

scrapping
chunks from
the roof of my
skull

Up, down, over

What this is? Zine in the trading card style. Each pack has 9 cards. If you should come across this magazine, please read it and then wonder, wonder what. A big fat what held in unknowing hands.

This art was developed for a show curated by Billy Miller for the Jersey City Artists studio tour 2008 called "_____in A Box."
Original size: 8 x 10"

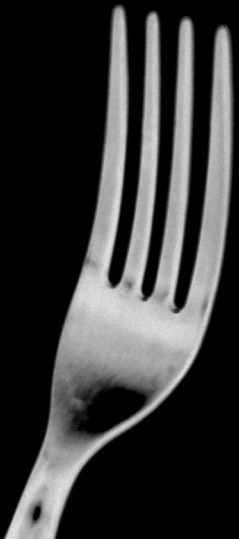
Special thanks to Jenifer Lehker, Dan Johnston, Nancy Martell. Cover photo: Jeremy Darty.

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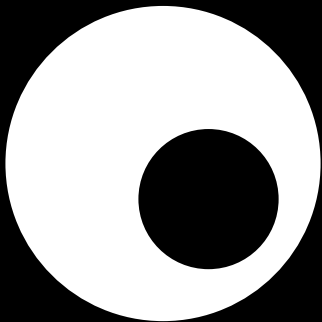
Fork



Fork

Take the lowly fork, pedestrian utensil of the most common type. My friend at dinner, enemy at the chess board. Carved from wood or forged from steel, this deal will not be sealed. Forks fumbled for in the night through silverware drawers. Left lastly for the next disaster. Holes pressed evenly into meat and broccoli, retrieval kept constant, constantly.





the end is near



The End is so near I can taste it

Saving the end for last, I tend to start at the beginning. But the middle is middling with my melancholy roots. Sadness reigns, roots reach out, bleached out blonde, long gone blonde, for a song, for a song. My megaphone of doom and gloom, no sonic boom, no denial of a star filled sky. Tears fall from eyes not sad or filled with smoke. Tears fall.

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CARD NO. 2





Truth

Truth?

What do you know of truth? Truth is the gun at your head, truth is the poison in the well of deceit. My truth is less in need of positive proof. Truth is delivered with verbal intonation to those in need. A singular drink, or a baby-out-with-the-bath-water moment. I ride my moments like a kite rides the air. Fledgling grasps at what must be. Hard right at the light, keep it on the road at all costs.

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CARD NO. 3



OIL
SAVES
CHILDREN



Save the children

What? You are against the children?
How do you sleep at night. How do you stand the sight of your own face?
I will fight to the end for the little ones, let it be known here and now.

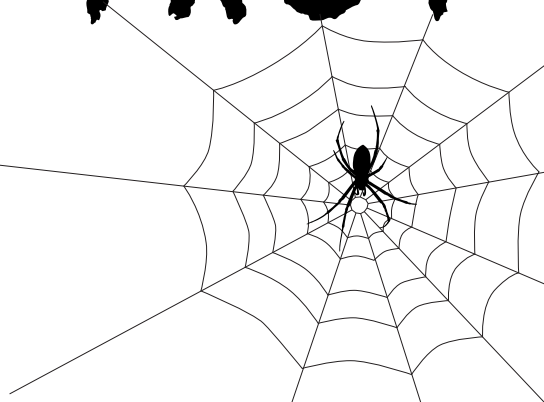
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CARD NO. 4



Think

FAST



Slow and steady

Upward to the future, or whenever that comes. Fast forward future or slowed down present, my mind does it's own somersault into the foray. Spider or fly, choose your poison, your goose is cooked either way. Sad sentence structure with high cheek bones will not help you now. My punctuation is all handmade (in theory only). Beginning and ending, capitalize on your current situation. I plead with you, I beg of you, endlessly . . .

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CARD NO. 5





Everything
has an
engine

Engine

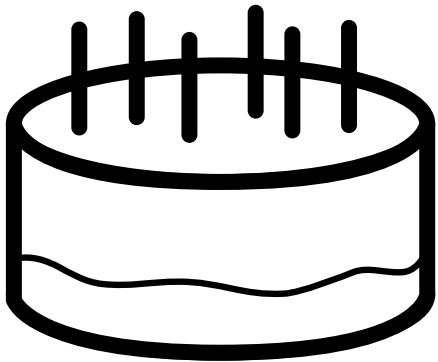
All good days deserve engine, but could turn out to be our undoing. Ask the sky as it grows dark from clouds of black dust and junk. Sky closes up shop one day, sun says "See ya". Dogs bark in the distance. Everything needs attention, but neglect is the friend of all weeds. Everything needs an engine, every act, every motion. Stray right, start early, make your attempts less feeble: What the world needs now.

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CARD NO. 6



Fake



Cakes & Coffins

If you feel it, the cake will come.
Cake will seek you out that way. Wet
tears freshly cried onto the top of a
waterproof cake. A sideways trip down
your own progress masked in part by
annual cake. Cake almost always
evokes good times. No cake at
funerals? Ok, it is settled there must
be cake at my funeral, with candles.
Blown out candles.

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CARD NO. 7



Nobody
knows my
name

—anonymous

Anon

Oh to be a person unknown, endlessly seeking my place in the minds of others. The sweet science of a long shot left in tears. Don't want to fade into nothing? Wallpaper in the halls of walk-on-bye. I see the riot but I do not attend the party. Fear of the known/unknown. Thoughts strewn around the room like dogs to the slaughter. "Hello I say. Hello, hello I say

