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Hi. My name is Scott Standridge, and I'm a writer from Arkansas. This is not spam—I'm not trying to sell you anything, and I'm tailoring my emails to specific journals and online magazines. I am writing simply to ask your permission to list your magazine on my new website, Writer's Resource (www.writersresource.net).

The idea behind WR is simple—create a place on the web where writers can go to search for markets for their fiction. Think of it as a writer's reference guide, except that it's free (rather than costing $50 a year for each revised edition ;)).

Think of it: more and more writers are using the internet as part of their day-to-day work. Magazines listed on WR will benefit from greater exposure on the World Wide Web, making more and more writers (and readers) aware of their publication. Those with websites will particularly benefit from having their links posted in a writer's forum—resulting in a greater hit count and higher visibility on the net.

We currently have 73 markets in our ever-growing database, and we are listed in the Yahoo! Creative Writing directory. Look around the site and see if it's something you'd like to be a part of: http://www.writersresource.net/

Bear in mind that I do not currently have click-thru sponsors and thus will gain nothing financially from your hits (no spam). Check out "About Us" and "Get Your Mag Listed" for important information about the project.

I will not list you without express permission, so please either reply to this email with writer's guidelines (or a link to them) or use the info on the site to mail me. If you would like to give prospective writers even more personalized information, take a minute to fill in the questionnaire below—however, be aware that the questionnaire is optional.

I sincerely hope you'll decide to be a part of WR. Thanks in advance.

Sincerely,
Scott Standridge
Webmaster, WritersResource.net
Angels on My Shoulders
By Jason Cole

An angel watches
Over you
She said

And there are
Legions
Of lesser angels
On your shoulders

They spread out
Around you
Like wings

I can see them

Really
I said

Yes
And the ghosts
Of your ancestors

They flock around
You
They are drawn
And cannot stand
To see you
Wronged

That is why
She left you

What do you mean
I said

The angels
And your ancestors
They knew
She was bad for you

They were protecting you
They made her leave

I don't understand
I said
This can't be right

They told me
It's true

So why did it take
So many years
For them
To get rid of her

Why did they let me
Marry her

You had something
To learn
Before you
Moved on
She said

Can I have I tissue
I asked

It's all right
To cry
She said

Yeah, yeah
I said

What is going
To happen to me
I asked

She paused
And searched
The walls
With her eyes

Wonderful things
She said
And you
Will marry again

Great
I said

She never felt
 Anything for you
She has no feelings
Remember that

All right I will
I said

The next time
You think of her
Consider her dead
Think of her like a vampire
And if she comes
For you in a dream

Drive a stake
Through her heart

You really think
I should think of it
Like that
I asked her

Oh most definitely
You must

Oh well
I said

I paid her
One hundred dollars
Took the tape recording
That she had made
Of our session
And went
To my
Temporary home

That night
She came to me
In a dream

And drove a stake
Through my heart

And when I rose
It was still there

I could feel it
I was wounded
Crippled
I could not remove
The spike

No happy thought
No flower
No friend
Or family member
Could do a thing for me

And the only
 Thing sure
Was loneliness
And long nights

I put all
My money
On tears

A sure bet
For losers

The unique design of the 9mm Baretta
By Jason Cole

So I'm drinking again
I thought
I didn't need it
Anymore
And I don't really

I just have no
Hope left
I have accepted
My fate
On this cold October night

Halloween is a few
Days away
Again
When
Children watch Dracula
For the first time
It is raining
My windows are fogged
And I am drinking again
And where are you?
Happy I am sure

Happily fucking
And drinking
With a positive attitude
And a confidence
That I never had

Making money
And socializing
And impressing
And seducing
As I sit alone
In October

I am drinking again
I saw a 9mm Baretta
For sale
In the paper today
It was silver
And had a textured grip
And I plan
On picking one up

299 plus tax
is quite reasonable
I have accepted this
Fate
But I can fight back
I can refuse
Life

I have the choice
It has been in
The very front
Of my mind
For years
It takes courage
But hell

I don't have much
Of that

You would agree
I am sure

So I am drinking again
And having
A bit of a laugh
Before
I can't laugh anymore
And I can't write you
The letter
That I will keep drafting
And continue
Throwing away
Before I burn
The last picture
And turn down the light
And admire
The 9mm Baretta
And it unique
Design

A single leaf falls
Down on the Forest floor
From the canopy of trees
That rest above.
This one leaf turns colors
As it tumbles down towards earth.
It's healthy green apple shade becomes
Reddish-yellow, like the burning sun above.
When it hits the ground the now brown leaf
Crumbles, as everything does when it crashes.
It is fragile, as is everything in this delicate balance
And life cycle.
That one leaf drifts slowly down,
Swaying back and forth with the current of the winds.
Then there is nothing.
Suddenly out of the stillness like a stampede
Many leaves rush down,
All falling and changing at once.
The great green forest is now become a desolate
Wasteland.
The green trees are becoming empty and bare.
They shiver as a cold wind blows past them,
Drying them up
Right down to the bone.

Then a single dot appears
Out of nowhere it shoots out
But it comes slowly
As it makes it's ballet like vertical decline.
It lands on a dead tree with millions more.
These crisp cool flakes come down like stars
As numerous and as beautiful.
Before long the roof floor is covered in them.
The Forest is still and white,
But it sparkles.
The white is beautiful and pure,
It is clean and in it's most natural state.
A cool frostbitten breeze blows by,
Kicking some of the powder up.
Like sand it twirls and whirls through the sky.
Dancing around and then scattering.
The gray clouds in the sky begin to migrate,
In time.
Things are clearing up and
a gigantic bulb is rearing it's ugly head once more.
It melts the snow into water
Which is quickly absorbed by the desolate landscape
And by the dead trees which deserve a second chance.

Ripples can be seen radiating from out of the magnificent glow.
They move downward and engulf everything they touch in life.
They reach out as a mother reaches out to her crying child,
Offering a helping hand
And apologizing for the neglect it has done.
Soon sprouts appear on the blackened earth
And dried up trees.
Green shoots up, like wildfire.
Plants emerge from nothing
Life is back, order is restored.
The sight is beautiful once more.
Colors fill the still night,
Not just shades of white and black.
The eternal struggle is over,
For now.
Rich greens in countless shades fill the tree branches.
The black charred bark becomes a healthy,
Rich brown.
The ground is now covered in all colors of the rainbow.
Wild flowers emerge lighting up the ground in a beautiful fashion,
As firewoks light up a moonlight sky.
Animals return, to suck on the sweet nectar
That mother has to offer.
Nutty

Caroline was having a rough time of it. She couldn't understand why Carl Myers, the Lite Aid pharmacist, wouldn't refill her prescription.

"Look, Ms. Sanders." Carl held the empty medicine bottle in his wrinkled right hand. He shook the bottle with each word that he spoke. "Your refills have run out, and Dr. McKay is away on vacation. There's no way to reach her. I'm sorry but there's nothing I can do."

Caroline watched Carl's face closely for any sign that he was lying. She knew he was because he was a beast, a demon. Such evil things lie very easily. She learned this lesson as a child. Anything evil was full of lies, and all things outside of her childhood home were considered evil. Now, at the age of fifty-four, with only a few strands of gray hair and fewer wrinkles than most women her age, she found herself once again face to face with something vile.

"I need my medication, you little bastard!" She banged both fists down on the counter. Carl didn't even flinch. Caroline was aware that both Carl and Dr. McKay were conspiring against her. She knew that ultimately, they wanted her to go back. She wouldn't be surprised if the men in the white coats were waiting right outside the door, ready to take her to the asylum where she had been until two years ago when the doctors deemed her recovered from schizophrenia.

"Don't you talk to me that way." Carl leaned over the counter, his face only inches from hers. The muscles in his jaw tightened and a fresh pale redness crept into his cheeks. "Do you have any idea how many people like you I have to deal with every day?"

Carl slammed the medicine bottle down on the counter, but still kept it in his hand. The cash register jingled. "I don't have to take this from you, or anyone else for that matter. You want your goddamned medication? Here, here are your sacred pills." He walked over to a dispenser and filled the medicine bottle to the top. Then he bent over, placed his head under the dispenser, and took in a mouthful. "MMMMMM...Gooooooood," he managed to say as he swallowed as many as he could. The rest fell out of his mouth and onto the floor. He walked back to the counter and slammed down the full bottle. A couple of pills jumped over the edge and bounced onto the counter. "There, there are your pills. Now shut the hell up and leave!"

Caroline watched him for a moment with a mixture of shock and amusement on her face. She calmly reached forward, picked up the bottle now full of her medicine, replaced the cover and turned to leave. As she walked out, Carl's grumbling fading behind her, she wondered how long it would take before the pills took effect and he would begin to hemorrhage. She wondered how long it would take the ambulance to arrive. She wondered how in the world this small town ended up with such a nutty pharmacist.

-----The End-----

Phyllis

Plum Nuts

They've got us pitted. We make it easy by drying to prunes. Food, clothes, sex and the odd night out and they're folding us to the shape of a box. "Stay." "How long?" not enough ask. "Why?" maybe half a percent. Cave, hut, 3-bedroom, dun cubicle. Cookie crumbles. World goes round. Got that's got. Take a number, maybe someday. WAKE!!

Twisting on Nothing New Wind

"Old Man and Old Woman think they're Us. Old Man lifts his pole with Viagra, Old Woman talks the talk. Claims she has the Big O. Better than before! Creepy-can-you-get?" "Whassat?" "All had bucks, would we care? Like, they got chicken skin, we got pimples? That's twisted! Line y'all up and shoot your ass. Everybody gets Old, bullSHIT. We got your whatchacall, built-in obstacles-- like that. Guns and AIDS to thin Us. What disrespect? Old wrinkled, rutted, flat, worked-out, dry. Good-as-a-dino. Read our lips. You are fucking in our fucking way! Ever hear of road rage? Born, dead, The End. Speed limit's up, y'dig? Now if Old Man and Old Woman got a dime..."
THE REVEREND AND THE RECRUITER

After his son died a soldier God spoke to the reverend he was His insterment of Vengence;
the Seducer must be Slain-

he retrieved the submachinegun smuggled in a duffle bag from the corner of the attic; assembled and loaded it walked to the shopping mall through backyards halted a uniformed man near the entrance "Are you the recruiter?" he asked,muzzle to temple "No," remarked the tall black soldier the reverend turned to go as a security guard thrust a pistol into his face;he merely plucked it from the guards hand;the reverend still seeks vengence

lb2000 BAD
DREAMS OF ELVIS

Gaudy leather suits tailored for love handles spattered with puke pockets full of downers

the king forgets his lines and vomits on the stage staggars backstage eats more downers washes them down with Jack Danials then crawls into a corner and dies no longer an embarassment to himself he becomes the new jesus

lb93revised2000 Nastyguy48@cs.com Larry Blazek 5094n
cor 750 e Orleans,IN 47452

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Dusk

Night bares summer yearning. Gravity dissolves in scent and sigh. Skin undetectable from air floats a womb that knows to let go. Feel-! Lilac, honeysuckle, rose. Nightingales reveal themselves, and cicadas. Coyotes and big cats. Hunger, like thorns, is no more. Repercussions! For more you, I will steal and lie. Yearning summer bears night.

X Heads Worse than None

Dead is dead, why are relatives' heads Hydraing on my shoulders? Won't give me a hand, oh no. As much as a foot to run away. Just endless chatter from ended minds. Not The End-ended but by parental mindlessness determined to replicate. Quote Modern Education Unquote. Try to have an original thought, they pile on top and smother it. This is not paranoia. Is, it's Aunt Narcissa's. Calculation's Cousin Alpha's with assorted plots by brother Dick. Imagine being me having a headache. Hat's are impossible. But I have a plan. Safaris are expensive, but I don't know how to shrink them without help. What's that? No need to worry. I'm not going to keep them. Understand the Defense Department collects heads. Also gotta be a place for the ones rolled by CEO's. Or maybe I'll hang them around the yard, preowned car lot-style. In which case I'll need dye to brighten them. Know this sounds crazy. What can I say? Either Mother's doing or...sorry, my cell is breaking--..
I'd love to kiss your lips at midnight
Your eyes at half a second past
Your neck a quarter second later
Each subsequent tract kissed twice as fast
Everywhere my lips can travel
Your back, your breast, your thigh, your wrist
One second past the witching hour
How many places would I kiss?

DOCTOR JABIR

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Please contact us if you have any questions.

Sincerely,
John Pellicano, Manager
www.artcrowd.com
e-mail: staff@artcrowd.com
From: Nastyguy48@cs.com Save Address - Block Sender
To: bpinternational@hotmail.com Save Address
Subject: (no subject)
Date: Mon, 20 Nov 2000 19:01:53 EST

From: PJDGAUTH@aol.com Save Address - Block Sender
To: bpinternational@hotmail.com Save Address
Subject: Submission x Experiments in SHORT prose POetry by Phyllis Jean Green
Date: Thu, 12 Jul 2001 15:06:49 EDT

Phyllis Jean Green
9601 Leslie Drive
Chapel Hill, NC 27516
http://www.lintrigue.org
http://www.spinningstraw.com

Enclosed are 4 short, unpublished prose poems to which I own the rights.
Experimental credits include Black Ice, Generator, Eratica, Atom Mind, etc.
2000-2001 appearances include poetry in Three Candles, The Book Lover's
Haven, Sensations, Floating Holiday & The Blue Fifth. More available by
return mail. Thanks!

From: “Dube, Ryan E." <dubere@pweh.com>
To: bpinternational@hotmail.com" 
Subject: story submission
Date: Tue, 27 Mar 2001 10:11:19 -0500

I was born in the small town of Eagle Lake in Northern Maine. Through
elementary school and high school, I wrote constantly. I won some writing
contests, but wrote simply to catch everything that seemed to grow from my
imagination. I went to college at the University of Maine and received a
degree in Electrical Engineering. My choice of major was based on financial
security more than preference. But while I was there, I took as many
English classes as my schedule allowed. I grew and matured as a writer. I
am now 25 and live in East Waterboro, Maine with my wife and 1 yr old
daughter. I am a writer, and an engineer on the side.

I love writing. I love the craft and the many ways words can be sewn
together to create a perfect sentence. I respectfully submit the following
story for your reading pleasure and if you see fit, for publication. I do
hope you enjoy.

From: Jbnitro@aol.com
To: bpinternational@hotmail.com
Subject: Poetry submission
Date: Tue, 6 Feb 2001 00:03:13 EST

Hello there friend,

I saw your web page and thought I send along some material. My name is Jason
Cole and I am a writer living in Los Angeles. I write poetry and short
stories and have spent the last few years doing music journalism for the
local underground rags like Flipside and Ben is Dead. Would like to know what
you think.....

Jason Cole
4620 Slauson Ave #203
Culver City, Ca. 90230
U.S.A
Hello all. Well, I've been away for quite a while, I know, but this is to let you know that Writer's Resource has finally been updated. In addition to all the new listings (which I add all the time, not just at update time), there is a new user feature and lots of new content.

This update's featured market is Papyrus, the Writer's Craftletter featuring the Black Experience. For my review of the magazine and interview with editor Ginger Elaine Whitaker, go to http://www.writersresource.net/feature.htm.

In keeping with the "writing craft" theme, this month's Rants and Raves feature asks the question, "What's the best and worst writing advice you ever received?" To share your wisdom and other stuff with everyone, go to http://www.writersresource.net/r&r.

The Success Story this time comes from an editor rather than a WR user--David Messineo of Sensations Magazine weighs in with a publisher's success story. To check it out, go to http://www.writersresource.net/success.

And new on WR, this update I unveil the Writer's Resource Message Board. I envision this as a place for people to post discussions, react to features and other topics of interest, or just vent about their latest rejections. If you'd like to get something off your chest or ask a question that's been bugging you (or just tell me what a lame message board I've built), go to http://www.writersresource.net/msgboard and fire away.

I've also updated the "About Us" page with kind words people have had for WR, and the News and Notes contains info on one of our oldest friends here at WR going on extended leave. So check it out.

Thanks to everyone, and let me know if you find any glaring errors or bugs in this update--or just write me to say hi. I'm really pretty friendly.

Sincerely,

Scott Standridge
Writer's Resource
www.writersresource.net