/a poetics newsletter from the kaw river bottoms/

/no subscriptions/no 501(c)3/no email/no fax/no whoring/no whineing/no begging/no bodybag/no chapbooks/no contests/no response if i lose it/if i see the words 'prize winning' on any correspondence to this office ...guess what?/ no issue if i get bored/we will continue on an unknown schedule and when the next issue appears is anyone's guess /just because this is free does not mean it's available/nothing is real/everything is permitted/

ED NOTE; Listen up...starting now the next few issues are going to be limited to the work of one person.

Following is <u>untitled</u> work from Lawrence, Ks poet Monica Peck. Ms. Peck divides her time between the University of Kansas and the Bourgieois Pig, one of the local upscale dives. Our advice - approach this poetry with caution and an open mind....you know what that is.

there was then at that time
a sort of waking

>>>>>>>

she takes the bags then -pulls out the full ones --

just then the light hits here
it is the mountain
we want to be here
it is difficult to breath
we brought food

she lifts the full bag out just over the rim of the barrel

walking through the Albanian market
she is avoiding the eyes of men
this is necessary
in front of the museum ice cream

he is putting away his book having finished it

"if it is in she has le

learning

then –

10.00

he

also

he speaks

wanting the

she finds h

there is als

smeltmoneysmeltmoneysmeltmoneysmeltmn

"if it is important I will find it" she has left it at home

learning of -- sitting there -- she then --

he speaks clearly for her -- she

wanting the land then to prove

he speaks of his wife

she finds herself and a bronze chariot there is also a boy riding the horse

>>>>>

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on days like this it is important
he will remember his pen
the hotel was just there: across from
the Temple of Zeus
she did not know what it meant
he does not remember to push in his chair
she rolls away the trash barrel
the sound against the floor tiles
he wants to learn to waltz -that one with his book has gone
there is a woman remaining

in the corner

in a group women rarely speak out why they do not speak at all some of them

she

>>>>>>

>>>

then in her office the books
she made her way among

carpets maps

it was important to her
to get there

in front of the museum children
on the edge of the street sitting
so that it was necessary to walk
around

at that time she did not know she met him later

that day

what music is not playing here do not omit these things

smeltmoneysmeltmoneysmeltmon

there was no sound she walking in there seeing it

sudden recognition

[the man selling leather in front of the library]

the child's face

it was necessary then

for her to be still

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