



FREE PRESS

POETIC RELEASE

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2013

the free press
POETRY ANTHOLOGY

DEAR READERS,

Welcome to the wonderful world of activist art. Welcome to the wonderful words of Spoken Word Poetry. Welcome to the Free Press once again. Now, before we dive into this whimsical world of imagery, passion and art, I have something I need to get off my chest. People seem to have some serious trouble understanding what [spoken word], [poetry slam], and [slam poetry] are.

First things first, spoken word poetry is the genre of craft. It is a style of performance poetry that follows the idea that something is added to a poem in its performance that could not be translated on the page alone. Spoken word artists will use everything from choreography, to vocal shifts, noises, props, music, bodily functions, and visual aids to express their art in full. Poetry slam is a subsection of this genre. In no way shape or form is poetry slam the only type of spoken word. Further, it is not the end all be all of the art form by any means.

Next, a poetry slam is a type of show where poets compete against each other for judge's approval. Poets are typically given about 3 minutes on stage to share original works of art without props, musical, or visual accompaniment. Judges give these poems a score between 1 and 10 and after a few rounds, ta-da, you have a winner.

Let's make two things perfectly clear now.

1) Any poem that is performed in a poetry slam is a slam poem. There are no special criteria, or secret voting boards that decide what a slam poem is. Many poems performed at slam are spoken word pieces, but I have seen Slams with only haikus performed in them. Those poems were no less slam poems than any other.

2) If there is no competition, you're not at a slam. Now I'm not in love with slam myself. Though it is fun, people are liable to forget that the point is to share personal works of art - not compete for some fabricated glory of impressing five random people. But, we need to get our vocabulary in sync to help appreciate the world of art into which you step. Open mics, encyclopedia shows, and other spoken word shows or poetry readings are not slam, and that's the way it should be. They all fill very different and important roles in the greater community and we would be at a loss without any one of the pieces.

So Readers, Rebels, and Revolutionaries, now that we are on the same page please enjoy this incredible edition of the Free Press. It is chock full of spoken-wordy-page-poem-y goodness. Continue being beautiful, and remember to bring along a napkin to wipe the drool off your chin by page 10.

Sincerely,
Devin Slamuels
Co-Founder, President: Poetic Release

TABLE OF CONTENTS

POEM 6	4
XXXXXX.....	5
XXXXXX.....	6
THAT PICTURE OF YOU ON FACEBOOK.	7
BODY WORSHIP	8
XXXXXX.....	9
XXX.....	10
XXXXXX.....	11
XXXXXX.....	12
JASPER	13
RUMINATIONS FROM BENEATH THE BRIDGE ..	14
XXXXXX.....	15
XXXXXX.....	16
XXXXXX.....	17
XXXXXX.....	18
XXXX.....	19
XXXXXX.....	20
XXXXXX.....	21
XXXXXX.....	22
THE PIECING TOGETHER OF MEMORIES:	
EXERCISE ONE	23, 24
XXXX.....	25

POEM 6

ANONYMOUS

Your dewy, downcast, dishonest eyes
do not move me.

You sucked it all into your mouth;
sucked devotion,
reverence,
respect
—sucked them into a wad of spit you spat at my icy
feet while inky water blindly crashed.
You pointed with fingernails a little too long, and
said

“Look. Here is all you are.
Here is your dream of the steering wheel,
The squinted-grit feeling of wind pushing sand in
your eyes, here are the black hairs on your stom-
ach,
the stickiness of your concave, complete chest on
mine.
Take all of it.

IP 3

ANONYMOUS

The ocean heals my skin, and draws my eye
I need the life breathed there by foam and waves
My feet feel free when kissed by tidal surge,
And hands cant help but stroke the sandy mud.

When landlocked, absence of the surf is felt
Quite tangibly; I am uncomfortable.
Flat unforgiving earth does not give way
To moving water; land does not have life.

We have a bond that lives, the sea and me,
I know I can't without the other be.

I don't want it.”

And I did, and I left the cliff where you left me, and
I kept it.
And now your bitterness at the hot-shame-things
you wish you didn't do
Does not move me.





RETROSPECT

KATELYN LAMB

We used to drive around and look at houses.
Their lawns were green and their faces white
And you would say “someday” with a sound in your voice
Like broken china on linoleum.
With a hunger in your eyes like cinders
On a cold hearth.

That year we knew every word to Sheryl Crow’s
“Tuesday Night Music Club.”
That grainy guitar strum and strain of her voice
Echoed yours and
I clung to that cassette tape the whole ride down
When Dad picked us up for that summer.
The highway lights were dim by
The Carolina lines
And I felt you crying six states away.
That emptiness swept through the corn fields
And crept up under the covers pulled tight,
Lulling the sound of the ceiling fan and cicadas.

How cold were those nights in New England?
How silent was our apartment stripped of laughter?
I never thought about how days were measured in
Teardrops back then and how, for you,
Hope hung on a minute hand
Unmoving.

THAT PICTURE OF YOU ON FACEBOOK.

repeatedly, i check facebook
to see it, your picture.
your hair is ruffled and your eyes
are wide, staring off
to my left.

some times, i gaze. wishing
i could hold your sweet face in
my hands. i could pass my fingertips
along your jaw, kissing their trails.

some times, my eyes are shut.
my heart is beating, my breath is
catching.
my thighs are warm, where they meet
(where my hand meets them)
is burning.

each time, i am alone.

ANONYMOUS

BODY WORSHIP

Your body's like an altar.
I drink in the smell of your soul's
cathedral—a musty merlot, deep
and luxurious. The buds of my
tongue quake as sinners
in Church, savoring the sweetness
of your sweat-slick skin.
Breast buds rise to meet your
touch,
(unabashedly)
blooming like blush pink
tulips.

Petals and pistils, nipples held
by jeweler's hands
as kaleidoscope rubies,
flush to rose-red hues, lush
and dewy with blooms
of sweat. You cradle
my small infinity as I
swallow the saving salvation
of your musky cathedral.
Your body is my altar, and I,
your faithful sinner.

ABBEY ROSE



THE PHALLIC FALLACY AND FRAMEWORK OF AN AMERICAN IDENTITY

America's penis is huge
America's penis loves freedom
America's penis likes protection sometimes
But would rather not have people deomocratically
Dictate who or how it penetrates

America knows everyone loves its penis
America fucks good
Everyone wishes it could fuck that good
But fucking this good took practice
And years of working out

America's penis helps people see god
America's penis protects freedom everywhere
America's penis cums where it is needed
America's penis cums where it wants
America's penis cums everywhere

To America, pen-is law
To America, pen-is pointed but largest guns
To America, god is freedom and freedom is god
To America, freedom is democracy and democracy
is America
To America, pen-is his source of power-bullets

America's penis is always hard line
America's penis is never soft like the UN
America's penis can be a dick sometimes
America's penis knows this is ok
Since the blossoms from its glory

America's penis wants to impregnate the world
America's penis wants children to be westernized
America's penis participates in venture capitalism
America's penis is opportunistic
America's penis is the greatest tool for world
change

America's penis doesn't cum when called
America's penis follows its own interest
America's penis would police the world
But loves its own people to much to risk
Their safety for anything less than more power

America's penis is a bit cocky
America's penis is the strongest
America's penis is the best
America's penis is truth
It knows this because it decides what truth is
Truth

Don't fight with America
Its penis will write you out of existence
Its penis will lock up its own people
Its penis is hungry to fight terrorism
And other forms of opposition

America's penis is always right
America's penis won't take no for an answer
America won't take no for an answer
America's penis will write you out of existence
America has an exceptional penis

monday

even as a dust mote you freak yourself out in parking lots
as they become landscapes STOP! think of trees:

trees in rows brown and fuller green
dark brown and still and definitive, be quiet
and inch backwards to see trees as landscapes-
pull back enough past forest, parking lot
to see literally just one other person
who is or will like yourself, STOP!

mood is everything, fucking loser
various interpersonal lockpicking
or otherwise competitive eye shakes like
what did you do this weekend?
what are you into?
snow outside but, it was even colder in her room!
STOP:

snow on trees melting
asphalt everyone emerging on bikes, with bros talking
split-conscious Adderall blabbing
who freak themselves out in parking lots not considerate of trees
and only considerate of snow as in
what is canceled?
where is the fucking road in this storm?

all of us eating snow later, ignoring gutter river rainbows
Monday, after snowy weekend
look at dust motes in sunlight and don't freak yourself out STOP.

mood is everything like,
see the walls of the game and still play it
i'm freaking myself out stop please consider
how slowly snow flows into parking lots
at least consider that trees know this too
and are still, still definitive
rows of brown, fuller green
become landscapes
become melting become,
stop

WILL O'CONNELL



art by hudson

JASPER

He was an American-born to two,
but grew
to be yet another buoy.

A boy a float in a dead river,
bobbing endlessly.

Carefully bringing morbid flowers
to safety.

Now, Jasper just needs time alone.
The moss man.

KHALES

RUMINATIONS FROM BENEATH THE BRIDGE

From the stone wall beneath the bridge he came,
Moss bracelets hanging from his wrists
Like a green congealed breeze, softly swaying.
Insect pupils floating in puddle eyes, Black
Leg veins reaching and retracting irregularly.
When he spoke his voice was quick and insecure
In the time it had, which was not without end,
For his love of that world belonged to an infatuation,
Fleeting. This he was wise enough to recognize,
And he wondered then if the pain of the prescient
Is greater than that of the ignorant, when
Finally it falls from the sky soaking
Their minds in belated realization.

CHRISTOPHER SINCLAIR

PHAZE Z IS EMPOWERMENT

ANONYMOUS

Something is missing. The evidence shows drifting.
Like reality is rifting and the background radiation is forever glistening.
What is stationary is shifting.
There is something missing.

Something we cannot see is affecting the sky and affecting the ground.
Mysterious forces make the world go around.
Life is the largest known and least understood singular energetic configuration.
Time melts in the other realm; like in a dream;
we're piercing through to the other side.
None are to say what is real, or what is imagined.
Is life not a dream?
Is a dream not life?

Everything that exists has a place on the spectrum and we are designed
to perceive more than we're indoctrinated to realize.
Anything is possible in that way.
I'm broadcast in you, you're in me, he's in him,
she's in he; believe me, I know what I've seen.
Believe yourself, you've been there, too.
Use the power of the other side.
Twist into the tremendous descent and at the reversion point you'll find yourself
ascending. Into a new world.
A new reality. Into the singularity with a reversed polarity.
Yin will be yang and yang will be yin,
and then your new life will begin again.

APATHY

ANONYMOUS

First, one person didn't care and I was amazed. Next, the most amazing thing was that almost nobody cared. How could anyone care when they're barely aware? I'd ask them, 'aren't you scared?' And they'd say, in so many words, 'I can't care. My thinking is impaired.' I should've never spoken because now I'm heartbroken y'all aren't self-actualized. I should have realized. Your mind burned alive for a nickel and a dime. I never should have idealized, but neither should all of us have. None of us realized. Yeah. Let it never be said there isn't malevolent forces controlling our choices. Shallow devils lead us into darkness from the womb and release us to roam lost and alone in the uncharted catacombs where they mindlessly bury our souls. By law they steal siblings from siblings, parents from children, children from parents, friends from friends, community from community, and all because these lives are a commodity to be traded in the stock exchange of human misery. This is money with a mind of its own. All is within their chaotic disregard. Forgive them, you, for they have sinned. We are anonymous. We are legion. Many don't forgive. None forget. Expect us. I am here, too. I forgive immediately. I can never forget. Money and the oppressive rule of law infect those I care for; in their eyeballs, their minds, their souls; apathy. Apathy. This grim unforgivable infection. Like an atomic chain reaction of regression, radiating the roots of organisms that won't make it. We who have purity have a duty and a responsibility to annihilate the infection in any way we can. This is threatening everybody. Apathy is the enemy and it dwells within you and it dwells within me. Only we can set anyone free from captivity and slavery; we are anti-captive and anti-fascism. We are anti-mind-numbing serfdom of the internet generation. We want freedom. This is not how we're meant to live. This infected imprisonment. It's time we get over it. Tell your captors to put down their guns and let you go free. Tell them you love them. Teach them some knowledge about the impending tragedy, manufactured disasters, and new beginnings. Bravery is the cure for slavery.

THE PIECING TOGETHER OF MEMORIES: EXERCISE ONE

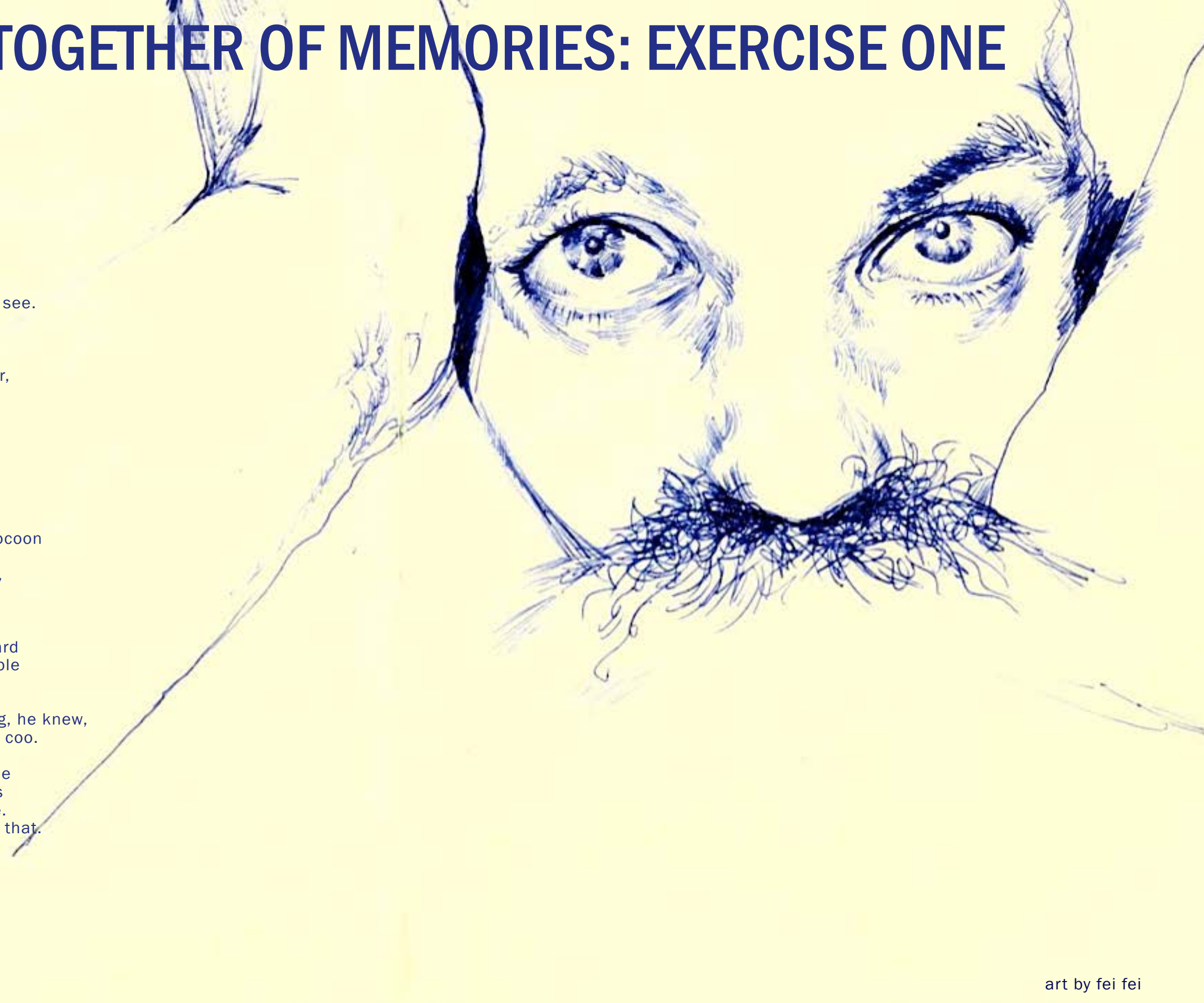
CHRISTOPHER SINCLAIR

The cocoon's contents would burn.
He thought of the smoke
As his fingers fumbled and his tongue
Found the thin strip of glue,
Or whatever it was. He folded
Quickly and twisted. It was tight
Enough. Somebody said, it'll do.

Two were on the floor, he and she,
Laughing about how they couldn't clearly see.
The other two were on the couch.
He couldn't recall how he'd gotten there,
But she was close and getting closer.
She nestled into the crook of his shoulder,
Every minute his hand on her side
Creeping lower and lower. His head
Was so high that his hand seemed
Miles away and he wondered what
It was doing, where it was going.

The flame hit the twisted end
And it burned down like a fuse.
He breathed deeply and the end of the cocoon
Curled, the glowing orange ember alive
In the night. The others watched the rite,
Awaiting the soft embrace. He emitted
A wispy cloud upon which he promptly
Hopped. He looked down at the circle
From which he'd broken, continuing upward
Until it was a single point, indistinguishable
From all the rest.

His hand had gotten to where it was going, he knew,
Because he heard her eyes shut, saw her coo.
Once there, she put her hand on his.
When she pulled it back lines of fine twine
Extended from her fingertips to the backs
Of his nails. Something like a marionette.
She pulled without thinking, this way and that.
After a minute her back tensed through,
And he felt her whisper, no, not yet.



HOUSEHOLD

Pillars bolster me,
Crumbling, I'm fumbling.
Too much sugar in teeth.

Caramel, is it too bleak?
It cloaks you as we speak.
veins of leaves
eyes besieged by depictions such as these.

Shirts, they squeeze and sulk,
filled with a body,
an unwanted bulk to carry.

Shoulders steadfastly in place.
Pass by me and grin,
I come here on a whim.
Your skin, my skin, they preen.
Smooth in the day, but burning as we
sleep.
A bloody endeavor to pass by with fervor
I only notice your beam.



FACEBOOK

Click, click
My life fades away as the clock ticks,
Stuck in reels of time,
Everyone’s life replays and rewinds,
Tag me she asks as I receive another poke,
Another promiscuous relationship Facebook pro-
vokes.

For is it really news that comes up on your feed,
Or just shameless self-promotion that people expect
you to read,
Some say it’s a great way to talk to your friends,
Making the line between social encounters bend.

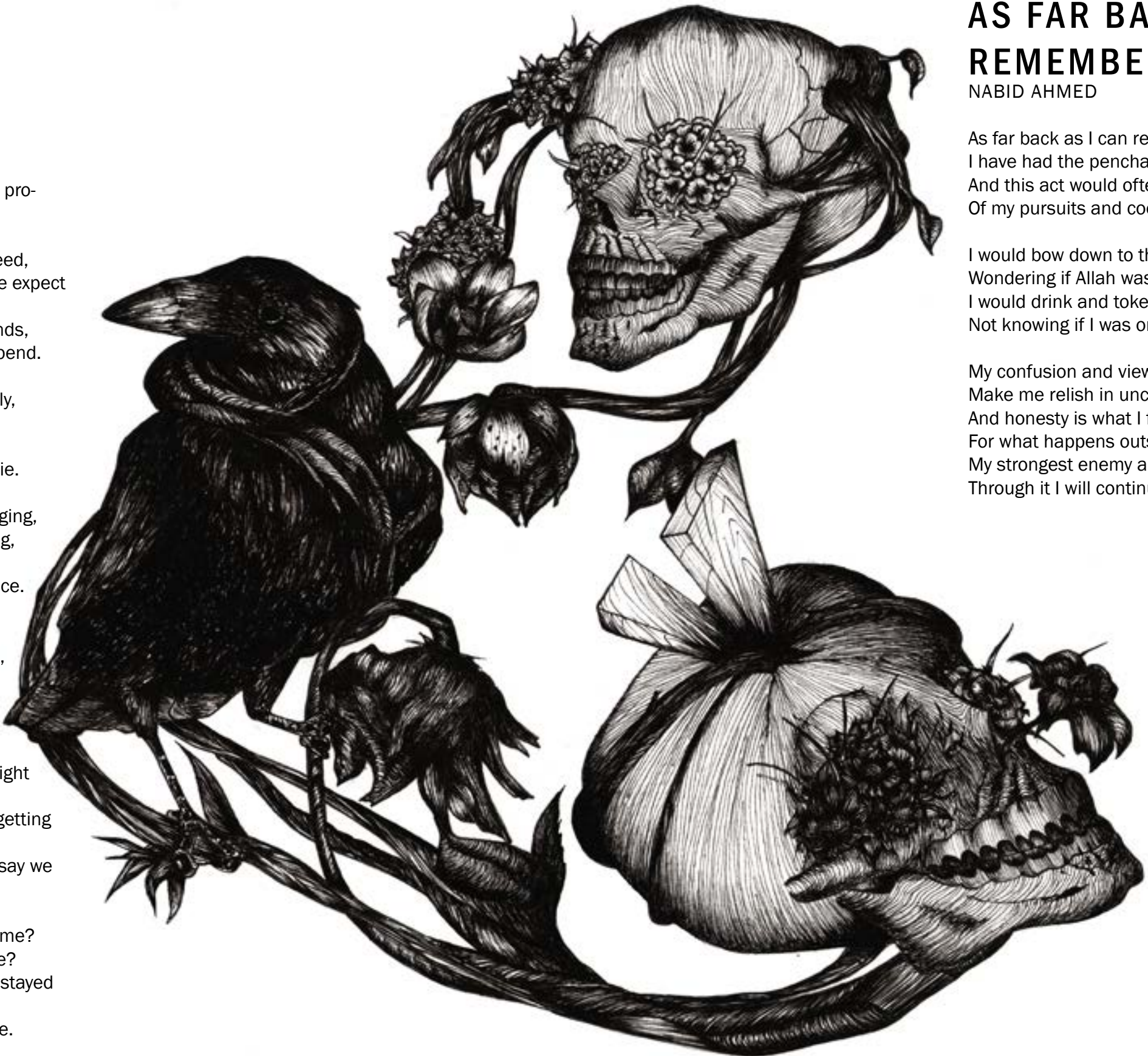
Another event comes around and I must reply,
Will we still be friends if I press deny?
If I say I am going am I living a lie?
For what happens to your profile when you die.

We spend hours each day reviewing and judging,
Advertising products I have no need in buying,
Maybe one day we’ll meet face to face,
For now all I can trust is social media interface.

We’re not much different you and I,
Stuck in between those white and blue lines,
I can move on as fast as a page will load,
Trying to turn myself into a perfect mold.

O great it’s on your phone now too,
For if you didn’t check it every minute you might
have no clue,
For all that Facebook denotes is the fear of getting
left out,
Leaving behind every characteristic that we say we
are all about.

Are you even a real person without a username?
Does having a lot of friends add to your fame?
The constant checking to see if your friends stayed
the same,
Leaving you with nothing and critically insane.



AS FAR BACK AS I CAN REMEMBER

NABID AHMED

As far back as I can remember,
I have had the penchant to self-analyze,
And this act would often smother the ember
Of my pursuits and coerce me to fantasize.

I would bow down to the east and then rise
Wondering if Allah was supposed to provide;
I would drink and toke with the guys,
Not knowing if I was on a certain side.

My confusion and views, now unified,
Make me relish in uncertainty;
And honesty is what I feel inside,
For what happens outside is unworthy!
My strongest enemy and ally is the Universe,
Through it I will continue to traverse.



M O N E Y

THE EXECUTIVE CLEANED THAT
BOARDROOM LIKE BLEACH

(NOT LITERALLY, OF COURSE.
THAT WAS THE JANITOR'S JOB.)

THE TABLE WAS SHINY ENOUGH TO GIVE
EVERYONE

A HEADACHE.

A LONELY GLASS OF SCOTCH COULD SIT
THERE LIKE A PRISM

IN THOSE GENTLE, POST-DOWN
SIZING AFTERNOONS.

HE CARRIED WITH HIM SOME SICKENING
HOSPITAL SMELL,

BUT INSTEAD OF MAKING PEOPLE
NAUSEOUS,

IT COMPELLED THEM TO KISS
HIS ASS.

EVERYONE KNOWS THE STERILE SMELL
OF MONEY.

WRITE YOUR OWN POEM

So, [you] and maybe [your friends] wanna write your own poems? Fantastic. Here's a few things we picked up from Poetic Release on how to get those Poetic Juices well, released.

STEP 1: WARM UP.

Warm up exercises are great. Play with words. Choose a random object in the room and describe it in as many words as you can think of. When you run out of words, switch to phrases. When you run out of phrases, make shit up. After 5-10 minutes of this, share your exercise if you feel comfortable. People may find poetry in your rambling.

STEP 2: REFLECT

Read some other poetry. Read things that inspire you. If you're with friends, have each person find a piece that speaks to them, then analyze them together. The highest form of flattery is imitation in the arts, so steal things! If there's a specific mechanic you like, then mimic it in your own piece.

STEP 3: WRITE [DUH]

Write how you feel. Don't think you feel anything? Okay, write about some prompts. Ideas that [we] liked:

- write about yourself in the third person
- piece together your earliest memories and try to make sense of them [or not]
- describe, in vivid detail, the ultimate treehouse

STEP 4:

????

STEP 5:

Rinse, repeat.

FREE PRESS

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monteith 223

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SPECIAL THANKS

poetic release
launching art via activism

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rants, and raves:
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