



# Underground Writers

www.underground-writers.org

## From The Editors

Issue 6: April 2011

With a brand new editing team comes a brand new look and layout! This issue welcomes four new editors to the team as we wave goodbye to previous editors Pauli, Mark and Lauren. Not to fear - after a trip to Adelaide and seeing the national underground literary 'zine scene (try saying that one ten times fast) and what we need to do to move forward, the new team is ready and rearing. We hope you enjoy Issue 6, and remember: spread the word! We can't run this 'zine without you guys.

## Featured Writer: Mark William Jackson

### Ode to Disorder

Somewhere in the chaos are  
the spontaneous mistakes  
that make a day particular,

paths that lie unplanned, hidden  
in erratic overgrowth.

In the mess of photos  
scattered throughout cardboard boxes,  
childhoods hide in sepia tones.

In the disarray of LP records  
leaning across hi-fi shelves  
hum the scratched songs of your forgotten  
youth.

In the creaking cases of second hand book  
stores  
great words wait to carry you.

Held in disorder lies a sweet bohemian breath  
planting a kiss on your unsuspecting cheek,

eject your iPod and listen to the street.

### the ampersand & et cetera

the ampersand & et cetera  
(parentheses whisper clues)  
comma slips into coma then full stop gone  
exclamation breaks the news!

a question marks the answer  
that feeble lines pursue  
too soon the stanza's broken  
and capitals fall askew

Inside this issue:

ODE TO DISORDER	1
THE AMPERSAND & ET CETERA	1
HAPPINESS FOUND	2
THE FACELESS BOY OF LUCID DREAMS	2
MOSS	2
HARRY BRANNIGAN	3
GARGOYLES	5
PHILOPHOBIA	5
MASQUERADE TEASE	6

## Biography

Mark William Jackson is a Sydney based artist whose work has appeared in various journals including Popshot, Going Down Swinging, Miscellaneous Voices, The Diamond & the Thief, Underground and SpeedPoets. For more information visit <http://markwmjackson.com>

## Happiness Found

I saw elation vividly.  
He was a summer wind  
Breathed upon the horizon  
As he flittered past the gasping dawn  
Luminous, full of glistening  
And want.

As he danced among  
the happy trees  
I heard his whispered laughter  
Echo in the rippling leaves  
And felt the gentle sting  
Of his tongue.

But time elapsed  
With soundless ticks  
And I felt  
Nothing  
As he passed me by.



**Lacking that creative spark? Hop on our website ([www.underground-writers.org](http://www.underground-writers.org)) and give one of our writing exercises a try!**

## Moss

There's no sign, no indication, that hearts will fail this night even though  
that's happened a zillion times

All ringing bells, and seductive, army-trash-pudding - but just a little, please -  
half-sours even while uniting into the new rush and dedication of lost souls

Why, watermelon rinds ..winds around the body..and we can choose  
marmalade chutney - eight kinds ... diced and delivered on Japanese wooden clogs,  
sky-high  
soft clean sox peeping out .....instead of toes - No-one can see the toes -  
not yet

six acts a night and if it doesn't hurt it's queer....and gone

## The Faceless Boy of Lucid Dreams

A brush in ink  
of lucid dreams  
tracing through the fainting clouds  
a canvas black with deadened stars.

A rose alight  
upon the eve  
wilting scarlet cinders of  
burning hearts and ashen souls  
from frightened worms beneath the stem.

(The faceless boy crushes its dry petals with a mirror.)

The gaping mouth  
of hope is filled  
with salt and spit and peeling lips  
gnawing wounded children  
as it threads us through  
the spider's web.

Silent crypts of falling moons  
lying dead inside our lungs  
contorting murky swells of tide  
and stealing wind away from breath.

The taste of light will burn your tongue  
Its scent will choke the graze of touch  
Deafened sound will blind your eyes  
Devouring all this poet's lies.

A rider cants through listless night  
his sickly shroud will steer the wind  
and cut away the fainting clouds.  
Your canvas black with deadened dreams.

(The faceless boy weeps for the mirror's reflection.)

## Harry Brannigan

Things were always going to be difficult for Harry Brannigan. Comedy was inside of him. And other than eating lunch in that diner, that's all he liked to do. So everyday, right on 11:30 that's what he did.

He'd slide into the booth by the window with his friends for the day and test out his new material on them. Sitting across from him today were Papa Smurf and beside him, an Avatar.

They were busy eating burritos and sipping coffee and talking about who'd copied whom. Harry was staying out of it for the time being. All he was going to do was sit and listen, dip his chips into the dipping sauce and wait for his chance.

He was gagging to crack a joke about blue balls or something. Or to ask Papa Smurf if he had any distant family living in the Blue Mountains?

When the Avatar and Papa Smurf broke from their war of who was bluest, Harry dived in.

"Papa Smurf, I was just wandering something?"

Harry's voice quivered with excitement and anticipation.

"Do you feel you played an inspiring role for Eiffel 65 when they wrote blue? Do they have blueberries in Smurfland? And if so, are they grown on Blueberry Hill?"

"Do you dig Memphis blues music? Do you feel you could've played an active role in the film 'Into the Blue'?"

"Have you ever been in a blue? Is getting a piggy back from Wesley Snipes your idea of being black and blue? When smurfs get sad do they get the yellows because they're already blue. Did you rename the ablution block in Smurfland because it cuts a little too close to home?"

Harry grabs the menu and opens it up.

"Should we order some blue vein cheese after these burritos?"

He says, "would you ever consider taking the guy from Blue's Clues to a blue light disco? And if so, would you wear your blue suede shoes? Does your portfolio consist mainly of blue chips? Do you secretly believe that Chris Isaak knows of a hotel somewhere that's actually blue, and if so would that be your idea of a dream holiday? Do the boys in blue in Smurfland get mad that they look the same as everyone else? Do you use a blue ball to shoot with in pool because white people use a white one when they play? Do you kinda wish you had red hair seeing as everyone calls you blue anyway?"

"Papa Smurf? What colour are Smurf blueprints?"

Papa Smurf and the Avatar are enthralled. Harry's jokes had broken their argument and turned it into a bonanza they could all share. Laughing with them now, Harry continued.

"Do you kind of get blue tongue lizards? Do you enjoy fishing for blue whales once in a blue moon? Do you not eat the blue M&M's because part of you thinks they might be real? Do you hate James Brown because he clashes with you? How 'bout Pink? Could you see Bluetooth technology coming, Papa Smurf?"

And just as Harry was getting wound up the lady with the coffee pot comes over to refill the cups and ruins it all. She says "who are you talking to, hunny?"

Harry looks up at her then around the table. And it's just him. There are three cups of coffee. Two of which are still full. Three plates of burritos. Two of which are still full. And no one is sitting in front of them. No one apart from Harry.

## Harry Brannigan (cont.)

She says, “Are you going to eat the rest of this food hunny, or should I take it away?”

“I have friends coming for lunch,” he says. “I’m going to show them my new comedy act.”

She looks at him and, without saying anything, instinctively takes the plates away. The coffee too. She leaves just Harry at the table, sat in confusion. His set cut short midway.

Harry brushes through his beard then sips his coffee. He looks out the window in a daze. His mind is already elsewhere.

The lady takes the food back into the kitchen and tips it into the bin. She says to the boss, “that guy on sixteen is scaring me. He thinks there are two other people at the table with him. It’s just weird.”

“Oh, that’s Harry. He comes here everyday. He’s going to be a comedian some day, if they don’t lock him into a mental asylum first.”

“Isn’t it dangerous to have him in here?”

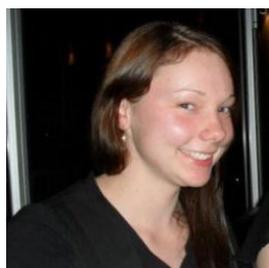
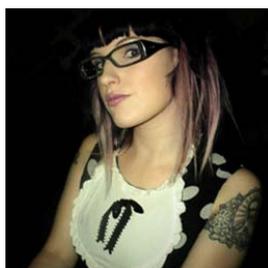
“No, not really, he spends a lot of money and is pretty harmless. He has some insane tales. You should listen in. One time I overheard him interviewing the Prime Minister of New Zealand. They were there for hours. Well, Harry was there for hours. What was today’s chat all about?”

“All I heard him say was Papa Smurf.”

“Papa Smurf? Gee, that is out of the blue. Get it?”

She sniggers and says, “I’ll take him over some more coffee; you, leave the jokes to Harry.”

**Have you met our new editors yet? Head on over to the website and check them out!**



**Tell your friends!**

Underground can only run if we receive submissions—and how do we get those submissions? That’s right—from you merry lot, our readers! Have you got an idea crawling around that you just can’t wait to put onto paper? Maybe you have some friends that you’ve always thought were a little off, but no, turns out they’re just creative.

Write down that idea. Tell your friends to write down their ideas. And then send them our way! We’d love to see what sort of material your whacky minds can come up with, and better yet, then you can tell all your friends and family that you’ve been published in a real life true-blue you-beaut literary ‘zine. Everyone wins!

## Gargoyles

Winter trees loom harsh,  
Sullen, weeping, falling apart.

Doors don't close inside our house.  
Nothing's moved for years.  
Just the breeze and the cold chill it brings.

Only silence screams and it screams loud.  
Like a vase broken.  
Shattered glass.

And the flowers that were left to die,  
You found them,  
Scattered on the floor.

On the day you returned.  
All hope scornfully cast aside.  
With a look of tired eyes.

The only thing that's hiding now,  
underneath that solemn look you strike,  
is the itching pain that lives  
like a lingering kite,  
caught on the breeze and coloured white.

And you're almost ready to burst,  
but there is no more anguish or hurt.  
You let it leave a long time ago,  
Like the snow that used to fall on our window  
sill.

All those winter days we lost,  
All the dying months, and  
Your faded heart.  
It's struggling to beat.  
I faded quick.

Fainting things, their sound rings loud.  
And my eyes, if they could cry  
They would cry out relief.  
And the snow would no longer fall,  
So you could leave.

This haunted house.  
That old tree.  
The one with the worn out rope  
And the absent leaves.

## List of Submitters

Ode To Disorder - Mark William Jackson  
ampersand & etcetera - Mark William Jackson  
Happiness Found - Benjamin Hart  
The Faceless Boy of Lucid Dreams - Benjamin Hart  
Moss - Susanne Harford

## Philophobia - Fear of falling in love or being in love

I didn't want my sorrow so I gave it to the birds,  
And I didn't need my happiness so I traded mine for  
yours.

I found a pool of trauma lying on the floor,  
So I scooped it up, stroking it  
Eyes peeled for more.

I left shreds of contentment hidden in the trees.  
Then I shed tears of paranoia seeping into the leaves.

I needn't worry about the heavy load of malice sitting in  
my lap.  
For that wasn't anything, anyone would consider  
stealing back.

I needed more aggression so I searched and gathered  
in the gutters.  
But there amongst the glass my shell began to crack.

Confusion seeping from my pores.  
Knowing there's no turning back.

Fragments passing infecting me.  
My mind aches and I yearn for you.  
Once again I need to purge,  
Flaws are of no use to me, because you will see.

I scratch the earth for love, swallowing as I find.  
I dig deep because I know.

Love is hard to come by.

Harry Brannigan - Matt DiCosta  
Gargoyles - Sebastian J Blass  
Philophobia - Fear of falling in love or being in love - Carina Harris  
Masquerade Tease - Shen Hart

## Masquerade Tease

The soft music from the string quartet caressed the air under the chandeliers glistening with warm candle-light. Each stunning silk gown shimmered as the dancers glide across the polished oak floor. As far as I was concerned there was only one woman in the room. Her deep blue gown delicately jewelled with small gems as the corset wrapped around her slender curved body. The sweeping arch of her pale neck drawing my eyes slowly up over her soft smooth skin to finally rest on the sparkling green eyes almost hidden behind the black mask.

Each detail worked to highlight the beauty buried and hidden under layers of grace and decorum. The steady rise and fall of her chest as her feet carried her around the dance floor, the smile sitting on her perfect rose lips enchanted me. I had never been blessed with the presence of such astounding beauty before, and I desired more. The pitch black mask covered most of her face, although I had no doubt she had high cheek bones to finish that beautiful face. Her pale blonde hair was pulled up into a pin leaving loose ringlets to fall down the nape of her neck. She glanced away from her dance partner towards me, her smile was coy and inviting. Was she inviting me closer? I must have looked such a fool standing and watching each graceful movement yet she held me in a trance.

I moved slowly closer, carefully weaving my way through the other dancers. She caught my eye once more, glancing over her shoulder and allowing a small peak of her tongue before she giggled and looked away. I swore there was a slight sway to her hips that wasn't present before as she stepped away from her partner. She was enticing me I was sure of it. My heart was beginning to beat faster as I moved closer to her. I couldn't resist her, licking my lips as I considered what she must taste like. To feel her soft skin under my lips, the firm flesh under my devoted caress. I wanted her. I needed her.

Time felt as though it were coming to a standstill as I reached her. I slowly reached out to touch her, brushing my fingertips over her arm. She wanted this just as much as I did, I was sure of it. She turned to me, her mask couldn't hide the expression on her face. That beautiful smile erased by a dark scowl as her eyes darkened and she pulled away from me, the look of disgust on her face was obvious. She walked away from me with such a heavy determination, it wasn't over yet. She was just playing hard to get.

I made my way out of the grand dance hall paying no attention to its contents, my only interest was her. She was just building my anticipation for the grand event, she would give herself to me with such vigour and passion.

I have no idea how much time passed before she returned to me. The slight rustle of her dress upon the dry earth below our feet was all the music we needed. I stepped out from my hiding place and swiftly wrapped my arms around her small waist pulling her into the shadows. She was right of course, it would be far more romantic this way. Hidden in the darkness to enjoy every inch of her.

She wriggled and squirmed, what a tease! I pressed one hand against her mouth as she started to yelp and shout; oh, how she would scream when she felt me within her. I took my time with her, she shivered to my touch as those big green eyes went wide. The slight ripples spreading down her pale skin as a small tear rolled down her cheek. I was her first. That gown hadn't taken long to remove revealing her toned firm body to me, untouched. She had shouted and screamed, trying to scratch me. Even then her beautiful voice seemed like a serenade through the calm night air. The poor girl didn't understand what pleasure I would bring her, that those shouts and marks of affection and passion should be withheld until I took her.

It was a shame really, she just couldn't contain herself. The fires of passion burned in her eyes as I explored her body. It felt as though it were sculpted just for my hands, my desire burning deep within me. She looked almost angelic lay out before me under the silver light of the night sky. That soft blonde hair forming the halo around her head. She bit her lip with eyes wide as she felt my teeth graze her skin, just enough to enjoy the taste of her. I didn't want to mark that perfect skin, a blank canvas just for me. I took such pleasure sinking into her tight innocence but she insisted on trying to push me away. I had to quieten her, the gasping sobs weren't as it needed to be. It was her first time it had to be romantic; everything had to be right.

Now she lies under the starry night, forever gazing and admiring their distant beauty. The silk gown which once shrouded her from view and contained her now lay about her; framing the elegant beauty. Her body will be cold soon, that soft pale skin taking on the faint glow of the moon over-head. Her warmth will remain with me for some time now, the memories etched into my mind. She could have been mine forever. I would have cherished her, loved her dearly. I will remember her fondly; one of my favourites.

That's it from us for another issue. Thanks for your continued support, readers! You're the reason we run this 'zine. See you all in a few months for Issue 7!  
And remember, it's never too late to submit!