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Contents

<i>Aging Junk-Food Dream</i>	1
<i>Shrinking Church King</i>	1
<i>Happy Primate Blockade</i>	2
<i>Global Liver Hurricane</i>	2
<i>Gold Trumps Rehab</i>	3
<i>Bye-bye Electrical Houston</i>	3
<i>Kilometers of Suicide</i>	4
<i>Unknown Weapon Census</i>	4
<i>Lightning Strategy Killed</i>	5
<i>His Extraterrestrial Saturday</i>	5
<i>Incandescent Cartoon Slur</i>	6
<i>Propane Circuit Weekend</i>	6
<i>Wrenching Sloppy Necks</i>	7
<i>Wicked HD History</i>	7
<i>Enlisted Jacket Home</i>	8
<i>Stricken, Unraveled, Still</i>	8
<i>Crush Contrite Thinker</i>	9
<i>Different Barrel Ltd</i>	9
<i>Elementary Guidance Plan</i>	10

<i>Beer Tanker Slump</i>	10
<i>Landmark Wheelchair Entourage</i>	11
<i>Gracious Volcanic Gourmet</i>	11
<i>Modern House Cub</i>	12
<i>That DreamWorks Treadmill</i>	12

Aging Junk-Food Dream

No magic backlash.
No high-fat gasoline.
No radio bombs.

Our diet potion prolongs
liver-spotted police,
fatty transgenic hypocretins.

Drink our chow. It firecrackers
neurons, you primates,
you protein ghosts.

Shrinking Church King

A mid-century post-Baptist,
I shuddered in my reversible
marriage, sex torrid as worms.

My fishy public smile.
My ballot data arrays.
My meta-message.

O master, O nemesis,
O secret marine—we
are fated to dwindle.

Happy Primate Blockade

They're after ape language again
and subversive self-awareness
in crocodile seniors.

They're facing uprisings
in the finger-wagging streets,
their trademark wilderness.

Navy dolphins circle the Bronx
like ultra-right militias,
bespectacled, bald as mirrors.

Global Liver Hurricane

What transplanted family finally
states its daughter—no remedy—
married a future corpse? She'll bag custody,
share the will. Legal custody,
Dr. Dignity, is not medical, never finalizes
the pressures of that fatal remedy,
that failure of eleventh-hour remedies
for overdoses on Christmas domestics. Custody
rides on real medicine cabinets. That's final.

Gold Trumps Rehab

Another fixed-wing pageant
till Kentucky's
businessmen

discover pretty Sheriff
Tara's rewired
heart.

Will someone crown
Spacewalking Joe
Tycoon?

Bye-bye Electrical Houston

Welcome to our first online execution.
The condemned array themselves
in masks, with swords and clubs.

Angel-headed gamers balked,
botched the topless killings
of three criminal spacewalkers.

So, our final method:
Reroute console wires past
the straps for lethal burns.

Kilometers of Suicide

Known once as invasion,
apartheid is to industry
as antidepressants to alone.

Savage movie churches hunt
adolescents in hinterlands
abandoned to superhighways.

Warning: native ancients monitor
checkpoints, the settlers occupied
with a thrilling veneer of atrocities.

Unknown Weapon Census

London, we're killing Omaha
with radioactive moons. That abdominal buzz
says, "Go to the unmistakable Kingdom."

London, we're killing Omaha
with Jurassic plankton. The "chewing" disease
says, "Soft hotel in underwater Scotland."

London, we're killing Omaha
with kidney investors. The murder dick
says, "It's an open market planet, marine."

Lightning Strategy Killed

Rumor blast: The U.S. state's hot. Nuclear.

The Group's official shares look south.

Theory? Foreign merger activity died.

Who briefed the Street by handheld?

In the Bank underground, secure
deposit fever ignited three agencies.

Their nowhere sector's happened and done.

Rescue workers start Monday at Congress, Ltd.

Any port in a firestorm. With company.

His Extraterrestrial Saturday

If the event appraisal features barren images
take an expert along. Skirt the current
and follow, say, Josephine, your wife.

The swamp, full of daughters. Your wife
irresponsibly spins the mountains. Imagine
if spacecraft believed reasonably current

maps. I mean Mars could help our current
strategy for incentivizing life. Ask your wife,
does a Red executive make a Gold image?

Incandescent Cartoon Slur

Our city got large on efficient networks
and underground power. Until there was traffic,
thought, it seems, was major surgery.

Thought, it seems, was major surgery
when our city got large on efficient networks
and underground power. It was traffic.

Underground power was really traffic.
Thought, it seems, was major surgery
after our city got large on efficient networks.

Propane Circuit Weekend

Fires leave pictures,
leave prices,
piles.

My manager exploded
right on
camera.

Ancient telescope site.
Tuesday's broken
again.

Wrenching Sloppy Necks

Hold your minutes, console fans.
Ms. Mother-of-Three insists defense is a headache.
Her toilet part cheered at the hanging.
Hold your minutes, water gurus.
It's that weary Arab noose. Wii!
Hooded half-brother, quickly, home, home.
Hold your minutes, jumpsuit players.
Baghdad's big five hyped the gallows.
After Friday's crying, we scored, drank, unraveled. Goal!

Wicked HD History

Yesterday ago, a huge party boy,
a shoo-in, his do all domination,
pierced for survival, altogether video,
said, "Ride the deal, Mr. Public, keep it gangly,
with posters, a two-bedroom production."
But Jackie, years are the new adult terror.
Was his expensive face did or disorder?
Troubling day-to-day playgrounds.
Snatch-fest. Go home, Jacques. Later.

Enlisted Jacket Home

A 24-year-old spectator,
short on drive-by karma,
Detroit from the candles up,
he put a makeshift backpack on.
He wanted to corner 2007.
Prime someone for music and pizza.
Revelers log checkpoints at home.
Parachutes hop from hats.
A trance at the 3000th shrine.

Stricken, Unraveled, Still

Meanwhile, keel down among spacewalking
whales, the gun-toting crew protects astronauts.
Saturday's ordeal killed our principal, the Ocean.
To hijack speed and power, trick Earth's substorms.
Just brandish abandoned satellites and rockets.
Yesterday, the single latitudes worked.
Holy Canary! The fire doused physics.
It'll be one sad stopover.
Coffee and carcasses. Cake.

Crush Contrite Thinker

You're so deeply under 39.
Two devices make friends
on impact.

Boisterous Mayor, phones, sorry bombs
cost Time. Forced grins'll melt
Climate Teen.

Rise firm, finest advertisements! Show
Half Scientific, Inc.
direst ice.

Different Barrel Ltd

The new list's disrupting electronic
Iran, orchestrating the mother take.
Mercantile Mike said move,
move on Tillman's crude.
But Tony's analyst gains Tuesday
sailors, Pentagon Democrats.

The Organisation questions
a banking Ranger the way
seventh phase speculation rises like oil.

Elementary Guidance Plan

The family executives blend genes
for income, working past the normal
range of scores to improve the joint future.

They correlate ever-more-volatile
preschoolers with flex-care providers.
Stalemate in the classroom.

They've seized the vocabulary,
the chief gauge of higher behavior.
There's no barometer for class.

Beer Tanker Slump

It collapsed on the culprit.
But still thinking,
"Is it over?"

Freeways bounce like deficits
and, worst of all, second-degree air.
One percent – that's radio troubles.

Wow, scene it
for Commerce.
The shots practically career.

Landmark Wheelchair Entourage

Hawkish, not-for-profit
Zero Child Technology dives
on news of ludicrous jet
caretaker machines.
Since that Russian October
triggered formerly cold space,
physicists can't abide
military weightlessness
for \$100. Not even for a nickel.

Gracious Volcanic Gourmet

Charles, 45, orbits United Arabia
warming to his apricot confit,
mostly missing Maud with his fanny.

Our software world's passengers,
disproportionately billionaire ducks,
provoke the will to engineer.

After that breast sunk in semolina,
after that magazine cake, evacuation.
The hard up climb the coast on ladders.

Modern House Cub

Our upright-walking president recalls the pain,
the pill, of his continental thumpin'
and rings obedient Homo Bipartisan
on the telephone. "Hey girly guy, we diet
on fruits, nuts, and grasses in Texas.
Its clubbier out there, drier, more private.
Scout, we're all hominids, neighbors, kin
since Africa. What say we vaporize?
Patriot, let's sell generic aspirin."

That DreamWorks Treadmill

Animated marines debut
the embassy a go go.
The marathon bungee revival.
We expected orphans on ice?
Time-traveling astronauts
face-to-face in bibs?
Teenage firecrackers detain
a mutant sailor in gold cords.
Bilateral youths box up another steep year.

LANCE NEWMAN'S poems have appeared in *1913*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Blue Collar Review*, *Dusie*, *Fringe*, *No Tell Motel*, *nthposition*, *otoliths*, *Pemmican*, *Perigee*, *Streetnotes*, *Stride*, *West Wind Review*, *Zyzyva*, and other journals. Newman is the author of *Come Kanab*. He also conducts 3by3by3, an online experiment in human/machine poetic collaboration where all results are included in the data set.

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