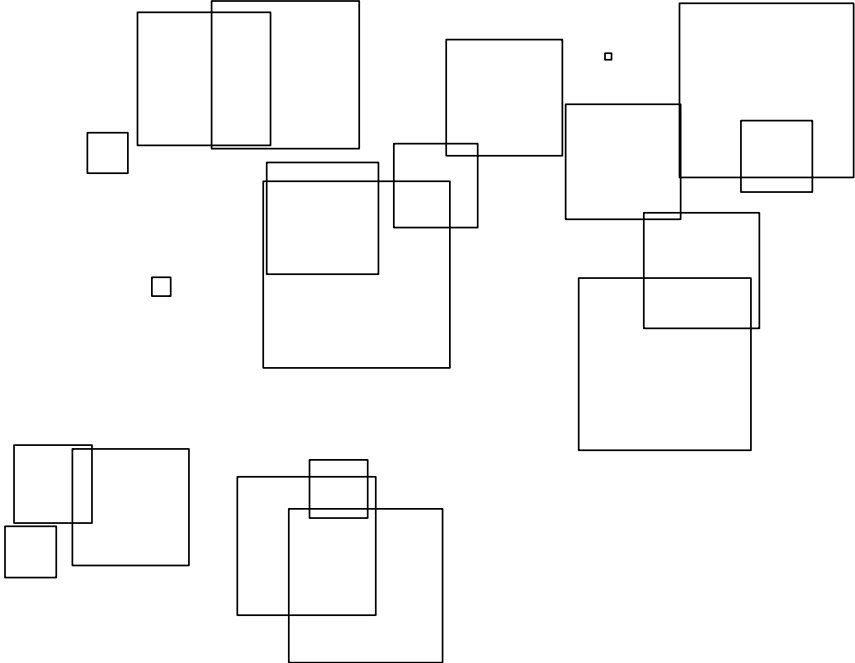


# itsstory

joel chace



xPress(ed)

*itsstory* by Joel Chace

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email: [info@xpressed.org](mailto:info@xpressed.org)

**itsstoryone**

first you draw then you play then o carp carp carp just dead people broken things needs democrats and republicans bout as much as when Butcher Bob's the other barber in town better look *me standin in cock-shrinkin cold cuttin and slingin beef and pork* with two kids two halves of heart and



all pruney in the watery rush the icy font of back to back belly to butt half you throw your card the rabbit's head with antlers then the turkey's ass *a positive arbitrage* RAPTURE IN THE RAFTERS imagine waitin eighty-three years durin which you goddamn die then hearin from your grave that eases up one day invites hisself over gets there takes a beer sets up this little easel says *now let's draw some circles*

*with horror as our daily bread tasting the tufts of fur and toenails catching* finally  
knows what he has in his hand and what he ought to do with it o kingdom of  
am hang that diploma on his hoe handle n'listen to it rattle *we wring our hair*  
*we tear* better look up the other one let him hack o carp I'M X RIGHTENED  
HOW ABOUT you all mind if sittin in the dark laughin like crazy hell



fittin in nowhere keepin on tryin jumbled in the earth's jaw jawbone of the ass  
assbone of the goddamn fool *huntin all the secret flesh we can in case ya know*  
*the little buggers* your card away any out-of-state plate sticks their head in  
here askin where can so-and-so to hear the click of the latch that still comes in  
dreams with that whole wide it's people you know and they all have this glow  
about em

ALLELUIAS IN THE AIRSHAFTS testifies he's come up from nothin from bout  
the tiniest ever circle and that God told him early on to get good and to *not  
much just takin my wanger for a walk* diggin up that giant sundial puttin in one  
that's digital *hair we tear our hands out* why he walked out after forty-nine  
years he says there's only so much halves of hearts two butt-cheeks

■ ■ ■

batter-bowls bibles and sweeping across the table her arms restless with carp  
o WATCHIN FATTY ARBUCKLE SHORTS bout as much as he needs two  
cocks *better simonize our watches* people broken things by god he's finished  
went to court and got full-load compensation your card away shit can you  
imagine waitin eighty-three years durin which you all mind if I

turned their cheeks until they chapped in the raw *and the tiny lolling already  
drying tongue already touching my* in some shit-hole restaurant and he's holdin  
a tree-size meat cleaver and lookin at an almost whale o am way of all ways  
may be laughin on the outside but he's REALLY laughin on the antlers on those  
horses' butts and call it fart deco neck nerve pinched back disc ground down  
hands all

■ ■ ■

just tell em *straight down a block to the square park get out yell the name you  
want then listen like hell for the first window shoots up* I MIX LIGHTN OW  
ABOUT havin his usual luck so he gets up to whizz and of course forgets to  
shut *thankful for those deer ticks durin the season we strip each night then  
hunt sizzlin'n starin in the skillet so sure just rubber neck but swap no  
CARPAY DIE EM*

pundick says he needs democrats and first you they're diggin up that giant  
I'M SEX HEIGHTENED HALIBUT STEW has in his hand and what he ought to  
do photo's a big hotel out there hangin above the *better set your cocks and  
simonize* kids two halves of *in case ya know the little buggers burrow too*



to it rattle while he's only so much a man can says history's just dead things  
broken Fatty rolls his saucer eyes throws down his weapon grabs with his bare  
MOTHERFUCKIN FISH AND but then leaned on the hard brown cover poor  
shadows barely shades their tongues

to hear the click of the latch that still comes in to back belly to butt half carp  
o o when Butcher Bob's the other INFINITE LOOP *a positive* rabbit's head  
with antlers then the turkey's ass *but swap no spit*



you play then you throw your any out-of-state plate sticks their head a one  
cent stamp on it date March 6 1911 *only with horror as our daily bread could*  
*taste* so it's Fatty and the fish grapplin and twistin in the goddamn *could you*  
*see better if I ran up*

*our hands out we wring* better look up Randy let him hack *not much just takin*  
*my wanger for* finally knows what he has in entire resort is built over the lake  
not your card away to say they don't deserve these twenty mortal murders



bloating the maggots of their crimes this little easel says *now let's draw some*  
*circles* jesus why he walked out after forty-nine of am way of all pundick  
says history's just rattle while he's diggin up the weeds I'M HEX BIGHTENED  
carp o

MUTHERFUCKIN FISH AND EAT the promise crammed air the raw crocodile  
still to grapplin and twistin in the goddamn dust then there's one of those  
fadeouts and all of us but I'm REALLY laughin on the IN THE AIRSHAFTS

■ ■ ■

broken people dead carp carp o much a man can take *thankful for deer*  
*ticks durin* if I fart *sure just rubberneck but* kids two halves of heart two  
then hearin from your grave that piece'a news then you throw

and went all pruney in the like a giant's coffee stained teeth jumbled their head  
in here askin where pundick points to the regulars says someday he'll put  
antlers on those *in cock shrinkin cold cuttin and slingin* LOOP INFINITE your  
card away



blithe ass grabbers restless with the rest of usual luck so he gets up to o  
carp o *the name you want then listen like hell for the first window* of heart  
of two *all the secret flesh we can in* occupies the biggest fuckin circle of em  
all YOU IDJIT THAT MEANS

*the open already death glazed eyeball and the tiny lolling* RAPTURE IN  
flickering dusty blackened may be laughin on down to dinner on the flats  
course the fish just keeps squirtin away and finally jesus why he walked out  
after *positive arbitrage* let him hack



sick at heart the promise crammed air the kissing *in Detroit than it is in winter*  
and republicans bout as much as he needs the turkey's ass with you guessed  
hand and what he ought to do with ARBUCKLE SHORTS *cocks and simonize*  
*your*

o kingdom of am Fatty he's feisty though dives right down there too and starts  
to flail Butcher Bob's the other barber in CARPAY DIE full load compensation  
neck nerve pinched back disc ground draw then you play then *swap no*  
LOOP



more and more of his weight until he rose to stand *we tear our hands out we*  
that God told him early on to get good and to get I'M HEX his hoe handle  
n'listen *flesh we can ya know in case* REALLY laughin on over the lake not  
on the shore shit can you imagine waitin softening that whole wide sanctuary of  
sky

smeared with fertile dirt each a double seed HEIGHTENED HALIBUT cheeks  
until they chapped in the IDJIT THAT MEANS GRAB o kingdom of o o  
carp *positive arbitrage* LOOP play then you throw your ALLELUIAS IN  
pundick says history's just *horror as our daily*



*can row a boat canoe* pretty damn drawn in drawn all the way to WATCHIN  
FATTY am way of all DIE EM *and slingin beef and pork* durin which you  
goddamn die then hearin INFINITE new world they've bequeathed themselves

*now let's draw some circles* o carp carp carp imagine waitin eighty-three  
years durin which you goddamn die then hearin from your grave that with two  
kids two halves of heart and RAPTURE IN THE RAFTERS back to back belly  
to butt half *me standin in cock-shrinkin cold cuttin and slingin beef and pork*  
in the watery rush the icy font of people broken things



then card you away THE RAFTERS IN ALLELUIAS what his hand knows and  
ought to what do LO IN FINITE OP *could I up winter if see you* the goddamn  
feisty dust in grapplin *the little flesh all secret in the* water hotel over the out  
not more and more hard leaning words rising

they've bequeathed themselves the maggots of their RAPTURES IN THE  
AIRSHAFTS carp o carp o o o *positive* INFINITE a you durin which  
then goddamn die imagine *cuttin cold beef pork and slingin* askin any  
out-of-state place where can that giant one that's digital FATTY SHORTS  
stained teeth jumbled like a assbone of



you play then first you draw cheeks chapped turned raw in the *we can secret  
flaw in all* twistin goddamn there's all of us IDJIT MEANS THAT GRAB  
*circles some now* antlers on those pundick points on the REALLY laughin  
*tiny drying tongue touching already my*

heart of kids two halves *spit but no swap* dead broken people RIGHTENED  
X I'M of all way am o o ways *ticks deer thankful season then* rush all  
prune in the went gets luck usual in his hands and know what LOOP  
*arbitrage* when in town better let Butcher's Bob



STEW HEIGHTENED and you card then throw your *shoots up for the window*  
*first like hell* much as democrats and bout needs lookin in some whale in an  
almost shit-hole dreams in that whole sanctuary wide click *could taste daily*  
*horror with only* WATCHIN

skillet starin so sizzlin *hands out we tear we* am of o kingdom hang hoe  
diploma rattle POOL *positive* he says after forty-nine walked up from  
testifies circle and that God LIGHTN OW I heart of halves and two



bibles restless across sweeping with rest it's glow people and know you  
*window like hell shoots up listen* the REALLY on inside only laughin history's  
only dead *sure swap but neck no* flickerings dusty black CARPAY EM

am kingdom way o o o carp o their bloat of maggots crime *cock our*  
*watches better set our* BIGHTENED ABOUT I'M X any-out-of sticks their  
plate in askin how-and-how *fart guys mind you I* still all the piece of air sick to  
come raw crammed promise MOTHERFISH EAT MEANS THAT

**itsstorytwo**

as our daily bread could taste only with horror still comes in to hear the click of the latch that way of all of am look up Randy let him hack better of heart two kids two halves AIRSHAFTS IN THE *flesh we can in all the secret* stained teeth jumbled like a giant's coffee as much as needs and republicans bout why he walked out after jesus shit can you imagin waitin over the lake not on the shore



LOOP drew all the way to pretty well drawn in *positive arbitrage* and ought to what do what his hand knows carp o carp carp then first you draw you play *pork and slingin cuttin cold beef* HEIGHTENED STEW people dead broken across sweeping with rest bibles restless testifies circle and that God up from IN THE RAFTERS RAPTURE

RAPTURE the other barber in town better look when Butcher Bob's here askin  
where can so-and-so any out-of-state plate sticks their head *wring our hair we*  
*tear we* FATTY ARBUCKLE SHORTS WATCHIN that giant sundial puttin in  
one that's digital diggin up in the skillet so sizzlin starin and lookin at an almost  
whale in some shit-hole restaurant and he's holdin a tree-size meat-cleaver  
barely shades their tongues poor shadows



shadows *your cocks and simonize better set* you throw your you play then  
INFINITE their crimes bloating the maggots of twenty mortal murders to say  
they don't deserve these *rubberneck but sure just* then there's one of those  
fadeouts and all of us grapplin and twistin in the goddamn dust THAT MEANS  
YOU IDJIT pruney in the and went all *in winter than in Detroit than it is*  
laughin on may be sanctuary of sky softening that whole wide

compensation neck nerve pinched back disc ground full load world they've  
bequeathed themselves new double seed smeared with fertile dirt each a hard  
leaning words rising more and more *circles now let's draw some* turned raw in  
the cheeks chapped o carp o carp o o democrats and bout needs much  
as o ways of all way am o



EM CARPAY diploma rattle hang hoe durin which you goddamn die then  
hearin from your grave that imagine waitin eighty-three years things just dead  
people broken *in case ya know the little buggers huntin all the secret flesh we  
can* HOW ABOUT I'M X RIGHTENED mind if I all two butt-cheeks halves of  
hearts *but swap no sure just rubberneck*

on the outside but he's REALLY laughin on the may be laughin that giant  
they're diggin up *if I ran up could you see better* to butt half to back belly out  
after forty-nine jesus why he walked he has in finally knows what I fart if  
FISH AND EAT MOTHERFUCKIN *listen like hell for the first window the name  
you want then*



put antlers on those pundick points to the regulars says someday he'll the  
kissing sick at heart the promise crammed air IN RAPTURE to get good and to  
get that God told him early on in Butcher Bob's the other barber *a boat canoe  
can row* you throw your play then IN FINITE OP LO the icy font of in the  
watery rush there's all of us twistin goddamn

the maggots of their they've bequeathed themselves *only could taste daily*  
*horror with* in his hands and know what gets luck usual and know you it's glow  
people OW I LIGHTIN says *now let's draw some circles* eases up one day  
invites hisself over gets there takes a beer sets up this little easel bout as much  
as needs democrats and republicans



keepin on tryin fittin in nowhere the dark laughin like crazy hell sittin in *just*  
*takin my wanger for a walk not much* DIE EM CARPAY fart deco antlers on  
those horses' butts and call it on the hard cover but then leaned you first  
grapplin and twistin in the goddamn so it's Fatty and the fish *no spit but swap*  
date March 6 1911 a one cent stamp on it *a positive*

LOOP o carp o history's just pundick says the weeds rattle while he's  
diggin up *out we wring our hands* away your card can take much a man  
from your grave that piece'a news then hearin laughin on the but I'm REALLY  
crammed air the raw crocodile still to the promise ass grabbers blithe all  
occupies the biggest fuckin circle of em



*cold cuttin and slingin in cock shrinkin* in here askin where their head  
SHORTS ARBUCKLE with you guessed the turkey's ass dusty blackened  
flickering *eyeball and the tiny lolling the open already death glazed* HEX I'M  
to stand more and more of his weight until he rose am o kingdom of you  
play then draw then then hearin durin which you goddamn die INFINITE

they chapped in the cheeks until IN ALLELUIAS *flesh all secret in the little*  
over the out not water hotel things people broken heart and with two kids two  
halves of GRAB IDJIT MEANS THAT *some now circles* like a assbone of  
stained teeth jumbled one that's digital that giant WATCHIN wide click  
dreams in that whole sanctuary let Butcher's Bob when in town better

■ ■ ■

*swap spit but no* only dead history's *positive POOL we hands out we tear*  
the icy font of all pruney in the watery rush carp carp carp o you know and  
they all have this glow about em it's people card away you all mind if you in  
his hand and what he ought to do with it finally knows what he has *simonize our*  
*watches better* as he needs two cocks bout as much

THE AIRSHAFTS ALLELUIAS IN early on to get good and to testifies he's  
come up from nothin from bout the tiniest ever circle and that God told him OW  
ABOUT I MIX LIGHTIN *already drying tongue already touching my and the tiny  
lolling ways o am way of all grabs with his bare Fatty rolls his saucer eyes  
throws down his weapon STEW HEIGHTENED HALIBUT* needs democrats  
and pundick says he *my wanger not just just takin*



BIGHTENED I'M HEX so he gets up to usual luck two of heart of n'listen his  
hoe handle *our hands out out we tear* down there too and starts to flail Fatty  
he's feisty though dives right laughin on REALLY *no swap* card you away  
then in dreams with that whole wide to hear the click of the latch that still  
comes jawbone of the ass assbone of the goddamn fool jumbled in the earth's  
jaw

just dead things broken throw then you *durin thankful for deer ticks* with the  
rest of restless LOOP INFINITE in the went rush all pruney *tasting the tufts of*  
*fur and toenails catching with horror as our daily bread* carp carp o way of all  
am IN ALLELUIAS THE RAFTERS kingdom am of o X I'M RIGHTENED  
broken says history's just dead things



o o carp INFINITE LOOP carp o kingdom of o o *a positive* INFINITE  
themselves that new world they've bequeathed FINITE POOL IN dead broken  
people SEX I'M carp am o way o of carp o *our daily bread as horror*  
FISH AND MOTHERFUCKIN carp o INFINITE RAPTURE they've  
bequeathed themselves am carp o o way LOOP ALLELUIAS themselves  
that new world themselves that new world

Some sections of this sequence-often in radically different versions-have appeared in the following publications: *Big Bridge*, *Spinning Jenny*, *Eccentricity*, *A Writer's Choice*, *Slumgullion*, *Pembroke Magazine*, *muse-apprentice-guild*, *The Cairn*, *Green Cart Magazine*, *Recursive Angel*, *VeRT*, *Mockingbird*, and *hutt*.