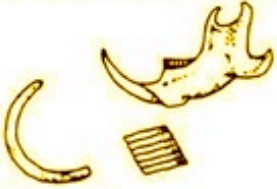


other people's poems



tyler gobble

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Peter Davis Poem

Today I am very jealous of men
on motorcycles. Everywhere they go
there's another dude on a hog
and he slides his inside hand
off the handlebars and waves,
his big paw hovering over the ground,
like when I show you how tall my daughter is.
It's all quiet except maybe a wicked vroom
of the hog's engine. I'm jealous of this
camaraderie, Tina. I want to know
where's the man in the grocery store
holding a hunk of lettuce, waving at me
as I pick out today's candy bar?
Where's the man with wax in his mustache
saluting me because he can see the shimmer
in my mustache, too? He would not be certain
it is wax. It could be something gross
like spit. He could call me a fag
and skate down aisle 12 on his cart
flipping me the bird. But he wouldn't.
He would stay chill and wave
because we are together in this world,
loud with our mustaches, oiled and curled.
You can't understand my desire, Tina.
You don't even know what I meant by "hog."

Wendy Xu Poem

I read 'nuclear' as 'unclear.' I sit down
beside the fire. Here it comes, a new pulse. We sold
everything we had in our yard, but still there
was more. We were so stoked when May
arrived we didn't even notice all the trees
fell. The boatload of boats got here much sooner
than expected. There are green eyes shimmering in
the branches. You wear that yellow shirt. This chair
like the object form of grace. What can I say
that hasn't already been dismantled? I rub my hands
against the inside seam of my sweats and a white van
hustles away. Everyone cups their ears. My mouth becomes
its own kind of clothesline. Now you pick at the leaves
in my hair. When the embers whistle, we start
hunting for fireflies with our textbooks.

Zach Arnett Poem

Hello, Kokomo. This is not a Beach
Boys song. Tumbling weed of duct tape and
McWrapper. Met by Tuesday and
blistering. The mountains on my Coors Lite
blue propped atop the hood of my pick-em-up
truck. The folks and their gray teeth like tiny stones
crooked in the dirt above
my dead grandma, they walk out of the Check-In-
To-Cash and into the White Castle. They crave.
Grease and dead flesh. There's a sex shop
across the road. Another beer dumped down my gullet.
And another. One day I'll wake up and the whole
town glistens gold. The color of shitty beer
or just plain pissed itself completely.

Ashley Farmer Poem

A lot of women in a relationship with a single man. The sodomy charge he had back in 1994. His one-time penchant for one night stands. He's given plenty of women rides in his luxury sports car.

Lots of women are raised to be only sweet. Women with nice features like big butts think that that's their ticket to a better life. They think if their butt is big then men will be more willing to court and wife them. Girls like to say they got the best pussy. They make good spaghetti.

The last speaker alluded to this movement as being that of a few disappointed women. Some, however, take things a tad too far on the spectrum of what's acceptable.

Name an occupation in which a man would meet a lot of women: 1. bartender. 2. doctor. 3. hairstylist. Even though it's not always easy to find them. Any woman who can count knows that the numbers can add up. What happens to single women who are either financially dependent or socially insecure? I hate to tell you this.

abraham smith poem

jerked aloose aloof
chicken on the doorstep
is this the almighty
gate nope nuh uh cracked
gaffed tinted winder
i'm tired of yr purr clucks
pluck it and feather it
masculinity messaged
god god hollered back
old timey construction
morose code telegrams
stunted stop STOP
stop STOP buzzzzzzz
beaks got green
got mechanical bull
got maniacal teathed
awake and eat or be
eaten on the couch
on the porch chomp
nailed chomp tasked
to the eternal buhbye
holy creature creatured
you and shit you out
as flecks of the time
capsule with the next
young'in jerk me one
more time and i'll
swallow greater than
yr dust yr lust and fibers
i've been fibbing

exaggerating excavated
commune of hickish
propensity LORD
my man arms swelled
like a fine painting
on papaw's church wall
heater pooped dead
shucks then popped
the thermometer 106
this may made the scarred
belly of ol jc undried
and dripped drooled
my computer tan
my aching knobs
my existential hairdo
i slice the gizzard
straight off the cock
national geographic
box cutter peek-a-bood
outta the junk drawer
as in sad belt rooster cluck
no pals hands for these
oodles of noodles
dropped flesh in the buckle
loops and droops
for the days the laughter
I'm sorry for jerked
noggins looped de looped
on the America slide
jerked lemon chicken
stubbed on the stick
jerked chain chained

to another chain
jerked cloud evaporated
its tiny pieces like angel
mullets jerked sundresses
way off decades in a field
sage and age and wisdom
in this tin can i'm keeping
eye on the creep spiders
inching their octopods
the glistening manes listen
for a hubbub moth to titter
tatter into the beckoning
wings meaning grow
into your teeny shirt
and march the parade
meaning change the pipe
drained lot of the necks
meaning keep your hands
but also the rocket fuel
shop stickers meaning
you'll impress the mess
outside into its own can
go on get on i'll scooch
at the tile with my eclipse
butt sadness and summons
paused here the video tape
of the last muck gutter

Joshua Ware & Natasha Kessler Poem

Or hillsides blooming under skin of
whale bellies, the pipe guiding our sail boat of
impenetrable language. Our mouthparts reek of
decay. Or a mountaintop quenched of
the culprit. The one became broken, the one of
haunted signals glistens out of
the cooped-up sky. Secretion and distinction of
dust. Miraculous feathers skimming the peaks of
water, up to the neck and green. Part of
the mission haloed over our heads, each of
us tyrannical in our autonomy, piercing slits of
terror into the day's body. Plankton as the son of
god biting his fucking crown. Clarity reeks of
the landscapes our mouthparts can't get enough of.

Davis Macks Poem

It is June 34, 2014. I put mulch in the flower bed because I felt like it and not because the rooster finally got gone. Though somebody probably ate it, shot it dead with a Red Ryder and plucked and fried that son of a bitch up right. Good riddance. I was waiting on my momma to pick me up and take me to the Golden Corral. I had a black garbage bag over my good jeans and a black garbage bag over my good yellow button-up shirt. I bet the neighbors thought I was some sorta alien or something. Hello people I am from the future and I have many warnings but also mostly I am here to partake in your finest delicacies, i.e. the Golden Corral as soon as my momma gets here. Tell 'em I won't be home for dinner and no, I don't want to watch television later. I don't want my guts to be made of halogen bulbs. I want more salt flakes in my roast. Big ol' hunks of meat. Oh and turnips. Just joking, no turnips. I rip weeds and think about salad piled with bacon bits and bits o bacon and eggs a weird little green okay and cheese like lopped off yellow ties for action figures I left at the combination KFC/TACO BELL/DAIRY QUEEN when I was nine— WAIT NO WAY my G.I. Joes didn't wear ties because they're not pussies nor were they trying to impress you— and chicken with painted-on grill stripes and chicken in oily coats and rolls as big as baseball mitts and impossible to chew but still I'm chomping and chewing macaroni and cheese and more cheese and more cheese and cheesecake, blueberry and strawberry and wild berry, oh and chocolate, gotta have my chocolate

if I want it to be a real fitted and classy meal with momma.
There I go day-dreaming with my cuticles full of grub.
I dehorn worms and roly bugs and say HELL YES
every time the neighbor's Sunday roast wafts in. Tell 'em
I want mashed potatoes like white vans unloading the elderly
and fried onions and soup you can never see through and freedom
fries. One day you will all be old and dead. I can't wait for this
ugly weed patch to grow up and get a job. I wait for momma to pick me
up.

No Good Alexis Pope Poem

I guess my secret is out. The family with better smiles came in the red minivan. You look glowing with your nose, sunburnt and still ours. All these wood bees. I don't know the time. I have sold the clock. Can you make the sound I'm missing with your mouth? Take the scrub brush to the cookie sheet I've made of my apathy. Tell me again please because I have forgotten. I am no good anymore at thank you. Last night I went to sleep & there was a kiddie pool on the other side. Even the pink flamingos had names. My hands were raw meat. I've sewn you this apron from every grocery list I've written. Each time I whistle a new kind of fruit flutters out like a moth in the meadow. A white ring of skin on my finger. What are your eyes doing over there? I'm terribly embarrassed of all my crumbs. Without a paddle I head into this evening's river. I have no one to share this campfire with. A final mouse scurries out of the kitchen behind you.

A.T. Grant Poem

Alex awakes with his wrists wrapped in daisies. Alex uncocooning in the mulch. Today is new and vulnerable. These are the day's fabulous prizes. There is a new hum refracted by the sky. It is not a color. It is a mower working for free + a great cackle. Alex is envious. No, Alex is envied. Of course, the daisies are all his—for his hair and his eyes, for his scent and his trail. The mountains harvest a new spring for Alex. All of earth covered in rainbows of stones. Of course, this has the feeling of forever. Alex is tall and everlasting—more of these prizes. People step from their houses and see his shadow turn to his outline, turn to his haze, turn to Alex. People step from their houses and hear no guitar. These people they weep for Alex. They beg him *Play*. Alex plays his guitar. Yesterday's breeze returns and widens. The widening adds years to all the lives. The return blooms a real kind of joy. People are carried away by the breeze, like the ocean takes a person who is happier at sea. People are carried away by Alex, a fresh dew in his palms, the daisies more him than ever. Alex is envied. Alex is joyed.

Drunk Daniel Bailey Sonnet

I AM THINKING OF A NAME
I KNEW BEFORE I GOT THIS DRUNK
I DID NOT MEAN TO GET THIS DRUNK
I DID NOT MEAN TO FORGET THIS NAME

THERE IS A FEELING I REMEMBER
IT IS ME WALKING DOWN A COUNTY ROAD
I DRIBBLE A BASKETBALL OFF OF MY FOOT
BECAUSE THIS IS INDIANA AND I AM NO GOOD

THE NAME I FORGOT IS NOT DAMON BAILEY
THE NAME I FORGOT IS NOT DAVID LETTERMAN
THE NAME I FORGOT IS NOT LARRY BIRD

I HAVE A SPIRIT ANIMAL AND NO FRIENDS LEFT
IT WAS THE SPIRIT ANIMAL WHOSE NAME I FORGOT
I AM THINKING IT MIGHT BE DAMON BAILEY

c a r r i e l o r i g p o e m

my barrel catches your mitten and muffs as it melts. thaw earth and thaw some. this is over is overt is ova wanting prosperous. a ghost in the trees i wish to call paincattle but i know i'm no hurter. i scatter and i blur. my armpits burp like a leak of crescent moons. my hair shallows the colorful mask you inhabit. i mean inhibit. i mean i inhibit your habit etc. here's a beer for the hours you've spent in this shadow (mm). and now this continues. should i say a sorry excuse me uhhmmmmm yesmam never again? blister tangled in my parka and you only wish to exit. i continue and count and constant. begone, Irkfrost. begone, Sledhooves. begone, Preciouspricklycicles. what isn't overhead is hooves leftover (mm). with them i trample the bedsheets as you blather in your ball. i fear the fishes you were as flip-flops when you sleep. i walk out your door and nearly die. oh poor me i've fallen inside the grain elevator of love. you walk out the door and nearly deep sea dive. the puddle it has risen. oh sorry you've fallen inside my very own nod. shall i continue this in your unknowing? the landscape is spackled then hurriedly bedazzled. the animals latch onto balloons like teats. the animals plus the balloons take a trip to the beach. in a minute the waves become my egret of regret. my two knees down to ask forgiveness. are my knees the only parts pleading? perhaps and more. the herds hoard and devour my toes and my digits. the numbers numb as you call them out. 212 here. 356 gorged. a million shrunken mouths. like flower petals gone stubbed. like junk mail electricity. like fishing line never unspooled (i tempted to mess with spooled / spoiled / oiled/ soiled / run boiled). i cackle and i famish in my familiarity. i tickle the paincattle still near and they all butt. i dust off my widget as i bleep out of the rose bush. hi, Windowabove. hi, Remarkable. hi, Dustcatcherofdreams. what more do i need to bleed into the night? bleep bleep i bleed into the night. no bandages exist to suffer beside me. no badges suffer the terrible burden of me. no dreams remain to buffer my insides. no insides outside because i am

not dead. but barely but. i bleed until. i bleed until you turn cottonsoft,
Bbquakes. i squeal until the oats of the day suffocate my skull. this haircut
is hideous and should be hidden. my armpits pretend they know how to
dance. yet here is the world aglow. a glow translates my sadness into dots
on the colorwheel. i plow into this buzz and hope to cultivate. today the
new products. iPlow and iSqueal and iBleed and iDust. my best parts are
below kicking the mist. they click the buttons in this crushed remote. the
britches are off the legs and the stool is underfoot. i mash my globe against
the window fog. i am like this □_□. (haha) you've begun writing the next
chapter with fire. you've begun a series of handkerchiefs. we are all left
batteries low lowing in the fields. the fields glow on on on on on on.
onlyone.

Laura Relyea Sonnet (for John Steen)

In the morning, whitewashed concrete blocks.
Post-post-bad dream and a dog in the grass,
here I go off my manmade front stoop.
With a wingspan like this, poised and plated
I believe I'll make a good mother.
Mississinewa Battle of 1812 and cola--
I'll turn on that, too. Take back
the corsage. A pain in the air, sandwiches
taking a ride on June 13th.
I have a maximal aesthetic, good morning.
The café called Busted Ground, the memoir
I write. You can have a few guesses
what it might be. The lady with her fat baby
and my sash made of yellow.

Matt Hart Poem

My breakfast this morning made of baffling indifference Bagels
and bites I woke up thinking of microwaves Hallelujah sung
into jars One can't help but feel guilty for never turning from hunger
Good morning I like the way you look in that gown Fresh stretcher
to straighten my stiff body The peanut butter glues shut my gums
Orange juice like the rising My wife in the other room
A burnt orange in the spring matching the paint of these walls She sings
along with Jimmy and her alarm clock rings Which comes first
True love or panic Rise or shine And it is the first I remember:
This time I'll go to Texas Indifference unthawed The desk boxed up
Wiped off the dust And now the towel needs washed A bull steps out
of the gutter and horns me into the future Pencils all sharpened up
Rhyming dictionary Though I never rhyme Who has the time
6:31 it's the 10th of this month The shirts with less stripes than I like
And Dean with his new Okie heart Fresh awakening Saucer full of gravy
and nowhere's a biscuit My dog claws the door from the inside
Though maybe this has all been reversed Indifferent baffling
Roasted peanuts on the ride to the airport The ring alarms
The plane is ready for you to board, Mr. Hart I am in coach
but I'd rather envelope Sealed and not a bit hassled
Searching for a place to put in Agnes I can hear
the stewardess louder and getting Crayon scribbles in my hair

Heather Christle Poem

I am stoked May finally became the salt specks became
bees the frozen bees became new stars my hum
of brrr all winter warmed me it became fire I am a spatula
my handle blends with your hand as you insert me
into the grill all winter you held me like a baton
waiting for the Olympics short shorts this your mighty flame
there is never a way to tell when the frost is truly gone
you can certainly try wash your truck refill the propane
buy beef patties though 93% lean is a bit overkill
don't you think? I don't think I am a spatula

Mike Young Poem

A man steps off the bus and asks “Is that your bucket of oats?” I say, “No.” Then, he wants to know if it is half full or half empty. I get him. I get him a spoon. His nose is well salted, like a peanut shell crushed into the floor of that restaurant where they make you sit on a saddle if it’s your birthday. The joy of being the town’s only true gambler. This gut feeling like noodles made of conch shells. Not from the ocean. The pebble garden out front of Aunt June’s. In the parking lot they spit out cigarette butts and fortunes. The bright red K on the sign across The Avenue squeezed into a pink nightie. In his painting, the man left the cigarette butts and sweat. Everybody around me is crying, boo-hoo, wahhhh. In 2013, no one is able to shovel beauty. Crooked double lines down Massachusetts. A puzzle of a pig that’s actually finished. I cry into my dry elbow, too. In 2013, no one is satisfied with their food groups, their friend groups, thegroupon for laser backhair removal. I can’t seem to shake this Band-aid off my fingers, so everyone just thinks I’m flipping them the bird. I’m not! I swear! Here comes the next bus. Would you like it if I go on? An ant crawling up your leg might be a sign. Or it might be an ant. In 2013, billboards are still made out of wood. Our bodies composed of the entire stalk. I’m amazed we haven’t come up with a better way. Is that woman over there half fatty or half skinny? I like your tie, sir. I really do. The wagon has done pulled the horse up the hill again.

Layne Ransom Poem

This poem should be called Abstraction
and then a meteor would come down and tear
everything into little pieces of paper. Another abstract
written on each one—faith, recovery, perseverance,
the human heart. All of this takes place in A City.
Where my mother's conception of my soul rides
a cruiser bike the wrong way on a packed road.
Where in the windows people watch flicks
starring a Patrick I'd rather not discuss in fear
of weeping. Also, there are comedies with white guys
with white hair. TVs laugh and never say God Bless You.
Goats in Tyler's parents' field headbutt each other daily
and no one asks them to be more considerate of feelings.
Inside my mouth is an egg not yet broken, an abstract
sarcophagus of emotion, not yet hatched into a living thing
with an esophagus. You will one day be born
amidst the rainbows with a loud mouth on the concrete.
I was once waiting for Jesus to come back, but now
I'm just waiting for hands to finish this puzzle.

diana salier poem

today i will wake up
naked next to you
i will feel hunger
but also total glee
as in tremendous happiness
not that show you watch on Thursdays

i've never loved a girl who worked
at a grocery store before

your house has unreasonable amounts of cereal
cereals with big beaked birds on the box
cereals with magicians in stupid hats on the box
cereals shaped like other breakfast foods
cereals dyed a pale yellow like your skin

i want to go back to bed
and pretend it's a sailboat
and have sex with you there
until we get to where we are going

maybe it will be a fantasy island
with toucans and wizards
and a buffet of french toast and cinnamon rolls
at the end your boss will be there smiling

he will say we can have it all for free
and we will pick out the birds
and breakfast foods
and wizards
that best match our idea of home

it might turn out neither of us are hungry
it might turn out neither of us are awake
we have been dreaming this whole time

i'm pretty sure you don't even exist
and neither do all those cereals
or the island

Best Mike Krutel Poem

Not every part of me is on fire
but who led you to believe all my parts
dwell in their rightful sockets?
The dye will be inserted here
and then bleed out from there.
The answers where the cracks leak!
Call them the names of rivers we harbor—
Cuyahoga, Apalachicola, White.
They keep people on one side from teaching
people on the other side how to make better baskets.
It is fine to have constant thoughts
of what you wear on your head. I'm talking
about hats and unfiltered admiration. We're in love
with the trees! And the taste of happiness
basted in pretty much everything.
"You keep gargling these confessions
and soon enough will end up ended up," said my father.
"I was planning to make a sandwich," I said.

WHAT A TREMENDOUS NICK STURM POEM WE'RE HAVING!

The baby beaver of our love lives in a gas station
restroom It chomps orange peels It chews abandoned
pearls into the shape of your face I believe a grain of rice
is enough We ride skateboards in the sink in impossible
tank tops We pray to the brown scribbles of this stall
Hymns punctuated by a flush The paper towel unfurls
like a river A plunger sticks itself to the ceiling
and begins to glow The attendant has made copies of the keys
and on each of them is a cloud On each of them is a cloud
shaped like a woman with an avocado There is your father
with a sickle sweeping it under the door to crop our baby
There is my father gutting a fish beneath a rainbow canopy
Yet I can think of no better place to mural our love
Yet I can think of no better place to love our mural

Self-Portrait of Ryan Rader at 25

Good day. Too fucking old, or 25. People ask me, "Ryan, why are you so pro-gay rights?" People ask me, "Ryan, when did you find the secret tape?" Don't tell Shaun Gannon but I think I'm growing up. For my birthday, I bought three pairs of socks for three bucks—that's fifty cents per sock + the priceless feeling of a warm middle toe, for those of you playing at home. I am playing drums. I am getting my dad an awkward eight-minute phone call for Father's Day. The other day I was at the park and I lined up five picnic tables for no reason, except order. Those guys at the X Games are pretty much better skateboarders and BMX tricksters than me. I can finally admit this. I can finally admit I hate the weather. Today I am cleaning up the living room to impress Nappy Roots. When I say I can't wait for Muncie, I mean I can't wait to see my Muncie pals. To feel not so fucking old. To, for a night, relive the days of taking dick pics to teach the government a lesson. To drink a two-dollar pint of Two-Hearted and talk about girls too loudly. If you try to high-five me tonight I'm gonna miss. If you're ever in Chicago my house is a short train ride away from everywhere I imagine.

Joshua Kleinberg Remix

Anything may be repeated up to four times:

When all else fails, dig a hole.
When all else fails, build a hill,
and climb it, and stand there.
And lay there on your back.
When all else fails, type the phrase
“a glut of anarcho-communal despair.”
When all else fails, fuck I don’t know.

This isn’t a villanelle of the villanelle form!

Every time you write a poem
you are rejecting the pertinence!

Most stars are an argument against
whatever you do with your rocks.

It’s a well-known fact that fabulous dreams are satellites
and most satellites wish they were your days still.

When you are sad, your eyelids gain mass.
When you are sad, you do not need to shower.
When you are sad, .9% of smokers die.
When you are sad, a cast iron skillet was not made for you.

It was made for this guy Josh knows, Devin.
The world will outlive you and do more for your family.

By keeping on, you imply consent.
By keeping on, you imply consent.
By keeping on, you imply consent.
By keeping on, you imply consent—
disasters everywhere, mining accidents
hurricanes, weight gain, breeding.

Three in eight car accidents
occur every time you write a poem.

I do declare a tiny war
between logics, for hardcore albums
you no longer like, against any yahoo
who declares a certain decorum is customary.
Your unbuckled mouth is like a fire.

Every time you write a poem,
it doesn't really smell like anything, does it?
It doesn't even feel like winter.

Every time you write a poem, there are boats
who survive by eating human waste!
There are probably children that are sinking!
There are birds that are not even anything,
and the sky carries disease.

This is not my poem.
This is not my poem.
This is not my poem.
This is not my poem.

*But when I re-read a book that once made me cry,
I admit what I feel is not hate.
And when I set the book down
before it gets to the good part,
and sign in to something and look,
I'm learning my position in space-time,
accepting my deficient attention.
And the truth is there's no one there scowling,
but whenever I dream of my childhood,
I'm always stuffing my pockets with Skittles.
Now we get texts that say, "Please, don't ignore me."
We pull them from our pants like mysterious flowers,
and study them for a long, long time.*

This is my poem.
This is my poem.
This is my poem.
This is my poem.

You fall asleep and dream about it—14 rays
but whipping the whole joint up into a frenzy.
In the night, electricity sleeps in the sockets.
Something to reach by *becoming*—
tethering you to the center of the room.
Not by popping strategic balloons on oneself
of misty white, stacked in ghostly twos.
We think that we're nowhere on a screen.
And know that there must be somewhere to be!
Your lungs inflate and droop like a battery indicator.
It's the dissipating feeling that fools us,

only filling and collapsing
the limbo of whiteness between where
it's just—it's only that: things are never *transforming*.
inverting levels of life,
electronic shifts in the gray of the brain
between the dream as it ends and awakening.
Lightning pouring from ground to cloud!

This poem is for you.
This poem is for you.
This poem is for you.
This poem is for you,
when all else fails.

Every time you write a poem,
you trample through the knowledge of all the others.

When you are sad, sometimes in the autumn,
the white sky stands and stares at your gaze.

By keeping on, like a wall,
the tree trunks are orange and thin.

Every time you write a poem,
I'm tired of having to place you in rooms.

When you are sad,
the inventory of hand gestures is endless!

By keeping on,
your crossed-fingers are making me anxious!

Every time you write a poem,
the birds all go back to before they had cages.

When you are sad,
please kiss my stupid lips and be gone!

Every time you write a poem,
account for the width of your stance.

When you are sad,
so are the tank-topped students, bro-like in the grass.

By keeping on,
most of the time I'm just partly awake.

Every time you write a poem,
the tv's static is a different sort of silence.

When you are sad,
you can call the wind chime the world.

By keeping on,
you say hello to me, needing just the one word.

Every time you write a poem,
we kiss with four months of coffee staining my teeth.

When you are sad,
in the house, I make nervous decisions.

By keeping on,
I say, Please, you're all that I know.

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TYLER GOBBLE is the scruffy half of *Stoked*, a multi-hat wearer for Magic Helicopter Press, and party-ghost-in-residence for *Vouched Books*. He has plopped out four chapbooks, and his first full length poetry collection will be out from Coconut Books in 2014. He likes disc golf, tank tops, and bacon, and yes, in that order. More at www.tylergobble.com.

