

LAND ARK LIT MAG

ISSUE NO. 12 OCTOBER 2, 2021



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*ISSUE NO. 12: I MISS
YOU, MARC-ANDRÉ /
OCTOBER 2, 2021*



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Introductions:*A Letter From The Editor***Fiction:***Stories About Being Together*.....Charlotte B.**Poetry:***Hello to The Valley People*.....Irvin Perkins*Poetry Dump*.....Andy Quicksand*Coffee Date With The Void*.....Irvin Perkins**Art:***Brucera d Pittsteen*.....Marvin Gardens*Bald Is Beautiful*.....Filma Gosnold/Marvin Gardens*Coffee Date With The Void*.....Filma Gosnold*Jesus On A Horse*.....Filma Gosnold*Yellowstone Gleefully*.....Filma Gosnold*Let's Go Mets*.....Jergens Dailer-Howe*A Picture Of One Good Looking Guy And One**Unbelievably Beautiful Man, Top 5 In The**Universe*.....Rosined Bow

Alright, I admit some of it. This may not be the most massaged issue. I may have gotten weighleighted by some west-coast highway nymphs, seduced by a few big breakfasts, digested one or two under-maintained outhouses and maybe, just maybe, I lost track of time. Uh oh and oh well, but thank my swim shorts we have such a dependable team. What I do not admit is any kind of dip in quality, as previously reported by a news outlet that shall-not-be-named. Journalists are scummy boys who take the news way too seriously. Report on fiction, damnit! This issue is magnificent! But also maybe a little messy, un-beautiful, floppy, buoyant only by blowing, slightly witty and all around worrying. I wouldn't have it any other way! Hail Land Ark Lit Mag! Hail!

As I alluded to earlier, I am currently sharing the road with the roadkill as I am on my way to absolutely nowhere. I have zero destination. No expectations. I shall turn around when I feel like it. Isn't that a blessing? Big one! And while I am here I will get a little more behind. But I just had to get away from the rat race of sitting in my apartment. Editor's aren't meant to be caged. We are vagabonds by nature, designed for long distance travel and to passively aggressively critique the grammar on traffic signs.

Anyhoo, let's drive over to Content City, USA, where you will find poetry about arms, legs, bellies and banana slugs, poetry about an awkward date with the absence of matter, and poetry about something I am not sure what it means to have your "bread door hanging open" but I certainly aim to find out. Then there's a Divisionist and a Wackadoodleist, a lunch menu and a bus schedule, and a historical footnote: all communists are Mets fans.

Proletarians of all countries, read esoteric poetry!

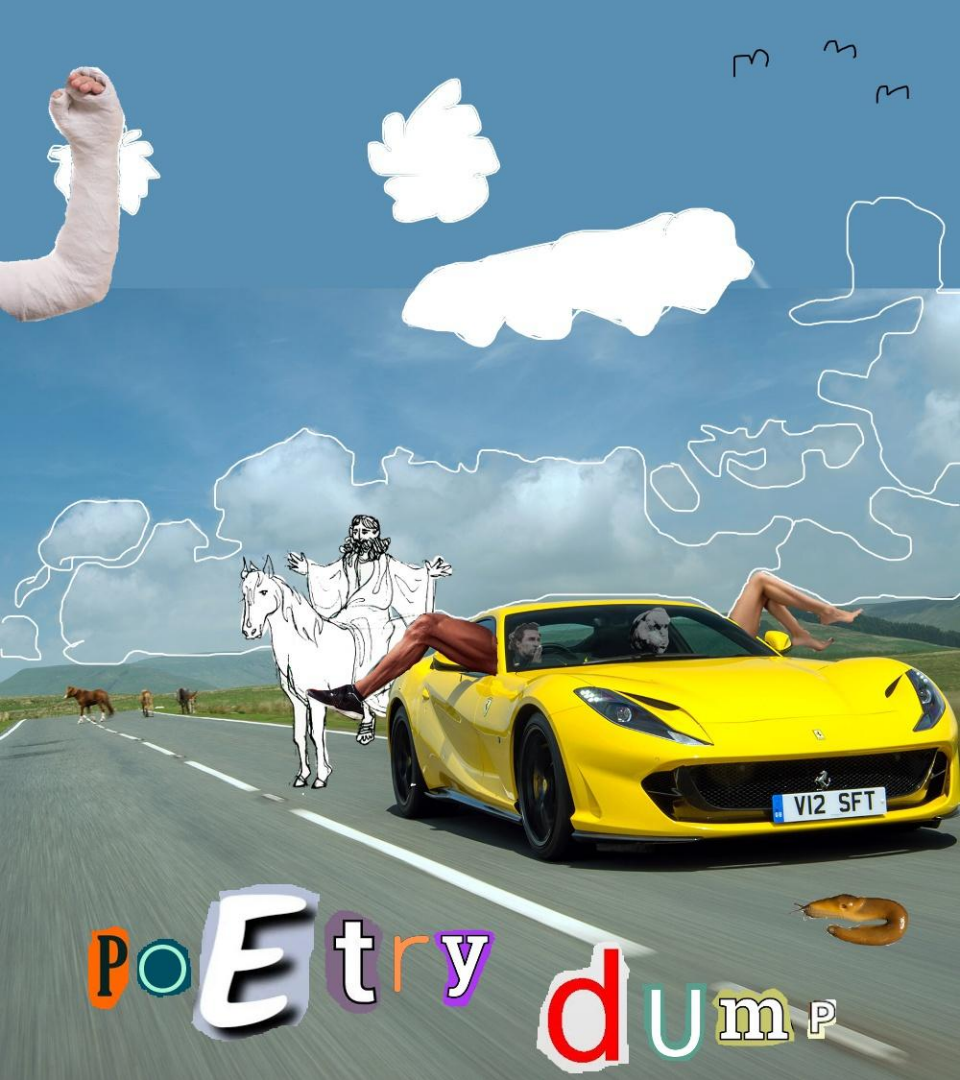
POETRY

HELLO TO THE VALLEY PEOPLE

Irvin Perkins

River places are full of people's things:
Old wooden buildings like folded down socks
Dog carts and bricklays, even the missing
Bridge or two.
You forget them, I suppose
When the water took you somewhere else and far from there
Left your dollar luckings
And willworn smocks with the trunk lock broken
And the bread door hanging open.





POETRY

POETRY DUMP

Andy Quicksand

#1 (Growing Up Is So Frustrating)

Reality and Jesus fucked like freight trains
And all my friends got to go except for me
Because my dumb parents are “atheists” . . .

* * *

#2 (Pigs on Horses)

Once I’ve peed,
The second thing I do after waking up is go
To the first floor porch
Where my landlord lets me smoke.

The street is riddled with rats
And half read construction manifestos.
The garbage is like salt
In an empty ocean.

This morning
I notice that I zipped up too soon
And spilled a little dribble down my leg.

* * *



#3 (Runny Hide)

I eat your sun
With siege castle skies
And when you cry and cry and cry
I rub my belly and say
“Yum yum”.

We experience tender moments together
When the world goes completely dark

Freezing is the best thing
Two can do for their relationship.

* * *

#4 (mE and my sEcrEt friEnd)

thE ElEphant man just gEtS mE,
y’know?
It’s likE hE can rEad my mind and knows how
to makE mE fEEl bEtTEr.

too bad i can’t go out with him
bEcause pEoplE arE so judgE-y
and i’m so vain.

* * *



#5 (Every Night)

She’s coming towards me
And I’m pushing her away

I wish I could do something this drastic
Every night of my life

* * *

#6 (Ew Slug)

I hated the big
Banana Slug

So I killed it
And it slithered away
Dyingly.

* * *

#7 (The Ikea Catalogue)

With the extra Picasso thigh out the half-
Rolled down window going as fast as the car can go,
I had more than enough space to spread out
In the backseat with Les and all her extremities.

The car can drive itself, through St. Louis
And southwest into the desert, with a leather interior
And tinted windows and a fake driver with five opposable
Thumbs and commuted convictions.

Les and I got high while the cactuses and infinity pools
Squeezed for space between developments and the big arcade.
She put her fist in my mouth and I tried to pronounce
The IKEA catalogue.

To the locals the thigh was like a politician
Motorcade zooming through the rollercoaster sidewalks.
Les made it twitch and wave
Blow kisses and shout "I'm working for you".

* * *

#8 (Just After)

The Great Unworkable Arm In The Sky
And I
Chit chat, catch up, and get it down
What it's like to be floating far,
far away, and let the sensation of the moment be the art
That makes you famous.

FAST FORWARDING A BIT. . .

INTO A TOUGH MOUTHFUL OF GRISTLY MEAT. . .

PAST THE TONGUE OF MAN'S EXHIBIT GLASS
NATURE. . .

THROUGH THE LOQUACIOUS ORGASM. . .

AROUND THE LUGUBRIOUS NEW BREWERY. . .



AND OUT THE OTHER END. . .

A Carnivore sits alone in his basement apartment. He is surrounded by bones and plastic grocery bags and an outdated Playstation. The Carnivore did not make eyes at the cute checkout girl and he didn't answer her questions about his unwavering consumption of meat. The Carnivore's basement apartment has not gotten so dirty that he feels compelled to "take care of it", in the language of vegetarians guilty of murder. The Carnivore is not so deficient in essential nutrients that he is forced to break the Playstation in lonely frustration.

A Recently Fired Ex-Employee of the U.S. Patent Office goes cruising on Gooseneck Beach in Sorrows, Rhode Island. While his life is in shambles, and boring even when it was good, he has a beautiful organ, and loves to show it off to strangers.

A Divisionist attends a conference on subtraction in Philip, South Dakota. He learns a lot, and leaves incredibly fond of South Dakota's beautiful, barren landscape.

"I'll be back, I promise," he says before getting in his rental car, driving to Pierre Regional Airport, boarding a flight to New York City with a connection in Minneapolis, calling an Uber at JFK, waiting out the traffic on the FDR, saying hello to his Upper East Side doorman, it was a lot of fun, thank you, and coming home to his top floor, penthouse apartment with a bottle of Yellowboam and a bubble bath.

A Priest marries two unemployed people who are in love.

A Stand-Up Bass Player has stinging fingers. He is psychotic and a danger to himself. He cannot get _____ by Yo Yo Ma right. The 4th bar in of the 5th stanza is fucking with him. It is like a vending machine that will not accept his dollar bill. He doesn't even want the pretzels. They are too salty. Take the money, man. When did he get so wrapped up in pretzels and decide to devote his entire life to them, anyway?

A Politician is selected as the winner of an online raffle and suffers from intense, job-affecting guilt.

A Future Wackadoodleist finds value in his best friend, who is a lava lamp.

When the electricity goes out, the Future Wackadoodleist begins the process of processing a lifetime of loneliness.

The Future Wackadoodleist gets into Wackadoodle when he is handed a brochure on the subject at a career day in his high school gym.

"You'd make for an excellent Wackadoodle," says the Wackadoodle recruiter.

The Future Wackadoodleist is also approached by the army, but quickly rebuffs them.

When the Future Wackadoodleist returns home, he flicks the black switch down, exposing the red "on" dot of his best friend.

"Look," he says, showing the lava lamp the brochure on Wackadoodle, "What do you think of this?"

The best friend slowly, surely, starts to blob and read.

A Drunken Teenager gets drunker. His father pounds on the other side of the bedroom door.



"If you don't love yourself, why can't you love your mother and I?"

An Alternate-Universe Success Story sits joyously beneath a peach tree eating peaches. The sun is crisp and cool and the air smells like rosemary. In one of the peaches is a worm, watching. The Alternate-Universe Success Story whistles and munches and gives the dirt a massage and lets his feet play with each other before the worm gets eaten.

A baby is born covered in peanut butter. It dies moments later, succumbing to a nasty peanut allergy.

Nobody can make heads or tails of the tragic phenomenon.





ART

“BALD IS BEAUTIFUL”

Filma Gosnold and Marvin
Gardens Collaborative Work

POETRY

COFFEE DATE WITH THE VOID

Irvin Perkins

He ordered an espresso smaller
Than an atom, packed full for vibrating cellular caffeines
And looked at me across the table:
“How long now?” I asked.
“One cannot say.” He said.
I only had a tea,
And he didn’t offer to pay.



"coffee date with
the void"

FICTION

STORIES ABOUT BEING TOGETHER

Charlotte B.

Specials At The Beach**Grilled Cheese:** \$5.50**Hot Dog:** \$5.50**Hamburger:** \$7.00**Cheeseburger:** \$8.50**Paella:** \$15.50**w/ Clams:** \$20.50**Sharp Stick:** \$6.50

The hand had a firm grip of my frisbee. It had 5 fingers and a wrist above the sand and would not let go.

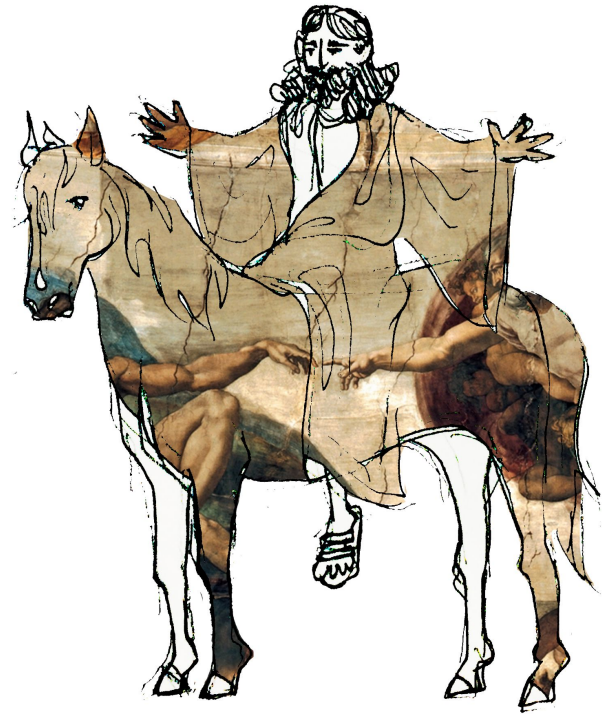
I walked back to Emily empty handed. She must've seen that I didn't have it. Were it not for her bad eyes, she would've seen the hand sticking out of the sand and would not have made a throw that far.

"Where is it?" she said waving her arms in the air at weird angles.

"It's stuck." I said, "C'mon, let's dig a hole."

It was loud at the beach. The ocean spat up seaweed.

"I'm tired." said Emily, "Let's get a hotdog."





Midnight In Bend, OR

Famished pack, gunshots through the night, their ears first go up and then their necks. The sound is not from something they can eat; and they lay low again.

Uncle Dave lost the wheel. We spun out into the shoulder and my side smacked into the railing. Father John in the backseat was the only one wearing a seatbelt. He had his head down now. I was Ok. Uncle Dave was bleeding from a few places in his head.

The Prius stopped in the road twenty yards ahead. One cannibal got out and waved his gun in the air. He shot a couple rounds into the sky, and then got back in and screamed; off they went, the hunt back on.

The One-Armed Comedian

The audience waits under blue light in front of cold drinks. No one's talking and the music's shut down. One-armed comedian takes the stage:

"Thank you, thank you. The rest of me will be out in a moment."

The Wayfarer

Nobody else was inside the beach restaurant. Emily played detective. She sussed out the scene. There were bags of chips all over the floor between nails and broken wood and glass. I jumped on one and then the other. They went bang then crunch. Emily lost focus, lost the trail.

"You scared me."

"What happened here, Em?"

"Everyone's gone."

"Not you and me."

"I wanna leave, too."

We left the beach where the surf didn't make any sound, on the blowing boardwalk over the dunes, and down the dirt road leading the hell out of there.

BUS SCHEDULE

The Bus Terminal is closed on Holidays. To whoever is leaving food for the drivers, please stop, they will not eat it. The **Bus Schedule** is as follows:

Boston ⇒ Bangor: 9:15am, 12:15pm, 3:15pm, 6:15pm, 9:15pm

Boston ⇒ Gloucester: 10:48am, 12:48pm, 2:48pm, 4:48pm

Boston ⇒ Provincetown: 7:01am: 11:01am, 3:01pm, 7:01pm, 11:01pm, 3:01am

Boston ⇒ Tewksbury: 8:06am, 12:06pm, 4:06pm, 8:06, 12:06am

Boston ⇒ Newburyport: 6:00am, 11:00am, 2:00pm, 5:00pm, 8:00pm, 11:00pm

Boston ⇒ Portsmouth: 9:30am, 11:30am, 1:30pm, 3:30pm, 5:30pm, 7:30pm, 9:30pm

Boston ⇒ Dover: 8:17am, 12:17am, 2:17am, 6:17am, 10:17am

Boston ⇒ Portland: 8:00am, 10:00am, 12:00pm, 2:00pm, 4:00pm, 6:00pm, 8:00pm, 12:00am

Boston ⇒ Albany: 11:59am, 11:59pm

Boston ⇒ New York City: 8:00am, 9:00am, 10:00am, 11:00am, 12:00pm, 1:00pm, 2:00pm, 3:00pm, 4:00pm, 5:00pm, 6:00pm, 7:00pm, 8:00pm, 9:00pm, 10:00pm, 11:00pm, 12:00pm

Boston: ⇒ Saint Iago City: 4:20am, 4:20pm

Boston ⇒ Philadelphia: 10:01, 12:01pm, 2:01pm, 4:01pm, 6:01pm, 8:01pm, 10:01pm

Boston ⇒ Pittsburg: 9:33am, 1:33pm, 6:33pm

Boston: ⇒ Atlantic City: LINE CANCELLED

Boston ⇒ Atlanta:

Boston ⇒ Iowa City: 3:57pm, 6:57pm

Boston ⇒ Denver: 6:45am, 2:45pm

Boston ⇒ San Francisco: 9:59am, 9:59pm

Boston ⇒ L.A.: 12:00pm

Boston ⇒ Bend: 11:48am

Boston ⇒ The Olympic Peninsula: 11:11am, 2:22pm, 5:55pm

Boston ⇒ Vancouver, B.C.: 6:12am, 2:12pm

Four weeks ago Cedar got to talking with Gravity. They met behind a Wendy's looking for something valuable or non perishable in the outdoor icebox. Gravity said he had surviving family in Oregon. He was taking the 11:48 on Wednesday.

"My uncle says it's not so bad out there," said Gravity. Cedar was throwing rocks at a pair of sneakers hanging from telephone wire. One got stuck in a tree. One cracked a windshield. The other went plunk; the shoes moved back and forth. "There's bad weather but that's mostly it."

Jamie Hoggstodder

The average response time for a member of Ms. McCarthy's 3rd grade class is just a shade under 1.2 seconds. Last year's mean response time was 0.4.

Of the reasons for this sharp decline there stood out Jamie Hoggstodder, room 304 idiot. Hoggstodder was average

dumb, but what was so painful about his brand of bogwater was the proclivity for the sound “Uh”. When he was grasping at nothing he screamed “Uh”. It was like an echo in a wet tunnel, the bright yellow bang of an approaching train carrying 500,000 binders each rung to 2,000 sheets of blank paper going 5 miles an hour. Ms. McCarthy had officially labeled the “Uhs” a class disturbance.

“It helps me think.”

“Think in your head. You’re distracting the others.”

“Uh, No I’m not.”

“Excuse me?”

“I’m not distracting them. They don’t look at me. I’m ugly.”

“They can *hear* you.”

Jamie had a friend in the class. Thorn. Thorn lived a few blocks east and sat all the way on the other side of the class. Jamie would look at Thorn sitting under the window. Thorn looked at Jamie when he was off in space. She thought he deserved better.

Jamie and Thorn got to be good enough friends that they’d walk home together. Jamie was good to walk with because you didn’t need to come up with anything to say. He eyed the birds in the sky, kept up with the stone he was kicking down the street, and Thorn thought entirely. She thought about how she liked this way, and walking with Jamie, and that the “Uhs” really didn’t bother her. They could go the whole way just off “Hi” and “Bye”.

“I like it here.” Thorn said it right when they walked out of the shade. Jamie laughed and said yeah.

O: Here’s to you, K.

K: And to you, ol’ friend. (Clink.)



Thorn let Jamie walk on for a distance while she stood still. He would be eaten alive, she thought. A split second, little, metal point of time in the head that burrows through trenches of wet, pink brain whispers, "He'll never make it".

But he was the only person that smiled and liked it. He wasn't ugly. He was beautiful. A beautiful idiot.

Ms. McCarthy wakes up with a bad hangover. She forgot to take the blinds down before passing out so the sun is really letting her have it. She rolls her body out of bed and into the bathroom where she throws up \$35 worth of bourbon, and she pisses out the cheap beer. She's still in all her clothes and her shoes. All she needs to do is her hair and everything else.

The Terminal

Cedar went to the bus terminal on Wednesday. He thought he should get there early to get a ticket but it didn't matter – hardly anyone rode the bus anymore. No one worked the counter, either. There was a folded note. "Out to Lunch" it said. As if. Cedar let himself into the ticketing booth. It was shit everywhere, spilt coffee and papers and cigarettes and a couple feathers on the floor. He printed himself a slip and sent the payment to a classmate who was capable of betrayal. There was still smoke from a cigarette pushing at the ceiling. It was so stale it smelt like piss not CO2. The slip went in his pocket and the receipt went in the trash and he swung the door back open to the outside.

Gravity was playing with himself by the stop. He was sitting on a bench a few yards away from the bus, next to another guy playing with himself. It was gonna be a while for these guys.



Textile Poem

I've been doing this so long
The world is fuzz.
My brain is dryer lint.
My body is yarn.
Chances are string.

Sunny's Tavern Generator

Uncle Dave was done. We got him halfway to Sunny's Tavern before his little moan tapped the gong. Lips was reading a travel magazine when he heard our screaming. He came out flapping the pages, shaking his head.





By
Rosined
Bow

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.

