H_NGM_N

a 'zine of poetry &c.

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Manuscripts should be sent to Nate Pritts, PO Box 41253, Lafayette, LA 70504. H_NGM_N will print anything the Editor likes, & will appear when it is least expected or when it is most needed, whichever comes first.

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Administrative thanks to Jessioca Daigle; thanks to Matt Dube.
After Reading Walt Whitman,
I Go Get a Burger

Red tabletops gleaming
with the effort of our immigrants, outside
through the crystal-clear door
purple squeegee, church windows
wholly gleaming;

Tomorrow the Holy Ghost in a rapture
may pull the stock market out from under us,
so each patron takes their meal with hidden,
reverent gratitude, each soul rising
like soda in a straw.

Notes on Barcelona

Las Ramblas is filled with ideas
and thieves, and fish.
Tomorrow is St. George's day.
The men will receive books and the women
roses; the ceramic dragon of the umbrella shop
will see everything, and write nothing down.

Across the city, Egon Schiele's skinny porno
waits under track lighting
and Andres Tapias cashes a check
for more paint and cardboard.

How wild art is, and how erotic that is.
Yet I don't understand why all ceilings
aren't Gaudi's, or his column angles
every column angle. Maybe tomorrow I'll think different.
Maybe, among the hordes, I'll buy a book on architecture.
I hear the booksellers can say goodbye in several languages.
I come in from the rain and read that
Greenland is 80% ice. Apparently the U.S. Coast Guard
during WWII made their presence known.
They stormed a shack and captured
a German lieutenant while he was making coffee.

After they set up camp, winter came and
troops tunneled through snow from barrack
to barrack. One spring morning a private casually
stepped out of his front door and the wind
shoved him against a wall 20 feet away, breaking both arms.

The ships would capsize if ice wasn't broken
from the deck and railings every 2 hours.
On page 19, a commander
marveled at his men unloading shark meat, whose stench
could be smelled for miles. They held to the frozen railing
with one hand, while the other bled as shark skin
cut through their gloves, wind-tears freezing on their cheeks.

The pain of others never ceases
to amaze me. I almost regret
I have never had to break
off snow-clods in order to speak.

But one time at an avant-garde film festival I saw footage taken
by an Icelandic video artist of Greenland’s coast,
bordered by icebergs the natives call torfís.
It was so beautiful
it made me want to cry.
The ice shimmered blue, like a glistening sculpture of whale fat,
or what I imagine whale fat to look like.
The Lost Motel

The back of the claim check had a small, amateurish cartoon drawing of what looked like oriental birds that alternately symbolized life and death, depending on the time of day you looked at it. The light in that bar never seemed anything but a dull gray-brown, anyway, and all you could see out of the one window was the bend of the river, which provided no evidence of which way the boat was going to go once it got underway.

Premonition

A dull red image of the moon crawled through Tall grass like an uneasy snake, unwinding What would come to pass and time to come reckon In widely parted hours on some outward lake With rolling canoe and subdued loon echoes, And how you, incognizant of that future In which the stars would expect you to feel them, Looked up at pink sunrise with eyes full of sleep And spoke as to a trusted campfire friend The wind rustling in the aspens might have Sat down and talked with us, and we rose By moonshine, doubting not that day was near For soon the noise of noon filled the whole woods With a light of sense and awful promise

Removal

As sand sucks at the beach A word doubled back on itself, recolling From the beauty of the universe Alighted like a seagull On a different plane
Possible Rooms

1.
She is thinking
*inside this room* and
*it was summer.*

2.
Sun slates from west
windows fall on carpet.
The lake stands hot and dark;
clouds gather formations
over the further shore.
He lights a cigarette,
colors the night orange
a point at a time.

3.
_Lapse._ The music is
filled with blue notes, nothing
green. Fingers trace contours
of grass, the tree etched
halfway up the hill.
The night is a lantern.

4.
Someone has turned off
the fountain. They find a tower
tiled in blue at the edges.
She wants to hide,
is thinking _here?_

5.
_Night in the city,_
rainbeats panel cherry walls.
The waiter asks if they want
another slice. Why?
Signs are everywheres: on sides
of buses, on wrists, written across
the white mugs lined in rows
on the back wall,
screwed in chalk on the menu.
6.
It must be the wrong
street, house, fingernail.
She eats with abandon,
devours sheets of music,
a few keys from the piano
which taste like white
chocolate. Remember:
this is not your life.

7.
September comes bearing
a handful of yellow
ginko leaves. She remembers only
the way water seeped
into the frayed edges of her jeans.

8.
Another street and no air
in this city, only a vague smell
of sandwiches. He is a room
and a hand burning like incense-
slowly and with no remorse.
The door always locked,
a hundred locked doors.

9.
And she is thinking,
the room has disappeared.
There is space sliding
away at the doorframe where carpet
should be, where anything
might be and isn’t.
Who is in the courtyard?

10.
There is a black dog.
She is with someone and
cannot make out his face, knows only
that he wears a sweater.
But even this
is not true. It is a birthday;
he wears a t-shirt.
Whose birthday?
Where are the others?
11. The black dog continues
trotting across the courtyard bricks.
She thinks he tried to climb
the wall of the church.
But this moment
has not been lived.
The courtyard is dry, its arches
falling. The dome collapses,
is built up again.

12. He does not see
any of this, says it will rain
on Friday. The palms
along the avenue grow higher,
whiten and spread like dandelions,
blow away. The buses
keep running and fallen oranges
release a sweet scent
when crushed under the tires.

13. Who is that man?
He is wearing black.
In the room there is a small
transistor radio. She
will call for help, but the grass
has grown too high; she has leaves
for eyes. The music
she thinks must have stopped.

14. It is dark and cracks
yawn, recede.
They ride an hour on the train.
Or maybe it is not
really a train but a snake
and they are inside the ribs
glowing yellow.
Woman on a Porch.

In billowing mid-afternoon heat
she pulls a massive green panel
of cloth from a bucket, a bucket
the orange of an orange, the contrast
sharp, delicious. With a bat as rolled,
as rounded as a rolling pin, she pins up
the second panel, each piece sewn
to a sheer white panel. She abors
with another, and another, each a wet
dark rag at the start, each a great
green flag when she’s done—great
green flags in a row, the white
backdropping their sad green,
their sullen hue. Perhaps no one
in the neighborhood will take note
of the bittersweet colors coloring
the shy afternoon sky. She pulls out
another piece that’s sopping, weighty;
pins it up, lets it drop. Wind snuffles
between them, dutifully, lifting the wet
green, then the white. Even with the color
lifting up, like a dancer, to cover
the southern edge of a cloud, white
mixing in, green smoothing over sky,
no one in the neighborhood takes note.
Susannah

I was on my way to my mother's, and your lit, shrillish and womanly, drifted across the radio like a caress, like a deft kiss. I stayed in the car, waiting until your put fudge sundae voice was done piling it on. No straining, no pretending. Your sisters are gone - Ella, Carmen - but no white girl sang like you, none of 'em. Your renditions are additions to our lives, scenes we cannot describe ourselves. And weren't we fools not to put you in the limelight, in the spotlights of all our cities. Hear them? They cry out for you.
two travel poems

one. on the ledge
(of the grand canyon)

a damn tour-bus of tourists talking
at once in foreign languages
laughing
in the same
cacophony of hawks
squamking

all balking over
one fur-squirming prize

falls

in frames frozen faster

than the follow of feathers

that hollow

down
Rhonda Dean Robison -- two travel poems, con't

two.

this land is your land
(a road trip)

from lafayette louisiana

to the outer banks of north carolina:

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mcdonal
longings. We went out for prime rib–
Irene had snatched a credit card from her mother, who was foot-
ing the bill this time. The boys at the table beside us ordered spare ribs.
Irene said, "May I?" and took one. She slid the whole rib
into her mouth as the boys from the neighborhood
egged her on. She slid out a perfectly clean bone and my girlhood,
whatever was left of it, was gone. I checked under the hood
of my emotions and found a jealous engine. I thought her tongue
and its tricks were only for me. I would have given her a tongue-
lapping but kept thinking how everyone in town believed Eve came from Adam's rib
and all that stupid Bible stuff. What if the boys figured it out, that Irene's nip-
bles and mine had pressed into each other on nip-
py nights. (My parents let her sleep over, and even when she nipped
their Courvoisier, they suspected nothing.) The boys eating ribs
might have beaten us up or told the whole school. My nip-
gles hurt from the raw piercings that nipped
and tugged against my bra. Under the table, I slid my foot
up Irene's leg, cold and unresponsive as a parsnip.
I wondered why she was ignoring me. I wanted to nip
this problem in the bud so when the boy with hooded
eyes asked me, "Hey, aren't you Joe's girlfriend?" (the brotherhood
of football, I suppose...) I replied with gusto, "Why yes!" I was trying to be snip-
py, to make Irene jealous too. But my tongue
felt guilty and false in my mouth. Irene retaliated by showing off her tongue
piercing to the boys. Maybe God was about to yank out my tongue,
maybe I was being punished for licking the nipples
of both girls and boys. Irene finally talked to me, coaxing me into trying her rib
trick, since I knew what to do with a cherry stem. The rib felt a foot-
long in my mouth. I spit it out still meaty, my mangled maidenhood.
Self-Portrait in Rhyming Slang

I'm artsy-fartsy, ac/dc, always slumped in front of the bobe tube. I'm the bee's knees. I'm a bag with a sag. I'm a culture vulture with a cheap sheet, a chopper-copper, a double trouble dizzy Lizzy. I'm date bait, a dead-head, an eager beaver who likes things even-Steven. I'm a fat cat fag hag playing footsie wootsie with a fancy-nancy glad lad. We're a gruesome twosome going to a function at Tuxedo Junction. I'm a hootchie cootchie who's paid a handsome ransom.
I'm alive 'cause I dig the jive. I've been known to smoke a killer diller kick stick with a lame-brain legal-eagle lane from Spokane. I'm loose as a gooses. I have a mop-chop. My best friends are twins, Mike and Ike. Though I'm full of mojo, I'm a no-go nitwit. A nitty gritty no-show. I'm a okay-dokey ooly drooly piggy-wiggy. I'm a peak freak who spies on my passion ration. I'm a teen queen with a rootin'-tootin' rabbit habit. I'm rum-dum, sake-happy, shirty flirty. I'm a square from Delaware, a silly silly who likes a good thriller-diller. I'm a tootsie-wootsie who talks rubble gubble. I'm a virgin-shmirgin with VD. I'm a wheeler-dealer keeping up with white flight on my walkie-talkie. I'm an ex-boxed Tex-Mex yuk-yuk of a yo-yo. Zodiac-schmodiac! You'll recognize me by my zoot snoot.
David Safie

Vaginas and Herbs

because I have no evidence that veins are not euphoric

no, my face doesn't change

but often

when I am sharing a moment reading

a scene sets upon my inner eye, a meta-immunence

for some reason it is usually a street

accompanied by sentimentalized emotion

but blissful nonetheless

and wanted

and a shock each time

perhaps it is the St. John's Wort

perhaps it's just aging's wisdom seeping out

through or by or in

the frame I see

Epilogue:

If I ever slip into a deeper coma

especially if I am older

promise me one thing: St. John's Wort and whispered fantasies and 10 lifetimes of dreaming
David Saffo

Losing Touch

To my friends that I have moved away from

I want you to know that I drink a lot

of tea. I drink

mugs at night to keep me company

like a conversation would

like holding hands with her used to keep me secure.

Touching something warm

reaching
HNGMN N #1

featuring...

amyBOTTKE

tomCLARK

j.l.CONRAD

deniseDUHAMEL

rhondadeanROBISON

davidSAFFO

wm.vandorenWHEELER

two bucks cheap