

2 A P A L I N D R O M E S T O R Y 2

by Nick Montfort & William Gillespie

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demands lore—aside Roman-era eye, non-idyl. Guerilla muse, we call, rig. Yo! Brag us an ode- tale.

O readers, meet Bob. (Elapse, year! Be glass! Arc!) Bob's a gem. O, hot Bob, now one decimal, debased ullaage. Pen, if Bob—saga's sage motif—set arenas. Sideman Bob: X. All eve, loner: go. Goddesses, Bob? (Arc!) No *bellissima*? A dank cab spans 2002's Bob.

2002 spots Bob. Emit one—not a tone radios emit, no. On tape: epic in a pod, dark cassettes in an aspirer. Bob keeps tips, secret—; tapes unacted acts aloud: *Sore, I tire. My, a sad day... a D-Day! I saw stars: a diva maid, a lass, Babs. Salad I am, avid as rats was I... yadda, yadda... say, merit I eros?* Bob (“salad,” net tape edger) dates a plug. O, yep—attuned. Lo, no easy alphas pan Bob.

Bob's a hero, level. O, ordinary! An elite galoot. No DNA, no evil star, Bob. Damn. O, tips! Snug evil spans, spins Bob.

“Parting is a torture, Pa,” Bob, damp, says—”sob!” Bob's Pa's—”Rot I!”—dead. Negation, passed on. On, sunray: a dim alley step, one garret's. Afoot, alive, too meta, held in a red, null anode—dawn. Awe, wonder.

Bob's Bob, a knob, again: a man ill or tired, nude. Bad doom operates. Pus oozes, abed, in swarded rag, red. “Dastard! Do evil, demon: evade tax! If I slip up—loophole, pal.” Bonsai Lager—”Damn!” as Bob spins, braggart. Sudden madness: elder trap, minor cad. Bob sees a set—a base tome: “Ariadne, I felt, negates heros [sic].”

Spun: one poem. It spans Bob, Bob's eyes. (Babs arises a barista.) Suez albatross a Suez dog? No—it's egg use. (Niftier if Bob did nugatory deeds.) Bob's serge: Bob has no orc—six Arpanet foes! Umbrage of nine men robs Bob. One... nil. Sags, race car a nib. Mob a sex if evil—a dog, Bob. “Wonder I, we sack narcotic?” It saps, not sips. Gulp! Spite reversed over Bob. Er, got it a dew angel? Bam! It seemed a cadet car. Terror, redness: Babs's Pops, Mom.

Otto saw timid Anna: back row, Tarot Arte. Prep a deli; Anna made caffes. “Babs, a gulp?” Deli a sad AM radio veil.

“To no dreg,” gums Babs. “Tips, eh?”

“No tips!”

“Name most a tool, emu!”

“Love rots.”

“Abandon it, if far gone. Revolt now, Anna!”

Nor pass a bar: Tarot Arte—pay tic—a parrot is oped. Otto lives, uh... there. “So, Lenin is an ass, an ape!” Yet arise, elf: red robot Otto. Otto's pals are no dots: a Mega Red Ice Cider, an “eh?” towards Babs, salt. “Ah, the bar!” As Babs eyes Otto; flees, abated, acrid... and, Arab angel, all up. Otto sees decals, Babs (a sub-rosa “Barbara Rabas”) at a bar. Eel—gulp! One Suez is a man, a plan... a clan, as “Rabas.” Otto meets Regal Lager. Snug art? No CPU, no sage modem. Otto beheld (O!) only dim rot. Sad ass, aware: nadir, a doom. Regal Lager taste got to flow on Okinawa: Japan's Noh.

Type it, Bob: abuse *vi* and—”Abracadabra! Cabala!” Nitro terminal, .EXEs. Bob, nose Mandelbrot codes! A coder.

Noon saw tidal flow: “One sub!” as Babs wore her “Eh?” wonder apron. “Latte!” “Bagel!” “Emit a wonk now!” “Or worse—portfolios!” Busy... more! “Ho!”

Bob, dash onward. Bob, aper, goes in a parrot café. Babs works at fixing a bagel. Bob's eyes order a bagel. No, Bob has a salad as saturated AC flows past it. Café, not sap. Welfare? Demitasse, lemon, or tempeh? Megatarts.

Bob's eyes, baby octopi, led her on. Bob steps. Babs, anon. Rob all! Aroma set as... deli orb, mere grub, a burger, embroiled... Retro Porter! “Am I nimbus? Tell, I beg. Am I? Bards are macho! So, get some memorabilia, I say—a paper. Om.” One poem, a nonstop non-epic: it, A, nulled omega. Canines, irate, yap...sad. Ah, Bob. Bob's golf... Bob's martini. A pain, a monomania—gates no nation passes, old as Bob. “Drat! Sabotage! Limes!” Sad nimrod at a metal; Bob's sarcasm also cold—rows on. “No? Me? A day... no older.” Bob, nib a bond, a bare paper.

“Goddam!” a tonsil wailed. Bob, fibber, actor at a back casa. Bob spins, baby! Eh? Bob did Abba, claps! “Evil in ‘I, Lad! Nuked is an atom; no bastion.”

Bob, rest, nap: repaid grad abode, room. One sleep: orgy, gel. Enact raw ape porno, Bob. (Sleek... a yak. Mad, ample, hot ewe. Zoo. Mini-ardor astir, animal. Animal lips I pet, sleek as tin.) Rub. (Hotel.) Lube it! (Pool.) Smut arts: bust a nut.

So: Tibetan amenities, A. Eye no hot tub. A garret saw net torpor, deep REM, as, so good, apt... sleep, Bob...

Bob's sip: Regal Lager and wet stew. Bob nibbles—roman I, serif Bob. Yo! Beeps emit. Net deli. A Web site

nets Bob's sad loci. No cardamom—not new. Parched? Alas—no lemonade, tart. Surf net, Bob.

Bob: “No!” No mensem agony, nor idem. Annus 2002, stuck radon broth, gilded nil. Bob: “Oh!”

Top swaps: Bob gulps a Loco Cola. Fool lips... “Trade, meet, seek. Om,” said emetic Anna. No work: one erg, still as all undertone. Via non troppo seafood lid, tin: kelp pinafore. Wolf Bob peels a potato. He rifles, made raw—nor in a drawer. Bob, go beg a date. Go!

“Go fret up mochas, Babs!”

“It is rot!”

Café: lame sub, ass as yams...Babs eyes a bat, adder. Bob, timid, asks aloof as sass Babs: “A date? No?” As Babs agrees...

Bob: “Desserts?”

“I desire not.”

“Anise de crème, no?”

One risen, one: Babs. Bob, too.

“Ha!—Hell is a wide rut.”

“Pardon?”

Dire wolf, Bob, net wonk. Is Babs? Salon—No. It is open: ore.Yo!

Job? Mocha dude? Non! No. Works at node, wades on. Idée fixe snows Bob's ass all under.

Pure...

Eligible Babs: flesh self's eros revolts, rubs. Babs, looted

under Bob, se



es Bob. Red,

nude tools. Babs: “Burst, lover! Sores. Flesh self's Babel big. I leer up.” Red, null ass, as Bob's won sex: “I feed; I nosed awe!” (Don't ask.) Row on, none dud. Ah! Combo joy.

“Er, one position, no, lass Babs?”

“I know ten, Bob!”

Flower, id. Nod, raptured.

“I was ill.”

“Eh?”

A hoot. Bob's babe? None. Siren? O, one Mercedes, in a tone rise, distressed Bob, seer. Gas? Babs? A? One tad, as Babs—sass a fool!—asks a dim IT Bob, red: “Database?”

“Yes!”

Babs may sass, abuse malefactors. It is Babs: “Ah, computer fog!”

O, get adage—bog Bob. Reward: an ironware damsel, fire hot, atop asleep Bob. Flower of a nipple, knit. Dildo of Aesop. “Port, no?” Naïve... “Not red? Null as all! It's green! OK!” (Row on, Anna. Cite media, smoke esteemed art.)

“Spill—oof!” A Loco Cola's plug: Bob's paw spot. Hobo blinded, light orb. No dark cuts 2002's unnamed irony: no games. Nemo, non-Bob...(Bob, ten, frustrated a no-melon salad. “Eh? Crap!” went on Mom, a draconic

old ass.) Bob's tenet is bewailed ten times.

Pee, boy. Bob fires in a morsel-BB. In Bob: wet stew, DNA, Regal Lager. Piss, Bob. Bob peels T.P. A doo, gossamer pee. Drop, rotten waster. Rag a butt. O, honey! Ease it in, emanate, bit. O, stun at substratum's loop, tie bullet. "Oh! Burn." It's a keel step. "I spill, am in a laminar... it's a rod rain. I'm ooze, wet. O help! Madam! Kayak! Eels!" Bob on rope: paw art. Can elegy grope else? No. Moo! Redo bad (arg!) diaper pants, er, Bob.

(No, it's abon mot—an aside: Kundalini lives.)

"Pal, cab!"

Bad id, Bob. "Hey!"

Babs nips Bob a sack cab, a tarot car. Ebb, if Bob, "Deli Awl," is not a mad dog. Repaper a bad nob, a bin. Bob, red, loony: a...daemon? No sword, loco, slams a crass Bob—late matador mind—as semi-legato bastard Bob, sad, loses sap. "No! It..." An onset again: a monomania, pain. It rams Bob, flogs Bob ...

Bob had a spa yet! Arisen in a cage, model lunatic: "I pen on pots! No name open, O! More papayas? I ail! I bar. O, meme!" (Most egos...) "Oh, camera's drab image: billet sub-minima. Retro Porter—deli orb, mere grub, a burger, embroiled—sates amoral labor! Non!"

As Babs pets Bob: "Nor, eh, deli pot, coy!" Babs eyes Bob. Stratagem? Hep, metronomeless, a timed era flew past. One fact: it saps wolf cadet, a rut, as sad, alas, as—ah!—Bob: "On leg, a bared rose!"

"Yes, Bob?"

"Leg! A bag. Nix, if task rows, babe. Fact or rap? Anise! Ogre! ...Pa!"—Bob, drawn.

"Oh! Sad Bob!" O, hero, my subsoil of tropes. Row, row on. Know a time.

"Leg abettal—nor pared! Now, here!" He rows Babs: "Abuse no wolf-lad!" It was noon. Redo: case doctor bled names on Bob's ex-élan. "I'm..." (retort in a lab) "...a car, bad! A car, bad!" Naïve sub, a Bob. "Tie python; snap a jaw, a Nikon. O!"

Wolf Otto gets at Regal Lager. Mood arid, an era was sad. A storm, idyl noodle. He bottomed: Omegas on up, Contra guns. Regal Lagers teem. Otto's a bar's anal canal, Panama size. Use no plug. Leer a bat as—"A bar Arab, Rabas? Orb us!"—as Babs, laced, sees Otto. Pull a leg, nab a rad nadir cadet, a base elf. Otto's eyes... Babs. "Arab, eh, that lass?" Babs, draw, O! Then a red ice-cide rage (mastodon era) slaps Otto. Otto to border flees, irate, yep, an ass. "An asinine loser, eh?" Thus evil Otto, depositor. Rapacity a pet rat—or, at Rabas's apron!

Anna won't love Reno graffiti. Nod, nab a store. Volume! Loot at some man-spit. On he spits.

"Babs, mugger!"

"Do not lie!"

Void? Armada sailed... Plug! As Babs effaced a man, nailed a perpetrator at work. "Cab!"

Anna (dim): "It was Otto!"

Mom's, Pops's, Babs's end error—retracted. Academe, estimable, gnawed at it. Ogre Bob, rev odes! Revere tips, plugs, piston. "Spastic, I...to crank case!" Wired now, Bob—God alive—fixes a bomb in a race car's gas line. No! Bob's borne men in foe-garb. Muse, often a praxis, croons, "ah, Bob!" Egress. Bob's deedy rot. A gun—did Bob fire it? (Fine suggestion.) "God, Zeus, assort, ablaze, us—at, sir, a base, sir!" As Babs eyes Bob, Bob snaps time open.

On up! Scissor, eh? Set a gentle fiend, air. A emotes, abates; A sees! Bob: "Dacron, impart red! Lessen, damned dustrag garb," snips Bob, satin-mad regalia snob. "Lapel, oh—pool! Pupils I fixated, a venomed, live, odd rat's adder! Garde! Draw! Snide, base zoos upset are pomo!" Odd. A bed: under it, roll in a mania. Gab on kabobs, Bob, red. "No! We, wan, waded on, all under an idle hate, moot evil, a too-faster rage. No pets yell amid a yarn: us." No nodes sap, no IT agenda editor saps Bob, bossy asp. Mad Bob, ape: "Rut, rot—a sign I trap!" Bob snips, snaps. Live guns spit on mad Bob. Rats live on and on; tool-age tile.

"Nay, ran! I drool!" Eve-lore has Bob.

Bob naps... "Ah!" ...plays aeon-olde nut tape. Yo! Gulp a set, a dreg, deep. Attend, alas, Bob: Sore, I tire. My, a sad day... a D-Day! I saw stars: a diva maid, a lass, Babs. Salad I am, avid as rats was I... yadda, yadda... say, merit I eros? Duo! Last cadet can use patter, cesspits. Peek: Bob re-rips an anisette's sack. "Rad!" Do panic: "I peep at noontime... so I dare not at one!" No time: Bob stops 2002.

Bob's 2002 snaps back, nada amiss. Ill? Ebon, crab-obsessed dog? Ogre? No. Level, lax Bob... named... is sane, rates fit! Omega's sagas... Bob, fine peg, alludes: "A bedlam I cede now. On, Bob, to home." Gas, Bob!

Crass algebra. Eyes pale, Bob teems red, aero-elated on a sugar: "Boy ... girl lace!" We sum all: ire, ugly din. One year enamored is aero-LSD named

2002.

Natural History

by Adrian Lurssen

what's next is not
planned or planned

you wouldn't say
if you knew the whole of it

the way a gift of morels
becomes a lesson in to forage

and distance from
forest to apple orchard

is measured in the finality
of tattoo on you and you

the way for someone a train
always nears a station

how we confuse sustenance
with survival how

in these high mountains
out of ash of last year's fires

the flavorful ones will rise