


CARGO

TROOP 

thegorillapress.com

vol. 2 issue 3



Editors' note,

Thanks for clicking. Enjoy the new issue of Troop. Volume Two Issue 3 is Poetry, and lives in the Cargo of life. Talk to you again next issue. Peace.

Thank you to all our contributors, and

Thanks for reading,

The Editors
thegorillapress.com



FANCY



~~~ CARGO ~~~

Featuring ::: Jared Roehrig

|                                             |                             |        |
|---------------------------------------------|-----------------------------|--------|
| <i>Soldier</i>                              | ::: Amitabh Vikram          | [ 1 ]  |
| <i>Watchin' the Kracken in 'Frisco</i>      | ::: Fred Dodsworth          | [ 2 ]  |
| <i>Refracting With Wind</i>                 | ::: Jamie O'Connell         | [ 3 ]  |
|                                             | Featuring ::: Jared Roehrig | [ 5 ]  |
| <i>Mailbag</i>                              | ::: Jessica Lindsley        | [ 9 ]  |
| <i>Evolve Bull</i>                          | ::: Joel Gonzalez           | [ 10 ] |
| <i>Epitaph for a Broken Toy</i>             | ::: SJ Cruz                 | [ 11 ] |
| <i>To the young trapper who took my cat</i> | ::: Sandra Wassilie         | [ 12 ] |
| <i>Then</i>                                 | ::: Vimeesh Maniyur         | [ 13 ] |

He is a soldier, but he doesn't want to fight.  
He wants to sell his weapons to buy her anklets instead.  
He wants to melt his adrenaline for her adornment.

When fierce rage of winter bites his heart,  
He desires for her soft bosoms for warmth.  
He too wants to be a spectator of her beauty.

When his hands shake in an exchange of gunfire;  
He remembers- how politicians laid their hands on her;  
And how her beauty ravaged by powerful corporations.

He also remembers how greedy eyes turned her into half-dressed attires,  
And now in some beauty contest she parades herself naked.  
His blood flow reduces to nothing; and his cold soul torments.

He tacitly agrees to gun fire, and surrenders to death.  
He forgets about the deafening sounds of guns.  
He does not want to live anymore; he simply wants to die.

The dot-com boom made me homeless.  
They rented my shitty apartment to some asshole  
who works for Google, but she never sleeps here.  
Now I seek my dreams in the shelters or on the streets,  
but if I don't get there early the beds are already assigned and  
if I do get there in time some poor thief steals my shit while I sleep.  
Did you know a woman was stabbed in the shelter last night?  
If America wants to live in the first world we should  
build a society that uplifts the downtrodden  
otherwise we'll snatch your purse  
smash your window  
kick down your door  
stove in your god-damned head.  
Even the poor have to eat.

freedom is a cage

a bird  
with paper wings

dragons are setting their  
crowns on fire

we are all  
setting our wings on fire

the eggs  
are hatching

\*

small bonfires  
feathers engulfed

bird cages hang from clouds  
by fishhooks

so cast a net over the sky

\*

freedom (is) is not a cage  
I am two dimensional

scales explode  
into rainbows

a fire tornado  
of dragon breath  
jewels riddling  
an earth with color

\*

string together circles of planets

the strings will set you free  
can't you see  
seagulls are nesting

launder our feathers

humans  
place metal moth wings

behind mirrors

transformation to dragonfly  
bullet holes in its wings  
oozing out

frozen sunbeams

henry always got  
ideas for gameshows.  
hey, he says  
look who on television!  
though there ain't none around.  
give him fourfive dollars  
he'll show you his ball-sack  
and squeeze it too  
out come cuneiform brain mash  
like locker holes  
or Play-Doh crank.  
i carry my money  
in a plastic bag  
some loose skittles  
for the levels  
a hundred-time  
folded pamphlet on clouds.



took the Huey  
to Barstow ;

got that transplant she's been yappin' awn about

“have you heard?”  
him asked?

They're closing all

the salad bars  
in Waco

due to contaminated

shank .

beef

And shit on a shingle  
I still ain't met  
my third wife.

Sis entered the turquoise hospital room  
with the cassette in her Easter basket  
pulled from shreds of synthetic grass

lets expose her to popular disco  
and so it was

it was a non-stop disco mix  
for our aunt's tumor.  
one eye ball glassed over  
and sought the dead television

looking for one last  
informative display  
of vibrating light  
of alert's spoiled  
in gathered  
clacking yawns.

Charles Bronson was wedged between some dry wall and an unknown housing coagulate. he moved like a hundred year old cockroach. i'll split it with you Sisyphus, he said. fair and square. just leave the girl out of it. but the beams gave nothing. sick from the sunburn crawling up my spine or the grazed fiber-glass pad. went everywhere bare shirt in those days. the pain of the knuckles swollen to diamonds or the pain of the memory a heap of waterlogged books. in the end we resorted to eye contact. she was clattering around on the roof, hands outstretched. i replaced the nails in the gun slower and slower still. we heard her no more. his pupils had crumpled into silver film reels, the whites rolling back like credits none stay to watch.

backwards swaybacked into our culture-laden mailbox  
letters hate mail junk mail christmas cards letterbox  
advertisements for our new home, our new life, new wife

we wish for protection, for chainmail, cloak and dagger  
codpieces, breastplates, thick leather gantlets, a spirit guide  
but make do with smart wool base layers in neutral tones,

cotton high cut hipster briefs, spandex psychedelic trousers,  
moisture wicking tube socks, brassieres of black feathers,  
of white feathers, of silk, of cement and of chicken wire

we are birds growing in a locked birdcage instead of a ribcage  
our rage, our outrage, a heart was not meant to be constricted  
but once a year to our surprise, a door is left open, a door to the future

we end this year with shots, broken toasts, broken promises,  
broken plates replaced reflection with the new ones we enacted.  
deciding not to smoke, not to sleep around, not to eat so much

we carry our knockoff handbags, crash the cars ruined by skimping  
on preventative maintenance and the houses we burned down  
because we do not care, we cannot care

The salt created a mountain in my stomach giving me sweats like a heated bull in the Midwest. Buckling my knees at the sight of the matador. On the ground with flies buzzing around my eyes. The kiddies still want to hop on me for another corpse ride.

In the another life, I would have more probabilities. Is it not that that separates us from the children? What happens when we continue to devolve, and devalue ourselves for sake of selected isolation?

I got the screen time for me.

In the end, I was escorted by the finest police.

subtlety breakable soft machine  
in her innumerable flaws  
perfection unrealized  
prized toy for deranged men  
sex sells very well  
while safeway bananas rot unsold  
but borrowing from banana republican Neruda  
“it so happens  
i am tired of being a man”  
you don’t have to be a Neruda to feel that  
but it helps / anything helps  
she came  
without warranty  
fell apart in my arms  
i tried  
used my tears as solvent  
used my flesh as tape  
used my blood as paint  
i tried  
but she came without warranty  
& now  
i can’t even afford a safeway banana.

By now you may have heard  
wherever you tender your old age  
both Mom and now Dad are gone

And if you still possess memory  
in remembering them  
remember  
our lives that crossed at Minchumina  
the cheap land the lake surrounded by woods  
the easy resources for a cabin trapline a team  
of dogs swift to frenzy on blood-letting

And remember  
the day in winter my mother gave you my cat  
she did not like  
in a cardboard box with the flaps tucked  
and the cat escaped  
while you crossed the frozen lake

Your team of dogs made quick work of—  
You laughed in the retelling  
did not know I overheard

Yes the cat pounced and bit  
and scratched  
hissed at my mother  
but purred at the touch of my fingers  
Perhaps she was given to you  
to be a mouser after all

No one asked or explained  
said sorry to a six-year old  
but I who hardened off that winter  
never questioned

Better to be closed

Otherwise

They will know the truth

Then there is no truth with you.



thegorillapress.com

**EDITOR**

JASON SCHENHEIT

## **Contributors (a - z)**

**S.j. Cruz** is a native of Manhattan and an occasional San Francisco resident. His poetry and prose have appeared in print and on-line. "The Flowers Won't Die" [Pedestrian Press, 2014] is his first published novel and is available wherever it can be found.

An ink stained wretch, **Fred Dodsworth** spent most of the last 30 years in newsrooms picking fights. The truth is a slippery bastard and he lost most of those fights. Now he writes poetry and fiction because there's more truth to be found in fiction than in any news story ever printed.

**AMITABH VIKRAM DWIVEDI** is university faculty and assistant professor of linguistics at Shri Mata Vaishno Devi University, India; and author of two books on lesser known Indian languages: A Grammar of Hadoti and A Grammar of Bhadarwahi. As a poet, he has published around fifty poems in different anthologies, journals, and magazines worldwide.

**Joel Gonzalez** is from Sebastopol, California, and currently resides in San Francisco. Joel currently holds two degrees: a BA in English from Sonoma State University, and MFA in Creative Writing from San Francisco State University. Joel has been writing since he was 12, and this will be his fourth publication.

**Jessica Lindsley** grew up in North Dakota before the oil boom. Her work has been published in The Smoking Poet, Blackwood Press, Thirteen Myna Birds, DEAD SNAKES, Black Popie Review and other publications.

**Vimeesh Maniyur** is an established bi-lingual poet, novelist and translator from Kerala, India. He has two volumes of poetry and a children's novel in his credit. He has also penned stories and dramas. He is a Culcutta Malayali Samajam Endowment winner.

**Jamie O'Connell** is a poet living in Oakland. She is currently working towards her MFA in Writing at California College of the Arts in San Francisco, where she is a merit scholar and writing coach. Her interests include traveling, her dog Daisy, photography, and music. Her poetry has previously appeared in Menacing Hedge.

**Jared Roehrig** holds an MFA in Creative Writing and an MA in English from SF State. His work has appeared in Transfer Magazine, Fourteen Hills, and The Tusk. In 2014 he received the Mark Linenthal Award for Poetry. He has two unfinished manuscripts that cause him grief, and on saturday nights, he writes poetry on an Escort 550 typewriter for strangers in a bar.

**Sandra Wassilie** lives in Oakland writing poetry and fiction. Born on the other side of the Bay, she was raised in Alaska where she in turn raised her children, now raising their children. She has served as poetry editor for Fourteen Hills and in 2013 cofounded the Bay Area Generations reading series. She has written one chapbook Smoke Lifts about the passing of her father. Her work also appears in Alaska Women Speak, Between the Lines, California Quarterly, Cirque, SPARKLE & bLINK, Transfer, Writing Without Walls, Vitriol, and elsewhere.

