

# FANCY

TROOP 



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~~~ FANCY ~~~

Editors' note,

Thanks for clicking. Enjoy the new year of Troop. Volume Two starts with Poetry, and Fancy words at that. Talk to you again next issue. Peace.

Thank you to all our contributors, and

Thanks for reading,

The Editors  
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[ 1 ] *Bell Peppers and Fur*

::: Shakti Castro

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I am wearing  
some fucked up heels  
too high to walk  
run  
dance  
play  
live in  
so I  
“cook”  
instead  
they’re my “cooking” heels  
my  
“yes, sir”  
“no, sir”  
“Can I get you anything else, sir?”  
heels  
and I’ve been  
standing at this counter  
chopping  
vegetables  
onions  
celery  
red  
green  
yellow  
bell peppers  
cubing chicken  
throwing it  
all together until  
the pan is full  
because  
I don’t cook  
I “cook”  
and stir fry  
is about  
as complicated  
as  
it  
gets

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[ 2 ] *Bell Peppers and Fur*

::: Shakti Castro

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But  
I’d rather be  
a Havisham  
draped in  
dirty chenille  
dirty-matted fur  
wearing dead things  
on my feet-my hips-my shoulders  
legs thrown up in to the air  
spooning fondant  
into my mouth  
a vague vision of  
some future Saturday night  
sweating out the tequila  
ankles instead of knees  
bruised  
playing dress up  
instead of house

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[ 3 ] *Ok Cupid Profile, Hashtag Ode to Whatever* :: Arthur Case

~ *My self-summary*

A big part of my plan for future happiness has to do with finding a new coffeeshop to frequent.

The radical mystic barista of my dreams would be located someplace utopian like, say, Santa Monica or somewhere even wilder perhaps like Silverlake.

I admit this doesn't narrow things down too well.

I have no idea what the profile looks like that you were seeking, but I am sure I didn't fit it.

I am the type of guy who will not call a lot, make mistakes on the suave scale, say the wrong things to your friends.

I'm told that when I'm idle my default face ranges from nonplussed to 'impossible saffron.'

I will play American music and whine at regular intervals during most contemporary movies/TV-series in a way that will appear charming until it doesn't.

Sometimes I think about how my default expression gets buried in the psychological laundry of everyday life, so that I am left wearing involuntary pink or orange or sometimes sheer madness.

Then I wonder if this should make me anxious about who I am. (Sad.)

Then I remember that time when David Foster Wallace admitted he didn't like to 'interface' all that much with other people. Sometimes I find I don't like to 'interface' all that much with other people.

People tell me I am the Emily Dickinson of bar lingo.

In bars, I sometimes speak exclusively in dashes and ellipses, about carriages and about death.

I am afraid of the telephone, but I own one anyway, which probably says something about me as a person.

[ 4 ] *Ok Cupid Profile, Hashtag Ode to Whatever* :: Arthur Case

Sometimes I curse David Foster Wallace under my breath, but then I relax because I know it probably isn't his fault, which is maybe even more troubling.

My friends laugh because I named my condition 'Acute Telephonophobia.' I don't laugh when I say this because I am serious, I really don't like telephones, and it's often hard and painful when I have to train my friends not to call me very much. at all.

Then I remember that I keep bags of ellipses under my bed from the last time my heart spilled out over a Goddard film slash longing slash unsolvable grief.

Then I remember I sometimes misdiagnose myself.

I have a pet snail that I call 'Osvaldo.' She just showed up one day when I was lying in my hammock and I wasn't sure what to do with her. (I don't have very many friends.)

One time I tried to pick up a girl at a bar using only the line, 'are you down for whatever?' (I don't try to pick up girls at bars anymore.)

I don't go to bars too often. I've never had a one-night stand. I am the Emily Dickinson of sex acts.

Ask me what my battle is everyday, and I will probably say 'honesty'; I would risk my life to save a drowning sentence, and little else. And I guess it can be difficult to be objective about myself sometimes. And My favorite part of most dates are pre-dating.

When I said I tried to 'pick up a girl at a bar with the line are you down for whatever?' I was not being completely honest. In fact, the line was spoken accidentally into the wind or else in the general direction of someone who I mistook for a friend.

I guess if there's anything I mildly disapprove of, grammatically speaking, it's unnecessary abbreviation while 'interfacing'. When I accidentally tried to pick up homegurl @ the bar i actually used the acronym 'dfw' rather than the more complicated, polysyllabic 'down for whatever'.

I'm pretty sure that says something about me as a person.

[ 5 ] *Ok Cupid Profile, Hashtag Ode to Whatever* ::: Arthur Case

I'm pretty sure she didn't know what 'dfw' refers to. It was probably for the best that we ended things early.

So now my friends sometimes call me 'dfw'. I pretend they are referring to David Foster Wallace and then I go home and weep into my pillow or else write an 800 page essay on my Tumblr that I set to 'Private Drafts'.

This bio was composed on an android. It took me something like an hour to finish. I edited it a handful of times throughout the day because I care. Pretty sure that says something about me as a person.

*~ What I'm doing with my life*

Fighting sexism everyday.

Sometimes sleeping in a hammock under the stars. Sometimes I wear a kimono to bed because it amuses the neighbors.

Kickstarting myself into going to the cinema once a month, and also into founding the first bilingual/english language Theater in Buenos Aires, Argentina in order to stage my own plays for an exclusively amateur audience.

Hoping to live on a sail-boat one day, maybe in Argentina, hoping to call it 'sea section' or 'my paredros' or 'Osvaldo'.

*~ I'm really good at*

Taking myself too seriously.

Creative facial hair, and other poorly disguised conformity.

Tuna salad sandwiches - eating them pre-made and/or made to order.

The art of losing. Gracelessly.

*~ The first things people usually notice about me*

My default facial expression: Aplomb. Stark. Brooding. Impossible Saffron.

[ 6 ] *Ok Cupid Profile, Hashtag Ode to Whatever* ::: Arthur Case

*~ I spend a lot of time thinking about*

Where i went wrong.

What I should be thinking about.

Where other people went wrong.

What I should be reading/writing/watching.

Finding a new coffeeshop to frequent.

*~ On a typical Friday night I am*

Monday

*~ The most private thing I'm willing to admit*

For Halloween, I am organizing a strike on behalf of nudist colonies everywhere.

(I am just going to wear whatever I have on.)

*~ You should message me if*

You don't want to die.

You live in Santa Monica or Silverlake, and are laughing uneasily about it.

You are graciously unemployed.

You are emotionally unavailable and/or heartbroken a lot of the time.

You only sometimes know how to hide both of these things, at least in semi-professional settings.

You don't spend much time in semi-professional settings - maybe because you don't want to live an existence based on 'days off'.

You feel fairly confident that when you die it's poetry that leaves your body.

[ 7 ] *Ok Cupid Profile, Hashtag Ode to Whatever* :: Arthur Case

You don't want to die with labored metaphors, alliteration, and other commonly used rhetorical devices jamming up your esophagus.

You're not afraid of dying because you have/want an imagination and know/want to know how to use it.

You don't want to die with unlived bodies inside you.

You don't want to die.

[ 8 ] *Cha Cha Cha* :: Austin Dane Messick

Listen to the corner electric quartet  
sing off this restaurant's cobblestone wall  
flamenco melodies and bongo rhythms  
drive drunken sangria salsa dancers  
as they glide across the marble bar

Watch these Spanish flames  
kick margaritas  
& shots of tequila  
into shattered bits on the floor  
that no one seems to care for,  
except the manager

As revelers clap their hands to the bongo beat  
shouting for more intoxication

Mi amor y yo  
laugh our way into sexual innuendo  
finding moments to sneak quick make-out sessions  
in the corner of our booth

She bites my ear and whispers  
her plans for our future  
in a single sleeping bag  
on our building's gravel rooftop

[ 9 ] *I Never Said I Wanted to President*

::: Ruth A. Sacre

*Yuputka*, noun (a Japanese term of endearment)literal meaning: *the phantom sensation of something crawling on your skin.*

I've gotten *oh yeahs* and *ooh babies*. I've heard *let me turn over, let me be on top of you*. I've let her turn over or let her be on top of me. I've been with two Lindsays, one Kendrick, four Katelyns/Caitlins/Katies (or some variety therein). Since last count, I have had one Jessica, two Sarahs, a Katie, and a Shulameth. I've been slapped and pinched until I was dizzy, and swung at harder than I was ready for. I have screamed out 'mother' (that was a mistake). I have *finger-banged* girls who were scared, fondled dry clothes until they were wet dishrags. I got drunk and didn't get up, and lied that it never happens. I got naked and yelled at in the rain on the streets of Denver; bird-dogged in a lake in Maine with swimming fireflies.

Once I almost let a girl turn *me* over. I never said I wanted to be president when I grow up.

I have had it in a movie theater, in a handful of cars, a Taurus, a Rav4, a pair of Priuses, that was a party. I had it in bed, alone, and under a skirt with a flashlight (that was in second grade).

I've been with white trash, heard words like *mean-mugged* and *motorboat* and *popsicle-raid*. I've had three actresses, all melted into the same person. Had girls of the 1% (top and bottom), girls who want to go slumming a while but didn't have the heart for it, who will marry someone who smiles with teeth, or a bore or a brute or a man with money who could only be both at the same time.

I met the first lady once. I heard her make stirring speeches about kids and food and jazz. I watched her give smiling hugs and tired handshakes. She wasn't so great up close. When it was my turn to shake her hand, I whispered '*Sheraton: room 766*'.

I told her, '*I know what it's like to want to be a man*'.

[ 10 ] *a walk on Haight St*

::: Austin Dane Messick

a young poet emerges from the 71 bus  
into gray rain he has waited for all week  
strolls past hustlers offering "grade A chronic, dude"

passed by singing umbrella spinners  
that stroll into Tibetan gift shops  
with burning amber incense  
and candle-lit shrines to Ganesha

he says to no partner  
"In the '60s this is where it all happened"

Where daisies grew mouths  
whispered profound wisdom  
& precise observations like:  
"By the way, you burnt off half your eyebrow lighting that bowl"

He takes a long hit from his pipe  
exhales and steps into the Blue Moon Café  
which he heard is "Nice this time of year,  
the ceiling only occasionally drizzles"  
slides into a seat by the window  
leans his forehead against the glass  
and sinks into the cobalt waves  
of this gloaming hour



[ 11 ] *Li Po gets drunk and jumps in a river* ::: Moneta Goldsmith

tonight i wanted to write a poem about a young girl who  
chases a kite or a balloon or a scarf off the side of a mountain,  
plummeting to her death.

the poem i was going to write had to do with the way we all,  
at one time, have wanted something as desperately as this.

Li Po, 47, drunk, jumped from his boat looking for the reflection of  
the moon, or for the stars, or fish,  
sinking toward an unknown burial.

the fish i was going to write about were going to be as ancient as the moon  
or as old as Li Po, or the girl who was twelve years old,  
going on infinite.

i was going to write about the way we all, at one time, have wanted  
something as badly as the girl running after a flag or an umbrella or  
a distant airplane, or toward her own destiny of grief, how all of us have  
at some time been as desperate as this.

then i glanced at the mountain of books beside my bed, at the laundry  
huddled in the corner of the room like a judgment: all of the  
ordinary signs of a full and crowded life that is branded, invisibly,  
by dirt and quiet disregard.

i walked outside along the landing, into the grass and the darkness  
that is as old as the stars that weren't there.

i thought of the mountains, of the moon reflected in the sea somewhere, of the  
laundry in my bedroom, and of the books that will be waiting tomorrow and  
the day after,  
for someone to bring them to life again.

[ 12 ] *Toward a Glossary of 'Junk'*

::: Ruth A. Sacre

*possible side effects of junk*  
*convulsions of lust accompanied by impotence*  
*an erection of the lungs*  
*vegetable serenity*  
*phantom breakfast pastries*

*junk sickness*  
*sobriety*  
*scant (approx. every quarter moon)*  
*lost mugshot of william lee dated may 2, 1959 (Tangiers)*

*junk syndrome*  
*hernia strangled by an iron lung*  
*see junk man and junk-smack*

*junk-smack*  
*the sound of two mugwumps laughing and ejaculating at the same time*

*junk-sex*  
*the sound of rain on the window sill*  
*the corner of Heart-attack and Vine (\$\$\$)*

*kingdom of junk / junk-utopia*  
*unverified coastal check-points in Ecuador*  
*vine, half-liter ayahauska & potent herbal supplements furtively added by junk-*  
*shaman*  
*three modestly-weighed Peruvian villages outside Lima*

*junk foreplay*  
*faceless*  
*forgettable*  
*obligatory state of mind*

*junk depression*  
*mutilation of spirit, sexual amnesia, aboulie*

*junk-instruments*  
*mugwump the cat (as opposed to the mythical creatures in hammocks, beneath*  
*the floor-boards et al.)*



*junk candy*  
*flute, broom, cuggarah (garnish with mint, when necessary)*

*ministry of junk demons (& other spectral cases)*  
*unspeakable mutilation*  
*a writer of inordinate ambition*  
*i.e. 'Foam Rubber White Whale in A Sea of Turds'*

*junk-copulating-junk*  
*extended derangement of the senses*  
*literature as space-time travel*  
*cut-up method: between species, among varied and sundry objects*  
*(i.e. OrgYgrO)*

*junk-eyes*  
*come-slither-look*  
*snake's seraphic whisper: 'suck on this sibilant sentence of my junk-snatch - it is that of God'*

*junk reduced to habit*  
*plants sprouting from a stranger's cock*

*china-man junk*  
*'all the chinese look like junk to me: but one can never tell'*  
*~Willie Lee the Sixteenth [revolutionary leader of the 3rd republic of charlemagnia]*

*jewish junk*  
*disposable*  
*nubile females manifested in dreidls, smashed latkes*  
*\*see also meshugana junk, junk of shiksas, et al.*

*junk dealer*  
*noted 'artist' & film director of Point Break, Halloween VII through XLIII*  
*(other junky pictures)*

*imaginary examples dealing with junk*  
*the last time i thought i was in love it turned out to be new shoes on a dead horse:*

i knew i'd had it bad but i didn't know how bad i'd had it.

i got home late. the freezer was still empty:

nothing but junk-snatch.

[ 15 ] *Paul is Late Due to a Horrible Accident on the Bridge* ::: Pam Benjamin

She was Myra-glitz girl.  
Her contact is splatter is now.  
Spit across space;  
it's magic. She's saved.

Which shade of brightness calls  
when you enter the water?  
Where do you start  
and what ripple will you rest on?

Out of the invisibility came brilliance  
behind the clouds, whimsy;  
and thus has it always been,  
so what?

You can start a poem anywhere:  
Even on a bridge.  
Not every moment can be precious;  
She wasn't wearing any pants.

I never thought I'd see the end of the earth  
I never thought I'd see...  
afraid of humor,  
afraid of tragedy:

those grey and dark tones within.  
See the possibly of the event  
keep your eyes to horizon  
and jump.

[ 16 ] Editors & Contributor Page

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### Contributors (a - z)

**Pam Benjamin** is a poet turned comic who still tries to be serious. 2010 and 2012 were good years because she got some masters degrees from SFSU. Please listen to Pamtastic's Comedy Clubhouse on Mutiny Radio every Friday from 8-10pm on [www.mutinyradio.org](http://www.mutinyradio.org)

**Shakti Castro** is a Wise Latina and future librarian from The Bronx. She's deeply interested in postcolonial studies, poetry, pop culture and the ways in which they intersect. Right now, she's at work on an oral history project for Centro - The Center for Puerto Rican Studies at CUNY.

**Arthur Case** lives in Los Angeles. He aspires to one day be reincarnated in the Congo out of a misguided effort to offset cannibalism and other casualties of war. He writes prose and plays and sometimes wears a beard. But don't hold that against him, it can be prickly. (He is an organ donor.)

**Moneta Goldsmith** is the author of *The Great Latin American Novella*, which will be published by Yesterday Press (an imprint of Farrar Straus and Giroux) in the Fall of 2020. If you wish to be an early reader on *The Great Latin American Novella*, you can email Moneta 7-8 years from tomorrow. Moneta currently resides on the blue line of the Metro, where she arms herself with a liter of maté and a typewriter and hands out poems for strangers upon request.

**Austin Dane Messick** is a poet living in San Francisco. He will begin studying in the M.F.A. program in Poetry at San Francisco State this Fall.

**Ruth A Sacre** has recently completed her MFA at the University of Life in Xanadu, Missouri. Her focus was on gallows humor of the 19th century with an emphasis on the guillotine. In Latin, her name is an anagram for the phrase "sanctify the pain." (Her parents do not share her sense of humor.)

