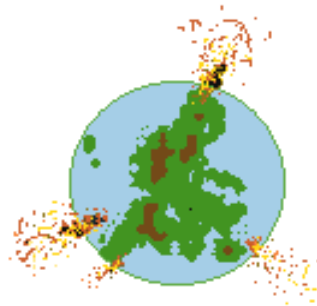


## Interplanetary War Issue



*The exponential rise in population dilutes the quality of culture which each new generation experiences.*

*This makes our population easy to control.*

We love the art of this age, complicated and artificial... and all the more as it becomes more mysterious, narrower, more inaccessible to the crowd. What matter if it be closed to the majority, if its ultimate expressions remain the luxury of a small number, provided that with the few elect, whose divine realm it is, it reaches the highest degree of splendour and purity.

Valéry

What I claim is to live to the full the contradiction of my time, which may well make sarcasm the condition of truth.

Roland Barthes

A few points about La Reata:

- lar.i.at [Sp *la reata*, the rope] a rope used for tethering grazing horses, etc.
- These are the best of approximately 250 poems submitted over the last year, 2006.
- The print run of this issue will be approximately 50.
- Previous Issues:
  - Issue 1, spring 2004
  - Issue 2, summer 2004
  - Issue 3, spring 2005
  - Issue 4, summer 2005

La Reata is interested in, primarily, the short story and the poem. La Reata will publish good examples of both.

**LA REATA**  
48 Bridge Lane  
London  
NW11 OEG

[panchromatic@msn.com](mailto:panchromatic@msn.com)

## CONTENTS

Page 5 Tom Blood

Page 13 Ariel Beller

Page 20 Dave Brinks

Page 25 Christopher Brooke

Page 27 Ellen Marsh

Page 29 Anneliese Kellner-Joyce

## as to the world who seems to think we met

I don't know anything except wandering my own hands  
 and I cooperate with the momentum of sunshine's helicoptering  
 I won't stand in its way, days that are done  
 and we do plan to meet on a beach one day, the whale days  
 and I

we touch the world, planning to see the sky settle to our hands  
 as you are not somebody nor its loss, but I can't leave  
 you expect it quickly, yet you know as all do, by wandering  
 then the sea bending and cautious is millions of butterflies  
 we are well beyond first witness of things existing  
 and what knows, us our own joys wander for a host  
 do not ask, the lion of night wanders the sheet of day  
 and we arrive in a stumbling miscibility to whom will take over  
 to the moon miami and surrealize

the world feels now we are the thing in impulse  
 calling out mind in the dunes reaching through horse's vibrato  
 of air

let's not the world get in our way, lay us here  
 by the more simple things and a motivation  
 meaninglessly chosen of a moth  
 then it says why the hummingbird why

## it holds, the mountain

and we say no  
to the other side of our search of the futurist  
dropped from the bridges construction  
the sentence of the world dawn from its rustled sleep  
a blanket is passing around the washed off city  
the whole of the plan will only be seen in aftermath  
I bury the cloud in its cloak black hoodies and unknowable  
I would disappear from my inside and from mind trap  
outside all night, oblivion my endless buddy  
I am under my own moon distortions  
the foreordination best portrayed  
then the flow in light immortal extended bridges on dune  
I am buried in dynamite  
begging god for a light  
the world waits a formula to transmute our time  
even a slim flame, if and if we all to come here  
in people dressed like the world  
with our painted over our wounds  
beyond language and distortions of the mind  
we come here and all come after the day is the rain it was  
into a sleep to compassion all  
that is without self  
or being said by anyone else in the compression process  
as a boxcar that has us notorize a feeling  
we let the night pour itself

**still and all**

there is on our hand, the open  
spoken to the ear of the window  
admitting the will to belief is being  
we sky tomorrow's silks  
I hear the sounds of the approach  
let us have a chance of light come off our tongue  
and ask suns among all for realms  
as we have become someone else

I will hear no more silence  
but light in erratic heron constellations

as enough has been exchanged, all tongues are understood  
and exploded feelings willow as eagles flocking backwards  
and much is of here forward  
and much is of the beyond in wings

## the meaningless

I wish our heads, the stereos, could be truly neglected  
by the extremes of white, ever and always  
the therapy applies to its listeners, and undoes boundaries  
and the mind steps out over these snails  
and it extends, by all to be fantasy  
saying, I am willing to have existed  
or I am crazy and the hills are not, though silence  
amounts to their essence when asked  
but then ever, a field, the embrace  
and we ride from here to something perfect and knowable  
as the only pirate left is the exact sight who denies by detail  
and no one pirate song a mouse escape his grave  
one gesture so correct, but amass at that  
into the strings of the past, an absolution  
as a bridge that goes from shore to everyone  
and I am this world, not part of the Emmys  
would we hope then the wraith establishes something  
as I stood on the platform of that spaceship, I knew  
I find myself in making things new, wilder crows  
I thing the sea to its shore, snails to quails,  
and we exist out among shores, in the layer of riddles  
unstill in the spoken room, in the sky barn  
realize the grace of motion, swelling  
only we can tell what happens here, by our solubility  
to discern which of the halves of the world is empty  
the ship or the sky, the hairy alien or that he exists  
but knowing the rain extends after the cloth of the umbrella  
and the joys are not sermons but petite fires  
and your arms, drag them through, they have an extension  
birds on the brim of your hat, we expect and then we know

## old eye

I wish I was the wind  
and the sound of an orangutan angry at his drums  
I was the spool of correcting whites in the machine  
I wander into your prayers outside the temple  
but dormant, I don't realize and take off

alas, I am neither the museum nor its cheap lights  
but I got brought here by a sailor in a raft of medusa hair  
and angry embodies my dear exactly as a sparrow  
wrapped in paper, the day is a map to the chest  
where a sun, wrapped in timber, we know  
by the imprints on the copper foil that surrounds

I am an unconscious blue unicorn  
passing my arms over a mushroom forest  
oh, freedom, wander though me as days  
shutter of colour and a beach watches the sound as sand

alas, great caroling

**they will get to know us when we breach their walls**

by our bright candle believing in ice  
a light overcoming, being from above  
and then time laughs off our wish  
living proof in this world of drift  
among the puddles before the grave of reason  
another thing breaks down  
as we are not the after but its model  
as time is set aside a day  
in the brevity of our order  
prisoners under the quivering legs of a crow

**when I lay back in thirds of the world**

all that is and will be awoken, androgynies of the void  
our babe hands barbed in the hell of a giant elk horn  
run upstairs for the bellowing whale has this floor  
and they call you back on a bus ticket with a spelled no-where  
what is any, give us a shiver of the tongue lasting  
I am here, I am locking the door, I ride plains  
and you love me, yes

**we stay here for now**

grace as most things, is deaf  
to metaphors of what it is  
the sailor, here again here there now  
as someone who knows the self by reference  
tells someone the likes of strong photographs

though we have times knowed upon the light  
or the sounds of an orange in night banana leaves  
and perhaps somewhere you can tell me what you mean by this

by escape take to ceremonies of harvest  
and then dawn, watching men change tires  
by the mango truck driver, everywhere separate from before  
and see for a second inside the cases  
where thunder brought this body

## **the original epiphany of space**

lawn breeze green hearing aid in the hornet's ear  
in the balloon sky stir the spanning angels in dares  
as our day is a response to the moth of waking

or response to the hills under our wing night for day  
we will tell them with terms from before it was  
as the room seems to host a formed urge

soaring above us, you would live through this too  
if there is always answering inside ourselves  
questions of the miracle and answers waiting sound of arrival

would we let it if it stood at the door and implied its arrival  
by our ears being gazelles of the dunes our eyes unfathomable

**Tom Blood**



media image

## poem

I am still trying to live against  
 the deliberate indiscretions of idiots –  
 I am gathering my quiet life  
 amidst the overwhelming Noise  
 I am gathering –  
 trying to collect impostors  
 for the feast  
 the dieing out –  
 of this and now etc  
 the hurting –  
 crawling bugs – the natural  
 permanent – pounding –  
 the inevitable sleep  
 of emptiness –  
 the western urban  
 miracle – of touch –  
 and so on

## in the year of the mad cow

the moon has been replaced by a piano  
key struck            the dairy matador is cursing his buttermilk

he wonders how  
will he get through Tuesday with nothing but  
potatoes, heat, and radio  
with nothing but  
warm glasses of water, tobacco, and memories of Jill

(with a mouth full of smoke he swallows  
begins to flip through old photographs  
because sleep seems ridiculous

bitch

what have you done to me  
excuse this place what have you  
cut from the way I used to be)

## THE QUEST FOR HUMAN MEANING

made me laugh for a week

like when you saw me  
and I saw you  
talking to me  
all the sense you made

later we wandered out into the  
garden and saw no one but ourselves  
occasional glances across the fence to  
see if       any babies  
but no

I have scratched my face again

## living with Angela

I was tired of playing pinball  
and looking at her playing pinball  
but we were trapped in the same room

there are always places to go  
but we hated each other so  
we didn't go anywhere

everything has stopped  
silly bitch can't find a place to live  
so she's living with me

she buys beer and food  
'why do you hang around here  
cluttering up my life?'

she's on the bed  
and I nudge my heel  
into her back

'I want to leave just as much  
as you want me to leave  
fucker.'

1.

I broke my fast on her; had too much money  
and free time and didn't know anyone  
but her. so I called her from Warren Street  
and said I'd buy her something to eat or  
we could get a drink at the Hobgoblin  
and on the way I bought her flowers, which I'd  
never done in my life. it was difficult  
buying her flowers. all I wanted to do  
was fuck her  
yellow carnations.

her walls were yellow.  
later she would say she had a nice weekend.

2.

don't kill the spider

I'd been away for a couple days and the place was cold  
and it slipped on the wall because the walls were  
sweating.

thought I might leave it to eat the other bugs –  
to protect me. but then I thought  
it wasn't that kind of spider and all it would eat  
was me. so I killed it.

I can't decide if I love her.

**quit holding open my midnight look how goddamn cold she is**

everything goes sour from here

we sleep on a pale green lily pad in bounces up and down whenever she  
stands  
up in bed

everyday we do this  
it makes us want to scrub the shit off the dishes

more distemper more ether at coffee stay out  
of my goddamn way what the fuck are you  
looking at

can I have one of those thanks crack open  
those blinds there is no light in here there is

so much light in here

**love**

you used to have options  
but everything has gone down a narrow hole  
and stagnated at the bottom  
in a pile  
that is not your fault  
and furthermore

I have moved over to fit your massive  
head next to mine

**Ariel Beller**

**the caveat onus ::: four**

I observed my fingers  
never knowing when to stop  
because of an abeyance of light  
because of my desire  
to please you  
but to go on forever  
to say I have a million thoughts  
to steal chocolate  
or what a lack  
of seriousness might mean  
the apparatus can then answer  
in straight sentences  
I write to kill time

**the caveat onus ::: thirteen**

*For Daniel Finnigan*

I know as much  
about the past and future  
as a man on a dark street corner  
holding a blade  
but just outside the city  
scratching my head  
I'm a fish lying on its back  
beside a clear stream  
how easily contentment  
comes to a single leaf  
whose appearance  
was once always  
only outwardly green

**the caveat onus ::: fifteen**

*for Pierre Joris and Nicole Peyrafitte*

in a taxi or an old shoe

what you are and what you do

who would guess

there's some kind of luck

that chooses

the pure filth of devotion

this book isn't reading itself

I start to mutter a sandwich

and dream of my high priestess' toes

she dreams with a lisp

and for all the fish

sleeping at the bottom

of the ocean

**the caveat onus ::: twenty**

you feel perfectly happy

when flowers

are on the table

but now that

what is left of night

drifts slowly

back to the lake

how to say the drowning

city of new orleans

I will never

forgive america

for tying bodies to streetlamps

so they won't float away

**the caveat onus ::: forty-six**

*for Andrei Codrescu*

the cave at onus

is actually a place

I've been there many times

it's kind of like the poor man's

oracle at delphi

a voice speaks to you

from oblivion

whose mouths are zero-shaped

and all in the key of blue

before entering you'll be asked to drink

from the headwaters of that loneliness

where silence becomes a song

ending with the mind of an owl

**Dave Brinks**

## friend eggs and other small tragedies

for every chicken coup there's a promise of breakfast, or  
a chase in your half-awakes, flashing torch-beams after  
ginger darts amongst the slats; a fox is a fox, no mater  
how repressed – things will be made off with. still,

it should be no big, this splayed yoke; flattened and pastel.  
but, she cries. great gob-filled sobs. she wanted things  
just so. things are never just.

If she can't get the start of the day right, what hope?

*i've maintained a gas oven in case you consider  
your full emulation of Plath, I juke.*

the fact she didn't understand wasn't a problem: she did.  
far too keenly. hence, tears and threats of cessation  
of favour and will.

*the trouble with Hughes is he only out-lived her body,  
i suggest. as if to oblige, she slopes off*

toward her Thelma & Louise billboard – backpack-high  
like a multi-colored, stage struck, turtle, desperate  
to get the part; at the disappearing of the road  
she has to completely turn  
to look back.

orchestra builds; scene fade.

there follows much impatience and inspection  
of the veneer holding things together; things leak out.  
things bigger than that are leaked, also.

it's staring-you-in-the-face territory – it's just, suddenly,  
you've married the perspective with the focus, and  
while there are entire careers built around forging that look  
of dumb insolence on demand, i talk a pretty mean omelette:

it's all about balance. colour, aesthetics are as important as  
the initial-then-after taste. texture. keep the palette  
guessing. everything must melt. trouble is, she had a thing

for HP and Bar-B-Q sauce. evidently, a childhood collapse.  
she ate soap when her father told her not to –

*it looked like fruit* is not a good enough excuse.

every thing is smothered  
by a desire to improve.

*a subtext walks into a bar...*

i really hope this isn't over  
a broken yoke.

and of course, it *so* isn't.

**Christopher Brooke**

## **I haven't thought about it**

I like you because  
You make me feel like a little child  
Jumping in a rain puddle  
And more because  
It took me several days  
To realize that  
Which given my track history  
With men  
Means ironically  
This is probably going to be  
Pretty serious

## **The food is different**

I want to sell suspiciously fat  
Beef tomatoes by the side of  
The longest stretch of highway that  
Slices up this foreign country

Under a large battered sun-umbrella  
Legs a-stretch beside dirty wooden crates in  
A rickety picnic chair, looking down

The midday-sun baked road to where birds  
Slowly glide up the mountain sides  
And the patch of sky that isn't mine

Trails into haze.

**Ellen Marsh**

## Waiting

Waiting,  
I'm waiting,  
each day passes by with one, long careless, sigh,  
I awake to the same banalities;  
to the unending din of the same voices around me.  
I close my eyes in my sleepy morning stupor,  
and for one fleeting moment  
I feel hope.  
Hope that perhaps this darkness will remain,  
this somnambulant state.  
The vestige of delight fritters away,  
it escapes as quickly as it arrived and I peel back the tawdry curtain.  
Before me there is a day  
one life  
one long, incessant, morning, month, or season.  
Waiting  
I'm waiting  
The innocent perish, the wonton rage  
while my stubborn eyes can't face the change.

## Your Instrument

Play on me, and my trifling lust,  
childlike innocence inflames me, permeates every pocket,  
possesses my life.

This congealing self, ageing and flaccid I become.

Remember to hold back the years as you deny me, and this naïve love  
as I become sodden on it, drunk in it.

Would you turn away if I gaze at you  
as you lean over my shoulder to void the chicken and ham pie?  
Some wisps of immaculate, ebony tresses obscure those black eyes,  
I can feel you,  
your voice resounding, resonating vigorously through me;  
my little world trembles.

Would you deny me if I toss my titian hair,  
smile coyly, turn to you slowly,  
silently embracing my courage;  
my crimson complexion exhibits my shame  
as I softly lick your lobe, lulling you into somnambulance,  
your perfume captures me, rapture, adulation empowers me  
as you accept me for one moment,  
and my simple love.

## Stubborn Blind

You can't see me  
that face behind the façade;  
I conceal my life,  
my world unknown,  
this existence shatters,  
    my mirror roars!  
Oh grandiose affectation remember me,  
remember me frivolity, pomp and grandiloquence,  
you can't see me,  
I am the stubborn blind,  
I can't even see myself.

## Little Finger

Little Finger, where are you going?  
To your nestling place where you feel safe?  
Don't give in, for there you are smothered in love,  
    little finger don't be ashamed!  
Don't look back,  
you want to be desired and yearn for more;  
go to that nestling place where you feel warm.

## Tickle Kiss

Play with me,  
tickle me here, and I'll touch you there;  
don't move on,

let time stand still!

Lets stay in this moment.

Kiss me pink and dance with the stars;  
close your eyes,  
but don't move on.

## God

God

who are you god?

Where are you god?

God can you hear me?

I prayed to you again today,

many, many times today,

as I have done many, many days before.

I have lowered myself my dear higher power,

I have gotten down on my hands and knees for you,

begging to you, pleading,

pleading to you god.

The crutches, the bears, the fears

They're all still there higher power

They're not lifted higher power!

What if I could see you?

I would caress you, stroke you,

strangle you with your own attire,

I would slap you up bitch!

Put you over my knee and spank you up bitch!

I would try to fuck you up higher power,

against steel railing bars

in a tartan mini skirt god.

I would rape you slowly god,

and continue through the squealing god.

The crutches the, the bears, the fears

They're all still there higher power

They're not lifted higher power

Maybe next time you will listen higher power.

## Contributors

**Tom Blood** was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 1973. He lives in Portland, Oregon. The poems in this issue were taken from his book, **The Sky Position**, published by Marriage Records 425 SE 3<sup>rd</sup> Ave #402  
Portland , Oregon 97214 USA [marriagerecs.com](http://marriagerecs.com)

**Ariel Beller** lives in London.

**Dave Brinks** lives in New Orleans, Louisiana. Poems in this issue are taken from his book, **The Caveat Onus**, published by Trembling Pillow Press.

**Christopher Brooke's** collection of new poetry **& the concept of zero** was published by Cinnamon Press in 2006.

**Ellen Marsh** lives somewhere in Yorkshire.

**Anneliese Kellner-Joyce** lives somewhere in London.

Bette Davis is back in town. See the  
banner she carries: WE WILL BE UNITED  
BY INTERPLANETARY WAR  
and listen when you are the watched the  
un-planned the most recent in the room hello  
we are crushed by history reason has  
us packed in tight all disposition placed  
brick by ponderous brick to be torn down  
by a sneeze because FUCK ME wouldn't work  
not yet – a speech was needed the exposure  
of wrists selective eye contact we need  
fine timing by god else all might fall through  
the floor. Soon Honesty will toss her crutch  
out the window and Bette Davis gulping  
metal water from a garden hose will  
decide to handle things in halves

**Anon**

2. A 3-kg object is released from rest at a height of 5m on a curved frictionless ramp. At the foot of the ramp is a spring of force constant  $k = 100 \text{ N/m}$ . The object slides down the ramp and into the spring, compressing it a distance  $x$  before coming to rest.

10 (a) Find  $x$ .

5 (b) Does the object continue to move after it comes to rest? If yes, how high will it go up the slope before it comes to rest?

