

first go  
to get out  
of your head  
with your "friends"  
your drinking  
buddies  
eat more pizza slices  
than one hand  
can count  
don't forget  
the anchovies  
guzzle some  
beer, try  
different brands  
with each heavy glassy  
overpriced mug  
especially the Moosehead  
perform repeatedly  
the Heineken maneuver  
don't stop until  
you feel like stealing  
someone else's jacket  
make a sign of the cross  
forgive yourself  
then drive  
homeward-bound, yelling  
to a song, it's  
"More Than A Feeling"  
blasting out of your car  
radio, windows down  
rushing night  
air closing sweating  
pores, think you're lucky  
no cop saw you  
find historical ways  
to piss  
off glinting chrome  
making drumbeats  
with botts dots  
creep  
in to your apartment  
quietly lie  
in the already dark bed  
room  
form a mummy's X  
go to sleep  
wait  
for that positively  
earthly  
rumbling in your stomach  
turn your head  
back and forth like  
an anchovy  
when backwash comes  
knocking at your esophagus  
run excitedly to the john  
open your mouth  
and watch all evil  
thoughts spill out  
past your teeth:  
the times you wore  
plaid bell bottoms  
and exchanged  
childish fists  
to exact revenge  
for being born  
a middle class

VOMITTING FOR GOD  
DON KINGFISHER CAMPBELL



DON KINGFISHER CAMPBELL, listed on Poets & Writers, is the founder of POETRYpeople youth writing workshops, publisher of the San Gabriel Valley Poetry Quarterly, leader of the Emerging Urban Poets writing and Pure Poetry critique workshops, and host of Saturday Afternoon Poetry in Pasadena, California. Mr. Campbell has taught Creative Writing in the Upward Bound program at Occidental College and been a Guest Teacher for the Los Angeles Unified School District for 24 years. Don is the recipient of a 1st Honorable Mention in The Grandmother Earth XIV Writing Contest, an Honorable Mention in the League Of Laboring Poets March 2007 contest, the National Writers Association's Los Angeles Chapter Author Of The Month Certificate, the Artists For A Better World Spirit Of Youth Award, an Honorable Mention in the Pathetic.org 9/11 poetry contest, the Pennsylvania State Poetry Society's Charles Ferguson Prize, and an Arroyo Arts Collective's Poetry In The Windows Prize. Kingfisher's poetry has been recently published in the anthologies Phantom Seed, Vox Journal, Behold The Pirate Pig, Hudson View Poetry Digest, Mudpuppy, Looking Out Of Pasadena, Prism Review, Looking Out Of Alhambra, Free-Wheeling, Prism Quarterly, Open Windows, Poetry And Cookies, Dirt, Cosmic Brownies, Three Chord Poems, Midnight Mind, So Luminous The Wildflowers, and One Drop To Be The Color Black; and is also viewable on the internet at Hot Metal Press, Prism Review Poetry Sleepover, Poets Lane, Poets Express, The League Of Laboring Poets, The Stone Table Review, Six Little Things, Turbula, The Barricade, Tattoo Highway, Poetry Midwest, River Walk, New Verse News, Poets Against The War, Hiss Quarterly, Poetic Diversity, Edifice Wrecked, Call To Arts, Lunarosity, Writer's Hood, Poetic Voices, MindFire Renewed, Poetry Super Highway, Wilmington Blues, Bonfire, Wired Art From Wired Hearts, and Poetz websites. His first book of poetry "Enter", reviewed as "pithy, trenchant, raw with life", was published by iUniverse Press and is available on Amazon.com, Barnes & Noble.com, etc. You can even find him interviewed on Litrave.com and Poetix.net! And now, a video on YouTube by going to Poetry.LA!! Want a poet in your classroom, library, bookstore, coffeehouse, or event? Please email: poetrypeople@charter.net

little sphincter,  
that summer sunburned  
teenager sneaking  
into Saturday Night  
Fever matinees,  
equally inane quasi adult  
five fingering pizza  
from an unoccupied table  
near the restroom,  
getting married  
because you had catholic sex  
with the first girl outside  
of boys high school,  
leering at the married  
mother of two  
who smiles when you pass  
her at the entrance  
to your complex,  
wonder why  
you didn't fuck  
that poet  
who wanted you,  
the year  
you considered voting  
Republican;  
these seven guttural sins,  
each openmouthed, cry  
as infidelities past  
pass into the unfeeling  
uncaring cold porcelain  
receptive bowl  
chunky flecks  
of disbelief in God  
fall  
(hear yourself  
pray "Oh God  
I'll never do this again")  
kneel  
and observe  
globs  
of lies  
told in your life  
that now seem like  
bell peppers,  
sway deliriously  
like an insignificant fly  
egg on  
the heaving urge  
for continuing  
animal roar  
of flowing tongue  
chant outloud  
when you pass  
midnight  
recreate all past  
California stops  
those wonderful  
stolen moments  
you'll never forget, each time  
you twitch  
for The Lord's forgiveness  
praise the invention  
of man  
unloading  
eating sin  
in a sacred  
hole