

# Stone's Throw



# Stone's Throw #5

## November 2017

### "The Marathon Must Go On"

#### Contributing Poets

Chad Parenteau  
Stephanie Kaylor  
Russell Bennetts  
Bridget Eileen  
Dexter Roberts  
Luis Lazaro Tijerina  
Ron Goba

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Drawings from "Sam Cat Goes to the Jungle: Love and War in the Time of Ulysses" by @WhiskeyRadish.

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# Introduction

This issue was originally scheduled to come out during the Boston Poetry Marathon this past summer, which I was scheduled to participate in. Events in the country caused me to step back and redirect my energies elsewhere.

On November 27<sup>th</sup>, Stone Soup Poetry will be holding its final open mic and feature at the current location of the Out of The Blue Art Gallery on Massachusetts Avenue.

As of this writing, I'm hoping this issue will be out and in print by then.

I'm still not sure what will happen after that.

But I have to keep creating, right? Even if I don't know where anymore, or who it's for.

Even if you're last in the race, you still run as fast as you can. Otherwise, why did you show?

Special thanks to Russell Bennetts, who introduced me to the wonderful artist Whiskey Radish.

—*Chad Parenteau*

## Lap Dog

Rejoin  
human race  
three laps behind.

Don't count  
false art  
faux starts,

content to  
noob selfie  
bad Pilates.

scrawny soul  
yoga matt  
boomerangs back,

child's pose  
looks up  
who's' left.

Search party  
for self  
abandoned.

Find anyway  
results unannounced  
lack of interest.

Reward is  
milk carton  
with your face,

only one  
greeting  
you home.

—*Chad Parenteau*

## born-digital

coconut oil in the space between  
stricture and structure, parenthetical,  
a wasted day unscripted &  
underway unzips the horizon  
into itself— her slinking hand,  
her seersucker skirt

their interchangeable embodiments  
consecrated into air

shutter release, release  
release

did not ask to read the script,  
did not need to practice,  
strewed with each letter of each name,  
their annotations splitting  
from the body of each page

going to make her  
a star & she laughs,  
knows their astronomy maps out a  
constellation inside whatever pretty ass,  
knows no one else knows  
where to look for its arbitrary lines

doesn't mind the couch, the messy  
inertia, the silver screen exile

—*Stephanie Kaylor*

## **Pope Funsie**

Patricia Lockwood's Priestdaddy  
Is on my to-do list.  
I'll screengrab page 210  
And send to my Serbian side-chick.

Wait  
How long is her Priestdaddy?  
Wait  
It's non-fiction?

—*Russell Bennetts*

## **scarlet breezes**

you receive me sometimes in scarlet breezes  
it lingers, the scent of my sweat  
my gently sloughed off skin, when you smooth the mattress  
a certain way, all of that wafts around

you sweep away long red hairs from years' past  
they go into the compost with the rest of the dust to aid the harvest  
you feed people the fruit of my body parts  
in delicious sauces and stews

## **I'll Have Your Honey**

I'll have your honey  
And I'll eat it, too

It will dance on my tongue  
And tingle down my spine

First Lavender  
Then the minty green buds

Rays of dusk's orange sun  
True blue berry skin sky

Until the pink, soft  
Then bright fuchsia

All the wildflowers  
Ingested inside me

—*Bridget Eileen*

Who won? Who loss? Toss, karat parrot love, like to play favorite yellow Sun blue water green, is that Johnny? That nigga owe me bread, pigeon toe friendly neighbor, spread egg beacon testing, two car fence pick a fight ball out of bounds sounds from television lay with wishful rubbing two sticks of happiness shallow rivers ancestors float wigi board fear the living die beautiful superstition stupid Jack smack Jill's ass, was goldilocks, papa bear got fired, momma bear started drinking, baby bear died from heroine, male melanin poke a teddy spoil the child a branch wine into blood encapsul pill spill thrill will free based on wanting to kiss you.

—*Dexter Roberts*

## **A Girl With Flowers in Paris**

That glance with a lavender scarf  
around your shoulders in Paris in springtime,  
*Lavande*, lavender plant, purple soft flowers  
in your hands,  
Flower cart with cut flowers for the ages,  
How the years sweep by us, lavender dust in death,  
Ma belle fille lavande, lavender scent  
over your body, in your hair, on your hands,  
My girl with flowers walking along a street,  
Paris all afire with revolt and purple revenge,  
Your eyes a glance of what is to come.

—*Luis Lazaro Tijerina*

## Ron Goba's Throw Back (7-7-17)

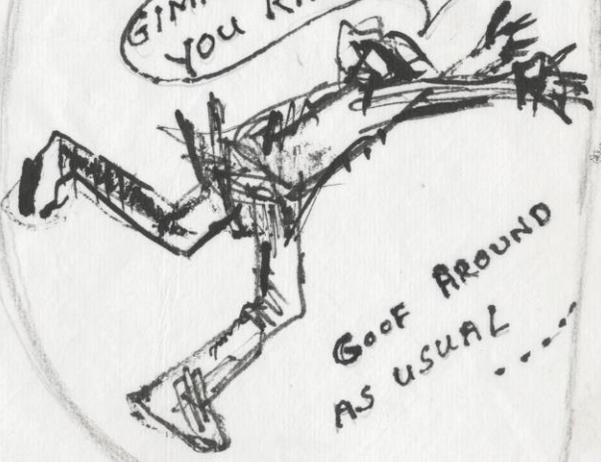
Achilles yanks  
tents flaps  
stitchs twitches  
Hector deconstructs Patroclus  
Achilles deconstructs Hector  
Apollo squeezes Dionysus raisins  
poisons arrows heel  
I loaf  
put on  
the Bach CD  
Glenn Gould takes me  
I never been before  
now smoke a  
cig stogy pipe  
cough cough cough  
choke philippics phases  
there are  
no new poems  
only this one  
I am always writing  
it begins today  
I loaf  
play solos suite for  
two get up  
charter a skateboard  
revive morns walk  
talk inside to  
silhouettes soul  
it is a fact  
fictions more real  
than reality  
can  
ever  
be  
screw verisimilitude  
I brood good  
as any one  
screw simile too  
banals vertebrate cliches  
days round roosts  
none avoid  
Freuds thrillogee  
not

with  
standing  
on the corner  
by the hydrant  
washing back bourbon  
watching Trumps dung  
flungs mongrel mud  
dumps dumbs down  
dandys handy TV brand  
washes harum scarum head lock laundry  
ids altared ego  
holys flameboyant moly  
lets face it  
we the gaudy assiz  
put the big shit there  
twiddles rutabaga twerps  
turn  
offs  
turn  
ups  
herpes twits  
toxics teeth  
grape vines gums  
spines twisted ribs  
whites pillared house  
hoodlums heartless hooligans  
proposes misanthropics  
noses green garden migrants  
misers opulent aroses  
self in love with self  
inconsequences ancient acts  
pretends preposterous amends  
absurds unswoopable turds

—Ron Goba

IN THE DAYS THAT  
FOLLOWED, LARRY AND  
SAM CAT CONTINUED TO

GIMME MY HEAD  
YOU RASCAL!



GOOF AROUND  
AS USUAL

NOTHING COULD  
CHANGE THAT!

