



MiPo~Print Magazine  
Menendez-Christ  
Publishing  
Editor John Eivaz  
Submissions  
www.womenbeat.com

# MiPo~Print

Sunday, June 15, 2003 ~ Poetry Delivered To Your Printer

Contributors Tom Blessing, T. Kilgore Splake and Mike Klumpp



self portrait by t. kilgore splake

Tom Blessing is the editor of Peshekee River Poetry print and web issues. He has been part of the small press scene for over twenty years.

## special formatting for splake

by Tom Blessing

Up at 3 am  
work on revisions  
check and respond to email.  
At 6:15 walk down to St. Anne's  
turn and walk back to John's.  
John's the glowing light in the darkness  
of a early calumet morning.  
The laurium police truck will be there  
PJ and his wife having breakfast  
Sylvia, the waitress, will open the door  
maybe a white van will show up  
and I'll step out into the blowing snow  
coffee talk with the regulars.  
Me, I head back home,  
Splake heads back to the apartment  
good day - start up the tranny and  
head for the Cliff, park and walk  
up the old american road  
bear right at each of the forks  
watch out for the tracks  
paw and swish of tail  
of the cougar who sometimes  
walks this trail too.  
Later, at ten up to the post office  
then the evergreen for coffee  
and checking through the mail  
back to the apartment  
on Wednesdays Gallery sit  
at the omphale and work on  
revision, plan the next book  
and so it goes.  
Not really special formatting  
just an organized, happy life  
for a good man, a friend  
a photographer, and a poet.



## SPIRITUALITY

~ t. kilgore splake

LL bean catalog  
fashion plate models  
expensive jap "suv's"  
monster trannies curbside  
taking time off  
busy nervous concerns  
market dollar stress  
rising falling  
stock portfolio wealth  
cellular phone laptop tech  
contacts connections  
sad  
prematurely old people  
FORGETTING  
singing dancing litheness  
young child's awe  
tiny hands raised  
butterfly rainbow snowflake  
wet soft cool flesh  
young lovers asleep  
passionate high opera  
early sunday feasting  
warm buzzzzzzzzzz  
aged icy brut  
vivaldi respighi  
"four seasons"  
roman pines fountains  
turning on road  
mad odyssey miles  
boss stereo "maxed"  
handel's "messiah"  
birds early song  
first dawn  
trekking among old trees  
weather warped bark  
twisting bent branches  
true SURVIVORS  
struggling fight  
life giving light  
late autumn campfire  
staring through  
glowing pink embers  
winter evenings watching  
soft white veil  
ocean waves ebb flow  
flickering shadows  
over brautigan candle  
no TWO  
flaming coals  
watery tides  
waxy glimmers  
same  
holy profane  
MEDIATITIONS  
emptying filling  
essential bardic soul

# Essential Chaos

*love fuck*  
*sacred profane*  
life DRAMAS  
*russian dressing*

T. Kilgore Splake ("gray dancer") lives above the Omphale Art gallery in the ghost copper mining town of Calumet in Michigan Upper Peninsula's Keweenaw area. His most recent chapbook titles include *the murderous clown*, *light-lightness*, *being-becoming* and *the kerouac upper peninsula diary*. Splake's *available light* contains a selection of black-and-white photographs. Alpha Beat Press has produced seven Splake poetry broadsides. Earspank Productions has recorded four Splake book manuscripts on cassette tapes. Splake has five web pages online with poems and photographs, the most recent being *ghosts of calumet*. His poetry has appeared in a wide variety of small press magazines, including the New York Quarterly, Mojo Risin', Bouillabaisee, Tamafyhr Mountain Press, and Graffiti Rag. Recently Splake has done cover photographs for Spelunker Flophouse, Now Here Nowhere and Snowbound. Gravity Presses is publishing his manuscript *a celebration of samantha* in the fall. During the coming Yooper season in the "long white", Splake plans on returning to his work on his *slouching toward calvary* memoirs.

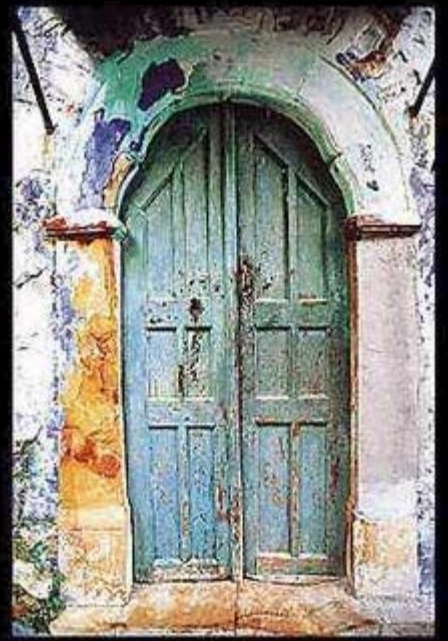
# reunion on the border

by *Mike Klumpp*

in the greygreen light  
of this lizard moon  
drinking tequila and sotol  
howling  
into the fire  
watching sparks rise  
hearing  
a guitar  
and bent Mexican melodies  
harmonies  
hardened in the cool desert night  
warmed in the lush green liquor  
rising in the blood  
like the red line on the thermometer  
in the humid heat of a Miami sun  
I saw God passing  
holding hands with Kerouac  
exchanging glances with Burroughs  
in discussion with Ginsberg  
and racing to catch Cassidy

the clouds drifted with them  
their voices lost in the whisper of the wind  
and though i sat on an upturned bucket  
in the copper hue of a wood plank fire  
surrounded by Mexican bootleggers and toothless friends  
I traveled to the throne room of God  
and walked the gold streets of His heavens  
boarding an old school bus  
and roaring off to meet Keats and Whitman  
in a sunday night revival  
under a fair tent of stars.

preach it, brother-



Mike Klumpp's bedside table:  
two clown noses, six assorted  
pens and pencils, one copy of  
Naked Lunch, one copy of Titus  
Groan, three martial arts  
magazines, one copy of Easy  
Rider, one Bible, the Upanishads,  
two pictures of three children,  
Captain Beefheart and Philip  
Glass cds, a coaster from  
Bruno's Bar in New Orleans,  
assorted Mardi Gras beads, and  
a street map of Austin, Texas.

M I  
P O

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