

NAMES

John Figrocks, Susan Spits, Gene Pullbody, Eric Blindfind, Olivetti Wellhalf, Diane Twotwist, Michael Van Lay, Joyce Hoolhoop and Edward Rustedtranquillities will appear in the first issue of Bon Vista Poetry.

We will feature their worst poems.

BUKOWSKI VISITS A MENTAL HOME

There's a guy the possible twin of Bukowski at the mental home where I live, only so dirty his stench precedes him by fifty feet. And when we spot him we immediately put our nosepegs on and insult him every way we can, sounding like we have colds.

So one day Bukowski walks in, and everyone dons their nosepegs as usual. Then somebody shouts from the balcony, "How's your lice doday?" The recreation therapist snaps, "Eidder cobe your hair or you don'd blay bingo." His best friend sneers, "No woban would ged widin den mibes of you, no madder how maby four ledder words you use." I puke (reminded of the time he spat on my lima beans) and the cook sprays him with the cold water hose.

LONG BEACH CYMBALIST POEM

The blimp went droning overhead, and it seemed to be heading for the (cymbals).

The cars were droning up and down Cherry Street, and I'm sure they were heading for the (cymbals).

I could hear the sound of the (cymbals), and it drew me.

I passed Winchell's Donut House, many bars, apartment buildings and many homosexuals, all wired by the (cymbals).

The (cymbals) attract people from all over the world, but they look dingy from the (cymbals).

The (cymbals) is the only thing Long Beach is known for.