

Thanks for reading, it means a lot.
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this is a second printing with some edits from the original.

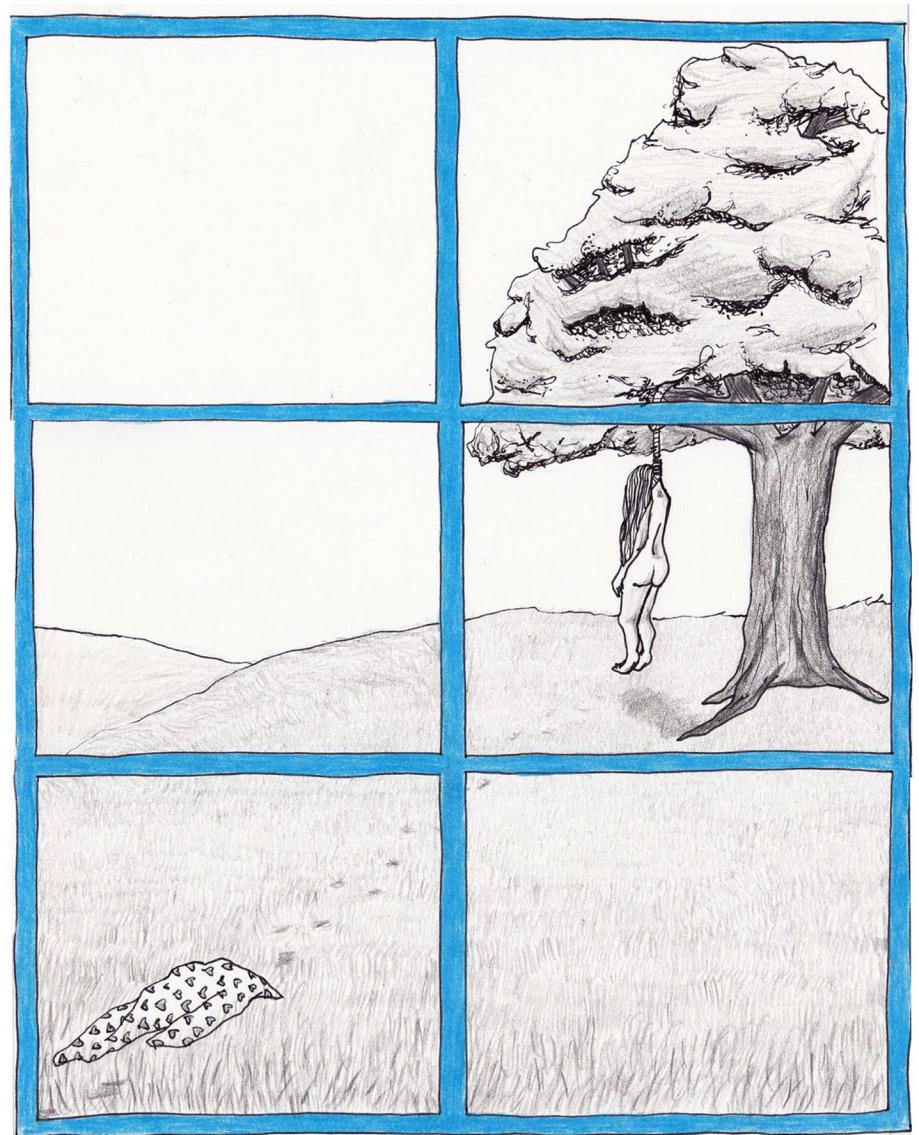
YOU FUCKING PERVERT

BY LIV MERSHON

issue # 2



I used to steal pencils
from the public library.
You know, those little yellow ones?
I didn't do it on purpose.
I would just get home and my pockets
would be filled with the damn things.





2006-2008 writings



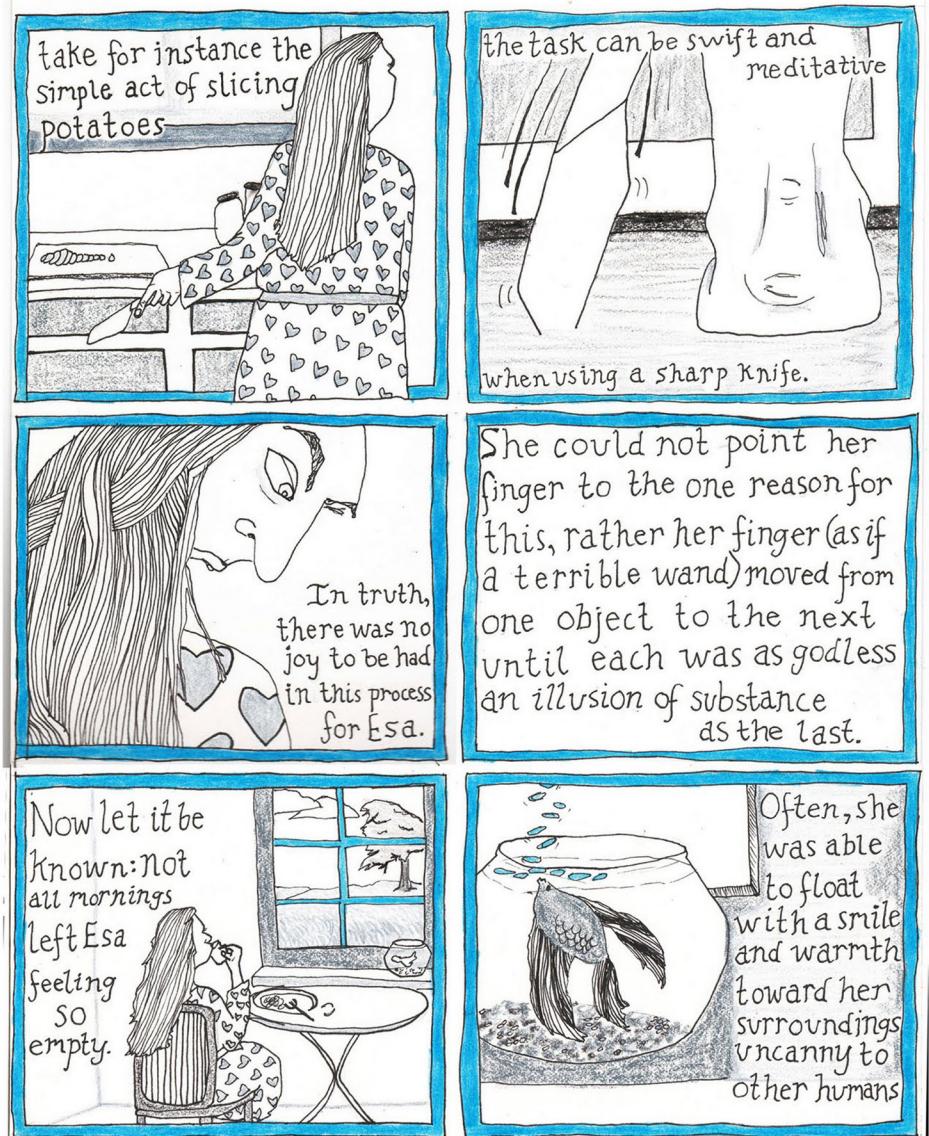
Bath. 2006

With the taste of smoke and the feel
of your hand making me long and beautiful
I was under a spell
flittering terribly. I turned
into seven thousand flowers.

The space between your skin and toe nails
was filled with dirt from drought, colored
like the shitty hot chocolate my mother used to buy
because it was all she could afford
and I loved it
because it was all I knew.

I remember the cigarettes and how
they made me feel so good and dirty.

You pulled up onto the lawn
fast and covered
in sweat, smiling that sideways
mouth of yours
and just looked at me.
We were already fucking. Inside,
my roommates were building a solar cooker.



"Problem Solved" words by Ryan Baker



Twenty-Something. 06/07

We are the late night shallow bones
holding each other up by the hard wires
that run the length of us.
We are aluminum and rubber spinning,
commuting from here to there
from somewhere to nowhere.
We are one drink from drunk,
a stumble to tunnel vision.
We are the early morning blinkers
hum drummers
sweating up basements, sucking down substance
spitting innards.
We are somewhere between the knees
and the next century
the lost and unfound, not yet sold
bottom of the barrel. We are the change
spent on cigarettes and booze
instead of toilet paper
the strings that stick
to calloused fingers
out of tune and ringing.
we are the highway at night,
the gas stove
left on lite
the hair clogging the drain.
We are hydrogen and helium,
gessoed and waiting
learning how much wine it takes to stain teeth
pitiful sleep. We are the leftovers for day's misgivings,
freezing floorboards, the gnats that hover
over dirty dishes.
We are the graffiti on stop signs
looking for the right words, wondering if there's anything
to say. We are this same thought punched out
from the young bodies of our ancestors
eloping with disaster, ignoring hunger--
hardly aware.

Circadian Bee-Bop. 06/07

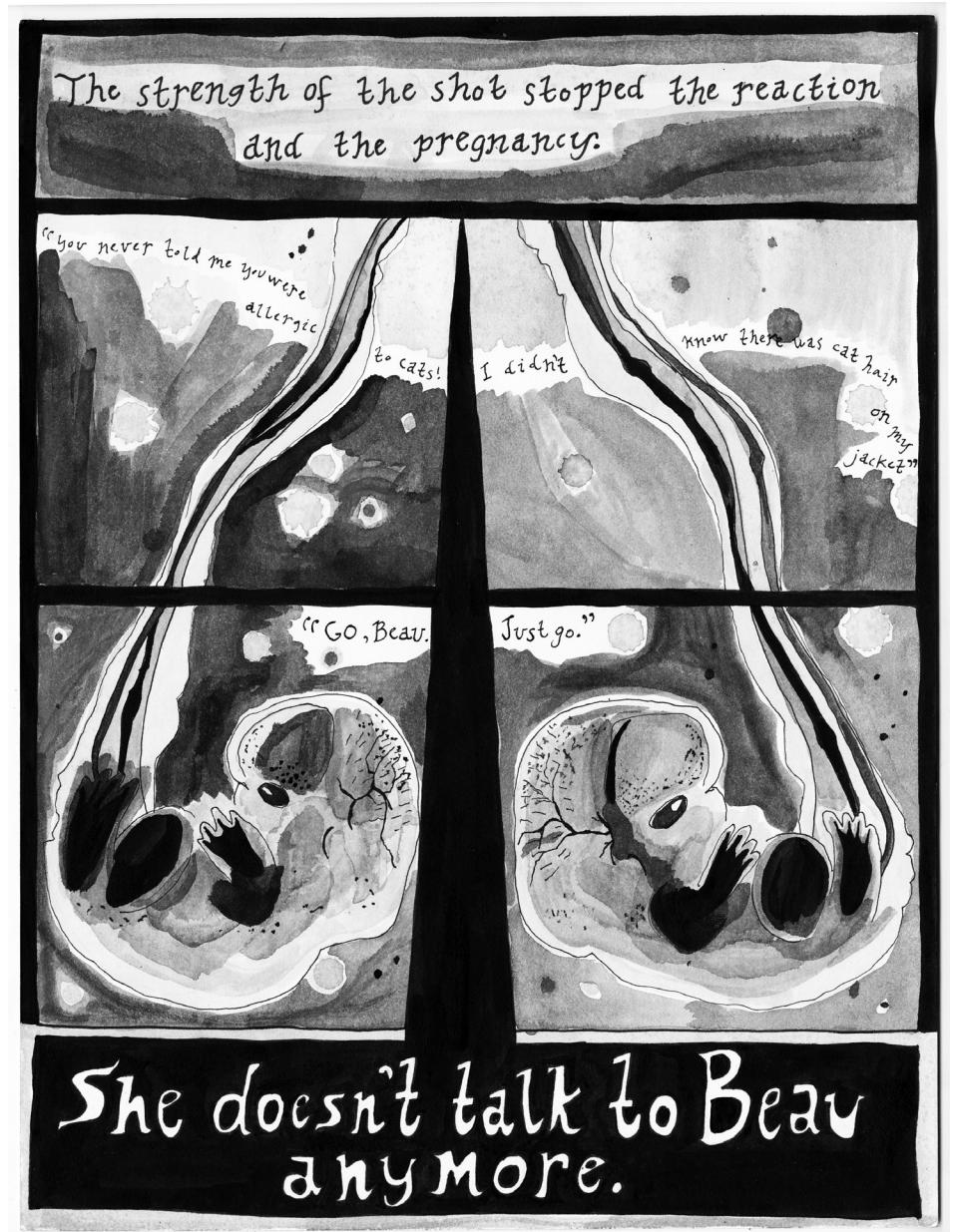
Fog! Fog!
Roll in over my bones, let me rest
find the slumber behind my eyes and the dreams
we forgot before waking.

My hands are dead
bathtub fingers, dead
shriveled under early light
I can no longer bear to lay here with you
such a fool to throw off my clothes and think
you might wake from such fantastic sleep
hands in pockets of bed sheets.

I cannot write this poem because it is the
death sound in your dreams, but I will try

skin tongue sweat under cap
saliva-made bridges collapse
hands rich with thick knuckles bend,
pop, push me under,
press the skin onto bone into
malleable parts lift
pick through the bits, now
sky arches under backs
head and feet meet
slow lull leaf
pound down under jeans in dark deep

Let's go
anywhere, touch my toes you are
so soft. lets go, lets go, lets
go to the bedroom
where you will dream of me,
your grandfather's no-string guitar
in my lap, all of my hands
could not make it sing.
tender, tender please take care
of me.



Manifest Destiny. 06/07



It was in a drunken Germantown alley that we decided to move to California. I was nineteen and I never believed in purgatory before those months working sixty hours a week getting wasted every night sleeping with a man from Birmingham I didn't understand who's face was too stunning to look at directly. I didn't know why he wanted me.

And the only man I'd ever loved found a diamond in the Marsh parking lot and moved west while I saved in hopes to pay one month's rent in a city 3,000 miles from home.

I remember swallowing a thick gulp after watching Matisse snort a line of coke off the wooden kitchen table at the house on Swan Street, her eyes watering as she shooshed me goodbye. It was three weeks later that I had my first line.

No matter how much I drank I couldn't get drunk that last week before we moved and the drugs just kept me up so late that sleep became an act and if it wasn't the cocaine then it was Julian and I in the kitchen with the lights off. I let him borrow my copy of Slaughterhouse Five with a secret request encoded inside for him to come with me to California. When his girlfriend handed the book back to me at our going away party, I was ready to leave.

Amy and Damien sat on either side of me at the end of the terminal with their different ideas on leaving and even though I didn't love him, I wanted that man from Birmingham to come running past security guards just to kiss me goodbye. I wanted all of my high school teachers standing next to the plane waving. I wanted my mother there to hand me the last blanket my great-grandmother ever quilted so I could finally fall sleep.

In flight, I became acquainted with the curved nature of our planet and learned that even if I squinted my eyes I could never see the midwest from San Francisco.

Fall 2007

I still don't know: am I a falcon, a storm, or a song?

Falcon, cloak your wings around me
Oh darlin I want your talons in my back.
Spread over me, I feel the blood raining down on
the precious earth below.

I can sow nothing with that blood, Oh
I can sow nothing with that blood, only
watch it drip as you take me down
to your feeding ground
to your
feeding groud.

The scent of your hunger for meat
running under skin
through and through
I was always here for you
waiting, calling out
like a distant bell dropping a pearl of sound.

You could smell the substance in me
Before I knew I had anything to offer.



"Beau Slump" words by B.B.



On Passing. 2007

Being ten must be like a firecracker in space because I can't remember it. One of my parents must have been asleep in the basement while the other muffled cries on the porch swing. I was somewhere inside trying to find my genitals with no way of predicting the weight my hands might uncover and that one day I would lose my virginity too soon to the wrong person on Hallowen night.

I thought that two houses might be nice, though. One for forgotten memories the other for frail adolescence. I could box up the rest and leave it at the back-door of the Goodwill store.

The year I forgot to buy her a gift on Mother's Day, she lay crying in bed all day long. The cat pissed in her hair that morning and one of her students committed suicide the day before. I was busy wondering when I would get my period and if it was too soon to reapply my lip gloss.

I saw a ghost today It vanished when I remembered the suicidal student had an identical twin. As other people walked by with other tragedies, I wondered if when he tells someone his name does he want to scream,
THIS IS NOT FACE!

THESE ARE NOT MY EYES!

I WILL TELL YOU NOW

THAT IT IS ALL A LIE

I LEFT WHAT WAS MINE

ON THE MIRROR IN EIGTH GRADE

IN MY FATHER'S BASEMENT

WITH A PILE OF SEMEN STAINED SHEETS,

DIRTY UNDERWEAR,

AND ONE NOOSE.

ITS ALL ROTTING UNDERGROUND

SOMEWHERE IN MY HOMETOWN.

I recall these moments like angry girls who enter the room covered in rain with no idea how beautiful they are standing there, dripping.

There was nothing that could have kept them together. There is nothing that can keep me from thinking of him everytime I see budding leaves against clear late winter sky. Let us leave archaic words behind. There is nothing here to hold us. I have no story to tell.

Kyle MOTHER FUCKIN' White. 2007

I see all the movies, the songs,
the mirrors, the bands
of color that bent over your eyes.

I put them there late that night
in a bathroom filled
with people we once knew.

Drunken, tired, spun
about an apparatus for conveying water:
all that circuitry
bound in soil.

We paint the skin
to hide the things beneath.
Your new girl is beautiful
with so little hair, fat cells
mingling among those empty hips. No woman
would bear your weight.
You say you've been drinking
everclear all day.

I saw you stumble
I saw your stumbling heart
among the ruins of my own
where feet met on tile
in a place where people shit
and clean up
in that room where
we painted our faces.

2011

bonus material!



Early winter 2011

one day i'll be a child:
sunk below a pile of leaves
hardened by cold night. they give
a quick prick melt after the soft stab sip.

one day i'll be alone:
no one left to spray with salt
or to trick with a feather and whipped cream.

one day i will be able to sleep:
a table beside the bed
a bowl filled with your hands,
severed just below the wrist.

What I did in Louisville. 2008

1.
I sucked his cock and started
to put him inside me then he said
"I think its past your bed time"
I couldn't believe it but
he kissed me in the morning.
& last I heard, he got engaged
to someone he met a week later.
2.
It felt good that day
in my hometown where highschool heirarchy
still meant so much
When he put his arm around me
and our hips synched
as we walked into the Target store.
3.
Our first kiss was in the men's restroom on the floor above mine
I kissed him even though I was friends with his girlfriend
and it ended up that his penis was small
but he gave good head
we watched batman in his dark bedroom
he said I fucked
like a pornstar.
4.
He had a great smile and teeth and had
no idea how attractive he was
when I fucked him he breathed hard enough
to make me remember
that he was a virgin.
In the morning
when he rolled over,
kissed my head and said
"I like you"
I shriveled & feigned sleep.

Kate. late winter 2008

You touched my back, held my arm
in your hands and told me
about the girl in France.
There was something in your teeth.

I knew from the strain
in your voice that you loved her.
I knew that you missed her and Paris.

We were down one bottle
of whiskey and were wearing
sharpied mustaches
when we kissed.

I found something in you that night,
atop brassiere,
above denim
before you got sick
and called for him.

Fall 2011

sister, come to me
in the dark, please.
i've made the painting.

sister, cast a circle round me
at dawn so that i might see
your transparent body.

(mother saw you as a butterfly
i will see you as a moth)

sister, stray further from me.
i wish for things
that frighten me
i grope for things
i cannot reach.
to black water, my hands sink

sister, i've been writing the great text
drew down my divine deck
carved out the wooden index
planted deep my glass-jarred sex

(stomach slows hollow
leaf falls to paw-paw)

my sternum
where the deer snout sits
on a raised freckle:
the lighthouses
of my physical body.

sister, i cast
this light so you might follow it
to find me. (Though I'm not sure
that I believe) I hope it is then
we will finally grieve.

SEVEN, THE CHARIOT. fall 2011

We are not far
but too near:

smoke billowing
from your left
palm.
out goes the dog.

salmon dog but black, she knows
it is raining
so she waits.
ramona, you are too
slow and soft.

charred from the iron
skillet, her baby
was solid gold.

Welcome Home to your
pricy near-westside
storage unit
always full of other people's things.
come and know they'll hate it
when ya go.

2009

writings



Bowl. 2009

the touch that buries
itself in stone
is the haggard hand
pushing upon me.

my skin, so porous
to the things you lay down and leave.
A drill bit just there
on your mahogany.

dust gathers on skin
that stays still

I am still holding this bowl
in my hands. I wonder
when you might fill it or sip
from it, break it
or bury it.

cold air sinks onto skin
that stays bare
& bends through pores.
A tense twitch burrows and buries
into me.

Take the birch
and make it work,
we have already died.
i've got a wheelbarrow
in my backyard

"Luke used to live over there," Chris said, and instead of reacting like a non-alien human being and saying "oh, weird, that's so close to our apartment," or something like that, I say:

"EEEEWWWWWWUH! Oh my GAWD whyyyy?" Chris looks at me with this

I-can't-take-you-anywhere-stoned look on his face. My face curls into a frown and I give up, collapsing under the water. I pull it together and try to redeem myself by saying, "Weelllll, I guess if you're looking for something you can really depend on, you know, something predictable..."

Just when things can't get more awkward, two guys come walking into the pool with trunks and tshirts on, their flip flops flapping with every step. They've got a case of beer and when they come into the pool area, they say, "HEY Bob! How's it goin?" And sit down with him, before they handed him a beer I think,

OOHH SHIT. They KNOW Bob. They know the pool guy. He's probably here every day and so are they and he knows everyone who comes to the pool, he probably does maintenance for the whole place and knows everyone who lives there, who's allowed access. He's their friend and he's probably security too!! I look at Chris and he's thinking, oh-she-finally-figured-it-out.

We swim around tentatively for the next 2 minutes then decide to leave. as we pull our chlorine soaked bodies out of the water (me in my black one piece, untrimmed bush, and hairy pits and chris in his tiny mesh speedo) Bob says from his pool chair, "Hey, if you ever come here again, you better wear a swimsuit."

"Oh, this is a swimsuit." Chris yells across the water.

We walk out and on the way to the van I say, "They were definitely checking out your package."

july 8th 2011

I'm under the water, pulling my ass down into my knees, pressure builds up in that place behind my ears. It becomes a ball slowly filling with air. When I come to the top, I take the deepest loudest breath, push it deep into my belly and move my arms upward through the water plunging down once again into the deep end. I can feel myself disappearing. All I can do is focus on breath. I breathe in when my head pops out of the water and send myself plunging. Then as I let out the air slowly from my mouth, I become less boyant and sink better. Once I hit the bottom with my toes, I push back to the top. over and over again. I can feel myself disappearing. I am so close, I am so close to disappearing. It probably helps that I am stoned to bejesus at the time.

Chris was doing the same thing across from me but I was pulled out of my space tank when I noticed that he was eyeing someone behind me. I look and there is a man of nearly 58 bending over the water filter next to the edge of the pool. He has a cigarette going, smoke peels across his cheeks. I think, well we better acknowledge him or something, we're the only people here!

"Ch-checkin the water?" i say

"Yeup, the pee-aightch"

"That's gotta be about 20% urine, right? hahahahahah!!!" the man didn't even chuckle "...cuz its a public pool and... uh" I trail off and look over at Chris. Oh no, oh shit. I think. Well I better just not talk anymore because I'll say something wrong.

But! I thought everyone hated their jobs and harbored resentment toward their bosses. I guess its probably different for the guy who's job it is to make sure there's no piss in the pool. So I just stay quiet for a while and swim about quietly, trying not to laugh too hard or say anything weird. I'm pretty sure I'm whispering anything I want to say by this point. After some time I feel better, and relaxed. I mean, this guys just doin his job. He doesn't care about us, or the fact that we broke into his apartment complex's pool.

Aug 16th 2009

aaaaaaaaaaah!
ah!
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!
I want to pull off
all the snaps on my shirt
scream til it hurts
take off my shorts
walk around naked
because THIS IS MY KITCHEN!
THIS IS MY FRONT YARD!
this is the wooden swing
swaying from MY oak tree.

looking up at the leaves
from underneath,
you stroked my palm
and pouted your lip when I told you
I was raped in Italy.

Don't fucking pout your lip at me.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!
AAAAAAAAAH
aaahhhhhhhhhhhh
give me a big open canyon
to pour all my sounds into
i want all my insides
out of me.

August 19th 2009
Queens

The radiator is leaking
the doors fought against us
late last night while Gabe talked too loudly
we sweat, eat breakfast pizza
all the jesus stuff needs to go
grandma Chicarelli rolls over
I showered upstairs and feared
hopefully to see the ghost of a mother
who wasn't mine.

June 28th 20eleven

he came to the door(the door that opens to my room)
and knocked
when he said his name,
i thought it was

"Caddy"

ha. ha. hahahaha

Caddy wanted a wine key
he'd bring me a beer
and when he did the Budweiser can had the special
july 4th holiday design.

He was our neighbor that year.
we'd wave from porches
but never exchanged more than a few words.
I kinda liked him but my roommates
thought he was a creep.

Last month, I went to an art show
Caddy was there in the back,
I said "what are you doing here?"
Amazed, he told me
it was his first show.
Proudly he stood next to his art:
oversized posters of women, their skin
replaced by collaged and glistening
food advertisements.

When I told him I didn't have any cash for the cash-only bar,
he (impossibly) pulled a Budweiser tall boy
out of the inner pocket of his jacket and
handed it to me.

summer 2011

I liked the way he looked in jeans,
so I layed him down blindfolded
he couldn't watch as I rubbed
my hands up and down
knees to the top of thighs:
that glorious spot
where things come together.

I felt nasty, I wanted
to make strange faces, grit my teeth.
I wanted to grimmace and moan
the way animals do

I whispered secrets, biting down
on denim, ripping it
open like flesh. I looked up,
his lips parting into a shallow breath grin.
He began to reach for me

i slapped his hand away
and traveled by hot breath
along his length, slowly
unravelling clothing.

he writhed in a quiet anguish
for my mouth, my skin
with something
like the first silent scream
of a bloody infant
who wants life less
than just to return
to the womb.

August 20th 2009

Queens

powered by magic
nothing to see here
if she shows off her beard,
she's winning
that was my wink, ya like it?

flower table box
fake flower garden
why did she put this in soil?
pink holy water sponge
dried out, how will you release me?

ok now i'm gonna take a picture
lets have that vintage New York experience,
there's the aperture on the left
four dollar botanical garden
a new pair of shoes
lets look at the old shit
on free days
and make sure the man in the subway station
is still breathing

**August 21st 2009
Queens
Mother's Birthday, I won't be calling**

the youngest girl in the book i'm reading
died today. i read the words on a lazyboy
and bawled while a song from the living room
threatened to make me fall in love
with everything, but its ok
because that's rule number 4
I wrote a promise on L'abri's bathroom wall
to keep fucking up
and that's what I plan to do
when I get home to you.

**2011
writings**



Fall 2010
To be sung with Abby Mack

no sex!
no money!
no job!
no honey!
I'm so, so happy

She said its gonna look like a hickey
I said it better leave a bruise
'cuz I can't stand to not have any proof
of all the pain I put myself through

the american flag i stole
was not flammable
the flame just burned little tisny holes
in all the fabric's folds

no cigarettes!
no booze!
well maybe just one or two
oh how i've fallen
for you

And like tightrope walkers
we'll sit up on our bikes
just to feel a little bit taller
JUST TO FEEL A LITTLE BIT TALLER

no sex!
no money!
no job!
no honey!
i'm so, so, so healthy
i'm so, so wealthy
I'm so, so, so, so happy

August 23rd 2009
Queens
recalling mariah cary lyrics

you're getting your lipstick
on that sandwich
the red stays
on the tomatoes
Ben hangs the chilis
in the kitchen
while we sit strange as clowns
with make up on our mouths
speaking of mary magdelynn mistaken
for the virgin
lets sing songs and stay in
Queens all day long

August 24 2009

last day in Queens

When I'm alone
with the remnants of slumber
strewn across the floor
trying to forget my parenthetical dreams,
I recall my feet among the onions
on the wallpaper in that small hot bathroom,
those bell shaped babies could've been cooking.
zombies walk out of their cave stereo homes
while Al ponders Coney Island, a place
I imagine to be filled only by empty warehouses.
Jacqui speaks of her grandmother
from her half shaven head
she will be memorialized
this Thursday and every year following
until the whole congregation dies.
Last night, on the way back from Brooklyn, Lauryn said
"You let go and I'll let go too"

Friday, August 6th 20ten

it started with a clutching of eachother's bodies
in the blank morning but stained
by the night before (having been
empty of transparent words)

i rolled over

riding, walking, learning covers
with kira
she'll be in antartica next week
i will remember singing folk songs i've never heard before
with her on a pink chair
it felt right to keep looking into her eyes
i sang the lows and she sang the highs
we'd switch sometimes
i'm not sure how or why but it
it made me feel

better.

soon i was catapulted into space,
dressed as a cowboy
covered in glitter.
i think it was Silver
who said, "i wonder if this is what
my future will look like."

but after many hours
of humping the air,
i had to go home
and sleep alone

cuz daddy's coming in the morning.

August 4th 2010

I can't see my hands in this darkness
Today I learned how to be a substitute
who fights bad blood with universal precautions
How did I end up eating three burgers
in one day?
And spend the rest of it not kissing you?

We solved the problems of binding
and made new spines.
Listening to 90s rap music made me horny
After the electricity
went out in the storm,
we had to find the words or some batteries
I knocked over the Chuparrossa love candle
spilling red wax
all over my hands
I think I might pour it now
just to feel it burn again.

Fall 2009

My dreams are the well from which I pull these words. Nearly drowned,
they've forgotten they're names. With swollen eyes and cum soaked thighs,
I revive them.

Oh I am still drunk.

Maybe because I'm still drinking, But there is half a thumb left in this
pint of Beam's Eight Star and why the hell not?

Its November 29th. My bills are paid.

Ryan's alarm clock sent itself screaming into my chest, dropping a stone
ripping to the ends of my body. After the shock wore off, I started
laughing.

"The last thing I said in my dream was, what the fuck is with all these
pubes on your window?"

forever

I sometimes wonder if people think i'm lame
for leaving parties early
but then i don't give a shit
because i know
that when i get home
i'll be eating snacks, listening to music,
and farting
a lot.

June 26th 20ten

kisses don't leave stains quite like cum does. but something happened last night when you removed the ejaculate from my face with your mouth... i wished i was Greek with another word for love.

it feels so good to let go of these things that once meant so much to me. today i sit in the front yard wearing a sun hat that showed up at my house on the day the twins married eachother in the front yard. i'm surrounded by crap or gold, a cat named maggot says "hello? hello?" at this yard sale, i sold my first guitar to a man for ten dollars. he looked like Mr. Natural and told Al and I about a man named Lee who used to own our house and worked for the railroad. i hope that Lee fisted his wife on the kitchen floor and played bochey ball in the front yard. i hope that he collected model trains and kept a hidden box of porno in the attic off of my room.

"DADDY WANTS HIS DICK BAAAACK!" Evelyn says of her future family and imagines coming home to her spawn who eat the scabs off their legs.

She had pelican beaks for bones under that skin. nearly bursting through the corners of her bent elbows.

June 24th 20ten

my asshole oozed this morning
cum, mine and yours
mingling with shit.
i wiped to find blood (the kind
mother will tell her friends is paint)

you left, i awoke
with a jolt and frustrated
with nothing to say for half the day.
there was not enough paint, there was no surface
my hands did not work
so i napped instead
wrote a song about fleas

abby needed a release so we rode south further
than we'd gone before
my thighs disintegrated into
bails of hay.

curry, Katie
you are covered in paint

when i got home i thought
someone was trimming the bushes
at midnight
but it was you
punching at a typewriter.

**2010
writings**



June fifteenth the year 20ten

today i.....
opened strings in ryan's living room
almost fucked some more
walked downtown cuz my front tire is flat
hoped for tornadoes as the clouds opened
and closed outside of Rhinos'
glass windows.
walked home, harmonized with the warning sirens
got home, fucked myself with a pink dildo
ate a hot dog on pita bread with horseradish mustard
now its time to go to jaqui's show
but i should mention

the split open tree
its rotten insides
the soft bone
and that yellow sky.

June sixteenth 2010

we could not leave the bed
until we gave eachother hand jobs
to appease Morning.

There was a wreck on 37
just before we crossed it.
sweating, the driver screamed and cried
while crossing the interstate
in shock, but ok.

jacques watched her hypovenelate
as we rode over the glass.
when we got to the food bank,
my tires exploded both at once
from the heat or dry rot.

a dog named gypsy, a dark skinny boy named spit who i accidentally
called spic,
a piano we moved with his friend who's name
will always be yours.

ryan had a breaking bag full
of dismembered dolls and a typewriter.
we walked that way
together down Washington St.

and when I got home
the doors were locked
because jacqui and abby were giggling
stoned inside.