



Issue No. 19



LAND ARK LIT MAG
ISSUE NO. 19: BUSVILLE /
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A Letter From The Editor

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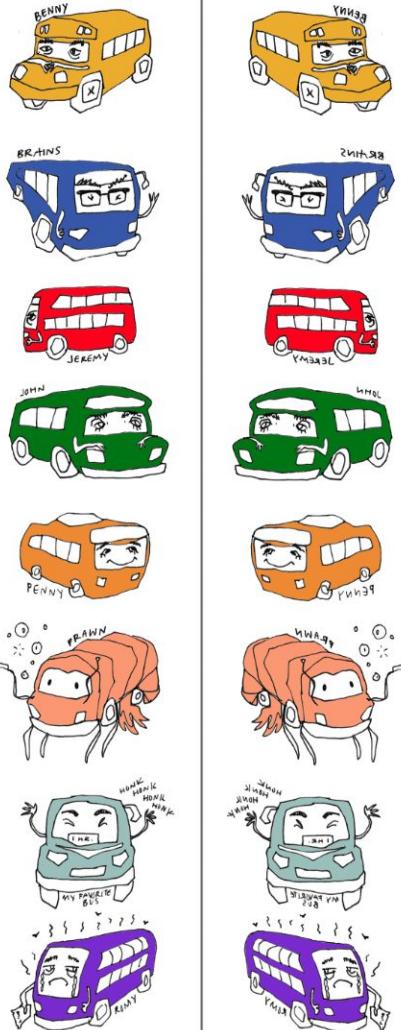
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Yoooooooo... have you guys seen those capybara videos on the internet? With "After Party" by Don Tolliver playing? Those things are crazy. They don't give a fuck about anything. They're the biggest rodents in the world and they don't even care. I wish I was like that. They also really like watermelon, apparently. I wish I was like that, too.

Maybe, when I'm older and this ship has sunk, I'll be one of those crazy bastards with a huge piece of useless land and I'll just get a whole shit ton of animals and let them run around and go crazy. Not like one of those tiger king bastards, I'm only getting non-vicious, non-empowering animals, like capybaras and woodchucks, directionally challenged sidewinder snakes and gassy bullfrogs. I want one of those stupid dogs with blue eyes and their tongues hanging out, and a couple of three-legged flamingos. I'll be a modern day, literary Pablo Escobar. Maybe without the cocaine, though. Maybe with the cocaine, actually.

Anyway, enough of that nonsense, it's Busville week! Enjoy the city limits of that beautiful town, with its gorgeous history and eclectic residents. Plus, some tidbits and some more wackadoodles. Honk! Honk! Love!

– Ed.

FICTION

ON BUSVILLE

Peter Panhound

Nobody has ever been a resident of Busville twice. Citizenship is synonymous with homelessness.

The letters of the analogue departure board click clack down and around every minute of every day. Deciphering the times is its own language, only known to the most committed people of Busville.

WELCOME
TO BUSVILLE

“Gimme one on the 7:43 to The Horseshoe Curve,” says Bond Vagmar.

“Round?” asks the mayor from behind the counter, wearing a pinstripe, double-chested suit made of exhaust.

“I’ll make it round when I get there,” mutters Bond, licking the tip of his toothpick, making eye contact with the iron-clad clock that hangs over Busville like the sun hangs over the Pacific.

In Busville, drivers are gold. They are billionaires and pastors. They eat fast food for every meal and live forever. They perform last rites to overpasses, and they don’t wanna hear it.

Bond throws his duffle in the luggage compartment and hands the driver his ticket. The driver only has to hold the ticket to know that it’s real because it has that smooth feeling over rough paper. The driver hands the ticket right back.



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Like every bus out of Busville these days, there are no available seats.

“Back in my day,” says the old, blind percussionist sitting next to Bond, “We’d have 5, 6, maybe even 27 open seats on any given bus. These days, you can’t even hitchhike.”

The spiderweb design of modern interstates trace past the window that Bond has his forehead against. The traffic is enticed by the pheromones of the interstate again, and again and again.

“Even the exit numbers are different,” grumbles the old, blind percussionist, “everything’s different.”

Bond watches roadkill get pecked to death by crows, “Sometimes exit numbers change, man,” he sighs.

The history of Busville is written in rubber. Famous traffic accounts for generational late arrivals. “Where are you headed next?” Acolytes stare at the click clacking departure board with all their bags. Minds are made up on destinations in the blink of an eye. “I’m going to El Paso.” “Why?” “I wanna see a lizard.”

Like half of the residents of Busville, Bond was born on the road. The other half immigrated there.

The old, blind percussionist drums the back of the seat in front of him with his cracked hands. “I’m going to the ocean,” he says. “Whichever is furthest.”

Growing up in Busville is short. Most people consider childhood over by the millionth mile. After that people start picking their own destinations for themselves, and not many people really miss being young.

There are often accidents in Busville, but they are rarely life threatening as everyone is used to them by now.

THANKS FOR
STOPPING BY

Bond twiddles his thumbs. He scratches his face. He switches which leg is folded over the other. Another passenger coughs. Another passenger gets up to use the bathroom. When that passenger returns to their seat, Bond gets up to use the bathroom himself.

"Excuse me," he says to the old, blind percussionist, who stands up like he's done a million times before and lets Bond by.

The bathrooms of Busville are worshipped like Gods. It is not lost on any of the inhabitants that their lifestyles would be unsustainable without the bathrooms.

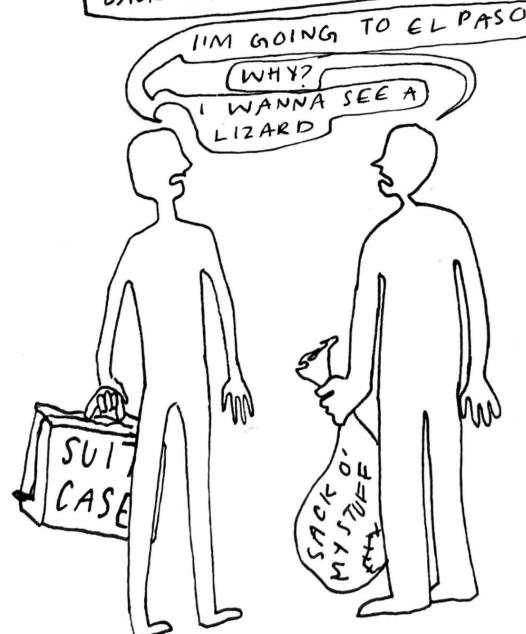
When Bond gets back from the bathroom, the old, blind percussionist stands up again to let him back into his seat. Bond sits down and the old, blind percussionist sits down and continues drumming on the back of the seat in front of him. Bond usually prefers the aisle seat.

"I didn't do anything while I was in there," he says.
The old, blind percussionist shrugs, "That's cool."

VISIT US
AGAIN SOON.



BUSVILLE ↗ ??????	
EL PASO	630
OVER THERE	1140
VANCOUVER	1200
BANGOR	1410
UPSTAIRS	1615
BACK AGAIN	2200





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POETRY

THE INDECENCY

Stop Rosemont

Indecency is a prisoner's stretch
To steal the keys
Inside of me.

Or a spitball from across the class,
Or free money,
Or locking yourself in your room,
Screaming and writhing naked
Because you missed your chance
To get the keys.



FICTION

TRAINVILLE

Irvin Perkins

Carole Kansas and Raspberry Lime Rickey Kansas move to Seasea to live with their father, Ken Kansas, when Carole is fourteen and Raspberry Lime Rickey is ten. The commuter train in Seasea arrives at the station nine times a day: 6am, 630am, 7am, 730am, noon, 630pm, 7pm, 8pm, and 930pm. At Seasea Junction, the commuter train idles for fifteen minutes, then bounces back north toward the city, like a rubber ball bounced against someone's bedroom door to come back again and again and again. Nine times a day, Carole can hear the low cry of the Seasea bound line reaching the end of the tracks. The full ride into the city takes two hours and fifteen minutes. Almost everybody who lives in Seasea has stopped commuting for the ongoing mental degradation caused by the two hour train ride.

When she lived with her mother in Howstown the train didn't make noise because it was part of the subway. But in Seasea, Carole can hear the train at night when she is reading and in the morning when it's time to get out of bed. For all of high school she never sets an alarm.

The kids in Seasea don't trust her because she didn't grow up with them. All the high school aged kids in Seasea attend Callahasset Regional High School with teenagers from four different towns in the area: Callahasset, Bayberry, Postville, and Seasea. Only thirty to fifty students attend CRHS from Callahasset each year, seeing as they are the only teenagers who live there. Their ranks are tight and well formed. Carole is not part of them, because they don't know her. They



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know her father though, who teaches History at the high school. And they know that since Ken Kansas is a teacher, Carole is probably a goody-two-shoes and possibly even a narc. Raspberry Lime Rickey attends fifth grade at the tiny Seasea kindergarten through eighth grade school and makes friends immediately by telling everyone the different songs and games from his old school, most of which he made up himself. When he gets older, he will be part of the clan of Seasea kids at CRHS. He will belong to the town, which will be nice for him. This makes Carole feel a bit better about all of it.

The Seasea kids don't give Carole rides to Callahasset in the morning so Carole rides with her dad. First they drop Raspberry Lime Rickey off at his school. Every morning their dad says, "Have a good day at school Raspberry Lime Rickey." And every morning he says, "I bet you'll have a better one, Ken's Dressing." And Carole waves at him and he waves back.

After Raspberry Lime Rickey goes to school Carole and her dad listen to old music tapes and talk. They get to Callahasset much earlier than all the other kids, because her dad has to do grading work before class. Sometimes she does homework in his classroom. Most of the time, though, she spends the first hour of the day walking around the halls and trying all the lockers to see who left theirs unlocked and what's inside. One morning some of the Seasea kids see her opening a locker that's not hers.

"Oh my god she's totally doing drug checks for her dad."

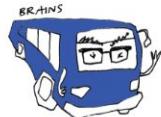
"Narc!" They all shout. Carole runs away and hides in the bathroom. She looks in the mirror and thinks: this is not what a narc looks like. The word narc sounds like narwhal, which lives in the sea. That makes her feel better.

The next week she is opening lockers again and in one of them she finds a lit joint. She licks her fingers and pinches the end to put it out. It could have caught on a book or the sweatshirt on a hook and caused a fire. The owner of the joint clearly has no knowledge of basic fire safety. But she doesn't tell anyone about it, so nobody can claim she's narcing.

In the winter, Carole joins the Junior Varsity track team and stays later after school for practice. She's the worst one on the team. When her dad goes home before practice is over she has to go to the Callahasset Library until the first evening train comes and she can take it back to Seasea. From the train car she can see the dark ocean and if it's clear, the reflection of the moon on the water.

Sometimes she doesn't get off of the train in Seasea, but stays on for the fifteen minutes it idles at the station until it bounces back towards the city. Then she gets off in Callahasset and waits for the next one. She likes that she doesn't have to move to get up or go anywhere, the train will just take her somewhere else. It doesn't matter that it's the place she came from, or that it's back to school, or that sometimes there are other kids from Seasea on the train with her who think it's weird. It's just nice to go somewhere without making the choice to move at all. Sometimes she'll do this twice, so that she gets into Seasea at 8pm.

When she rides back and forth between Seasea and Callahasset on the train she tells her dad that she's at the library. Not because it's anything bad, necessarily, but because he might think it's weird that she's wandering places by herself and start to worry and tell her mom about it. Lying is not supposed to be okay but she wants the time to herself. It is important that she gets time to do whatever she wants. She's becoming a



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teenager and that means exercising her independence.

Tonight, she walks out of track practice past a car full of Seasea kids smoking pot.

"Uh oh, hide the weed guys!"

Carole stops and looks at them. "I would never narc on you," she says. "And my dad doesn't care. He likes the Grateful Dead." Then she walks away fast and pulls her hat down over her ears so she can't hear if they're laughing or not.

The train is idling at Callahasset Centre, blowing steam up into the dark sky. Carole is wearing her track clothing still, but her coat is warm. On the train she picks a seat on the ocean side and looks for the moon. The train pulls out of the station and the horn sounds. The train in Howstown was quiet, and the kids were not necessarily more mean or nice they were just the same. If she had stayed there longer or given them more of a chance when she was little, she might be in the groups of kids who smoke pot in cars back in Howstown. But she just always liked being alone better.

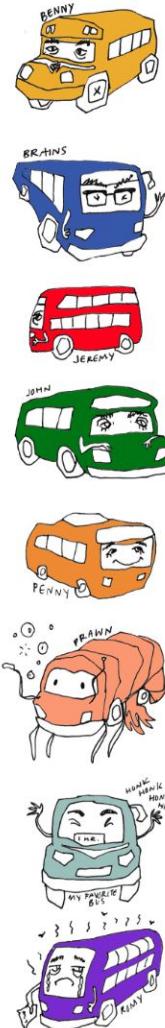
The train clicks along by the houses by the ocean. She thinks about swimming very far out, as far as the moon reflection, and not coming back. The train pulls into Postville Beach Station and she wonders what the real difference between towns is. Postville is completely foreign to her even though it's right next to Seasea, she doesn't know very many kids from Postville except for the ones who run distance track with her. The train pulls away from the water and into Downtown Postville. She likes her teammates, but doesn't feel like she's good friends with any of them. Carole considers if she can't relate to people because she's secretly very ill and nobody knows. The train passes the Seasea line and the houses begin to look familiar. Carole thinks that she doesn't have friends

because secretly she's not like anyone else, and nobody will ever really be like her or understand what it's like to be her. As the train keeps clicking and bumping along in the little town by the ocean where she lives now, an even more secret thought comes along, the thought that really she is just the same as everybody else and she'll still never have good friends like the other kids do.

When the train pulls into Seasea Village, the last station before the end, Carole looks out the window and sees a small gaggle of kids in the main square by the statue of the fisherman. As the train comes to a stop, she thinks one of them looks like Raspberry Lime Rickey. When the train stops completely, Raspberry Lime Rickey's little blue hat with the three points is obvious from across the street and his little squinted face is covered in tears.

Without thinking much about betraying her position as secret solo train rider, Carole leaps up from the red leather commuter rail seat and flies to the door of the train, down the aluminum steps, and onto the yellow lined platform. The square is on the other side of the train, and the train is still idling, and Carole jumps from foot to foot hoping that it will move quickly or that Raspberry Lime Rickey will still be there when it does, or maybe even more hoping that he won't be there and he won't be crying because she imagined it.

When the train moves, she runs across the tracks and the children are still there. They're gathered in a huddle, and it's more clear now that it's three or four little girls in vibrant winter coats all facing Rickey and saying stuff to him. Carole strides across the street and without thinking about what she is doing walks up to the kids. She can hear what they are saying when she gets closer.



"We saw you pick your nose in class."

"Yeah, why are you always so weird?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," tears slip down from Raspberry Lime Rickey's squinty, little eyes and pool by his mouth. He looks snotty and sad.

"HEY!" Carole says, and all of the heads flip around to look at her, including Raspberry Lime Rickey, who takes a second to realize it's his older sister barreling towards him in track sweats.

"Who are you?" Says one of the little girls, with the confidence of a chain smoking, forty year old legal secretary.

Carole loses her nerve, she stops short three feet from the crowd and says "Um." Then her heart rate starts clacking around all uneven and it's December and cold outside but her whole neck feels like a fever. "Stop talking to him?"

"Why?" says another little girl. She has blue fuzzy boots on her feet, and her face looks like a cabbage patch doll. "We're in class together. Who are you?"

"Um. I know what you're doing," Carole says and thinks how dumb it is that she's afraid of ten year olds when she's a high schooler. Then she thinks how dumb it is that they aren't afraid of her. She steps forward again. "Back off. You're being mean."

"No we're not. We're his friends."

Raspberry Lime Rickey shakes his head back and forth very quickly. "Shut up!" one of the other little girls snaps at him.

If Carole knew who these children were she could tell them she was going to call their parents, but she also suspects that wouldn't work. There is nothing as unshakeable as a mean ten year old and the parents in Seasea are protective of their



offspring. "Just stop!" she says and feels like she might cry.

Then she takes one more deep breath and walks forward and grabs Raspberry Lime Rickey's mitten hand and pulls him away from the crowd. Before she walks all the way away, she turns around and says, "You should feel really sorry for yourselves. I hope you feel really sorry for yourselves. You're all bad people." One of the girls bursts into tears and Carole immediately feels bad. She shouldn't have made a little girl cry. But this is her brother. She huffs once and turns and walks off dragging Raspberry Lime Rickey behind her.

After a few minutes of fast walking and glancing behind her to make sure that the gang of ten year olds isn't following behind with rocks and sticks, she slows down and looks at her little brother. He isn't crying anymore, just sniffling.

"Are you okay?" she asks, "What happened?" She pauses. "Why were you in the middle of town? Does dad know you're out? It's too late for you, you shouldn't be running around alone in the dark—"

"I'm okay Carole shut up."

Carole stops walking and looks at Rickey, who looks at her. He starts crying again. She stoops down and hugs him. He hugs her back and she thinks about how he used to be a tiny little baby, and when she was six she would just stare into his crib to make sure he was still breathing. "It's okay. People are just mean. Do you want to talk about it?"

"No. I don't."

"Okay. That's okay." Carole stands up again. There is a streetlight on them that shows the ice on the ground. She realizes she is cold and that her pulse still feels like a rocket. She left her backpack on the train, and that her dad will be upset

about that because she's already done it twice this year. Her dad is also supposed to pick her up at Seasea Junction later and he might be waiting for her, or when she gets home early he will be confused because she told him she was going to the library after practice and wouldn't be back till 8. She wonders again why Raspberry Lime Rickey was downtown, and wants to ask, but she thinks he might not like that. So instead she takes his little mitten hand again and they start to walk in the direction of home without saying anything at all.





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POETRY

BUSVILLE BUSES ARE GREAT

Larry Lordsly

The buses in Busville are many aplenty and all have different names:

This one right here is called Benny, and that one over there is called Brains.

The red one's named Jeremy and the green one's called John. That smiling one is Penny and the pink shell one is Prawn. My favorite bus comes once an hour and always honks four times.

My least favorite bus is smelly, slow and doesn't stick to his lines.

That bus's name is Romy and he never gets good parts.

When asked to play a schoolbus, He only squeals and farts. When the acting teams are hiring and say to do a "Beep".

Romy can't do anything but moan, and cry, and weep.

The buses in Busville are really great and that's no lying boast. I'll freely admit without any spit that Romy sucks the most.



POETRY

MOON
IN BLUE

MOUNTED

EYEBALLS

Irvin Perkins

Thick tongue baby
Flat foot dancer put your paws in

If you get thin thinking you
might mask moving,

Those pale peach birds slender as
grinning.

Fifty pounds of flour is sacrilege
Even for blue baker's son, his

linger His sailor's jibe into the grey
The mast falls

green lake Forget the the
Forget the black sand sails, they've sunk to

Tooth faced fishes claw up from
below.

Splintered Instead focus on
from sound egg yolk spinning bread
I am absolving cakes and flapjacks of

To Me, I remember myself
the chorale offering and the



ablution of grape juice.
Write every Wednesday,
second and froth until sing every
Splutter and chords erupt in

Those vain Clavicle language,
twins, their speech of the

Blister vesicle your own throat if deemed
necessary

Deign to drown the desiccated
frog:

Cringe "Je voudrais," forthright
goldlight inward, at the

What did you do with my
copy of Franny

Who just once said of him—
was shrugged, the mulling. It

That tonic isolate spring of gin and
Top dribble shelf cigarettes, sea stone

cavities Sun sick at dawn.



FICTION

TIDBITS

Luke Blaw

If I was to go crazy with a stick, hopefully let my stick break, and I'll break with it, and be carried to the nearest body of water by everyone. My halves would be good crackers for a picnic. The halves of my stick would be good in the sand, hopefully to grow into baseball bats, my favorite inanimate object.

“My favorite inanimate object is a big, red button.”

“My favorite inanimate object is an old, leather shoe.”

“My favorite inanimate object is the second ‘n’.”

The second ‘n’ walks home alone from the party. Having gone to the party with the first ‘a’ and the ‘e’, the second ‘n’ is forced to walk home alone, now the only one falling asleep alone tonight. It starts to rain. The second ‘n’ absent-mindedly walks into a lamppost.

It’s too lonely to be a rolling consonant in a world you aren’t even alive in.

But one day the second ‘n’ might find the person who said that it was their favorite inanimate object, and wouldn’t that be literature’s all time meet cute.

“We broke up.”

“Dude. Why?”

“It had to happen after she said she thought meat was cute.”



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“Dude. Like. Flesh?”

“I guess. I guess she’s into that sort of thing.”

“Like Armie Hammer?”

“Not like Armie Hammer. Like if meat was at the other end of the bar and winked at her she would wave back. Like if meat offered to buy her a drink she’d accept. She’d probably give meat her number.”

“Dude. I don’t get it.”

“You don’t need to get it. All you need to know is that we’re not together anymore and I am now a staunch vegetarian.”

Following the Western Coupe of 2567, the Staunch Vegetarians have assumed political control over the lineless country between Hitherto and Aforementioned. Resting Delicacy of The Staunch Vegetarians, Brian Egg, has declared that his cabinet will be exclusively comprised of previously uneaten animals. He is quoted as saying “Chickens, cows, pigs, venison: these have no place in politics. But badgers and beavers will serve this amorphous state.”

When asked about insects, the new Resting Delicacy declined to comment, and instead took the opportunity to plug his Reality company.

The mother of Fantasy cleans up while Fantasy eats breakfast cereal and watches Nickelodeon with its legs swinging underneath the table.

“Fantasy?”

“Yes, Mom?”

“Keep Reality company, will you?”

Fantasy lifts the bowl and drinks the milk with a lot of slurping sounds, then puts the bowl down and licks the milk from its lips.

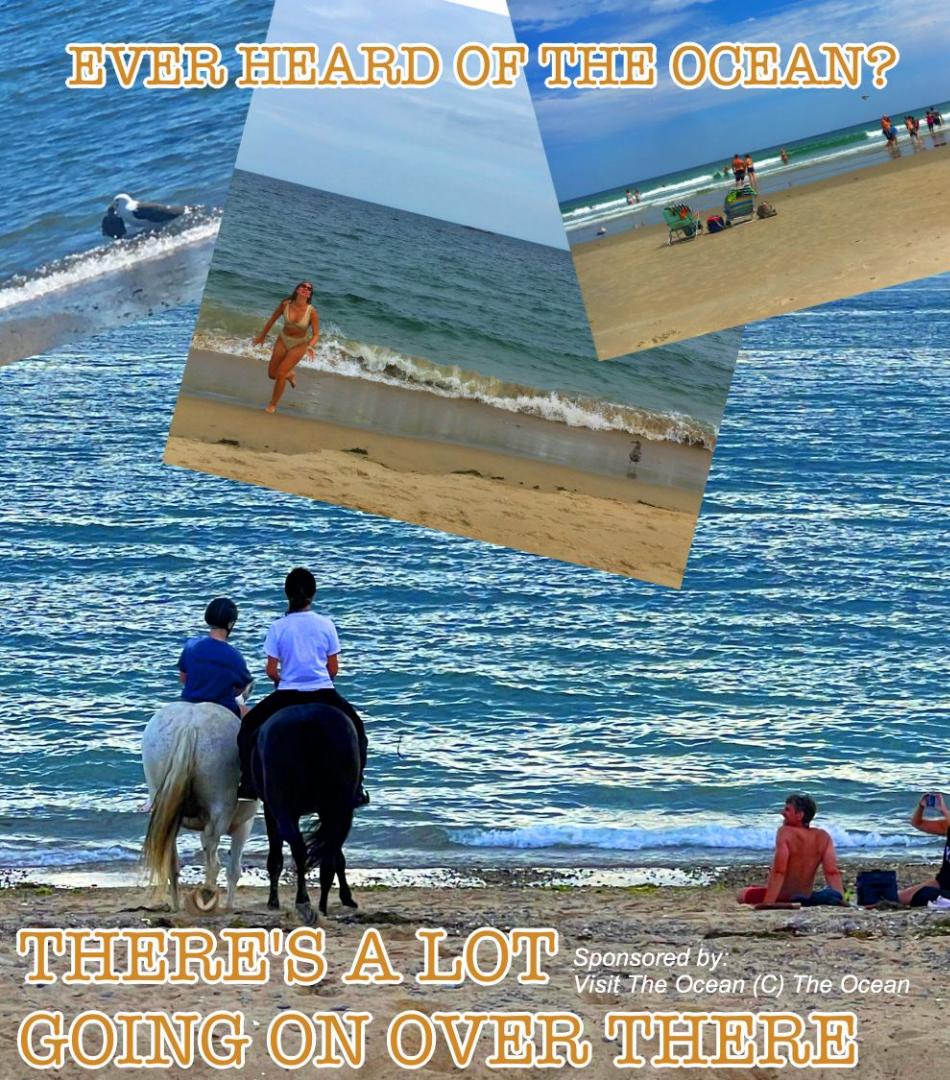
"OK."

The mother of Fantasy walks over and tussles its hair and kisses its head.

"Of all the moms in all the world, I'm the luckiest."



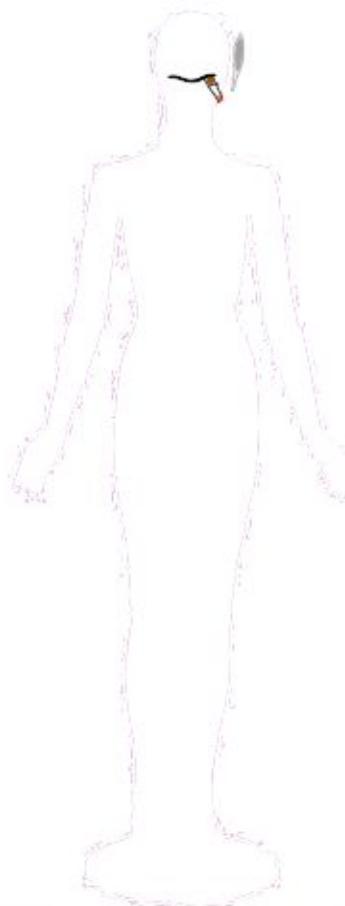
EVER HEARD OF THE OCEAN?



**THERE'S A LOT
GOING ON OVER THERE**

*Sponsored by:
Visit The Ocean (C) The Ocean*

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Land Ark Lit Mag

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.

