



# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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**Gracies  
Dinnertime  
Theatre™**

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

~ or ~

### *THE GUILTY ONES*

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VENOM - IN LEAGUE WITH SATAN

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### **Global Warming: Friend or Foe?**

**By Mike Anuszkiewicz**

Global Warming is evil, right? It will raise sea levels and destroy tiny islands, right? Bah, we've got too many islands as it is. We don't need our existing coastlines. In fact, if all the cities on the coast of the United States are flooded, the massive amount of death in our greatest population centers would greatly lower the demand for gas, making it much cheaper. Who can say that wouldn't be a plus?

Everyone also says that global warming would thoroughly fuck up the jet stream, leading to an ice age for Europe. I don't know why that's a bad thing. In fact, the jet stream has been conspiring with the Europeans to steal our warmth for millions of years! We must stop this, or the winters in Upstate New York are certain to get worse. I have proof that the jet stream, and not that falsely accused El Niño (whatever the hell that is), is behind all our weird weather that has been going on for years. It's an evil European plot!

Detractors of Global Warming also claim it would make the equator uninhabitable. What the hell is wrong with this, I ask? Wouldn't a planet with a blazing ring of fire around it's equator be unspeakably cool? And the few people who do live there are used to the heat. They can deal with it. But for the rest of us, we urgently need a way of separating the human race from itself. If we keep killing ourselves all the time, we'll become extinct, so we need to prevent that. An impassible barrier, such as a wall of fire, between the north and south hemispheres would achieve just that.

The interactions between the flaming equator and frozen Europe would create dangerous and impressive giant storm systems. I'm prepared to take advantage of that as well to create the new and most extreme sport of cloud surfing. I'll even send you a specially designed aerodynamic surfboard if you send the low low price of \$100.99 to 595 E. West Street, NY, NY (soon to be underwater). Thank you.

Bob the Mediocre, CEO Defensive Driving for Lunatics, Chief Drunk of the Horde, Paid Member of BGA, Rejected Applicant to the

KYFMSYBBSOBAHMFC

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# Illustrators!

We're looking for an artist or two to illustrate our magazine. Must be Mormon, and have no dirty bits. Please submit to [gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org)

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**Running around on a Saturday Morning**
**By Peter C. Gravelle**

Hip-hop hippin' to the hoppin' to the shoe shoppin'

Down we go to Fulton Mall

And the funny thing about Fulton Mall is that for the longest time I thought all malls were open-air with diesel-breathing busses groaning  
malls were geared towards a different culture than mine

Malls didn't mesh with the small-shop Italian neighborhood  
But my big feet don't mesh with the small shops.

Down to the chronically understaffed ultra-bassed stickystuffy floors that you "Gotta Go To"

To even hope to find the big boat-like shoes.

Assuming the ballaz haven't sniped them earlier in the week

Mom says I'm lucky for not being picky with my shoes. "Nick would go crazy,"

Driven looking for the right looking, and has too many anyways

"All important questions with them [he and my father] are fashion."

The lady brings out a pair, two, too tight around the toes

A better reception than at other stores: stares and "no"s.

A) We don't belong there B) My feet especially don't

I cave in and go online. Maybe at week's end, I shall have new shoes.

**Claddagh**
**By Erin Sweeney**

My boyfriend brought me a ring  
silver, shiny, somewhat too large  
from the French lady smoking  
at her table at the faire.

We couldn't remember afterwards  
when slipped onto my stubs  
of cuticle chewed fingers  
which hand meant marriage.

We rode the train home  
curving into our bodies  
engrossed in our books  
on a seat made for two.

A couple sat across  
burdened by suitcases  
curving into each other  
not reading however.

She had hers on the left  
So I put mine on the left  
and clenched my fist lightly  
for fear it would fall off.

**A Swallow**
**By Ray Wallace**

It's a cough -  
a cold ball of salival  
guilt  
or regret.

A swallow and it's gone  
and the pressure tugs  
the air and the silver;  
they fill the throat.

The caress of a breath or  
casual hand  
pulls like a hook.  
It tears the belly  
and scrapes the blood clean  
from the chest.

Barbed and slick it rises  
to fill the ears with pressure  
and the eyes with tears -

to consume,  
to devour.

To scream a banshee scream  
to chill blood and  
to still irises.

So swallow,  
if only to sleep,  
if only to lie,  
if only to dream.

# Jacob Chinn - Poetry in Action

*submit poetry to [gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org)*

## *Portfolio Poem #3*

### **Courtyard of Peace**

Leaves are green in the tall tree  
Endless leaves there are in the branches  
The branches are long and strong  
Supporting every leaf and bud  
The trunks are thick  
The bark is white and cracked  
Brown and knotted where the two trunks meet  
Here they stand in this small courtyard

In this courtyard of stillness  
The silence is deafening  
The brick walls are high and shielding  
Keeping the world out  
Leaving the courtyard in peace  
From inside, all you see is green  
With the heightless ceiling of the sky

In the sky, light white wisps of clouds float  
As if a painter took his whitest paint  
And lightly brushed them on the blue canvas  
The move with the uncertainty of the wind

Here in this courtyard, it is quiet  
Forget your troubles of the world  
Take in the sound of the wind in the tree  
Watch the birds fly above you

Wait, it seems the courtyard is not empty  
One child is sitting in the tree  
Right where the two trunks join  
Leave him alone  
Let him enjoy this place awhile

## *Portfolio Poem #4*

### **Self Exile**

He sits in the joined trunks of two birch trees  
Here he is alone no one else is here  
In this courtyard he sits quietly

He watches the leaves in the wind  
They sway back and forth  
He listens to the birds in the sky  
They sound so content  
An ant crawls up the trunk  
He is alone, making his own path  
Self-exiled

So too is the boy  
He sits here when others are not  
They are inside, talking the day away  
They are missing the world  
As it whirls around day by day

He is tired of trying to blend in  
So he walks his own way  
Making his own destiny  
He shall sit here until his cares  
Float away with the clouds

He knows that he does not belong  
He was born in the wrong country  
He has morals of those long ago  
He was born in the wrong century  
His soul is deep like the ocean  
Few see as he does, like an artist or a poet  
Fewer still answer the call  
They care too much what others think

He is the ant that did not like to dig  
He will sit in his only peace  
In this courtyard of stillness  
He is the flower outside the flowerbox