

READ OR I PUNCH YOUR FACE!  
THE EPILEPTIC VAMPIRE  
ANTHOLOGY (XXX)





Poetry, Prose, Short Stories – 2008 to 2017

***Newamba Flamingo***

Read or I Punch your Face

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### **Foreword:**

I've written occasionally my whole life, mostly just for school or work, and didn't really get into it seriously (subjectively speaking) until I came back from Britain to Florida in 2008 and used writing as therapy to deal with some personal issues I'd been facing.

While taking an English course at Manatee Community College, I was exposed to Ginsberg, Plath, and Tim Dorsey for the first time, and they inspired me to start writing poetry and stories, or at least something resembling that.

Then I found Everypoet.net, Myspace blogs, and Literotica, and posted a few pieces for the fuck of it, and things snowballed from there.

I met other writers from all over the world and was subsequently encouraged to submit to literary mags, some of which actually published me, and I had over 300 subscribers to my blogs at one point and would end up getting over a million page hits and thousands of comments, emails, and even some threats of physical violence from humans, vampires, Canadians, and aliens from other galaxies.

The most fun I had was probably getting into BTR online radio shows with 10K poets, Yossarian Hunter, Nick and Dan, Murphy Clamrod, Hijack Flash, Sigerson, Pantifesto, and, most of all, probably the best friend I made throughout the whole thing, Frankie Metro.

Around late 2010, as Myspace and Everypoet started to die, and my hatred of Facebook grew (oh, its sterility and conformity!) I decided to step back from social media and writing and got the fuck out of my gulf-side apartment where I'd been taking too many prescription meds and drinking too much and masturbating and being on the computer too much and decided to go travel the world more before I die, the earth dies, or we all blow up.

I've sporadically written since then, posting shit occasionally to the blog "The Meth Lab" I ran for a while with Mr. Metro and every so often sending out a harassing submission to some lit mag or another.

It recently came to my attention that Myspace removed their blog function in favor of shitty music pages no one looks at and that Everypoet also got rid of their blogs, effectively wiping much of my archive off the internet.



While I'm sure this makes some people happy, I feel it's my duty to still harass, annoy, disappoint and amuse whomever might be goggling subjects like aliens, baboons, and buttsex, so I decided, for the fuck of it, and 7 or 8 years entirely too late, to put together a simple E-Book compilation of all my best (or worst) known pieces, re-edit some, add a few pics, and have it all one place.

In this compilation is stuff from 2008-2017, divided into categories of description, with a few unreleased pieces (that were wisely rejected by editors- the best rejection I got being from Jersey Devil Press, reminding me their submission guidelines outlaw stories involving rape, even that of cats! Touché!). I've also included one new and a couple fairly new pieces.

I doubt anybody is going to read or give a shit at this point, but, if you do, please download this, read it and like it, share with friends, your blog, on Torrents or wherever.

And THANK YOU for checking this out, for reading my blogs, publications and for finding my spot on the net. Out of the petabytes of info out there in the abyss of the net, I'm honored you came across mine.

And for those who don't like it, it's free, so go fuck yourselves! But thanks for reading anyway. Seriously.

Much love to everyone, my cat, the aliens, and all the hookers. RESPECT!

# Chapter One:

## Fun Time



## **Punch You in the Face**

The next time I see you

I'm going to punch you in the face

Don't ask me why

I'm not really sure

It could be that thing you said to me a long time ago

That I forgot and you can't recall

But, nonetheless, it pissed me off

Maybe it's because you like that song My Humps by the Black Eyed Peas

Maybe it's because you talk too much during movies

Or possibly it pertains to the peculiar sound you make when you eat

Perhaps it's the way you look in a hat

Perhaps it's the things you say to my cat

(I'm glad she always hisses and scratches you)

Whatever it is

I'm going to punch you in the face

And I'll record it and upload it to the internet, too

So you and everyone  
Will know and will see  
That you got punched in the face  
Punched in the face  
By me

## **Getting Naked at Work and Reciting Shakespeare**

Sitting in desolate isolation entrapped by a cubicle  
My boredom melancholy counted by ticking clocks  
Water coolers burping passing time like hour glasses  
Co-workers gossiping about the celebrity couple that punched a nun in the face  
And adopted a one legged orphan from Sri Lanka with rabies named Pujuma  
I can no longer bear the monotony  
So I jump onto a table in the middle of the room  
And begin to scream out a Shakespearean sonnet  
Tearing off my work clothes with each stanza  
Instead of an English accent,  
I recite it with the voice of Tony Danza  
Now totally nude and completed all verse,  
I tie my necktie around my head  
And strap on running shoes with no socks  
No socks, not now, not today  
I yell out...  
“I am Ezra Pound, and this is my lost Canto!”  
Jumping down from the table, colleagues point and yell  
Some laugh, some gasp  
A lady faints, a man spits out coffee and drops things  
My frightened turtle shrivels in the cool air-con

But I care not  
For today I am free  
I run into my boss's office  
Turning around and bending over,  
I sing "Don't worry, Be Happy" in B Flat and slap on my buttocks for rhythm  
Not even exiting his conference call, I don't think he notices the intrusion  
I wave "ta-ta" and run down the hall to the elevator  
A woman had been standing there but took off running when she saw me  
Once in the elevator, I hum to musak that sounds like "Kokomo"  
"Aruba, Bahama" "Key Largo, Montego"  
I love that song and it sounds much better when you're naked and in an elevator  
Getting out, I dodge a security guard trying to capture me  
"To be or not to be!" I yell and run out into the street  
As I run down the street, I sing Christmas Carols and put quarters into vacant parking meters  
(I keep a roll of quarters inserted in my rectum at all times just in case a situation like this develops)  
Stopping and saluting a leashed dog,  
I revoltingly recant Walt Whitman and have sex with a street sign  
Now smoking a cigarette I picked up off the street,  
I begin running and singing again, even more out of key  
People scream and point and cover their children's eyes  
It's amazing the reactions that a naked man running down the street smoking,  
bellowing out "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" elicits  
I point to the sky and proclaim wildly:  
"Today, and only today, I am the antique's teeth from 'The Waste Land' without the cockney accent, and  
they are me!"  
I run into a tumultuous shopping mall  
Crawling with suburban zombies and credit crunchiness  
Climbing up the escalator, I begin to give the Gettysburg Address  
Suddenly I'm shot in the back of the head by a deranged Burger King employee on a homicidal rampage

I die instantly

I'm still naked

## **Shooting Midgets from a Catapult and Watching Our Teacher Tap Dance Nude**

I woke up late today

The alarm clock had grown arms and legs and ran away

Scratching my testicles and stumbling into the kitchen,

I found an alligator eating my Cheerios

There was no time to fight him,

so I took off my nightgown and slipped into some edible panties,

red tights, a green tutu, retro basketball jersey, and funky tennis shoes

I brushed my teeth and put my hair into pig tails

Then I stepped out the door

and mounted the unicycle I ride to school

After giving a stranger the finger, I took off onto the highway

(The "Miami Vice" theme song played in my head)

Upon arrival at school,

I saw Tiger Woods out on the front lawn

with a neck brace on,

shooting midgets from a catapult

A group of mimes were next to him,

involved in a limbo contest

Behind them was a three legged homosexual donkey called "Rufus,"

chasing a rogue peacock in circles like a loon,

whilst singing Lady GaGa's "Poker Face"

completely out of tune

Inside the school, a roaming pack of football players,

in pads and helmets, tackled random people throughout the hallways,

as two cheerleaders named “Buffy” followed, waving pompoms,  
and chanting the school fight song  
As I walked into class,  
I noticed that our teacher, Mr. Schlomsky, wasn’t there yet  
Everyone looked puzzled...  
When out of the blue, without warning,  
Mr. Schlomsky fell through the ceiling and landed perfectly on his feet  
(Totally perpendicular to the podium!)

A balding, obese and hairy Polish man of 5’2,  
he was entirely naked except for a large pair of Versace sunglasses,  
Polka-dotted bowtie and large red clown shoes  
He looked around the room and didn’t say a word for about thirty seconds  
And then  
Burst into a fiery lecture about Confucius,  
which was peppered with Russian curse words,  
spastic hand and arm motions,  
and brief outbursts of tap dancing  
At the conclusion of the lecture,  
he juggled pineapples,  
and I stood up and applauded  
Mr. Schlomsky then shapeshifted into a pterodactyl and flew out the window  
After class, I saw Tiger Woods riding away on my unicycle,  
giving me the finger and throwing golf balls at pedestrians  
I tried to hail a taxi, but they were all full  
Fortunately the baboon that lives in my closet, Fred,  
was driving an ice cream truck nearby,  
so I pole-vaulted onto the roof of the vehicle and surfed it all the way home  
I hoped that alligator wasn’t still in my kitchen because I was hungry and needed something to eat.

## **Holy Shit! Ezra Pound's Ghost is in my Refrigerator!**

The other day I read a poem by a British human named Debs  
about an entity that attacked her in the middle of the night  
and tried to steal her Calvin Klein underwear

It was a good poem;

after having a chuckle about it, I ate some shrimp, drank a bit of whiskey,  
and went about my business

everything was fine

UNTIL

Something strange happened later that night...

As I slept the sleep of a newborn-tit-sucking-shit-machine,

I felt my Scooby Doo blanket being pulled off me

Slowly I awoke, looked up into the darkness at the foot of my bed and  
saw what looked like the ghostly figure of someone I recognized

It was the long dead poet, Ezra Pound!

I said, "Holy shit, are you Ezra Pound?"

He said:

"AHHHHH! Motherfucker! I'm Ezra Pound's ghost, bitch! AHHHH! BOOO! SCARY! AHHHH!!!!!"

Doing what anyone would, I sprung out of bed, grabbed my vacuum cleaner  
and chased him around "Ghostbusters" style

but he was fast!

Ghosts of dead poets are really swift!

He jumped into my refrigerator



(I keep the refrigerator door open at night because I like to use a lot of electricity)

I slammed the door shut and trapped him inside

He was like “AHHHH! Let me out! Let me out! AHHHHH!”

However, I decided to keep him in there and went back to sleep like nothing happened

Next morning I opened up the refrigerator and Ezra was still in it

He said he actually likes living in the fridge and handed me a couple eggs and a cuppa coffee and gave me some awesome recipes for pasta he knew from his time in Italy

He asked if he could stay; I said OK,

because I like having a dead poet in my refrigerator

I really don't know why people are against having evil spirits in their house

I think it's fun having demons and stuff, I use my Ouija board all the time to contact them and ask them to drop by and play Scrabble

What does this “Debs” person think is so wrong with nocturnal entities?

Fighting off malicious spirits in the middle of the night is a gas and such great exercise

Much better than going to the gym!

You know, it all reminds me of this hippy girl I used to have sexual intercourse with in Tennessee

As soon as we moved into a house, she put on a Harry Potter costume, burned incense, and started some sort of séance to rid the place of evil spirits

I told her “NO! Stop doing that!”

I like having wicked spirits in my domicile!

So what if they're a poltergeist or something!

They have a right to be there, too, and were here before WE moved in,

so it would be like totally rude to kick them out

What am I, an asshole?

Poltergeists and demons are people, too, with hopes, dreams, aspirations and families

Leave them alone you fucking bastards always harassing them!

(Needless to say, that relationship was short-lived!)

(Besides, she always hated it when I'd shave off my eyebrows, paint a turtle on my chest, and go do aerobics in the

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