

Coprolalia / Nov 25, 2016

—early morning—fall into a dream—dragonflies buzz around me—and Paul Ryan—smiling—with his widow's peak—like Dracula—and saying—we're going to privatize—all the prisons—then my sister says—she lent my car—to a guy I'm seeing—you don't know him—I yell—you should ask first—fucking asshole—now she's asleep—on the sofa—I feel guilty—for swearing at her—but I do it again—coprolalia—compulsive swearing—can't help it—fuck it—at dawn—downtown Detroit—fuck it—it's still dark—and I'm still dreaming—Eric Clapton said—he would stop touring—I swear—this is it—no more—then I start running—in a dangerous-at-night-neighborhood—I see the house—where Linnee was born—someone else lives there—all the neighbors gone—curling up—in a corner—of the porch—waiting for daylight—so the hoods won't see me—before that—making sweet love—with that guy—who's now driving my car—down Trumbull Avenue—heading for I94—

Gently, So Gently / May 12, 2017

—to avoid the draft—at nineteen—in Chicago—Allen marries—and divorces—he didn't tell me—after he dies—an email—from his x—a funky trailer—in Abiquiu—two cats, a dog—white sand, red rocks—in a cafe we talk—a young couple in a photo—dreamy as in a dream—the bully selling—all our things—books and photos—even my clothing—to a library—like a dog—following a scent—a counter attack—cyber blurring—on a shelf—an old coat with holes—no buttons—the Roman streets—full of holes—is anybody looking?—gently, so gently—put on the coat—in its place—leave behind—a delicate—white bridal dress—with a note—dear funky—we too—love a bit of lace—

Acupuncture / August 3, 2017

—in tick country—foxes in demand—first blood—to keep down the mice—Mr. Fox tricks—the super bullies—for a share fair—of the cider—stop by my x's office—limp in—say hello—*oh, my white girlfriend*—he says—happy to see me—*when you text—my wife sees your photo*—delete it—put up a fox—I like seeing you—his voice—like a sensor—a measurement—of blood flow—and pressure—I hurt my coccyx—I say—in yoga—his gift—a box of needles—*can I come and see you?*—he asks—a needle drags—across my chest—*have you been with anyone*—a pen with several fine needles—creating tiny wounds—90% wonderful—without insurance—a pair of needle-nosed pliers—yanks out—an emotionally unavailable—rotting tooth—at Stuyvesant square—Apple presents—a new emoji—a fox in a headscarf—I trot down the hall—to have blood drawn—by another doctor—he to a patient—with his needles—

Now and Again / Aug 21, 2017

—to cover misdeeds—the bully—puffs himself up—with exaggeration and falsification—his allies—a glittering who's who—in the corporate financial world—his supporters—homegrown—Detroit Right Wings—the eighth letter—their icon—88 HH for Heil Hitler—nonetheless—here we are—moving along—as usual—on the F train—an old woman—late 80s—her hands shaking—thin—wearing a baseball hat—gets off at E Broadway—a young man—in red work clothes—white hood—sits beside me—his muscles—glistening with sweat—every human body—a marker in time—a squat woman—body like a boxer—red dyed—ear length hair—disheveled—takes off a long—snaking bracelet—carefully reorders—then rewinds—glittering diamonds—Broadway Lafayette—the 6 uptown—skinny guy—grey uncombed hair—tiny rimless glasses—tattered jeans and shirt—reading a book—many paper markers—what is it?—lean left—catch "Benjamin"—lean further—"Iter"—*Walter Benjamin*—oblivious to others—he reads—every human body—a marker—to escape nazis—Benjamin took—an overdose of morphine—1940—at 51<sup>st</sup> street—I stand up—have you read *Berlin Childhood?*—I ask—*yes*—and he likes it too—I love that book—my favorite Benjamin—did you read the early version—the one—about the moon—I will—he says—we nod—then off the train—walking east—just as—the moon crosses over the sun—the city in darkness—for a fleeting moment—

# READ ON

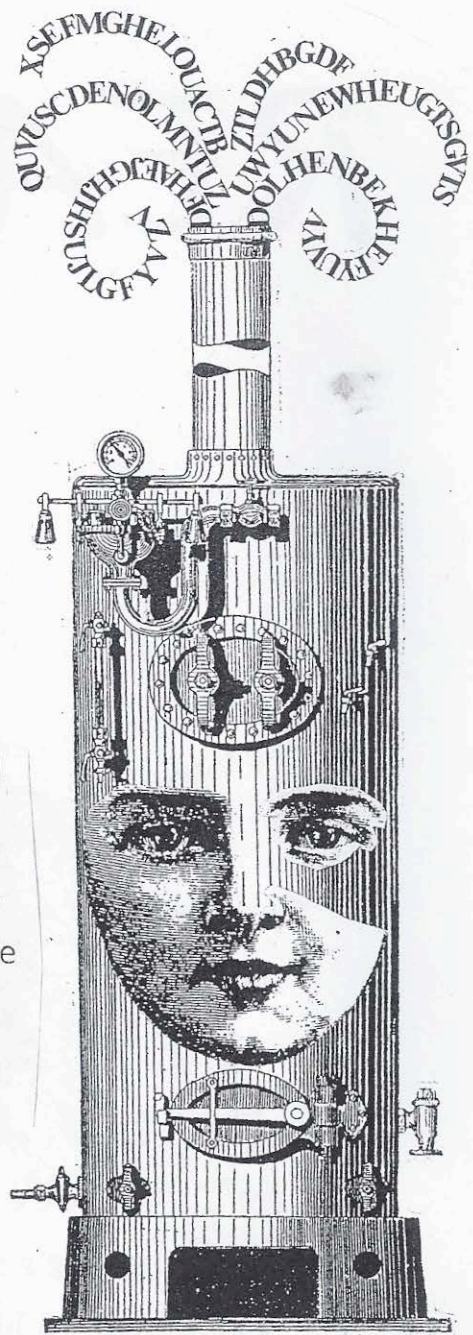
MITCH HIGHFILL. CAM LOWE. LOUIS ARMAND.  
MARK YOUNG. JOEL DAILEY. GLENN COOPER.  
GERARD MALANGA. JOHN GODFREY. GIG RYAN.  
TED GREENWALD & CHARLES BERNSTEIN.  
RICHARD MARTIN. BARBARA HENNING.  
MAGDALENA BALL. JIM GUSTAFSON.  
TOM WEIGEL. JOANNA WALKDEN HARRIS.  
KRIS HEMENSLEY. BOB ROSENTHAL.  
CHRIS BARRON. JAKE ST. JOHN. STEVE BENSON.  
PETE SPENCE.

**Front Cover & Back Cover & this page  
work by Aaron Flores.**

This is the 3rd One-Off magazine i have produced  
the other 2 **Soluble Edge & Special Delivery** i will  
go back to **Have Your Chill** for the next magazine  
as with all my recent magazines i try to give a fair  
overview of current writing rather than take a one  
School approach i hope i have attained a fair mix  
in this mag and so now **READ ON**

pete spence

**Donnithorne Street Press March 2018.**



*Allen G.*

Allen G. showed me how to use the *it* by eliminating it. The itzy-bitzy pronoun.  
He said, "accept the hyphen,"  
the only visual in the alphabet.  
He showed me how to make chicken soup  
to ward off those nasty nasty colds.  
"Have some chicken soup!" he'd say. I've since lost the recipe.  
"Embrace the vernacular," he'd say.  
That was easy for a kid from the Bronx.  
He proudly showed me his new Leica, like a kiss-and-tell,  
which Berenice Abbott recommended.  
He captioned all his photographs as a total signature;  
but as the years wore on he shot less & less.  
I know the feeling.  
He died 4 years earlier than I am now, 74.

**GERARD MALANGA**

*For Raymond Foye*