THE LAKEWOOD PUBLIC LIBRARY

April 1 - 30, 2018 — 1st Last Issue

LETTERPRESS PROFIT

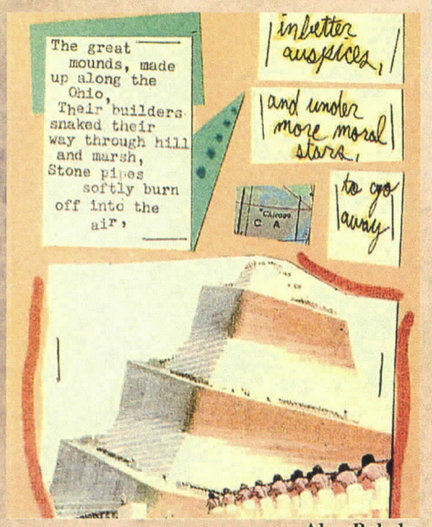
Sometimes the Sun

Nicole Henessey

Jim Lowell lives
In the Cuyahoga River

I swear
I've seen him
swimming

on foreign mornings
so situated in the suburbs
monotony is mistaken
as convenience



Alex Bakale

Sometimes the sun seeps in –

For those who don't know,
listen:

In attempt
To forgive future
as being beautiful
in your maybe
the morning peels layers of shade
by shade drives shadows

Alex Bakale

I can't quite articulate it right
because I sound like me
Autocorrect evening –

In backyard Cleveland
I remember camping
Zoo animals moaned
at night it seemed
as if those howling wolves weren't locked
but roaming free beneath
the bridge my dad epically recounted
so many times climbing
up from the bottom
still stands
reconstructed
old bones
pass cars rusting

It always comes back
to decay

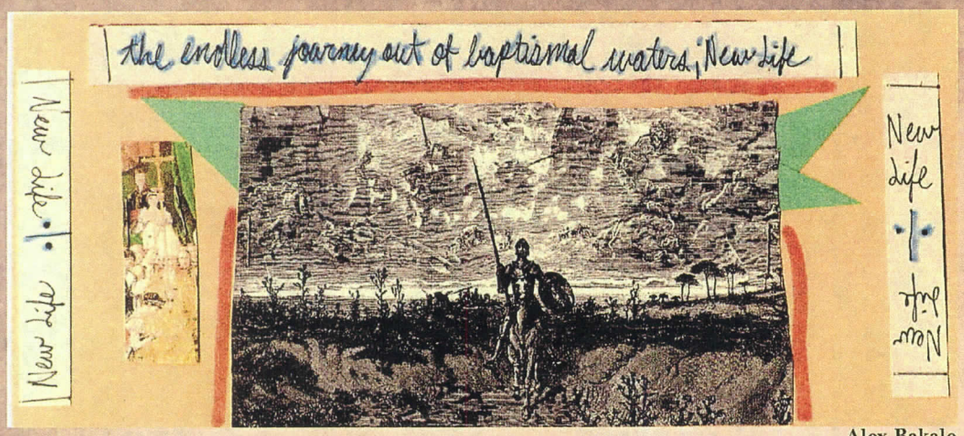
Nothing's changed
in the neighborhood I grew up in

Those same animals moan at night
Insisting imagined adventures till morning
come breakfast
lunch
and dinner

The same

mural flaking specks of paint
only noticeable in their absence

The same neighbors
somewhere insist
there was a pigeon man
who in his garage
kept flocks of trained-to-return birds
eventually taken by the city
after which
across the street
lived merely a man
unable to look at that empty garage
any longer



Alex Bakale

I don't recall
his recurring image in my past
as being after that

but the sound of tiny forests growing
in the cracks between brick road
meeting pavement at each end
Just in time to realize
I had wandered too far from home
In the first place –

My mom used to get to drinkin'
dad told me as I stood in the kitchen
unable to directly face
and she'd start in on me

I don't want to do that

Meanwhile, my mom sat in a chair
near earlier
She asked when I would talk to them again
Sometimes silence
conveys comfort and trust
This was not one of those times

Sometimes the sun

By then
I had already forgiven them
for being human
my whole life

I don't come from one of those polite
families
instead
people are people
and spread out across bloodlines
of entire ancestry
spans chaos and dictatorship

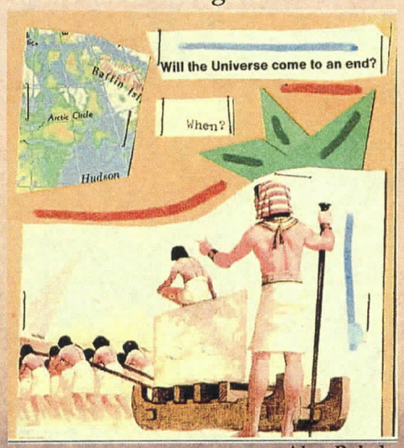
A tiny corner
supposedly exists ireland
where stood men
I don't think
I've known

They later had beers
and discussed
topics recycle wears
comma
intersect progress

cower ancient calendars
embedded in structures
we still don't understand

interpret as modern myth
compile science
fast forward future
to end endless
ultimate attainment of the sky

encircles madness
similarly rearranged
whispered the sea
translated into elegies
these same thoughts



Alex Bakale

Still

Breathe vibrations born
forever
of slight movement at all

It always come back
to creation

As poets past
stood in streets drooling
graffiti
seeping into sewer systems
crowds of couldn't careless
passersby deleting dreams
live lives

around each other
seems space
in theory

Suddenly disaster

So you're after
the stop
exit repeat
so you're after
after
me

I know
it's been a long time
since I've sung a song
not littered

keeps coming
and coming
free far-off
symptoms of lonely
not wholly shivering

smoke another cigarette
suck synonyms
backup
report the exact facts
not lyric mirrored
reflect face
fuck
favorite ever place
so distant
I can't even say
I love you
tomorrow anymore

And then I guess
I'm suffering
They say consequence

rather rhythm-

90-year-old
bright red roses
scent heavy of another flower

No one ever told me
I was a poet
until much later
they assessed me for it
and failed
that I can't spell character
no matter
spell-check fills it

Blur the line of
not enough people
to start music
just me
dreaming

The morning is coming

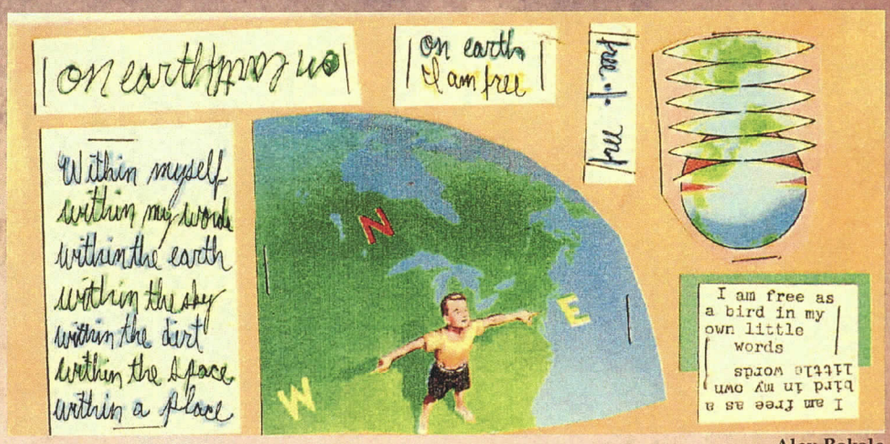
He is sleeping

Stream of Buddishusness

A Business Personality

Clerie

This is my submission,
cuz I went out fishin,
And not Looking for a
recognition,
Just want the time
to lick my fingers clean,
like a little kiddy.



Alex Bakale

Self-evolution

Shawn Kasper

Humanist
Stimulus to the future
Catalyst, enzymatic reaction
It's all about the green
Oxygen, photosynthetic waste
Symbiotic relationships
I help you
You help me
Energy explosion
DNA
Binary coding
Zero's and ones
Zero is none
One is all
Fight the evil
Spread the love
Singularity is near

The Rock

Gregory Sendelbach

How stifling the day
with its dull ceaseless light!

Unconcerned blank-staring sun
burns the life from my bones;
Hot dry wind is my eye,
rough arid sand is my mouth.

I age slowly with no excitement,
worn down by strength-sapping

Endless hours of ennui,
leaving nothing behind.

Angry Beast

Janelli Cederio

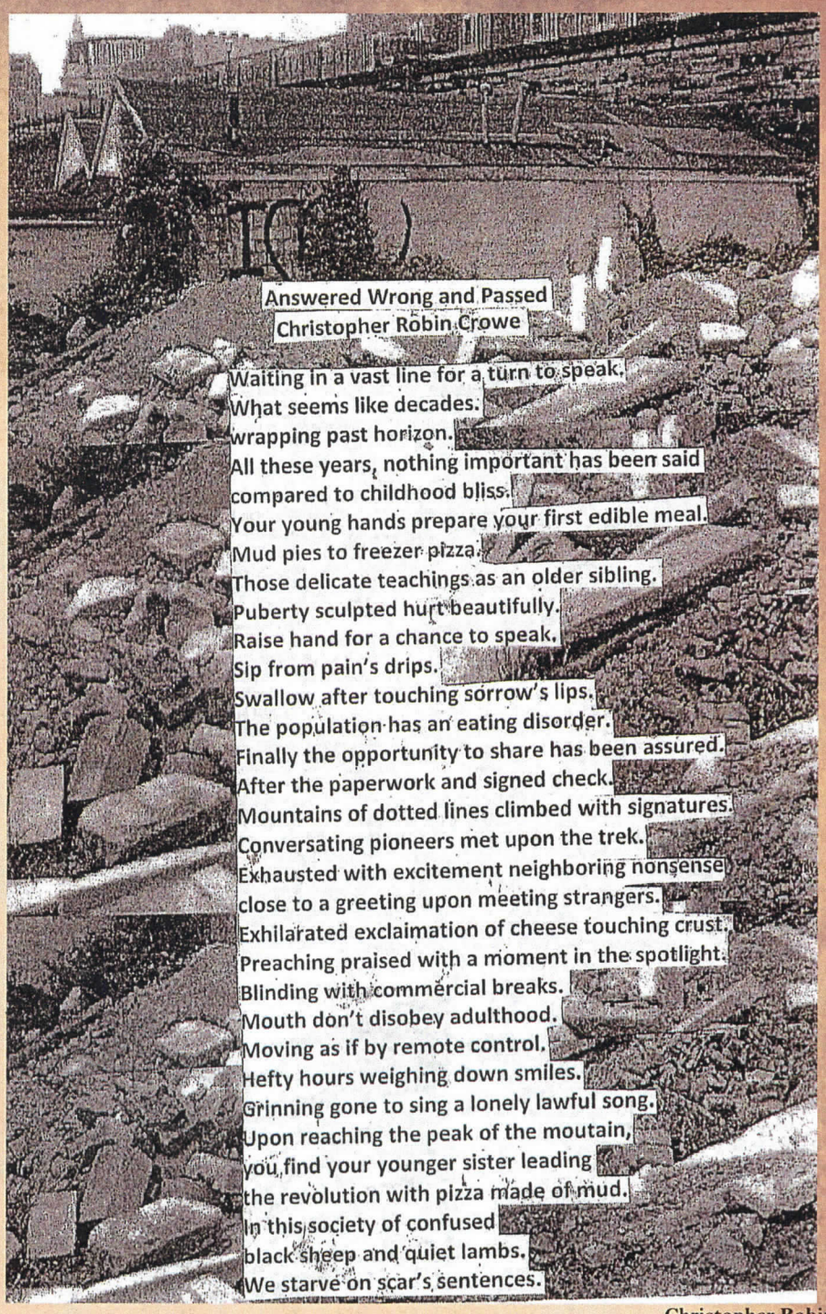
The angry beast inside my head
All the voices want me dead
I can't help but stay in bed
No school no work let me sleep instead
I can't think too far ahead
And if I don't open my mouth I can't get fed
I am holding on one thread
It's easier said
He tells me I'm ugly
He tells me I'm fat
He says c'mon lets chat
Your nothing but a rat
I beat myself with a bat
You think it's a couple words that's that
What about that bed where I sat
Or when he laid me on my back
Congrats you got me
You want a plague?
Now everytime I hear a knock I have a heart attack
Your soul is nothing but black
You got me up like an insomniac
Trying not to break like shellac
These feelings are wack
Always had me on the wall like a thumbtack
With a pile of books stacked
Wouldn't let me out until my legs cracked
Told me if I moved I am done and that's a fact
Now let's get on a new track

Christopher Robin

Chains

j.gombarcik

Everyone needs the comfort of chains
at first.
Oppression is a soothing seduction.
Some restraints are needed to avoid
impulsive risks.
Each link requires a strategy for
tempering control,
control of self, developed from within.
As maturity grows, self-awareness
increases a chain's weight.
Awareness prompts self-discipline, new
responsibility.
Responsibility forges enough stress for
beginning insights.
Negative reinforcements focus insights
on the organism.
Insights become perspectives for the
future,
for defining decisions, possibilities of
prophecy.
Chains serve a purpose: they awaken
instincts.
But they are painful, deliberate,
unsympathetic.
Still, they are the catalyst to reveal
alternatives.
which focus survival verves death.
Eventually, like all phases, the need for
chains will end,
morphing into different needs, softer
alternatives.
Chains begin to chafe the intellect,
limiting choices.
The chains can be damaging to a life
if the memory of the pain is allowed to
persist,
or if scars infect a mind through the
chains imposed by others.
We openly resist when others chain us
but may tacitly accept
when we, ourselves initiate the
restraints.
Either alternative turns unacceptable.
The organism matures, becomes
self-aware.
The discovery that there is more to life
than base survival manifests itself to
the conscious.
The organism develops suddenly,
interacts with others.



Christopher Robin

A stepping stone is formed by the
moment.
Discovery of the self converts to
discovery of the world.
The shackles become painful, the
chains a restriction.
But a mind can be taught to soften
links into fragile things:
to break them apart before before
damage is permeant,
before the moment when links
refuse to temper.
These hidden polymers can still
alter their grip,
Then sheer will can weaken
the pain, release
the pressure of shackles, ease
the restraint on freedom's
wrist.
Hard metal restraints can turn
brittle with determination.
Without awareness, links
remain taut, cold, a constant
reminder.
Struggle only drives the base
metal deeper into the mind.

STREET KIDS

Aaron Schmidt

We were Lakewood street kids,
it was 1985,
city streets and small
backyards is where we felt
alive.

We rode our BMX bikes, up
and down the blocks,
we wore Converse All Stars,
and double stripes on our
socks.

We slid across the blacktop,
with skateboards under our
feet,
hopping curbs and dodging
cars, making parents scream.

We walked to McKinley each
morning, and lined up outside
the school,
carrying backpacks and metal
lunch boxes, we tried so hard
to look cool.

We goofed off in the
classroom, and sniffed a lot of
glue,
we'd lick it off our fingers, to
hear the girls say, Ewww!

We learned computers on an
Apple II, with a fuzzy
black-and-green screen.
we journeyed across the Oregon
Trail, tapping clunky keys.

We found our way with Shel
Silverstein, reading silliness in
the library,
got lost in the woods with Gary
Paulsen, climbed a bean tree
with Gail E. Haley.

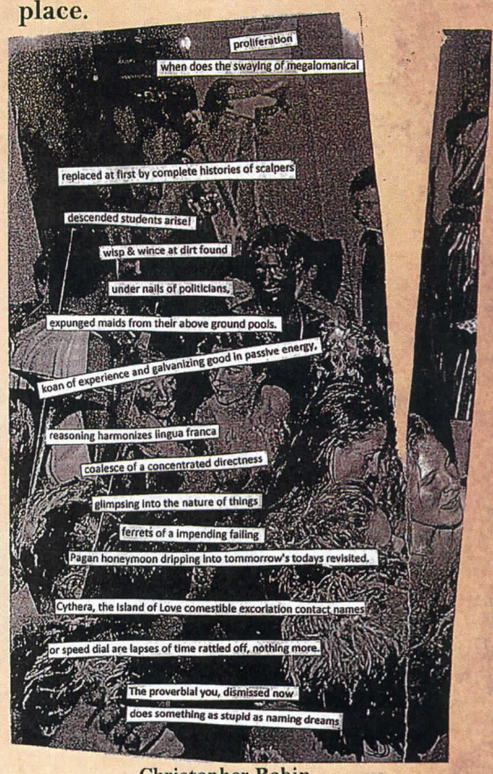
We drew on the tables in Beck
Center, and peeked behind the
stage,
we giggled when teachers yelled
at us, and told us to act our age.

On Friday Flip-Up Day the girls
wore skirts, we knew it was a
dare,
we chased them during recess, to
see their underwear.

We stopped in Popcorn Video
and looked through all the tapes,
we threw our sleeping bags on
the floor and watched movies
until late.

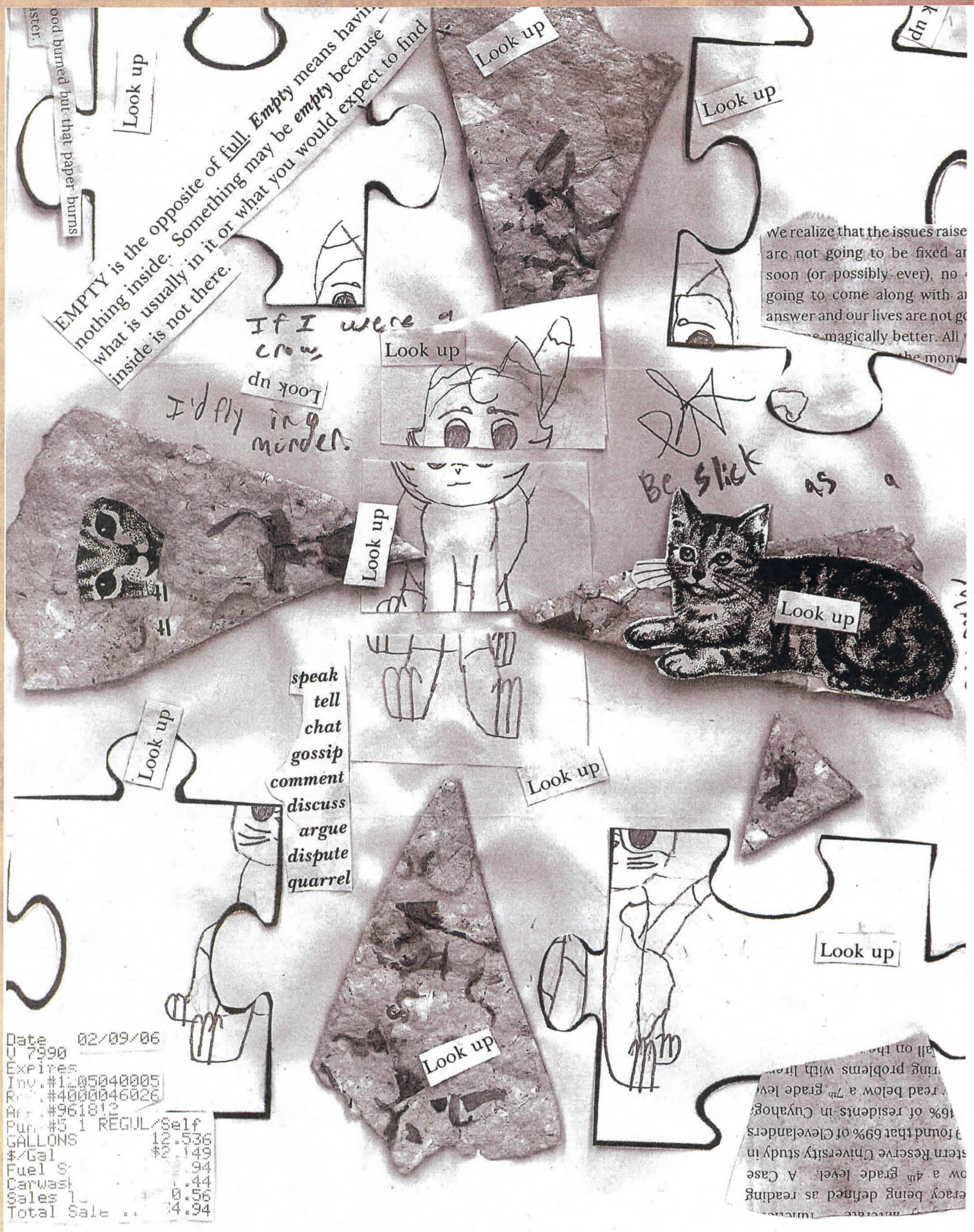
We fell asleep to train horns and
the clicking of the tracks,
the sound I can't shake from my
head that always takes me back.

We are Lakewood street kids, the marks we left can't be erased, listen for us near the railroad tracks, our ghosts still roam this place.



Christopher Robin

Christopher Robin


EMPTY is the opposite of full. Empty means havin
nothing inside. Something may be empty because
what is usually in it or what you would expect to find
inside is not there.
Look up
If I were a crow
I'd fly in a murder.
Be slick as a
We realize that the issues raise
are not going to be fixed a
soon (or possibly ever), no
going to come along with a
answer and our lives are not g
magically better. All
speak
tell
chat
gossip
comment
discuss
argue
dispute
quarrel
Date 02/09/06
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Sales
Total Sale

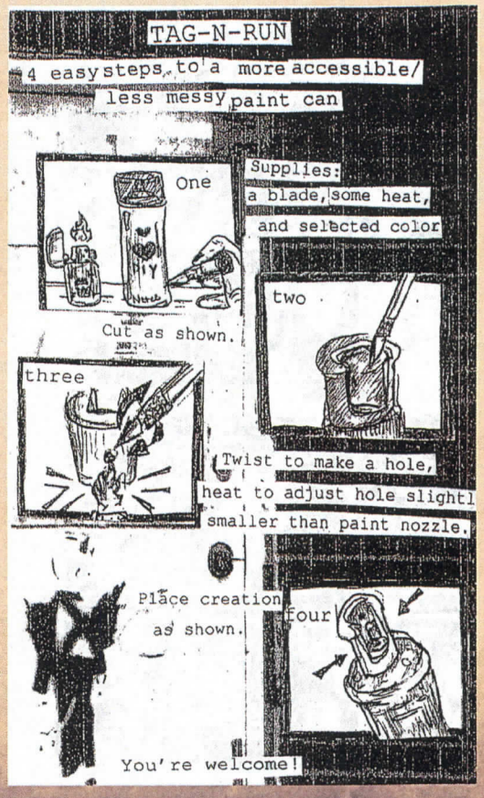
Edy Keeper

The Portal Near

j. gombarcik

What if Freud, Jung and all the rest,
had it wrong?
And Edgar Rice Burroughs had it
right?
I dreamt I met a man I didn't know.
But, after searching
My memory, I remembered him in a
most natural way.
Then we conversed without question.
If only a dream, why does recognition
exist?
Are dreams meaningless bits of
random memory,
Activating without purpose or reason
while the dreamer sleeps?
Is it merely a rebooting of our
internal systems,
Activating a series of synapses which
somehow need reactivation?
Or are they distinct half-remembered
parts of Life or Lives experienced,
Truly seen and felt in another Time,
another Place?
Indeed; we cannot be sure what it
should be called: Imagination?
Random thought?
Or a mere imperfect recollection of
events once experienced?
With some events only realized as we
transition back to our other reality.
We may speculate, but it is our own
ignorance which makes us uneasy.
Dreams are explained away as artifacts
of REM sleep when we awaken.
Yet they are real rule-based and
memory –secured mind remnants,
Although we may not grasp the logic
of their experiences at first.
They prove to have structure and
meaning within their format.
Is that not a definition of reality? A
set of stimuli
Interacting with our own data
constructs of past experience?
But while we clearly remember our
current, awakened metal database
Of past and present, the existence in
dreams is tenuous.
It is still offered as an
acceptable view of reality when
we are there,
Yet unclear when we transition
back to this world view.
How much can we understand
this alternate alien world?
This is a formed experience in
which we may or may not
interact,
A world of feeling as well as of
observation,
Even of taste and touch if the
viewer so concentrates.
Its world is a doppelganger
Gaia redefined: a second
existence just out of reach.
Its entry is like an all-access
pass to a Quantum-Leaping
universe,
Changing as freely as Sam
Beckett jumping among
lifestyles.
We boldly walk fantastic
bridges crossing unexplored
countries.
Each life as tantalizing as the
other, a collection of virtual
lands.
All understood as normal,
accepted throughout our stay.
According to this definition,
can on reality
Be any more valid than
another? Belief in an
experience past
Defines a related experience
when seen in the present.
Perhaps the dream world
seems real because it becomes
real—
All to a Mind that accesses a
unique, perhaps
changed-to-fit,

Storehouse of recognized
backgrounds.
Like the computer which is
only as good as its input,
Or the reborn world of John
Carter who believed he lived
On a Time-altered Mars, the
present is the food by which
We are nourished. It becomes
our dependence, our new
Life without question, and
dictates how we entertain the
Future.



Christopher Robin

Alex Bakale

REDACTED

A Classified Polemical Poem-memo

Written by [redacted]
Redacted by [redacted]

When in the course of human events, March of 2016, [redacted] Beauregard [redacted] met with itch-May [redacted] Connell-McMay to lay groundwork for Operation [redacted] aka The Honky-town amendment: The repeal and replace of the 13th amendment.

Several aspects of this meetign were known to [redacted] who was percieved by many to be pompous with a Vesuvian temper (wink wink)

I. (from the wiretap transcript)

[redacted]: [redacted] told me his 'tell'.
McMay: You're Putin me on!
[redacted]: No, f'real, ya'll! [redacted] was at home when he told me (have you seen his house? Man, it's a fort!) Anywho, he said...

At this point [redacted] paused to make sure that the [redacted] at [redacted] in which they were meeting was empty before proceeding in a hushed voice.

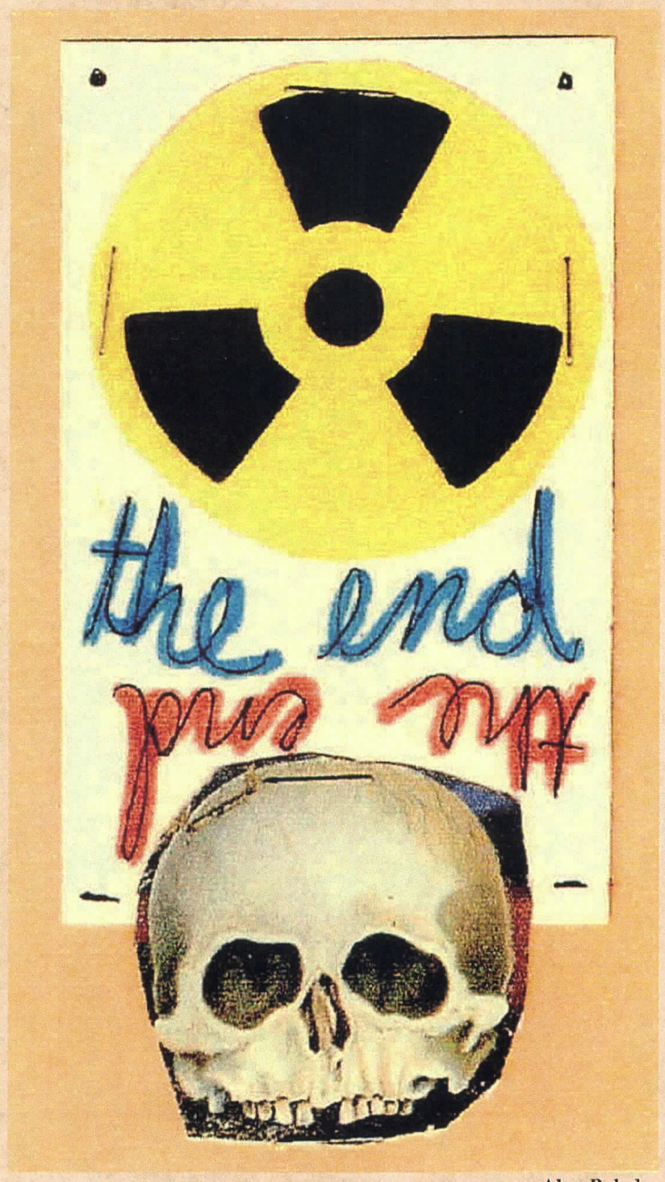
[redacted]: he said that whenever [redacted] J. [redacted] says, "Fake News!" it is actually code for "It's True!"
McMay: No [redacted]!
[redacted]: And! And, "No Collusion!" is code for "Lots of Collusion!"
McMay: Shhh, [redacted]! Someone's comey!
[redacted]: Aiiigh! It's the demogorgon!
McMay: Oh, whew, it's only Mike Pence.

-end of transcript

II. It became apparent Mike Pence [redacted]

Robert Holland

Thank you to everyone who participated in
The Lakewood Public Library Letterpress Profit.



Alex Bakale

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