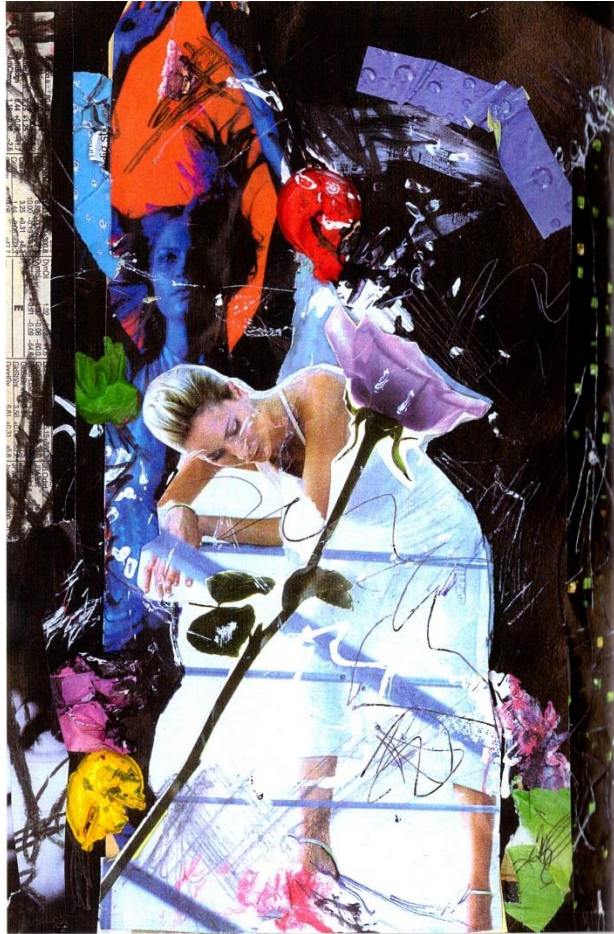




# ALUMINUM BABY

vol. 1 no. 1



## *ALUMINUM BABY*

dPress 2000 Sebastopol

This zine evolved out of a poetry and collage class held at  
Summerfield, a Waldorf School, Santa Rosa, California,  
Spring of year 2000.

Special thanks to Tamara Slayton.

[www.dPress.net](http://www.dPress.net)

**ALL RIGHTS RESERVED**





## TABLES OF CONTENTS

### Elizabeth Marshall

IT'S ART.....	5
CRAZED.....	6
<i>Drawing</i> .....	7
<i>Drawing</i> .....	18
ON THE GRAVEL PATH.....	21
REALLY.....	28

### Kellesimone Waits

BUILDING TOWERS OF PAIN.....	8
LOVE CHASES HATE.....	11

### Christina Mallie

DRIVING.....	9
--------------	---

### Fiona O'Reilly

KITCHEN.....	26
RED SONG, BLUE SONG.....	12
I DRAPE MYSELF IN VIRGINITY.....	17

### Ethan Allen Davis

<i>Drawing</i> .....	<i>Title Page</i>
<i>Drawing</i> .....	10
<i>Drawing</i> .....	22

### Jessica Canfield

MIDNIGHT STORM.....	13
<i>Collage</i> .....	14
POOL OF NOTHINGNESS.....	16

### Elayna Langbecker

<i>Collage</i> .....	<i>Front Flyleaf</i>
<i>Collage</i> .....	<i>Back Flyleaf</i>
BIG SISTERS.....	24

### Richard Denner

SUNFLOWER KITCHEN.....	19
REFRIGERATOR POEM.....	23

### Misha Maier

<i>Collage</i> .....	<i>Cover</i>
----------------------	--------------



## IT'S ART

Rub it on, lay it down  
Mix it up, smooth it out  
Keep it up, can't stop

I'm addicted  
It's not done  
Walk away

It's still there  
It's changed  
Yes, I can see it

Now, fix it  
Yes, that's it  
No, no, no

Go back  
Rub it on, lay it down  
Mix it up, smooth it out

I'm addicted

—*Elizabeth Marshall*

## CRAZED

Nothing consistent  
my head a very foggy night  
mists of craziness thunder  
storm of bang  
big shoot out in my head

Hand gets tweaky when you  
aim for a vein  
Seventeen blocked up  
screaming at my mother  
hot spot in my throat  
from screaming too loud

No one to call have to  
really act crazy  
to show how I feel make  
a visual just stare at  
the wall blue wall

Someone kiss me  
devour all this craziness  
with passion don't need  
any aphrodisiacs  
crazy works just fine

—Elizabeth Marshall



### BUILDING TOWERS OF PAIN

If he's a dog, then she's a bitch  
whining moaning squealing  
hoping to be owning  
when she rips tears gnaws  
his eyes mouth and wallet

She gets her high riding  
on a surge of rumors  
mastering an anticlimactic purge  
of blood that beats in her  
chest and down on his head

He swings and misses  
beating her oddly but  
beating no odds  
content with knowing  
and relinquishing power

She cowers and whines  
while waiting her hour

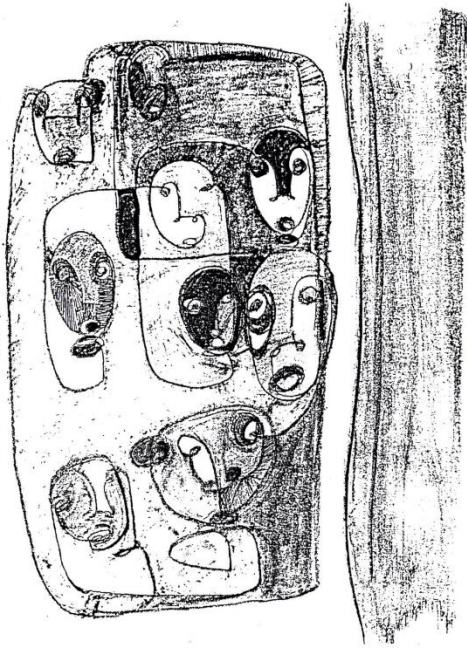
—Kellesimone Waits

### DRIVING

I'm driving, can feel the hot sun  
the heat of the wind on my back.  
slanting shadows on the rough pavement  
smooth out hard edges  
throw long, lazy shadows across the path.  
the road winds  
the shadows grow longer  
until their length disappears entirely  
into coolness that replaces  
hot sticky flesh on my neck with cool darkness.  
shadows stretch  
ripple over the baked car hood  
sucking my cheek  
into the darkness.

Then, I'm blinded by the stark sunlight  
so bright and so golden as it slips  
behind my eyes, eyeballs and lashes  
tears into forgotten memories.

—Christina Mallie



### LOVE CHASES HATE

Orange petals settle softly  
on a heaving ocean as  
surf foams like a rabid dog  
licking her pink ankles—  
the salt burns her bare, raw skin  
and pain opens her eyes

Her feelings chase each other's heels  
push out through her eyes  
linger on her lips and dance into  
her mouth and down her throat

Nothing left— the tide goes out  
and she follows—

Ribs, lungs, wet and salted flesh

—Kellesimone Waits



## RED SONG, BLUE SONG

Lord help me. I see your lips, and I want to weep, those are my lips! What other lips can kiss me? Those I know go well in the summer in the heat. After having your hands around my waist for so long, how can I get them off? They are not a snake skin belt that I can just remove. They are small hands with car grease under the nails, always trying to grab too much of me, always trying to grasp more than they can handle. Whose hands could I put on my hips to replace them? Whose fingers fumble rudely at the top button of my jeans?

I am Scarlet. I wear red, red nails, red shoes, red lips, blood, blood, blood. I cloaked myself in passion, happy in my illusion of a fire that had long gone out. Dreamed that you were blue like a god, whose name I cannot say. Blue, you, I did not know. You tried to kiss me with blue lips. Cool blue. Sad blue. Muddy Water will tell you.

But I am red. Hot and ice and the bath water is lukewarm. Who likes lukewarm? All or nothing, and I want everything. So, without your arms around my waist, without you, cool blue, I will spill clear tears, clear like a broken illusion.

—Fiona O'Reilly

## MIDNIGHT STORM

The wind blows harsh and cold  
against my naked flesh.  
Rain pours, tearing at my body  
once tanned and beautiful  
now pale and torn,  
in the mesmerizing storm.  
I run, slipping and falling  
in the curdled pools of mud.  
Dirty water caking  
on my shivering body,  
my heart pounding against  
the softness of my breast.  
Still the wind blows  
encircling me, tugging  
at the strands of muddy blond hair  
that lies across my back,  
flying around my face, leaving me  
blind in the midnight storm.

—Jessica Canfield



### POOL OF NOTHINGNESS

To fly without wings  
across oceans of fear,  
to laugh without smiling  
only shedding more tears,  
to see miles upon miles  
of lakes full of stones,  
weighing us down  
so we fall into the ground,  
it's all you can feel  
as the rain splashes down,  
the shivers of your body  
as your soul hits the ground.

### I DRAPE MYSELF IN VIRGINITY

I will baptize myself in a bath of milk and quince, gently, softly. I will wear white underwear and change my sheets. Paint my lips like a good girl, not smeared, not touched. Pinch my cheeks so that I might pretend I still blush.

Powder my body white. I will be the Virgin de Guatalupe. Wear hot pink and emerald green and put red roses in my hair. Be rich in loneliness, in longing, for a man who has hands to ease my burning.

I will put blooming cactus where your picture hung. I will lay rose thorns around my bed and lay on the petals. I will burn my insides with whiskey. You will not touch me.

I will light candles and see clearly, that without your hot hands on me and without the sweat, there is something left.

—Fiona O'Reilly



## SUNFLOWER KITCHEN

Sunflower calendar  
sunflower clock  
sunflower curtains  
sunflower tablecloth  
sunflower napkins  
sunflower dishes  
sunflower cups  
sunflower vase  
plastic sunflowers in a bouquet

Jillian in a sunflower apron  
cooking sunflower soup  
her brightness and pulse  
in every spoonful

—Richard Denner



## HURRICANE

black and white  
    twisting  
    black  
        white  
        spin  
  
oh, my stomach—  
    oh, I should lie down  
  
        spinning  
    faster  
    whirling  
oh, me  
  
the colors  
    your black hair  
        white teeth  
        what me?  
want me? why?  
    every color in between  
        black and white  
        spinning me  
    whirling

—Elizabeth Marshall

## ON THE GRAVEL PATH

This place where I can watch  
    the children squeal on the swings  
then toss their heads back  
    and laugh delight for them and  
for me to see sweet children  
  
I'm so old now and feel  
    such forced laughter  
squeeze the joy out of me  
    when you were a child you leave  
your troubles at home  
  
You leave the screaming family  
    and you laugh hug your friends  
how could you be sad at school?  
    wind in your hair song in your voice  
love for your teacher  
  
Father waits for you takes you  
    ice skating makes sure you're fed  
momma would forget  
    now forced laugh of joy  
I'm old now old in a beautiful place

—Elizabeth Marshall



## REFRIGERATOR POEM

For Allen Ginsberg

die easy, baby  
let me rock you in this moon mist  
translucent moment  
bouquet dream beyond regret

old friend death is away  
to soothe your harried shade  
while your velvet words caress  
our widowed hearts

—Richard Denner

## BIG SISTERS

my big sisters are the very best  
they smile  
and tease,  
and tickle me.  
they smell up the house with big farts  
and pear lotion.  
they track in mud  
and spill pain and coffee on my sheets  
and carpet.  
they steal my hair-ties and my pens.  
they come home in winter and summer  
bringing gifts  
of candles and tapes  
and tales, the craziest i've ever heard.  
they bring their boyfriends and their friends  
and cause havoc wherever they go.  
they say they're coming home for you  
and then chase down their friends  
with silver cars and purple hair  
and six-foot-tall guys.  
then all you see of them is five seconds  
in the bathroom every night.  
they take me to ice cream and coffee,  
and it's the best i've ever had because,  
somehow,

sisters throw some magic in with everything.  
i'll pay for their phone bills and defend them  
at all costs,  
and they're always someone I can look up to  
because they will always be a few inches taller,  
and when i look at them, i'll see how i could be  
in five or ten years.  
i'll share all kinds of memories with them,  
and my life will somehow always be  
oddly interconnected with these great big sisters.  
where there is a sister, there will always be  
a faithful ear to listen to my troubles,  
a hug and a kiss when i'm feeling down  
and an occasional note in the mail.  
you'll be fine whenever big sisters are there.

—Elayna Langbecker

## KITCHEN

A place of heavenly smells, and in my case, passive aggression...southern Irish kitchen. I have memories of women hacking up fish and shrimp and sausage. Of boiling cabbage, steaming milk, tupelo honey. Frying everything in sight, little red marks on their hardy, young faces from popping oil.

Al Green, Marvin Gay, Barry White, always playing in our kitchen. Or Gospel, wailing and screaming and screeching, if it's Sunday, when you get make up for all the fighting you have been doing all week, all those things you said to God but didn't mean.

So, the women in my family can make fried chicken pornographic. Iced tea taboo. And dessert, well, that's always going to fall in the area of revenge. Mad at your husband? Kill him with calories. But here's the real kicker, every offence, no matter how old, you will be reminded of after that third piece of triple chocolate cake.

After your second serving of bread pudding, "Oh, honey, did you eat too much?" And, sweet Mother of God, the look on that sweet face. So loving and without guilt! You

will remember using the last of that French perfume she loved so dearly, the boyfriend you stole fifteen years ago, the fact that she has always accused you of stealing the covers, of not putting enough in the collection box, of the affair with your secretary you never told her about.

You will see that look, the look you might expect from God, right when He's about to cut you down, and you will know the belly ache you are about to endure tonight.

—Fiona O'Reilly



**REALLY**

I am a delicate angel  
shy  
worried  
you just don't understand  
how delicate

—Elizabeth Marshall

