

lemonbox cards

Joel William Vaughan

[1]

31.12.15. we clip out in nine minutes; here are
11:51p dishes waiting in the sink; an extension
cord across the table; two unopened bars
of cough drops in my jacket pocket, door
open on hinges: cherry, white mint; there is
mouldy humidifier filter on floor beneath
the table; whisky in jar

8.1.16. a single, prolonged swell of boiling water
~2p rush—the flapping of wings; bubbles
coalescing, shooting skywards from the
electric stove deep

espresso pulses from an extended steel rod.
coughs into being

8.1.16. a shred of clothing | a sliver of ice, | a
~5p plastic pellet.

8.1.16. trace your finger along prestige. feel out bumps obscured
14.1.16. nice things like baby books, footsteps, belt loops.
15.1.16. I'm our world incarnate; I'll often pass in my sleep.

[2]

18.1.16. picking at fried milk with plastic silverware.

18.1.16. dead bugs in the windowsill | dead birds
~8:30 on the sidewalk | skin flakes from her

19.1.16. elbow *freezes a man like an apple; god*
p *may consent, but only for a time*

19.1.16. baby show me that weeaboo gold
24.1.16. aspiring footnotes grace the midnight
language association soiree: fat

motivation!

- 25.1.16. she's got tattoo paste rubbed along her lip,
~11.06 interior: R E G I C I D E | mice gnawed
out a concave ornament in the drywall,
only audible when I hold my breath | piles
of spit accumulate in the parking garage, a
ring around my bikehook.

[3]

- 2.2.16. second wind come find me
- 19.2.16. grit grit grit | sand and crosshatched silt
2:25p clung to oblong brickwork like so much
23.2.16. charcoal spit sand and steelwool | trace
>2.15a the chain-lines through my single-ply
crush along futura: the plastic bag
- 23.2.16. if I am a coward in my youth, I'll be
7:37p something worse with age: an old man
attending dinners; there is only youth and
- 24.2.16. only should be young, horny, New, mad
3:56p mad mad mad for the underdog
- 4.3.16. ovaltine ovaltine:
~3:15 lunula wrapping arms tails through
ankles, girdling eyeballs | plugging
cotton up my ear canal | mosquito aether
rings out my cracks a bell somewhere up
there, sinus, like citronella ferment or a
yellow jug of chlorine spilled
upsidedown underwater
- 4.3.16. she turn your starches into sugars | a
~3:16 bathtub full of lukewarm hearts & tails
she slug up the first little concentrate
short circuit if she keep it down | but
what a way to go! | but what a way to go!!

[4]

- 4.3.16. my day is palimpsest | my lunch: a spoonful of nesquick
- 8.3.16. one half man one half buffaloface | mark
- ~3:21a twain & plasticine lucifer bul- | -ging at
his eye lids lips & fingers | sixteen

sugarcookies left on the stovetop | listen
closely: zozo's scratching at the doorframe

- 10.3.16. white phosphorus spontaneous | taut
1:42p sprung umbrellas gathering static | like so
11.3.16. many little moving rooftops the
5:49p sun—sets—bloor w—calves—eggshell
crowns—suspended between punctuation

&

asphyxiation by ampersand: the sorts
ran hot and pulled through wire | our
foundry, softswept riddled with ellipses
collecting sunflower pods and mouse
shite | vandercook, draped and sunken

this wordstill decrepit, once | heaped on
sledge and bustled o'er city blocks,
screaming 'Fire!'

now wiped along queen st. brimming
trinkets, scented candles, fridge magnets:
a bummer

[5]

- 20.3.16. *black eyes, broken jaws, bloody noses*
~2:45a burning violet, singe-edged lavender
palm sunday sugarjack, banging
forehead on a greasy drawing-room
window | an odd wool; an even woof
imparallel chain lines up wrist, down
calf, through head & heart & tail
methanol in the distillate, *whiskey in the*
20.3.16. *water* | each card a universal truth, an
~3:50a incomplete, an inprogress, an
incomprehensive | a little crumb of
nobodaddy
- 20.3.16. sleep with me beneath your pillow |
~3:50a finger me tarot and | pull me, planchette
drawn | quartered rubbed down with
- 25.3.16. three-in-one engine oil, *report any*
2:45p *suspicious activity to a member of staff or a*
police officer

[6]

- 29.3.16. perhaps she will be the last | I'd tell you

~7.07p how I really felt, but then you'd hold me
to my word:

29.3.16. *TAMÀM SHUD*

~7:15

M R G O A B A B D

M L I A Θ I

X = = = = =

M L I A B O A I A Q C

I T T M T S A M S T G A B

29.3.16. these things are small and rare and
~7:56p wonderful and all I can do is hide them in
a box and hope they keep happening so
I'm just excited is all

[4]

30.3.16. selfcest: a zine about rock & roll | I'll only
1.4.16. speak $\frac{3}{4}$ honest, | but I can guarantee that.

14.1.16. nice things like drywall, steel wool, cast iron
nice things like cumstains and little zipped
bags of dried sage | nice things like white
hair, like green eyes, like sports-related
injuries | like a bundle of mold and elastic;
like I'm every mug chip in the city collected
in a jug, glazed in a kiln, pounded into
terracotta powder | nice things like lunch
money, like birch bark, like wall climbing
turgid nipples and frozen pockets and
remote detonators | nice-nice things like
baby books, footsteps, belt loops (ha./)
millet, milk men, fingernails in the compost
bin and girls

1.4.16. an unused tampon leaned up on milk
8:59p crate, green, outside the open door of a
burgerhouse | a face rag, wrung | I'm an
upturned coffeecup

1.4.16. we travel in place—me and you—wet
8:59p clothes on a wire lighter every moment.