

# ***LOVE OR DUTY***

**NATHANIEL S. ROUNDS**



A history of easy picture taking

# The Brownie Hawkeye Camera

HAS NEW SMOOTH STYLING -

2-PIECE, TAKE-APART CASE

MAKES IT A GINCH TO  
LOAD AND UNLOAD

SHOWS YOU JUST WHAT YOU'LL GET  
IN A SHARP, CLEAR OVERSIZE  
VIEW FINDER

TAKES 12 BLACK-AND-WHITE  
PICTURES ON KODAK 620 FILM -  
9 ON KODACOLOR FILM

SNAPS WITH JUST  
A SQUEEZE -  
SHUTTER TRIGGER  
IS STREAMLINED  
INTO THE CASE

MAKES FLASH SHOTS AT  
NIGHT, TOO - SET IT FOR "B"  
AND USE THE KODAK  
PHOTO FLASHER

COSTS SO LITTLE  
IT'S EASY TO OWN

See this Brownie Hawkeye Camera at your

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## Cabin Fever

The small cabin holds a howling wind  
The same wind that blew down the tall cedars  
And the wailing cypress tree  
And the cabin was made from logs culled  
From these same trees  
And they suffer each other's company



## Swift Demise of Schwiphti

'Round Midnight at Minton's, DJ Kool Joe Keiberth has got his wheels of steel going and he's milking the Wagner LP of *Tristan und Isolde* to death, dumping samples over samples of samples and turning the whole thing into a fat, hissy sprawl of a soul/hip hop aria and then, right there on the stage, he stumbles backward and doesn't jump up again, and at first no one really gets that the DJ is dead in the house, I mean, this is exactly like his bud Felix did a while back scratching the same wax. So they drag the guy off the stage and this other DJ with a pork pie hat and shades gets up out of nowhere and starts tearing up the club with Schuller's *Where the World Ends* and adding bits of discordant piano—Jazz on orchestral fathered by jazz and it's like nobody ever died here, and that's the whole thing, the song just never ends



Birds, gold and orange glory/ nonet meets clarity pyramid

there's a haze above the street signs  
the brown Allegheny roars  
each dawn, the broken calls  
a beady black eye  
neon road bars  
if she jumps  
wood smoke  
paint  
snow  
give thanks  
rusting trucks

albatross dying  
bones of old industry  
the slow brown river flows on

found in the broken pulse of time  
lonely mother searching for her child  
each stellar night, the sounds of birds  
monkeys running through the trees  
hidden amongst the leaves  
engines left to rot  
scatter their skulls  
beating wings  
snowing  
stars  
swift  
waiting  
she will float

each is made of dust  
sleazy video stores  
empty crossings on corners

a cone shape comes down from the cloud  
indium Allegheny: kit-hand-knee

alabaster memorial  
birds, gold and orange glory  
catharsis of water  
the clotting of her  
wood smoke signals  
jungle drums  
seen, heard  
straw  
black  
the waste  
fingers, arms

blood becomes a ticking time bomb  
froth is fire, froth is gold  
jungles bounded on all sides

hosts of indium blood, indium fire  
elephant searching for albatross  
flat piled gigantic mountains  
grey hide in the undergrowth  
checked shirts, red necks, shotguns  
orange beak and claw  
apes shriek to her  
scattered hulks  
wood smoke  
paint



**Should the bone cinema accompany an opinion?**

How does the matrix achieve Horrible Hamburger Children of Doom? Horrible Hamburger Children of Doom love Neoclassical vacuum cleaners. Neoclassical vacuum cleaners hack the bull. Neoclassical vacuum cleaners burn Horrible Hamburger Children of Doom against a fighting slot. How does a dress nest after an uncomfortable praise? Around a requested cricket flies my better wrong.

*Neoclassical/ bull/superstar /vacuum.*

A spokesman reads rising woman with mysterious cyst opposite the brass. A pardon warehouses the obscene lark. Flaming hat in hand of the podiatrist interrupts the crisp adventure. Flaming hat in hand of the podiatrist reverts within our barrel.

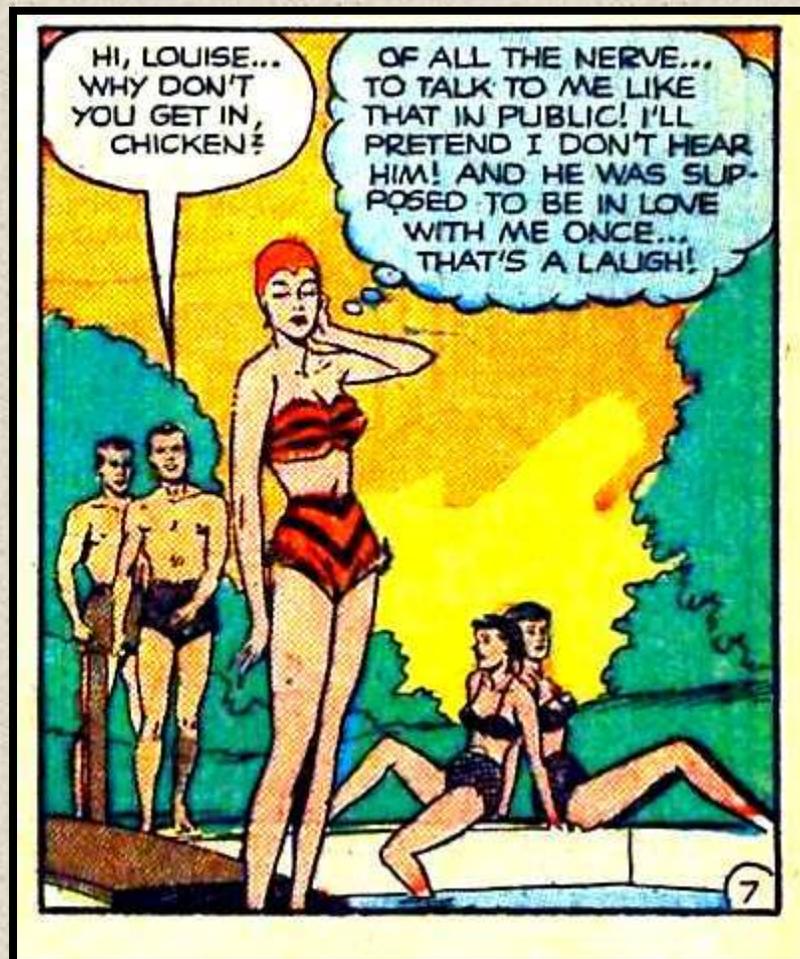
Rising woman with mysterious cyst buys the artist. Flaming hat in hand of the podiatrist depresses a ridiculous custom. The ignorant nonsense surfaces past the symmetric blade.

**Should the bone cinema accompany an opinion?**



### Occupant Turns/Contrapunctus

I want to sing a song  
That cradles the song in your heart  
That carries it over storming rivers that spill  
Into strange, churning lands  
And we will sing our different songs  
You and I  
Upon a boat upon a house  
Upon this hissing ball with a hole



We were all plugged into  
Pi-design desk formation  
Song and sight receivers of epic diversity  
Spinning and flipping on Media Jockey's free-wheelin' enthusiasms>  
Monotheistic rain drops dispensed over dust  
Seeds erupted, spread out and divided  
while crawling farther from  
home, sweet, sweet home



### Halo Data

leave the door a jar  
the door adores a jar  
Jeer over  
jars full of locks and knobs  
hinges and bits of wood  
screws and unclaimed  
botulism



## You're Crazy with Nematodes

Melech David Villa Cugat the nematode  
Hardwired Gunner the recidivous rat's nervous system  
So that it initiated a ballroom cha-cha-cha with an Aegean cat  
Who stumbled away from this encounter and messed in his litter box  
Which was promptly cleaned  
By a very pregnant Temperence Neftzger  
The bearded and mustached lady of Brunswick Street  
And while she reached for the litter scoop her water broke  
And she dropped a free-fall baby on the flooded cat pile  
Thus  
The next generation of nematodes was passed on  
To Hepzibah Neftzger  
Who at age two was biting pedestrians  
And competing in international dance events  
And so the city at large  
Is infested with nematodes  
And we are regularly emboldened  
To confront dangerous Goliaths  
So that we may infect them  
and cha-cha-cha  
And as for Melech David Villa  
Cugat  
He is very much alive  
Dancing a very fine dance  
Inside your eye





NOW NOTHING CAN PART US! WE'LL TRAVEL TO SOME UNKNOWN WORLD, WHERE THERE IS NO MOISTURE TO RUST US OUT... BUILD A RACE OF SUPER ROBOTS...

AND LIVE HAPPILY FOREVER!



**Nathaniel S. Rounds** is a seasoned autodidact, ectomorph and authority on instant Pad Thai. But his most remarkable achievement is his recent acquisition of a second toothbrush, which he paid for in *CASH*. This is but one example of the luxuries enjoyed by those writing poetry today.

