

# ◇ Defenestration ◇

## Volume III, Issue XII

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**Two Poems**  
by  
**Pete Lee**

**From The Dictionary Of Occupational Titles**

back washer  
baller  
beater (boot & shoe)  
bed operator  
belly roller  
blade boner  
blind hooker  
boner  
bosom presser  
bottom-pounder  
butt polisher  
dukey rider  
fur blower  
hardener (oils & grease)  
hardness tester  
head boner  
impregnator  
layboy tender  
mounter I  
mounter II  
mounter (furniture)  
necker  
reamer  
ripper (garment)  
rubbing-bed operator  
shaft sinker  
stiffener  
stringer-up  
stripper, latex  
tearer (garment)  
tip inserter  
tip-length checker  
top screw  
vibrator-equipment tester

**In Memory Of My Face**

I haunt myself  
I'm a forgotten name  
I'm a popular tune

It's like obsessive  
Love, or a dead rat

The cat hid somewhere

I appear in my dreams  
Flying off butt-naked  
I worry since I left

My image stranded  
When I gave up shaving  
(It used to take all day)

I hope I'm all right  
I just can't get me

**Two Poems**  
**by**  
**Raud Kennedy**

**Crazy on Alder (Eight Cups of Coffee)**

Picking at a hangnail  
sitting next to a guy  
with Elvis sideburns  
and a K-Mart tie.  
We're shaven apes  
dressed up and behaving  
so Homo Sapiens  
won't incarcerate us  
in 6 by 8 cells.

**Late to Work**

Maybe she'll have to sleep  
with her boss to keep her job  
even if her boss is a woman  
and a Muslim  
and she's a Jew  
who used to be a man  
but is now a woman  
who used to fancy men  
but now only goes for  
transvestites.

**Denim**  
**by**  
**Sandy Hiss**

The oblong mirror  
looks me up and down  
starts to giggle  
as I try to squeeze  
into my Levi 501s

"shut up", I say  
flipping him the bird

bright purple and gold  
Mardi Gras beads  
huddle around his neck  
threatening to strangle  
him if he doesn't behave

I throw chocolate Éclairs  
in his face  
licking the guilt off  
my fingers

while my ass moons him  
behind denim curtains

**I want to make love to Sweden**  
by  
**Kevin O'Cuinn**

I want to make love to Sweden.  
I want to hold her rugged coastline  
to my chest. I want to make love to Volvo,  
IKEA and ABBA. And blond tennis players; the  
whole Swedish nation.

After making love to Sweden, I want to  
make smorgasbord and meatballs with The Muppets'  
Swedish chef. We'll sing Swedish folk songs  
and smash the place up, then make love.

I want to make love to Sweden and pry her  
fjords for mermaids-and-men, and make love to them  
upon presentation of valid Swedish passports.  
No sloppy Danish seconds, please.

I want to make love to Sweden, to Aurora Borealis,  
and Stockholm and Ingrid Bergman.

**Poem**  
**by**  
**C.L. Bledsoe**

Your wife is constantly complaining about how stupid you both are, about how you never do anything significant, how you're wasting your lives, so she drags you to a poetry reading. She heard about it from a coworker, whom you're supposed to meet there, but she doesn't show. You want to leave, but your wife has a look in her eyes of such sadness and disappointment that you think she may leave you; you remember discovering her crying in the bathroom weeks ago, unprompted and inconsolable, and so you stay.

The poet comes out and tells a story about how when he was a kid, he had this dog - they went everywhere together, they were in love; and everyday, they met the ice cream truck and shared a Popsicle. Which is really disgusting, but it's supposed to seem endearing because kids do gross stuff like that.

But one day he was across the street at a friend's house, and he didn't hear the ice cream truck until it was right outside the door. He ran outside, and just as the truck was leaving, he saw his dog on the other side of the street. And the dog ran across to meet him, but the ice cream truck was coming, and neither saw the other, so wham, the dog was run over and died.

Then the poet reads this poem about the last time he was in Venice, and how he was with this girl who really didn't give two fucks for him, but there's a lot of water in Venice, and it's really pretty there, so it was sort of okay. Then he was walking down the street and he saw this guy selling falafel, so he bought one and stood there eating it all by himself. He considered this a perfect moment.

And you're sitting there, thinking that poem didn't even mention a dog or ice cream or a truck, or any combination of the three. It reminds you of the crap you had to read in college, but with less punctuation. But you were really happy in college because you smoked a lot of pot, and that's how things are when you smoke a lot of pot; even if nothing makes sense, it doesn't matter because you're happy.

And you think what a shame it is that you don't smoke pot anymore. You never meant to get this old, and for the first time in your life, you seriously consider investing in a hair piece. Then you look at your wife, who is sitting beside you with a look of such contentment on her face - like she just ate a really good sandwich. And you think that at least you got lucky with her; at least she didn't put on a bunch of weight. And then everyone is applauding, and it's over. You drive home, thinking about the ice cream, the hairpiece, and somehow, you end up having the best sex you've had in years. You fall into a deep sleep and forget about all of it.

Until, a couple of months later, you're in an airport with a couple hours' layover. You wander into a book store and there is a collection of that guy's poems. All you remember is the sex, and something about ice cream, so you buy it. And as you sit down to read it, it all comes back - the hair piece, the dog, the falafel, and you want to rip the book apart, set it on fire then buy another copy and make that one watch. But it cost \$50 because that's how much things cost in airports. So you shove it in your briefcase and forget about it until you're unpacking at home; then you stick it on a shelf somewhere.

Then you die, and as your daughter is rummaging through your house, she finds the book. It surprises her to find poetry in between your complete run of Field and Stream, from August, 1982 - May, 2004, and Tom Clancy novels, including the re-released collected early stories. She thinks it must be her mother's, but you'd gone through the house yourself after her suicide and boxed all of her things up.

She opens the poetry book, thinking she is about to become close to a part of you she never knew existed. But after a couple poems, she realizes this is the worst crap she's ever read, all about falafel and sad pigeons, and part of her is a little bit less sad that you're gone. She begins to understand what it must've been like for her mother. It is a weight that will sit with her for many years.

And any guilt she had about selling off all of your stuff vanishes like dandruff in the wind. So she sells everything, takes the cash and uses it to pay off her student loans. Some of which, coincidentally enough, she accrued while studying with a certain poet, a writer in residence at her college the one semester she thought she wanted to be writer, before reason won out and she entered a much more fulfilling career path in investment banking.



# **One How-Not-To-Be-Funny Manual**

by  
**J. Marcus Weekley**

Bert Nebuchadnezzar wanted desperately to be funny, but he didn't know how. He went to Tammy Werner's School of Clowning in Pasamosquody. He bought all eight seasons of *Friends*. He even tried Yoga. But no one laughed at him when he wandered down the sidewalks of New York City in a red clown suit with white polka-dots, honking his nose and stumbling over imaginary chickens.

So he moved to Houston. He got off the bus—riding the bus rather than flying was funny—and ran into a girl with blond hair and big breasts. She asked him if he would like to have some fun, but he wondered if she really meant it or was only teasing. He told her, "No thanks. I'm funny." But she didn't laugh. In fact, she kicked him in the goodies and told him to find some other broad to harass. He rubbed his you-know-where for a while, but the swelling wouldn't go down, so he decided to find a place to stay—why not the YMCA?

Bert Nebuchadnezzar settled in for the night, stuffing his birdcage, balloons, and unicycle under the cot. He couldn't sleep. Someone two cots over was singing in his sleep about smacking that bitch up and someone three cots over was farting nearly in rhythm to the song's beat. Bert Nebuchadnezzar stood up from his cot and told a joke to the lady three cots over. She was asleep.

He walked out of the YMCA and down the road to a cathedral that had a Bingo sign on the front. He wondered why anyone would play Bingo inside a cathedral and wanted to ask the priest or preacher or rabbi or warlock or whatever. He knocked on the door with his white-gloved hand.

"Hello," he shouted. A few black ravens flew out of the bell-tower and crapped in his wig.

"Hello," he shouted. This time doves flew out and crapped in his wig.

"Hello," he shouted a final time. This time, the whoever-he-was answered.

"What do you want?" The whoever-he-was looked like a movie star: gel held his golden hair in a perfect wave; his lips glistened in the moonlight; his chiseled bronze chin barely moved as he spoke; he looked fit in his skin-tight black leather religious accoutrements, pants unzipped.

"Can I tell you a joke?"

"Fuck off." The whoever-he-was tried to slam the door in Bert Nebuchadnezzar's face, but Bert Nebuchadnezzar put his arm up and it caught in the door.

"Just one." Bert Nebuchadnezzar extended his left arm in a handshake, the right arm hanging limp at his side now.

The whoever-he-was huffed and hawed. "Hurry it up." He licked his lips like he had just been eating a piece of scrumptious pie and wanted to continue but was obstructed by some idiot at the door.

“Once upon a time—”

“Wait. Is this some kind of joke?” The whoever-he-was started to shut the door again, but Bert Nebuchadnezzar leaned against the heavy oak, gold-inlaid, baroque door with naked people on it.

“Let me finish. I’ve only started.”

But the whoever-he-was pushed harder—obviously, he worked out—and Bert Nebuchadnezzar landed on his butt, in a puddle, on the sidewalk. The great oak door slammed shut like in a B horror movie.

Bert Nebuchadnezzar thought he should go get a donut or some pancakes at Ye Olde Donut Shoppe he’d noticed a few blocks away—maybe a cop would be there to listen to him. He wandered down the sidewalk and someone who looked like a blonde girl with big breasts whistled at him. He ignored “her” and continued on to Ye Olde Donut Shoppe. The place was packed with cowboys, cops, crooks, and waiters, so Bert Nebuchadnezzar sat down on a stool next to the back wall. He noticed that on the white tile someone had written in red ink: “U R NOT FUNY.”

That’s strange, Bert Nebuchadnezzar thought. I wonder if they serve pancakes here.

The waiter, J.L. Lewis, asked what he wanted.

That reminded Bert Nebuchadnezzar about his joke. He thought of telling the waiter, but decided to save it for a cop, and asked for pancakes instead. The waiter said that they didn’t serve pancakes and asked did he want something else?

Bert Nebuchadnezzar said he wanted to tell a cop his joke and the waiter looked into Bert’s big blue eyes and told him that he wanted to know the joke. Bert thought that was a little weird, so he asked for a cheeseburger with an extra pickle spear, if they had pickle spears here.

The waiter sighed like an aging movie star and said sure, they had pickle spears and the cops were over there.

Bert Nebuchadnezzar got up from the table and stumbled over to the cops who were passing a crack pipe around. As he put his left hand down on the table, he heard one say, “One to screw it in and seven to screw him in,” and the other cops at the table started cackling like witches in fairy tales.

“Excuse me, occifers.” He knew the slip-of-the-tongue would get them howling.

They kept cackling, passing the pipe and taking hits.

“I have a joke.” He gestured with his left hand, like a curtain opening on a stage. “Once upon a time—”

A big cop, Buffy, stood up, towering over Bert Nebuchadnezzar, so much so that Bert Nebuchadnezzar had to look up. He could see three stray hairs poking out of Buffy’s nose. “Son. Can’t you see we’re enjoying a nice family dinner here?”

"But I was trying to tell you a joke."

"Son. If we wanted to hear a joke, we would have called your mother and asked her if your father was good in bed."

The other cops laughed, but Bert Nebuchadnezzar felt like he was being made fun of. In fact, he felt like maybe that was what Buffy had intended all along. Bert Nebuchadnezzar didn't know if he liked that.

"Are you making fun of me?" He held up his left fist to Buffy's chest.

"Son. If I wanted to make fun of you—"

Bert Nebuchadnezzar kicked the cop's ass, despite his flaccid right arm and not having worked out. Then he kicked the rest of the cops' asses. Then he kicked the waiter's ass, and the cook's ass, and the cashier's ass. Then he ate his cheeseburger and his two pickle spears and wondered if maybe being funny wasn't all that great anyway.

Bert Nebuchadnezzar left Ye Olde Donut Shoppe and passed the blonde on the sidewalk. He wondered if she would appreciate his joke.

**Submission Guidelines**  
by  
**Michael Pelc**

The literary journal *Half-Baked Cow Pies* will be closed to new submissions from January 1st to April 16th. If you choose to ignore our submission guidelines and send us your literary masterpiece during this time period, we will track you down and kill you.

Kindly note that, in addition to rendering you deceased, the aforementioned tracking and killing will further delay the date by which we will be able to resume reading submissions, causing scores of writers who dutifully followed our guidelines to become very angry with your dead body.

**The Molar Meditations by Ivan O'Uris**  
by  
**Shawn Roney, Eric Pointer, and Mark Moyer**

An Unclaimed Disclaimer: One poem contains potentially objectionable language. So if you're a youngster, someone offended by potentially objectionable language, a youngster offended by potentially objectionable language or a language offended by potentially objectionable youngsters, cover your eyes. Of course, that might be difficult to read, mightn't it? In that case, have someone cover your eyes and read it to you. Just make sure that someone doesn't object to potentially objectionable language or potentially objectionable youngsters, but is smart enough to bleep out the naughty bits.

A Disclaimer to the Disclaimer: Would someone please claim the above disclaimer? It needs a good home. It's housebroken, except on certain overcast days in February, when it refuses to go outside for religious reasons. It's also gentle—when it isn't ripping limbs from people's bodies, chewing on them, lapping up their blood and picking its teeth with their bones (roughly about 90 percent of the time).

**Molar Meditation No. 1**

I like my dental implants.  
But I wish they didn't leave teeth marks  
On my nipples.

**Molar Meditation No. 2**

*(After Molar Meditation No. 1 and at the same time as Molar Meditation Nos. 5, 45 and 999,999,999,999,999.9)*

I bit the hand that fed me.  
I got pimp slapped  
And the teeth in the body  
With the hand that pimp slapped me  
Bit me in the ass.  
I shouldn't have forgotten my fucking dentures.

Background Notes: Ivan O'Uris is a journalist, poet and world toothpaste squirting champion from Luscia (pronounced LUSH-UH, with the accent placed on the "T"—of course, this makes it difficult to pronounce, as Luscia has no "T" or half-and-half, sugar or lemon to go with it). A small North Atlantic island, Luscia was originally believed to have been founded by the Bicuspidorians, teeth-worshipping nomads who wandered Europe, Asia and Africa for centuries because they couldn't remember where they had left their dental floss.

Allegedly, the Bicuspidorians sailed from Europe to Luscia in a boat made of chattering teeth to escape persecution from bloodthirsty vegan trigonometry teachers. According to island legends, the Bicuspidorians originally christened the island O'Molaranskiva, which roughly translates from the Old Luscian That's Newer Than Old-Old Luscian But Not As New As Brand Spanking New Spit-Polished Luscian as "Where the fuck are we?"

The account, long since disproved, inspired Ivan to write the above poems—that and his experience as a male stripper. During the mid-1980s, shortly after leaving Luscia to

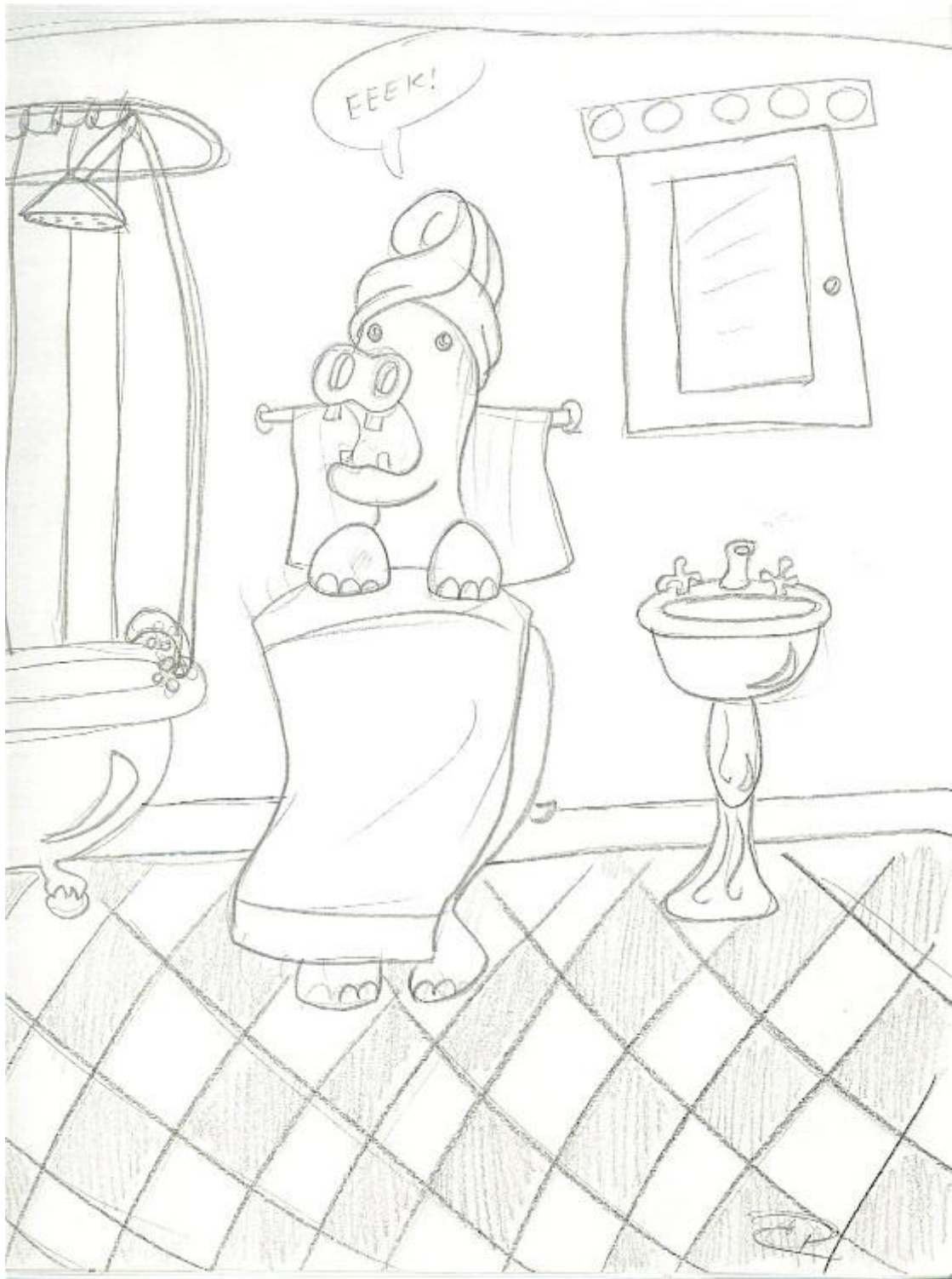
attend college at a small Midwestern university, Ivan became a dancer for Delicious Doughboys, a Strip-O-Gram service catering to rich, lonely women. Told he would get bigger tips and more return business with prominent, shiny white teeth, Ivan visited Dr. James Kapp, a dentist specializing in dental implants for male strippers. "When he finished with me, I had a beautiful new mouth," Ivan wrote in his introspective exhibitionistic journal. "My teeth were so huge, they made my chin and jaws jut out 6 inches. Women flocked to me and donkeys envied me."

One day, however, Ivan's big teeth bit him in the ass (figuratively and literally) while dancing for seclusion expert Emily D. Havisham, when he bent his head to lick the nipple of one of his man boobies. Playfully, he bit on it. Unfortunately, as he clamped down, he mysteriously developed lockjaw. Because his man boobies sagged down to his hips, he found his teeth were clamped to his nipple and left buttock. "I might never have been freed from myself if not for the Jaws of Life," he noted.

The experience ended Ivan's stripping career, though it led to him losing his man boobies through a rigorously laid back exercise program involving jogging, weightlifting and cockatoo wrestling. It also led to recognition from Ripley's "Believe It or Not!" for the implant imprint on his nipple because it resembled an Antarctic Desert crater.

In 2003, Ivan wrote the "Molar Meditations" to honor his homeland's history and put his stripping experience behind him. Erik Pointer found the first meditation and Shawn Roney found the second in Ivan's cluttered apartment under the old implants. To date, the implants have bitten no hands that have tried to feed them. Pointer, Roney and fellow Ivan O'Uris scholar Mark Moyer have submitted them on Ivan's behalf (the poems, not the implants).

**Hippo**  
by  
Christy D.



**Doctor  
by  
Dan Copulsky**



She asked me if I wanted to play doctor. I said okay and started taking off my shirt. "No," she said, slapping a plastic band-aid over my arm, "that's a different game."



**God Takes A Drink**  
by  
**Steve Cartwright**



## Contributor Biographies

**Pete Lee** earns his living as a private investigator. His former occupations include federal intelligence operations specialist and army sergeant/counterintelligence agent. His poetry has recently appeared or is forthcoming in *Blue Unicorn*, *Right Hand Pointing*, *Mastodon Dentist*, *13th Warrior Review*, and elsewhere.

**Raud Kennedy** is a dog trainer in Portland, Oregon.

**Sandy Hiss** has been writing poetry for over 15 years and still no grey hairs or writer's cramp. In her spare time she likes to watch reality TV, surf the net, and laze about eating Doritos and drinking hazelnut coffee. She's currently involved in efforts to create Doritos-flavored coffee and hazelnut-flavored Doritos. (Yeah. We totally added in that last part.)

**Kevin O'Cuinn** does this: [www.KevsVille.blogspot.com](http://www.KevsVille.blogspot.com)

**C.L. Bledsoe** lives underwater where everything is better. This is why he's all wet. You can reach him through notes in bottles (though there better be some cash in there). He definitely isn't an adjunct professor who also works full time at a bank, because that would be just silly. And people who live underwater don't need health insurance.

Born to immigrant monkeys, **J. Marcus Weekley** had no idea he would enjoy sweet tea as a child and grew up big and strong. He also found a playmate, through Playgirl, and has since wanted to know whether airbrushed men have feelings too. His writing has popped up in strange places, some of them unmentionable on the web (the kids are listening), but to name a few: *Quick Fiction*, *Lily*, *The Iowa Review*, *Thieves Jargon*, and some other Defenders of Logos, have encouraged him, promoted him even. See [www.flickr.com/photos/whynottryitagain2](http://www.flickr.com/photos/whynottryitagain2).

They say that when someone's name is rearranged, the resulting words reveal truths about that person's true nature. "**Michael Pelc**" rearranged in such a manner makes "Me Chill Cape." We don't know what that's supposed to mean. Bigfoot swore the result was going to be funnier than that.

**Mark Moyer**, **Erik Pointer** and/or **Shawn Roney** have preached the gospel of Ivan O'Uris since the late 1990s. Before that, they preached the Sermon on the Mount until Jesus Christ descended from heaven and successfully sued them for copyright infringement.

**Christy D.** says: "Hi, my name is Christy. I'm 25 years old, I live in Indiana and I like to draw. I happened upon this neat-o little online magazine and thought I'd give a shot at submitting. They don't pay anyone, so I figured I had a good chance. I mostly like to draw funny little things, hyper-fem chicks, some dark stuff, and the occasional fluffy bunny... most of which turn into something totally different on paper than they were in my head. I'm currently taking some online classes and hope to turn this into more than just a hobby at some point, but for now, getting a few things published here is pretty awesome." (We are SO pretty awesome.)

**Dan Copulsky** is working on being a writer and trying to figure out how he might become an internet superstar. Visit [dancopulsky.com](http://dancopulsky.com).

**Steve Cartwright** has done art for several magazines, newspapers, websites, commercial and governmental clients, books, and tavern napkins. He also creates art pro bono for several animal rescue groups. He was awarded the 2004 James Award for his cover art for Champagne Shivers. He recently illustrated the *Cimarron Review* cover. Take a gander (or a goose ) at his online gallery: [www.angelfire.com/sc2/cartoonsbycartwright](http://www.angelfire.com/sc2/cartoonsbycartwright)