

*It Takes All Kinds
Literary Line*



10th Issue

Hello! Welcome to Issue 10 of It Takes All Kinds!

When I started this zine in 2006, I didn't really think too far ahead about its future, and seventeen years later finally brings us to double digits.

And, it's being released on the first anniversary of Mötus AudāxPress!

You can find the back issues linked at the press website:

<https://www.motusaudax.com> along with submission guidelines. The next issue will be in July 2023.

I invite you to consider submitting your writing, art, and/or photography.

Skaja

Art by Skaja Evens

April 25, 2023

Front Cover: John

Patrick Robbins

Back Cover: Skaja Evens

Hipster Promenade

By John Patrick Robbins

They say Kurt Cobain
hated his music
becoming commercial.
In turn being blasted
from car speakers of
assholes he would have
rather spit on than
performed for.

To me the biggest laugh is
being admired by those
you hate.

For a dollar spends the same no matter from who's wallet it came from.

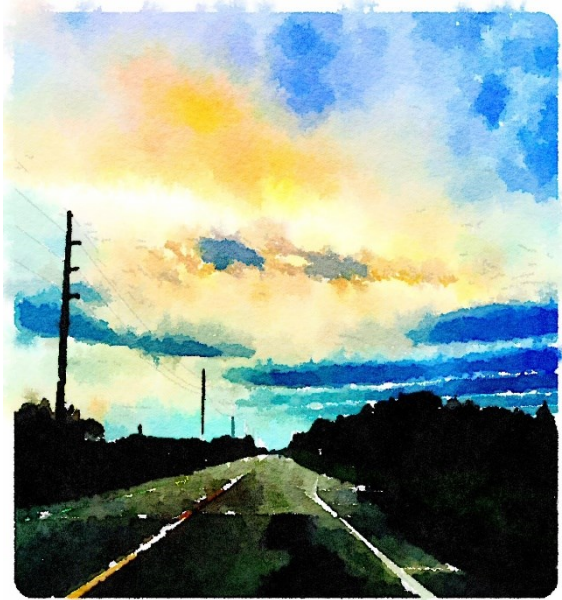
As I buy a half gallon or two and maybe some rented pleasures for the night.

As I will certainly screw an empty-headed cheerleader as quickly as a streetwalker
and treat them equally the same.

For the blood in my veins is that of a true heathen not some jackass pretending to
be what he is not.

You can buy me a drink but you can never buy me.

Art is for sale. I am not.





wisteria scales the
pergola, peers o'er pickets
at deserted street

Wisteria by Jerome Berglund

Pasted papers

By Ivan de Monbrison

There are shadows that are cut out with the scissors of your fingers and that form black silhouettes on the white background of the painting there are your hands resting on the table that are not yours that are the hands of another that you don't know and who's drawing a drawing that you don't see because you are blind yes you are blind and the night is blind too and the day is blind and deaf so the day doesn't hear the music that you play that weird music that you play at night on your guitar the day doesn't hear the melody that screams the day doesn't hear the song that tells the gardens planted in the spring the day does not hear the sound of the voice singing and during that time the drawing is done by itself with your hands but without you in the same way the poem is written by itself with your hands but without you you are not there you have never been there there are these shadows cut out with the scissors of your fingers and which form like black silhouettes that you paste on the white background of a painting but of a painting that we would never have been painted there is no more day there is no more head there is no more drawing there there is no more silence there is no more madness there is no more distance between us here the night has been drawn like a curtain like a curtain on a painting a curtain among others drawn on a mass grave where the dead would be living and the living would already be dead.

A woman is shown from the back, holding a large black t-shirt up in front of her. The t-shirt has the words "Advertising From Hell" printed in a red, stylized font. She is wearing a dark, possibly black, dress or skirt and high-heeled shoes. The background is dark and moody, with some faint, ethereal light patterns. The overall tone is dark and provocative.

Advertising

From

Hell

JPR

Advertising From Hell
By John Patrick Robbins

This product will change your life.
It will give your wife multiple orgasms.
And make your son gay on every trending level.

This product will make heroin obsolete and PayPal a must.
This product will have some strange side effects and a free chemical burn with a limited Donny Osmond smile.

This product is all sold out but you can pre-order it from the Church of Scientology today.

Tomorrow, it will possibly be illegal.

What is this outstanding product?
I cannot remember what I was told and forced at gunpoint to say.



Photo by Skaja Evens

I Was Going To Write A Poem

By Kevin M. Hibshman

I placed myself squarely in front of the keyboard but then I remembered suddenly that I had forgotten to pay my monthly student loans, still awaiting forgiveness like a soul damned to purgatory.

I was going to write a poem but the phone rang, shattering my concentration. It was my mother whom I hadn't spoken to for months.

My sister's partner had suffered a stroke on the very same night that my aunt had also endured one.

My mother was shuffling between cities to look after both of them.

My father was driving her around after recovering from an attack of Gout.

She was beyond exhaustion but doing OK.

I was going to write a poem but realized we hadn't ordered groceries and the cats were out of food and so I had to make a quick trip to the bodega.

After returning home, it dawned on me that I hadn't eaten anything all day and it was now 6:30 PM.

I decided to check out my social media pages while waiting for water to boil.

One friend was now homeless, another close to being so.

I was pondering the hardships of others when William shouted down the stairs: "Hey, could you do my laundry?"

I decided the poem would have to wait.



Photo by Trina McDaniel

Thank God, I'm A Bad Guy
By Frank Murphy

Or I just may be a deacon in your local church with a passel of kids and a lard-ass wife.

Who works every day because he secretly doesn't want to ever go home.

I drive a minivan, and sometimes I search myself in the shower to see if my balls are still intact, for they are very much no longer in use.

I take my lunch in titty bars to admire what I most certainly will never have.

As some buxom blonde asks,
Would I like a private dance?
As she grinds away and I release in my pants and consider this a lucky night.

I order one more candy-ass cocktail and a margarita for my dry-humping rented gal pal as well.

As I get bold with my liquid courage and ask, "Hey, ever want to maybe ditch this place, and enjoy a real private party?"

This built-for-sin dancer sips at her drink, she suddenly spits it in my face laughing.

"What, and roll with a guy who drives a minivan, has to swing by a truck scale to weigh his ass, and pops the cork in his pants.

"Yeah, I think I will pass, Mr. Marshmallow Man."

She quickly replies, shooting me down as my phone vibrates. And I read my wife needs me to swing by the high school because our mentally challenged son, Pete, needs a lift home because he just crapped his pants.

Yeah, had I not chased skirts and found Satan I may have really been led astray. Good thing I sold my soul for a bucket chicken and a blow job, or I may have really ended up one twisted son of a bitch.

Instead of the perfect little foul-mouth devil I am today.

Cheers!



Image by Skaja Evens

Inappropriately Dressed

By Lynn White

I wasn't dressed for snow,
or clouds,
or wind,
or for walking at all,
if I were honest.
But sometimes
you just have to give it a go
and trudge through the clouds,
kick up the snow in passing,
challenge the wind
with the size

of your hat.

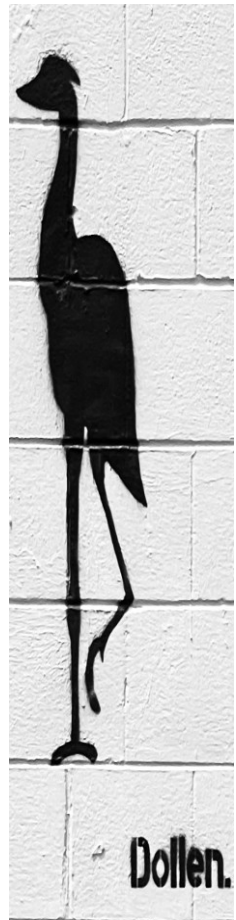
It wouldn't dare to blow
it away, would it?
Sometimes
you just
have to don
your dark glasses
and stride out to the sun,
regardless of snow, or clouds, or
clothes.
Sometimes
you just have to go....

Bliss Feels Like Shit

By Curtis Blazemore

Isolated in the Mojave Motor Inn
after getting beat up by vegan tourists in Joshua Tree.
A couple of Lance Corporals
from Twentynine Palms Marine Corps base witnessed it
and told the lady cop they
would have intervened but for the glitter in their eyes
from tongue swapping in a
tent pitched at the National Park. They said they had
no idea who Gram Parsons was,
and just then a symbolic dog wandered by with that
I miss my junkyard look in its eye.
I'm left feeling ornery, homeless as an Amboy creosote,
strangely drawn to the mysterious
and scrappy lady cop, despite her ragged inventory.
She has spirit. And I'm on a quest.
What is loved? What is lost, irrevocably? What the hell
is the deal with primal desert
elements evoking existential dreamscapes? Oh, and
what exactly am I supposed to
gaze at silently for hours in these deep Mojave stellar
nights? I'm coming of age once again.
I want to haunt stillness, not these junkyards or wrecked
homes or alluvial desert canyons
where bodies are always buried. I think mystery is a
dynamic attractor: in this case,
a lady cop with dimensions beyond my homelessness.
I think we could be an animal mind,
she and I, fearless, sojourning through danger's kingdom.
This in the pit of night, which is
no small thing out in Joshua Tree, USA, where stars are
scattershot, as random as
human thoughts or bullets or inexplicably severe desires.

Photo by Skaja Evens



after Edna St. Vincent Millay

Who I Never Kissed and Roughly Why
By B. Lynne Zika

What lips my lips have shunned, and roughly why,
I ne'er forget, but ponder, Do I tell?
Parading in my dreams, that desert dell
Crowds corpses, closely packed, beneath the sky.
They split their coffins, old, and clasp me well.
I recall as deadly voices swell
The time and place I bade them each good-bye.

Yet I live summer rich in solitude
And sing such pleasing phrases to myself.
I need no other songsters near my bed
Nor gilded sonnets tucked upon a shelf.
To sing me winter, lads, is more than rude
And I have gladly wished you each quite dead.



Orchid by Jerome Berglund

If Any One Man

By Kevin M. Hibshman

I watched as you came into view.

Everything went slow motion as the wind whipped your hair about like a loosed forest.

You were an approaching storm, wearing a look of pure defiance.

Your features cutting sharply through the maelstrom,

Worn to fine points from years of struggle.

There was a sense of impending victory in your bold stride.

I thought to myself if any one man could wrestle the serpent with a chance of winning,

It would have to be you.

Intervals and Rhythms

By Curtis Blazemore

How does it feel? Comfortable

but edgy.

Political and artistic. Fall and spring.

Nobody can make rent,

even in this rusty little desert town, and nobody has spaces,

so we cobble together outdoors, with or without mics,

behind coffee shops and used book stores, passing around flasks

of old bourbon, to project our poems—

cultures and saints, universities

and friends. My awful writing is solid, my detachment

a smolder of wisen'd ash,

sooty, with this long, low breath of cello steadily rising

to sound this homeless shelter or that prison

or maybe my uninhabited childhood.

There are a lot of writers,

and *There's no such thing as bad writing!* says Dorothea Lasky.

There is a shortage of people worth listening to, say I—

musicians and yogi, also, of this same cloth. I am not here to

liberate or be liberated. Collaborate, yes,

on a raga of poetry, infinity, exigency.

See, I've lived through

blackouts and plagues, witnessed death—

I want,

I want a touch so bewitching that it haunts me forever.

i was born to shine
by linda m. crate

why are women expected to be
selfless and give every part of
themselves for others?
doesn't matter if they lose themselves
for the greater good, society says;
but i refuse to lose myself
or my dreams and magic because i am
worthy of my own bones—
they want me to die for them,
but i want to live for me;
i don't care if it's selfish because i think it's
selfish of them to expect me to give my all
for a machine who only sees me as a cog
and would spit out my bones and blood with
no regrets as it steamrolled the next person—
i want to thrive and grow not simply exist,
why should i give up my gifts so society
can continue to pretend that my life doesn't
matter?
i can't. i won't. i refuse.
my voice, my life, my dreams, my magic
all mean more to me than their judgment ever
could—
let them judge me,
i know i was meant for more than this;
there's stardust in my veins—i was born to shine.

Image by Trina McDaniel

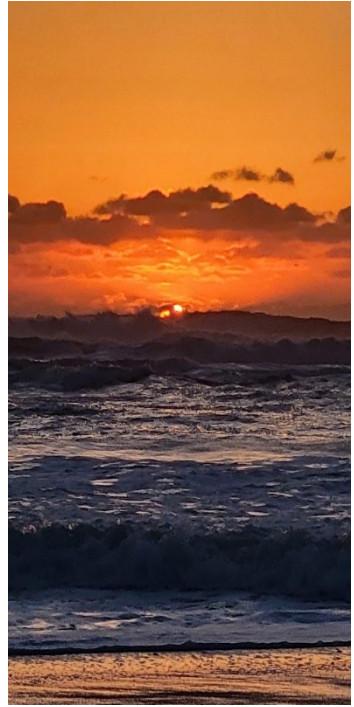


Photo by Skaja Evens

Legless

By Ivan of Monbrison

there's nothing to know a word was placed in the mouth there is also an egg in your left hand in this egg there is a woman in the woman there is a heart in the heart there is a memory in the memory there is a picture in the picture there is a face in the face there are eyes in the eyes is a heart and then you forget everything you forget the face you forget the memory you forget the heart you forget the end and the beginning and then you forget to finally forget the thought was placed inside a window the window is like a painted canvas or like silence but you can't see those very eyes watching you through the window you dare not think about it outside there are two legs walking by themselves on the sidewalk two legs walking by themselves within a crowd they have no trunk no body no head no hands no arms nor heart there is only these two legs walking by themselves but wearing pants wearing shoes then the legs stop a short while waiting for the traffic to pass before resuming their walk hurrying a bit to get on time at work finally the legs stop to walk sit down on a chair and then the legs remain sitting on the chair all day long until the evening then only can the legs come back home stopping to buy some food on the way in a supermarket they finally go up the stairs they are relieved to finally get into their apartment they eat quietly dinner go to sleep and wake up again the next morning when as always one needs to put one's head on both legs so that one's head can move forward without being able to stop with two hands a brain two arms and a heart that all keep on walking mechanically no matter what might happen day after day yet once when opening the window in the evening as if somehow to get out but inside of it as if it were a painting you finally decided to jump you might for a couple of seconds maybe walk for once in your lifetime on your own legless and all the way down into the night.

Lonnie

By B. Lynne Zika

The old man sat, unspeaking,
in his lawn chair beneath the chinaberry
tree,
one arm cut off at the elbow,
the other trembling as it lifted
a jelly glass of lemonade.
While the women chattered,
I huddled in my own silence.

No one told me, Uncle Lonnie,
of the war that took your arm
or prepared me so that I could greet you
without shrinking away.

Photo by Trina McDaniel





Photo by Skaja Evens

Took a Greyhound to Tennessee
By Curtis Blazemore

Snuck into Graceland, dug up Elvis, built a jukebox from his bones. We'd been in L.A. housesitting for Jim Morrison's manic-depressive ghost and damn-sure craved Vegas-style choreography to lighten things up. Memphis locals occasionally dropped by the Meditation Garden dressed as lawn furniture, so we'd sit around a while with a cold one, right out of a classic red Igloo ice chest. Most nights Col. Parker's grandkids played the King's movie soundtrack vinyls on our boneyard juke. No one had ever canceled Elvis' magazine subscriptions, so there was always plenty to jerk off to behind the fountain— the girls printed on those pages lived the rest of their lives in our heads, rent free. Thought they'd married millionaires. Close. We pulled up daisies with our teeth. Barbequed yard varmints. But it was too much when the PTA started holding meetings, twisting to *Hound Dog*, blubbering lyrics to *In the Ghetto*. They say America is a shopping bag and a shovel. Close. I kept an Elvis pinky bone to floss with— my smile finds your daughter and moves her hips.

The Map

By B. Lynne Zika

South

The toes curl over and under each other,
frozen tributes to the dance: ballet
at first, then:

Goose^{step}, Tw i st

Jer_k

and the great one

they longed for but never claimed:

The Walk.

Monkey

Central

The belly was crosshatched for growth
(a thing which mistakenly was believed
to disappear once baby came).
Ah, wear 'em proudly, Doc said.

Let him wear them instead.

Appendectomy tightened his belt
and got outta there
with a couple puncture holes.
Caesarian burrowed her line
into pubic hair,
though times have changed:

Camouflage by fur is out of favor.

Buncha old dames useta sit in folding chairs
along the breakwall, drinking Manhattans
and courting sun.

You should see the mess they made —

...flat on my back for three —
Insurance wouldn't cover nothin'.
I told my husband Mark—
Shuffle, shuffle, add to those
Cholecystectomy
Endoscopic biliary stent placement
Carpal tunnel decompression surgery,
cleverly located along the lifeline
of a once-elegant right hand.

Hey, nobody's bitchin'.
Good conversation for old age, right?
Right?

North

At the supermarket clerks smile tenderly
at the old woman, back bent, face lined,
and say, as if addressing a child,
“May I help you?”

The woman smiles sweetly and delivers Yeats:
“THOUGH leaves are many, the root is one;
Through all the lying days of my youth
I swayed my leaves and flowers in the sun;
Now I may wither into the truth.”
Then she says,

“For spiritual reasons,
I once maintained abstinence for a year.
Someone told the lead singer of a group
playing at our favorite club.
He successfully set out upon a quest
to change that. At a certain moment,
our eyes locked, I said,
“It's been a long, cold, lonely winter.”
He smiled: “Here comes the sun.”



Photo by Trina McDaniel

just want to be
by linda m. crate

when your existence
is a rebellion,
life can be exhausting;

i want to go back
to the days of dandelion dreaming

and live in never land forever with all my
friends—

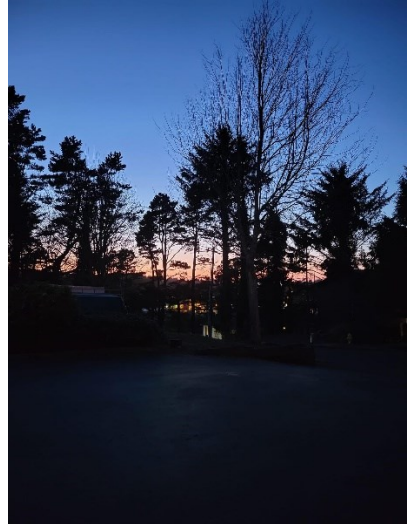
want to live in a hobbit house,
growing herbs and flowers and food;
drinking water from creeks and dancing
in waterfalls as i learn lore about
elves and dwarves and faeries and trees—

make friends with dragons and fly on the back
of giant winged crows,

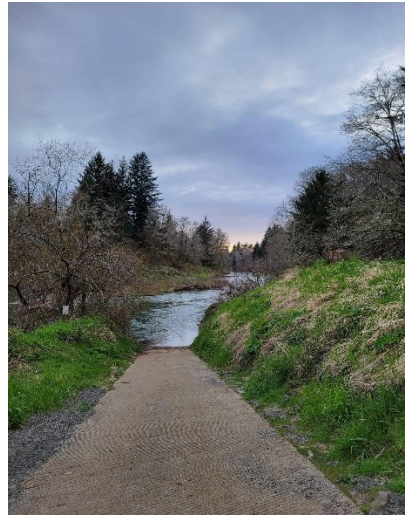
i just want to be;
without the added pressure of having to
deal with everyone who might
and does judge me for everything i cannot
be.

Imminent Meltdown
By Kevin M. Hibshman

I wake after a few hours of restless sleep.
The cats are being crazy.
Why did I ever agree to them?
You are angry.
You are always angry.
I sip an endless supply of caffeine.
I need to remain effective while I possess
less energy as they days thunder past like a storm outside
my window.
I cannot still my thoughts enough to write them down.
There is no one available and I am not seeking useless advice or petty sympathy.
The house is packed in boxes as we are planning a move.
There is just so much I do not want to take with me



Photos by Trina McDaniel





Crouched Raincloud by Jerome Berglund

The invisible cube

By Ivan de Monbrison

Today your face is closed up like a box and yet I try to see what is inside I try to see what is in this brain which has the shape of a cube of a cube drawn quickly on a sheet of paper so your face your head your skull your brain come down to a cube drawn on a sheet of paper I try to see what there is in the cube and in this cube there is nothing there is only the white space of the sheet of paper the annihilated space of the void there is only oblivion there is only the livid sky at dawn of this ending of winter or this beginning of spring perhaps and which resembles nothing which resembles a cube and inside this cube there is us and this cube extends grows this cube includes perhaps all the universe who knows and we walk on the walls of the cube sometimes with our heads upright sometimes with our heads upside down without being aware of it and sometimes I wake up at night locked in my prison and suddenly without any reason I start to vomit my thoughts I vomit my thoughts on the floor everywhere in the apartment and especially in the toilets and my thoughts fill up the toilets completely as if they were made only with my thoughts I fill up the toilets as if it were a white cube full of thoughts mixed up in a mush and I have my head sometimes even stuck inside the toilets so that I have to cut it off to get out of them and then put my head on the table like a fish in a transparent aquarium or in an invisible cube and I am this cube myself and I am am this small swimming goldfish and I am my own vomit and I am the toilets and I am this color that was hiding the blankness underneath wiped off with a rag of the canvas where I had painted just before the very texture of dust and thoughts where I had painted oblivion where I had painted ashes where I had painted emptiness where I had painted insomnia memory amnesia madness absence regret banishment silence, and the blankness of a sleepness night.

Marguerites
By Lynn White

I cut the marguerites from the garden
and placed them in a vase.
They stood there twisting and turning
this way and that.
I placed my glass carefully
well out of range of their gold dust filled
heads
I spoke to them sternly,
“don’t you dare drop your pollen in my
wine!”
They seemed to hang their heads
in contemplation
except for one.
She turned her dainty daisy head
with great deliberation
and nodded
so that a shower
of bright yellow pollen
floated like sprinkled gold
onto my red wine.
It left a bitter taste.



Photo by Skaja Evens



Photo by Trina McDaniel

More Things Change
By Curtis Blazemore

I can't rub my face into an email and breathe in the secret of its author. Letters are dead. The idea of authorship is now a commodified essay for drunken college students, written by Chat A.I.

Examination is dead. Plagiarism called from a rotary phone in Indiana to say *If everyone has only odd habits, then nobody has odd habits.* Sex rehab used to take place in the back of my

Monte Carlo, no charge. Shame has become ashamed of no longer being an aphrodisiac. No one wears out their own Levi's anymore, or hooks their thumbs into the loops of a partially

unbuttoned pair, hips cocked under a cocky smile. Gifts of the spirit are dead. Used to be you could count on the same two pictures to hang over every motel bed when having the same sex twice

with different people, people who always said *Thank God it's Friday* during requisite pre-coital restaurant meals. Safe unsafe sex is dead. San Francisco is dead. My Uncle Harlan is dead.

They used to always say *The more things change the more they stay the same.* They're all dead.

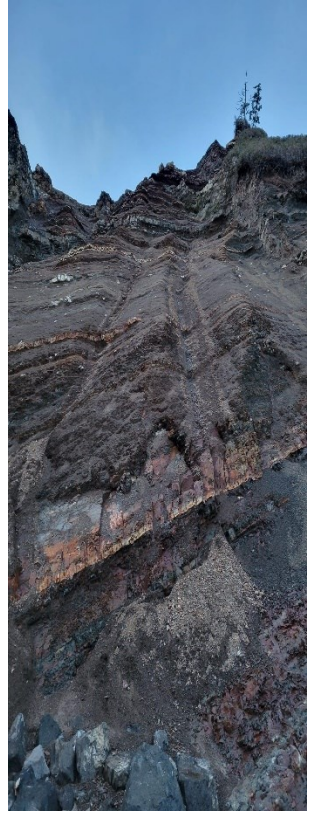


Photo by Trina McDaniel



Photo by Skaja Evens

stars and earth
by linda m. crate

beneath the soft needled pines
i found both solace
and much needed peace,

humanity could be so cruel
and haunting with a thousand
needles
of winter even when the
months
were spring and summer they
would
spit out quills sharper than
icicles but just
as cold;

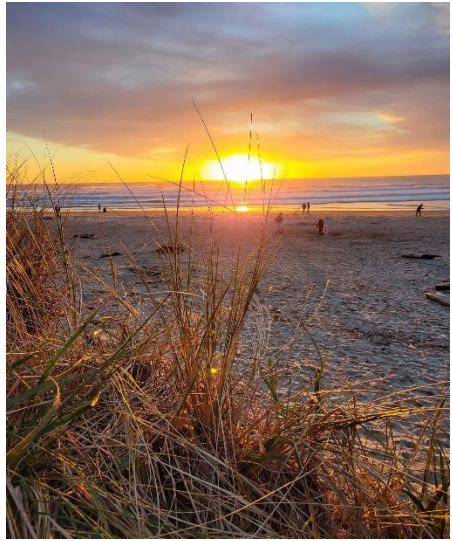


Photo by Trina McDaniel

when i was younger i walked into the wood
made a friendship circle with two fallen tree branches—

seems only the crows understood my meaning,

and they've followed after me ever since as if they
knew that i wanted to be loved just as much as i have
always loved;

just last week one was calling to me and when i answered
he or she flew to me landing only a branch or two above my head—

i don't understand why some humans cannot see
we are all connected,
every melody and every song and every lyric is
connected to something or someone else until we all have
some sort of bond;

they want to deny the humanity of those they deem different—

but the truth is despite all our differences,
each of us is made of stars and earth;
and each of us bleeds the same.



Photo by Trina McDaniel

Memory Lane Moments

By Skaja Evens

We're a series of moments
From birth to death
Some slow and lingering
Others rapid fire and disorienting

The moment is here, then it's gone
Unable to be repeated
Records will never do it justice

If only time could be paused
Drink in each saturated detail
Commit every nuance to memory
Cling to being frozen

Much better to be present
Give and take things for what they are
Cherish memories for as long as you can



Photo by Skaja Evens

Curtis Blazemore has been on the planet far too long, publishing various works in between having bad luck and making people rethink their faith in humanity. No matter. He sees sentences in the exhaled smoke and scribbles furiously. He hopes someday to be able to afford a Greyhound bus ticket to Graceland.

Ivan de Monbrison is a mongrel dog living in Paris, born the glorious year when a bunch of epilated monkeys set a paw on the moon, he writes whatever goes through his empty skull, mostly useless stuff.

Lynn White lives in North Wales. Her work is influenced by issues of social justice and events, places and people she has known or imagined. She is especially interested in exploring the boundaries of dream, fantasy and reality. Her poetry has appeared in: Consequence Journal, Firewords, Capsule Stories, Gyroscope Review and So It Goes. <https://lynnwhitepoetry.blogspot.com>

Linda M. Crate (she/her) is a Pennsylvanian writer whose works have been published widely both online and in print. She has twelve published poetry chapbooks, the latest being: Searching Stained Glass Windows For An Answer (Alien Buddha Press, December 2022).

Kevin M. Hibshman has had his poetry, prose, reviews and collages published around the world. He has edited his own poetry journal, FEARLESS for the past thirty years. He has authored sixteen chapbooks, including Incessant Shining (2011, Alternating Current Press). His latest books: Cease To Destroy, Just Another Small Town Story and The Mirror Masks Nothing, a co-authored book with John Patrick Robbins, published by Whiskey City Press, are now available on AMAZON.

B. Lynne Zika is an award-winning poet and photographer and a retired editor in closed-captioning. Her recent book, The Strange Case of Eddy Whitfield, multiformat, is available through standard booksellers. Zika's dad, also a writer/poet, bequeathed her this advice: Make every word count.

Jerome Berglund has many haiku, senryu and tanka exhibited and forthcoming, most recently in the Asahi Shimbun, Bear Creek Haiku, Bamboo Hut, Black and White Haiga, Blōō Outlier Journal, Bones, Bottle Rockets, Cold Moon Journal, Daily Haiga, Contemporary Haibun Online, Failed Haiku, Frogpond, Haiku Dialogue, Haiku Seed, Japan Society, Modern Haiku, Poetry Pea, Ribbons, Scarlet Dragonfly, Seashores, Time Haiku, Triya, Tsurī-dōrō, Under the Bashō, Wales Haiku Journal, and the Zen Space. His full-length collection of poetry, Bathtub Poems, was released by Setu Press.

Trina McDaniel is a weirdo hippie living in Lincoln City, Oregon where she works as a Caregiver. She enjoys walking on the beach, talking to the ocean, and listening to way too many comedy podcasts.

John Patrick Robbins is a Southern gothic writer this is his work, and that is all he cares to share beyond this point. Past victims list: Disturb The Universe, Medusa's Kitchen, Fearless Magazine, Horror Sleaze Trash, Punk Noir Magazine, It Takes All Kinds Literary Zine, Piker Press, Spill The Words, Impspired Magazine, The Dope Fiend Daily, Sava Press.

Skaja Evens is a writer, artist, and publisher, and runs both this zine and Disturb The Universe Magazine. She lives in SE Virginia with her fuzzy feline familiars. Her writing has been published in several places, including The Rye Whiskey Review, Medusa's Kitchen, Blue Pepper, Mad Swirl (and part of their 2022 Best of anthology), and Synchronized Chaos. Her photography has also been published at Setu Mag.



Photo by Skaja Evens

