

small
shaft
warnings

fall 2006

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A Note of Introduction

Women smell a rigid phallus ten miles away and wonder, How on earth did he spot me from there?

- Samuel Beckett, from *First Love*

The Artist, we believe, is endowed with a special gift, the ability to aestheticize and immortalize moments in life, seeing with his all-powerful artistic eye that which eludes the mainstream. The Artist gives life meaning by infusing it with his powerful vision, by injecting into flaccid and uninteresting everyday experience that which makes it robust, powerful, and captivating.

We view the Artist as exceptional for this reason: he is the self-selecting chosen one, from whose eye we all take our cues, from whose vision we learn to appreciate life. Without Art, Life holds no meaning but rather it is merely an amorphous compendium of moments without synchronization. We spend most of our time merely being alive, but the Artist spends his time showing us life.

The Artist provides us Life, whether in painting, in creating music, but most importantly, in writing—and writers are Artists just as painters or sculptors are, perhaps even more so.

Contemplate, for just a moment, the enormous, the gargantuan effort involved in taking the raw and unformed (often vulgar) bits of trash thrown at us by Fate, and shaping them into, for example *The Odyssey*, *War and Peace*, or *The Jesus Book*. Imagine the hours spent agonizing, the pain and intensity involved in creating, say, *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, *The Wasteland*, or *The Jesus Book II*.

This says nothing of the mammoth sacrifices the Artist must make in obtaining experiences appropriate enough to be made so transcendent. The Artist, in merely living, undertakes grave risks for the sake of creation. Think of the dangers of fighting for Greek Independence,

of taking multitudinous mind-altering substances, or even touching a girl, all in order to understand life to the utmost.

It is Art and the Artist, then, that we must seek as we peruse this Journal. We must allow to reverberate in the most acoustical chambers of our aortas the nights spent agonizing over tear-stained journal pages, the afternoons passed, shades drawn, alone with a pen and a bottle of Nyquil, the trembling and ecstasy as the lust for creation reaches its powerful climax, as Art is born (still sporting its infantile downy hair) onto the once-blank page, now a repository for Life transcended—Life become Art. Art become Life. Life.

Weep, Love, Live, Experience, Transcend! These, my friends, these words spur the Artist onto the creation of the meaning which you are about to encounter for the first time.

Keep this tome, a testament to the Artists who created it, close to your heart and mind in the days and nights to come, and think often of those Slaves of the Muse, those Artists, Poets, Writers and Aesthetes, who so toil to present to you that meaning which they have lovingly created from nothing.

*Dwight Gooden
Ocean City, Maryland*

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HAIKU

Dislike #1

Today I realized I have
No friends and it's okay, they just
wanted my money.

Dislike #2

I am not into
Listening. Other people have kind
Of nothing to say.

Dislike #3

Red butterflies bloom
Outwards from beneath my skin.
I have a gross rash.

Janet Araddo

Haiku of the Super Senior

Motherfucking fuck.
Why can I not graduate?
Goddamnit. Fuck You.

Arthur Chu

Haiku of the Fakeologist

A jumentous air
anisotropically
defenestrated

Dr. Seymour Butts-Glass

What the Toaster Said

Here there is no jelly but only peanut butter.
Peanut butter and no jelly on this grainy toast,
Dropped,
Face down.
If there were jelly
And no peanut butter
If there were peanut butter
And also jelly
And jelly
Grape
A dollop among the peanut butter.
There is dirt under the smeared peanut butter
(Come scrape the dirt from under the smeared peanut butter).
I will show you fear in the filth-covered crust.
Ten second rule.
If there were the taste of jelly only
Or the taste of jelly over peanut butter.
But there is no jelly.

On Lemonade

When I wish upon a star,
The star responds to me, always
Granting my heart's desire.

Others will call me a necrophiliac,
But when life gives one lemons,
In the form of three rotting corpses
In a garage, what is there to
Do but take full advantage?

Anonymous

Springtime

Springtime is so beautiful
It is as beautiful
As a girl
With really nice highlights
Of strawberry blonde
And an organza Chloe dress
And a Prada jacket
And Louboutin heels—but
Not platforms,
For they are clunky.
Springtime is not clunky.
It is as diaphanous
As 6,000+ thread count sheets
Of the finest cotton,
Or maybe those jersey sheets
That feel like old t-shirts.
Those are really nice.
Spring time is really, really
Nice.

Amid the Caskets

I had fun that day
Waiting amid the caskets.
Trying to keep that nosy
Man out of my business.
Trying not to fall asleep.
All these references to God...

We took pictures
 In the caskets
 On top of the caskets.
 Laughing at the dead
 In the casket.
Cause we weren't
 Ha! Ha!
I still didn't get what I
 Came for.
Those people probably thought
I was some sort of hoar.
 I mean whore.
 Screw them.

canal

i lay supine,
my mouth pried open.
the novocain needle
the diamond drill
that other sharp thing
each, in turn, penetrate.

root canal

when i hear “canal” i think
of gondolas,
romance, silver
minnows dancing,
titian blue, etc.

or those chintzy carnival rides,
what are they called,
“Tunnel of Love.”
i’ve never even seen one
in real life.

the drill shrieks,
enters.
perhaps this discomfort
is closer
to
the
truth.

ow.
goddamn.

Forty Two Seconds Later

forty-two
seconds
to become
a man,
forty-two
seconds to leap
from that
window:
from those
enclosing walls
of adolescence.
i took my
clothes
off as she
giggled a little,
blushing at
the Coming
of the loss we
were about to share.
like a giant
machine that puts
holes in donuts,
i punctured her hymen,
tearing asunder the barriers of life,
shattering that window that used to bar the way.
and then, just as hastily as it began, it was over,
she blushed at a different Coming this time.
forty-two seconds spent becoming a man,
forty-two seconds spent leaping from that window into adulthood.

Oak!

I love oak! Finest of woods, you put
pine to shame! O Oak, oak, wood of my dreams.
On you I sleep at night.
Oh Oak, I love thee, worship, adore, and
venerate thee.
Please don't break.

Squove Poem

Oh how I yearn for thee
As thou watchest me from yon height
Would that I could reach you
Caress you
Oh sweet cherub of my dreams!
Would that I could rock you gently
In my arms, as sleeping
We flew away together into the night
And, waking, were still flying for our love
Yet despite all of my desires,

You remain timid at such a distance
Tail shivering
Nose twitching
Mouth chiseling at an acorn
Watching
Me
From the highest branch

Lord of the Wings

Turducken

-noun

1. A chicken stuffed in a duck stuffed in a turkey.

One turducken to rule them all, one turducken to find them.

One turducken to bring them all and in the darkness bind them.

Frodo gasped for air as he trudged through a passageway deep inside Mount Doom. His back exploded in pain with every step; it pleaded with him to stop and rest. But he pressed on. From the chain around his neck hung a thirty-pound turkey. Its weight pushed his head relentlessly forward so that he looked like an old man. As he walked through the dark, dank, winding passages, he thought of his last conversation with Gandalf. “Sauron already has the chicken and the duck,” Gandalf had said. “That turkey of yours is all that he needs to complete the Turducken of Power. You must take your turkey to the place where it was de-boned and cooked by Sauron many years ago: the fathomless poultry frylator located deep within Mount Doom.”

“I will take the Turkey to Mount Doom,” Frodo had said, “Though I do not know the way.”

Frodo sighed. Why was he here? He wasn’t supposed to be doing this. “I should be back at Bag End,” he thought, “With a cup of tea, my pipe, maybe a scone. I don’t belong here.” Frodo sighed again. He sniffed. There was a strange scent in the air. Something he recognized. But what? Where had he smelled that before?

Frodo jolted to a stop. He knew what the smell was: Cajun style fried turkey. He remembered it from when he used to go to feasts hosted by his uncle Bilbo. Frodo’s heart rate quickened. He must be very close now. He began to walk faster.

“Boom.” Frodo stopped, cocked his head to the side, his ears straining. “Boom.” Somebody was yelling. Frodo couldn’t tell if it was coming from behind or in front of him. “Boom.” Whatever it was, it was getting closer. Frodo stooped behind a boulder. He looked back, then ahead, straining his eyes in the torchlight. He saw something move. It was big. It slightly resembled an orc, but even fatter, and with white hair. As it came closer, Frodo could see that it was wearing a dirty

and disheveled suit and tie. “Boom. Brett Favre.” It was muttering to itself. “Brett Favre. John Elway. Tough actin’ Tinactin. Boom. Athlete’s foot. Boom.” The thing stopped and stuck its nose in the air. “I’d know that smell anywhere. That’s a turkey. Smells like Thanksgiving. Turkey and football. Boom!” Frodo’s heart stopped. The thing came closer. It was giving off an unbearable stench. Frodo suppressed his urge to gag. He couldn’t take it any more. Drawing his short-sword, he jumped out in front of the thing.

“Stop. What do you want?”

The thing looked surprised. “I’m looking for a little guy carrying a turkey. I guess that’d be you. Boom!”

“Who are you? Who sent you here?”

“I’m John Madden. You might know me as a football announcer. I was also in the movie *Little Giants*. Have you played my Madden NFL series video games? Doesn’t ring a bell?”

“Who sent you here?”

“Some guy named Sauron. He’s making a turducken. He’s already got a chicken and duck, but he’s looking for a turkey. He said he’d give me a ten-gallon bucket of hot wings if I found him one.”

“You shall not pass,” said Frodo.

“What do you mean I shall not pass?” said John Madden. “I’m going to take that turkey, and I’m going to eat it as an appetizer for my hot wings.”

Frodo turned around and ran. He could hear John Madden’s heavy, plodding steps behind him.

“C’mere, you little bugger,” said John Madden.

Frodo kept running. The smell of fryilator grew stronger. He could see a light at the end of the tunnel. John Madden was panting behind him. The light got closer. Frodo was sweating profusely, the turkey thumping against his stomach with each step. Frodo could now see that the light was a room. The air now smelled like a mixture of funnel cakes, corn dogs, and mozzarella sticks. John Madden still trailed. “Boom. Chicken wings. Turducken. Boom.”

Frodo had reached the end of the tunnel. He ran out into a large open space. There was a pit in front of him. He looked into it. About a hundred feet down, hot grease bubbled and roiled. “Looks... like... you’ve reached... the end of the... road,” panted John Madden. “Let’s... let’s have that turkey.”

Frodo grabbed his chain and pulled. He felt the metal dig into his flesh. Blood

trickled down his wrist. Suddenly, the weight of the turkey was off his neck. He looked down and saw that he was holding the broken chain with the turkey on the end. With his last remaining strength, he heaved it into the frylator.

“My chicken wings... No!” screamed John Madden. “I’m coming for you, turkey,” he yelled, and he jumped into the pit. John Madden and the turkey landed with a splash. Frodo saw John Madden’s head resurface, yell a feeble “boom,” and then fall back into the hot grease, never to be seen again.



Masonic Stag #2
Dwight Gooden





Window
Gaye Toppel

Lousy Poet

I.

You told me your favorite book is *Pamela*.
I smiled and snickered at the office furniture.
Give me a kiss and I shall release you.
From the harmony of your life.

II.

You come to class late, unprepared.
You take a seat next to the jock with the bad spelling.
He waves “hi” you just nod because you don’t want to interrupt
Class.
From the harmony of your life.

III.

I come to every field hockey game.
They announce your name, “Amanda Elizabeth Seaton”
Yet they forget to mention the lilt in “Amanda” that is
Endemic to New England,
Where you come from interruption. Interruption.
The harmony of your life.

IV.

You say “Those new pants are flashy,”
And I look away and blush.
I meant for a witty reply,
But instead I only blush
Let me take you from that jock’s arms and feel your warm touch.
The harmony of your life.

The harmony of your life.
The harmony of your life.
Just join.

In the pleasant afternoon office hours.

Because no one ever comes to them and you are late already and afraid that your grade will really be affected by your recent pattern of absences and I agree, "Yes, it will." You promise to rededicate yourself but all I can think of is

The harmony of your life.

Which glows and glowers upon the afternoon breaking point winter session A I wish would last longer.

V.

Bless you. She said bless you when I sneezed.

VI.

I will endure this silence because I know that you don't mean to meet me in this moldy room, it's not by choice but by fantasy. The same fantasy that releases the smelly Romans from their ranks every time I open my history book. Because I know that you don't mean to meet me in this moldy room, but fantasy has a strong scent, like that of a lion licking its young. And so on.

The harmony

Of

Your l-L-LLLlife.

Which screams...POET! POET! POETPOIET POIINT OUT...POEIINT POINT POIIINT!!! You are a lousy poet. You are a lousy poet.

You didn't come. Norah Jones.

You are a lousy poet.

At the Forward Motion

At the forward motion
A gush like red Kool-Aide
An annoying sound
Clearly a lack of voice lessons
Or someone had not oiled a swing.
But the page not printed in my book
Hold the details of the spell.
A sword is supposed to be naked.
A ninja,
Today
Was
covered
in
pink lemonade.

The Pill

Into the chasm of torpid verisimilitude
I plunged on that cold and wintry day
My boots were wet
And my heart was very
 Very
 Cold.

Because she told me, tipping the arrogant point
 Of her proboscis
That my soul and her soul could never
 Align.

She sent me into the chasm of torpid verisimilitude
With her wrinkly heart
Cold, like my boots...

Betwixt my half closed lids
As I lay on my bed of pain,
I saw the bloodied, beaten box
And "Advil" was its name.

I took one pill, then two and four, and five and six and seven
 And
No longer did my soul contort
Like a pretzel.

Now I am free, from tainted love
And chasms of besotted grief
Together we all sing the name
Of Ibuprofen.

girl again

I

gnatted hair and rose petal feet
I am a little girl again

II

cerulean bliss spreads
your icy touch
it is the middle of winter
your touch invigorates
at the same time I shiver

Suicide

i.

It took Peter ten mini-minutes to dress. Cold air mixed with smells of incense in the dawn-dark room. A short crisp ellipse of dawn enters the room. His mother knocked incessantly upon the door. He tore the “page a day” calendar, buttoned his grey shirt, and gathered his books and left for class.

ii.

Home again. A tab of Nighttime Tylenol on the nightstand reminded Peter of last night. He slid onto the bed, looking about the room. There were a few posters that his brother had left before he moved on to college. Ithaca College. These posters included one of a dying man looking up into eternity, the unknown. One of those new age things, very swirly, filled with detail. It looked good on the closet door. Sort of. Peter couldn't decide whether to tear it down and leave that door blank or accept that it was still his brother's room. Peter was beginning to at least appreciate the white space. Peter walked to the desk.

There was homework. He chucked the homework out the window onto the patchy townhouse ground. There was no longer homework. Peter stared at the blank wall above his bed; this was his favorite hobby.

iii.

“Hi Peter!” “Hi Rob, what's up?” “Hey, we're having trouble with the math homework and we thought you might know how to do this SAS, AAA, stuff.” “Rob, I'm sorry, I haven't looked at it yet.” “Oh.” “Well, maybe call back later.” “Sure.” “OK.” “Bye bye.” “Bye.” Bye bye, jerk.

iii.

Dinner—mess. It had a measure of closure to it, certainly, but it felt odd. Father chose not to attend. I sat across from mother and she stared at me as I slowly

whipped the mashed potatoes. “How was your day?” “Fine.” “Good. Do you have any plans for the weekend?” “Sort of..” I smirked slowly. She looked at me plaintively.

Yelling “Potator” I rose and retired to my room. The End.

iv.

Little boy hates his life. Brought it up in class discussion. Pretty awkward, only the second week of the new public school. Pubic school. My father hates it when I say that. Driving about in his car on Saturday afternoon in one of those nicer suburbs to the hardware store, he turns off the stereo and politely lectures.

“My Father and His Mistress.” A story in three parts. Absolutely no basis in fact, I explained to the class. No basis in fact. Because everyone understands that it is just a creative writing class. I told the fellow who adamantly sits next to me that I like boys. He frowned and pulled away.

v.

Committing suicide shouldn't be this easy. If it were this easy, everyone would do it. It's just the simple touching mechanism. Touch. Touch. Touch. Touch. Knife blade. Knife blade. Knife blade. Soft knife blade on the skip slip sleight of hand of the skin of my wrist. Knife blade. Red lovely spurts. Something retch-worthy, certainly, but still, simply to take one out of one's body and look back at this scene at night is nice. I'll mention it in my journal.

The textbooks at night. The unmade bed. The messy carpet. Bag of Doritos. Faint-hearted Lamp. Whirring laptop. Oak desk. Marcel Proust. I see the light plastic stars I pasted fall from the ceiling. One. Two. Three-Four-Five-Six, Seven. Eight. There are eight stars on the floor. “I am special, because I had a wrist cut.”

vi.

Look at me, 'ma, I'm dead. I hid myself under the sheets that well. Sleep. Sleep. Sleep. Sleep.
And the cat mewls.
Death.

Rufus Matlick

An Ice Cream Sundae

An ice cream sundae
-When in despair-
Is like a burst! Of water! To a

Thirsty
Parched
And tired

French legionnaire, the oppressive
Heat of the Sahara slowly

D
E
S
T
R
O
Y
I
N
G
Him.

You

You've given me more pain than anything else

Yet still I find all my thoughts and hopes centering on you.

Irreversably they run to you

So I lay in bed, alone, wishing, as though a wish could bring you here.

And time flies by.

Time, time flies by, seconds tick away

And every second is a moment.

Moments, moments spent alone.

Moments of precious imagined tenderness.

And I keep telling myself that it's going to stop but it never does.

I keep telling myself it's going to stop.

It never does.

In unreturned affection my thoughts turn to sadness.

And in sadness, back to you.

It's a vicious cycle. It never stops, never releases me.

There is no way out.

And I keep telling myself that it's going to stop but it never does.

I keep telling myself that it's going to stop but it never does.

It never does.

It never does.

It never does.

It never does.

And still I lay here.

the thin blue line

nothing
marred legs and ruins.
short-skirt season!
varicose veins, Sally Singer.
Resorts to surgery to erase
her unsightly squiggle
once – and she hopes
for all.

my veins-
horribly tangled and twisty.
my internal network
looks like a ball of string, after
a cat's gotten to it..

shitty pen
“don't die on me!”
again

plagiarism
unwitting beast within my words
spites me, I only wish
to dance in the flowered fields of invention!
Alas, alliteration abates, and
I stand alone, in empty echoing caves
of my mind.

Mel's Lament

You, I despise.

You, I hate.

 You bitch.

You're a bitch, bitch, bitchy shithead.

Stupid rain. Ruined my new hat.

Contributors

Janet Arrado does not believe in the healing powers of magnetized bracelets, or that anyone's aura is indigo.

B. Betty Bamalam is currently pursuing a Bachelor of Arts degree in statistics and computer science [-Eds].

Dr. Seymour Butts-Glass has a Ph. D. in skepticism from the Massachusetts Institute of Astrology.

Edward Estlin Cayme got his B.A. from Harvard in 1915 and a Master's Degree in English and Classical Studies in 1916 from the prestigious Spoooge Mcfuturesex-worthy Institution. Although many claim he is now deceased, they are fucking liars because he is currently a vampire residing in rural Quebec. [-Eds].

Arthur Chu is actually a real person and really wrote this haiku, I'm not kidding [-Eds].

Carol Cottonwound cannot control her countless cancerous crawdads.

Adamsmith Davidson would like to thank his grandparents for teaching him the value of a simple, boring, alienating lifestyle.

Richard Elmwood once killed a logger with a dildo.

Mel Garçon is 5'10, 203 lbs., brown eyes/auburn hair.

Dwight Gooden does not have cloven hooves.

Lizzy Jackets has had a poem on cosmetic gum surgery published in Vogue.

Rufus Matlick is consumed by lavender flames.

Gerald "Tappy" McIllingillingsworth's interests include dead languages, tantric sex, and offal.

Nick thought he was writing a Phoenix column.

Rich Samuelson prefers Alicia Keys to Norah Jones. So does Bob Dylan, so fuck you.

Ashleeeee Simpson has a mind of her own, for real, ok?

P.B.J. Smelliot most enjoys painting in shades of white.

Gaye Toppel has never considered taxidermy.

Jodie Tyler was played by Rachel Foulger on an episode of Whispering Smith in 1961.

Polly Wali-Dudle has champagne sloshing in her shoes and five volumes of Marxist

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