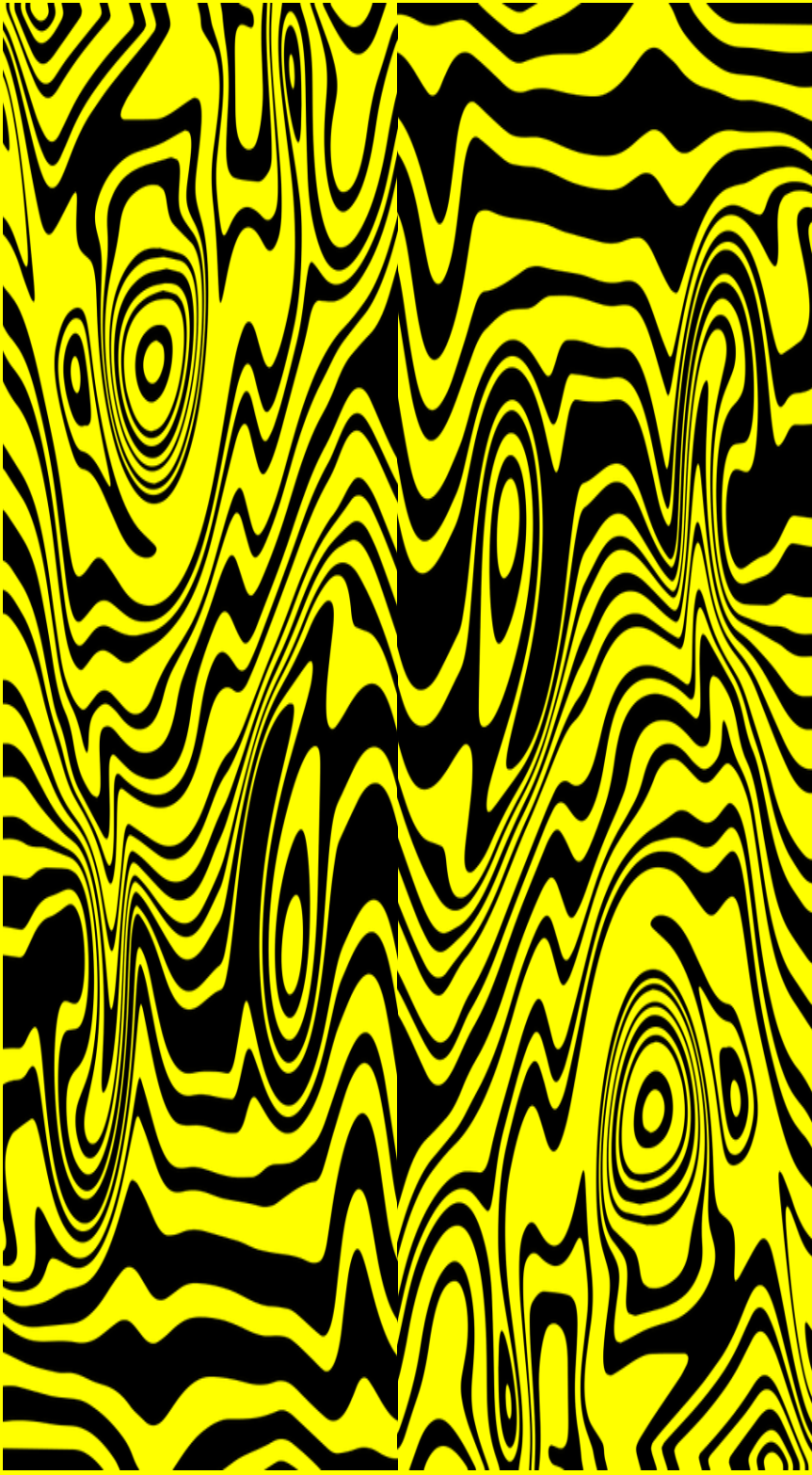


Poems by Victor Clevenger

Low-Flying Birds



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The following poems were created in the found poetry & erasure poetry styles by collecting words from within poems that have already been written. The words have been erased or rearranged on the page to create their own individual titles & pieces. Grateful acknowledgement is given to each poet.

*for all the ghosts who still write the words & sing
the songs that we can hear through all the bullshit
in the world.*

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The Wild

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Through All the Bullshit in the World

from Kell Robertson's *Scoresby Scotch and Well Water*

Nostalgia

summer
was suggestively better
back when we knew no laws of nature
& could easily kiss the neck
of a lightning bolt

The Wild

unraveling the bird
from the bush

a stone whispers
a confused language

into the ear
of an unraveling town

To Break or Barter

with no white flag
to spread over flesh

we slither

under the nose of
hope

Behind the Door

what good is my mouth for dancing
like chickens in a kitchen

or angels

on the curve of a heart

Inner Nature

i'm sure it's not
a crime
but my father
never said that
an all-consuming
irrational love
has a distinctive
intensity
deliberately crafted
under the pressure
of a short duration

For the Flare of Rich Men's Daughters

my friend is instantly desperate
for destiny to suddenly drag
his fluttering life around
a curve

All Afternoon

deciding that death
is a broken
down love machine

i fumble
with getting all

or nothing

at the bar

Full of Magic

low-flying birds
see all the love fiends

down there in streetcars kissing

while needles

fall out of haystacks

Nourish

thrusting flesh thru flesh
we enter each other

holy angel

i bring yr flowers
wetness

The Situation

my white legs are not
her cool california dreams

dancing around
with sexual energy

i feel a rush of dumb
across my body

& she laughs

with tears in her eyes

Wish You Were Here Too

my love hand loving myself off
over a sink somewhere in kansas city

the sun flashes

miles above my tremors

Masochism

you left a hitting stick

& your red pants on a chair
in the living room

i suffer
shouting

i never really wanted it to go down
this way

White Silence

snow gliding
down a wooden windowframe

i quiver

with all the secrets
i have left

in the ripples

Vaccine

we seem
doomed

smell like
worry

but still dream nightly

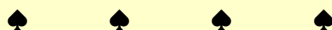
of magic

Through All the Bullshit in the World

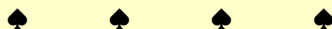
this morning
someone is singing your ghost song
into the wind

& the mountains

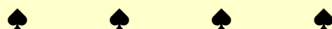
pile high with love



Victor Clevenger spends his days in a Madhouse and his nights writing poetry. Selected pieces of his work have appeared in print magazines and journals around the world. He is the author of several collections of poetry including *Sandpaper Lovin'* (Crisis Chronicles Press, 2017), *A Finger in the Hornets' Nest* (Red Flag Poetry, 2018), and *Corned Beef Hash By Candlelight* (Luchador Press, 2019). Together with American poet John Dorsey, they run River Dog.



Founded in 2009, *As It Ought To Be Magazine* is an online journal that features poetry, nonfiction, and reviews. *AIOTB Magazine* is a progressive forum that encourages humane thought and action related to contemporary political and cultural matters. We seek, above all, authentic perspectives and want to democratize discourse however possible.



River Dog a small press from Missouri creating chapbooks, broadsides and zines. They are not any sort of commercial enterprise, but simply two friends who wanted to get back to basics, to why they got into all of this to begin with, to offer something from the heart.

