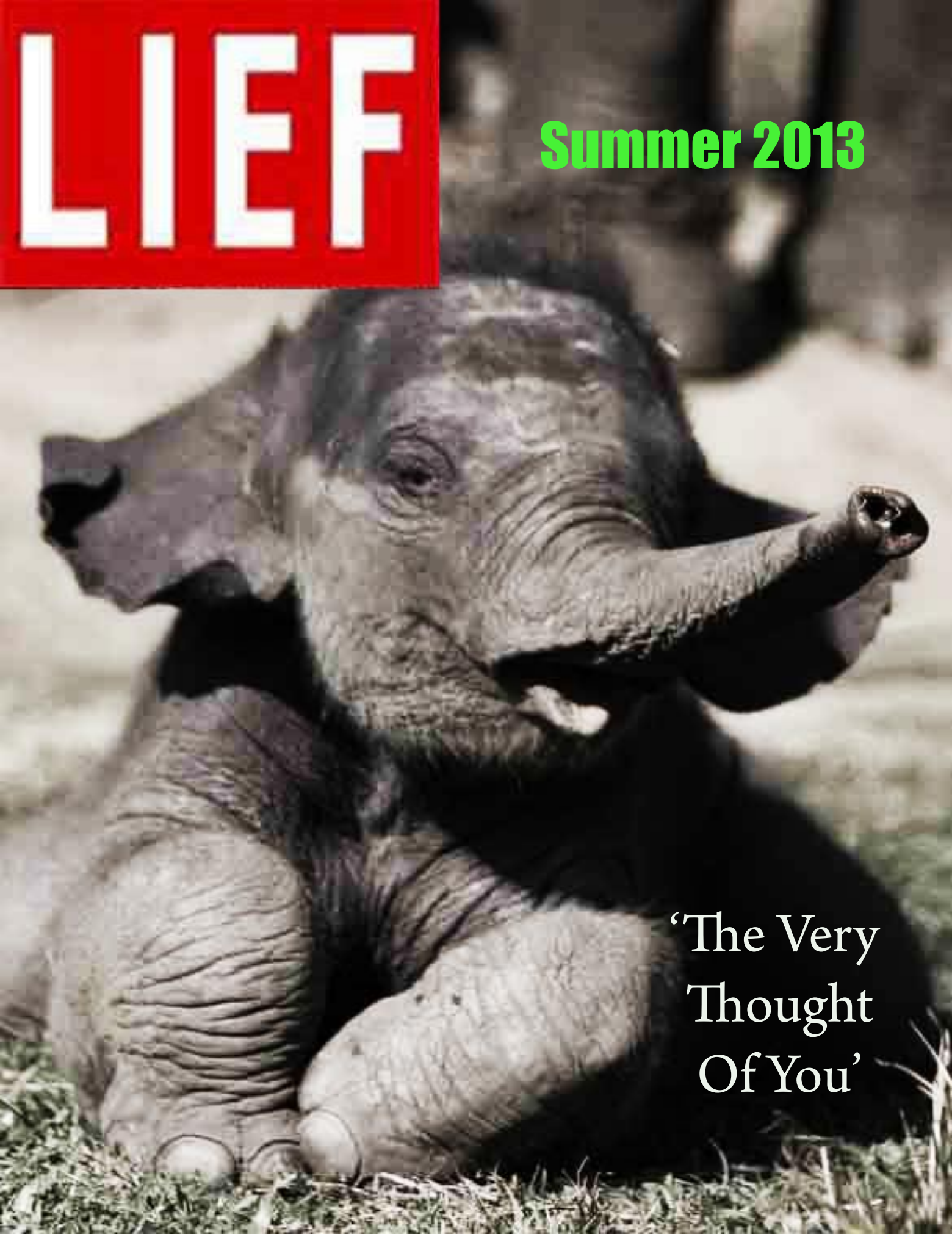


# LIEF

Summer 2013



‘The Very  
Thought  
Of You’

**EYES That**  
**SEE**  
**Do NOT**  
**Grow**  
**OLD**

**LATIN AMERICAN DICHOS**  
**COMPILED AND TRANSLATED BY**  
**RICHARD BRODERICK**

CLICK ON TITLE TO SEE



# Talking to the Moon

*LIEF Magazine scored a literary coup in its initial issue by reporting that reclusive novelist Byron Moon is not only alive, but living on a kind of dog ranch near Cloquet, Minnesota.*

*Co-editor Danny Klecko ran into the Pulitzer-winning novelist at a Pamida store. Since then we have kept tabs on Mr. Moon, and Mike was fortunate to elicit this extremely unusual interview, conducted via telephone in January, 2013.*

Q. Mr. Moon, many of us are flabbergasted that after 36 years of seclusion, you were spotted buying dog food at a country store. We thought we would never hear from you, or read your words again.

A. Well, here I am, I guess. I buy dog food every week, generally on Tuesdays. I got a lot of dogs.

Q. Setting aside the dogs for a moment, why did you do it? Why did you deprive the world of your talent all these years?

A. People seem to have gotten along all right without me.

Q. You were the author of the most influential novel of the Sixties, *The Slapping of the Grunion*. And then you disappeared. What was that all about?

A. Oh, I guess I didn't enjoy it all that much. I get more satisfaction just being with my friends.

Q. The dogs.

A. Correct. Dogs are so much nicer than writers and editors and reviewers and that sort. They don't care who you are or what people say. They just like what they like, in the present tense. All these years later, I still find that quite refreshing.

Q. Was there any one thing that set you off?

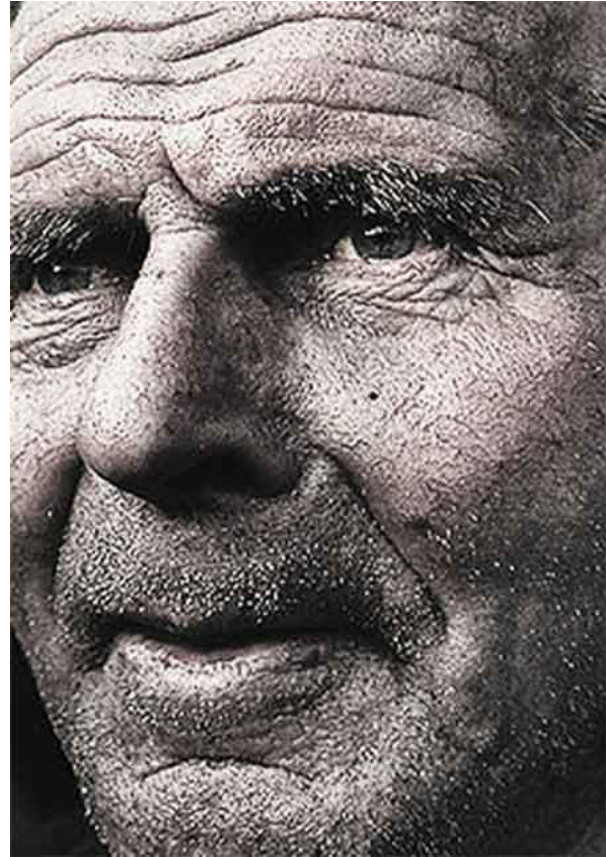
A. Not exactly. One day I just shrugged and said, I don't have to keep being this way. So I quit. I keep an eye peeled for fires and report to the national forest office. I grow my honeydews. And I have over 130 dogs.

Q. My goodness, how can you write with all that noise?

A. Well, I didn't exactly say I was writing, did I?

Q. But my God, Mr. Moon, your talent? How could you squander that gift on a bunch of animals?

A. Oh, I'm still quite famous, to them.



---

'I guess I didn't enjoy being famous all that much. I get more satisfaction just being with my friends.'

- Byron Moon

---

LIEF MAGAZINE

Editors: Mike Finley & Danny Klecko

Q/A Chief: Dara Syrkin

<http://mfinley.com/lief>

[liefmag@gmail.com](mailto:liefmag@gmail.com)

## **The Conversations of Men**

*By Paul Hostovsky*

My girlfriend says she would like to be a fly

on the wall between two urinals.

What would she overhear? she asks me.

I tell her the last time a man spoke to me

above a urinal, I think he said, "How about them Bruins?"

And what did you say in return? she wants to know.

I say I didn't know what to say because

I don't know anything about hockey,

and I didn't watch the game or even know

there was one. But I didn't want him

to know that. So I think I said, "Goddamn!"

because it sounded heartfelt yet noncommittal,

because he may or may not have been a Bruins fan,

and because the Bruins may or may not have won,

and because he was trying to make contact

with his gender, and if I said I didn't see the game,

or if I said I didn't follow hockey or don't

give a shit about the Bruins, he would probably

feel like he hadn't made contact. And I would feel

less of a man. So I said, "Goddamn!" and he said

"Unbelievable!" and shook his head in approval,

or maybe it was disapproval—it was hard to tell, I tell her,

because the whole thing was more or less peripheral.



# Dear Diary

*by Barry Blumenfeld*

dear diary, i met a fella last  
nite, it was in a taxi & he was  
driving, actually. i can't say how i  
arrived at such a state, but (ssshhhh) i'll tell  
you in a whisper that as i glided  
(i like to think of it that way) among  
the billows of my skirt into the back  
of that man's cab (red leather!) i was sooo  
tipsy. christmas eve and ten below, and  
where did my white frock coat, the one with blue  
spangles to match the glitter i glued to  
my eyelids, go off to i wonder. it  
wasn't with me in there is all i know.  
cunning, too, it was, i hated to lose it.  
i lose ever so many things in cabs  
and ladies' rooms, i must have left half my  
life behind, all those nites of mine on the  
town. well, i don't get into town so much.

half my life (the other half), what am i  
doing? you know, diary dear, and you  
know i could use a break once a year or  
so. imagine the nerve of that fella,  
getting mad on account of a tiny  
accident on his precious leather seat.  
i guess he never spat up after some  
festivities. i ask you, diary,  
is that how a real seaman acts? some  
seaman. "between voyages," says he. huh!  
i bet! but after i ran into the  
a & p and came out with the clorox  
and soaked the mess up, i thot he was a  
little nicer. asking me for my number  
and all. and i might call him too, who knows?  
not me! i'll have to think about some things  
first. like the nickname, what's up with that? and  
the trick pipe and the yucky laff! o well,  
dear diary, he did look kinda stacked  
in that stupid sailor suit. you never  
know, i guess. your friend,

olive.



## **The Three Gifts**

*By Holly Dowds*

When I knew to be embarrassed  
at my shortcomings;  
get angry at what had happened;  
mourn my old self.  
I don't know have many stages  
of acceptance  
or of grief  
I went through,  
nor had I the slightest idea  
how to find out what those might be;  
and finally let it all go.  
But the most amazing, incredible, wonderful thing  
is that I never lost my sense of humor.

Anyone who brags about being a genius  
is a real idiot, I always said.  
Because it is not an earned or learned asset,  
just a gift of nature.

I used to have that gift.  
Not that it made any difference.  
Not that it saved me from the incident --  
and medicine fiasco incident --

that ate away at my brain.  
Then, when I could no longer  
remember where I lived;  
or find my way out of a vestibule;  
or figure out whether getting dressed  
or taking a shower came first;  
then I had a new gift.  
I was so stupendously dumb  
that I didn't even know it.

Next came the days of adjustment  
as my brain made valiant attempts  
to fix this and that,  
and a few areas awakened.





# Awakening

*by Norita Dittberner-Jax*



The silky pajamas  
and red lipstick you wore  
to bed every night in 9th grade --

no one in that household  
of nine teased you,  
or did you hide it,

the desire to be rescued  
by a fireman in black boots  
who would climb the roof

of the porch,  
stride to the window  
and carry you down

in his arms, you  
in your silks,  
body fluid and light.



# Do Not Abandon Your Angels

*by Mary Kay Rummel*

Even those priestly eaters of sins and moldy potatoes  
chimneysweeps and keepers of basements  
doubters who preach to toadstools  
uncles whose hearts limp to a small amount  
of soul-shaking---aunts who are holy and useless.

Do not abandon them.  
When you sit alone in the unlit kitchen  
when the notes won't come  
when the bow flies around the room  
one octave higher than the violin  
it is because you are in love  
with perfection, which is death—  
as every angel knows.

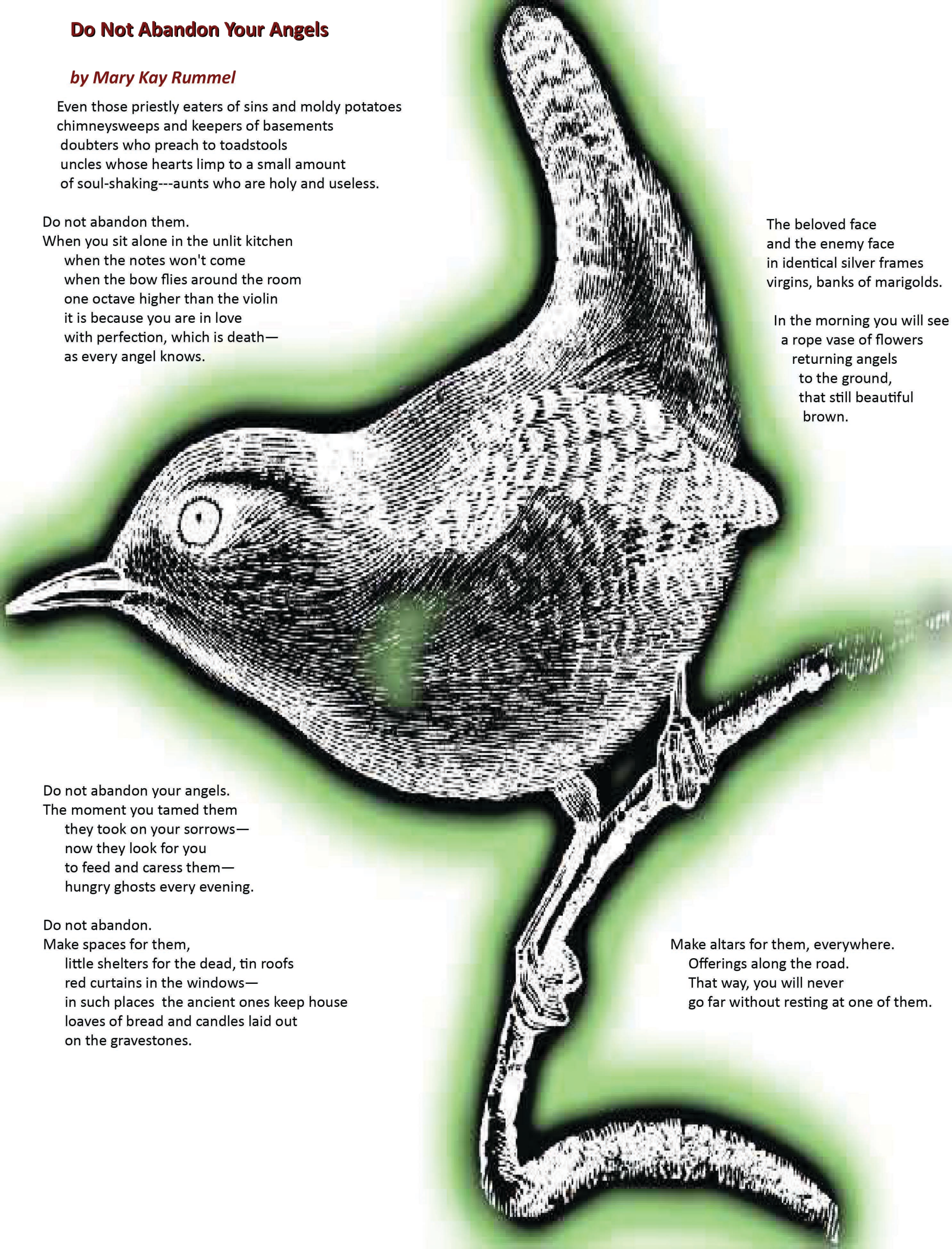
The beloved face  
and the enemy face  
in identical silver frames  
virgins, banks of marigolds.

In the morning you will see  
a rope vase of flowers  
returning angels  
to the ground,  
that still beautiful  
brown.

Do not abandon your angels.  
The moment you tamed them  
they took on your sorrows—  
now they look for you  
to feed and caress them—  
hungry ghosts every evening.

Do not abandon.  
Make spaces for them,  
little shelters for the dead, tin roofs  
red curtains in the windows—  
in such places the ancient ones keep house  
loaves of bread and candles laid out  
on the gravestones.

Make altars for them, everywhere.  
Offerings along the road.  
That way, you will never  
go far without resting at one of them.







## **Letter to Japan** *by Jeanne Lutz*

dear tanaka-san  
a cold day and me shoveling  
shoveling snow as if I still  
have something to prove or to  
tame me shoveling madly when  
for no reason I remember  
tokyo

wisteria festivals  
cherry blossoms  
the kanda shrine and  
holy koi rocks and deer  
monks at the bus stop  
business men bowing to trees  
the tsukiji fish market and

me lost yet again every  
turn taking me deeper  
into the wrong way until  
you found me  
I held your hand not wanting  
to reach the main road

I still have the harmonica you  
gave me I still  
put my mouth on it where  
your mouth used to be  
the tsunami hit  
earth shifted on its axis  
and the resutoran where we  
shared tea is no more no more  
no more  
write to me tanaka-san



# The Last Stop

by Michael K. Gause

"Did I ever tell you about the time I picked up Little Richard when I was on the police department?"

It is about an hour before I have to be at my gate, and my father and I sit across from each other in a bar in the airport. The TV is loud. The seats are near the window. You can see planes leave in the distance, but there is a big one staring at us in the window. It's the one I'm getting on, I think.

"I think I heard Mom mention it once a long time ago."

"Yep. It was down in El Paso, Texas."

"What year?"

"Whassat"

"What year was that?"

He clicks his tongue thickly.

"That would be, about nineteeeee fifty-six. Something like that. I'd been in the police department about six months. My partner and I were

patrolling La Quinta Street. I remember.

It was La Quinta Street. And we come up and there was this guy walking down one of the side streets. Well, my buddy and me, we pulled behind the guy shining our headlights on 'im. He turns around and low and behold if it wadn't Little. Richard."

"Brush with greatness."

"Yessir."

We sit there, each of us picturing him. In my vision he's at a black and white piano, dancing around, yelling Tutti Frutti from behind an ancient TV screen. In the background sax players move in time. Behind them are my dad and his partner, black leather jackets waiting for him to finish. I don't want to think about what my father's vision is.

"What did he do?"

"Hmm?"

"You said you picked him up. What did you pick him up on?"

My father looks at me blankly. It's clear there never has been more to the story.

"Oh. Uh. Vagrancy."

One one-thousand. Two one-thousand.

"He was walking around and you picked him up?" It's a fact that I state like a question.

"Some streets in that town were just not streets you walked down."

And there it is, that tone, the one that lets you know the Truth is here and you don't need to question. I haven't heard it since I was twelve. It hasn't been missed.

What did he do wrong?"

My father shifts in his seat and tries to laugh but coughs instead.

"Things was different back then, son. They weren't like they are now." His

chin is down and his eyebrows are raised, I don't know why.

"Was it because he was black?" I ask, rubbing my finger up and down the side of the bottle.

He turns to look out the window past the large nose of the plane wondering where it all goes.

"Things was just different back then, son."

Three one-thousand. Four one-thousand.

Well.

Yeah.

I guess I should.

Yeah.

Thanks for seeing me off and watch your blood pressure and take care of mom and thanks for the beer. We hug awkwardly, and I watch him slowly walk away, looking at everything and trying to look unimpressed.

On the plane, I shove my bag under the seat in front of me. The return home conversations are already starting, jumpy voices ready to get back. A man is trying to engage his teenage son a couple of rows back, but the boy pretends not to hear.

I realize this must be it, this distance between them, the place where it all goes. I want to find my father and tell him, so he will understand. I hear the boy's name called again and again. I just turn and look out the window. I don't have the heart to watch.

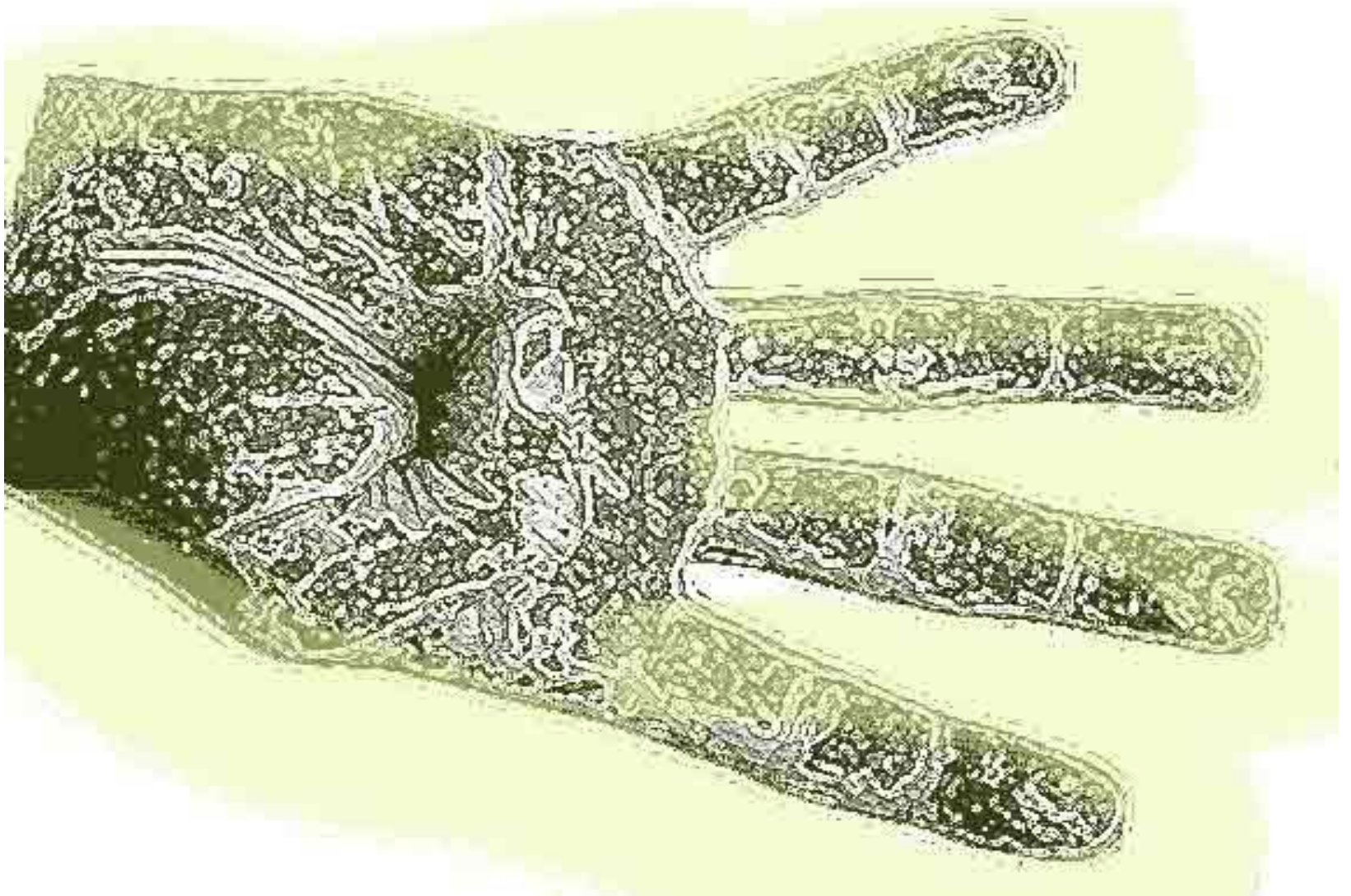




## The Complicated E

*Video by Mike Finley*

[Click on the hand to understand.](#)



## **"Who do you listen to?"**

*by Diane Jarvi*

I listen to the Tuva singers of Mongolia,  
because some days stuck on a freeway behind a cloud of Hummer dust I  
need that single throat duet  
of wild horses and hills.

I listen to Beethoven's holy thanks to the godhead  
from a convalescent in the Lydian mode to remind me  
I know little about most things, particularly gratitude.

I listen to Bill Evans offer me the piano as a poem,  
Almeda Riddle hand me one wildflower.

I listen to Ella, Sarah, Billie, Bessie, Alberta, Anita,  
as they take my hand and say "We know it,

men, life, it's all disappointing, but listen,  
sing the ache into old news, cook it on a low fire  
until it's light as ashes floating into the night."

I listen to Ralph Vaughan Williams'  
Fantasy on the theme of Thomas Tallis  
because in its gardens of boxwood,  
wing and jagged-leaf, blue and gray smudge of paint,

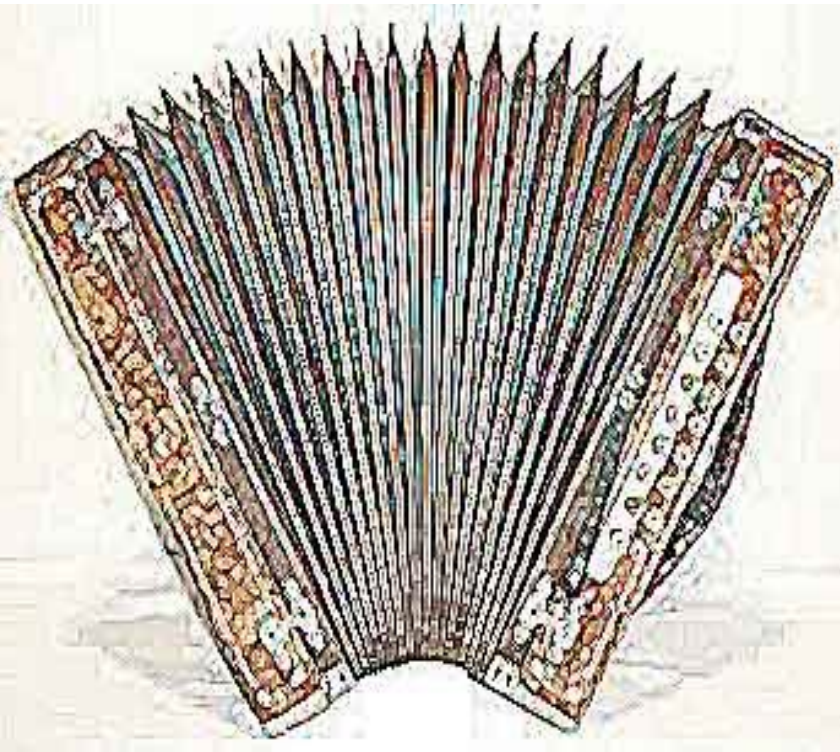
I can wander through and disappear.

I listen to Walt Whitman sing of America  
even though right now it seems so distant and nostalgic.

I listen to my daughter sing  
her simple Shaker hymn over and over  
because she is young and I believe her.

I listen to morna, fado, romani, joik,  
anything with yesterday, hunger, a dark forest in it.

I listen to musette, ranchero, tango,  
everything that insists my bones are here on earth  
for more than sitting  
and wringing my hands.



# **“A Cricket & An Owl”**

*A Canticle of Lord Blumenfeld*

*16<sup>th</sup> Century*

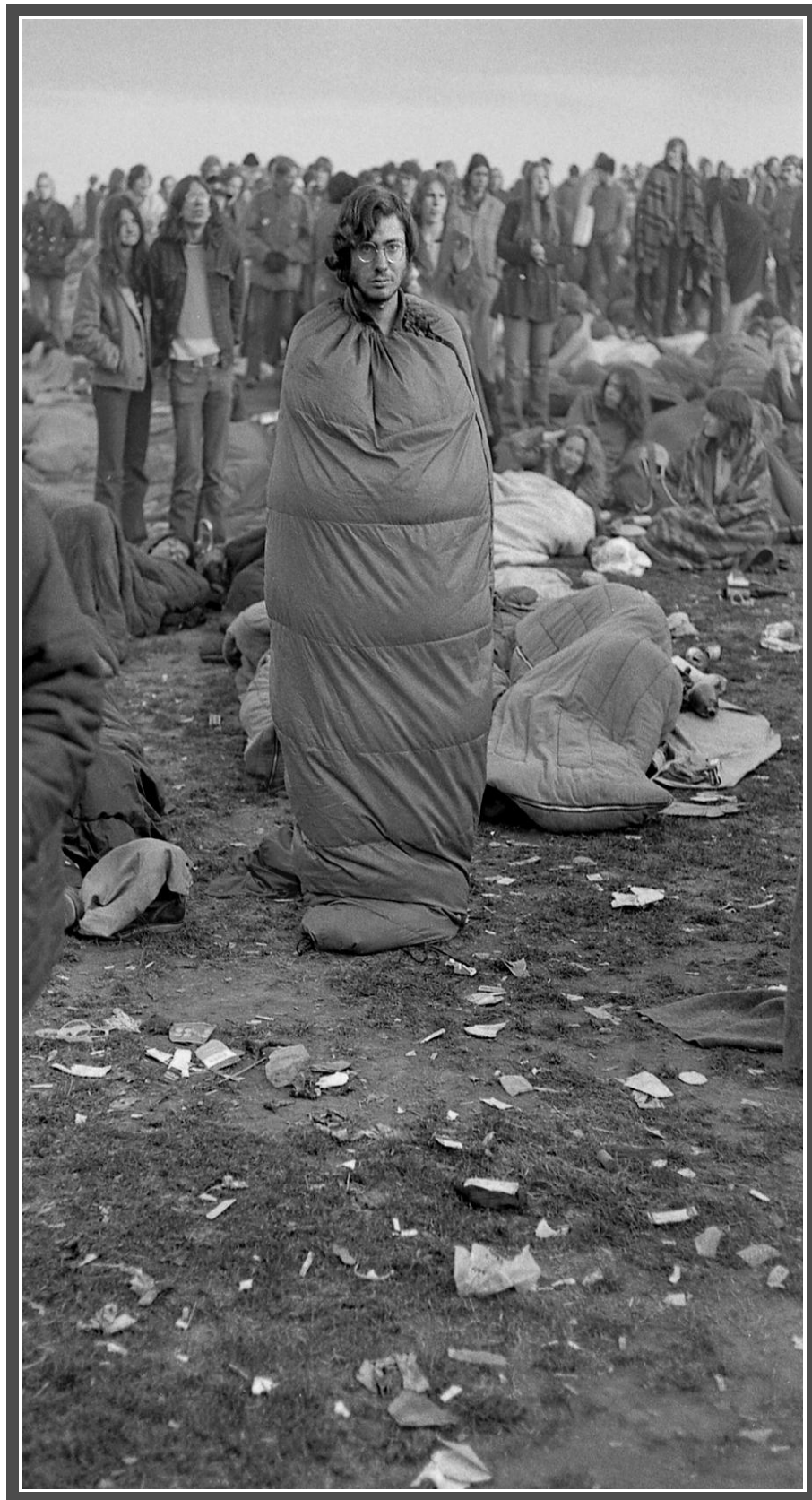
[Before there was poetry there was song, made evident by the recently unearthed masterpiece by the renowned Lord Blumenfeld himself. Click on the cricket to hear this fulsome tune.](#)





## Boy Standing in Sleeping Bag

Photograph by Andy Ward



[Click to see more of Andy's remarkable pictures from the Sixties.](#)





## **The Door Is the House's Mouth**

*By Sharon Chmielarz*

All day words slam, walking in and out.

So gently then. Go through gently.

Open it quietly. Snicker into your palm  
if the hinges squeak.

The door has favorites, allows them  
an easier passage. "That's not fair," you say.

But this is an old door; it figures  
it can do as it pleases. Oh, the cringe  
somedays in a word's neck,  
bending under the low lintel.

At the very least, the act saves  
the noggin, keeps the cartoonist's cross  
out of the eyes. A look of pain won't  
catch a handsome man's attention.

Hello! You in there, come on out  
and sing to me. Hei, doggie, doggie,  
doggie dog.

Sometimes like a dog  
words are, wanting out. Sometimes,  
a cat. Out, just to go in.

Some stumble out in tidbits  
and molecules,

family resemblances.

Today the door, constantly swinging,  
Ain't it awful, ain't it awful.

**Ink Therapy**

Drawings By Gerry Zeck



# The Only Thing I Know for Sure

*by Heather Beatty*

In the dark,  
muffled by sleep  
and the heaviness  
of an orange wool blanket,  
a single foot slips through the sheets  
like a brown trout,  
and brushing against mine  
keeps me awake all night.





# The Mayor's Puppet

*by Jay Orff*

"He's not here. Do you have any candy?" The puppet turned to me, pointed its eyes at me.

"No, I don't think so," I said. I suspected that the mayor was here, that he was crouched behind the desk and that it was his hand in the puppet. It occurred to me that the obvious thing to do was to simply walk around the desk and see if this was the case.

Of course, that would mean seeing the mayor curled up under his desk, one arm held up,

The mayor wasn't in so his secretary asked me if I wished to speak to his puppet instead.

I assumed she was making a self-deprecating allusion to herself or to some other city office lackey. But she directed me into the mayor's office and there, behind his desk, was a blue fabric hand puppet, looking out the window. Or in a pose that made the puppet appear to be looking out the window, since it was just a bunch of stitched together cloth positioned in a way so that it appeared to be looking out the window, dead plastic unblinking eyes.

As I approached the desk, the puppet flapped its mouth and said, "This is a day that makes me want to eat candy. A lot of candy."

I looked outside and didn't feel there was anything special that made the day more well-suited to candy eating than any other.

"I was hoping to ask some questions to the mayor," I said to the puppet, looking at the back of the fist-sized head of the puppet, covered in rows of neat yarn hair.





operating a puppet, and that seemed too embarrassing a course to pursue.

“You should really bring some candy,” the puppet said.

“I didn’t know,” I said.

“Do you have any firecrackers?”

“No, I don’t.”

“What do you have?”

“Nothing. This pen, some papers.. have a lot of questions.”

“You can’t eat questions,” the puppet said.

“Maybe I should come back later.”

“No, ask your damn questions. But you owe me a bag of candy.”

“I was wondering if you had decided on the tax rate for the new stadium.”

How would I know?” the puppet said and flailed maniacally. “I thought you were going to ask questions I could answer. Ask me what my favorite color is. Ask me what I had for breakfast. Ask me if the song of a sparrow is the hardest song for a puppet to sing.”

My mind was flooded with the simple pointlessness of these lines of inquiry. Since a puppet has no vision, I couldn’t understand how it would have any idea of color much less which one was its favorite; secondly, a puppet has no digestive system, so it wouldn’t need to eat and even if it tried, it would just become a food-smudged piece of fabric that would soon smell bad. And if a puppet could talk, I didn’t see why it couldn’t do serviceable bird calls.

“Why is it hard for a puppet to sing bird songs?” I asked. The puppet wiggled around in an agitated way, arms flapping, and then he stopped and stared at me.

“We have no lips!” the puppet said. “It’s terrifying. Go ahead, ask me to sing like a sparrow.”

“Sing like a sparrow,” I said.

“Ask me, don’t tell me,” the puppet said.

“Could you sing like a sparrow?”

The puppet held his mouth open, showing off his pink felt tongue, and made a high-pitched shrieking sound, the sound made by vocalizing while you inhale rather than exhale, neither of which a puppet can do.

“See? That’s the best I can do. Not at all like a bird. Terrible, isn’t it?”

“I don’t know, given the ... the handicap you describe.”

“I never said handicap. You’re just full of harsh judgments, aren’t you?”

“I don’t mean to be.”

“I think you’re right; I think you better come back later.”

“Okay.” I suddenly remembered the mayor, the man I assumed was crouched behind the desk. It didn’t seem that important now to see if he was there. It didn’t seem that important to try and reveal to him that I knew he was there. I started to leave.

“One thing,” I said. “Do you have dreams? I mean, not aspirations, not goals, but when you sleep, what does a puppet dream of?”

“Now that’s a good question.” The puppet flapped a fabric arm onto the phone which somehow pushed a button that lit up on the console.

“Gloria,” the mayor’s puppet said to the mayor’s secretary, “hold all my calls.”

[Learn more about Jay Orff here.](#)

# In Brampton

*By Ken Sparling*

We were on the road at 6 a.m. The sun was out, rising behind us, lighting the tops of the pines further up the road. My son ate his peanut butter and jam sandwich. I drove. Neither of us spoke.

We got there by seven and found the pool. I parked the car and we went into the building. We found the change room and I got Mark a locker. "Number 16," I said.

Mark was looking at the event schedule, seeing when he'd be swimming. "Here I am," he said.

He pointed. I looked. "You're in locker 16," I said.

"Okay." He slipped his pants off. His underwear. He kept his shirt pulled down to cover himself. I took his pants and underwear and put them in locker 16. He took his Speedo from the knapsack and slipped a foot in, then the other. He pulled the suit up. Tied the tie. He grabbed the bottom of his

shirt. Lifted his arms. I took the shirt. Put it in 16. Turned back to Mark. He was talking to a teammate. "We're here pretty early," he said.

The other kid looked. Didn't say a word. Mark turned to me. Looked down. He fiddled with the pull-string on his suit. "I'm going out to the car for a minute," I said.

"Okay, Daddy."



I left the change room, went past the pool. It was a tiny pool. The viewing gallery was long, but skinny. I got outside. I wanted coffee. But I was afraid it might be hard to find a parking spot when I got back. Already, the lot was filling.

I drove back. The front lot was crawling with cars. Swimming parents thinking they'd get lucky. I drove straight to the back.

There were lots of spots. I picked one near the building. Parked.

Shut the motor off. Stuck the keys in my pack. Got out of the car.

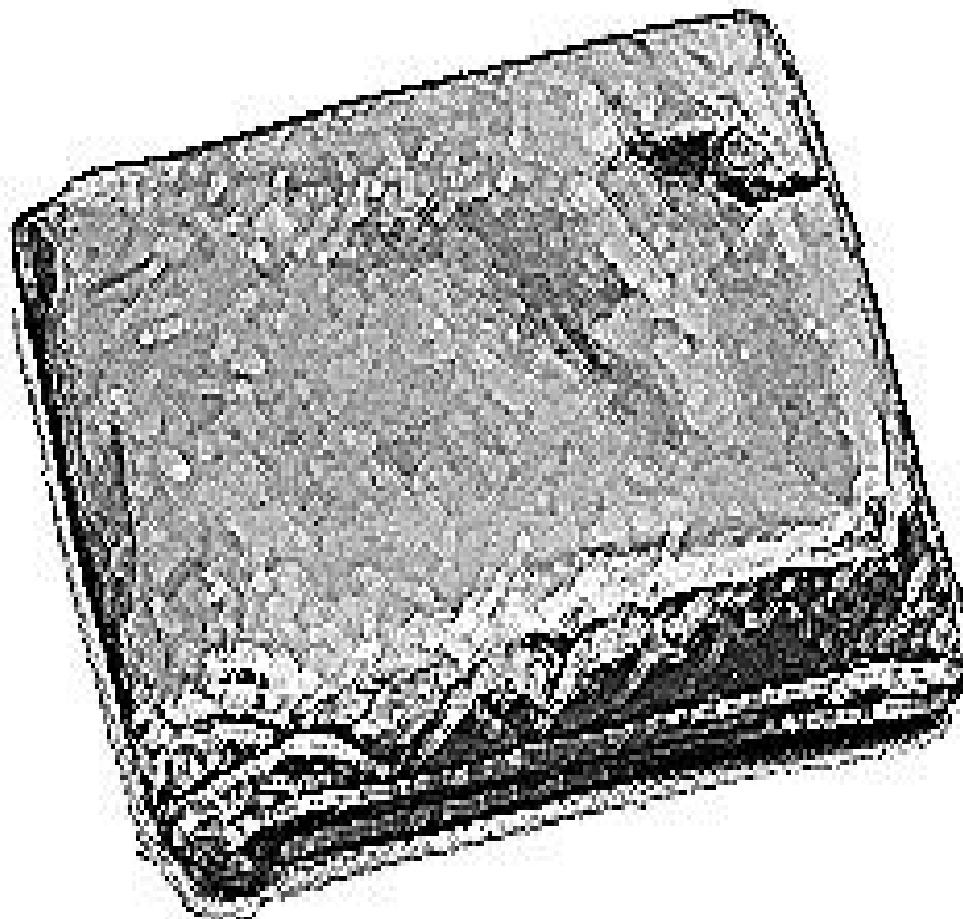
Then I had to ask myself, did I have the keys? I didn't want to lock myself out of the car in Brampton. I didn't have CAA. The car came with road service, but that ended with the warranty. I unzipped my pack, found the keys, pushed the lock button down, threw the door shut. I slung my pack over my shoulder. Walked around the building to the entrance.

There were 10 or 12 spots left on the benches in the gallery. I grabbed one. Sat. I looked for Mark. Couldn't find him. I stopped looking. Got my book. Read.

When I looked up again, I saw him. His black bathing cap, Speedo written across the side. Goggles down. He was standing in the shallow end, talking to a short boy. He tipped his head and grinned at me.

# **“Ballade of the Poor Mouth Purse”**

[http://issuu.com/mike\\_finley/docs/ballade\\_of\\_the\\_poor-mouth\\_purse?mode=window&viewMode=doublePage](http://issuu.com/mike_finley/docs/ballade_of_the_poor-mouth_purse?mode=window&viewMode=doublePage)



## Portrait

*by Pat West*

I don't look bad for my age  
although it takes longer  
and longer to put on more and more  
paint  
to achieve an impressionist rather than  
Realist  
image.

My Rubens body, never fashionable,  
now sags into Alice Neel. I need  
Rembrandt  
to put me into shadows and  
monochromatic colors  
that will give me character and dignity.

Picasso could cube me, simplify and  
multiply  
my features and faults. I'd like Egon  
Schiele to paint my aura and color my  
anxiety  
and show my pain.



|  
Bonnard will paint me  
in my sunroom, a blur of colors in my  
chaise  
with a cat on my lap.  
I will be reading a book of Chinese  
poetry.  
You won't see the title:  
6th century Li Po, who wrote of war and  
love  
and friendship and death.  
Art of the ages, always the same  
subjects.

I will not be young or old, just myself,  
fading  
into my background. There is lots of  
yellow,  
flowers blooming, a colorful afghan,  
pictures on the wall, the sound of birds  
outside.

written at 68, revised at 74



**Prière: Le sachet de graines**

*By Yvonne Peralta*

Anges! Jetez-moi au vent comme un sachet de graines

Me dispersant enfin dans un don généreux;

Faites jaillir ainsi le germe pur et heureux,

Semence délivrée de l'orgueil, de la haine!

Je serai l'oubliée dans le Tout idéal!

Je serai l'anima au travers de ces pousses,

Accomplie de sentir la présence calme et douce,

L'intrinsèque harmonie de l'Amour primordial!

Ainsi je suis le rêve de la rose au matin,

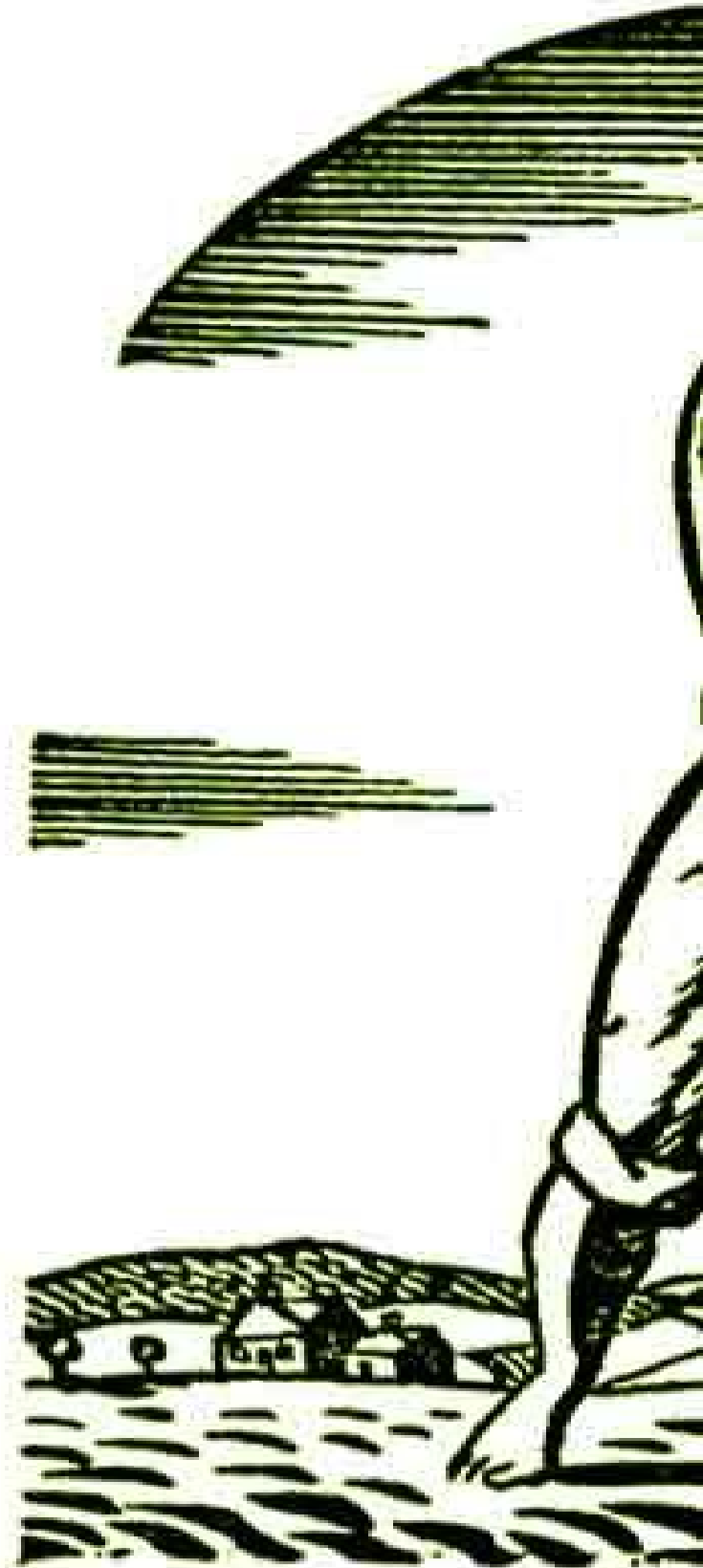
Je suis le chant subtile de l'oiseau qui l'adore,

Je suis la couleur d'ambre dont le ciel se colore:

Je suis la vie qui bat au coeur de ce jardin.

Amen

(le 24 aout 2012)





And the translation of Yvonne's poem, edited by  
Richard Broderick

### **Prayer: The bag of seeds**

*Angels! Throw me to the wind like a bag of seeds,  
Dispersing me at last in one generous gift.  
Make the kernel spring pure and happy,  
Delivered from all pride or hate!  
I would be forgotten in the ideal whole!  
I would be the soul flowing through its shoots,  
Accomplished by the feeling of a presence both sweet  
and quiet,  
The intrinsic harmony of primordial love.  
I am the dream of the morning rose.  
I am the subtle song of the bird adoring her.  
I am the sky's amber hue:  
I am the life beating in the heart of the garden.*

Amen.

# Naked Sushi

*This month we visit one of the Twin Cities destination restaurants Temple to discuss sake and Asian cuisine with "naked sushi model" Amber Close.*

Hello Amber and thanks for taking a few minutes to talk with me and the *Behind Bars* readers. Not too long ago, I was out in New York City enrolled in John Gauntner's "Sake Professional Course." I never had any idea how expanded the sake medium has become. During his presentation, he listed your employer as one of the best sake bars in the nation, and without a doubt, the only civilized place to engage in a sake flight if you are in the Midwest.

As you know Sarah, my specialty isn't behind the bar, but it didn't take me long to figure out how diverse sake is. When I first started here, I thought all sake was the same, but there really are many varieties. There's a sparkling version that has recently surfaced, it's popular. Then there's the muroka which is unfiltered and the genshu is undiluted. My favorite would be the koshu, an aged sake. My palate, as sophisticated as some of our clients. All I know is it numbs my mind in half the time.

**It puts you in that special place?**

Exactly.

**Did Thom Pham approach you, or did you volunteer for the position?**

That was all on me. I heard that he was going to fly in some "models" from California, and I told him it would be cheaper to send me to San Francisco where they could teach me, and then when I returned, I could train local models. My approach was more cost effective and Thom thanked me for helping out.

**I realize naked sushi isn't a new concept, but I'd be willing to bet that most people haven't experienced it. Would you briefly tell our readership what to expect if they embark on something like this?**

Most other concepts follow suit. After all, if you want to play...you have to pay. But the majority of the time an event is usually made up of men clients, almost always they are

business professionals.

I confess I was surprised when you entered with your group Sarah. It's not very often I have a beautiful woman eating off of me. Did it make you nervous?

**Well....it actually, I think first off, we should be up front and let people know that you are not stretched out on the table buck naked, right?**

Correct, my nipples are covered with scallop shells and I employ a silk scarf to cover my womanhood. Then the server comes in and places sushi and sashimi on my body. One course at a time.

**I found it fascinating how as the evening started out, everybody seemed so respectful. It was as if they were dining with a purpose, but after a few shots of sake, some of the boys got pretty creative with their chop sticks.**

Yeah that does happen. I'll bet I've done around 50 events and I can assure you that not a single person has crossed the boundaries of decency. However, almost every second I'm up there on that table, I can feel the sexual tension mount.

**Would you put yourself in the adult entertainment camp, along with exotic dancers?**

Most women who do this would definitely say no, but c'mon, whose kidding who. Laying there naked. Not being able to interact, not being

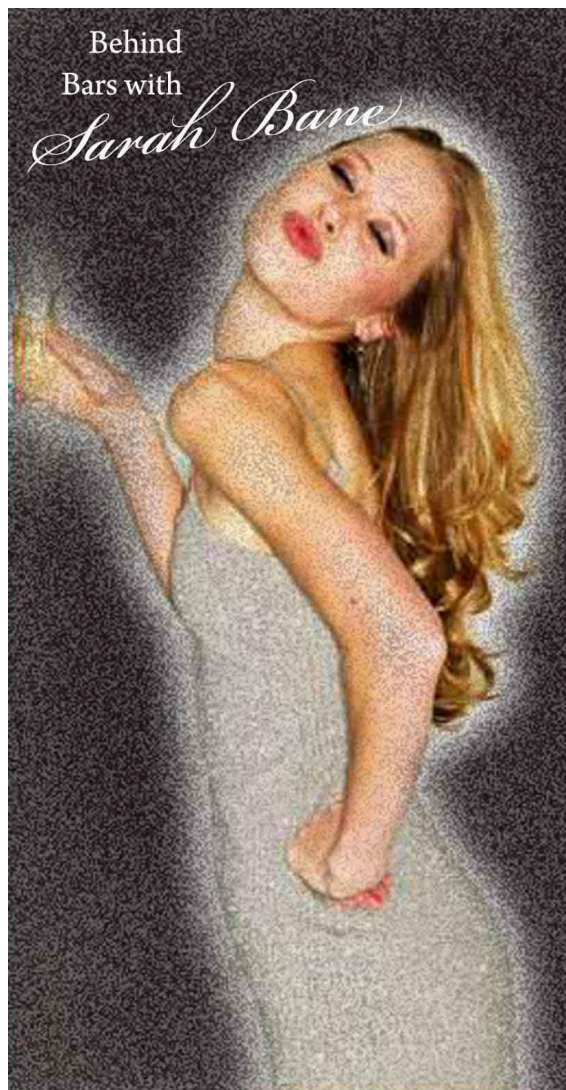
able to respond to a cramp in your foot. There is something very erotic, very voyeur like about this whole experience. The only downside is...we don't even make a percentage of what a good stripper makes.

**What's your take, am I allowed to ask that?**

(laughing) Sure, why not? I get \$150 for one and a half hours of work. So if a girl does a dozen events, that's ten more pairs of shoes in her closet.

**Typically we leave our viewership with a recipe, but this month I think we just might throw caution to the wind and bypass that. Amber...this was such an amazing assignment and I can't thank you enough for giving us your time.**

Thanks Sarah, and if you ever want to reverse roles, maybe I could teach you this ancient art. It was a pleasure meeting you. ☺



# I have only a little

Some short poems by Tim Nolan



[Click on Tim's nose to see these new poems](#)



## Imagenings

### *Photographs by Jack Finley*

Jack Finley has made amazing photographs out of paper towels, which he posts on his facebook page. What figures do you see in the pictures? What stories do you see being told? Click on Jack's kisser to learn more



# I Want to Kiss a Lutheran

*By Danny Klecko*



Fantasy haunts me  
From the bar stool, to the church pew  
A certain thought occupies my mind  
A thought laden with sin

I ... I want to kiss a Lutheran

Maybe it's not my fault  
Maybe it's the neurotoxin's  
That have seeped into the local water table  
Numbing my critical faculties

I'm guessing the Pope wouldn't approve  
Not to mention the Blessed Virgin  
Whose grave is probably spinning  
Faster than a well greased propeller

But when my love surfaces  
I know she'll be adorned  
With braided pig tails, shoulder length  
And a moderate level of temperance

And when I place my mouth on hers  
Our lips will slowly part  
Allowing me to taste the cardamom  
Lingering faintly on her breath

# The Reading

By [Marcus Bales](#)

*Sometimes poetry readings get out of hand. Click on the poet to read Marcus Bales' harrowing tale.*



*Worst poet in the world? This is not the poet in Marcus Bales' poem, but we like using her here. Gina Rinehart is Australia's richest person, a mining heiress in Western Australia worth \$13 billion, wrote an anti-government poem that rhymes "rampant tax"*



## Breakout

Unresigned, in spring,

to a fate of lying still

waiting for the knife,

onions and garlic

in shut cupboards poke their blind

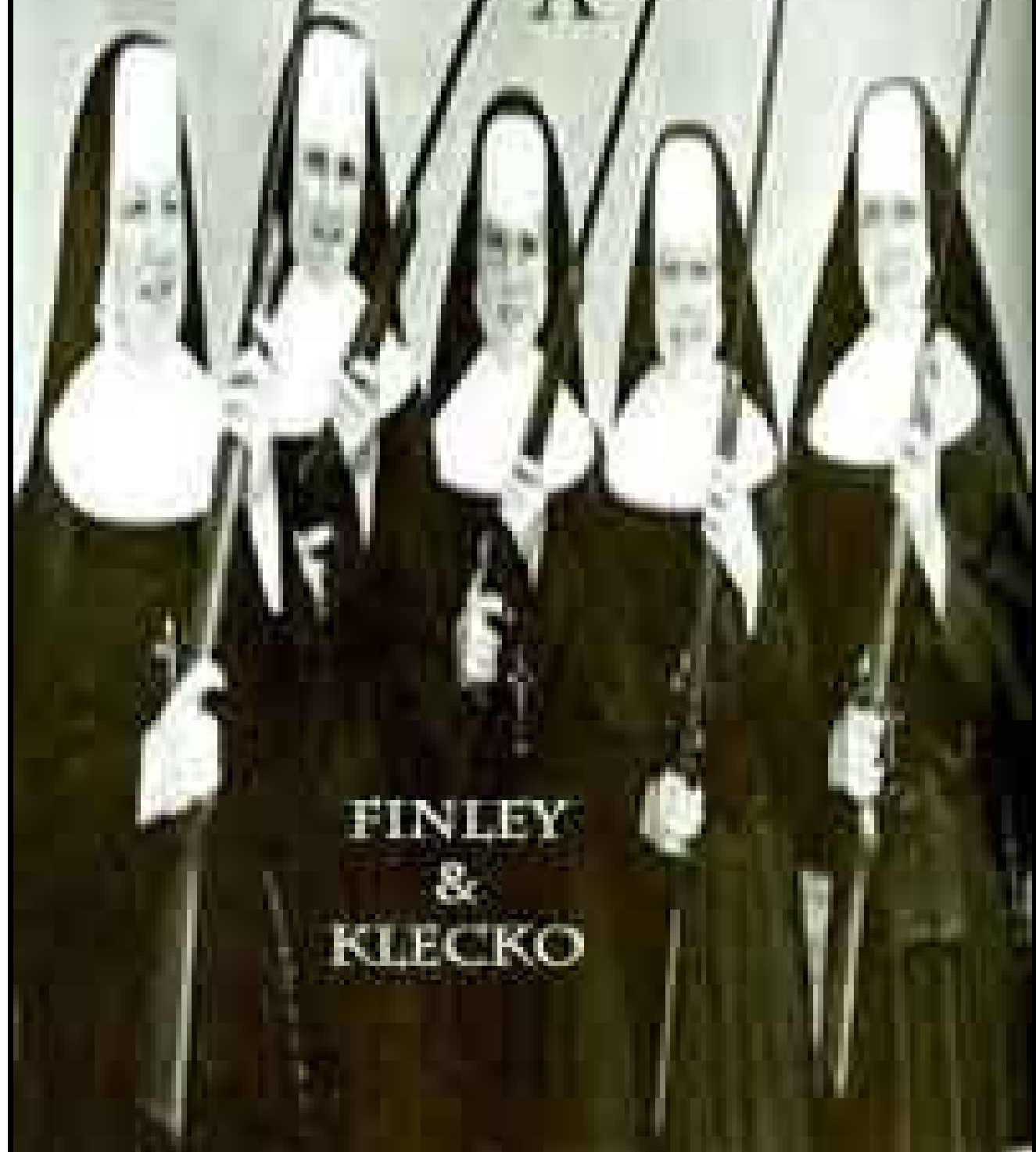
green feelers at light.

*Maryann Corbett*





# OUT FOR A LARK



FINLEY  
&  
KLECKO

Jon Finley  
Diaspora





## ARTISTS THIS ISSUE

[Andy Ward](#)

*Byron Moon*

*Diane Jarvenpa*

*Danny Klecko*

[Gerry Zeck](#)

*Heather Beatty*

*Holly Dowds*

[Jack Finley](#)

*Jack Large*

*Jay Orff*

*Jeanne Lutz*

*Ken Sparling*

*Maryann Corbett*

*Mary Kay Rummel*

*Michael K. Gause*

*Mike Finley*

*Norita Dittberner-Jax*

*Paul Hostovsky*

*Richard Broderick*

*Sarah Bane*

*Sharon Chmielarz*

[T.K. O'Rourke](#)

[The Dicho Poets](#)

*Yvonne Peralta*

[Tim Nolan](#)

[Marcus Bales](#)

*Enjoy previous issues of LIEF*

