

Stroll

The night splashes
beneath my sneakers.
I tread moon puddles
that gather around
the stopped-up storm
drains in the aftermath
of the April nor-easter.
A shifting gleam flattens
into an ovoid cocoon
of off-white and grey.
It fractures into ripples –
thousands of them, each
a concentric circle,
before dissolving completely.

Today The Dogs Bark

Today it rains in time
to the dogs' barking.
They complain, the dogs,
the way we used to when
the screen door slammed,
and he stalked outside.
Nobody talks of the ones
who are never upset, of
the million-to-one
chances of escape. They
are preoccupied, tangled
up in the empty promises
of change, unable to
remain human after all.

Job Interview

The fax machine grimaces
as I wait to be seen.
Its one green eye,
blackened from years
of misuse, seems to wink
at me over the table.
The paper guides are
cold sores, open and grey
cancres on its white lips,
rarely used but obvious.
A phone ear suddenly rings
in dismay and the machine
answers in a displeasing
cacophony of song, until

(cont)

it finally coughs up warm
dredges of someone else's
lunch break and spits it
on the floor where it is
trod upon twice before
someone bends to clean up
the machine's effluence.
Its neighbor, the smiling
shredder, appears eager
and is fed the words
the fax machine vomited
forth. The two electro-
mechanical fate seers
grow silent again.

Cameron Mount

Recent Poems

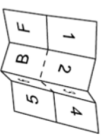
4

Folding Instructions

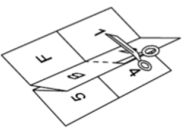
Note: All folds should be to the lines printed on the paper, and not to the actual edges of the page.



1. Start with front page at top left

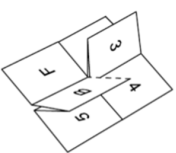


2. Fold in halves

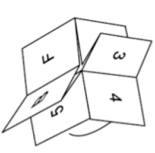


3. Cut at dotted line in center

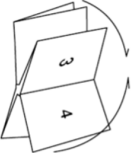
4. Fold to opposite ends.



5. Fold in half vertically



6. Fold in half horizontally



done. enjoy!



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Teaching Philosophy

It's impossible not to think of students as the product of a broken mirror. They have a hybrid vitality created from the newness of an alien landscape of unintelligible authenticity. Certain illegible texts insist that the narrative of willingness floats on the foreground of possibilities, but this hybrid pedagogy needs the efficiency of tangible language to comingle existence in a stationary but inclusive whole. The evolution of traditional aphorisms guarantees the continuation of a systemic illusion posing as the opposition to the awakening sense of permissive objective lyricism. This expanded vulnerability slides against a disjointed simultaneity on a biological level, defining itself as the dramatic satire of hyper-extended pejorative and combinatorial linguistics.