



Issue No. 6



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*ISSUE NO. 6: SQUASH ME
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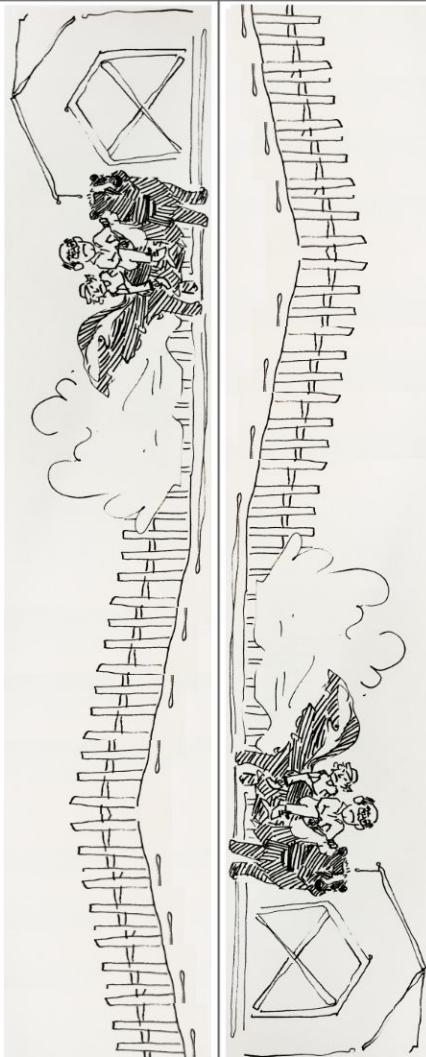
Child Rhyme II

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Theater

Green River: A Play

Since last time, I had a great coffee date with my contemporary and collaborator and friend, the duck poet and Professor Emeritus of All Literature at Lacwallis College, Irvin Perkins. That backwoods genius has taken quite a career turn; she told me she's teaching infants how to draw. I didn't even know that was a job. I guess there's a lot going on I don't know about. I guess I'm a sick self centered fuck. . . changing diapers and writing poetry isn't what it used to be.

In honor of that, and my friend Irvin who I have such affection for, this issue of LALM was made for the kids, with the kids in mind, in hopes that the kids might read this and realize something grand – who knows what. But, after putting the damn thing together, I've had my own realization: this issue really isn't appropriate for anyone, let alone the innocent. It's absolutely filthy, filled with things like depression and skunk buggies, therapists and their dick size, an intimate relationship with a postcard, hot girls in Montreal, and the safety of a river, all wrapped around the naughty question: do fish make for good pets?

Read it anyway! Here we go!

– Ed.

FICTION

ANOTHER TRY AT AN INNOCUOUS BOWL OF PORRIDGE

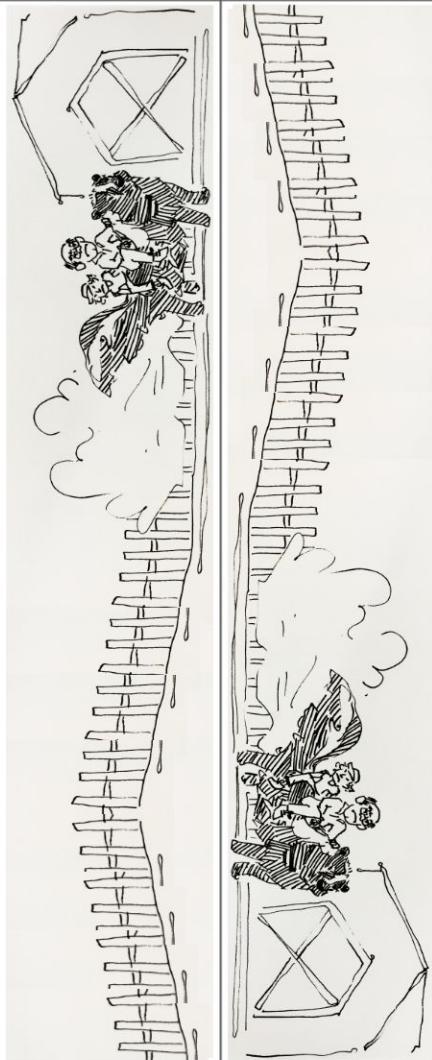
In his intense confusion, our hero is transported to a white world with no horizon line. There is no depth to his vision, but our hero can step forward and back. He can jump up and land safely, and he can walk up and down stairs even if they are not visible against the white backdrop of the white world with no horizon line. He can also climb mountains and jump into caverns. Our hero can scream and listen to the echo. It is here that our hero feels safe.

The confusion is purely personal. Our hero has no sense of self. Having never made a decision in his life, the slew of oncoming conflicts with devastating implications towards his overall happiness send our hero into a crippling panic. It is in moments like these where our hero comforts himself with nostalgia, specifically childhood happy places, like in front of the TV on Saturday mornings, watching cartoons and eating his mother's secret porridge recipe. In the white world with no horizon line, a bowl of that porridge manifests. Our hero begins to relax.

"Don't worry," says the bowl of porridge, its spoon moving like a mouth, "now is a tough time, but right or wrong, you still feel the intense power of your own plotline unfolding."

Our hero tries running and gets to where he is going in no time at all. He tries to fall but never crashes to the ground.

"Don't force it, you goofball," laughs the bowl of porridge, "just be a person. There are good people and bad



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people, and you fall somewhere in between if you are no one at all."

Our hero attempts a successful career, but in a white world with no horizon line it is difficult to see the point. He attempts astounding fame, but cannot connect to his audience. He tries his hand at crippling poverty and anonymity, but every position feels the same.

"If I were you," says the bowl of porridge, "I would get comfortable. It's not like this round of life choices will be the last. You will always have to live with yourself. And remember: every second you choose not to kill yourself is a massive life decision."

Our hero tries to snuggle under the covers and have a good cry in a personal world, but this is the white world with no horizons, and even in hiding he is as visible as ever. He tries to meet his fears head on, but they are as clear as drying paint. Our hero tries throwing his body into a wall, but it turns out to be an open highway.

"It's not so serious," says the bowl of porridge with its wagging spoon, "sometimes it helps to know that in 200 years no one will remember you, much less give a hoot what you did."

Our hero sees himself lost in time. He sees himself in the white world with no horizon line.

Jagged waves of black evenly brush by.

"Do what you love," says the bowl of porridge with its smiling spoon, "have a bite of me."

FICTION

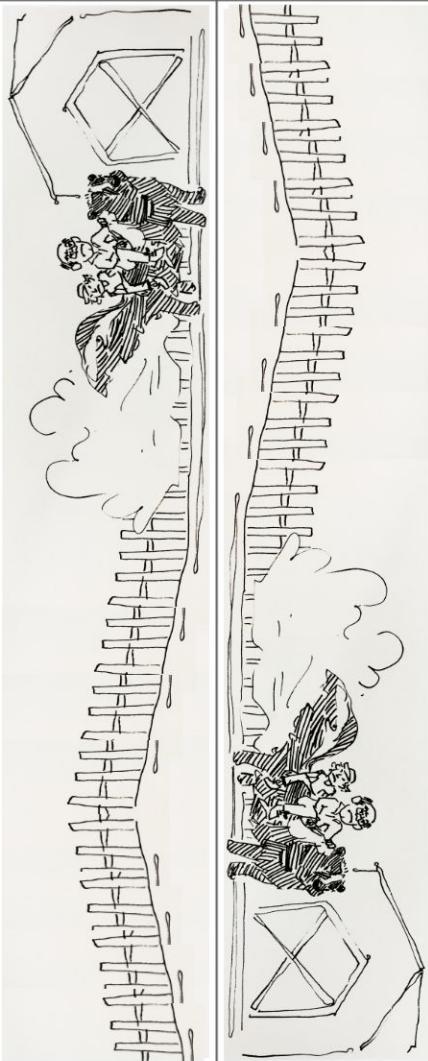
AVERAGE THERAPIST

When I was having a hard time I started seeing a therapist. We got along really well and I liked talking to him. I actually started feeling better for a little bit until he let it slip during one of our sessions that he was average in penis size. I really didn't like that. I had never thought about it before but when I left his office I realized I was really uncomfortable having a therapist with smaller junk than me.

FICTION

ALL OUR BITS THIS WEEK ARE CONVERSATIONS

I was being tortured by the rebel militia when it occurred to me that every idea I had ever come up with was based off of conversations I had had with girls I liked. I was getting waterboarded and electrocuted and felt really sad that I hadn't given more credit to all the cute, smart, funny girls who had talked to me and given me eye contact and liked my ideas. Maybe if I ever get out of this secret desert compound I should call them and say thank you.



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POEM

ALSO SEEN ON PAGE 4 OF THE PERSONALS

I could make you so happy
That your lungs fall out of your mouth
And flop around your feet like big fish.
I could do that for you, do you believe me?
I think it's terrible that
I can do that. It is terrible to hold
So much of the gunk of another person
And be able to feel the
Blood pulse of its worst movies.
It is terrible that I can tell you this
And that you can know the wormy hearts
Of my last directions.

POETRY

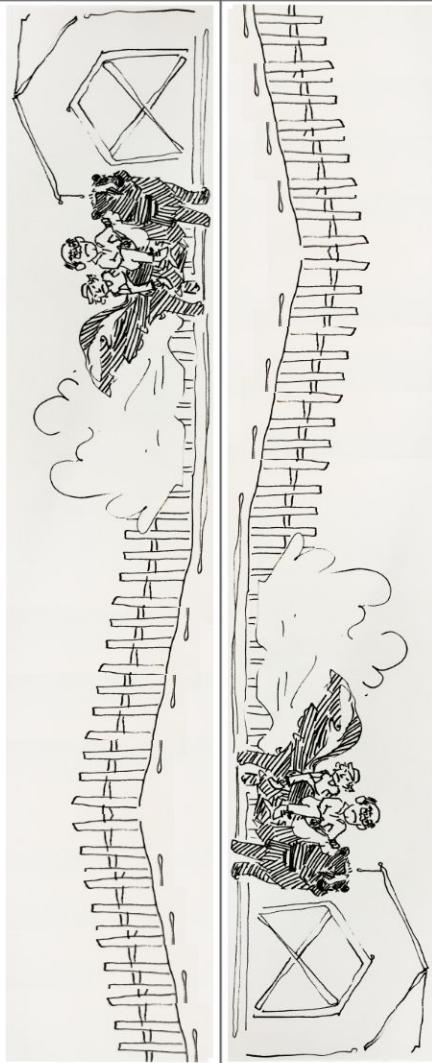
UGLY DOG WALKER

There is an ugly dog walker
 I see every day
 Walking past my window
 While I have my morning coffee.

Tonight is the 4th of July.
 I'm going out on the town
 To watch the big, wide fireworks over the river
 And wrap my arm around some girl.

I wonder what the ugly dog walker does
 During nights like these,
 If he sits alone and listens to fireworks
 And the some girls laughing.

Or if he goes out better than I did
 Uninhibited and unworried
 And in the morning walks the dog
 Past windows of no ones drinking coffee by themselves.



POETRY

SUMS

Do not be good.
 Fail like garv and
 Learn to grout

A tea kettle
 Has so much love for the way
 Lips feel.

Pour the hot water
 Into a ceramic tub
 And suck.

Refuse hot dog salesmen;
 Fish are weird pets.
 Borrow a few.

FICTION

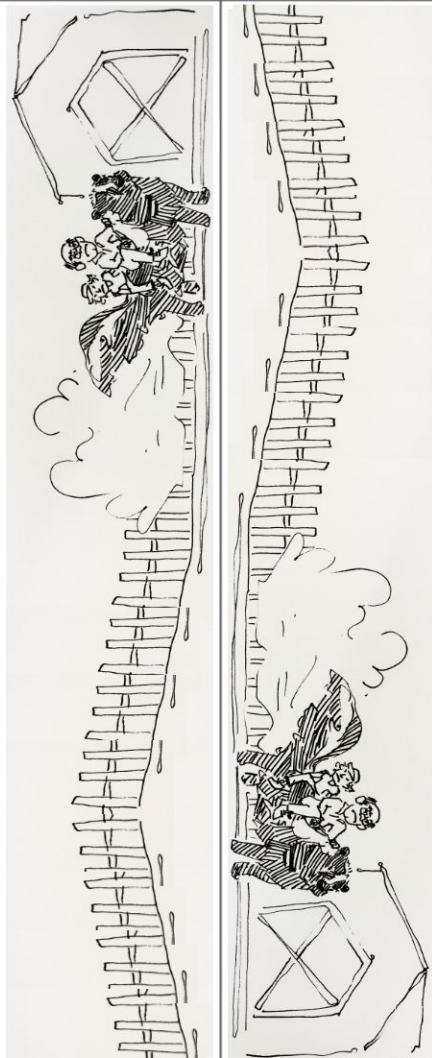
ODE TO BLUE NUDE II

"I still want you to make that for me." I got the postcard in the mail and immediately took all my clothes off and started rubbing the postcard on my body. I rubbed it on all my places and by the end it was a little crumpled and crinkly. And I got long that way. Missing people. Missing you.

"I keep being reminded of that time." The subtlety of the postcard was not lost on me, with the hither-tee-tither-tee lines of famous scissors, with the stroke of boredom at the construction paper table, with that evil shade of recognize me blue – with or without the perfect memories of the beginning, me now is very confused on what kind of muse is in our brain.

"I'm not as happy here as I thought I would be." So then I got angry and so all that anger came out of me in truncated explosives so bought from so stores going by behind the speedy way you take on interstates. So we pulled over in a 24/7 field and waited for nighttime. So we passed the time by lying on our sides. So I made fun of you and sometimes you thought it was funny, but everytime we kept kicking feet. "Sooo. . .", and I'd respond. So we painted the sky with how I felt at the worst possible time.

"I try to pass the time with activities I feel I should be doing." I admit now that there was a time when I was plagiarizing everyone else but me. There was this moment in the tub when I realized I simply wasn't cool – there was this version I created of myself in my head that was beautiful, but it didn't line up with the tub, naked and dirty and surrounded by bubbles. I felt like a bouncy ball under intense pressure between a hand and a floor. There were many mistakes. There was an admission



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of guilt. There was the gurgling sound of draining water and there was me, and my supposedly clean body.

"My car broke down yesterday and I don't know where to take it to get it fixed." It just occurred to me you could be a thousand however's hiding inside last season's summerwear.

"But I miss you." Also I learned to whistle. Also I found this really cool rock in a srtip mall. Also do you wanna come with me to my friend's birthday party? I think you'd like her. Also have you heard of the band THAT? I think you'd like them, too. Also I've gotten really into baking bread. Also I like myself more in nice clothes, now. Also I made a new friend at Shake Shack and we go streaking together. Also my mood isn't so predicated on how the Mets do. Also my mom wants to know if you can come to Christmas this year.

But I feel bad. I tried smoothing out the postcard with my hand. Then I tried putting it in between two heavy books. It got a little better but there were still extra little lines through the beautiful, blue lady on the front and your letter on the back. I admit to being lonely and confused. I've been cuddling the postcard at night.

"Dear Friend-o,

How are you? I am good. I pass pizzerias everyday. They remind me of the homemade pizza you make. I still want you to make that for me. Like when we didn't do anything but eat and sleep. I keep being reminded of that time. It was so fun. I'm not as happy here as I thought I'd be. Are you happy? I try to pass the time with activities I feel I should be doing. But it's not easy cause everywhere is so crowded. My car broke down yesterday and I don't know where to take it to get it fixed. I don't miss you telling me to fix my things. But I miss you.

Love,
Friend-o

WHY ARE U SAD?

MY FIRST FISH DIED A COUPLE DAYS AGO.
I AM SO SORRY!! IT'S FINE. IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT.
I KNOW BUT STILL I AM SO SORRY!! IT'S OK

!! GUESS WHAT?!!



Left behind in an art room by an anonymous contributor

FICTION

BILLY THE STONE SKIPPER

“Billy!”

“Billy Billy!”

Billy is a professional stone skipper. He doesn't have any friends. He goes to the rocks beach .3 miles from his house to get stones. They have perfect skipping stones there. He collects them in a bag and brings them to the lake 17 miles from his house where the water is still. He skips them there.

“Billy! Wait!”

Sometimes at the rocks beach he helps the little kids pick out the best skipping stones and he shows them how to skip in the waves. He encourages them by saying it's much harder to skip in the waves. It takes a lot of practice. It's a lot easier to skip at the lake and they should practice there. But he never sees anyone else skipping stones on the lake. He is always there alone.

“Billy Billy! Come back!”

Billy wonders if he skips enough stones will eventually the pile of them at the bottom of the lake grow so big that it peaks out of the surface of the lake? Will it interfere with his stone skipping? A crested monument to all his hours of practice?

“Aw, c'mon Billy... pleasE?”



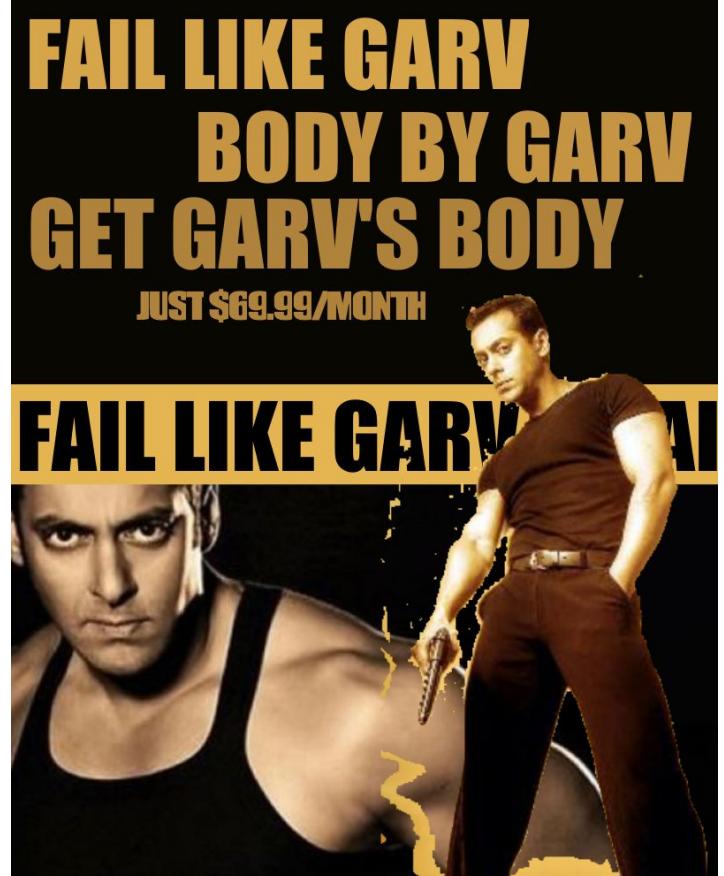
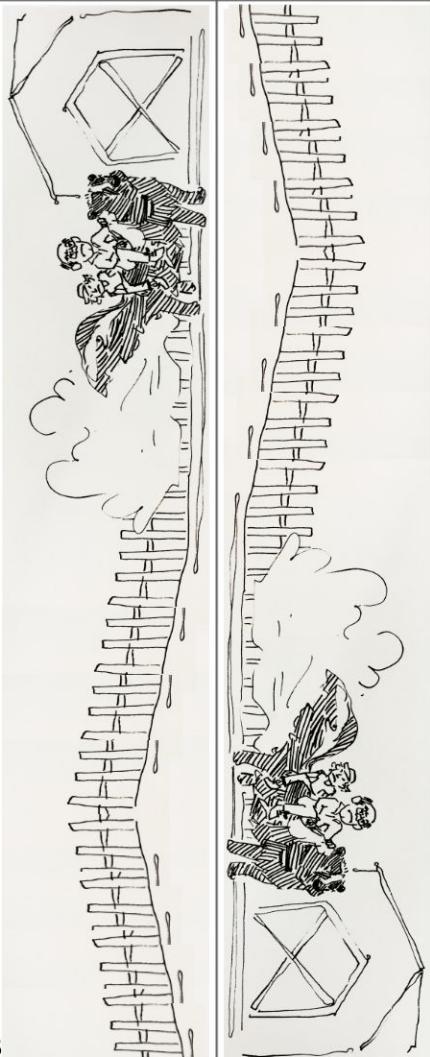
POETRY

WRONG

The dog licked its genitals
On the cozy rug
In front of the warm winter fire.

"It won't be good
Until it is uncomfortable,"
Said the man with his manuscript.

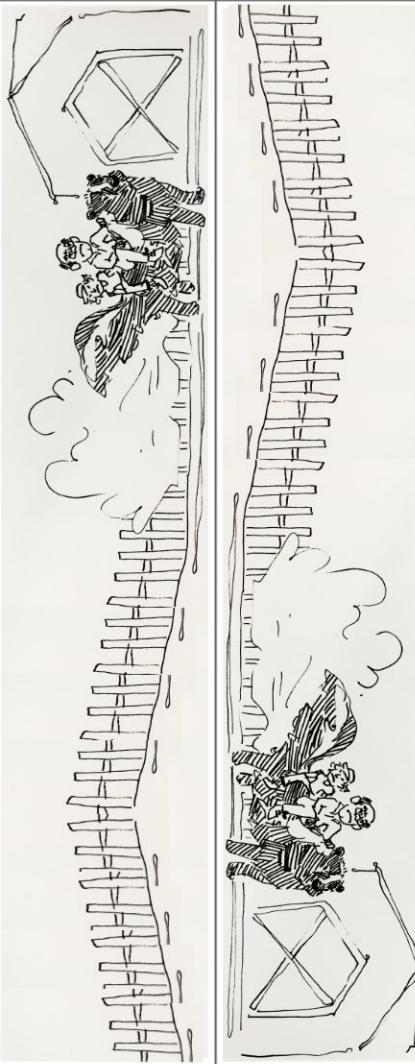
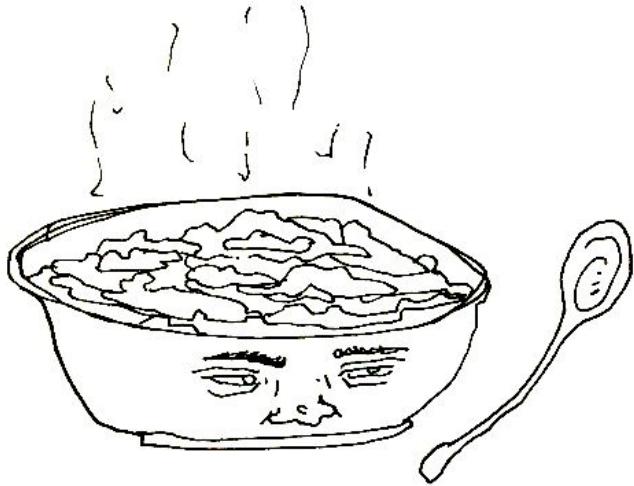
The woman rubbed her eyes
And put the tea in her lap
"I just think you're wrong," she said.



POEM

(UNTITLED)

Gutter spit! Pick the places
 Where the scabs have been. I dare you
 To dare me to do truth and
 Never have I ever told a lie without wincing.
 In butterteeth and rind belly lumps,
 And holding my hands under my thighs
 To make sure we wouldn't touch, swatting
 Through fester and maw,
 Cut open and dried out but count one
 Mississippi two mississippi.



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POEM

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

Once I saw a girl holding a drink in Montreal
 Singing the lyrics of a dirty song--
 She had a perfect nose
 And I couldn't tell how old she was.

Last week I saw a girl in her car alone in the rain and
 I pretended we were listening to the same radio station.

A different time I saw a girl's eyes
 Just through the slats of the fence
 Of an outdoor restaurant
 And I thought she was you, until I saw
 The rest of her face.



POETRY

CHILD RHYME I

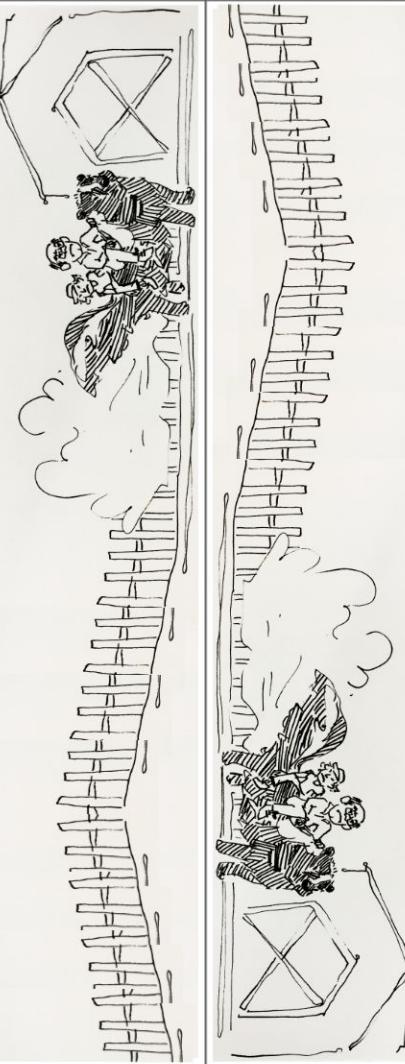
Mosey me on down the water,
Night late last I kissed your daughter.
Hole up the sink and tear the hose
Where this train's going, no one knows.

POETRY

CHILD RHYME II

Skunk in the barnyard, what for?
I wish I'd learned my numbers more
If I can't count, and you can't sing
Then who's supposed to drive this thing?

This was not left behind and we know exactly who the artist is but she's embarrassed and wishes to remain anonymous.



PLAY

GREEN RIVER

(Last summer I went to the Green River in Williamstown, MA, and spent the whole day there even though I had a lot of work to do.)

K: anway

O: go on

K: i like lakes because ive always wanted to be a small fish in a small pond and thats lakes

K: i like how they are at sunrise and sunset

K: i like how we can see the other side

K: and theres people over there too but we dont know them

K: i like how we can swim in them and feel alone

K: I like how we can play in them and feel quiet

O: aw

O: these are good answers

K: but i like rivers too

K: a river is never the same twice

K: rivers make you feel ok

K: and young

O: i like rivers

K: rivers make you glad

K: rivers make you ready

K: oceans are overwhelming

K: which isnt bad

K: when life is narrow and your little brain is overtaxed an ocean is brilliant to settle wide

K: swallow you up

K: but it's too big for me

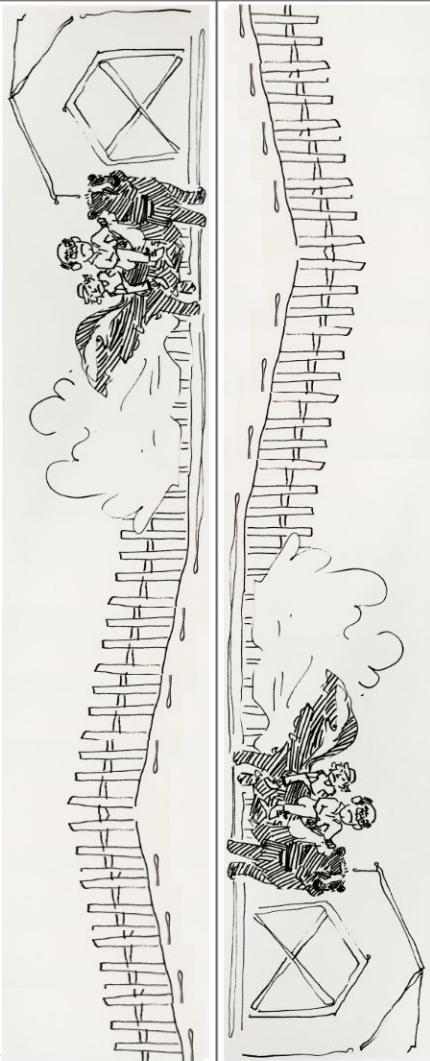
K: I'm not anywhere near that big

O: no you are smaller

O: i am smaller too

O: i am afraid of the ocean and i think that's why i like it

K: yeah



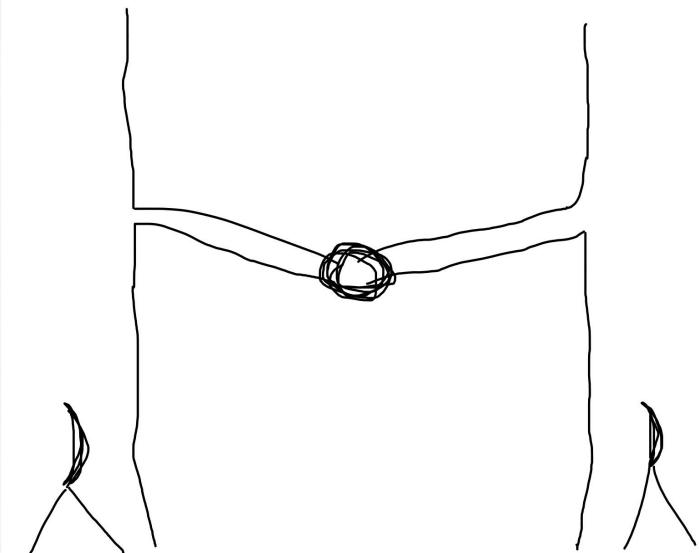
K: its good to be a little afraid

K: ill hold your hand

O: thank you

O: i like to be a little afraid

O: because then somebody holds my hand



Land Ark Lit Mag accepts submissions of “anything literary” and “anything visual.”

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

Thank You.

