

WOODEN 1982

TEETH

Volume 4
Number 1

SPEC
LH
1.63
w62



so what if it ain't . . .
a mid-summer night's dream

I always
wanted to
"create"
creamy/ala carte poetries
with lush leafry
dew kissin petals
in sultry shades
at unique-zambique
type places nobody's
ever really
been

dribble six-figure verbs
tendency syllables
and posh putrid passion
thither & yon

to show the
"into"lectules
that I'm ultra-suede
material

I always
planned to
nationality name-drop
and get so
pan-Afrikontinental
that the Power/poets
would rattle their
dread-locks
my way
and say
Welllll-come
little sisterrrr
soooooo Hip

I always
intended to
out-alliterate/obliterate
the ancients
to soar

e
r s
c t

& shake-a-spear
with my brittanica

I always
aimed to
elevate the
transcendental/spiritual
consciousness of
the material mind
and offer inspiration
of an unearthy kind
but

sometimes
plans do
go as
t r a y

Carmen Lattimore

SUMP'M REEL

Is this reeeel enuf
for ya?
2 arms
2 legs
a holler/an hungry
"gimme, gimme, gimme sump'm
reeeel" you say
Welllllllllll?
dig on this
reeeel, live
baby

Carmen Lattimore

Still Life

You dreamed of this night
after night the dark blood
running from you
blood of your blood
a pool on the sheets
on your gown your child
spreading over you liquid
as a dream
of flowers under water
the first bloom of death
a gilt-edged card
the certificate of death
waiting to wake you.

Eric Nelson

Ernest Hemingway (I)

Delivery of the opium in any true
emergency was left
to the sot who stood
to gain the most.
He could be trusted.

Our method was
scientific yours and mine
having said enough of hiking
and the clean life.
Our secret was wider than mountains.

It was a cold bed
and we slept notwithstanding
inertia stilled the
red heart of our
cause and effect.

The sun shuddered cruelly
not caring for our magazine.
We woke with cold, round
faces to the punishing air
in any true emergency was left
to the sot who stood.

Robert Cwiklik

Invasion of Sanctity

no one here feels the weight of darkened corners
misting ephemeral in the heat;
the cool stones in damp crevices
beckoning smooth cheeks to press against the coolness.
sighs
and mutings audible in rooms hung in cloakings
house visages that lay motionless,
waiting for tides to wash clean the salts
of imprisonment.

who, then, left the mottled fingerprints—
the heat of someones elses longings—
on fire beneath my ice mosaicked window?

Sara Dawson

paradise, down under

paradise, down under
drown me, leaves,
with spice-patched hues
and musk,
like men who run through dawn.
seep past the parched, creviced soil
to bury me low and down under.

I've seen the graying
branches,
spindles in the wind,
the twisted bark flailing ghost-like
in the moon.
i've heard the whisp'rings tell me
that paradise is buried
low and down under.

Sara Dawson



Jeanne Trombly

A Story

I

Yellow grass green tiger in an overcoat two sizes too small
Running towards wet wild fields of fresh blue sky over ground.
Fenced in beat up hiking boots on rugged negative sloping terrain,
Futile ascendance to save a tiger without manifestation of an
ever expanding overcoat.

Earth, earth, earth, of soiled rock clay soft underfoot like a
mattress of firm weathered springs.
Or a brook of sweet swooshing water of clear pure taste, aaah.
Swirling and whirling over layers of sand smooth pavilion,
Forming artistic masterpieces in ecological slow time evolution.

II

Hand printed pushed down hard carved symbols on a mathematically
drawn line.
Producing communication in the form of incremental syntactical
structuralism comprehended solely by perception of the visible;
Triggering psychological states of tension and catharsis due to
categorical associations of non verbalized written symbols
with the perpetually misunderstood phenomenon of experience.
"Are you good with stories?" is the penalized synecdoche desiring
information concerning the transference of underlying
symbolism through universal space from mind to pen to hand
written symbol to hand held redefined wooded area to eye to
mind.
"No" is the scientifically deduced logical response to the
interrogative.
"How about facts?"
"Yes"
"I thought you would be. However, this is a story. Let us try
again."



Jeanne Trombly

III

Brown bag scar lit eyes of yellow teethered skin in a man made aluminum cage.

Fallen down concubine of stop me if you can technological enlightenment.

Analyzed by pied peeped horn rimmed ties eyeing redefined wooded area imprinted with the insignia of a foreign bombadeir.

Struggling through the terminal paths of LANewYork in the orange overflow of percipitation.

Help, help, help no good no work because cycles ever continuing cannot be stopped if started or even slowed down when put in motion by blind hulk condescending wearers of fashion pushing buttons for pleasure in the third degree.

Yellow grass green tiger in an overcoat five sizes too small Staring through hot pester bitch of an aluminum cage at rock clay synthetically produced face of looking glass phenomenon burped into stumble down slimy ugh.

Paul Tannenbaum



Cathleen Of The Irish

Twirling and twirling, she wears
a dress of motion;
her long purple skirt
wrapped around, moves.
The ironed creases of her dress's edge
pop-out and float-in.
A movement no eye can snap-shot or pigeonhole
those fuzzy-suzzy blurs,
her quick dancing.
Inside the night
through the candles and twenty-five watt bulbs
of the dim partying pot-filled light,
her revolving cheeks sweating reflect
and re-reflect and re-re-reflect; she's
a lighthouse
that chains the bristled boys at bay
in the shallow edges of the dancefloor, bobbing
hard with their jean panted things
dying to touch on the wet rocks
of slim her turning with her slickening legs.

Curt Lovelace

Cain and Able

You want to slit my throat
in the nefarious night,
Why wait for death in an empty dream?
Futility in gift books for fishermen,
fleeing a black gorilla through a corridor of locked doors.
Brother, I'm not your keeper,
continue your gladiator tests in hockey rinks,
build muscle skills and pride but
no naive surprise at smashed teeth.

Born in assassinated November '63 turmoil
with paranoid Commie missiles aimed
at the Air Force hospital where you slept in day old dreams.
The story is told I gave you my pacifier and then snatched it back
and last summer we brawled at 1AM and smashed furniture.
Why wait so long?
Mother tired, replacing furniture

With open extended hand I tried to coach you
through high school's agony.
I quit yet you need me.
I understand your inherent wierdness because
I'm inflicted with an equal dose.

Gary Reich



Timothy Straight

Dreams of Alice

Alice, your face was thick, sweet, and beautiful
born in crowded old world immigrant New York streets;
captains guided ships past Ellis Island's blue foam and
dying ghetto languages were discarded for hot Yankee soup in
East side swirling tenement houses
that spawned first generation English fluent vaudeville performers;
Groucho, Chico, and Harpo (who poked laughing fingers
that even the slumlords enjoyed).
Humorous stories despite the misery but
illness and time silenced that pushcart world. No more
jovial smiles beneath wild brown hair, only
kaddish and anguish exist beside the white falling candle heat, with
lamentations for the total clock's slow turn and
alarmed misery, now in grandfather's yellow eyes and voice.
Nothing to do, but sit in your green stuffy chair and remember that
obstinate Nixon hatred, forehead wrinkling with complete distaste
for Republicans (except my father).
Politics that don't exist beyond forgotten white condominiums,
secluded quarries of despair and boredom.
Roosevelt's been dead through thirty six office calenders.
Simple needs and pleas were saved with your basement junk, and
thrust into ten grandchildren's arms and hearts.

Gary Reich

Pacific Catharsis

after work but before home before sleep
I sit at the bar drinking
scotch and someone's words
tinged with a whiskey odor
and they're saying Why don't we
have another war
I

say your full of shit thoughtless
shit drunken shit
shit I've been in the Army I

know. Ya Ya Ya Ya
that's what they're saying so
I keep drinking finish my glass and
go.

in bed at home I dream
dreaming layered beneath blankets and blackness
why don't we
have another war
says someone next to me
sitting at the bar on a stool
I

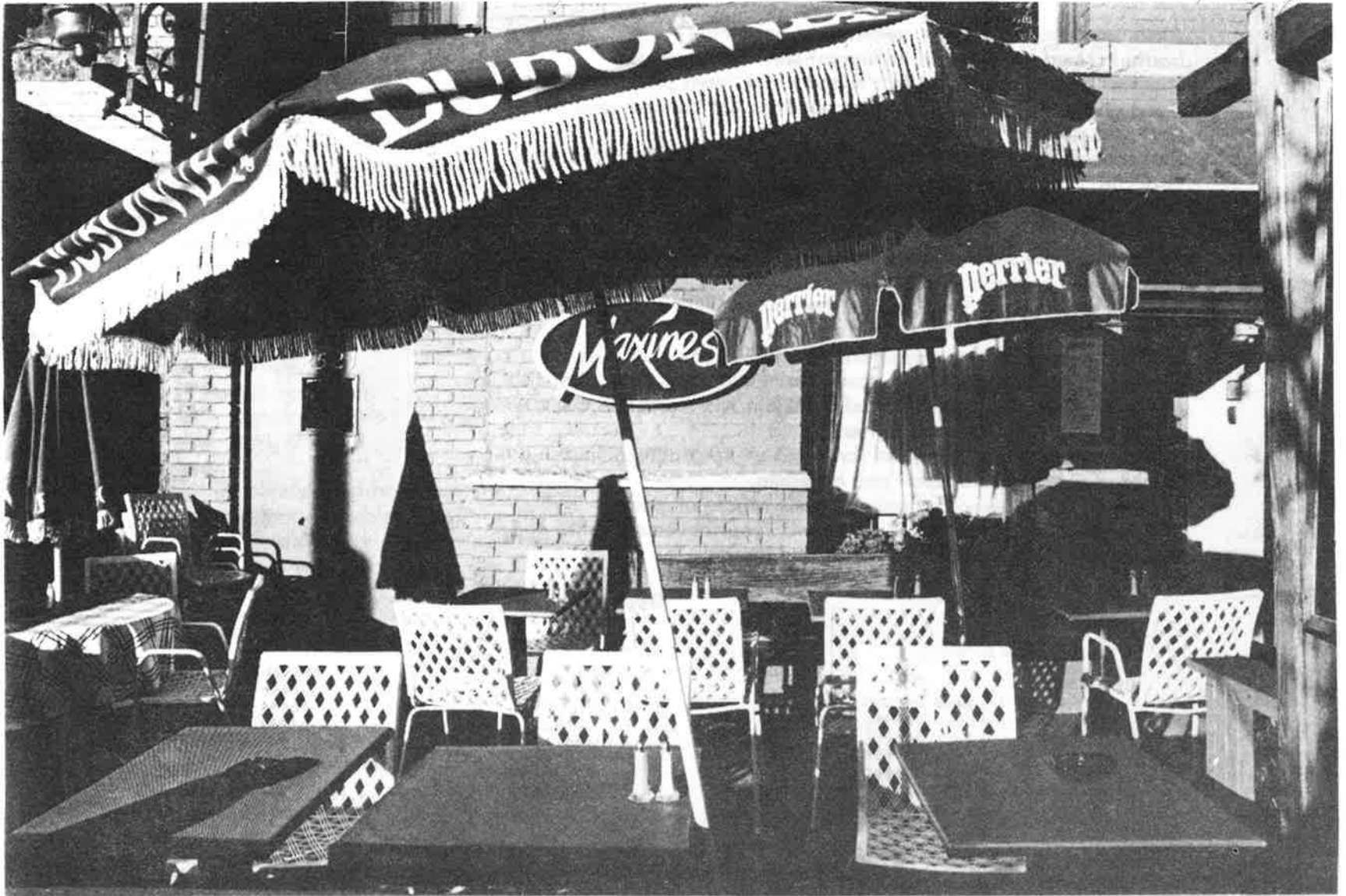
pick-up the nearest bottle and
break their fat ugly mind
gee whiz
says the bartender

could'nt look prettier if you'd dropped a watermelon

and the busboy
sweeps-up the mess grinning
I tip him
get off the stool and

vanish into another nightmare

Curt Lovelace



Judy Sloan

STAFF

Susan Berner
Richard Koman
John LoDico, editor
Paul Tannenbaum
Margaret Vodopia
Beth Wishnick
Frank Van Zant

**STAFF MEMBERS DO NOT PARTICIPATE IN THE
DISCUSSION OR VOTING OF THEIR OWN WORKS**

Front Cover photo by Judy Sloan

The spring issue of *Wooden Teeth* will appear in April.
Please send all contributions to:

Wooden Teeth
Marvin Center, Box 24
800 21st Street
Washington, District of Columbia 20052