

THE RACKET



THE RACKET

11

THE RACKET

Hi.

Everyone doing okay?

Everyone still asking
themselves:
"What's next?"

What else could 2020
unceremoniously drop into
our collective laps?

If you're paying attention, I
shouldn't have to tell you this,
but across the board,
for a variety of reasons
- all wrapped up
in a knotty tangle -
times, they are a'changing.

And hard enough as it is
to wrap our underdeveloped
gray matter around this
particular moment,
it's even harder to imagine
what the future, near or far,
remotely looks like.

To pat cliché on its head for a
moment:
change is hard, but change is good.

And this my friends,
is change at a heightened level.

It happens though,
for better or for worse,
and we survive and we adapt
and hopefully we get better,
and possibly we move forward.

So hold on, breath deep;
we've always been moving,
just not this fast.

'Till next time.

- Noah Sanders
The Racket

The Racket stands against
police brutality, racism and violence
perpetuated towards BIPOC
communities in all forms.

DONATE :

BLACK LIVES MATTER
<https://blacklivesmatter.com/>

THE OKRA PROJECT
website:
<https://www.theokraproject.com/>

WOKE VOTE
website:
<https://wokevote.us/>

This is just the start.
Learn more about defunding police:
<https://www.8toabolition.com/>

THE RACKET : QUARANTINE JOURNAL NO. 11

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Untitled

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The crowd is maddening and we are far from it.

WWW.THERACKETSF.COM

WE HAVE A PATREON

We aren't in it for the money. Believe us.
Funding or not we'll figure out a way to
keep getting great writing and great art
into your sweaty palms at no cost
whatsoever.

That said: there are costs in doing what
we do.

And any help with those costs (and with
the costs of future The Racket endeavors)
would be greatly appreciated.

If not, we get it and we still appreciate
you.

THANK YOU TO THESE FOLKS

CATHY SANDERS	JUSTIN SANDERS
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THE BACK PAGE
BY
Laura Jaye
Cramer

CURATED BY:
Noah Sanders

THE RACKET

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quarantine satori

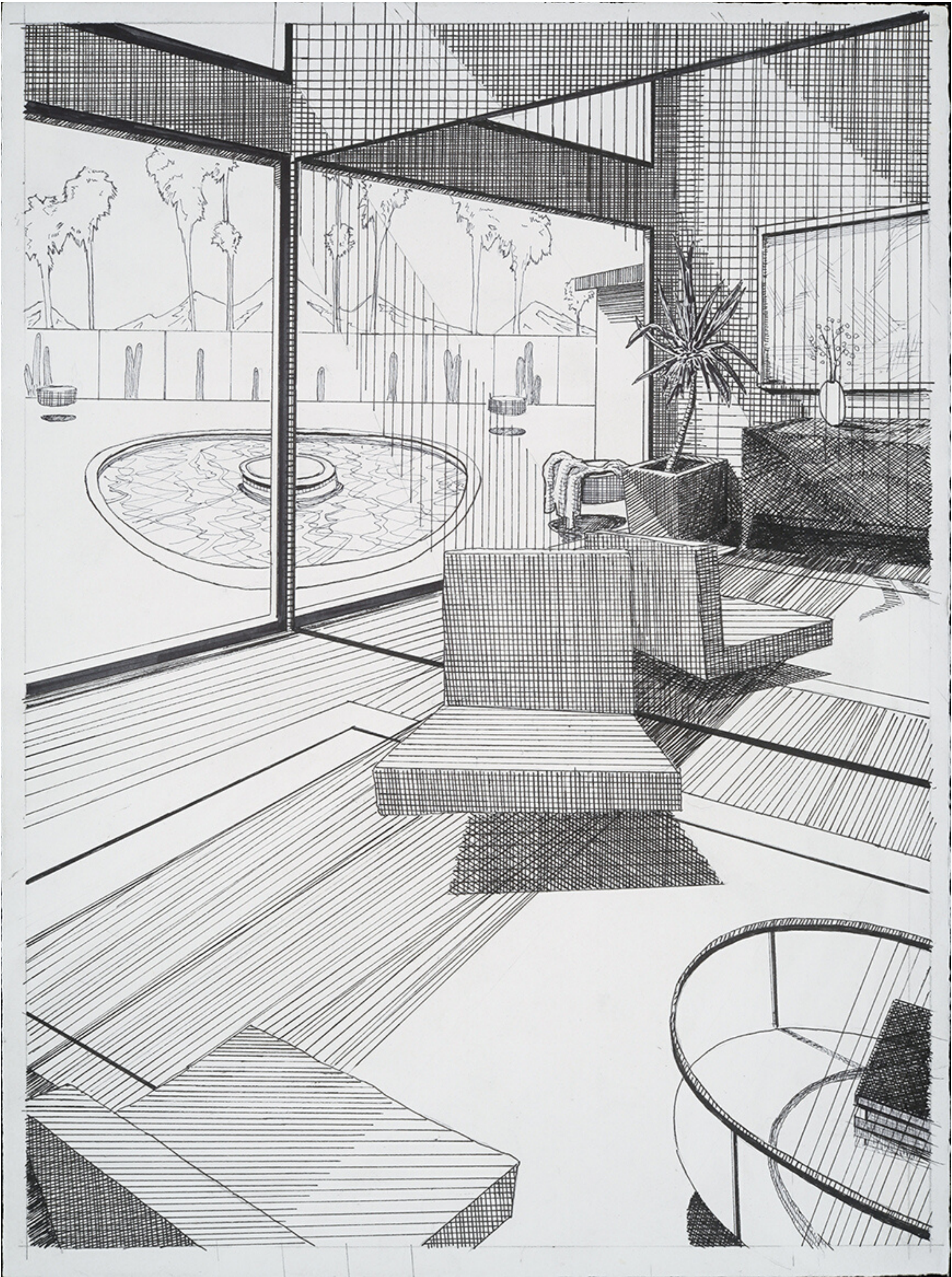
ANN SHERMAN

underneath the politesse
locked away within
the inner sanctum
my central
processing unit
gets hacked daily
viral eye-rolling
auto updates the default
each registered user
protected only by
renewed subscription
to unshared access
and this speaker
on mute

Confines

PETER THOMAS BULLEN

Imagine being exposed as human, left out to dry as human, human hosed down, which you didn't start out like. Imagine like how you started out. Don't think of the name of a train station, don't think of the location of a bus stop. You come to a fork in the road, or you find a spoon someone dropped, but who? Don't think of the name of a woman. Leave your best efforts to keep your worst efforts company. It's too bad etc about the exhausting edifice, the cover-up, designed to do what? Gloss over the embarrassment you discovered. Make like how it discovered you. An ambush. Don't think of the motel sign in the desert. No persons you can point to, which raises the questions of what to do with persons since they are somewhat lovely. Don't think of the bartender's mustache, although impressive. Will you ever go out, once recommended. It infers a handful. It infers danger, adventure, the evening breeze, a snow flurry. Once you are out as out you will one day be. The dazzling array is not cozy. Cozy is the couch. Don't think of the name of your mother. Cozy is the bed. Cozy is a warm bath in a not overly large bathroom. A overly large bathroom you have to defend from invaders.



DREAM, PLAN, BUILD: BUILD / ERIK PARRA / 2020

A Pigeon Is A Rock Dove

CHRISTINE NO

Before poetry
Grandmother taught me to pray
Hallowed be thy name— & lost her mind.

*Her solemn back curled form;
I, child, one eye cracked*

My Grandmother lives in the shelter of my undoing
Holds my hand, asleep; contained

Within her dreams my heart—
break: her black eyes grey

Her hair white all
at once.

My Grandmother all dreamspeak. Up
She floats, reels the popcorn ceiling & back
breaks heavy, glass mind shatters my bedroom

My Grandmother, shelter while
I unraveled

My Grandmother, sheltered
Unravels—

All Pigeons are Rock Doves

Someone told me, symbolic
of peace and good news

Blessed are the meek
Sky rats flock a pizza crust.

I feel for the one: footless straggler
Torn wing, nubbed flutter

Worse for wear
by way of broom
by tire or swift kick

—I cheer for that one:

*Ain't dead yet,
Good for you, Bud.
Don't need feet to fly, Bird—*

Mourning doves, they never
bothered me; dumb things,
all murmur & free.

They rush the tops of buildings all
at once.

What same circuitous thought
propels them

What keeps my Grandmother
tethered

Hard bed & ceiling

No TV, headache

*No sleep, all horses, legs fused
& bow tied.*

Determined beatific thing won't you let go?
Oh, pathetic, gentle

Hobbler, I cheer for you

At home we mourn too early.

In dreams she walks through walls,
Tells me:

No sleep, headache—

Shouts and incantations, all horses

Old histories, these legs bowed to God

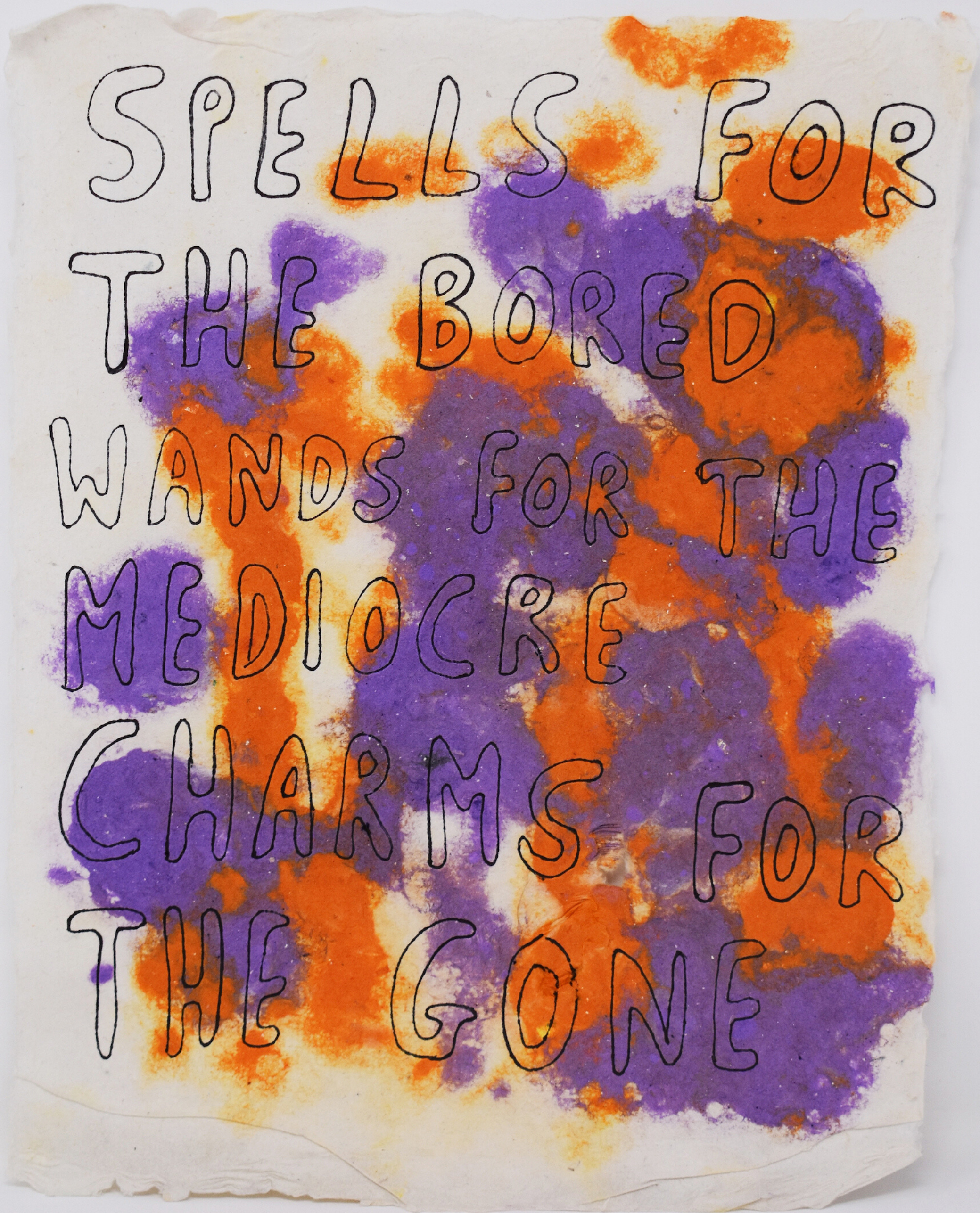
In the morning,
My Grandmother sees birds on the ceiling
Describes them the same.

Asks:

“Aren’t you tired, Pigeon?
Don’t you want
to stop?

Let go
& rest now

Gentle
Dove?”



SPELLS FOR
THE BORED
WANDS FOR THE
MEDIOCRE
CHARMS FOR
THE GONE

SPELLS FOR THE BORED / CHELSEA SMITH / 2020
PHOTO CREDIT: JULIO RODRIGUEZ

natural disasters

LILIAN CAYLEE WANG

have you ever waited for an earthquake to meet you where you are?
the molten core, the seed of beginning and ending, of Adam and Eve
waxes and wanes
heaves headfirst
the approaching tide eclipses the planets
a golden shadow
a white woodfire
a luminous doom
chars the edges of the sky
tilts its head
arms outstretched
blooms
cracks like the icicles of a chandelier above your head
when all i want to say is i love you

Nicaragua Rising

H. JACOB SANDIGO

Her eyes brown like gallo pinto
Bleed blue tears in a sea of fist
Raised for the next cause
Yet to be colluded by a ruler
Who promised he would never rule
Land for toda mi gente
Land as therapy
For minds that ring like fallen
cathedrals
Silent goes the shadow of the warrior
Who wept for paradise fallen
Heaven is the country
Hell is what they feed us
Our billboards speak as socialist
But hefe hoards all the reserves
Start a riot with my nacatamales
In chaos he sends his silence
Thru the smoke we remain
People de volcán



UNTITLED (SMITHSON SALT) / RACHELLE REICHERT / 2015

Shelter In Place

NORMA SMITH

Leave the lights on
so you and I can see
what's left

After the to-do list is done for the day,
for the month, for the year, and

A glass of wine or a puff of smoke
takes over. Don't you wish

You were that clear-headed:
to relax your guard
between the clean lines

of Monday morning, sitting at the desk
someone else cleaned for you
over the weekend
and Sunday afternoon at home
strewn as always

With papers, half-eaten
poems, splayed across the bed,
bathrobe shucked and left in a pile
at the side of it,

So you and I
could climb between the sheets again,
clutter together, shelter in that

Dangerous place
we've spent the week
making ours.

THE BACK PAGE

BY
LAURA JAYE CRAMER

EAT MY SHORTS

It's My Party



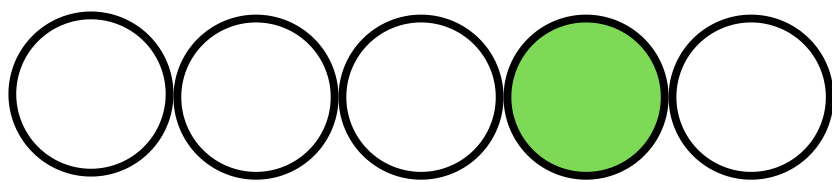
Can I book one of
those cute petting zoos? For my
funeral, I mean.

THE WEEKLY MUMBLE

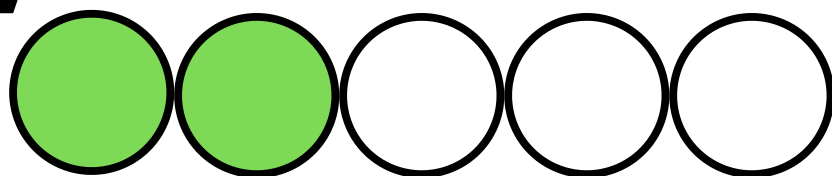
WORD STUFF

Unscramble each Mumble to form five ordinary words.
Then, arrange the green letters in the highlighted spaces to
complete the punchline.

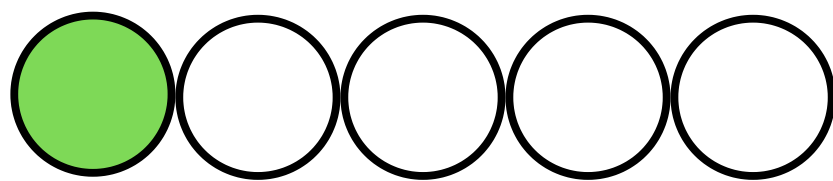
OTHTO



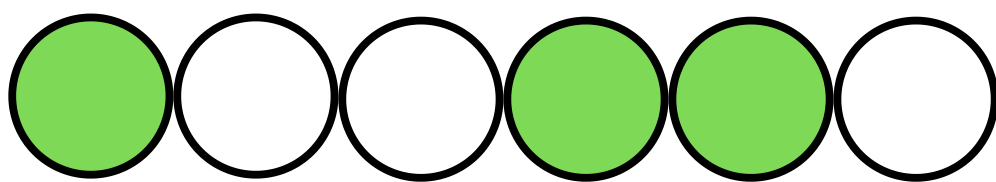
OHSEV



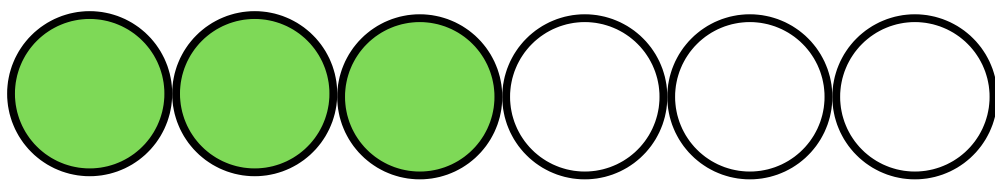
LGNUE



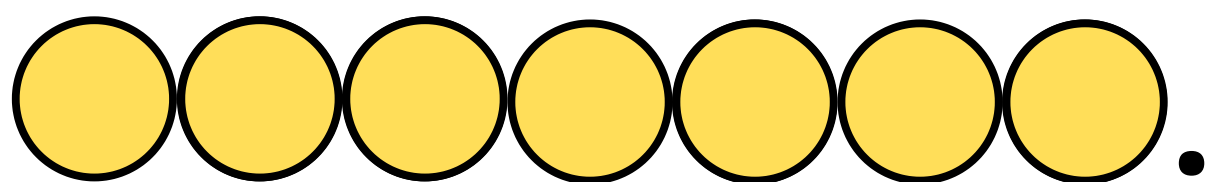
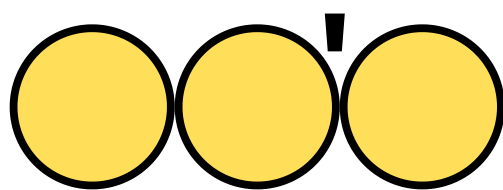
BDHIYR



NYGACN



Did you hear
about the
guy who lost
his left side?



(Answers next week.)

Last week's answers:

WALNUT, ONION, ACROSS, DRESSY, STEREO

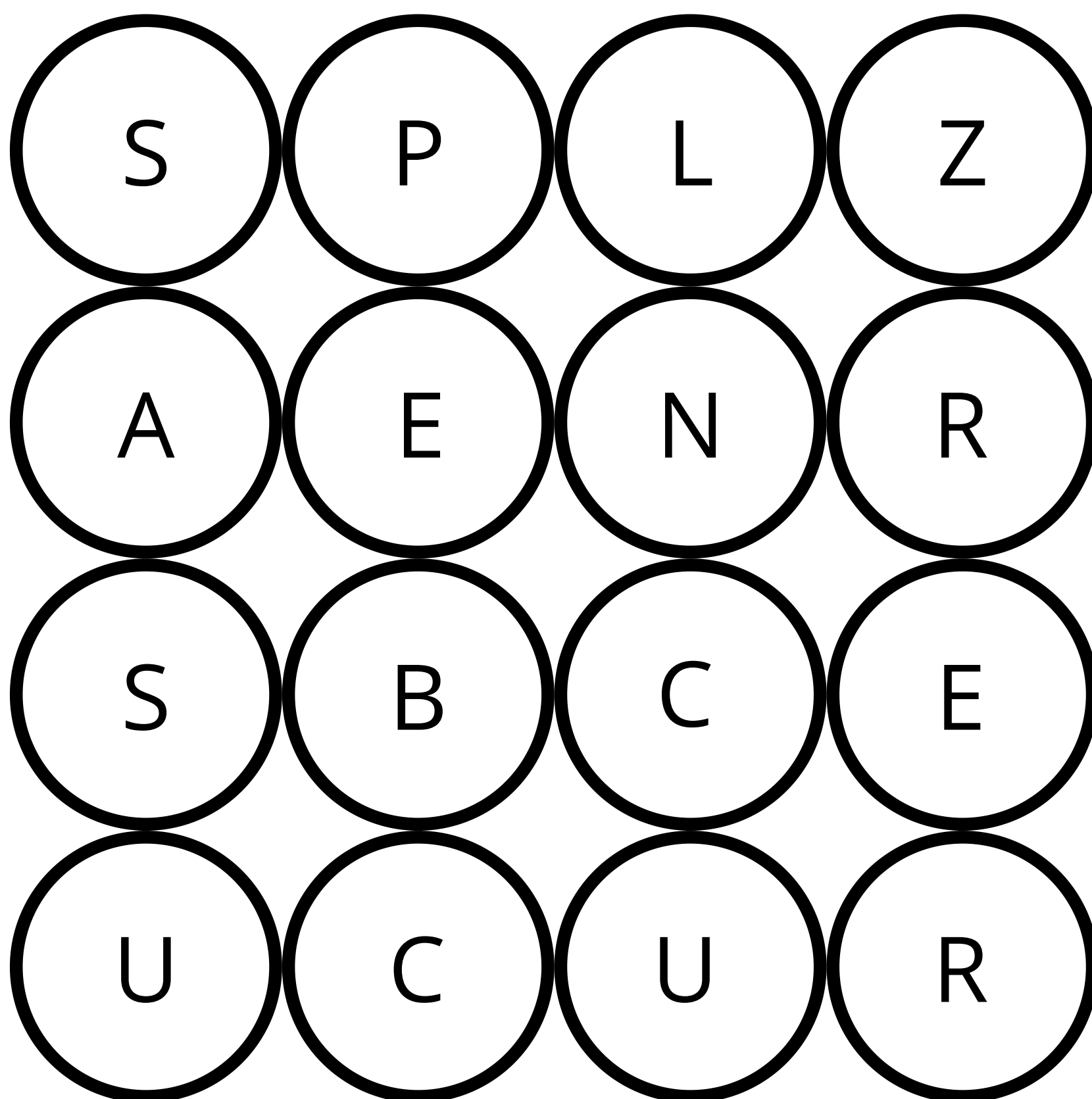
Knock, knock. Who's there? Dishes. Dishes who?

Dishes Sean Connery.

BONGGLE

Set a timer for three minutes (honor system!) to find as many words as possible within the grid by connecting letters horizontally, vertically, or diagonally.

You know, like Boggle.



SCORING (by word):

three/four letter - 1 pt.
five letter - 2 pt.
six letter - 3 pt.
seven letter - 4 pt.

Send your list of words and your score to:
theracketreadingseries@gmail.com

High score gets a shout out in the next issue!

CONTRIBUTORS

At our monthly events instead of introductory bios, we ask our readers a question and then share their answers.

We'd like to continue the tradition.

QUESTION:

What are you seeing in the mirror these days?

PETER THOMAS BULLEN

I see a familiar face. I'd like to ask it a question because it looks as if it could answer. The face of another often seems to welcome a question. I say to what I see in the mirror: "Do you have an answer yet?" It just looks back at me, but not unkindly.

CHRISTINE NO

ah, the mirror. oy vey. someone older, and not much wiser.

ERIK PARRA

RACHELLE REICHERT

H. JACOB SANDIGO

Amethyst eyes, Molotov mouth, & a tell tale heart wrapped in sacuanjoches.

ANN SHERMAN

Steve Harrington's grandma

CHELSEA SMITH

I am seeing someone looking for the gains as well as the losses.

NORMA SMITH

You must mean my zoom frame, showing unedited but stylishly silver locks.

LILIAN CAYLEE WANG

I see myself childlike, waiting for a gift to return.

**THE
RACKET**
WEEKLY



THE WEIGHT

THURS. 6/25
7PM / ZOOM

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END OF THE ROAD.

**IT'S THE ENNNND
OF THE ROAAAAAD.**

