

# LAND ARK

ISSUE  
No. 16

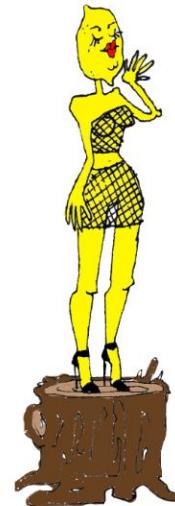


LIT HAG

NOV. 27  
2021

PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Issue No. 16



LAND ARK LIT MAG  
ISSUE NO. 16: FAMOUS  
POTATOES / NOVEMBER  
27, 2021

**Introductions:**

*A Letter From The Editor*

**Fiction:**

*Bourbons*.....Andy Quicksand

*Lemon Lady*.....Oof Blue

**Poetry:**

*Your Dad*.....Anonymous

*Young Men Of Faith*.....Remy J. Hicks

*Scribbles*.....Farth Van Ludwig

**Art:**

*Variations On The Same Thing*.....Staff

*An Interpretation of Nosey Parker's Eyes*....Filma Gosnold

**Press Release:**

*Apology On Behalf Of The Staff*.....Kaerste Tollpatschig

*\*Cover Photo taken by Ian Patterson*

The favorite thing in my life broke the other day. It had a beautiful buff arm that could rotate around the shoulder and beat up the bad guys. But it could also be my best friend. But then I dropped it and it landed on the sidewalk and a goddamn super scooter ridden by a serial overachiever ran over it.

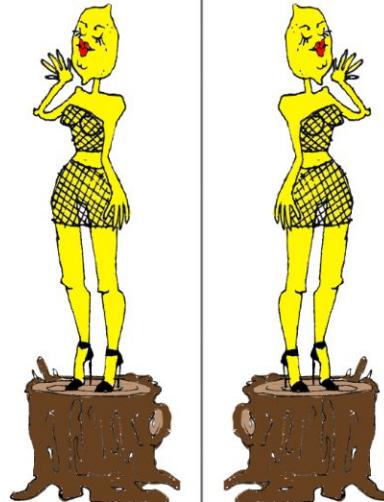
When I was my saddest I would sit in my room alone and rotate the arm around and around in a round as if it were jointless. But the arm is bent now. That's how it's broken. I can't rotate the arm.

But it still sits on my bedside table and listens with me while I'm quiet.

Ok, we've got some absolutely filthy flash fiction about bourbon and smut about horny fruit. Also, an ode to fathers and another ode to young men. Also, some other stuff, too. I don't know. Fuck it. Thanks everyone!

Love,

– Ed



## POETRY

## YOUR DAD

Anonymous

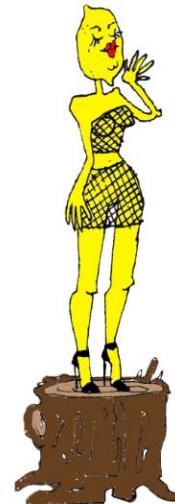
Your dad  
Came over last night.

He's such a man.

He showed me how to play tiddlywinks  
And sexily open a can of Spam.

You'd be lucky to grow up  
Like your dad.  
With a big, round bank account  
And that juicy, discerning frown.

Maybe when you're older  
When you're much, much older.



## POETRY

## YOUNG MEN OF FAITH

Renny J. Hicks

1986 US Poet Laureate

Lacwallis College Distinguished Alumni

When in a basement room at ripe bold seventeen  
Head left in the light, your cold face on the screen  
You looked sharp to the right and passed straight into me.  
So when everybody went east, to the hill heights by the sea--  
I flew north to the snows for the bright feathered trees.  
Not sorry to miss you, just happy to leave.  
And when they all stayed south, left behind and relieved,  
I struck west for the sun, to catch the last of the three.  
So on the big open plains blown pale in the breeze  
Where I knew I could run for as long as I pleased,  
I turned instead left and fell weak at the knees.  
Cutting down across mountains, through vantage unseen,  
I flew back to the source, to the crux, the first scene.



## POETRY

## SCRIBBLES

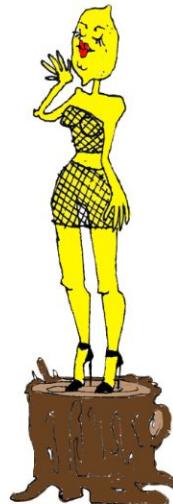
Farth Van Ludwig

Ggeeeeeeeeesh  
 Askrumdooloo  
 Heeeeteteheeteteheetete  
 Moose.  
 Doodle doodle  
 Again, moose.  
 Moss  
 And Bait.

“Hold him down! Hold him down!”

aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh  
 “He’s losing it!”  
 mmmmmmmmmmm  
 Couldy be, woudly who  
 The the the the the  
 Mask of the moose moss  
 Is over, again.

Here lies  
 Here, lies.  
 Ggeeeeeeeeesh  
 Help, lies  
 My mouth tastes so much like wine.



## FICTION

## BOURBONS

Andy Quicksand

#21

If the bourbon rolls over  
 We’ll all be dead

Bourbon birds and bourbon whales and bourbon pogosticks  
 ridden by bourbon kids.

“Bourbon kids is a bourbon phenomenon experienced during the bourbon summers. With the bourbon influx, bourbon lovers were making sweet bourbon love under bourbon skies. Naturally, 9 bourbon months later little bourbon babies were falling from bourbon ladies like bourbon was going out of style. These bourbon births were dubbed the bourbon kids, or The Bourbon Generation.

Souped up bourbon wheels with bourbon decals and a big bourbon sunroof so bourbon winds can speed through bourbon hairs of late bourbon lovers.

And the bourbon accidents. The bourbon rolls over. Another generation lost to bourbon.



\*PAID FOR BY LOOK AT THAT DRINK THAT BOURBON LLC.

## Issue No. 16

#27

I've had the best bourbon of my life tonight. Like using blunt force to put my lips through a brick wall. I had it in my grandfather's mustard glass. Drinking it, I tasted the earth in Kentucky's dirt and the jubilation in my succession. Alcohol is delicious. Really, really delicious.

#29

Joyce got on all fours and I took off her pants to just above her knees. I caught my breath at the suspiring sight of her nipple-brown asshole.

"What's the holdup?" She said with her mouth pressed up against the roaring oven.

"It's just. . ." My tongue licked the bourbon off my lips, "It's beautiful. . ."



#15

When I first heard the screaming of my second wife giving birth to my third child, I was deep in the symptoms of my fourth concussion.

The sum of my life is exponentially greater than the remainder of my bad decisions.





Issue No. 16

FICTION  
*LEMON LADY*

Oof Blue

I am in the public bathroom peeing black oil into a broken urinal. I am a Roat Wood soldier. I am cleaning hee. The slap mat is cawing. Oh my god, it has Dog.

Diary Of Dog:

*First day ensnared in the maw of the slap mat. Light is brighter than I remember. The rank odor of the urinal cake is giving my brain cells a run for their lives. It is acidic and flammable when combined with the hopeless discharge of the hopeless romantic, standing with his trousers and his overwrought brain. Where he should be sipping water and lemon juice, he is instead chugging crude oil like it will impress someone beautiful.*

Dog



Lemon Lady blinds me. She wears a mesh skirt made from lemon rinds and a roll of wrapping paper around her breasts. “Open the present,” she says. “Really?!” I cry, spilling a little oil from my glass. She finds a midnight interstate into my mind, laughing and rolling with big, long flowers in her teeth. Lemon Lady, what’s the big idea?

Lemon Lady: *The big idea is as follows: We will take the tableau of man urinating in a public bathroom. Man will be the narrator, and he will have consumed wildly at Billy's Wild Time*



## Issue No. 16

*Bar with friends, but it won't be beer or wine or bourbon in his belly. He will be addicted to crude oil and the wonderful delusional effect it takes.*

Arrgh. My cock. The oil burns.

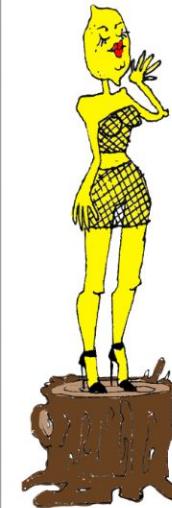
*Lemon Lady: Man will stand before the urinal like a fish stick before the mouth of a consciousness child. Within the gaping face of his coming-of-age-past, Man will see fantasies, and as the fish stick moves closer to the swaddling of the tongue, Man will come to terms with the hallucinations of the crude oil peeppee.*

Happy Birthday to me.

*Lieutenant: What would you bring to our infantry?*

Sir?

Behind the lieutenant, in a clearing of Roat Wood stumps, soldiers with wide faces use well-greased chainsaws to fell trunk after trunk of the surgical Roat Wood, an invasive species of lightning-quick tree known for their deep bark and hidden faces. The men swear and nick their fingers on splinters like oyster knives. They rub their sweat heaped faces with oil-stained handkerchiefs and lean their weight on their axes made from baseball bats. The soldier's faces are well bearded with beards that grow bullround. They talk about their first thoughts in the morning while light patterns paint leaf-shapes on their cowhide boots.





## Issue No. 16

*Soldier #1: When I first wake up the first thing that I see is air. I play with the air with first my eyelids and then my fingers. I never learned the violin but I learned the air. I tickle it like how I tickle women in bed, but the air is good to me when everyone I ever loved has eventually turned on me and hated me and tried to send me back like a wrong order.*

*Soldier #2: The first thing I see is me. I have a big, huge, massive mirror on my bedroom ceiling and I sleep exclusively on my back.*

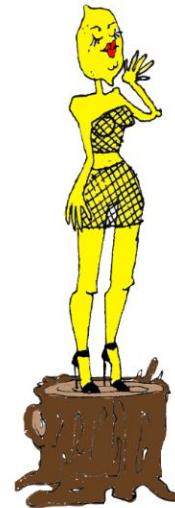
*Soldier #3: I wake up 5 minutes before dawn, and in that purple, yellow everyone-else-is-sleeping light, I see my bedroom, sparsely decorated but worth a lot of money.*

I believe I will bring a sorely missing sense of the other to your infantry, sir.

Diary Of Dog:

*It has been over 10,000 years since the invention of the public bathroom, and for a prisoner's amount of that time I have been ensnared in the slap mat. The pain of captivity is too much. I am just a dog, after all. A wee pup held to heinous fate in the plastic ridge emblem of a urinary droplet removing device. Slap mat, slap mat, zip up the mouse trap, and free your bird from the underwear flap™.*

"C'mon," says Lemon Lady, beckoning me on with a simple gesture. I can see her pubic hair through the rinds. "Open your present."





## Issue No. 16

I am going 100 miles an hour in the middle lane, laughing and hawing at the mindless traffic of hee going nowhere in the other direction. I floor the car, laughing and crying and drinking the crude oil from a chalice made of my mattress.

“C’mon,” says Lemon Lady, getting closer to the me everyone else can see, “Open the fucking present you asshole.”

“Is this your big idea?” I ask. She sticks her tongue out at me. She waggles it and nods her head.

“I have to go to the bathroom,” I say, eyeing the oil.

“Open your present first.”

“It’s not even my birthday.”

“Do it.”

So I do, but I cannot see. So I zip up and go out to meet my friends.





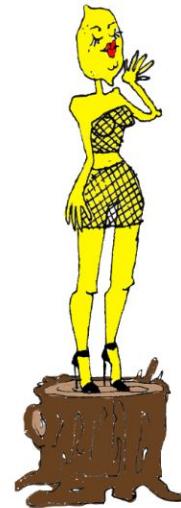
## Issue No. 16

### PRESS RELEASE

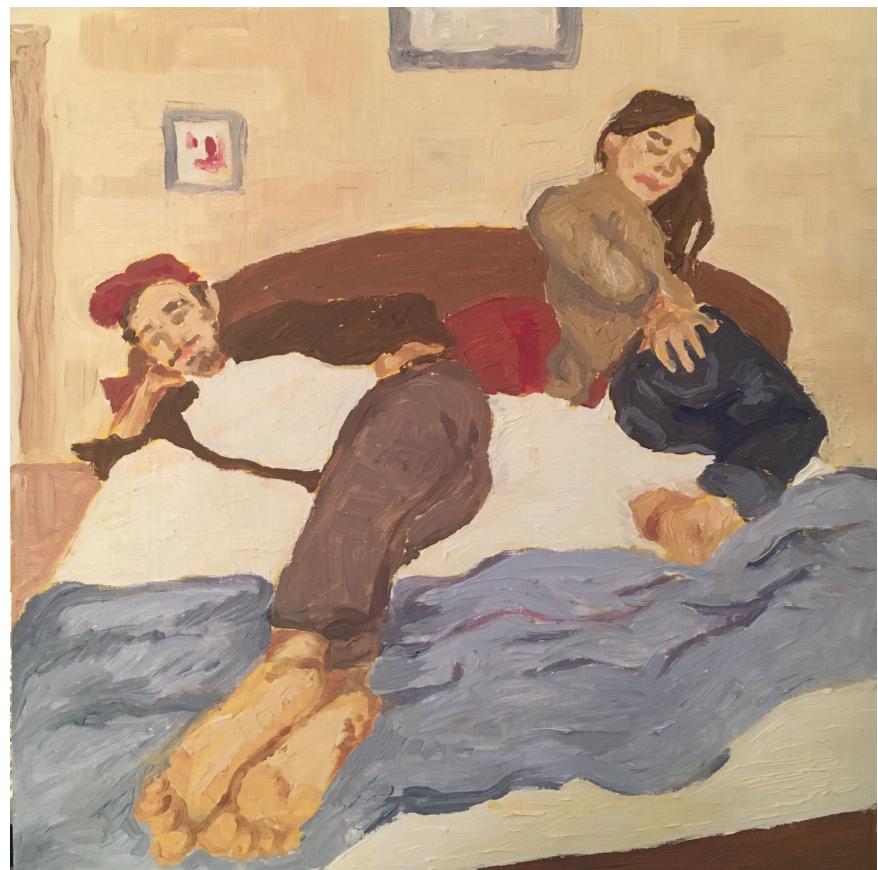
#### *APOLOGY ON BEHALF OF THE STAFF*

Kaerste Tollpatschig

On behalf of the employed staff and those wandering the halls at Land Ark Lit Mag Enterprises LLC, I would like to offer an apology. I'm sorry. I'm so very very very sorry, and I am sorry. I am sorry today, I am sorry tomorrow, I will be sorry for the more tomorrows and more todays which come so neatly in a line on that bland corporate calendar I have on my desk. I spilled cranberry juice all over it yesterday though, and I am not sure if I can scrub it out. So the tomorrows and todays that I will be sorry do also have a pink tint to them. I will admit there was also vodka in the cranberry juice. I am sorry for that too. I am sorry for the grass which is all dead in my yard, I am sorry to the big tree that will have to be cut down one day. I am sorry for that little mouse I saw on the sidewalk eating dirt. Sorry little mouse. I am sorry to the dead mouse in the cabinet in my basement, which I can't remove because the second I open the cabinet door to get the mouse my cat will sense the shift and brutalize the poor mouse's body. I think this is worse than letting the mouse rot in the empty cabinet I don't use for anything else, so I am letting him have his overlarge tomb. I am sorry for the waste of space and valuable resources and for the general state of my living quarters. Berlin is cold this time of year. I am sorry to Berlin for being so cold. I am sorry to the cranberry juice for spilling it. I am sorry to my calendar for being sticky and full of vodka cranberry. I am sorry to the melted ice, I am sorry for all the missed calls. I am sorry for the great cost incurred to the company, for the thousands of dollars



worth of damaged pens. I am sorry because I don't even have a cat, it's just an excuse because I really don't want to remove the dead mouse from the cabinet. I don't want to have to pick him up because he's gross and also because I think he might be my only friend. Does anybody need a roommate? I might. I am sorry for that too. I am sorry, I am sorry. Thank you.



Land Ark Lit Mag 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.

