

# 3BY3BY3

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## **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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