

The broken

C | I T | Y

Issue 25
Winter 2019

Welcome to the
Interzone.



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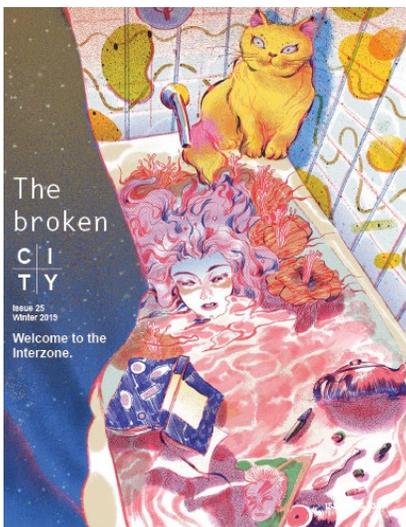
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Welcome to *The Broken City's* issue on drugs and the psychedelic experience. Yes, that cat on the cover knows what you took, and it's judging you. Join us on this brief but wild ride through The Interzone (credit to William Burroughs).

Cover Art:

Damien Jeon (bio on page 4)

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The Broken City is currently accepting submissions for its summer 2020 edition: **The Wild West**.

That's right, buckaroos, the magazine is running an issue on the myth-making American frontier: gunslingers; saloons; wagon trains; shootouts at well-known corrals.

Send your cowperson poetry, fiction, essays, illustrations and photography to thebrokencitymag@yahoo.com.

Deadline is: May 1, 2020. Submitters will be contacted after that date, with news of acceptance or rejection.

Bonana Fanna Fo 1972 Miss Run-Up ***Gerard Sarnat***

“As we live a life of ease everyone of us has all we need
sky of blue and sea of green
in our yellow submarine.”
—The Beatles

Hey that summer in a Buckminster Fuller geodesic dome
at Colorado’s Red Rocks Collective was the best
peyote

all night ceremony, imported Native American firemen
warmed selves in trucks while our hippie asses
froze

[too] incredible acoustics, you could hear
perfectly from 180 degrees away every word of
pillow talk

when we exited at dawn, the camp had prepared a feast
for all us trippers but only thing I recall is red-headed
beauty...

half century past, reimagining our commune
we vowed you and I would live together
forever

closest each of us can now come is sharing joint
replacement docs plus Hoyer lifts to haul sallow limbs out of
bathtubs.

Gerard Sarnat, MD is the author of four collections: Homeless Chronicles: from Abraham to Burning Man (2010), Disputes (2012), 17s (2014), and Melting the IceKing (2016). His work has been widely published in magazines, including by Stanford, Harvard, University of Chicago, Columbia, Brown, Review Berlin, New Ulster, Gargoyle, American Journal Of Poetry, Poetry Quarterly, Free State Review, Poetry Circle, MainStreet Rag, New Delta Review, Brooklyn Review, Los Angeles Review, San Francisco Magazine, and The New York Times. gerardsarnat.com

Back A (19.1.2018)

David Lenna

Isn't any of big deeds, just big sacrifices
so many repeating perceptions, everything cycles
an ash from cigarette hasn't burnt out yet
playing something, which should be indefinable
but isn't, comes a load of bad dream
in grass can be seen only dirt, no green
with mouthfuls of pills to zigzag a short road
I'm there, where he had stood, 'til he began to disappear
who? me, someone else, he was entrapped by a false plan
I shouldn't leave, that return, is so sore, like a caress of some glove
to focus on a feel and to forget the real
that no way exists, it has arrived, but won't be

David Lenna is nothing and everything in the universe. Not in yours, of course. You can send him regards on Twitter (@hehasanaccount), where he posts some catchy, at times dark, pieces, circa once per year. Twenty-one years old, living in Prague.

Opposite page:

Damien Jeon is a New York-based illustrator, blending fantasy and reality, evoking dreamlike scenes. Her colorful and detailed compositions take place in ordinary locations with extraordinary circumstances. The works are sensual and conceptual, inspired by glam rock nostalgia. Jeon graduated from the School of Visual Arts.



Damien Jeon

DMT & LSD

James Croal Jackson

when I see you next I want to ask you about the drugs
if you still do them because I still regret turning down
DMT you offered at 4 AM when I was on the ground
floor of your apartment sitting on black catfur carpet

though it sounds like quite the quick trip eight minutes
of being in an alternate universe how so many stories
about the drug involve tiny green creatures milling
about & that alone drives the conspiracy theorist out

although for a time I partook often in LSD & once
when in the shower high I could feel the alternate
lifeform in my spine black-and-white pulses being
cleansed inside me & then I wrote a wobbly novella

& there's a doctor I know who microdoses on the
daily & I've made a new friend who says she wants
to trip with me & I cannot wait to have another such
experience even eight years older than the last trip

last time I saw you a couple years ago you had just
graduated from art school making mad money at a
crazybusy restaurant in the bustling brewery district
of my city but I was making amends with a friend

thus I didn't ask about psychedelics though the thought
crossed my mind after & then I wonder does the boarding
pass for mindtrips expire what if I ask & you answer
the captain is dead the plane no longer leaves the ground

*James Croal Jackson (he/him) has a chapbook, The Frayed
Edge of Memory (Writing Knights Press, 2017), and poems
in Pacifica, Reservoir, and Rattle. He edits The Mantle
(themantlepoetry.com). Currently, he works in the film
industry in Pittsburgh, PA. (jimjakk.com)*

Littlelamp Littlelamp ***James Groal Jackson***

this is a drughouse

spilled in ink
and do tell
littlefabrics

how we're wove
in ink tattoos

squelched and
arm in arm.

Delirium with Lines from Rebecca ***Anthony DiPietro***

once I had a lover of such striking beauty no one ever listened when he talked. if you had my memories you would not go there either. he looked like a prince of france who might hunt forest animals with eyes as wet as his. and in those eyes a message of farewell. no one but I listened. his voice evoked a chorus of croaks from mouths of southern pond frogs, their sound haloing a moonless humid lake at night. the sky above our heads was inky black. and nothing black was still. and what he saw in me I could not say. he smelt of moss and earth and of the black bark of trees. a scent I recognized, a scent I knew. he knew everything he knew intuitively. and he never did speak but with his eyes which stayed open for quite a long time. for a long time he never got sick. he could take any drug and never a hangover. I took this as evidence of noble blood. I asked for some more bread in french for no reason. this is how we played. you won't put me to the asylum, will you? and he remained polite pretending sleep. one of us said "yes" a little breathlessly. he did not answer and I went on watching the sky. there were dangers in those days and in those woods, and their signs were the chestnut tree, dead flowers, and flowering trees. I liked to serve tea under them. the weather told us what the clock could not, to come indoors. I opened a door at hazard, and found a room in total darkness. when you are this beautiful it is easy to practice nonattachment. the best day of summer was the day we buried grandmother. and the ashes blew towards us with the salt wind from the sea. two hours later my hands were around his again and his pants were coming down and there was pleasure without any need to speak. but I am glad, I say. I am glad it cannot happen twice.

Anthony DiPietro is a gay Rhode Island native who worked in community-based organizations for many years. At Stony Brook University, he earned a creative writing MFA, taught college courses, and planned and diversified arts programming. He is now associate director of the Rose Art Museum in Waltham, Massachusetts. His writing appears in Notre Dame Review, Spillway, Washington Square Review, and elsewhere and has earned fellowships from a number of literary organizations. His website is AnthonyWriter.com.

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