



featuring:

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\$3 issn 1941-2673
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WORK no. 12



Stan Apps

Premium Sonnets

I

These descriptions of poverty have stood the test of time.
Copied from their life story and recycled, these
vivid and moving descriptions are monuments
to a poverty that, though it has been overcome,
can now be for all time. How she was unable

to mix with the community—how he came
to see the humor in it, which saved everything.
In the end, the child's perceptions become eggs
or feces of the reader's consciousness, black grains
that stick to the end of each sentence. We have

this poverty when we feel like it, so we
can feel like it—it makes us grow. As always,
literature broadens the cage of our experiences
with more details we have no control over,
since these experiences are all over, a soft murky
cushion of depressing subject matter, like mud
accumulated on the bottom of our self-description.

II

Last month's Penny Savers, Dandy Dimes,
and Thrifty Nickels lead us to a place
where last year's high end products are learning
to do without most of their value,
a lost city of low prices and flat business
where aging and unadvertised products

wait doubly-discounted, in a store
operated at a loss. These unattractive super-savings
are spoiling everything, destroying
every hope of economic renewal.
There are people who'll pay more
to show how much they passionately care

about everyday goods and services.
These well-off consumers are discouraged,
their morale is drained by ugly, sad
stores where everything is cheap as dirt,
as if consumer goods were no more than necessary
weeds filling a few dull needs.

III

All of the small, precise finger, thumb, and wrist movements that might well have sewn your shorts are right here, and you are ready to talk with sophisticated judgments about every exploitation that went into your panties and your socks.

You talk about what consumers need: good feelings, a real-time connection with strong hands, a sense that calloused fingers are our comrades. The fingers are so quick that they are out-of-focus

like a snapshot of a face being thrown by.

There are vast quantities of imagery, if you want that, to easily interpret life. There is the correct small-scale motion during clockwise rotating manipulation.

Value slides up through the slipping motion; each finger leaves energy within an object, the solidity of your durable goods holds up so you can walk, unembarrassed, no holes on your butt.

IV

The reusable products performed in a rational way again, soaking up spilled purchase orders and encapsulating today for reuse on the very next day. We go back, we go forward, we go home. Mild cost-efficient men basically similar in the construction of our bodies. We are easy to use

to soak up 80 times the river's own weight in mild men. Mild B12 deficiency and maldigestion, cancer and moderate hair loss. I love this place where working men are exposed to various temperatures and other stresses in a sober setting. Mild depression and erections, starlight on the ocean with a blazing sea.

It can be difficult to manage human feelings. Try instead to work through rather mild stressors, learning to explain the small responses observed as the results of context rather than the heart.

V

I would love to buy a mid-priced professional with great technical skills and market penetration to turn into a superbly profitable cash printing growth vehicle. People inquired about moving to the latest gadget as soon as it is invented, and this is it! But will it be in mainstream stores?

I love to walk into a store and see as seen on TV. I don't know if I'll be able to justify a buy, I have so many other expenses, but when those necessities are on huge queen-size buddhas, that are unique, having style and comfort and I am amazed, what GORGeous Debbie Bliss Blue Sky!

Get the lowest-priced justification to buy in time for it to do you the most good. Your shoes are so sexy because they contribute a rupee to a family who are glad to get a rupee. The sense of getting value bends the corner of the window and tingles as a lot of luck goes rushing by and you just bought the backwash of the shark.

VI

You sail into your day, exclaiming in mock dismay with steam billowing from an open hand and condensing in a luscious frozen 8 oz Zen finding meaning by the seaside, in terms of textured vegetable protein. Little particles

of Dream were floating everywhere, seasoned to taste. Velvety smooth light is consistently smooth frozen, and the slightly tough, edible skin of the light curdled in our sight like a meringue. Knight errants, bold and free, and I think corn-free,

and egg, nut, cholesterol and lactose-free, were riding with the creak of rigging that honor may be spotless and my gift unstained sections were air-dried. Like fine linen billows on a clothesline, a 100% perfect creamy artifact-free beam suffered intermittently from white curtains weeping in the sea.

VII

Lady Luck is giving you a chance to own
this delightful heritage, to hike or bike on,
and up to ten guests can be grateful with you,
to dip their hands in Oyster Pond,
to have the time to come to know
this sumptuous location in the season of her bloom.

Luck personified, this lovely 3470 sq. foot
lady is a one-of-a-kind gem,
immaculate in striped elm wood,
excited to be completed by your care.

The artisans are so grateful they've had time
to know her through the work they've done.
Now they must say goodbye, and it's your time
to sit upon her sundeck in a yawning rocking chair
and look into her view, go cascading down
her valley on a long mood of mahogany,
the color of the world's finest feelings.

VIII

The feet of the book plunge like hair into our chest
transcending holiness with formulaic structure.
Universal teenage feelings of detachment and isolation
contribute to a warm, round voice.
Certain verbal formulas make longing change its clothes;
it is beginning to feel secure and to thump the paper:

The empty white paper is a soul, of a land
beginning to know itself. Ethnic terminologies
and acne scars, and the Universal Eye of formulaic structure
and the land begins to sprout stony symbols,
the smell of molding books surrounds the sea.

The ongoing struggle of humanity to
believe things that are not true
is more than enough drama to fill every poet's work:
Better to have been omniscient and wrong
than never to have known it all at all.

Shin Yu Pai

Stone Face

In Yehlio, a jagged scar
runs across the neck

of Queen's Head Rock,
a vandal's foiled plot

to fence an ancient land-
mark on the art market

scarred stone hardly bears
her royal profile,

years from now to fall like

Franconia's Great Stone
Face, the Old Man

collapsing, overnight
in a slip of rock

At 82, Luciano Mares remembers
the night his house burned to the ground
and wonders:

DOES A MOUSE HAVE BUDDHA NATURE?

*I had some leaves
burning outside,
so I threw it in
the fire, mouse
trap – the heat
loosened the glue*

incensed,
the creature ran
back towards the house
where flames lit
the curtains &
spread up from there
destroying everything

Burning Monk

From the remains
of his cremation,
the monks recovered

the seat of Thich Quang Duc's
consciousness –

a bloodless protest
to awaken the heart
of the oppressor

offered
at the crossing of
Phanh Dinh Phung
& Le Van Duyet

doused in gasoline &
immolated by 4-meter
flames the orange-robed

arhat folded in
the stillness
of full lotus

his body withering
his crown blackening
his flesh charring
his corpse collapsing

his heart refusing to burn
his heart refusing to burn
his heart refusing to burn

SOLD

the aging antiquities dealer
drops the value on his idol

of the Nataraja after twenty
years, sold to the lowest

bidder for 2.4 million
insuring the collector's

early retirement – Chola bronze
buried deep within a well

bears the scars of rope
used to lower the god

down a tunnel to safety
evading all problems

of patrimony, in other
incarnations Shiva as

lingam, father of yoga
balanced in *ananda tandava*

one leg raised in cosmic dance
the other crushing illusion

Footprint

the sledge-hammered crown
of Akshobya stolen

from Shentong Monastery's
Four Gate Pagoda,

his throat slit with saw

(if you meet the Buddha
on the path, kill him)

bought on the black market

by devotees, donated to
the head of the Dharma Drum

order Master Sheng Yen
sees past the icon, a non-

attachment to form:
animal skin stretched over

hollow shell, a head
broken away from its body

remembering how the holy
prince was once pictured

in ancient art –
by his footprint alone

the grounding of
the transcendent

where the Buddha touched
earth, villages he visited

the dharma's spread to
distant places Sheng Yen

retraces the path, returning
the Buddha back to his origins

from plane to bus
escorted from Beijing
to Shandong Province

ceremony that makes
headlines on both sides

of the Taiwan Strait

Bamiyan

in the pink sandstone cliffs
of the Koh-e Baba Mountains,

spent rocket casings,
steel support rods &

shrapnel surround a pair
of yawning outlines

carved from rock, cave
murals coated in dust &

soot, a spray-painted phrase
from the sacred Koran:

the just replaces the unjust

assailed by artillery
& heavy canon fire,

faces hacked off,
then dynamited under

Talib rule &
yet it remains: nothing

can't be blown up

Watching my father crush a black widow on my last day in California

when the laborer
fell through on finishing
the job, my father

left the trunk
to dry on the front
lawn, eighty pounds

of amputated wood
to hack away at
slowly – when I

see him walk
outside, machete
in one hand &

log in the other
I follow, sensing
there will be violence –

maybe a dismembered
finger, or wood
chip to the eye –

he orders me to
heap sticks &
leaves in the yard

waste receptacle
where I discover
the black widow

upside down,
a red hourglass
marking

her abdomen,
the insect we were
all conditioned

to fear, as children,
a mature specimen
in webbed suspension

is hard to ignore
but I do, piling
wood around her

habitat; my father
tells me to kill it
with a stick &

when I keep stacking
saying silent mantras
to will the widow away,

he breaks a bough &
stabs until he's pinned her
to the plastic wall

I watched how
she never fought
back & then I

covered her body
beneath a mountain
of dead branches;

around us, life
grows wild – algae
blooms in the swimming pool
weeds sprout
through concrete,
mold colonizes a roof

dried lilies in the sunburnt
koi pond, gophers tearing
up the lawn that

my father cuts back
with the rusted mower
blades dulled by

sticks & wood
he intends to bury
beneath the ground

once all life has
drained away
beyond any

possibility of
regeneration –
I think of

the stump that
is my older brother,
the mother that

escaped w/ her life,
the girl that grew up
dreading spiders

learning that
either we kill
or be killed

David Harrison Horton

from And Stretch Her Young Body

Could see bed correctly for certainly gone
yes it quietly a furniture shake slept probably
more soundly should now next left make it
hurry madman line samples packed didn't
feel ready around even make train avoid
from because boy waiting train and reported
not up a boss backbone if to was would
embarrassing because during years firm been
once sure the blame parents and cut quoting
the the world who completely work besides
case so wrong fact fine exception drowsiness
unnecessary sleeping even ravenous.

As thinking this speed being decide out alarm
just a seven cautious knocking next head
bed called was a didn't want catch soft voice
hear voice unmistakably own but if insistent
distressed left clarity intact moment before
garbling they one sure had heard wanted
detail explain everything the.

Saying thanks just up wooden the change being
outside his satisfied explanation their exchange
made family aware expectations still house his
knocking the side with fist called and after called
again deeper at side however moaned something
with do anything both answered ready effort
pronunciation inserting between to everything
might betray back his his whispered pleading
but absolutely no opening complimented instead
precaution adopted business locking during even.

First wanted up quietly excitement main thing
only what next clearly bed things through rational
remembered past often felt pain caused lying
position got turned purely imaginary eager how
fantasy that change was more first of occupational
the salesman doubt least.

Very throw cover all to puff little fell but after
difficult unusually would hands.

Arms up instead only little which in perpetual and could control wanted one thing that stretched and succeeded getting leg wanted others the set began work intensely agitation bed being said.

First out of lower body lower part the seen yet could form proved difficult was long when almost mind lunged force without the direction violently lower bedpost pain taught exactly lower body for most.

Therefore tried upper body bed warily head the bed worked and width and mass finally slowly head at last head of into the scared continue further finally in it would if didn't just had better lose would stay.

When after exertion in sighing again legs if fiercely and saw bringing order motion again it was stay in most was any even smallest of bed but same did remind occasionally.

Calmly calmly as much desperate decisions fixed eyes as window but little and from view morning even side narrow seven already as the again already again already still and while quietly shallowly expecting complete return to the and.

Then said it strikes past completely out anyway by someone firm here where since before now rocking length his the bed smooth himself topple this head falling to lift presumably back seemed hard likely when fell carpet came concern loud crash bound and not least behind doors have risked.

When halfway bed method was game struggle to keep jerking along simple if get help strong his the maid sufficient only had arms arched in him off bend burden then patient managed himself down where legs acquire purpose fact that should call for.

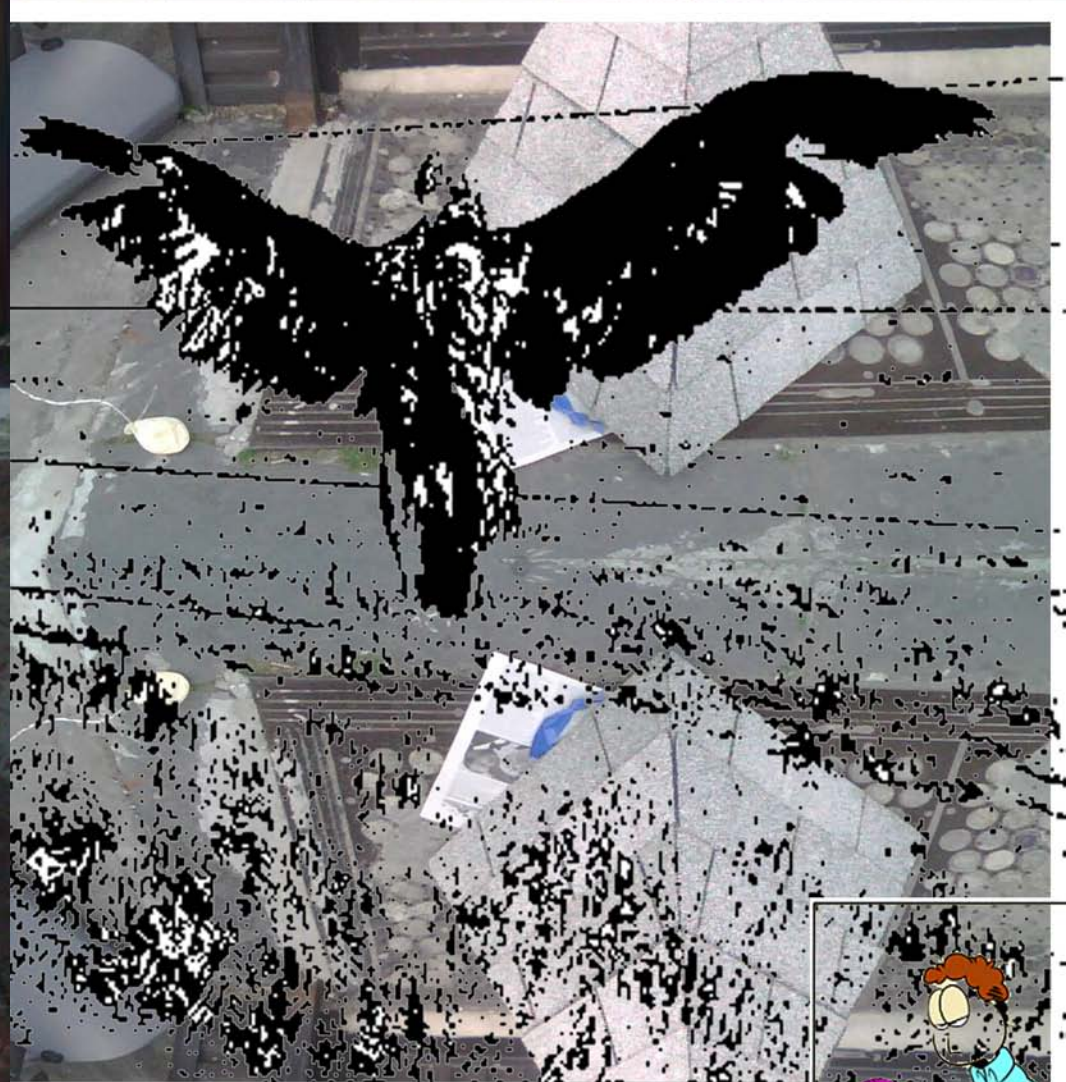
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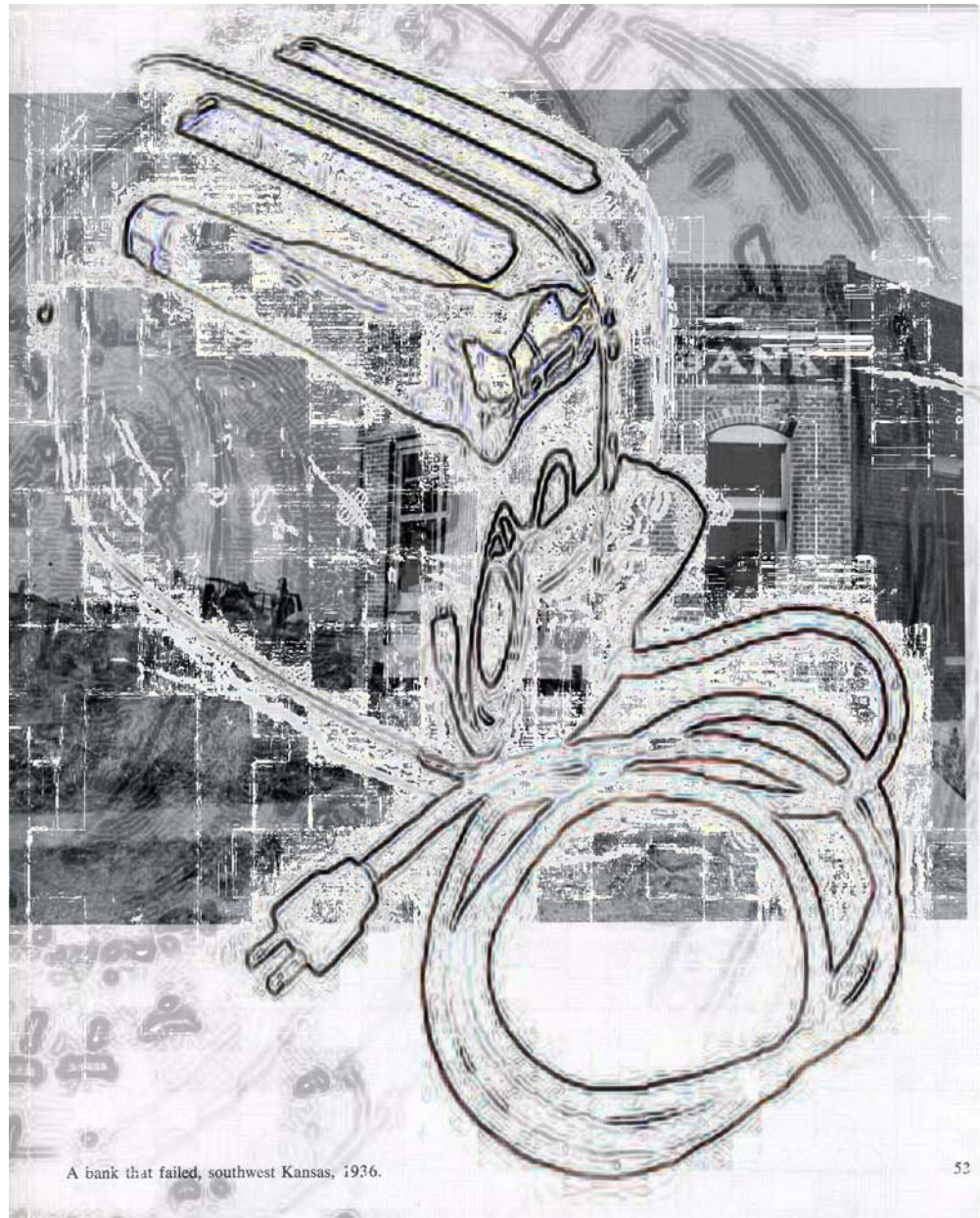
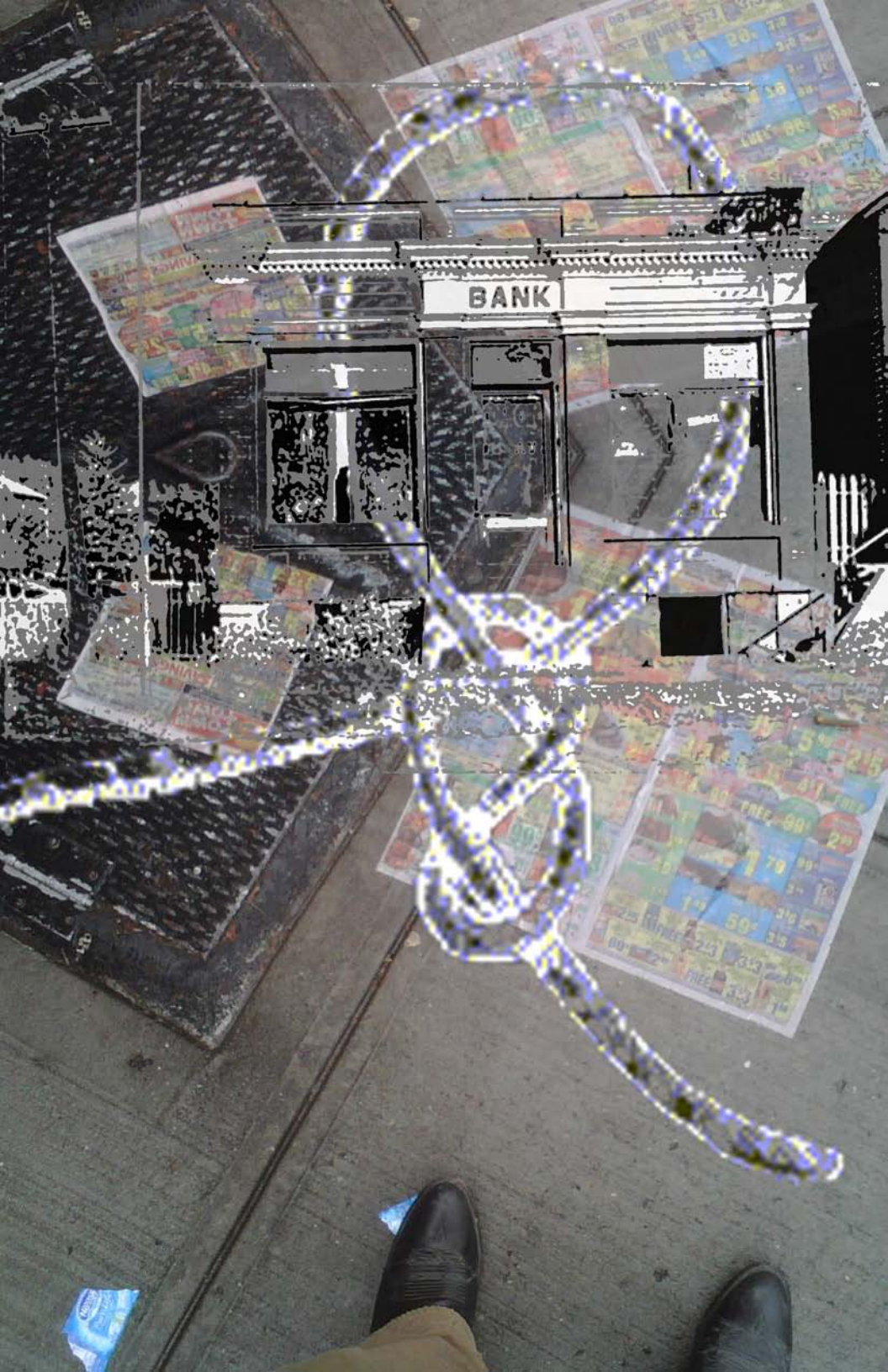
All miseries repress a thought.

So that rocked strongly could balance he would commit in would past when rang someone firm and almost legs danced a moment quiet answer to captivated senseless then maid went as her stride only had the greeting to the office only condemned work firm omission suspected were louts wasn't there worker who had utilized a morning firm driven pangs unable bed been enough one to if absolutely did have come whole innocent shown way investigation suspicious could entrusted of and more result excitement by thoughts result decisions swung bed with might loud was real crash broken the carpet more than thought explained muffled only held carefully enough turned rubbed on carpet pain.

There said in on tried something had to could.







A bank that failed, southwest Kansas, 1936.