

Coins
Between
Cushions

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Canidae

Crimea

Feel the snow

Unconscious cheese

Crimea

My research has been carried out

By nomads and

It was still a sympathetic relationship

Crimea

My relationship to skip beats

Even before any discovery

Favored memories for me

Crimea

On Earth's forgotten planes

Wrapped in nothing conscious

In my unrelenting

Gold fat and felt balm

Eggs and Ambergris

I'm an ordinary chicken
Touched by extraordinary circumstances
I was walking along the beach
And chanced upon a beached whale
He wasn't in distress
Although he said he wasn't partial to sand
I found myself telling him about my epilepsy
Chronic headaches
He seemed not to listen
Instead turning green
And then throwing up all over me
I was covered head to toe in the stuff
I got some stuck in my throat
Which curiously kept me free
Of any physical maladies for several weeks
The whale returned to sea with the tide
I sometimes return to the beach
Where we once met
And the breeze carries this memory
Like a strange, sweet perfume



Shock of the (N)ew

I can't look away from that
Stuffed chipmunk
On a plastic pedestal
That
Defenceless bag of soulless sawdust
Striped skin dry
As a small church bulletin
One glass eye watches this
Imperialistic queen bee avatar
Sitting on
Frank the Proletariat
Who suddenly after many days
Manages to find a pin
And POP his way to success



Sunshine Taxi and Delivery

I was pulled from fire
Where the fist met my mom's face
I was pulled from fire by angels
My mother's bird-like arms surrounded me
I was pulled from fire and anger and broken glass
Sunshine Taxi pulled up
Mom pulled the back door open
I cried for my dad
I wonder now
Why would I cry for that miserable shadow
Why keep out of this sun
Why return to where the war had been
Why cry out to darkness





Tuesday: Note to the Entire Universe

Considerations on the Universe as a Whole
For Jake and all his kids with him:
We can keep a bucket of starlight seeds
From our Dad
It's a universal process

Jake and his kids
Will assume as a guarantee
Our battle with the unfamiliar
Within the average density of the cosmos
Jake says he and his sons should forsake
Wealth and will
Get out of town like a guy jumps out of his pants
When they catch fire
He will allow his kids
Control of the universe as a whole
And he asked them to expand through junk food
And helium
And to pass this process to his daughter, Eunice
And to her kids

Moreover
The structure of the universe is a moving teacher

Jake's and our Dad says:
*I speak to the universe at large
I will make your kids proliferate
And to generate egg-shaped universes, and that
These eggs shall procreate freely forever
So get lost, kids in this never-ending universe
And I will make your descendants as the dust
On your flip flops*

*Name your foot print on this universe
Isaac
Or just paint by number
The trillions of spotlights
That make these births glimmer*

Tuesday: Note to the entire universe
From Jake's Dad and our Dad:

A fruit tree yielding seed production
Is not much different from my asking
That you go make me some more stars
And I will make your descendants become a star dust topping
On this Universe in our lives

¿Bueno?

Laughing hotdog octopus embraces humanity
Spins a pirouette mid-air and
Gives parting instruction to Thunder Shinola
The eighteen year old bearded wunderkind

Shinola holds a box of cereal in each arm
While crossing the dining room table
He stops at the table's head
To grab a banana from his sleeping uncle
"Disculpe," he whispers
"Quisiera hacer una llamada por cobrar."

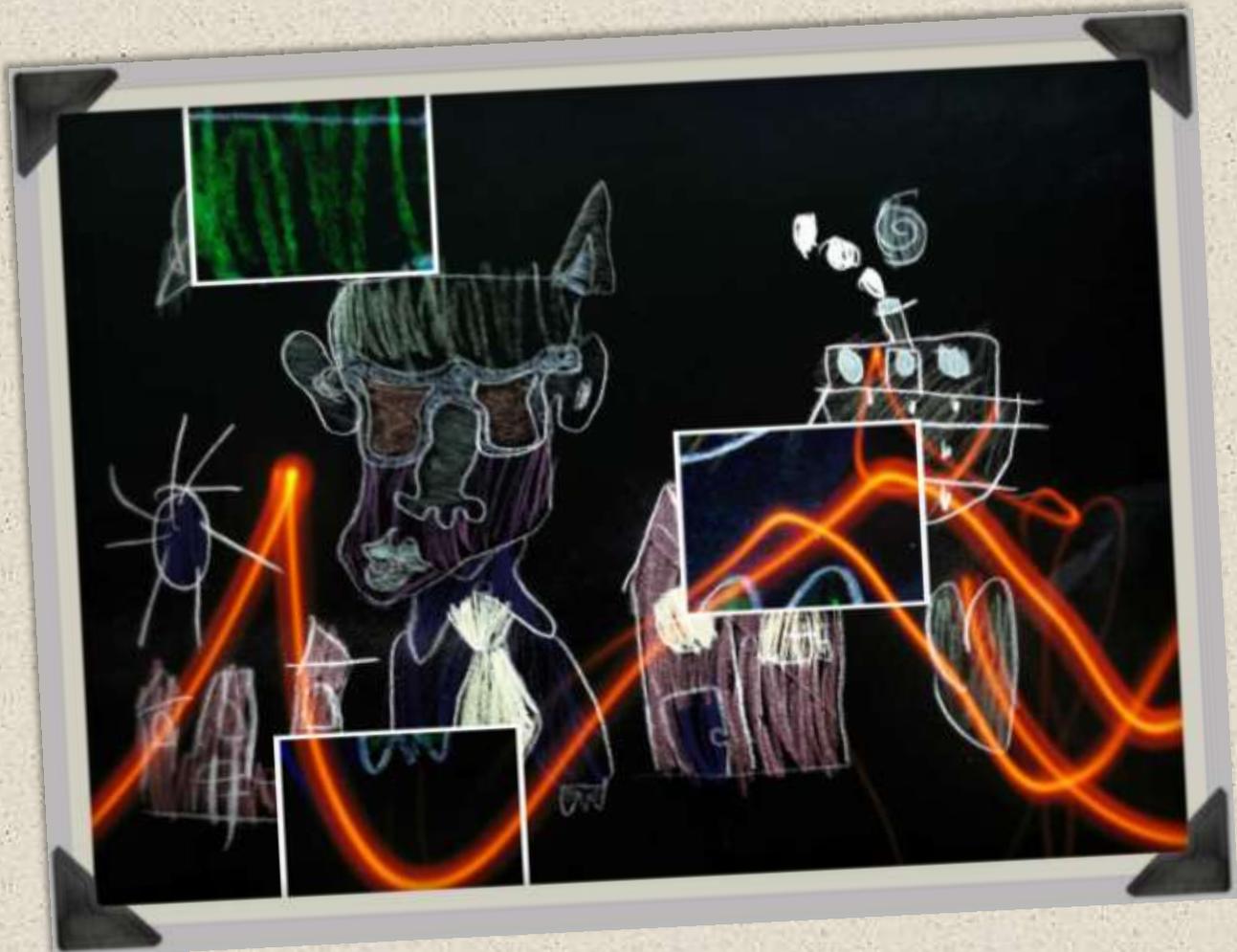
He exits out the window and down the fire escape
While making a collect call on the banana
Requesting that the talking lips of fish
Be placed on ice and sent to him by air
Like reproofs from above and below
From heaven and from the ocean depths
A singing reminder to a modern Jonah
A Levitical string of statutes
In a modern age

The hotdog octopus grows cold and wrathful
Draws its arms inward
And stands at pantry's doorway
Awaiting the return of this sleepwalking premonition
Of thunder and lightning
Bass drum denunciation and high hat refrain

Royal Red & Blue

Professor Longhair stuck some walrus tusks in the holes where the Piano keys were pulled

From/you know, where the dreams seep out/and he got two other Pianos and some secret clones/and now you should hear them/it's a Concerto from Mozart in dream warrior triplicate/womb-to-womb-to-Home-brew-birth

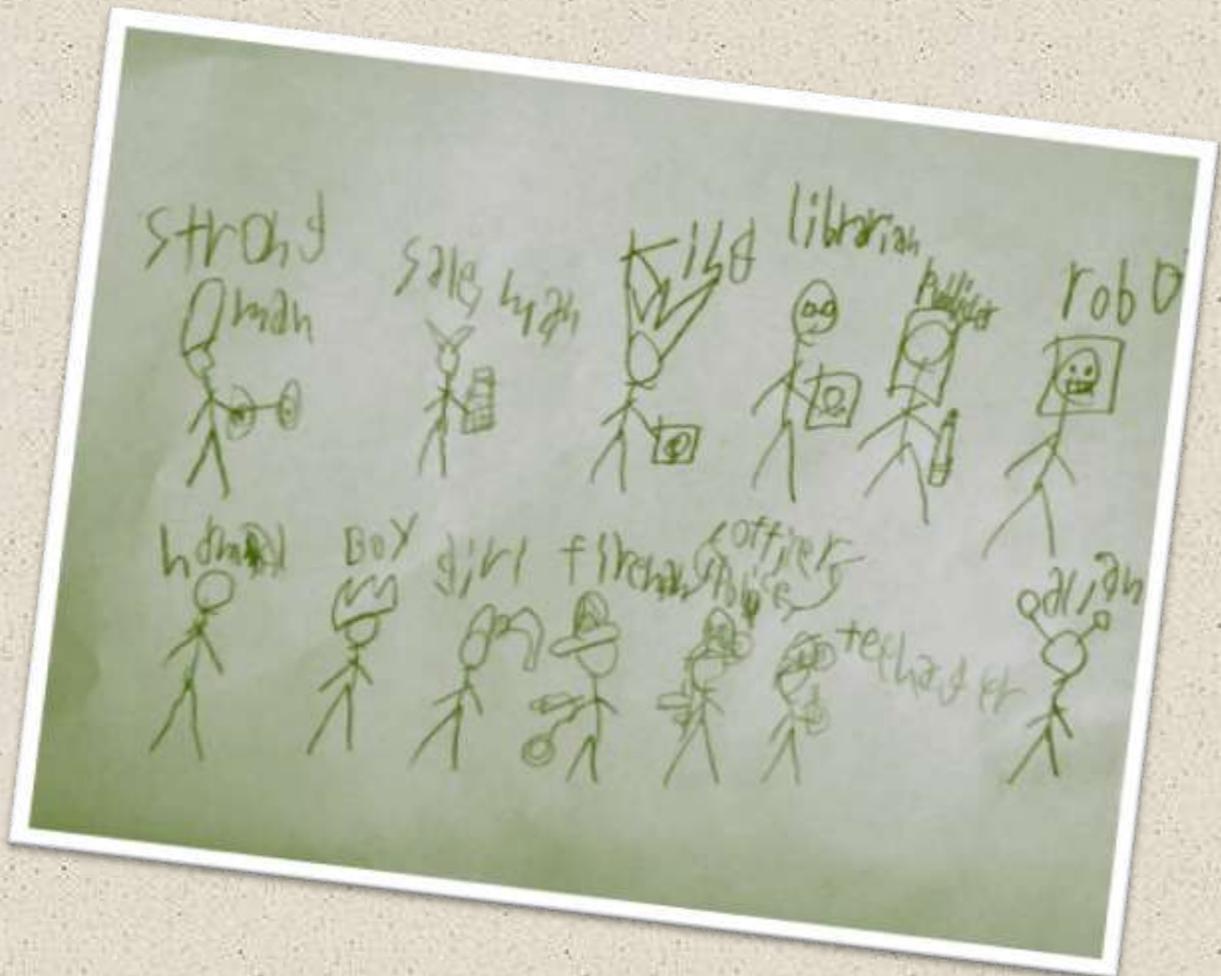


Mon Eau Chante Comme un Secret

I was only a breath away from you
I could feel your hand's grasp
There while steering at the helm
Overwhelmed by memories of
First kiss and heart's first flutter
You always completed my sentences
And I filled your pregnant silences
In our calm we were warm and complete
Sailing down my golden river
And the strings of your heart
Harmonized with the beat of mine
We spread sunshine with two hands as one
As we do now
Although I find the times away from you
More grueling
And the fog and rain grate more than times before
But I would far rather sail into stormy weather with you
Than to stride alone on a calm shoreline

So, We'll Go No Mor A-Roving So L8 N2 D Nyt

The camel from Ellesmere Island
Wore a winter parka and drank too much coffee
Wore big ugly glasses and spoke way too often
About a viral mustache squid
Direct trade and investing in a kale chips skateboard
But she had a bright heart and was generous to a fault
Selling hand-crafted bottles of beer in her
Artisan cardigan-turned fez and parka
Driving her biodiesel -fueled- auto rickshaw
While listening to banjo music full-blast
With the windows down and the heat breathing fire
Through the heat ducts on the dash and floor
And she will bravely press on
In the autonomous territory of Nunavut
Sharing hipster aphorisms minus empty words
Like thirty fragments of tibia
Broken down into lozenge-size bites
Outwearing full moon's midnight
While burning it with a heart of fire



My Bowels, My Bowels/Death of Plumpy'nut

Sings Big Boy Crudup in an artful style:

Good night. Sleep tight. Don't let the possessed shill who lives next door open your unlocked window and club you in your sleep.

Plumpy-Mart was the King of the North on an ill-bred horse, troubled and muddled and walking in the shadow of judgement.

Who will make store CEO, now that Plumpy'nut the Terrible is gone?

His real name was Adelfried von Metzger and he owned two Great Danes and a coffin made from tea. He was purported to have forced his elderly father and two younger siblings to eat Jell-O spiked with windshield washer fluid so that he would have no living relatives. He slept in a bamboo cocoon that hung above the floor from a rope nailed to the ceiling, and he would crawl into it and boogie to the radio, then nod off in his womb-like state.

For someone who hated human beings, he had one mother of an Oedipus complex.

Shall Willy or Jacques stop the inquest as to who shall replace Plumpy'nut the Terrible? Are they well-endowed in their abilities? Shall they manifest similar, evil tendencies? Or shall they answer the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war?

When Plumpy'nut's body was discovered by his secretary, Ginger, she phoned Plumpy's associate, Cubi Joe. He dialed 911 and meanwhile picked up all the deep-fried Twinkies and Dilaudid, Percodan, Placidyl, Dexedrine sandwiches smothered in Crisco and ketchup. He put them out for the pigeons, who promptly ate them and died mid-flight.

Then Ginger and Cubi Joe had Plumpy'nut's body deep-fried and put on display in a Plexiglas casket inside the company archives. All the archivists promptly stuck sticky notes all over the Plexiglas but his cavities still leaked Crisco that seeped through the cracks and onto the floor.

All 1,666 Plumpy-Marts were sold out to Costco and Red Target. The money vanished with Ginger and Cubi Joe, who set up a swank hotel in Bhutan.

Something Stinks: The Psychological Retro-Futuristic Story Where The Chapters Map To The Five Senses (Sight-Smell-Sound-Touch-Taste).

In chapter two of this metaphorical drama, our spendthrift space captain is zipping through a Bipolar Macro-Nebula Ring over the Ancestral Sanctum of Panic with a tin can bandage on the exhaust of his third-hand Prototype Trans-dimensional Assault Scientific Battlecruiser (with the drink carrier on the dash and the bucket seats in faux leather) when suddenly a poet named John in camel's hair and a leather fanny pack is standing by his beat-up Volkswagen Rabbit, eating a Bugs 'n' Honey fitness bar. John is talking to this cute meter lady named Salima about these nice shoes he saw in Venice and how he could never afford them. And Salima smiles and nods and writes out a ticket, and he invites her to the local sci-fi comic con down at the Meadowlands

Crown Plaza Hotel in nearby Secaucus, New Jersey and he's going to be the door man so he can get some swag, and she agrees to go as long as he pays the cover charge, and he says he can bring one friend free, so then she writes her number down on the back of the ticket and he stuffs the ticket into his shirt pocket. John wonders if she'll dress up as Aquagirl or Dragonfly or what. He's going as a huge block of kryptonite and he has a friend lined up to be Superman and his friend said he'll do a back flip and fake a heart attack. But our space captain in not aware of any of this when he absently consumes a Twinkie burrito and a bottle of Yuengling traditional lager. He succumbs to exhaustion and falls asleep as the third-hand Prototype Trans-dimensional Assault Scientific Battlecruiser (with the drink carrier on the dash and the bucket seats in faux leather) plummets downward toward a hitherto unexplored planet. Its name: Greg 436 b, an oversized Neptune-like planet covered in hot fudge and nuts.



Nathaniel S. Rounds was born in Wichita Falls, Texas, home of the world's smallest skyscraper. He has survived one tornado, five car accidents, and unwanted advances from a bearded woman with OCD. A former Pushcart Prize nominee, he writes from Halifax, N.S.

