



HMS Press Publishing BookClub BookLits 2020

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Reprints & Originals

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21 Pelicans

An idea for a fantasy sports team based on the Florida sports team by the same name was 21 Pelicans because there were 21 guys using the fantasy sport club. I saw a series of Found Poems taken from page 21 of any book of fiction created from the first 3-4 words of each line going down the page on the inside or the last 3-4 words going down the outside of the page text. The use of Writer's License is encouraged for flow or if non-consecutive lines cannot be used. This style would fit into the category of Creative Plagiarism as previously published in the Chapbook series: CPA BookClub Booklits 1996. Classic literature may work better than modern fiction. Place the position of the new poem (first/last) next to the original book title & p.21. If you chose a different page number, be consistent with each book you choose e.g.: 75 Pelicans, 200 Pelicans etc. Author credit is optional as it's your Found Poem, they wrote the book not the present poem.

Sample short poem or Haiku:

Angela's Ashes p.21, first.

Apartment is empty.
In the icebox, cabbage rot,
white enamel mug.

The Waves p.21, last

Everybody knows
for the first time, first time,
I must not cry.

Brave New World p.21, first.

The Nile is the length of
all rivers, do you know
of the head of the Nile?
The Nile is the length of
rushing out.
Well now! Eyes are blank.
But the Nile? That howl!
No further attempt made unless
you know what it is all about.
Whereas, if they'd led the way,
moral education followed him
in any circumstances. Silence!

The Marrow Thieves p. 21, last.

I came from now
with a gray sludge
like a myth, longest
hair of untrimmed edges.
Out of the way, I remember
burnt from original tones
without words between
wide shoulders, dotted,
shared one head, belly
of the East coast.
Practically a woman, old enough,
still a child,
sweat lodge of broken branches.

Pelican Brief p.21, first.

In the guarded whispers
often heard and languages
found, try to remember
amazing feats of terror, the
ambush of seventeen;
suspects, car bombs, mastermind
attacks and assassination.
Targets are unknown.
Attack is certain.
"Yes", a nervous woman asked.

Angela's Ashes p. 21, last.

My father is out
but there is nothing
in the melted ice
floating in water on
my parent's bed.
Black tea I tell you,
when I was a boy.
One day, Oh! Big Dog!
The Hound of Ulster.
This is my story,
Dad can't tell.

Sigma Protocol p. 21, last.

An anachronism in this
digitally enhanced way,
long burnished Mahogany,
head of table, look around.
Only days remain
before your patience,
beyond your wildest dreams, gratifying.
One small problem.
Blood roared in his stomach,
What kind of mind snaps
a decade of half twisted memory?
Something brackish and metallic.
Murder!

Mrs. Dalloway p. 21, last.

The sentence was finished,
something so trifling
yet in its fullness,
rather emotional.
Thoughts of the dead
which led to words.
ears of girls with
pure white surface agitation.
Something very profound.

The High Mountains Of Portugal p.21, first.

A bewildered stare,
sure enough a few steps
reach the streetlight.
Cannot hear but we can watch,
smiles, nods, gratitude.
The stranger swiveling around,
"Ah, but wait!"
Glance back, surprised.
Careful it's rude to stare,
turns his head again,
it's too late, he hits it,
a bell.

The Whisper Man p.21, first.

When I was finally
standing at the far end,
something on the floor,
better on the stairs.
Everything was black,
dirt with smears,
bare floor board,
possessions like trash
always growing darker.
It felt like home.

Trust Me, I'm Lying p.21, last

Like nuts in brownies,
into the nearest building,
stop me before I get far.
Decent cup of espresso?
Like a well trained puppy
he loves his voice,
looks hither and yon,
all but whispers.
My brain, gauging the mark,
I'd like a little more information.
Focus!
Yes!