

Robert
Hunter
Kennedy
TH TH TH



Jimmy

THE 18
MINUS
no. TIMES



De La O

MINUS RHYMES: The Winter Route

Deer heads in the back of a Mississippi pick-up
Slept in the swarming Houston headlights
Took a walk down past the dumpsters and dog pens
Two bears thrown in with the deer to be cleaned
The black man offered us a piece of brains
Hit a jackrabbit and it spun like a lotus flower
Big Bend at high speed, slanting clouds a whisper, vibrating bodies
Opal moon threw a shadow over the camp, my shadow, daddy longlegs
Our tent peeling off the mountain in the wind
In the morning, dead tarantulas hung in the briars
The javalinas asleep and the little lights shivering
We played cards for a paw print down the trail
The Marfa boxes just coffins waiting for a grave
But the eight point buck, with his does and sweet grass,
Wasn't waiting on any daddy longlegs to lighten his shadow
He edged up the slope into the sparse
The vacant hotel our witness in the distance
Its one phone ringing, calling its mate

COUPLA STORIES: OUT OF CIRCULATION

This summer, the roof caved in on my studio during a thunderstorm. I didn't have another picture drawn until October. When I drove out to the flea market to see the Frenchman, I didn't know what to expect, but there he was, still flirting with the ladies at the nail and lash parlor next door. The Frenchman was a nice guy who made good barnwood picture frames out of other people's shithouses/shacks. When I put two frames on the counter, he didnt miss a beat and gave me a big hello. It was bigger than usual. I noticed the bulging scar on the heel of his hand which he had been trimming at with a buck knife. He laughed it off when I asked him about it, said pulling the kickback out of his palm was like pulling a cork out of a wine bottle with a fingernail. But a shadow crossed his face when he asked about my new scar. A few ladies stopped to listen and cradled their hands to their chests when I ~~described waking up~~ mentioned waking up in splinters. When one of them gave me a dollar, I knew. I guess I never wanted to be told. I didnt know what the hell to do with the dollar, but the Frenchman understood. He put the dollar in the till, gave the lady a frame, and bid them goodbye.

JANUARY OF '96 ...

Editor: RH Kennedy 4025 University Blvd. Houston, TX 77005 Copyright 1996
For my new friends and old acquaintances, or vice versa, depending on the mood,
The Palmetto Liquor Militia, Shreveporters, freelancers, newlyweds and hermits