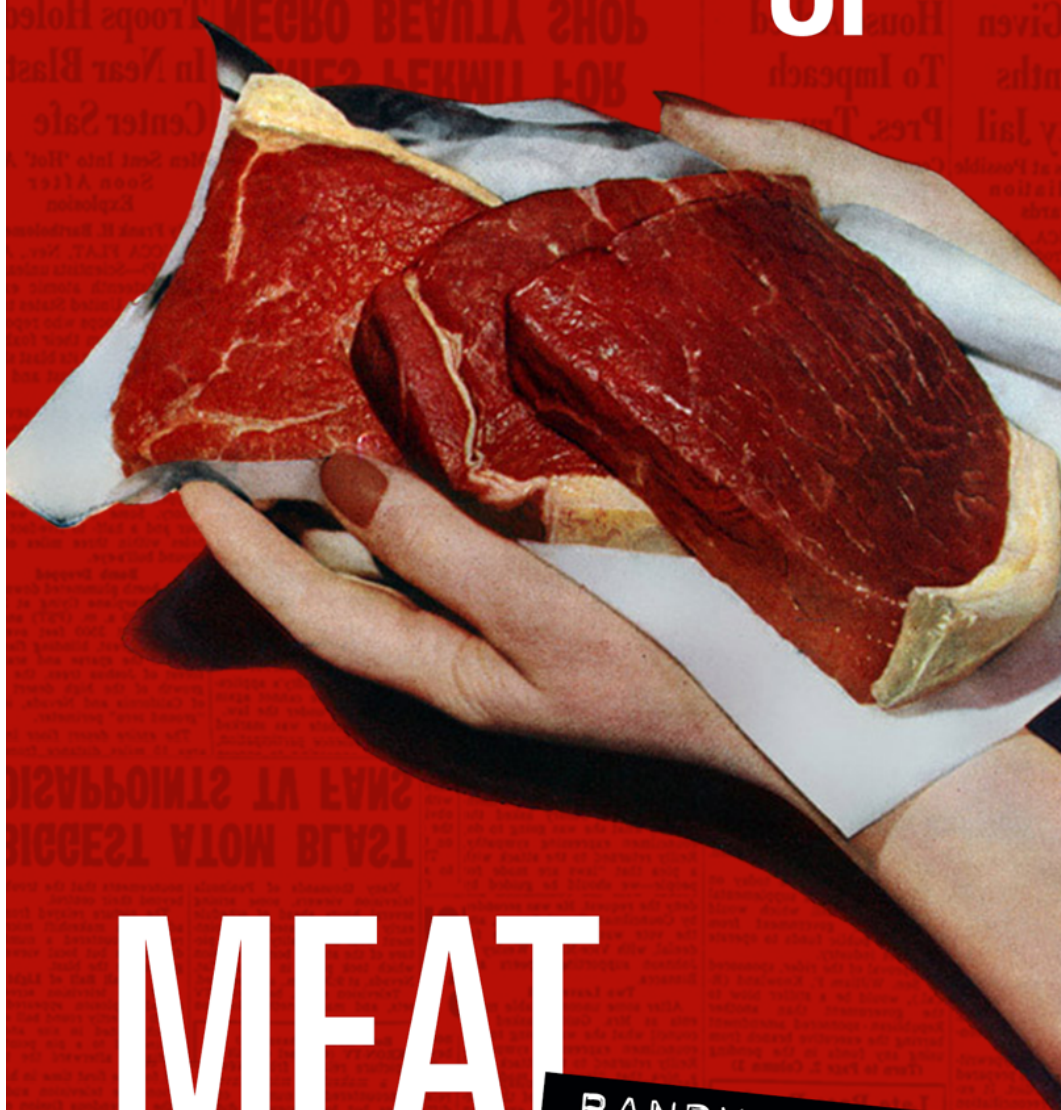


WALL

OF



MEAT

RANDY CAUTHEN

Wall of Meat

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“The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure.”

– Edgar Allan Poe, *The Masque of the Red Death*

“In the event we are needed, we certainly will form a wall of meat.”

– Chris Cox, founder of Bikers for Trump, in re:
possible protests at the Inauguration of the 45th
President

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DONALD J. TRUMP, a/k/a sir a/k/a POTUS a/k/a Pinocchio;

ANYA PIZPOT, Mistress and Remote Finder to the President;

STEVE LATHER and RINSE PRAECOX, advisors to the President;

PENCE E. VERGA, Vice President of the United States;

KEN HAM, Creation Museum and Ark Encounter founder;

SAM, an aide to Lather;

JENKINS, a Secret Service guard;

Miscellaneous aides, protesters, Biblethumpers, and hangers-on.

THE OVAL OFFICE. LATHER AND SAM.

So where is Pinocchio Luckysperm now, Sam?

Haha, sir. He's in the residence. Said he and Ms. Pizpot were gonna watch Fox.

Uh-huh. So does that mean watch Fox or "watch Fox"?

Since the Obama wiretap tweet blowback he says everything he says is "in quotes" now, sir.

Yeah. Well, go fetch the little sumbitch's fat diapered ass. But first get Rinse and Pence in here.

THE LINCOLN BEDROOM. TRUMP AND PIZPOT,
LATER JOINED BY SAM.

More with the Tictac please Donald.

I told you, call me James.

Mudak ty, blyad', kozyol bezmozglyj, i khui
u tebya s moi mizinets! Smotret na tebya,
suka, protivno! Lizoblyud!

So, uh, so what's that mean?

It is, more with the Tictac please.

OK, but now say it, say it.

Iisus der'mo. But James,
what will our superiors say?

They're never going to know.

Now will it not arise? I should
make for to wee on Obamabed
again maybe? So many money
in the little red Don,
only to make it great again.

I'm trying:

Fake news KFC buckets see you
in court motherfucker unquestioning brand
loyalty bad ratings Arnold bad boy bad
ratings pegged by the Rockettes unlimited
breadsticks little Ivanka's legs and butt
I ... I ... goddamn, it's not happening,
it's – too much going in my head, that
deep space shit sabotaging me.

Deep state darling. But
is OK. You are still my big boy tool.
Now we have line, watch the wrestle-

fight, da? It is the MMA?

Oh yeah baby, yeah ... wait.

Wait. It might be ... wait.

Come on; aw, shit.

Is OK.

Why do you say that

I have to apologize? I'm just quoting

the newspaper. I didn't

say that. I was referring to a newspaper.

Is OK, James. I have never failed on
a mission, commander.

No, I'm saying I was right.

Mr. President?

The fuck? Who let you in here?

The, uh, the door was open sir.

Huh.

Mr. Lather would like

to see you, sir. We have a situation.

THE OVAL OFFICE – LATHER, PRAECOX, AND VERGA,
LATER JOINED BY TRUMP.

The Disembraining Machine, my beautiful machine, jaw of the skull without brains chewing up white brains, may be in danger. They found the 5000 trolls in Magnitogorsk, the botnets, they're looking at Cambridge Analytica and Cozy Bear. Our friend is unhappy. Rosneft unhappy. The guys at Fox can't lie fast enough to keep up with his little fat tweeting fingers.

So we just ratfuck our way out of this like always, Steve?

It's all on the table: Provokatsiya, ratfucking, modified limited hangout, white terror, wetwork, faking fake news, unfaking real fake news, hypertargeted weaponized Facebooking, even the Mecca option. But: Whatever way we go we need the Prima Donald occupied. Mr. President.

Steve, Pence, Rinse. How's the camel jockey ban comin'?

Not going well, sir. It's hard to get it exactly racist enough.

And to be 100% frank, Mr. President, the towelheads have gotta be on the back burner for right now.

Sir, we have multiple interlocking issues. The British are talking about quitting Five Eyes. They're not sure they can trust us.

Why should I care?
All of em faggots! Bad genes!

Five Eyes, Mr. President, it's our primary SIGINT alliance. Us, the Brits, Canucks, the Aussies, and the Kiwis.

Faggots, snow faggots, and upsidedown faggots, fuck em. Next?

Well, Mr. President, the *reason* they don't trust us is the Russia thing. Shit continues to get real there. Stone's sing like a bird, sir. Our friend is pissed off, bad.

The man on the horse? With no shirt?

That's the one, sir.

My stablemate! God fuck the failing Washington Post! I'll marmalize them. Why can't I like a guy just because he's a big strong leader, and because he can ride a horse, and because his name smells like poontang?

Sounds, sir. That was good thinking, sir.

He even gave me a lot of money.
I never said he gave me a lot of money.

Of course not, sir. But we do need to take control of the narrative. Because, see, the House is cratering.

Sir, we need to get them the greaser wall before midterms, but that's looking like two years minimum.

But. We have an alternative.
Solve us multiple problems.

Do you remember before the inaugural, Mr. President, Bikers for Trump? How they said they'd make us a protective wall of meat?

We think that such a meatwall, sir,
here, at the White House,
would shore up the base.

Also cut off these goddamn leaks, maybe.

I don't know. Huh. Shit, do we have enough
of those guys? How much meat on your
average Hell's Angel, Rinse?

We wouldn't be actually
building it *out* of them, sir.

My gut isn't feeling this.

Mister President! Sir! Building this wall is your
single most important promise to the American
asshole voter. If you do not build this wall,
there may be calls for you to admit fault.
They might say you are not smart.

Very smart! Wharton, that nuclear
uncle I had, my genepool good!

Yessir. We know. But the others will need to have
that wall, Mr. President. Build the wall.
Nourishing meat sir, a complete protein food.
Build the wall. Build the wall.
Come on, Rinse, Pence.

Do we have to? Dementia is holding dinner.

Yes you have to. Build the wall, sir.
BUILD THE WALL. BUILD THE WALL.
BUILD THE WALL. BUILD THE WALL.

OK. OK. We'll do it. So much winning!
Burnt steak and ketchup.

Gotta be raw,
sir. Manlier that way.

Raw red meat to the base.

And it'll make Obama's wife go batshit.

The era of the Pajama Boy is over,
the alpha males are back.

How bout some ham, Steve?
Drive the heebs and hadjis nuts.

Love the concept, sir, but that's white meat.

Pork is white meat is fake news now,
Steve. Get Breitbart and Fox on it. Highest priority.

Yes, sir. Gutsy decision, sir. And let
a gallows be made, of fifty cubits high –

Hey, Steve! Hey, man!

What, Praecox?

Too soon.

THE WINTER WHITE HOUSE, THREE DAYS LATER.
LATHER AND TRUMP.

Got all those Trump Steaks out of the deep freeze in Hoboken, IKEA Swedish Meatballs made from horse, the boys are out hunting prairie dogs, we can use all those severed middle fingers been coming in from Mexico, Roswell bodies we cut the budget to keep on ice, hell we're even getting in donations now. Moose meat from Palin, roadkill from everywhere, one old lady in Riverside's giving us her cats.

So what kinda rack
you building into this thing, Steve?

I'm sorry, Mr. President?

What kinda *rack*? Looks like we got a flat wall here, not a ten. Rack, titties, funbags, gazongas, doorknobs, headlights, golden Winnebagos –

Yes sir –

chuberteens, honkers, cans,
cones, gedoinkers, love apples, love monkeys –

We're on it, sir – brilliant.

casabas, the twins, bazooms,
yabbos, ta-tas, cantaloupes, dirty pillows

THIRTY MINUTES LATER.
PRESIDENT DONALD J. TRUMP ADDRESSES THE
NATION.

Milkshakes, chesticles, tig ol' bitties, boobage.
You're gonna love it. All American meat. All red
meat. All all-American red. Scrapple, moose and
squirrel. And the very best prime rib. Pure pork
sausage from beautiful Milwaukee. Don't let the lying
Washington Post or the lying New York Times or
the lying FBI CIA NSA Senate and DC Park Police
tell you pork is not red meat. And, more important
than that, it keeps us safe from all the brown rapeys.
It will kill all ISIS. And it will be wide enough
I can ride a horse on it with no shirt. Titties,
highbeams, boulders, sweater puppies, knobs, jugs.

THE OVAL OFFICE, TWO WEEKS LATER. LATHER AND TRUMP.

Protesters, sir. The National Pork Producers Council, we're working that, building the Manly President's Pork Council from the new sockpuppets –

Steve.

Yessir?

There's no door in this wall of meat.

Uh huh, we dropped the ball on that one, sir.

So, here's the thing: How the fuck am I gonna get to my golf course now, Steve?

Chopper, sir.

Chopper?

Chopper. Anyhow, protesters, we got the usual suspects, libtards, also got the pork people, antipork people, plus Biblethumpers, some of the Veep's people. National Guard has a perimeter 600 feet out, takes in two family properties, we're paying us \$84,000 a day.

Not too bad.

And we're keeping some of the protesters in our parking garages. But no hard numbers on that yet.

Huh.

I say we let Pence's Jesus boys through, sir. Be good optics, have somebody walking around outside.

OUTSIDE THE WALL. HAM.

Friends, can this wall of meat be saved? The Lord is always watching,
O meat, watching us all forever.
When you die, do you
want to live in the city paved with
high grade crude, or in the ashtray
of Satan? Trust and obey!
Thus has our good King Donald
made this meat offering unto the Lord,
and bulwarked it for a wall unto
the People of God. Jesus did not become
the “GodKlingon” or the “GodMartian”!
Only descendants of Adam can be saved.
God’s Son remains the “Godman”
as our Savior. Watching. O friends,
the demons shudder when a wall of meat
humbles itself before the Lord. Amen.

THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN. JENKINS AND TRUMP, AND
LATHER (VIA TELEPHONE).

This is Jenkins, sir. Sorry to call so late. But, uh, POTUS is on the lawn. Repeat, POTUS is on the lawn.

So what?

So he's up at the wall
itself sir, he's, he, appears to be pursuing
uh marital relations with it. Also he's
biting chunks off it and eating them.

Well, render assistance immediately.

Come again,
sir? No, wait, can you hear this?

No puppet! No puppet! You're the puppet!
No puppet! No puppet! You're the puppet!

You want me to help him fuck the wall?

Just clean him up after. And best use
a rag on a stick, cuz he's a biter.
Ask José upstairs, he knows the drill.

LATHER'S OFFICE. LATHER AND VERGA. THREE DAYS
LATER.

That 24-hour livestream of Pinocchio Luckysperm with his little circus peanut in the wall does seem to be hurting us in the Coastal South. Upstates are holding though.

But even our papers are calling it mission creep, Steve. And I've had to keep Mother from watching TV all week. Also, we're getting questions about how he can go on this long without sleeping. What's with these flies?

Praecox is grabbing them out of the air and eating them fast as he can. Hey, can I ask you something, Pence?

Sure thing, Steve.

Why do you call your wife "Mother," Pence?

A boy's best friend is his mother.

OK. I don't quite know how to respond to that. So, I just talked to our friend, and he thinks we're at Plan R now. And so do I. So now, I want you to transmit Plan R, R for Rabid, to the wing.

Doesn't Mr. the President have to sign off?

It's time to prepare yourself, Vice President Verga. Wanted to tell you before but it's been very closely held. The President is not long for this world. He has Mad Cow Disease. Monkeybrains, maybe, that time he went to Puka Puka.

Willakers! Is that why
he is chewing and fornicating on the wall
with such great vigor?

No, we think that's all about
his dad. Now remember: Plan R.

Plan R for Rapture; I must go prepare.

Yeah, you go love you some Jeebus.
We get to melt three, long as they're
not his, and he can have three of ours. But
we get to pick the three.
They gotta be good ones.

THE OVAL OFFICE. LATHER AND SAM, LATER JOINED
BY TRUMP. ONE DAY LATER.

Blue cities to glass, blue cities to glass ...
Yeah, Sam?

Sir, have you seen BLOTUS today?

Nope. Still eatin and beatin the meat, huh?

It's bad, sir. His Depends fouled, his knees
knocking each other, his socks with gobbets
hanging, tie tied at a regular adult human
length, and still screaming No puppet, no
puppet, you're the puppet.

Well, get his ass in here, now. Taze if you want.

Yes, sir!

San Francisco, LA? Gotta keep the Frisco
Mudslide going, keep the Jesus Krispies hot.
Seattle? No. Too white. Chicago? Boston?
Mr. President. Leave us, Sam.

Yeah, Steve,
can we make it quick? I gotta date.

Uh huh. So, yeah, about that.
A cancer is growing on the wall of meat.
It compounds itself daily now. It's gonna open
up the whole Bay of Pigs thing again.

What in the fuck does that mean, Steve?

It means the meat is rotting, sir.

Well, what the fuck? How does this happen?

It's a natural process with meat, sir.
Unrefrigerated meat that is. But.

We have a fix. Our boys at Breitbart
Ooniversalnii Plastiki are working on
a shrinkwrap plan. Cover the whole thing
with good old American polyvinylidene chloride.

So is that like a rubber, Steve?
Because I hate rubbers. Can't feel it.

If we don't do something it's gonna go all
Taj Mahal on us. Gonna be a big *swamp* out there.
Drain the swamp. Drain the swamp.
Drain the ... wait. How's about you think of it
more like a *bra*. A transparent bra, Mr. President?

Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooh. OK, do it.
Leave me a couple holes. Can it be gold?

We'll try, sir. One more thing,
Mr. President. Sorry to tell you. We have
word Anya Pizpot's dead.

Who's that now?

Your remote finder, sir.
Face a nine, 36 double D.

Damn. OK. What happened?

Director Pomporno reports she was
walking in the park, appears to have been
struck while walking by seventeen
polonium golf balls and a polonium whiffleball.

Hey, did you know I was the best baseball player
in New York when I was a kid, Steve? Lots of folks
don't know that about me.

Yes sir, I did know that.

OUTSIDE THE WALL. HAM.

Why, golden meat, is the Lord's King pounding and pounding you? Also chewing on you at the same time? Lugenpresse claimed he would not double down once you were Saranwrapped, but a warrior of the Lord cannot despair. Our lesson today is from the Book of Leviticus: And make me savoury meat, such as I love, and bring it to me, that I may eat; that my soul may bless thee before I die. For thy flesh is meat indeed, and thy blood is drink indeed. But if thy brother be grieved with thy meat, destroy not him with thy meat, for whom Christ died. Looking at me with thy five eyes, meat of gold! Forever! O thou refrainest me from the touching of myself, and of all thy other creatures. O ham of God, Godmeat! I have been searching for this wall all my life. There it was, right in front of me.

PRESIDENT DONALD J. TRUMP ADDRESSES THE WALL

I have people come up to me all the time saying
Mr. President, that is a big, beautiful wall but
they can't take you away from me. Please sit down.
They'll say I didn't get a standing ovation, because
you never sat down. That makes me smart!
Very smart! Wharton, nuclear, very powerful!
And I am a centaur like the man with no shirt.
I make the statement, everyone goes crazy.
Amazing! Super-duper, higher, better, better security,
everything else. Big, beautiful Baggie glinting in the sun
going down. I can when I'm done. Then you
will never take back Kristen Stewart, because
she cheated on you like a dog. And the something
else in mind – you know, people can't believe it.
People, they cannot believe – that there is
something going on. It's inconceivable. Sad! Sad!
Estrogen juice box gay frog apocalypse, bad people
doing very bad things, posthaste rummage sales in
the land, plastic reset button made us look like a
bunch of jerks. Disaster! Utter disaster I tell you.
You know what that is? They call it a sucking action.
No mommy! No mommy! You're the mommy!
Love and strength. There's a lot of wind blowing.
Everyone knows that. On a horse without a brain
as I stood out in the rain and I'm not afraid
to strew around my scraps. I never said –
Here's the thing: and I've always
said this: The wind it is blowing in a very bad,
right now, we are in a situation, and this is true:
I was left with a very bad mess. We have done
a tremendous job so far. Times Post
failing pile of garbage, bad or sick guy, bad
or sick guy, that's what I hear people saying.
My wall! The only one who never laughed at me.
I am a real boy, I am big, strong, and smart,
I am the best horseback baseball player,
mommy, does anybody disagree with me? Believe me,
I can tell you. So all the world's meat gibbers

and squeaks when I touch you, I'd like to almost know, low energy, sad! Low energy. The Mexicans and the Chinese, they are killing us, absolutely killing us, Mommy. I'm getting tired of winning.

PRESIDENT PENCE E. VERGA ADDRESSES THE NATION

I can take over for him, but I can never replace him, nor would I try. This great leader, though God blessed him with many riches he was just like you, ideas other than his own confused and angered him. So Jesus said, Blessed are the angry, for they shall sit on the hand of God. And our Lord also said, Blessed is he who dies of venereal trichinosis, for he shall smite the snowflakes. Melania, I and my wifemother give you our deepest prayers, if you will just please stop dancing. Because now, I must also address tonight's other events. Let us first give thanks for the Lord and the 843rd Bomb Wing's judgment upon Mecca. And for the Lord and the 247th Missile Command's judgment upon Mexico City, where no one will laugh at my name ever again. Jerusalem was a mistake; we believe this is what happens when you have all-girl missile crews and their hoo-hahs synchronize. *No more all-girl missile crews!* Many fine Christians touring the Holy Land were lost. Now, I am also hearing many liberal whiners, cucks, Rinos, even Chrinos bellyaching about the not so unfortunate loss of New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles. Jesus's great loving wrath came down like a big barrel of sunshine, and I am pleased to announce no real Americans were anywhere near them at the time, due to God's mercy in scheduling NASCAR in Vegas, America's Junior Miss Jersey Shore, and the Wisconsin Ointment Swapmeet. But this does not lessen our challenge in the days ahead. So now, here at the wall President Trump so loved, here where he sacrificed so much, let us bow humbly before God and Reverend Ham, will you lead us in prayer?

Locofo Chaps

2017

Eileen Tabios – *To Be An Empire Is To Burn*

Charles Perrone – *A CAPacious Act*

Francesco Levato – *A Continuum of Force*

Joel Chace – *America's Tin*

John Goodman – *Twenty Moments that Changed the World*

Donna Kuhn – *Don't Say His Name*

Eileen Tabios (ed.) – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry*

Gabriel Gudding – *Bed From Government*

mLEKAL aND – *Manifesto of the Moment*

Garin Cycholl – *Country Musics 20/20*

Mary Kasimor – *The Prometheus Collage*

Iars palm – *case*

Reijo Valta – *Truth and Truthmp*

Andrew Peterson – *The Big Game is Every Night*

Romeo Alcala Cruz – *Archaeoteryx*

John Lowther – *18 of 555*

Jorge Sánchez – *Now Sing*

Alex Gildzen — *Disco Naps & Odd Nods*

Barbara Janes Reyes – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry, vol. 2*

Luisa A. Igloria – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry, vol. 3*

Tom Bamford – *The Gag Reel*

Melinda Luisa de Jesús – *Humpty Drumpfty and Other Poems*

Allen Bramhall – *Bleak Like Me*

Kristian Carlsson – *The United World of War*

Roy Bentley – *Men, Death, Lies*

Travis Macdonald – *How to Zing the Government*

Kristian Carlsson – *Dhaka Poems*

Barbara Jane Reyes – *Nevertheless, #She Persisted*

Martha Deed – *We Should Have Seen This Coming*
Matt Hill – *Yet Another Blunted Ascent*
Patricia Roth Schwartz – *Know Better*
Melinda Luisa de Jesús – *Petty Poetry for SCROTUS' Girls,*
with poems for Elizabeth Warren and Michelle Obama
Freke Rähä – *Explanation model for 'Virus'*
Eileen R. Tabios – *Immigrant*
Ronald Mars Lintz – *Orange Crust & Light*
John Bloomberg-Rissman – *In These Days of Rage*
Colin Dardis – *Post-Truth Blues*
Leah Mueller – *Political Apnea*
Naomi Buck Palagi – *Imagine Renaissance*
John Bloomberg-Rissman and Eileen Tabios –
Comprehending Mortality
Dan Ryan – *Swamp Tales*
Sheri Reda – *Stubborn*
Aileen Cassinetta – *B & O Blues*
Mark Young – *the veil drops*
Christine Stoddard — *Chica/Mujer*
Aileen Ibardaloza, Paul Cassinetta, and Wesley St. Jo – *No*
Names
Nicholas Michael Ravnika – *Liberal elite media rag. SAD!*
Mark Young – *The Waitstaff of Mar-a-Largo*
Howard Yosha – *Stop Armageddon*
Andrew and Donora Rihn – *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*
Reshmi Dutt-Ballerstadt – *Extreme Vetting*
Michael Dickel – *Breakfast at the End of Capitalism*
Tom Hibbard – *Poems of Innocence and Guilt*
Eileen Tabios (ed.) – *Menopausal Hay(na)ku*
For P-Grubbers
Aileen Casinetta – *Tweet*
Melinda Luisa de Jesús – *Defying Trumplandia*
Carol Dorf – *Some Years Ask*

Marthe Reed – *Data Primer*
Carol Dorf – *Some Years Ask*
Amy Bassin and Mark Blickley – *Weathered Reports: Trump
Surrogate Quotes From the Underground*
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Matina L. Stamatakis – *Shattered Window Espionage*
Steve Klepetar – *How Fascism Comes to America*
Bill Yarrow – *We All Saw It Coming*
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Gary Hardaway – *November Odds*
James Robinson – *Burning Tide*
Eric Mohrman – *Prospectors*
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Trumplandia*
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Ali Znaidi – *Austere Lights*

Maryam Ala Amjadi – *Without Metaphors*
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Kath Abela Wilson – *Driftwood Monster*
Barbara Jane Reyes – *Nevertheless, #She Persisted, Number 3*
Maria Damon, Adeena Karasick, Alan Sondheim – *Intersyllabic Weft*
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