

PRESCRIPTION: laudanum

PATIENT:

DOSAGE:



PRESCRIPTION: laudanum

PATIENT: Ryan Clark

DOSAGE: *the sky is simply wallpaper*

apothecaRy

Cold air cracked the window,
struck a beat, the snares,
the Pentagon consultant,
and that's how Jesus was made.

The flow of the clouds in the sky
screams "I LOVE YOU! I LOVE
"doors. It will lift later;
the library is now closing.

See her on dandelion highway;
see her ears twitch
for a bag of chocolate.

I can feel the worms coming on
for sure today
like weeds poking at the dirt
shot through from a rifle.

here are no grounds for divorce, an embrace

My girl's got hair like hellfire,
she's still the taste of the night.

drilling for answers in tile floors
no echo from you or the soft warm skin of your cheek

There's no Bible in this motel;
four and five and six, then
stand up caffeine aware:

of nails, of texture dull in my teeth,
of lighters flickering like epic sirens.

PRESCRIPTION: laudanum

PATIENT: Ryan Clark

DOSAGE: *Imagine the air outside the glass*

apothecaRy

I was running across
a stainless steel graveyard
for chicken and cheese taquitos,
opening over ideas.

Carolina's cheek rushing past me on the breeze
her speech an infinite rockslide;

an Indian engraving of creation
or love with amorous sweat.

Through the fields
I gag and spit,
only got a few yards.

some other is old

As I drive eastward, marching 'til Myrtle Beach,
my lungs choke with dust;

west being the other,
that oily skin I wish my tongue could clean.

When I laugh at myself for not thinking ahead,
I drink, and wet coffee sand slides over
a piece of paper on the
hilly dream; next door as dead.

Past the fields, on the water, big beach houses
and bury me in lovely pebbles;

and I write on paper coffee cup:
"in brown hair I'd love to find myself come dawn,
apartment air, and not a windshield"

PRESCRIPTION: laudanum
PATIENT: Amy Pommerening
DOSAGE: *Study Guide, p.1*



Hypothesis CE

gun will be placed to her head

Observation CE

- nine months toenail growth,
- chains restrain woman bearing child

Lesson CE

possess more patience than erosion

Key Terms

Deplete	Inertia
Litmus	R-17
Incision	Sociopath

how intricate

& grotesque & playful

communication can be

but its asking at 1:24 a.m.

why are we?

which makes singer who loves the law of averages learn
lamprey from a walkie-talkie

Hypothesis

inconvenient for bullets to run out
right before severed arm thrown at you

Observation

- nightwatcher dressed in terne intimidates identity thieves

Lesson

one difference between the saved & redeemed is gravity

PRESCRIPTION: laudanum
PATIENT: Amy Pommerening
DOSAGE: *Study Guide, p.2*



in pan-Asian accent

cellar rat

tells them

squeeze sergeant's mutilated body tight

while descending steep mountain side

we really are the monstrosities of god's creation

Interjected Narrative

[Anger may be played by blue haired gnome or bearded imp]

Anger feels abused by Circumstance; red-faced
about snowflakes (the Heideggarian minions) has only sweet corn
and panda-cheese sandwiches to eat during *Zeitgeist*.

At five o'clock somewhere, Anger twirls scotch glass – twirls,
as an old soul would.

And Anger thought this is a crucial moment, pretending to be
a bullet imbedded in Palestinian forehead.

Anger never wakes up tomorrow complacent.

daydreaming of Geico balloons & millipedes

crawling over ribbed

aluminum

across the conference table, Darth Vader breathes

machine
machines
man

how we're being robbed
yet don't even know it

PRESCRIPTION: laudanum
PATIENT: Amy Pommerening
DOSAGE: *Study Guide, p.3*

apothecaRy

Hypothesis

radiation exposure will force one to gnaw on human intestines

Observation

- Sink holes don't catch every time

Lesson

say goodbye when you're never going to utter hello again

[Unit Question]

do you find it intelligent
to do

something
that gets you in trouble,
without knowing why?

PRESCRIPTION: laudanum
PATIENT: Erin Matthews
DOSAGE: *Woman in a Backyard*

apothecaRy

The branches of a backyard oak creaking,
a woman sitting against the trunk--
the weight of a back to a back
and the audible ache in the air--

He touched her elbow early this morning,
right after he said "Sorry."
She heard the branches in the backyard stretching,
disregarded the slatted rays of sun on his profile.

The sparrows are perched on naked branches above her,
silhouettes in filtered sunlight.
The smell of wet leaves,
Insect whispers in the distance--
she grabs fistfuls of grass.
The dirt beneath her fingernails,
uprooting something,
forcing an end--

The sound of a door closing,
duffel bags in the bed of his truck--
she stayed where she was, in front of the window,
until she felt the house behind her,
quiet.

Falling leaves stick in her hair.
The bushes have gone red.
"Autumn's in the air," they say,
and everything believes it.

But the wisps of cloud in the sky--
the birds leave the woman's tree to find another,
a squirrel peeks through the loose plank in the wooden fence--
she's seen them before.

When she stands up, her pants are damp.

She'll have to move too.

PRESCRIPTION: laudanum
PATIENT: Travis Cebula
DOSAGE: *Two For One*

apothecaRy

one too yet
I grin
many
margaritas in my mismanaged
agrarian armory
arms against gentry
ants against gnome mongers
emanating stoney emotions
snooty, gone morons that they are
moot masonry and margarine ottomans

my more grammarian moments
annotate ratty tomes, martyrs
in an egomaniac's tyrant room
marriage, moon, some
monotony again
in oratory
I am but anagram
of a geostationary gainsayer
a manor groom
toasting the anemia of norms

strong in the gent's room
I tip my taso
to the tryst, the orgy

PRESCRIPTION: laudanum
PATIENT: Tomara Kafka
DOSAGE: *One Plus One*

apothecaRy

I recognize war

Cannon to cannon
Missile to missile
Bomb to bomb
Gun to gun
Sword to sword.

Nation against nation
Ethnicity against ethnicity
Faith against faith
Skin against skin

Man to man
Man to woman
Woman to wo/man
Adult to child
Child to child

Face to face
Hand to hand
Breath to breath

One to one
One against other

One plus one equals two
The perpetual illusion of war

One plus one equals one
The perpetual answer

PRESCRIPTION: laudanum
PATIENT: Matt Wise
DOSAGE: 1942

apothecaRy

The bar on west 12th street (actually I'm unsure of the street and only choose west 12th because it seems, in memory, relatively close to the place I'm thinking of) had the feel of 1942. I say this because of the steel clock hanging directly above the alcohol. It looked to be a heavy clock and things in 1942 seemed to be made of heavy things such as steel or iron. I'm unsure of the major composite metals used in that era but it seems to me to have been a rather weighty material.

We entered the bar from some other place, the sidewalk naturally, but even some other place prior to that. She held my arm in the way a woman in 1942 might hold a man. She clasped my inner elbow as if I had just returned from war, or might be soon returning to it. She wore no nail polish that I remember. Perhaps this contributed to the overall feel of our little hide-away on west 12th, or thereabouts.

In a relatively crowded situation, two seats made themselves available at the bar, almost directly beneath the clock. I don't remember the time shown on the hulking timepiece but it's safe to assume it was well past nine. The man who asked for our drink orders was a simply clean-cut Bogart type with a boring charm and a well chiseled jaw line. I remember I had a scotch and she, I believe, had something with vodka. There was a painting on the back wall of the place, of people in swimsuits. Perhaps the 1942 state of affairs led the men and women in the painting to be wonderfully decorated in pinstripes. This is what I seem to remember. Pinstripes.

She and I talked a bit about books and the current state of affairs, as best as we could, considering the motif surrounding us. She laughed sometimes, a wonderful laugh: on the border between hysteria and happiness. I wondered, often during our time together, if she laughed out of general hysterics or if she had found something in us worth celebrating. I'm still unsure.

The balmy air of what felt like 1942 moistened our knees and when they accidentally linked between barstools, our pupils expanded. She wore a knee length skirt that rose well onto her thigh as she crossed her legs. I noticed a birthmark and wondered if such imperfections existed in the golden era.

PRESCRIPTION: laudanum
PATIENT: Matt Wise
DOSAGE: 1942 cont'd

apothecaRy

At some point in the evening a small jazz trio appeared at the end of the bar with loosened ties and loafers. We listened for a bit, the muffled hum of the audience playing its own conversational instrument. The hustle, bustle sounds of our own 1942 chimed in an almost antique sort of way. We listened for a considerate amount of time before resuming our private chatter, our ears still warm from the tinny bursts of a horn that was sculpted; I'm sure, in 1942.

PRESCRIPTION: laudanum
PATIENT: Joyce Joseph
DOSAGE: *best if used before*



everything has an expiration date. everywhere he went he was surrounded by endings. he went throughout life searching for anything without them. witch hazel expired 05-2009. that's the only date he really found while searching in the bathroom. he found it quite pathetic that only while his bowls moved he could escape them.

it was always the essential things such as the food he ate that displayed the dates. vanilla chai tea best consumed by 11-20-2010, Honey Nut Cheerios better if used by 07-Dec-08. the eight packs of Ramen Noodles all expired on same day 05-09. rainbow sherbet: sell by Nov-2-07, mustard best by 06-27-08, Pace Chunky Salsa Sep-30-2008. butter Jun-16-08.

nothing last forever he concluded. thyme and life expired too. since he couldn't escape it either, he decided to set his own expiration date.

tattooed, inner left wrist
the words best if used before
07-sep-07

PRESCRIPTION: laudanum
PATIENT: Joyce Joseph
DOSAGE: *testify*



the fallen leaf, trembling, cracking and leaving a trace of autumn; made her way to place her hand on the face of Jesus, sat down in the oak wooden chair, stared at the judge, wished for the wind to come that very moment and sweep her off to dance across the pavement. instead, the prosecution stared with their questions. evidence, pictures, journals, saved voice messages, where is the wind this very moment, when you need it. defense step in, something has got to change, transform, a verdict will be given. mouths move, the trembling continues, she reflects.

a maggot growing out of spoiled dreams I solely denounced, how can they lock me up for letting go, how can they possibly sentence someone who faced the reality of being human, ordinary, not only the reality of my life, but all of humanity, that known fact that the world has rejected, hidden, black listed, left no room for interpretation, let alone convict. surely, coming to these realizations is imprisonment enough, this, now, is my truth, the insignificant history is theirs to deal with, along with the rest of the matrix children who still dream of being extraordinary.

joyce Joseph, alias basil, student, wordsmith, manure, paranoiac idealist, do you plead guilty? yes, guilty of taking that first breath; guilty of embracing the pedestal; guilty of opening my heart to the universe, opening to wide, or not wide enough; guilty of inspired actions without thinking twice; of universal dreams to make the world better; of taking the red pill; of secretly stealing the blue pill just in case. chain smoking, planning too much, and being up all hours of the night dreaming. basil leann Joseph, alias joyce, you are sentence to take another breath, to continue breathing, until you inhale exhale is no more.