press. And

photos of the owl can fetch quite an asking price. High quality shots have been known to go for thousands to the big names in birding journalism: Bird Observer, Oiseau En Regardant, Birder Pics .Gov, BirdLooking, OwlSight, AvianSpier, and others.

As for the snowy's social life, he's quite popular among Lacwallis students and christian boys. Every Halloween at least twenty to thirty Lacwallis freshman think to be creative and dress as the owl (some sexy, some quite realistic interpretations). Every spring fond fans of the fellow hope he brings home a girlfriend, so that they might see owlettes. Every summer the christian boys throw rocks at him until a counselor has to call some parents—they say it is for love, or so the interpreters assume. About once a month an officer at the nearby customs station jokes about arresting the owl for unlawful immigration and has to apologize on twitter.

Besides this? Not much is known of the bird. We think he likes mice, and we suspect he does actually like the freezer poutine. We don't know what his degree is in, nor why he's so fond of Wallace Pond/Lac-Wallace. But we do feel safe under his watchful eye.

*(Excerpt from The Lacwalliad Student Newspaper)*



## STUDIES IN DOI, VOL. V

“Lizard boy! Lizard boy! Time to get up for school!”

Monday is hamburger day. Tuesday is Taco day. Wednesday is spaghetti day. Thursday is Salisbury steak day. Today is pizza day. I don’t even like bugs anymore. Tonight my friends and I are going to drive to the beach and drink 40s. I think Kelsey likes me. She’s so hot.

High school is the best four years of my life.



## DOI POND

An office building, clean and marble. Businessmen in hats swish through the lobby on important moneying businesses. By the receptionist’s desk, we narrow in on a pond. It looks like a koi pond, but we know it cannot be. For no koi fish swim in these waters. Instead, ANDY SAMBERG, BILL HADER, and FRED ARMISEN lounge in the water dressed in full body koi costumes. ANDY SAMBERG spits water from his mouth. This is no koi pond. This is a doi pond.

A behatted businessman approaches the the receptionist’s desk to ask a question. He looks to the left at the koi pond.

BEHATTED BUSINESSMAN: What’s this supposed to be? A koi pond?

BILL HADER: No. It’s a doi pond.

FRED ARMISEN: DOI!

ANDY SAMBERG: [Spits water again]

The behatted businessman shuffles away as quickly as possible.

BILL HADER: [Rolls his eyes] Glub glub.

FRED ARMISEN: [Dejected] Doi...

ANDY SAMBERG: [Spits water]



## Lobsters Mate For Life

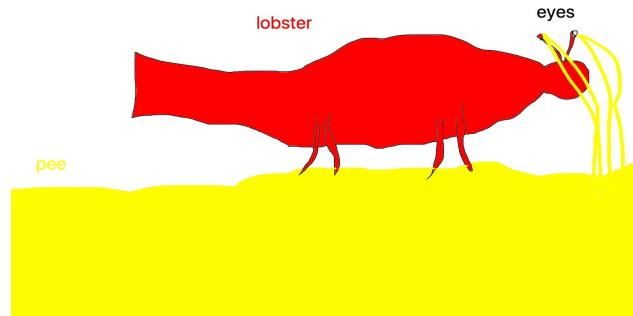
When the boil pot said kettle black  
In lobster trap, I heard her snap

The webby wail, her husband hissed  
In awful fist through rising mist

In the ocean they were needle lovers  
Now served with butter drooling sputter

I wonder if when shoppers pass  
The seething mass seen through the glass

They sense the fear of shellfish searching  
Crustacean yearning for partner burning.



## Lobsters Everywhere

*Alternative Title: Did You Know Lobsters Pee From Their Eyes?*

The other day I got in  
My friend's car to go to the beach.  
We were gonna look at the water together.  
Two humans love

To look at the water together. But when I got in  
My friend's car she had lobsters everywhere in the  
backseat.

At least twenty two lobsters were loose in the backseat  
Clawing for any amount of water to keep from  
suffocating.

"What are you doing!?" I yelled. "You can't have those  
in here!"

I'm taking them to the ocean, she said. You're going to  
help me put them in  
The ocean.

But I couldn't go.  
Not with loose lobsters like that.  
My friend was disappointed.  
Fine, she said, I'll take them  
By myself.

## Sonny Feeling

Sonny ordered drunken noodles with mushroom and a Thai cranberry tea for takeout at the place he liked down the street. At five twenty two pm he left his apartment. On the street children were jumping rope and playing clapping games.

“CROC A DILLY OH MY CROC CROC CROCK” which turned eventually into “ONE GOES FIRST, THE OTHER GOES SECOND” and then “LEMON LEMON LIME LIME LIME LIME LEMON LEMON” and so forth. Sonny couldn’t make sense of the lyrics but the kids looked like they were having fun. A little girl with a bunch of rocks in her pocket spun in a circle inside of a hula hoop. She chanted very quietly in words that passerby could not make out.

Sonny kept on up the sidewalk and looked at how the trees were making patterns on the ground. When he got to the restaurant he thought he would tip really nicely, because of how often he went there and how often he didn’t end up with a bad stomach after. Maybe then later he’d have a few of those new IPA’s and call on Patricia to see how she was getting on. Usually she didn’t like that though.

A man was walking toward him on the sidewalk now and Sonny thought, well that’s nice. Another solitary out for a stroll. The man got closer

and looked like he might say something. Sonny thought he’d say hello back if greeted. In spitting distance, the fellow choked out “Hello. Good morning.” Sonny nodded. Then he thought about it, nodded again, and said “Good morning,” right back.

## STUDIES IN DOI, VOL. II

The walk to Bee's goes by the Gowanus Canal, a big dead waterway running through the heart of industrial Brooklyn (as I write this, my roommate reading over my shoulder corrects me that industrial Brooklyn is actually located much further north of where we live, but I don't get up there that often. I only really know downtown Brooklyn). My ex boyfriend loved to talk about how every STI known to man could be found floating in the Gowanus. During some late night walks back to my apartment he would start to push me in, and then at the last second grab me and pull me back and say "saved your life!"

The elevator in Bee's building is very old and ratty and slow. Bee lives on the top floor. On the way up I stressed about going to work tomorrow, being alone and paying too much in rent, having to cook for myself, clean for myself, be friends with all my friends, the potential of the elevator breaking from its counterweight and crashing to its death with me haphazardly inside. But the little light went "ding" and the door opened.

Bee has a blue door. The rest of the doors in the building are white. She wanted a blue door, though, and the landlord and the super both said it was OK as long as she painted it back when she moved out. She told me she definitely would but that she would paint it one shade off from the rest of the doors and see if

either one of those misogynists noticed. I noticed that there was a foreign pair of male shoes next to the door. They were neat and polished and easily unmistakable as expensive. I let myself in.

Bee was in the kitchen, rolling tiny tortilla balls in front of a shaved man in a tailored suit, twirling a cigarette like a wave between his fingers. I was instantly attracted to him. I didn't even say hi to Bee. He looked over at me. Bee kept rolling balls. It was clear this was a sexy ambush for my best reaction. She tried to introduce us but this beautiful stranger gentleman got up faster, held out his long hand and said, "Hi, I'm Teddy."

I said, "Doi."



DOGSTERS PISS FROM THE EYES?  
MORE LIKE LOBSTERS PISS MON OFF!



## STUDIES IN DOI, VOL. III

We got to sit in the sun with our legs out, and I was the lucky one to accept the little purr of your travelling fingers up my leg hair, “did you ever realize that head hair keeps growing but body hair stops eventually?” and then coolly, relaxedly, you slipped your stomach over mine and rolled me down the lawn, so I got a little grass stain on my dress, “did you ever realize that dresses are only for girls but pants are for everyone?”; I really wanted to kiss you then, birds and all, maybe even a neighbor who was doing a chore but out of the corner of their eye saw a couple of young people having a good time, “did you ever realize everyone grows old, like, everyone?”, to be loved forever and pit fruit with our teeths: that’s how I felt then, rolling around with you, not even really having a full understanding of what it was, but knowing the basic idea, “did you ever notice how we don’t know everything yet, and probably even if we lived forever we’d never know everything, partly because there’s so much to know and partly because as you get older you get more forgetful?” you, you, you, with your your we all live in a Yellow Submarine way of making me happy. But you already knew that, right? You roll your eyes as if you already get it, as if I’m a dummy, like, doi, and I roll you over and pin your arms down with my feets and sit on your chest and playfully pretend I’m going to hock a long loogie into your mouth.

## STUDIES IN DOI, VOL. I

My name is Rudy Bloque. I am the preeminent Professor of Doi. I began my study of the obvious when I first achieved pure, inquisitive consciousness. I continued research until I became an expert. Analysis is ongoing.

“‘You Didn’t Know This Already?: A Blatant Examination Of The Self-Evident’ is the genius dissertation by rising star Rudy Bloque. No academic writing has ever made me feel so stupid. How could I have not seen it before? In the field of Doi, Rudy Bloque is the greatest mind. Doi.”

– Review appearing in  
Seriously? Magazine  
by Ronald Ballwater

Clearly, I was a hot commodity for fellowships and research grants. I didn’t see the point, though. They say a mind like mine is a gift and a curse. But I already knew that. I already knew everything the intellectual world wanted me to figure out. So I stuck my head in sand and imagined a blank slate. I imagined behind my eyelids was a world before how could you not know that. I could make up all the rules and confuse myself for once.

“Mr. Bloque is a fraud. What he deems ‘obvious’ is actually uncertain. He has expanded the world of Doi beyond its recognizable limits, to a shape only he could fit into, and in doing so has shut out the rest of the community, effectively monopolizing the area of study. I would argue that Mr. Bloque is far from a genius, but in fact a serial manipulator, a con artist on par with Frank Abagnale; he is the worst thing to ever happen to Doi, and he must be stopped. Can’t anyone else see that?”

– An Open Letter  
Penned by Professor of Doi  
Ashley Hart  
At the University of Arkansas

Alone in my head is the only place I am comfortable clearly being right. I never solved complex algebra or lectured on Quantum Mechanics. I only pointed out what everyone already should’ve known. The thises and the thats. Be careful not to inhale the sand.

Behind my eyes I build a little road and start walking down it. Where should it lead?



## STUDIES IN DOI, VOL. VII

Crazy old lady  
Tries talking to exotic birds, tries  
To tell them about how she decorated her room  
Back when she was a twenty something, hopelessly  
In love

With the obvious. In a younger part of the world, A  
child finds a bunny, and begs  
His mother for the right to keep it. "No, Sweetheart,  
I don't think that would be appropriate to house  
Along with the alligator we rescued

For your birthday."

## STUDIES IN DOI, VOL. II (continued)

Teddy and I walked home from Bee's. It turned out he lived really pretty close to me. We never stopped talking the whole way. I liked how he talked a lot. He had a tiny Adam's apple that moved when he talked and stayed still when he listened. He never smoked that cigarette. He just kept twirling it between his fingers. I felt myself really liking him so when we got back to my apartment building I asked him if he wanted to come inside for a drink and he said "Doi".



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

Please email The Editor with your work at:  
[landarklit@gmail.com](mailto:landarklit@gmail.com)

Thank You.

