

## The Plague of the Politically Correct

All I can offer is,  
they're easily pissed off,  
to paraphrase Disney,  
"Six out of seven  
midgets  
agree."

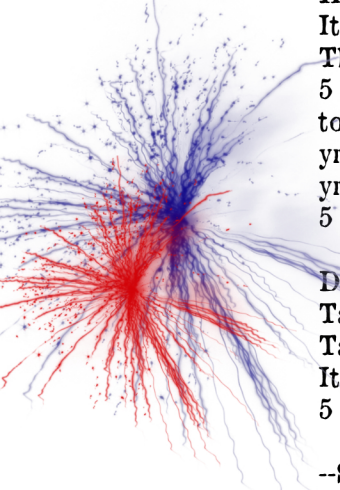
--Bill Gainer

### 5 Seconds

Hey Motherfuckers!  
It's time for the revolution, motherfuckers!  
They say it only takes 5 seconds  
5 seconds  
to decide yr position  
yr role  
yr fate  
5 seconds, motherfuckers!

Do it now, motherfuckers!  
Take yr stance  
Take yr side  
It only takes 5 seconds  
5 seconds, motherfuckers!

--Steven Purkey



# Citizens For Decent Literature

Part II: Always Do Whatever's Next  
--George Carlin

### hoodlum in the night

I was out wandering the summer night at 2 a.m.  
it was wet and warm  
under the streetlights of the strip mall  
abandoned at night  
I saw a liquor store  
and decided I wanted to get drunk  
when I looked around  
I found a large stone about the size of a soccer ball

I thought *what luck!*...

do you know how strong reinforced glass is?

I threw the stone at the storefront window several times  
but each time it just smacked right off and  
hit the pavement with a loud crack

I thought *what kind of a country is this*  
*where a boy can't even be a hoodlum when he wants to?*

then I went back to wandering the streets  
with the eyes of the oncoming cars  
staring at me.

--Ross Vassilev

*"Is something wrong?" she said*  
*Of course there is*  
*"You're still alive," she said*  
*Oh, and do I deserve to be?*  
*Is that the question?*  
*And if so...if so...who answers...who*  
*answers...? --Pearl Jam*

### EULOGY

The magazine's headline was  
**DESTROYED BY DADDY,**  
a story about Miley Cyrus,  
& I couldn't help but  
make an incest joke.  
It didn't go over well.  
Gross, they said.  
Disgusting, they said.  
It was as if I said  
I wanted to kick  
grandma  
in her cancer.  
Which wouldn't have gone over well either  
if I said it instead of just thinking it,  
which is why I miss you,  
you the only person  
who would have found this  
as funny as I do.

--Craig Scott

### Warmth

I once died  
on top of

3 other lifeless bodies

and sprawled and naked and pale green  
in the shaky light

I cried out to death  
to stick her head into my mouth

and when she came

I sprouted new hands and feet  
above the cold ones

and climbed from the rubble of flesh  
and meat

to stain the air.

--April Michelle Bratten

### Drop Dead Stop

Running into drop dead stop—  
it hurts, you know.

Got a gumption to set myself on fire  
but all the signs said "hell no" ...  
Go back the way you came,  
so I ended up in that tiny place  
droppin' like a damsel, I squirmed  
I swore on fate another day  
but she found me 'cross the aisle  
in that nondescript truck stop  
all that brought me was the neon signs  
and no car. go, go, go.  
Not a second of misdirectognition—  
but it'd been so long.

Where will the story end?  
Another patron enters, another  
messages to atoms, material moves  
a plane, I am surely unaware of, working  
the road turns, it bows.

--Michele McDannold

"Boy, when you're dead, they really fix you up. I hope to hell  
when I *do* die somebody has sense enough to just dump me in  
the river or something. Anything except sticking me in a  
goddam cemetery. People coming and putting a bunch of  
flowers on your stomach on Sunday, and all that crap. Who  
wants flowers when you're dead? Nobody." --J.D. Salinger,  
The Catcher in the Rye, 1945

### I Will Always Love You

Last night  
I had a dream,  
you were in it,  
you were kind of like  
the star --  
that is  
until the funeral.  
Well,  
it wasn't actually a funeral,  
it was more like  
hiding the body.

I probably should have  
dug the hole  
a little deeper,  
but there wasn't a lot of time,  
after all  
it was a dream  
and there are limits.  
Though, that didn't bother me  
as much as the blood.  
It always seems  
there's a lot of blood  
and no matter how hard  
you try  
you always seem to ruin  
a good pair of slacks  
in these kind  
of dreams.

Now don't get me  
wrong,  
because, this is  
only a dream  
and I don't want to  
put you off  
any.  
All I  
really  
want you to know  
is --  
no matter how nasty  
your evil ways get...  
no matter  
how tight  
the thumbscrews  
get screwed...  
No matter what  
I have to do  
to prove it --  
I will always  
love you...

--Bill Gainer

### GOLD FISH

I remember as a kid  
winning a gold fish  
at the county fair  
was a big deal

taking it home  
half dead already  
in a plastic bag  
filled with stagnant water

your mom  
(dads had no time  
for such nonsense)  
with a smile phonier  
than the carny folks  
who'd put the fish  
in the bag would  
put the little half-  
dead fucker  
in a round bowl  
knowing it wouldn't  
be long before you  
woke up one morning  
to find the little fucker  
belly-up dead

& one day  
many years later  
you would come across  
a publisher who reminded  
you of those days of  
youth & dead gold fish  
& realize the best kind  
of gold fish were the  
belly-up-dead-ones.

F.N. Wright

