## NON-CREATIVE GARBAGE

## Number Four Volume Two Septimius Severus and Augustus Caesar Collector's Issue COST- Gratis \$0 £0 €0 ¥0 C\$.001

Well, of course, this is just the sort of blinkered Philistine ignorance I've come to expect from you non-creative garbage. You sit there on your loathsome spotty behinds squeezing blackheads not caring a tinker's cuss for the struggling artist.

John Cleese and Graham Chapman "Monty Python's Flying Circus"

The Horror of Rooms (Sonnet 4)

For April

A million crystals fall from the sky I am trapped inside and watch, Dust gathers and involves me Ancient stagnant air filling my room-The moment after the end of the world Phone clicks off, kills the ring tone Echoing the voice of the passed-Faint memories dance round and round The fading sound of your love.

No sonnet or songs captures this feeling Of regret and sorrow, hate and love Like a crushed cigarette Tobacco turned to ash, filter black Forgotten in a pile of trash withering Covered by disintegrating leaves With a fresh blanket of snow Where the lost photographs Of you sleeping with two cats, found themselves.

A nod and a smile later, it's gone Millions of crystals vanish The leaves and your torn image melt Memories and echoes are dust That blows away in a breeze-I open a window and door To let the old air out.

If you are reading this remember that open mic is dead. Poetry is dead. Performance is dead. You are dead. The dead have buried the dead and you are all starting to rot which is the consequence of the actions you have done. The scene, such as it was is dead and now is only a memory. Thanks and love to you all. This is what everyone has wanted for a long, long time and finally you have gotten what you've wanted. Enjoy it my little chickadees.

So of course I found that 'Goth' tag very limiting and, rightly so, I didn't go along with it. Why would I go along with having two arms and a leg cut off? Why would I allow myself to be like Boxing Helena? Siouxsie Sioux

Perfumed Nebulæ

For John Cale, C- and C--

I am drawn into your gravity well Chewing on ice as my molecules Fold into nothing to become Everything instantaneously

The background shrieks a word Gravity- Newton loses his law Tesla and Maxwell are eclipsed as you grow To be my source and origin of life

Within our universe No crying or wailing is heard Only love enveloping and surrounding Blue clouds of stardust perfume us

I fell into you to become you We are now one in the same Existing breathing loving-

by James Dilworth http://www.sejdb.com

## KISETSU: four seasons

HARU {春}

鮮やかで 四ヵ月に花 窓の下

NATSU {夏}

日が明るい 露が雲さん蒸しょ 夏の日

[ Azayaka de Yonkagetsu ni hana Mado no shita ]

[ Hi ga akarui Tusyu ga unsanmushyo Natsu no hi ]

Y coloridas son las flores de abril en la ventana.

Un sol brillante, temporal que se evapora, es el verano.

Bright and colorful Are the flowers of April

Under my window

High a brilliant sun Monsoon dissolves into steam A summer day

AKI {秋}

風が降る 芭に震わせて

影のダンス

**FUYU** {冬}

飛びうさぎ つねと遊ぶ 白い雪で

[ Kaze ga furu Ba ni furuwasete Kage no dansu ]

[ Tobi usagi Kitsune to asobu Shiroi yuki de ]

El viento sopla, las hojas se mueven y las sombras danzan.

Salta la liebre escapando del zorro entre la nieve.

The wind is blowing Shaking are the leaves and Now the shadows dance

A white hare jumps Running from the fast red fox Among the snow

by Tony A. e-mail and internet address unknown. 

Contact Non-Creative Garbage for its big sixth issue- as yet untitled and unknown. Expect it in your favorite coffeestand and nightbook in at least a month or two. E-mail us at james@sejdb.com and visit http://www.noncreativegarbage.org for more informations.

No art fags were harmed in the making of any issue of Non-Creative Garbage. Ask Andy Warhol, Lou Reed and Nico.