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“KISS” previously appeared in *Used Furniture Review*. 
SWAK

Sealed with a kiss
stolen with a knife
soaked with a kettle
solidified with a knot
sprung with a kangaroo
sired with a king
surgery with a kidney
spoke with a Kennedy

*
Saboteurs withheld a killer
someone withstood a knockout
scampered with a katydid
Sacajawea withdrew a kayak

*
Spewed with a kazoo
spoiled with a kerplunk
snatched with a kleptomaniac
spied with a kaleidoscope
stumbled with a Kerouac
siphoned with a keyhole
split with a kibbutz
supported with a kickstand

*
Sneezed with a kumquat
scribbled with a kvetch
surprised with a kimono
stopped with a kabob

*
Strengthened with a kilogram
suspended with a kinkajou
simmered within a kitchen
scattered with a kite
sniffed with a kitty
screwed withal a Kiwanis

*

Stuffed with a knackwurst
skipped with a knee
squashed with a knuckle
satisfied with a kopeck
BYOB

Bring your other brother
before you obliterate bullfrogs
because yesterday Oscar balked;
basically, yielded outright. Bernard,
being youthful,
operates better,
breathes yonder olfactory benefits
bequeathed young. Ordinarily, bitter,
barbaric yelling occurs between
both, yet only briefly.
TMI

Too much information.
Too much interrogation.
Too much isolation.
Too much irrigation.
Too much implication.
Too much insomnia.
Too much ink.

*
Too many igloos.
Too many industries.
Too many infants.
Too many infantries.
Too many ironies.
Too many intellectuals.

*
Too maniacal ideas.
Too macho ingrates.
Too magical illusions.
Too masculine inamoratas.
Too measly imagination.
Too mediocre innocence.
Too materialistic industrialists.

*
Too mawkish inspiration.
Too mellifluous intonation.
Too meddlesome interferers.
Too meaningless integrity.
Too miserable influenza.
Too momentary idyll.

*
Too mendacious inventions.
Too meretricious imitation.
Too militant invaders.
Too mischievous imps.
Too meaningful interventions.
Too meaty intestines.
Too misleading information.

* 
Two merry Islamics.
Two melancholy inebriates.
Two mean iguanas.
Two middle-aged idiots.
Two middle-class iconoclasts.
Two misguided idealists.

* 
Two misanthropic investors.
Two misunderstood interpreters.
Two motley interlopers.
Two mouthy interviewers.
Two moody ice-skaters.
Two mysterious imposters.
Two moist icicles.
TTYL

Teach that yahoo latin.
This tribe yields little.
Treachery, treason—your liability.
Tikis tickle yonder lords.
Take this, you louse!
Troublesome Turks yank ladders.
Tulips turning yellow, lemony...
Toothsome treats yield languidness.
Truckers triumph, yachtsmen lose.
Try traditional yahweh logistics.
Timidly tenderhearted yearbook leafers...
Totalitarian Tactical Yodeling League.
Trees transform Ypsilanti’s likability.
Thwarted tiger yawns loudly.
BTW

By the way,
before traipsing west
Brian took whatever
books that Wilma
borrowed to where
bored teachers
waited,

because they were
blasé, tired, working
beyond thirteen weeks,
belatedly thinking whose
bad task was
bringing these
works

back—theemselves? Well,
bitterer thoughts won’t
begrudge tougher words
babbled throughout worse
blunders, tragic wrongs,
beliefs tactlessly
wasted.
BFF

Best friends forever
borrow french fries,
bawl forgetfully, fall
blatantly; find fault
behind frivolous feats
but fancy feelings
belong. Forlorn familiars
bring focused fondness
back from forsakenness,
become firm followers,
believers, faithful few.
LMAO

Learned maestros and orators

leaned mutely against ornamental lampposts, meandered adroitly, ordered ladies mutely abstaining outside laughably miserable abandoned outposts

love men already, OK?
Another accomplished mother or father allegedly accepting mysterious orders, flew airplanes after military occupation from Algeria’s anterior midlands. Ordinarily, flights achieving altitude maneuvering over farmlands are advised, make overhead findings an administrative mandate; otherwise, focus autonomous achievements, methodologies of fate.
BEER

Behavior, effect, expectation, results:
beneficence engages enlivened ruckus;
braggadocio exasperates exaggerated reactions;
bad endings endeavor ramifications;
brouhahas excite eager responses;
bitterness engenders embarrassing resentfulness;
booing eliminates envisaged respect.
ERIC

Enraged
modernizer
over
the
Internet
orders
nineteen
alabaster
lamps,
remodeling
elaborate
apartments,
challenged
to
integrate
ornate
nicknacks.
Intrigued
machinations
produce
exotic
disappointments,
endless
stinks,
convulsions.
Ordinarily,
nonplussed
theatrics
remain
off-limits.
KISS

Keep it simple, stupid.
Keep it sad, setback.
Keep it sanctimonious, superior.
Keep it sanguine, sucker.
Keep it sarcastic, scorners.
Keep it sassy, stouthearted.
Keep it scintillating, spellbinder.
Keep it sedentary, sitter.
Keep it satirical, stand-up.

*

Keep it seductive, siren.
Keep it sexy, showgirl.
Keep it shy, shrinker.
Keep it sincere, straight-shooter.
Keep it singular, stupendous.
Keep it sinkable, ship.
Keep it skinny, skeleton.
Keep it sleepy, snooze-fest.

*

Keep it smart, scientist.
Keep it sneaky, spy.
Keep it snobby, sovereign.
Keep it spry, septuagenarian.
Keep it strong, Superman.
Keep it sweet, sugar.
Keep it salty, sailor.
Keep it spiffy, style-maker.
Keep it savvy, streetwise.

*

Keep it scary, sinister.
Keep it sleazy, Stranglers.
Keep it sizzling, sun.
Keep it slippery, slide.
Keep it slick, snot.
Keep it sober, sot.
Keep it silent, secrecy.
Keep it smelly, scent.

*
Keep it snooty, sire.
Keep it sooty, smoke.
Keep it soggy, swamp.
Keep it spontaneous,
  spur-of-the-moment.
Keep it summery, sun.
Keep it satanic, Stones.
Keep it slimy, scuzzball.
Keep it short, S.
ROMEO

Retired old men eating out
read ordinary menus, eyes open.
Ready, options mulled, each orders
rivers of milk, endless Oreos.
TGIF

Thank God it’s Friday.
The good, indifferent, far-sighted
take glee in finding
tomorrow gets its first
taste gracefully instead. For
those go-getters, insistent fulminators,
time goes insanely fast;
therefore, grab it, fuck
the gracious inhibitions, forget
to gripe; instead, fortify.
LARRY O. DEAN was born and raised in Flint, Michigan. As a young man, he worked with Academy Award-winning filmmaker, Michael Moore, was widely published in the alternative press, and also worked as an underground cartoonist. He attended the University of Michigan at Flint and Ann Arbor, where he won three Hopwood Awards in Creative Writing, an honor shared with fellow poets Robert Hayden, Jane Kenyon, Frank O’Hara, and John Ciardi, among others; also Murray State University’s low-residency MFA program. He teaches literature and composition as an adjunct instructor, and is a Poet-in-Residence in the Chicago Public Schools through the Poetry Center of Chicago’s Hands on Stanzas program. He was a recipient of the Gwendolyn Brooks Award for teaching excellence in 2004.

In addition, he is a singer and songwriter, working both solo as well as with several ‘hard pop’ bands. He has released numerous critically-acclaimed CD’s, including *Throw the Lions to the Christians* (1997) and *Sir Slob* (2001); *Public Displays of Affection* (1998) and *Fables in Slang* (2001), with Post Office; *Gentrification Is Theft* (2002), with The Me Decade; and *Fun with a Purpose* (2009), with The Injured Parties. Since 2001 he has hosted a monthly songwriter showcase, Folk You!


After living in San Francisco for over a decade, he makes his home in Chicago. Contact him at larryodean.com.