

[Home](#)

[Spring 2006](#)

[Winter 2006](#)

[Autumn 2005](#)

[Summer 2005](#)

[Spring 2005](#)

[Autumn/Winter  
2005](#)

[Summer 2004](#)

[Winter 2004](#)

[Summer 2003](#)

[Editor's Note](#)

[Guidelines](#)

[SNR's Writers](#)

[Mail](#)



### **The 23rd Litany of Bugs Chakra**

And when you know the reasons, call me  
And when you find out why, drop me a line

In the beginning  
Was the rock  
And the rock cracked  
And the crack was good  
And the good got high  
And the high was bad  
And the bad looked ugly  
And ugly was the Father  
Which art not in Heaven

And when you know the reasons, call me  
And when you find out why, drop me a line.

### **The Beach**

Llandudno Beach.

Crystal rocks emulating the moon.  
Anthropomorphic cirrus warriors transmutate  
in the salty breath of Neptune's toothless smiling mouth.  
His gums are covered in a cooling layer of rabid foam.

I hear his tummy roaring from the depths.  
Why is he hungry, I wonder?  
Could it be for my soul?

A young man walks by carrying a book.  
"What's that book?"  
"The Beach."

“But you’re on the beach.  
Why do you have to read about it?”  
“It’s better. Double whammy.”

He walks out *onto* the sea.

Out of the corner of my eye I notice that the waves have petrified.  
The young man carries *The Beach* away from the beach and over the horizon.  
A helicopter buzzes above me and down past my line of vision.  
There is the sound of an explosion.  
Brittle pieces of crystal rock and sea strafe my face,  
whittling these cheeks away to the bone.  
Beneath the surfaces of the shattered beach, rocks, and sea  
is the trace of an earlier, erased surface;  
itself the representation of a long-vanished text  
about beaches, sea, sky, and rocks.  
This is palimpsestic.

I close my eyes but there is no eyelid.  
I am both the film upon which this image is impressed  
and the image itself,  
curling spatially  
onto the patina  
of my eyeballs.

The illusion of interior exterior is exposed.

It is clear now that the moon was always emulating these rocks  
emulating the crystal beach  
at Llandudno.

**Aryan Kaganof** is enigmatic in his description of his career: [He] “was born again in 2001. He drives a 1966 Valiant 200 Automatic and shoots Glock 19.”

**Copyright 2006, Aryan Kaganof.** This work is protected under the U.S. copyright laws.  
It may not be reproduced, reprinted, reused, or altered without the expressed written permission of the author.