

DREAMSTREETS #77

Autumn 2023



From Broken Turtle Books

Nominated for 2023 Association for the Recorded Sound Collections Awards
for Excellence in Historical Recorded Sound Research!

Steven Leech

Boysie's Horn



The History of Jazz in Wilmington
in the 20th Century
Steven Leech
with Afterword by Larry Williams

Fully Illustrated
and Indexed



Boysie's Horn: The History of Jazz in Wilmington in the 20th Century, by radio host and journalist Steven Leech, is a well-indexed and enlightening social history of how a small city like Wilmington, Delaware, spawned jazz greats like trumpet legend Clifford Brown, vibraphonist Lem Winchester, and vocalist Betty Roché.

*With afterword
by Wilmington
Jazz legend Larry Williams*

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BROKEN TURTLE BOOKS

Dreamstreets #77

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Cover by Jay Massey

Illustration on page 12 is by Jay Massey. Illustration on page 27 is by Franetta McMillian.

Should We Stop at 80?

Welcome to *Dreamstreets* #77. We begin with the cover. The artwork is provided by Jay Massey, who not only lives in Smyrna, Delaware but had provided the cover art for *Dreamstreets* #70 back in the spring of 2022. We also welcome back poetry from Ken Segal, Ray Greenblatt, David Kozinski, and Tim Hudenburg.

We welcome Syien Morton, a poet known for their hyper-liberal and progressive views. Through their high-school and post-high-school life, they've captivated readers' emotions with modern recreations of well-known songs and spoken-word poems, along with firsthand accounts of the exhaustive tolls of severe depression and anxiety. Syien takes inspiration from pop culture, their physical disability and mental health struggles, and relevant socio-political matters. Syien believes in the ability of words to act as a catalyst for change. When not writing, they're watching YouTube and playing video games.

A local poet who from time to time has had his poetry published in *Dreamstreets* is Bob Bohm. Bohm has just published a new volume of poetry entitled *Nightmares That Leave Grease Stains On Psych Ward Walls*, described as "Poems on endless war . . ." Bohm's book is reviewed within by Phillip Bannowsky.

Also in this issue is a visit from that ageless curmudgeon Uncle Richard, who is related to Patrice Gibbs, whose work previously appeared in *Dreamstreets* # 52 and #53. Welcome back, Pat. New to this issue is some prose fiction from Joanne Reinbold. In addition to her novella *MISSING*, a DCI Rylan Crowe mystery, and her collection of haiku poetry, *A SLOW GATHERING OF LIGHT*, she is also the Editor of *The Cicada's Cry*. Through her Facebook page, "The Delaware Writers' Network," she provides support and encouragement to local literary artists.

We round out the prose fiction with my own heavy-handed, distopic fare. It's a piece of science fiction that poses an explanation for the unexplainable, a kind of "How did we get here on a planet in peril?"

Now to pose another question, but first yet another explanation: *Dreamstreets* has, off and on and in a number of guises, been around since 1977, historically since the end of the previous literary movement in the Wilmington literary arena marked by publication in 1976 of *Delaware Poets, 1940 - 1976*. Built from the remnants of the Wilmington Poetry Society and Delaware Writers, its previous incarnations were under the leadership of former Delaware Poets Laureates David Hudson and Jeannette Slocomb Edwards and others going back to the late 1940s and throughout the 1950s. *Dreamstreets'* first issue in 1977 came on the heels not only of that previous movement but also on the heels, and springing from, the counter-culture movement of the the late 1960s and early 70s, and thanks largely to the efforts of founders John Hickey and Lew Bennett. Betty Tew kept the momentum going with *Dreamstreets* #2 in 1979, and then Delaware's new Poet Laureate e. Jean lanyon and myself co-edited *Dreamstreets* #3 in 1980, thus establishing the promise of a

succeeding literary presence. A component of this effort had been to help found the ongoing Second Saturday Poetry Reading, which is about to celebrate its 40th Anniversary in a new venue. More about this is contained in this issue.

With 75 printed issues, about 17 hours of broadcast audio, and around three hours of video, we've presented the literary works of nearly all of those poets and authors working during the period of our existence since 1977, as well as those creating literature in Delaware going back to the early 19th century.

Today I'm 80 years old. Two others who are part of the *Dreamstreets* team are in their late 70s. The youngest of the four of us, which includes Phillip Bannowsky, Douglas Morea, and Franetta McMillian, is on the cusp of senior citizenship. We've accomplished much, but we are old enough, and perhaps infirm enough, to think about closing down our enterprise, and seeking an end that we can control, and to define a place for others to pick up the baton and assume the responsibility of continuing the story of literary art from Delaware. The question is: would *Dreamstreets* #80, with three more issues to publish, be a good place to stop?

— *Steven Leech*

We Get Letters:

Just read, *The Archons Vanquished and Vindicated*,
a nice job of banging the Gong.

— Francis Poole

I am excited to be a part of Dreamstreet once again!

— Christine Tabaka

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES (Please have the courtesy to comply with these carefully. They are simple and make our job much easier.)

We accept literary submissions in any genre, including criticism, reporting, and commentary from and of concern to Delawareans and those in the Delaware Diaspora. We solicit our own visual art. Generally, we do not reprint previously published contemporary work although one previously published poem in a sequence of unpublished poems might be permissible; just make sure we know, so we can give credit. Our reading periods are year-round. We sometimes publish a summer issue curated without submissions.

Send up to 5 poems of no more than 5 pages, not including your cover page. For prose, 15 pages is roughly the limit although more may be acceptable if the work is exceptional. For criticism and commentary, it's wise to query first. Begin no more than

one poem on each page and make your stanza breaks clear.

Please send your work to: dreamstreets(dot)press(at)gmail (dot) com AS A SINGLE ATTACHED DOCUMENT in Microsoft Word (.doc or .docx). PLEASE, DO NOT MAKE US OPEN AND KEEP TRACK OF SEVERAL DOCUMENTS. Write "Submission" in the email subject heading. IN YOUR SINGLE DOCUMENT, include a cover page with name, address, phone number, email, and a short bio of 50 words or less, and indicate your connection to Delaware. Those who need to use snail mail may address a hard copy of their submission to Dreamstreets Press, P. O. Box 4593, Newark, DE 19715. Double space prose, single space poetry as your standard, use 12-pt Times New Roman font, and remove extra space between paragraphs. Align text left, except for special or unusual typography, in which case, we may have to work with you to render it faithfully. DON'T CAPITALIZE TITLES unless that is your intention.

Simultaneous submissions are fine, but please let us know in your cover letter if you are courting another and inform us immediately if your work becomes elsewhere engaged. We reserve first serial rights until publication, when all rights revert to the author. Our rights include electronic as well as print publication and magazine reprints. Please give *Dreamstreets* credit if you re-publish your work. Our editorial committee will review your work and get back to you before the next issue.

Ken Segal

Height

I wish that I were 10 feet tall,
At five-foot-six I'm rather small.
I think about the mighty ant,
Can they lift me? Why, no, they can't!
Amoebas are quite smaller, yet
Too small, I think, to make a pet.
An atom. makes up everything,
A doggy's tail, a birdy's wing.
Compared to these, I'm not too short,
But will not grow, I must report!

A VISIT WITH UNCLE RICHARD

Patrice Gibbs

A History Lesson

Bubby arrives just as uncle richard is stepping out of a taxi.

BUBBY: Yo, Yo, Uncle Richard!

UNCLE RICHARD: Hey dere, Bubby!

BUBBY: Hey man what you doing riding in a taxi? Where's Betsy?

UNCLE RICHARD: Oh, she right dere in da driveway, my grandson dropped me off, never did come back and pick me up, dang fool.

BUBBY: He didn't come back or you didn't wait?

UNCLE RICHARD: Anyhow I took a taxi.

BUBBY: Okay, Okay, Uncle Richard. Say man, where you been, cold as it is?

UNCLE RICHARD: Huh?

BUBBY: Uncle Richard, you one old fella ain't never been hard of hearing, you're stalling, where you been man?

UNCLE RICHARD: Off doing grown folks' business!

BUBBY: Oh, you shame to say. You've been somewhere deviling. Where you been Unc?

UNCLE RICHARD: Down da police station.

BUBBY: Uh-oh. What were you doing down the police station, Uncle Richard.

UNCLE RICHARD: Well, what you think I was doing down dere? I got locked up.

BUBBY: I knew you were somewhere deviling, but I didn't think you got locked up! What in the world did you get locked up for, Uncle Richard?

UNCLE RICHARD: Well... what happened was, I went down to da city government building, and you know how dey got all dis security stuff?

BUBBY: Yeah, you mean the metal detectors and what have you?

UNCLE RICHARD: Uh-huh. Well, I emptied my pockets, took out my keys and my change and I went on through da detector and it just a beeped. Den da security girl passed da wand up and down me, and it beeped, but I ain't had nothing in my pocket. So da girl 'cided she gonna pat me down. Bubby, she rub up one leg and down da other, round my back, up da side... Hope my die, I thought she was getting fresh and I gotta a little excited!

BUBBY: OH God, Uncle Richard!

UNCLE RICHARD: So when she felt like she had rubbed me up enough, I give her a little squeeze on da behind, and da next thing ya know I was sitting in da back of a police car.

BUBBY: You can't do that, Uncle Richard!

UNCLE RICHARD: Yeah I found dat out. Dey lock ya up for it.

BUBBY: Did you get a charge?

UNCLE RICHARD: No, dey just gimme a warning.

BUBBY: What you gonna tell my aunt?

UNCLE RICHARD: Is she home?

BUBBY: No.



Uncle Richard

UNCLE RICHARD: I ain't gonna tell her nothing, and you better not run your big mouth either. C'mon let's go in da house, it cold out here.

BUBBY: I'm not going to say anything, Unc, but you better be careful. You got lucky this time.

UNCLE RICHARD: Yeah, I 'spose so. Here Bubby, hang up our coats, I'll get us some coffee, warm us up.

BUBBY: Cream and sugar, Uncle Richard! Cream and sugar, don't put none of that rocket fuel you and Mr. Cal mixed up in my coffee!

UNCLE RICHARD: Dat ain't rocket fuel boy, dat's home made bourbon, good stuff too.

BUBBY: It's not bourbon, it's rocket fuel with caramel coloring.

UNCLE RICHARD: It's good stuff, we got da recipe on da internet, hell we done sold 'bout twenty bottles.

BUBBY: Oh my God! Man, you can't sell that stuff, that's bootlegging!

UNCLE RICHARD: Don't worry 'bout it boy, drink your coffee.

BUBBY: You and Mr. Cal better behave; you're going to get locked up again—AHHHH! Man, I asked you not to put none of that rocket fuel in my coffee. Whew! Is it warm in here?

UNCLE RICHARD: Drink up boy, it good for you.

BUBBY: Whew! Hey Uncle Richard, when you were down the City building, did you see Louis Redding's statue?

UNCLE RICHARD: I didn't get a good look at it, 'cause I didn't make it past security, but I see where dey done moved it inside.

BUBBY: That's a damn shame. I just can't understand why they would do that.

UNCLE RICHARD: Oh, it's par for da course Bubby. Our history is ta be downplayed.

BUBBY: Yeah, but Mayor Baker is a Black man, the president of city council, Ted Blunt is a Black man, you would think....

UNCLE RICHARD: What dat got ta do wit it, dey got political bills ta pay and dat come first, forget what da voters say, dey got short memories, dey'll vote for ya next time, but political bills is where dey bread is buttered, and dat what dat's about. So once again our history gets downplayed.

BUBBY: Yeah, that's why Black history month is the shortest month of the year.

UNCLE RICHARD: Dat's a myth and we gonna clear it up right now. Black people got da impression da white man give us February to celebrate our history cause it da shortest month of da year, and Bubby you know better, don't ya?

BUBBY: Yeah.

UNCLE RICHARD: I know ya do. Who da founder? Who started it?

BUBBY: Carter G. Woodson.

UNCLE RICHARD: Started what?

BUBBY: Negro history week in February and it expanded to Black history month.

UNCLE RICHARD: Uh-huh. So it was da Black man that chose February, and it really don't matter what month Black history is recognized as along as it's recognized. It's silly to quibble over a few days. Now what motivated Mr. Woodson?

BUBBY: Well other than Lincoln freed the slaves, our history was ignored. It was as though we had no history before slavery and no accomplishment to speak of; even now for the most part all you hear about is slavery and the Civil Rights Movement.

UNCLE RICHARD: Yeah, like all we did was pick cotton and march on Washington. And I'll tell ya what dey really don't want talk about--

BUBBY: Reparations!

UNCLE RICHARD: Well dat's not what I was gonna say, but nooo, dey don't talk 'bout no reparations. You ever talk to white people 'bout reparations?

BUBBY: Oh yeah. You usually get one of two responses, slavery was over a hundred years ago and they had nothing to do with it, or they make jokes and try to ridicule you.

UNCLE RICHARD: Well, dat's just ignorant and insensitive. As for slavery, well, one would have da impression things weren't so bad for Black people after slavery. And dat brings me around to what I was going to say. What dey really don't wanna talk about is how bad things were for Black people during Jim Crow years, and he wasn't just down south, he was up north too.

BUBBY: Yeah, what did your grandfather say about that Uncle Richard?

UNCLE RICHARD: You south of Canada, you south. Up north dey called it segregation, but it was all Jim Crow.

BUBBY: Yeah, it was all the same. Say Uncle Richard, some of the worst events in America's racist past were the murders of Civil Rights workers, what are some of the events you remember?

UNCLE RICHARD: Oh Bubby, dere were so many bad times for Black people, but one of the most horrible, most terrifying times I remember was da summer of 1919.

BUBBY: I heard of that, it was called The Red Summer of 1919. That's when race riots took place all over the country.

UNCLE RICHARD: Oh, it was just awful Bubby. Riots took place all in about 25 cities, Chicago, Memphis, Little Rock, Harlem, whites all over da country took up arms and started going after and killing Black folks, and I mean men, women, and children. Between 70 and 80 Black men were lynched, and hundreds of Black folks were shot. Black communities, businesses, and homes were burnt to da ground, thousands of Black folk were left homeless, and hundreds disappeared, were never accounted for and never heard from again.

BUBBY: Man, what an awful time to witness. What happened? Why did the whites start attacking, was it some rape charge or something?

UNCLE RICHARD: Oh, dey didn't need a real strong reason for attacking Black folks, but no it wasn't no rape charge, it started...Oh let me get it right now. It started in Chicago cause some little Black boy at da beach went in da white section of da water, and da whites jumped on him and drowned him, Blacks kicked up and dey arrested a Black man and rumors started flying and da next thing you know some of da worse violence ever seen in dis country against Black people.

BUBBY: All those people were killed because some little Black boy went on the white section of the beach?

UNCLE RICHARD: I said dey didn't need a real good reason. I'll tell ya sumpin' else help get 'em riled up.

BUBBY: What's that Unc?

UNCLE RICHARD: Seeing Black folk make it in business. Do you know da old saying about how whites feel about a successful Black man?

BUBBY: Should I be afraid to ask?

UNCLE RICHARD: Probably. "Ain't nothing a cracker wit' a penny hate more than a nigger wit' a nickel."

BUBBY: I said should have been afraid to ask.

UNCLE RICHARD: Uh-huh. Now I give you a prime example of da truth in dat saying. You ever heard of Black Wall Street Bubby?

BUBBY: Black Wall Street? Where is that?

UNCLE RICHARD: Was, it ain't dere no more. Black Wall Street was Greenwood Avenue in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Da Black section of Tulsa was called da Greenwood district in da early 1900's. At dat time Tulsa was one of the most racist segregated cities in America. Dey was so racist dey even had segregated phone booths.

BUBBY: Wait a minute. Uncle Richard, segregated phone booths?

UNCLE RICHARD: Dat's right, I think it was da only place in da country wit' segregated phone booths. Now da Blacks got oil rich in Tulsa in da early 1900's, but da whites was so

racist dey wouldn't do business wit' Black folk, wouldn't even take dey money, wouldn't allow Blacks in dey stores or nothing. So Black folk built up dey own community. Man, dey had it going on, all kind of businesses, restaurants, theatres, two Black newspapers. A hospital, hotels, office buildings, churches and schools. Dey had doctors, lawyers and dentists. Black determination and self-sufficiency at its highest. Man, it was sumpin' else.

BUBBY: Man, it must have been the thriving Black community of its time.

UNCLE RICHARD: Not only of its time, ever in da history of Black America.

BUBBY: Well, what happened to Black Wall Street?

UNCLE RICHARD: "Ain't nothing a cracker wit' a penny hate more than a nigger wit' a nickel." Da whites of Tulsa trumped up some rape against a Black man, arrested him and were about ta lynch him. Black WWI veterans armed themselves and rescued him. Da sheriff went to da local bar and deputized a mob of white men and they burned da Greenwood district of Tulsa to da ground. Millions of dollars worth of damage, homes and businesses destroyed. Some 8000 Black people left homeless, hundreds injured or killed, 300 Black people never accounted for, dat's 300 people murdered, outright massacred and no one has ever been brought to justice. Remember this date Bubby. May 31, 1921. On dat one day, Black Wall Street was destroyed in one of da worst cases of murder and destruction ever perpetuated on Blacks by whites in da history of America and you hear little or nothing about it. Most Black people have never even heard of Black Wall Street. BUBBY: Man, talk about some people deserving reparations. Are there any survivors from Black Wall Street?

UNCLE RICHARD: Yeah, as a matter a fact on March 9, 2005 dey went to da Supreme Court to sue for restitution. Here it is 84 years later and dey still ain't got no justice.

BUBBY: Justice delayed, justice denied. Uncle Richard I hate to ask this, but I have to—

UNCLE RICHARD: I got a feeling I know what you want ta ask, what is it boy?

BUBBY: Well, I read a statistic that showed one period in America from 1880 through 1919, on an average, a Black man was lynched every four and a half days, did you ever see a lynching?

UNCLE RICHARD: Bubby, the worse experience of my life was ta see a young Black boy strung up and a fire lit under him as he dangled from da tree. It wasn't just the horror of seeing dat boy strung up like dat, but da joy da whites took in watching dis barbaric act dat scared da hell out me.

BUBBY: How could someone enjoy watching something like that?

UNCLE RICHARD: Bubby it was like going to da carnival for white folks. White ministers would announce it in church. "Dey caught dat nigger, lynching tonight in da town square," and whites would show up in dey Sunday best and bring dey children. After da man was lynched and or burned, dey would cut body parts off for souvenirs. Da most sought after souvenir was da private parts. And dis wasn't da KKK, dis was sanctioned by da law and enjoyed by da white community and lynching went on right through da Civil Rights Movement and beyond. Lynching was so common at one time, Black folks established da Anti-Lynching Bureau to get the U.S. government to put a stop to it. BUBBY: And they don't want to talk about reparations?

UNCLE RICHARD: See, Bubby, Jim Crow and segregation wasn't just about where you couldn't sit on da bus, or where you went ta school, there was the injustice and terror most Black people had to live with on a daily basis. So it's no surprise America don't want to talk about reparations, because America knows da truth in what Sojourner Truth said.

BUBBY: What was that Uncle Richard?

UNCLE RICHARD: America owes a debt to Black people which it can never really repay. Bubby sits back, sips his coffee and quietly, thoughtfully ponders Uncle Richard's latest history lesson

Syien Morton

My disability is not a crime

My disability is not a crime. Do NOT get rid of me.

Just because I can't walk in a straight line for the life of me, doesn't mean I'm drunk.

And just because I can't stop shaking and twitching even for a second, doesn't mean I'm on cocaine.

My sexuality is not a crime. Do NOT take away my rights.

Just because I don't fall into your conventional notions of heterosexuality, doesn't mean I'm a pervert.

And just because I prefer gender-neutral pronouns, doesn't mean I'm a serial killer.

My race is not a crime. Do NOT shoot me.

Just because I have a statistically higher likelihood of not finishing high school, doesn't mean I'm going to rob you of your money at gunpoint.

And just because I'm portrayed in the media as a thug and/or a ho', doesn't give you the right to butcher me.

My disability— my sexuality— my race are NOT crimes. But you want to know what **ARE** crimes?

Discrimination and eugenics.

The Revolution Will Not Be Uploaded

(in homage to The Revolution Will Not Be Televised, by Gil Scott-Heron)

The revolution will not be available on Netflix.

Or Hulu Plus.

The fight won't be pay-per-view.

The war won't be on your Insta-Snap-Book timeline,

The war is here.

The war is now.

The war is live—

Not "Live from New York"—

But here now breathing as you or I.

This is not some six second Vine,

This will go on for years,

But we'll be recovering from this for Centuries.

The Revolution will not be uploaded.

The Revolution will not be uploaded.

The Revolution will, not, be uploaded.

GTA won't come close to the violence of reality.

The guns are real,

The deaths are, too.

The cost of casualties won't be able to be covered by Bitcoins.
Your mom won't object to you playing this video game,
'Cause she knows this isn't a Goat Simulator
Or a Surgeon Simulator.
The censors won't be able to cut out the f-ing intensity.
This. Is. Real.

The Revolution will not be uploaded.
The Revolution will, not, be uploaded.

You won't be able to put on your Oculus Rift and tune out.
You won't be able to escape to the world of Fallout.
You won't be able to mine out an obsidian bomb-shelter to protect from real Creepers.
If you want victory,
You're going to have to kill something far more difficult than the toughest Dark Souls boss.
You're going to have to kill the system—
No not a gaming system,
But the socioeconomic system.

The Revolution will, not, be uplo—

Oh-oh...

A dud's a cop who thinks he's tough,
Also known as a Klan memba'.
Always shootin' people he don't like,
And just sits on his racist ass... so

[Pre-Chorus:]
No, I ain't gonna surrenda'.
No, you can't stop me.
And no, you best not waste my time.
Oh, why can't you let me be?!
'Cuz being black ain't a crime.

[Chorus:]
No, I don't want no duds.
A dud's a cop that can't get no respect from me.
Hangin' out the passenger side of his partner's ride,
Tryin' to cap at me.

No, I don't want no duds.
A dud's a cop that can't get no respect from me.
Hangin' out the passenger side of his partner's ride,
Tryin' to cap at me.

[Verse 2:]

Well a dud stop-and-frisked me, but his reason is real weak,
And I know that he cannot arrest me.
'Cause I'm lookin' so black and he 'bout to attack...
Won't comply wit' yo' racist ass, so

[Pre-Chorus:]

No, we will never surrenda'.
No, you can't stop us.
And no, you best not waste more of our time.
No, you can't arrest us.
'Cuz being black ain't a crime.

A dud's a cop that can't get no respect from me,
Hangin' out the passenger side of his partner's ride,
Tryin' to cap at me.

[Chorus:]

No, I don't want no duds.
A dud's a cop that can't get no respect from me.
Hangin' out the passenger side of his partner's ride,
Tryin' to cap at me.

I don't want no duds.

A dud's a cop who can't get no respect from me.
Hangin' out the passenger side of his partner's ride,
Tryin' to cap at me.

[Bridge:]

Even if you don't have a car and you're chasin',
Oh yes sir, I'm talkin' to you,
If you still hang wit' your frat boys,
Oh yes sir, I'm talkin' to you (piggy)
If you have a blicky you show too much love,
Oh yes sir, I'm talkin' to you.
Ain't fucking wit' you if you got no respect for me.
Oh no, I don't want no duds.

No duds,
No duds, no, no,
No duds, no, no, no, no,
No duds, no, no...

[Verse 3:]

See, if you can't respect that I have a family and a life,
Then that leaves you in the class with duds, quota's ever risin' (Risin')

I don't find it surprisin' that you don't give two shits about me (me)
To protect and serve from here to Cali...

So (So), let me give you somethin' to think about (Think about)
Inundate your mind with intentions to raise my fist 'til I'm seen equally
Can't forget the knee on my brotha's neck in on the TV (In on the TV)
You as clear as the mirror on my struggle's walls (on my struggle's walls)
Satisfy my appetite with somethin' adequate (adequate)

Check ya' privilege, and then I'll get back to ya (Back to ya)
With diamond-like precision, We will eliminate your positions (eliminate your positions)
Can't detect a good reason for my friend's execution
Officer (Officer) Big Blicky, if you really wanna know (Know, know)
Ask Breonna Taylor, was she a criminal? (crim-min-al) Not at all...
Michael Brown, George Floyd, and the ghosts of all my brotha's and sista's are hauntin' your
minds
But you don't see us though (But you don't hear us though)

[Chorus:]
No, I don't want no duds.
A dud's a cop that can't get no respect from me.
Hangin' out the passenger side of his partner's ride, (Oh)
Tryin' to cap at me.
I don't want no duds. (No)

A dud's a cop that can't get no respect from me.
Hangin' out the passenger side of his partner's ride,
Tryin' to cap at me. (Yeah)

[Chorus:]
I don't want no duds.
A dud's a cop that can't get no respect from me.
Hangin' out the passenger side of his partner's ride, (Oh)
Tryin' to cap at me.

I don't want no duds. (No)
A dud's a cop that can't get no respect from me.
Hangin' out the passenger side of his partner's ride,
Tryin' to cap at me. (Yeah)

[Chorus:]
I don't want no duds.
A dud's a cop that can't get no respect from me.
Hangin' out the passenger side of his partner's ride, (Oh)
Tryin' to cap at me.

I don't want no duds. (No)

A dud's a cop that can't get no respect from me.
Hangin' out the passenger side of his partner's ride,
Tryin' to cap at me. (Yeah)

I don't want no duds.
A dud's a cop that can't get no respect from me.
Hangin' out the passenger side of his...



Jay Massey

Ray Greenblatt

Atlantic City Dies Again

They weren't satisfied just feeding and housing guests well
they wanted to own their souls
the management always wins, they say,
 as much as does
 a stacked deck
 loaded dice
 fixed wheel.

They slid in under innocuous names
 Sands, Resorts, Tropicana
then tempted people with
 the Showboat and Revel
 Grand and Golden Nugget
thinking they could rival the Monopoly game
but they overreached again
 Atlantis sank
 Castles is owned by the state
 the Taj Mahal has a couple buried in it
 and Caesar is no more than dust in a bunghole,
 as the expression goes.

Now the spiders can wrap things up
not dust but sand will pile in corners
soon mirrors will grow tarnished
 until no reflections appear
the salt air will set its teeth on all things man-made
there never was gold
 just brightly painted plaster
 chipping, peeling, flaking.

Better to give it all back to the sea
let mosquitoes rule
wind blow through saw grass
crabs scuttle at will
let those primary dunes do their natural duty
 protecting the mainland.

Robert Bohm

Nightmares That Leave Grease Stains On Psych Ward Walls:
Poems on endless war

New York: Spuyten Duyvil, 2023, 164 pages, \$18.00

Reviewed by Phillip Bannowsky

traumas like these ruin what we know
about stability, yet also display how
disharmony, regardless of
the odds against it,
is a signpost along the way to finding

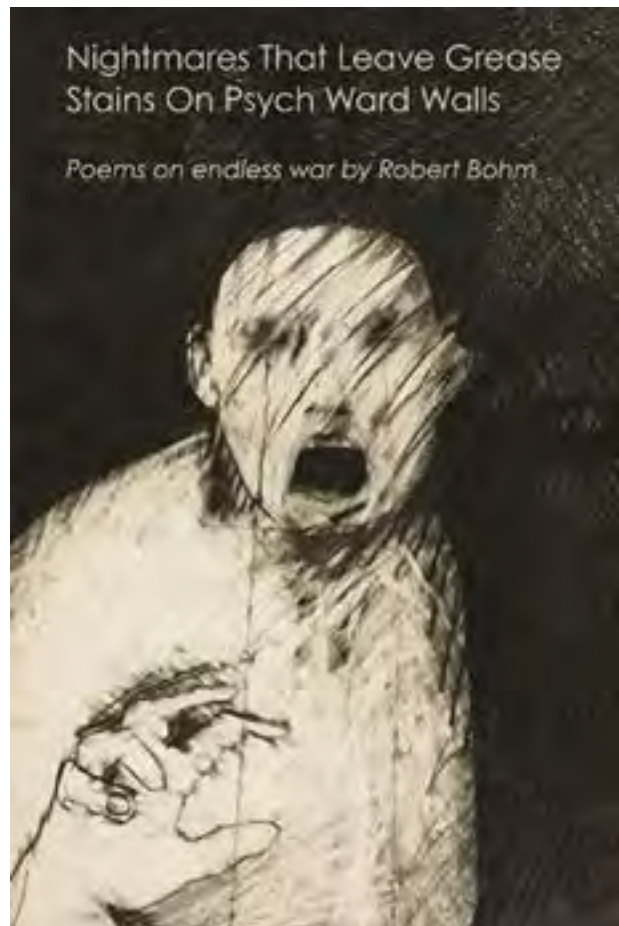
the melodious where
(most officials agree)
it can't exist.

—“While Listening to Sun Ra, the Spirit Momentarily Stirs”

Such an ideal of art, where what disturbs propriety stirs the spirit, could well summarize Robert Bohm's poetic aesthetic in *Nightmares That Leave Grease Stains On Psych Ward Walls*.

It must have been the late seventies when I first encountered Bob Bohm and his spouse Suman, barging into our community of Delaware radiclibs with their gospel of third-world consciousness. I was intimidated by them, but they had a point. For the most part, we were white 60s radicals forging short cuts to revolution with bougies bent on liberal fixes. Suman later became a leader of the New Directions Movement (NDM), a reform movement in my union, the United Automobile Workers (UAW). NDM was the forerunner and foundation of today's Unite All Workers for Democracy (UAWD). UAWD has just installed a fighting leadership in the UAW, which may be leading an historic strike as you read this.

A few years later, when I saw Bohm perform his poetry, I really began to sweat, mostly for the ardor of his poetry, but also



for his willingness to rain on any liberal parade.

At the very first 2nd Saturday reading in October of 1983, 2nd Saturday founder e. jean lanyon expressed appreciation for then Representative (later Governor, now Senator) Tom Carper for sponsoring legislation to recognize October 15 as World Poetry Day. Bob took the occasion to demand Carper recognize and not sabotage the Sandinista Government of Nicaragua and while he was at it, work for the release of Philippine poet and political prisoner José Cezán.

Citing Ernesto Cardenal for inspiration, Robert Bohm then laid out his poetic doctrine:

Whatever we are and whoever we are and whatever background we come from. .
. .—the lives of the majority of the population—is the stuff of poetry.

Subtitled *Poems on endless war*, Bohm's new work begins with the war, the Viet Nam War, which turned our generation's stomachs, and Bohm does not spare the reader that experience. Informed by his working-class roots and Viet Nam era service at a military hospital in Germany, Bohm reconstructs the experiences of Viet Nam grunts, their firefights, their traumas, and the dysfunctions back in the "the world" that bred them.

Good day, bad day? Can't say. Earlier, while on a jungle march,
imagined myself trudging through New York's midtown garment
district. In the daydream, I spotted OD'd rock 'n' roll singers' skins
hanging from clothing racks near a sign that blared —

Big sale wear your favorite songster's epidermis get it cheap!

When my stupid fantasy ended, I stopped thinking. Saw trail, became
trail. Nothing else. Only going.

Grunts behind & ahead. All going.
—"Random Mind Wanderings"

Nightmares ranges from Viet Nam to 9/11, to Iraq, to Afghanistan, to Palestine, to Syria, and even to the old veterans of World War II. Bohm's lens brings into focus the countless peoples who are but blurry phantom actors in the theater of America's perpetual wars. In "Death Prayer Anniversary Coda," a poem on the hazards of America's 9/11 grief, he writes

And so we mourn, our grief
now more tactical, an organizing principle.
In a village
in Uruzgan, drums boom in a mountain courtyard, women
sing, dancers whirl and swirl.
The chickpeas taste good. As do the olives.
But when

the bomb hits, the wedding reception ends, 54 guests
already dead.
From the roof, a panicked mother
drops her infant to the ground.
The strike was a mistake, the Pentagon announces later.

In “Uday al-Bakhr talks spontaneously in Tomkins Square Park,” Bohm indecorously
channels an expatriate Iraqi:

My mother once explained
to me how vaginas bleed and have needs
outside of what men say and do. Maybe to you this sounds
unrelated. However, if I change only a few words
in that statement I possess the perfect revelation for you Americans—

Iraqis bleed and have needs outside of what you fucking people say and do!

Accordingly, Bohm’s “Memorial Day,” serves to evoke chagrin over our obtuseness:

All the while take note
of the costumes & bunting, of how well they cloak
what the spectacle wants no one to know—
that it itself is the lone specter left,
the ghost of beliefs long shown untrue.
Lower your eyes now. Or don’t. It’s up to you.
—“Memorial Day:

Bohm is skillful with irony, the thinking person’s sarcasm, with the image of:

a billboard promoting
the virtues of bowing before
whoever breaks down your door.
—“Message from a Man Not Far from the Sinak Bridge in Baghdad”

And he is no slouch with the pointed epigram:

and the only artistic compass you can trust
is one with an arrow pointing toward disgust.
—“An Applied ‘Poetics of the usual’”

Or humor:

In America the only meaningful size is GARGANTUAN, achieved any
way you can—steroids, sugar, implants, piling on military gear.
Weighed down, more weighed down, most weighed down, the nation

wobbles forward, warring everywhere.
—“What Is It?”

Back in 2014, I [reviewed](#) Robert Bohm’s *What the Bird Tattoo Hides: Selections from the Vijaynagar Notebooks (1974-2012)* (West End Press, 2014). I characterized that work as “artfully crafted and off the chain.” *Nightmares* serves as both a measure of Bohm’s skill and a record of his development as an artist. It appears that some of the poems, particularly on Viet Nam, have been sat on for a couple decades. For those of us who remember, reading these tales of PTSD is, in current parlance, triggering. In current parlance as well, some say, “one should never write about someone else’s oppression,” as if nothing could be true when written in “syllables from the locusts’ vocabularies.” The injunction was told to me by a junior editor at a now defunct academic lit rag. There are more nuanced perspectives, as Bohm suggests in “Message from a Man Not Far from the Sinak Bridge in Baghdad”:

The human spirit is never singular—
some poets flee the city,
others remain, giving voice
to haunted litanies, each extracted
syllable by syllable
from the locusts’ vocabularies.

No matter how many corners turned. Or straight stretches
traipsed. Some of us stay
in the *we never left* part of town.
We are its debris, what’s left behind. Well-intentioned but
with human flaws, the poets
make of us what they can.

Too much poetry today is based on the beautiful thoughts grad students have, their obscure techniques, and their tippy-toe sensibilities. *Nightmares That Leave Grease Stains On Psych Ward Walls* redeems the hidden history of the American epoch. It draws its subject matter from the mass of humankind, “whatever we are and whoever we are and whatever background we come from.” However abrasive, Robert Bohm’s latest work is a well-crafted intervention in our nightmare of imperial arrogance.

“Where have all the soldiers gone?”

by Robert Bohm

for Brown, not “all,” but one

A one-room walkup no bigger than
a broom closet. More bunker
than a home. Dug in for the night,
your head stutters with weapons fire.
That was a year or two after
your second divorce.

When long before that, Lenny, your favorite
comic, got busted for
obscenity further north in a cafe on Bleeker St., you
were on the upswing. Getting drafted
was your chance. A door
swung open, you swaggered through. You figured
a War Hero was what the sweeties fancied
so that’s what you’d be.

Didn’t happen.
More than two decades later & there you were—two
divorces, kids & grandkids gone.
Climbing up four flights with a hightech leg
didn’t turn the trek
to bourbon heaven more appealing.
Too much was missing. No pool table
in the den—in fact, there was no den. And the used Corvette
you planned to rebuild by hand sat on cinder blocks
in a driveway in an empty lot
miles from the walkup where you almost
died, a heart attack, five years ago today.

You visited me a few months after that. One afternoon
following a few hours of placing meager bets
on the horses at Belmont, we strolled
the mudflats along
Little Neck Bay. A foul odor oozed
from the ground and you started gagging. Before
I knew it, you were throwing up, your body

violently seizing as if disgorging
your whole friggin life.

By then, you'd already, unknown to me, said goodbye to the old
you as you searched for where
the bible's reborn serpent slithered happily in the shadows while
offbeat Saints learned to feed
like hyenas, ripping pieces of nutritious meat
from what was left of wisdom's corpse.
Sober after that, you worked days, attended
school at night & turned your words
into bayonets, hooting each time
you gouged holes in officialdom's
obese body of lies.

—Nightmares That Leave Grease Stains On Psych Ward Walls

David P. Kozinski

Benison

If you must push off from shore and wave goodbye
at day's end to someone lost too early,
again and again

reach across the distance past the walls,
the curtain of mist. It is not too far
even if it measures hard and deep.

Feel this strip of silver paper I slip
in your hand, a ticket to a night
that drifts in from the periphery

when you forget, when she walks to you only
past the rubble and through the dew
distilled from a whisper of spring

and shines on you the same face
that opened days like city gates,
that quickened the roads you traveled

bent together or by yourself
and now, again,
never quite alone.

Cruise Advice from the Paperback Travel Guide

Don't go juggling your way
or laughing at the old tourists' wheelchairs
crawling up the cattle chute
when you board the good ship You Know What.
This is a pressure cruise,
flesh rolled up against flesh, and sealed in a tin
when they pull up the gangplank
and we float away. Hide your toys – the jacks
in your pockets & coke spoons
hanging on warm, gentle necks – or they'll make you
leave them out on the deck
for anyone to use.

Once we're embarked and the engines rev
is when they turn the heat up.
Roll your sleeves up
if you're able, put your arms and shoulders
and backs into compulsory merriment because,
short as it seems, this voyage will take you
to the end, even as you think
*I didn't sign up for anything like this; this isn't it
at all.*

So slip by the days on the Carnivore Cruise Line,
favored by travelers who choose to hunt and shoot
their own food on ships large enough
to let you range far, over every imaginable terrain
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Don't lose it. They won't send a search party
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The Death Messenger

JM Reinbold

Detective Chief Inspector Rylan Crowe hated delivering death notifications. He could have sent another officer, but he hadn't. He never did. Notification of death had to be done properly and with great care. As painful as it was, he had personal experience to draw on.

Parked across from Number 23 Glass Lane in Shapton, he checked the address and name—Joy—on his mobile. He winced at the irony. The Joys' cottage had pride of place, with its bright blue paint and tidy flower beds, on this rather shabby side street of a village that had seen better days. The flowers were all annuals: impatiens, cosmos, zinnias. Cheap varieties. £5 would get a dozen or more at the local Tesco.

Beneath the garden's only tree, next to a child's overturned bicycle, sprawled a plaster garden gnome with an addled expression and a nick in his cap. Ordinarily, the coincidence of the toppled gnome and the bike together would have appealed to Crowe's sense of humor, as well as his photographer's eye, but not today.

He stroked his cheeks and chin, relieved to find very little beard had come in since he'd last shaved. Before getting out of the car, he tilted down the visor and glanced at his reflection in the mirror. He straightened his tie, and for a few minutes sat quietly, eyes closed, relaxing his facial muscles, and regulating his breathing.

Better get on with it before the village grapevine had time to gain momentum. He checked the rear-view before exiting the car. As he crossed the street, his mobile sounded.

Another call from Vanessa. He swore, sent her to voicemail, and set the phone to vibrate. His wife knew he couldn't take personal calls while on duty.

He stood for a moment savoring the sun's warmth on his face. It was a perfect summer day, the sky vast and brilliantly blue. Masses of cumulus clouds cast wide shadows over the countryside. He went through the gate and up the steps of Number 23 as a shadow began to crawl over the Joys' cottage, slowly suffusing the house in shade.

At the door, staring at the plain brass knocker, he realized he needed another minute. With a few more deep breaths, he offered a silent plea for strength, for himself and this family he was about to intrude on.

Before he could lift the clapper, the door swung open. The woman coming through nearly collided with him in her haste. At the sight of him, she started with surprise.

"Whatever you're flogging, we don't want any," she said, as she quick-stepped back inside and began to shut the door.

"Mrs. Joy? Barbara Joy?"

She hesitated. "Yes."

Crowe held out his warrant card. "Detective Chief Inspector Rylan Crowe, Killingsworth CID. I need to speak with you. May I come in?"

"If it's money for the widows and orphans just give me the envelope."

"No. I'm afraid it's important that I speak with you, Mrs. Joy."

Clutching at her cardigan, she pulled it tight across her chest. "I'm always cold, even in this heat. The doctor says I have low blood pressure. My husband thinks I'm mental."

"May I come in, please?"

She looked past him. "I've never had the police round here. Is it the kids? Are they in trouble?" She picked at a patch of eczema on her wrist.

"I told them, stay out of Shirley's garden. She has a cat, a great striped ginger thing. The kids are mad for that silly cat. They're always chasing after it, trampling her flowers."

Crowe started to speak, but before he could get a word in, she carried on.

"It's not the Dyer boy, is it? That child's always in trouble." She frowned. "I've told Benny not to pal around with him."

"Mrs. Joy."

She'd been avoiding his eyes, but now she looked at him. He saw a flash of fear.

"It's not Barry. Not an accident at the factory," she said, voice unsteady, eyes pleading.

"No, it's nothing to do with your husband."

Her whole body shuddered as she exhaled. "His job," she said. "He works on the line. Drilling. They have safety precautions, but still, it's dangerous. I want him to change jobs, but the money's better than anywhere else. I can stay home and raise my kids."

"Mrs. Joy." He touched her arm lightly. She pulled away.

She was nervous. Crowe was used to that. Some, like her, rattled on and on. Others barely spoke. But they all had a sixth sense. It was as if in some deep well of her being she recognized death standing at her door and recoiled violently from it.

"I have to collect my kids. My neighbor rang me. She says there's police down the end of Woolsey Lane. That's where they play, in the field at the end of Woolsey Lane." Her voice had become shrill and desperate.

Crowe had come from the field at the end of Woolsey Lane. He knew what was down there.

"That's what I've come about, Mrs. Joy."

Her eyes were huge. They made the rest of her look all the more frail. Her pale hair had come unpinned. A light breeze caused a few strands to float like bits of torn spider web. She licked her fingers, captured the loose hairs, and tucked them behind her ears. She turned away from him, her shoulders slumped.

"Come in."

Crowe stepped across the threshold into a narrow foyer, pulling the door shut behind him. As they went through into a short hall, he glanced into the room on his left, a sitting room filled with ornaments and photographs, dozens and dozens of photographs. One photograph, on a quaint, pie crust table near the door, caught his eye. He paused. The picture was of two children, a girl and boy. He recognized them immediately. Like a picture from a tourist pamphlet, Jillian and Benjamin Joy sat back-to-back, quintessentially English, blonde, blue-eyed, apple-cheeked, smiling innocents.

"Sir?"

Barbara Joy had stopped in a doorway. He hurried to join her, and they passed through to her spotless kitchen.

She sat down at the table. Crowe sat across from her.

"You're scaring me. The police are never good news round here. What's happened? Just tell me what's happened."

"There's been an accident involving your children and another child from the village. I'm very sorry to have to tell you this, Mrs. Joy. Your daughter, Jillian, was injured. She died on the way to hospital."

She stared at him for a dozen heartbeats without blinking.

"No," she whispered, "Jills is with her brother. He looks after her. He's ever so good about it." She clutched at the tablecloth, gathering it into her fists.

It was the summer holidays. Kids were home from school. That's how it had come about; he was sure of it. Kids with time on their hands—too old to be kept underfoot, too young to be left on their own for long. If there was some trouble to be found, they would find it. It was an old story.

She got up from the table dragging the cloth with her. Her chair clattered to the floor. She staggered a few steps, lost her balance, teetered sideways. Crowe jumped up and caught her. He barely felt the weight of her on his arm as he tried to turn her, guide her

back. She stared at him. Pale with shock, she pleaded with him wordlessly to take back the news he'd just given her. His heart cramped. He could not take it back, could not return her life to what it was before he had intruded.

"I'm sorry," he whispered.

She made a strangled sound and flung herself against him. Gripping him with an unnatural strength, she began to keen. His throat tightened. Tears pricked his eyes. He folded her in his arms, pressed her against his chest, and rocked her while one small fist beat at his back.

A key turned in the lock. The back door opened. A man stood framed in the doorway. He was heavily muscled, dressed in workman's clothing, a lunch pail in his hand. His eyes darted back and forth between them.

"What's this, then?"

"Mr. Joy?" Crowe asked.

"Yeah. Who're you?"

Barbara pulled away. Turning, she stumbled toward her husband.

"Jills is dead," she said and froze, as if by saying the words aloud she had given them weight and truth, as though she herself had made them real.

Barry Joy looked as if someone had struck him a fierce blow. The lunch pail fell from his hand and hit the tiled floor with a crack.

Crowe held up his warrant card so the man could see his identification. Barry gave no indication he cared. Crowe placed one of his cards on the table, then lifted the chair from the floor and set it upright. He helped Barbara to it, and then moved another chair beside it. Barry dropped into the seat next to his wife. He put his arm around her shoulders. He looked at Crowe.

"What happened?"

"From what we understand," Crowe said, "your son and daughter and another boy were playing cowboys and Indians."

"Cowboys and Indians? What?"

"That's what I was told."

Barry shook his head.

Crowe, too, had been surprised. Did children still play cowboys and Indians? He didn't think so.

"Your son had an air pistol. He was showing it to another lad. It's unclear what happened next. The gun went off twice. Jillian was struck in the chest and the other boy in the throat."

Barbara stared at him, the look of incredulity on her face changing to anger. Barry's face had drained of color.

"A gun!" she exclaimed. "Where would Ben get a gun?"

Crowe hesitated. He had feared this question. But there was nothing for it but to press on.

"Your son told us the gun belonged to his father. He found it this morning out of its case on top of the tool cupboard in the garage. He took it without permission to show his friend." Crowe shifted his attention to Barry.

"He said you bought the gun so that you and he could join a father-son shooting club."

Barry's shoulders sagged. He looked away from his wife. His lips trembled when he spoke.

"Ben was always going on about guns. I thought if he wanted to shoot that badly, he might as well have proper lessons, outdoors, sporting like. That's better than laying about playing video games."

Barbara's face twisted. Crowe had seen that look before. It was hatred. She seized

her husband's arm, digging her nails into his flesh.

Crowe pitied Barry. There would be no forgiveness for him. Not now, not in a year or two, not ever. Unless he could raise the dead, his fate was sealed. The woman who had at first appeared mild-mannered, retiring, perhaps even a bit woolly-headed, had transformed. If there were a knife close at hand, he thought, she'd drive it right into her husband's heart.

She was trembling now. "You swore you'd never bring a gun into this house.

Barry could not look at his wife.

"You bloody well promised!"

Crowe, on the alert now, had to distract them from each other, get them focused on what needed to be done, not who was to blame. They had the rest of their lives for that.

"Your son identified your daughter. However, because he's a minor, you and your wife will need to make the official identification.

"Where's our son?" Barry asked. "Where's Ben? Is he hurt?"

"He's at the police ..." Crowe twitched. His phone vibrating startled him. He reached inside his jacket and shut it off.

"Sorry. He's at the police station in Killingsworth.

Barry came out of his seat. "What? Why, in God's name?"

"Sit down, Mr. Joy," Crowe said. When the man hesitated, Crowe nodded at the chair. "Sit down."

Barry sat down.

"Your son is being spoken to as a witness. The other boy is in hospital."

Barbara rocked slowly in her chair.

"Who is the other boy?" Barry asked.

"Michael Truly," Crowe said. "Do you know him?"

"Oh, sweet Jesus," Barry said. "The Trulys live next door."

Crowe looked at them huddled together. Barry's face was blank. He stroked his wife's shoulder, his empty stare fixed on the window above the sink. A look passed over Barry's face. Brief, barely a flicker across his features; Crowe saw, but could not name it. Barry pulled his wife fiercely against his chest. Barbara squeezed her eyes shut and clamped a hand over her mouth.

If she moves her hand, she'll scream, Crowe thought. She'll scream and she won't be able to stop. Most people thought reporting a death was the hardest thing to do. It wasn't. It was trying to make them hear and understand through the turmoil in their minds. It was answering their questions, the same ones over and over as they tried to comprehend.

Barbara pulled away from her husband and sat hunched in her chair, her arms wrapped tight across her chest. Crowe could see her turning inward, the dark turbulence in her eyes. Someone had to be blamed. Someone had to be responsible.

Barry was crying as he tried to speak to his wife. She turned her back to him. Crowe asked if there was someone he could call. Barbara wanted her mother.

In less than thirty minutes, Barbara's mother arrived, a tiny beige woman, who, after hugging her daughter, glowered at Crowe and at her son-in-law. Without a word, she took charge of the kitchen, fussing and flitting about like an aggressive sparrow as she organized tea, and then scrubbed vigorously at the already spotless countertops.

Crowe knew that for some, work was the only way through tragedy. With the loss of his sister, their mother had been the same. She'd worked out her grief and anger by scrubbing polishing, and tidying. He had thrown himself full force into his job.

Soon after Barbara's mother had settled in, a policewoman arrived with a Family Liaison Officer. Crowe excused himself to check on the missed call. He hoped it wasn't another message from Vanessa. The caller ID showed Killingsworth CID. His Sergeant's voice came on telling him he was needed as soon as possible at the scene of an apparent

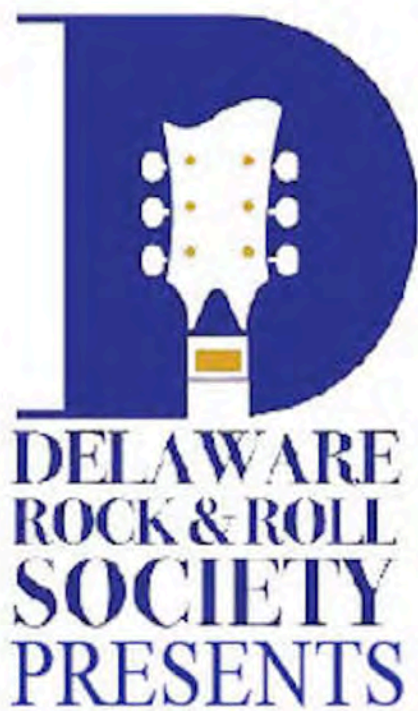
suicide.

Crowe let himself out. Standing on the Joys' tiny porch, he surveyed the street. There had been a car in the Trulys' drive when he arrived. It was gone now. How close were the Joys and the Trulys, he wondered? He hoped, for everyone's sake, that Michael Truly would make a full recovery.

He retrieved his keys from his jacket, put away his mobile, and descended the steps. As he crossed the street to his car, he took a last look at the Joys' cottage. This case would be investigated in the same way he investigated any other homicide: assume nothing, believe nothing, challenge everything.



Franetta McMillian



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Tim Hudenburg

so (go) on with this day

after the lots were cast
whether on Wednesday or Thursday
didn't really matter in August

that's the way summer goes
for days and days–
time notwithstanding

watching after the occasional cloudbusting
lightning dances across whitewashed wall
illuminating each painting in turn

brighten
your darkening eyes
–seeing Bukhara again

like the son, Jonathan
dipping his fingers into wild mountain honey
the soul prompts such living

dressed richly if we wanted to
–we did not despite desert temptations
lived simply within a world's excess

marveled if there was wind–we would
run barefoot as fast–
and as far as–we could

ate moderately
drank water
slept soundly

Reincarnated from Hell

Steven Leech

It's said they sound like birds when they speak among themselves. There are so few of them these days. A very long time ago when they were more varied, with so many subspecies, not all of them flew through the air. They spoke forcing air through the cavities in their skulls, the shape and size of each one making a different sound, carrying different meanings, though in those early millennia, not yet capable of declaring attraction and repulsion.

They learned over millennia how to manipulate genetics, made monkeys and apes by subterfuge, and imposed their own genetic codes upon unsuspecting sapiens. Those are the ones still with us today, remembering our agenda, mostly sociopathic, psychopathic, and, at the very least at ground level, jerks and assholes.

The few of them remaining, still cold blooded, unlike their warm-blooded avian cousins, live out west where it's warm and spacious enough underground. The agenda still prevails although the means for it keeps changing unexpectedly from continuing and incremental successes.

The greatest success occurred in the mid 1930s. We, my cold-blooded brethren and I, were fortunate enough to encounter sympathetic human sapiens, ones with sharp uniforms and a stern demeanor. We needed these types, as rare as they are among humans. They were anxious and able to advance our agenda.

These human sapiens, who we encountered in the forest of Bavaria, appreciated our otherwise rudimentary knowledge of propulsion, which they sorely sought. They were intrigued by our claim that we knew the inner secrets of matter, that turned inside out and could alter space and time. By the year 1940, together with those few remaining cold blooded, and those of that particular breed of human sapiens, applied the agenda, but not without warnings, including lingering speculation, from the suspicious or naïve at best, that empathic human sapiens were quite capable of defending and preserving that planet they considered as their home.

Among those who harbored suspicions in 1940, and proposed a scenario based on history, believing not only did history repeat throughout time, or at least rhyme, was Charles Wertebaker. In his book from 1941, *New Doctrine for the Americas*, he warned of danger resulting from our new relationship with our budding allies who in September 1940 formed what they called the Axis. Because both the Germans and the Japanese imperialist and colonizers had made inroads on both coasts of South America, warned

the empathic human sapiens in the United States, our threat might emerge from there. Wertenbaker's brother Peyton also saw the emerging geopolitical shift we were forming, and he proposed a more meaningful and specific outcome:

I can hardly see how Germany can be beaten now. And when she wins she'll take over the French and English Empires. That will leave four great powers in the world, Germany, the United States, Russia and Japan. The United States will find it economically impossible to oppose all three in combination. So in the end she will ally herself with one of the three, and that will probably be Germany, despite our present hatred of its ideology. And that alliance will probably mean the end of democracy in the United States as we have known it.

The conclusion to which Peyton Wertenbaker arrived suggests the path to the final item on our agenda, which is more significant than the prospect of a war that would be the penultimate link for achieving that final item. How hard it is for these empathic sapiens to predict war, and how these human sapiens have trouble accepting the prospect of it.

Let's establish who the empathic human sapiens are in their varying degrees of capabilities. Like us they ultimately were not complete strangers to the planet. They were those a little better suited than those who had immigrated from Mars, those the cold blooded had driven from that planet thousands of years before by our hunger for ourselves. Their names were Romulus and Remus.

Thanks largely to the multidimensional status of Africa, thanks to Akhenaten for the recognition of the Soul and Hermes Trismegistus, and the Shining Ones before him, along with messengers like Enoch, we and our allies never had a free hand to run roughshod over the planet, but the year of 1940 gave us the best chance to regain the Divine Rights of Kings, which had dwindled at the behest of the printing press and visions set in glass and on canvas.

In 1940 Edmund Wilson in his book *To The Finland Station* summed up the foibles and failures of the empaths to galvanize the efficacy of the Soul, a growing efficacy which had been perpetuated in spite of thousands of years of our incursions, sabotage, and clandestine maneuvers to corrupt their holy books, pervert science where we could burn down libraries, and if none of this worked engage in mass destruction, war, and the promotion of ignorance.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected to his third term in 1940 as President of the United States, a country that had been founded on principles formulated in its genesis from enlightened beings whose roots stemmed from Akhenaten, Hermes Trismegistus, and those Hebrews bred by the Shining Ones, and preserved and perpetuated by way of the Knights of the Temple and surviving Gnostics. It's no wonder that early on, in the

early years of Anno Domino, that those enlightened empathic human sapiens had to be squashed, stomped out, discredited, ridiculed, marginalized, and liquidated.

The cold blooded are more suitable for our purposes in a dimension beyond the terrestrial one. Here on Earth, they tend to survive best underground in their few numbers, but those of us with properties of genetic design embedded millennia ago, and are called Archons by those who know us from the record kept in Gnostic text, they know where to find us. The one flaw is the Archons have lost touch with the capabilities of the Soul, much more so than the empathic human sapiens who may only have tentative and fragmented access to the Soul.

We Archons otherwise thrive in that space at the end of transdimensional portals set up to keep us in easy contact. The other side is not only populated by the cold blooded but also by bestial entities commonly referred to as Sasquatches, Skinwalkers, Chupacabras by the few who've encountered them, when occasionally they come through the portals to feed upon delicacies found here.

Very little is known before written language about the relationship among species. Nearly all that occurred then, when sentient consciousness needed no written words for the full functioning bicameral brain, survives in storytelling now referred to as myth, and considered fanciful stories that are misunderstood and lost in interpretation. Totally lost are the events that brought us all here to this next and now current situation, which is to consume everything in order to survive. Only the remnants of that former order lost in antiquity remain as mystery. Not known is the origins of the asteroid belt, or the vast debris field that is today's planet Mars, and left only to the astute speculation of those like Immanuel Velikovsky, George Ivanovich Gurdjieff, and Wilhelm Reich.

My name is Hitler. There have been prior reflections of me. Some have been total failures. Some have floundered in obscurity. Some have been moderately successful but forgotten. My last incarnation was nearly completely successful but crashed and burned before the apex of success. I'm here to merely report and implement further plans.

I've been the subject of genetic manipulation among the warm-blooded empath-prone humans. Our advantage is rudimentary knowledge, at the very least, of the Soul. While the few of them, now living underground, the cold blooded, live for hundreds or maybe thousands of years. The warm blooded, which I am, live less than one hundred years in the matter called flesh. We still possess the electric body that enables access to the Soul. It means that beings like myself are mortally unstable and must be reincarnated quickly to maintain viable genetic integrity.

Underground is nearly ideal for the cold blooded for their mortal survival and

for the survival of the rare occasional eggs that birth new beings. Together we've been making plans to continue to maintain and control the agenda, the first item of which is to affect a critical mass to establish viable minority rule.

After a previous Hitler crashed and burned, I'd come back to report and re-assess and to finally determine how to proceed.

Even though the recent War had ended with a loss, we had made progress. We had gained a foothold in the vacuum that the huge subversion and corruption of the empaths that resulted from the death and decimation from the War. And we had the fruit of technological advances, of turning matter inside out to unleash cosmic energy, of developing propulsion to take us faster than sound, and the manipulation of space and time to disappear into the secrets we kept to ourselves.

We invented bogeymen, like Stalin, and a clandestine Red Menace, and Alien Invasion from the unknown. We and our cold-blooded brethren were part of that unknown that we perpetuated with secrecy.

The agenda called for creating an existence, enmeshed in the dream, that would over the next six or seven decades eventually manufacture and alternative reality that would reach critical mass enough to give us the leverage enough to subvert reality.

Television hypnotized with the illusion of freedom. We flooded the economy with petroleum and petroleum products literally driving a dream of peace through the front yards and backyards of suburban driveways and the baby boomed chrome enameled plastic drone in the post War years fringed by motorcycle clubs, and Playboy photo clubs, all men smoking pipes wearing pajamas dreaming of fucking a bevy of big breasted Barbie dolls.

But out of urban New York San Francisco those who grew up unorthodox during the Great Depression turned beatific and carried the underbelly of commune and covenant into the light of the literary world. And as Dada had after the apocalypse of the First World War, revived the crippled promise of pre-War art and literature into post War social and cultural entropy.

Jazz cats expressed the true word with sound and Beat cats spoke the truth of everyone's place in the Cosmos with words. We knew we had to keep what we knew of the Cosmos a secret. Secrecy and illusion were the next item on the agenda. We were playing the long game. We had patience because we'd already invested in millennia dissolved in the unfortunate mortal consciousness of time.

Eisenhower, emerging from under five stars, after the poison of the big secret exploded Hiroshima Nagasaki, and the Red Scare emerged from Hollywood, and the Cold War emerged hot from Korea, warned us of what we were too blinded by illusion and fear to see. It had occurred after Eisenhower had made an agreement with the Zeta

Reticulin and Serpon delegation in 1954 to eventually embark upon a new era of human empathic and resource development. In his Farewell Address, at the end of his administration, he warned of remaining on a war footing implying, because that's all he could do under the circumstances, that the military, which was slowly becoming autonomous, and petroleum fueled industry, were beginning to engage in cosmic warfare then simmering behind the scenes. Before he uttered the specifics of his warning, Eisenhower prefaced his remark by declaring:

As we peer into society's future, we – you and I, and our government – must avoid the impulse to live only for today, plundering for our own ease and convenience the precious resources of tomorrow. We cannot mortgage the material assets of our grandchildren without risking the loss also of their political and spiritual heritage. We want democracy to survive for all generations to come, not to become the insolvent phantom of tomorrow.

We had to take drastic action after that. John F. Kennedy, Marilyn Monroe, Dorothy Kilgallen, Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King had to be killed to keep from letting the cat out of the bag, that there was a cosmic war brewing out of sight. It was a secret that had to be kept.

There were false starts. Richard Nixon failed to advance the agenda, but after a few short years of turmoil and uncertainty the martyrdom of John Birch and the valiant attempts of William F. Buckley and Barry Goldwater, and the flawed philosophy of Ayn Rand yielded its champion whose name was Ronald Reagan, and the beast, at first no more than an infant, was unleashed, and cosmic war would change reality.

No one needed to know my name. We set up a clown in the White House, right out of every illusion from every television set when the time was right, right after the empathic human sapiens elected one of their own to President of the United States. We had smacked down the Clintons in full daylight, mercilessly and unrelentingly attacking 'em. Caught him finally getting a blow job, and turned reality inside out. Wars got down to the real nitty gritty, over whose God was greater. We killed on television with abandon in spades both virtually and actually. Desensitize! Dehumanize! Dull the acute sense of empathy! Turn 'em into shells fill with crap! Make 'em drunk on consumption! Turn empath human sapiens into quick dissolving snowflakes in the expanding heat of cosmic war. My buddy Goebbels was right. There is a threshold to create belief in another reality. Anchor it in that dog and pony show called the space shuttle space station. Don't ask why we no longer go to the Moon when we have, and to Mars regularly. We, both cold blooded and the genetically engineered

warm blooded and the genetically engineered warm blooded, are flying around in the sky in plain sight behind the lines in a cosmic war. Reality comes in versions. We have the tools to impose ours.

We created our own reality where the planet was not slowly burning up, where the hardest rains were not gonna fall while other places thirsted. Through decades of inundating minds with television we created a reality where *Leave It to Beaver* was in every house and Black people had their invisible place by the toxic factories boiling down petroleum; harmless fumes with no doctors to testify. A reality where everyone toted a gun just to show that everyone's boss, where roadkill justified extinction. We would leave the planet as soon as we found another one to consume, We would leave after millennia after having left Mars a wind swept debris field and earth a desert with great pools of sewage. We'd take a sojourn on Ganymede if things got too bad too soon, before leaving Earth a haunted planet filled with ghosts stuck within its own Soul.

Ken Segal

Light

The speed of light is awful fast,
There ain't nuthin' that's faster.
The Lord, it's said,
Made Time and Space,
He is a strict task-master!

The molecule is awful small,
But smaller yet's the proton.
Existence is what God wrote down,
And wind is what He wrote on.

The quantum made Einstein confused,
Could thought affect real matter?
He grew yet wiser in old age,
But didn't get no fatter!

Matt Thomas

Marcescence

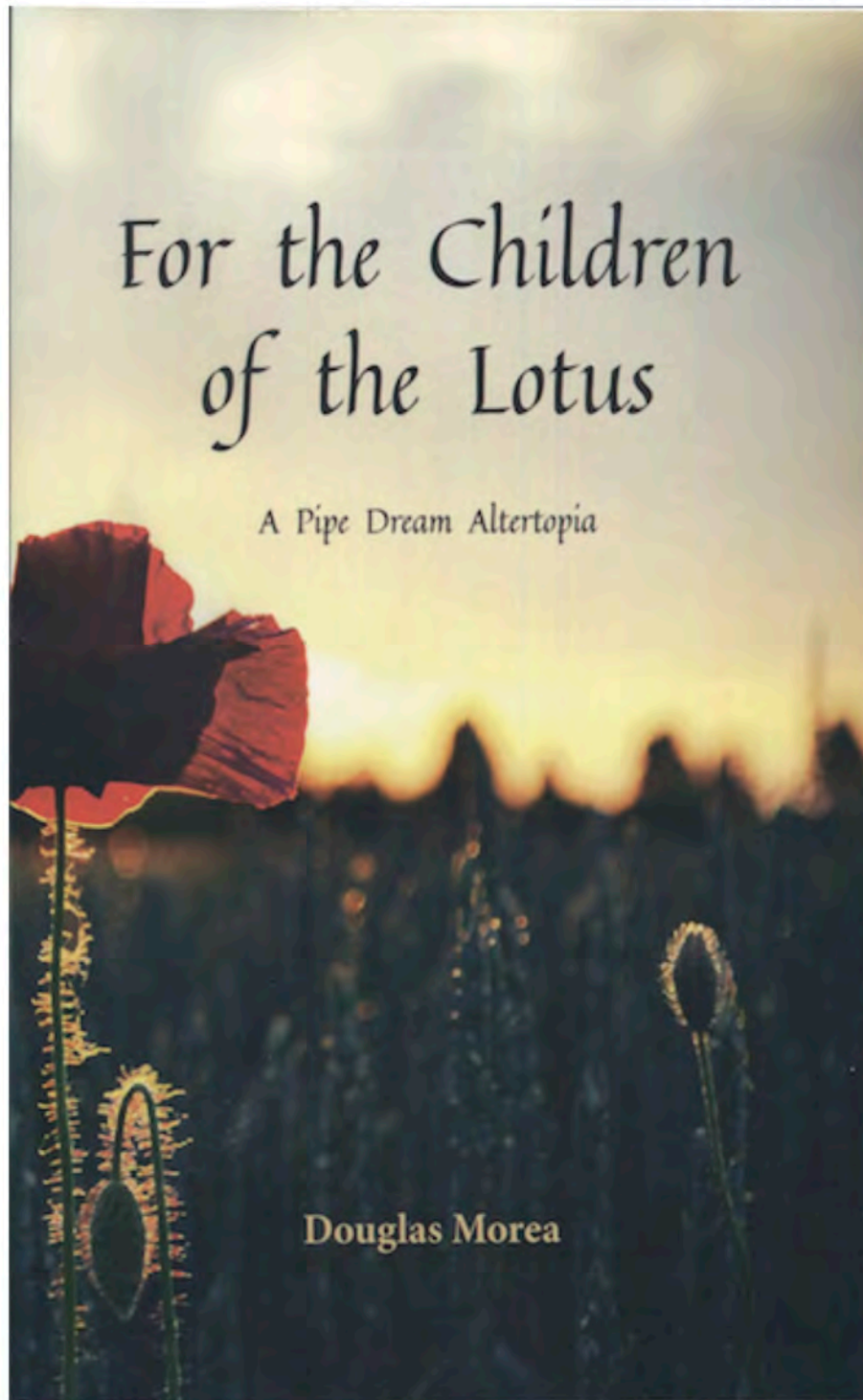
When the new leaves unroll
the old won't be pushed aside
they cling,
deflated brown balloons
in the green ruining
the effect of life - maybe protecting
new growth,
or as a source of mulch in the spring
- an attractive idea
as I've been waiting to age into a baseline,
be fitted to a set of expectations
by the rules of a season.
It would be nice if the rattling
turned out to be functional
and not just an obstacle
the traps and falls of a parent
that every kid commits to memory,
mine
unsticking her forehead from the window,
backhanding drool,
her entire self cupped, offered,
waiting for my face
to open with the door. And then,
in a blast of summer heat, aftershave
and aching, pursed kindness,
accepting a bag
of grease, dough, sugar; what I can do
proximate intimacy between
the jostling things I keep,
wake her on the road with donuts.
Repeatable, demonstrable proof
that my something to offer is worth wanting.
'Good?' asking
for a nod, a mechanical force
to clear the branches of the everciduous
possible outcomes,
allow me to trust the reliable nature
like as not,
of the current rotation and orbit.

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—Arabella S. Bianco

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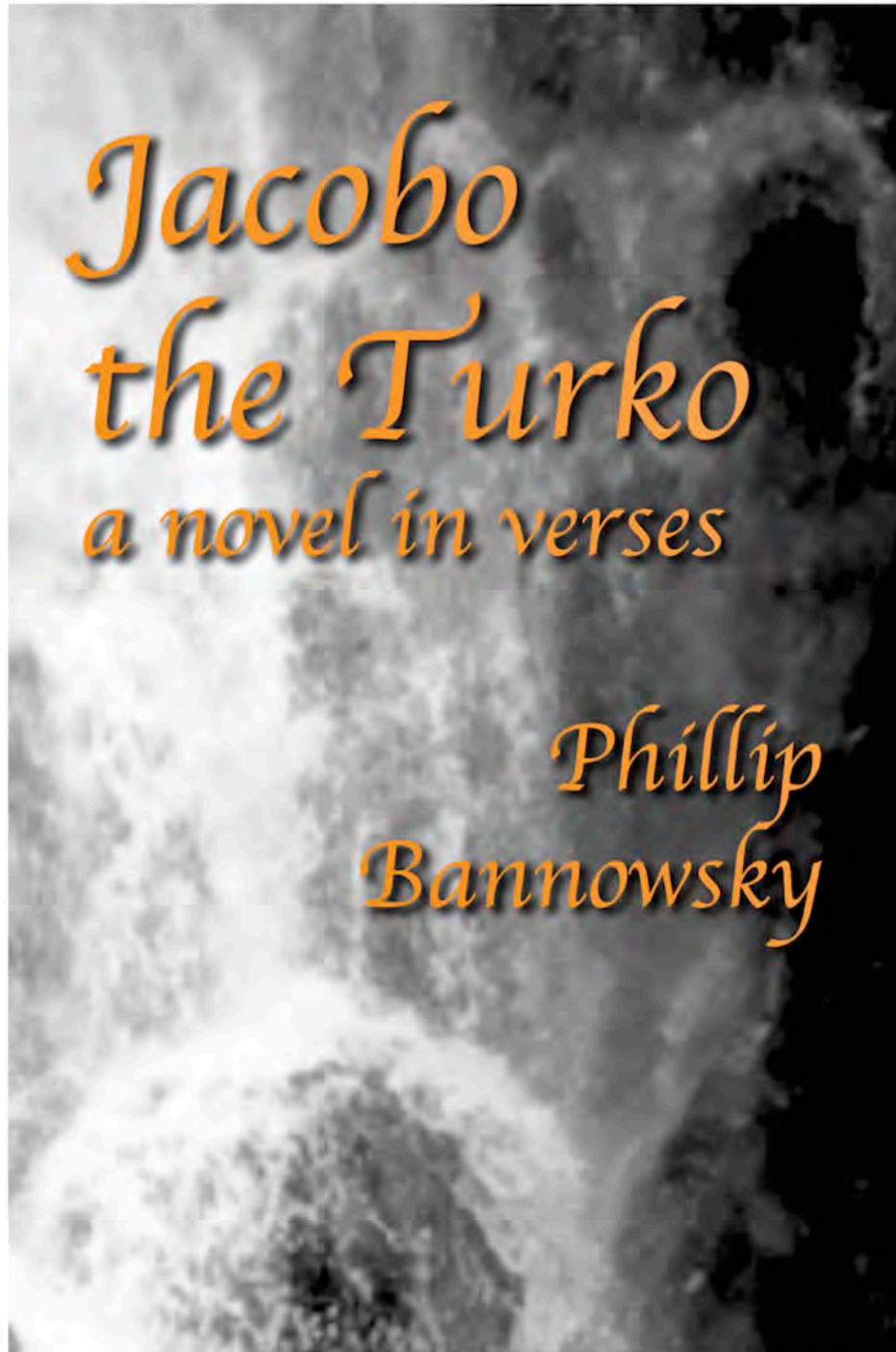
— Steven Leech



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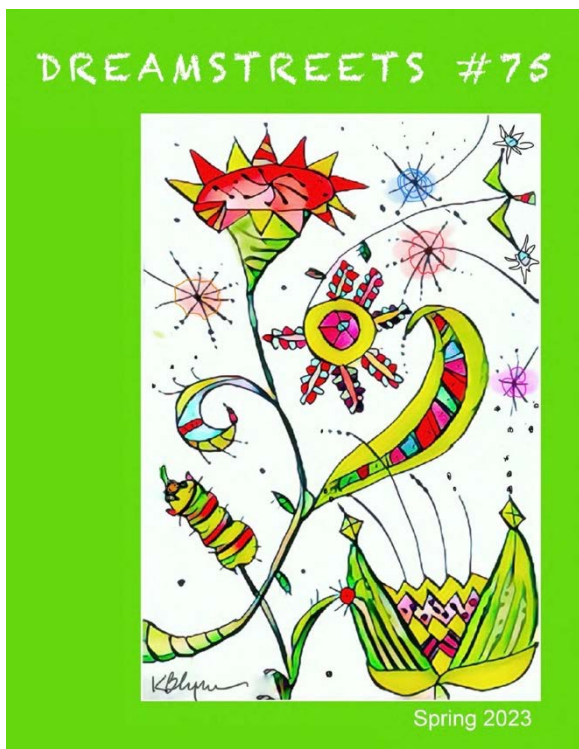
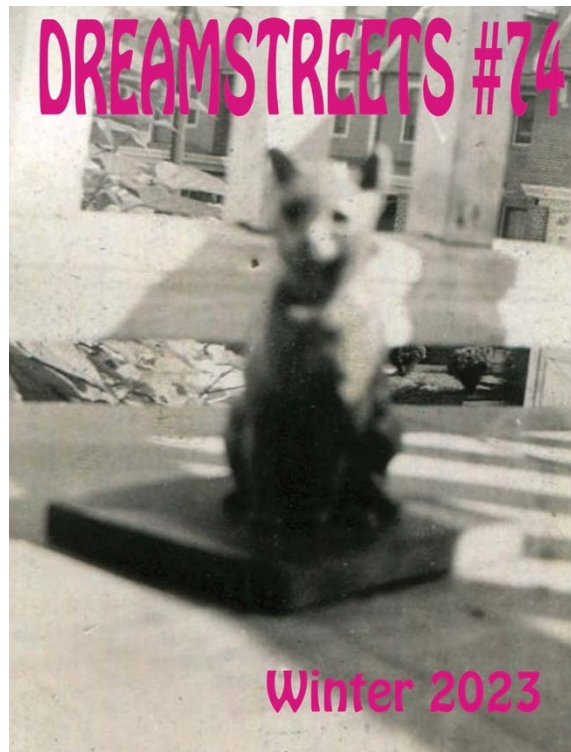
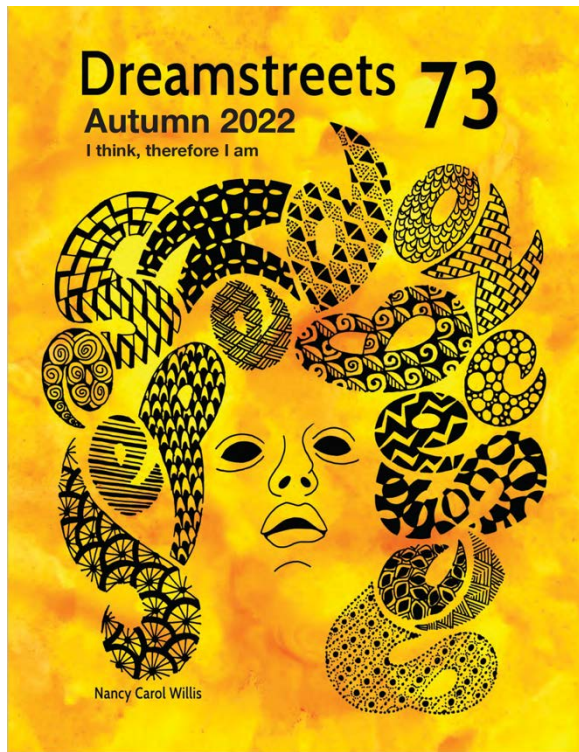
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—Jim Daniels, author of *Birth Marks and Gun/Shy*



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