

If you've ever wandered into a gift shop, or even a book store by mistake, you've probably noticed a display of odd-shaped volumes filled with artsy photographs on shiny paper, accompanied by abstract little poems that make even less sense than the pictures. There are a couple of unusual things about such books: (1) They're always over-priced for what you get, and (2) no one is ever expected to read them. Rather, you're supposed to buy one as a gift to impress a friend, who will then put it on his coffee table to impress his friends. MAD feels this whole thing is ridiculous, especially the "over-priced" part. So we now offer, absolutely free

THE MAD ARTY POETRY AND FUZZY PHOTOGRAPHS GIFT BOOK

WRITER: TOM KOCH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOM KOCH



*a vision of you dwells
inside my mind
and fills my head
on quiet nights
with vapors of your being
that sadden my poor heart
but help my sinus drainage
quite a bit.*



*i see the sea
and wonder
if on the other side there is another shore
where people stand
not knowing
i am here
confused and short and homely.*





Sophisticated Swirls In Imagery

*A Collection of Priceless Pictures and Even More Costly Poems
by Faulconbridge Zetz-Doornfeld*



*in lonesomehood
i shlepp along
those quiet trails
that once we trod together,
and think
long thoughts
and ask myself aloud:
"when i was here before,
how come?"*



*i wait in vain
for you to call
just ONE MORE TIME
beside a phone that never rings
unless
i go another place
and call myself
which means that i'm no longer here
to answer.*





do you recall that special tree
 where once we carved our names
 in hearts entwined,
 and pledged our love beneath the boughs
 and visioned moppets not yet born
 who'd pass that way
 and see upon the gnarl
 the writings of our rapture
 long henceforward?
 well guess what.
 the tree died.



as young men often do,
 i lavished all
 on flashy cars
 of brilliant shade that lured the raunchy
 broads to ride with me through starlit
 nights to sanctuaries down the road a
 piece or sometimes even over on the jersey
 side.

but now
 i'm old
 and buy the stripped down model.



each morn,
 i pause beside that spot
 where used to be
 we strolled
 enraptured with each otherness.
 yet now
 i must not linger more
 for fuzz is near
 and it is wednesday.

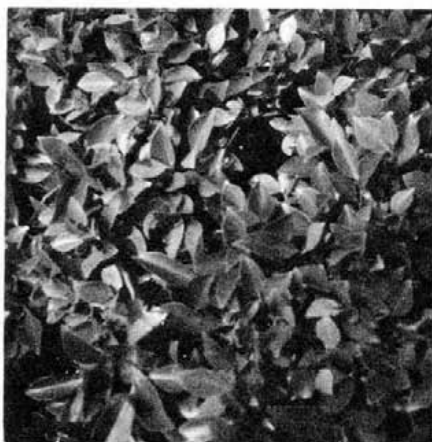




in boyish wonderness
i watched
the winds of freedom billow out our flag
in radiant hues
so all might harken to its message
which now i can't recall
because it's never windy
anymore.



the home we shared was filled
with warmth
and love
and pussy cats
that climbed up silken drapes with snaggy claws.
how sad
it's now a cold and quiet house
that needs a woman's care
to pick up twice a week
and hopefully no windows.



some like to think
that every dawn
begins another day.
but bright fresh mornings
feel the same as late last week
and nothing's ever new
to those like me
who only stare at bushes.

