




KISS THE BONGWATER

Rant and rave and shake and
stomp and drink and drink and
drink some more til they run
you off then stagger yer ass
home blind and muttering like a
drunk like some kind of drunk
dancingly trying to make yer
fumblingfirstsex key fit finally
into that tiny hole come on!
Come ON! Yes! Yes you slide
inside slamming door on
neighbors triggerfingers *bang!*
Inside! Inside you fly to the
pisser not missing your sister in
the slightest then floating to the
fridge and groping for one more
one last you slip its top off you
doff your pants you take a slug
and *yoink* you yank off a bit of
dank, stoke the makeshift bong
and fire a good strong lungful
and hold it up there good and
long and search through cd
stacks braillefingered for the
song the right song the one that
sings the one that makes all
thoughts unthinkable yer good
mind gone black the music tracks
blood onto the rug, kiss
the bongwater baby kiss it
good, yer fucked up!

KEITH NILES



Keith Niles will be bringing the roof down on you all tonight. Keith lives in L.A., subsisting on modelos with limes, smidgeons of crack, and sunflower seeds. He hosts an open mic at a bar in Echo Park every Sunday. Some of his stuff can be found online at undergroundvoices.com. His new collection, *Kiss the Bongwater*, is said to shatter the boundaries between humankind and the cat world.