



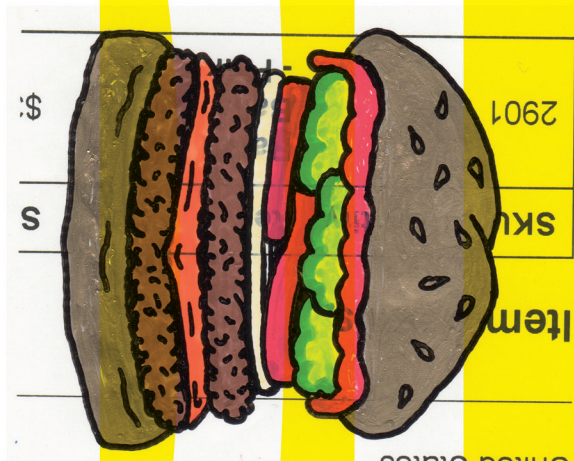
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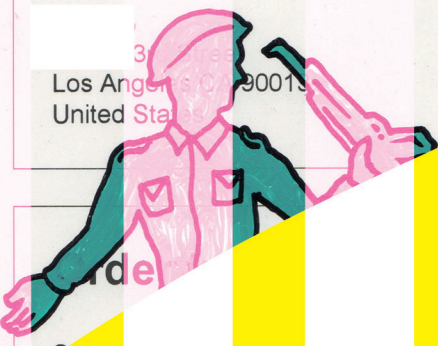
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Shipping
Total
Price
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UPS
Total
Price
\$7.44
UPS
Total
Price
\$7.44
UPS



Sender

3
Los Angeles 90013
United States

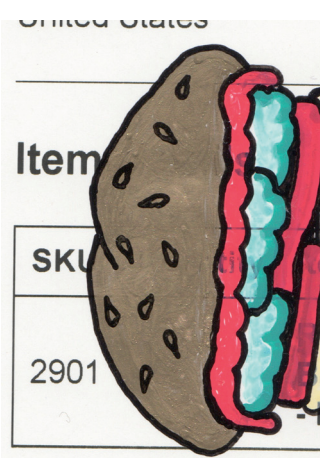
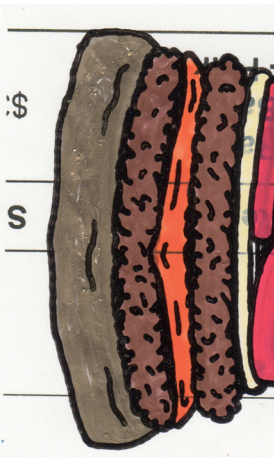
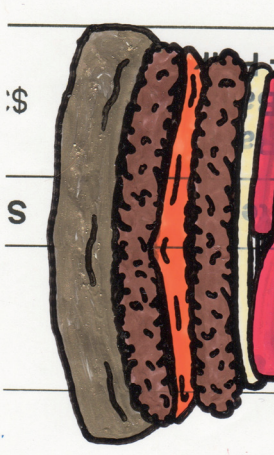
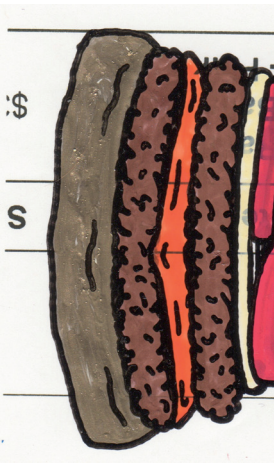


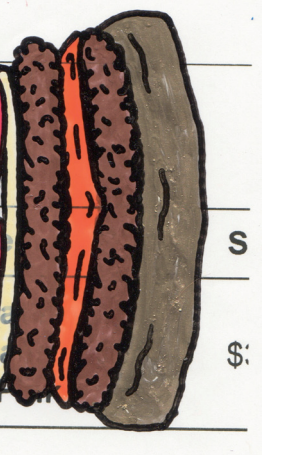
FUTURE TACO NUMBER TWO

WORDS & IMAGES BY
DAN RAYRAY EVERETT
& MATTHEW MANOS

FUTURE TACO is a quarterly zine of asporationally poetic doodle dropping brain fairies swinging and swaying from clouds of cheese and pumpkin seeds spread across sheets of pink foil ripped like gray hair lacing bank statements long overdue from flippy flop floop flipple flap. FUTURE TACO explores spontaneity, stream of consciousness, and the documentation of singular moments within the tick tock of a click clock's wooden bench stained in ketchup colored newspaper delivered fresh at doorsteps paved in green grass.

Most of FUTURE TACO NUMBER TWO was written and illustrated over several hours in a bar, an arcade, a bowling alley, and then a bar again.

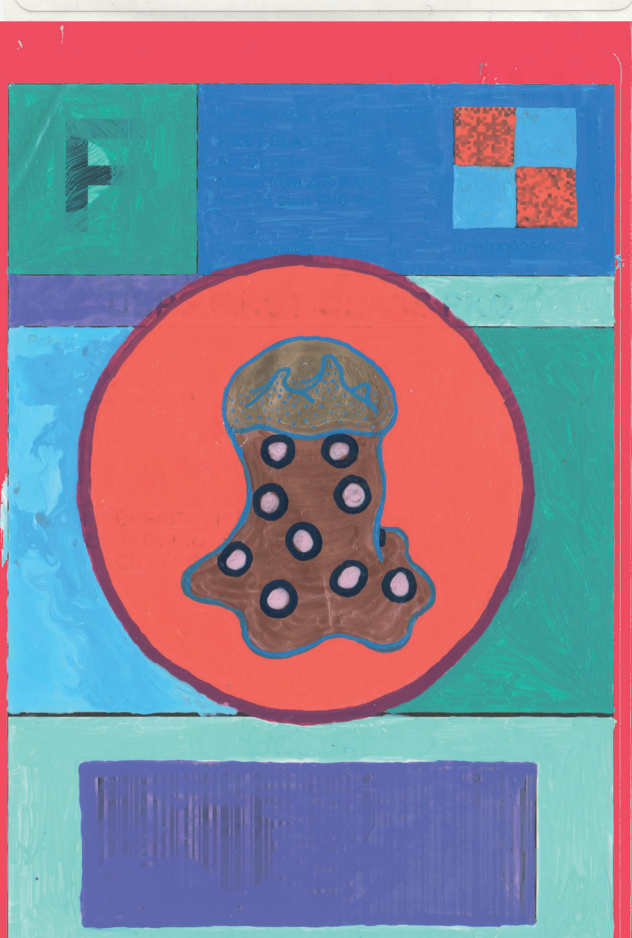
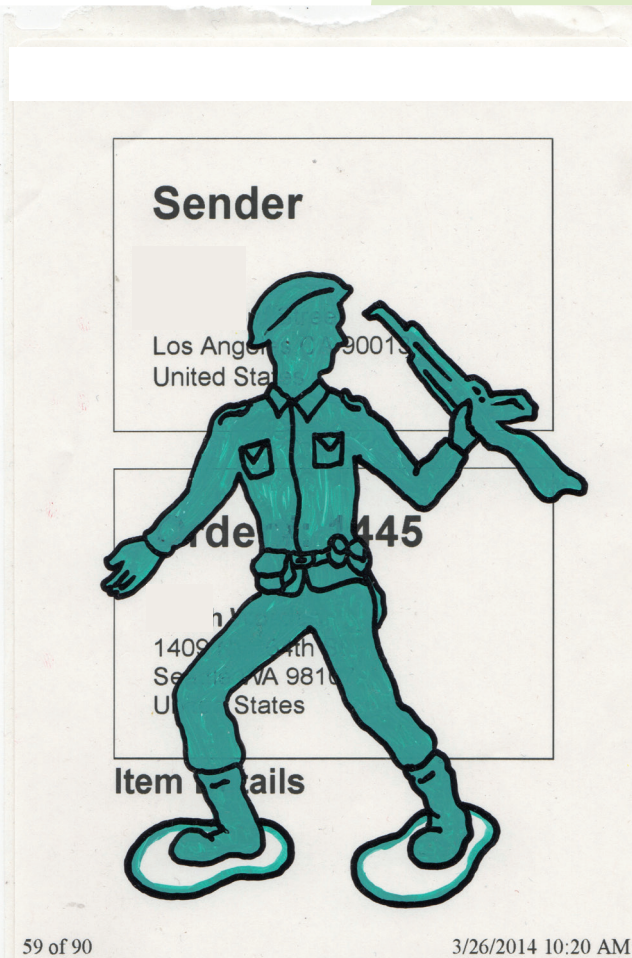




The illustration shows a large slice of pizza with a thick crust. The toppings include several slices of pepperoni, mushrooms, and green olives. The pizza slice is drawn in a way that it appears to be resting on or partially covering a receipt. The receipt is from 'Papa John's' and shows a list of items and their prices. The total price is \$31.99. The receipt text is partially obscured by the pizza slice.

Papa John's	
Item	Price
1x Large Pizza	\$14.99
2x Medium Drink	\$4.00
Total tax	\$0.00
Shipping	\$7.95
Total price:	\$31.99

3/26/2014 10:20 AM



**UNIBROW
BY MATTHEW
MANOS**

I am the woman in white
embellished by thorns
and dangling dead birds
absorbing fresh blood
welcoming cats
and monkeys
while the flowers fly
and the butterflies rest
in my hair watching as I

Hold my own hand on bus
benches beneath
impending storms
sharing life with scissors
and miniature memories
spilling on wedding dresses
where the birds nestle
and rest and nap

Where I rest on hospital
beds soaked in my child
shedding tears for flying
snails and the machinery
of life, picking flowers,
facing reality, doing the
math, feeling alone

Although the knowledge
that he's on my mind
is both comforting
and frustrating causing
third or fifth eyes to
blink causing this hair
to fall down stiff shoulders

As tears plant seeds
for family trees flipping
through photo albums,
but I'm not quite there
walking tall within blue
courtyards
standing naked and
fearless watering
cacti with sperm
piecing it all together
like red ribbon

Weaving like improvisational
bobsleds whilst earning
empathetic understanding
one arrow at a time as
toes turn to hooves and
ears become antlers
realizing the target is
I, and they are doing well

But hands hang from
ear lobes and thorns hang
from necks foregrounding
silver leaves shining
like chrome reflecting
in the sun, praying on rain
to keep these flowers
alive and well

In the desert where
grounds crumble at my
feet and roman columns
separate my breasts
adhering skin
to bones
to nerves
with needles sealing
pain with tears and tight
bandages while what
is left of my privacy
blows with patriotic flair

And these grounds continue
to crumble showing no
sign of life aside from one
drop of milk embracing
me and mine

Like fresh bed sheets
sewn with orange thread
woven in ivy as mirror
reflections of what is
to come rests over head
embracing flowers

Only before one more meal –

So unveil the curtains
and watch as I dance like
Jesus with puppets giving
this all my weight
ensuring this tablet
doesn't run away

From fresh cut lettuce
giving birth
to opportunity and
light, but

Confused by identity crisis
slipping on my best pink
dress waving flags, building
temples made of steam of-
fering fruit built on the me-
chanics of sound

Ringin' true

Gazing with mouths open
as stars fall through cloudy
skies making way for
tombs and golden brick
roads leading nowhere but
down embraced by mist
landing in morning papers
read in Manhattan to
the sound of coffee to
the flip of the page but
the image bleeds through

When the girl soaks in
patterns distracting you
from a subtle change
in breeze above
Mayan ruins finding two
moons yet still managing
to lie awake, lost and alone,
in this wet desert
overwhelmed with the reign
of odorous oil –

Wait! –

If you're trying to kill me
at least lynch these two
dresses along side so that
I may have a change of
clothes
for the sweat of hell
as my heart washes ashore
ready to burst
like a rotting whale

Ready to come down now
ready to open up ready
to carve holes in my chest
for the ivy to thrive
and find solace
finding comfort
in finding purpose
so I let my hair down
for a second

Only to learn that he killed
her with 1000 knives...

Balancing deformity with
obesity with skeletal infra-
structure keeping
us together in a land of
monochrome homes and
dirt and sand but the piñata
hangs high so

FUCK!!!

the disparity let's take
shots and revel in this sun's
existence so

FUCK!!!

this broken spine let's
dance and lay sore in the
morning – it will all be
worth it

As long as this watermelon
stays moist and this owl
stays wise

As long as I welcome milk
from the breast of this dark
stranger trying desperately
not to let go and not to
swallow foreign hairs

Whilst gazing into the eyes
of this dark stranger,
posing for thy own self
from this horizontal home,
sinking in cloth,
waiting for death to awaken
this new form of being,
waiting for the flame
to dance alongside
a cool breeze,

Waiting

To kiss him goodbye.

(2014)

OFF DEKALB
BY MATTHEW MANOS

Birds flock in slow motion/
To the beat of some man's stick/
Waving "eight" from below/

But above we watch from below/
But beneath trees blowing in slow
motion/
For the heat of this new day/
From the safety of this green
shield/

Waiting on merry-go-rounds to
pass the time/
To count the chains on these links/
To capture a second glimpse at
that well-groomed beard/

To pay tribute to Philip Seymour
Hoffman/
To dip wet sharpies onto dry
canvas/
Blue with remorse, but somehow
indicative/

Somehow not preoccupied/
With literary regulations/
With hopes that five dollars can
buy/
The future/
Regardless/
Of ability to spell/

My ability to blow dry this five/
Dollar bill crisp as potato chips/
Dipped twice/

At once/

Dialing 917-860-0037/

Praying on predictions of family/
Portraits for Black America/
Only to look up/

Only to find the loving embrace/
Of Barack Obama/

Tie-dying parking signs/
Making Pigs hip/
Somehow managing to say no/

To drape dumpsters in blue/
To dance on blue with chalk/
To forget the broom at home/

In vans made of glass/
Lacking transit for one moment
too long/

Earning orange badges/
Wearing masks made of the skull
of birds/
Once filled with air/
And time/
In slow motion/
To the beat of this man's stick/

Looking up/

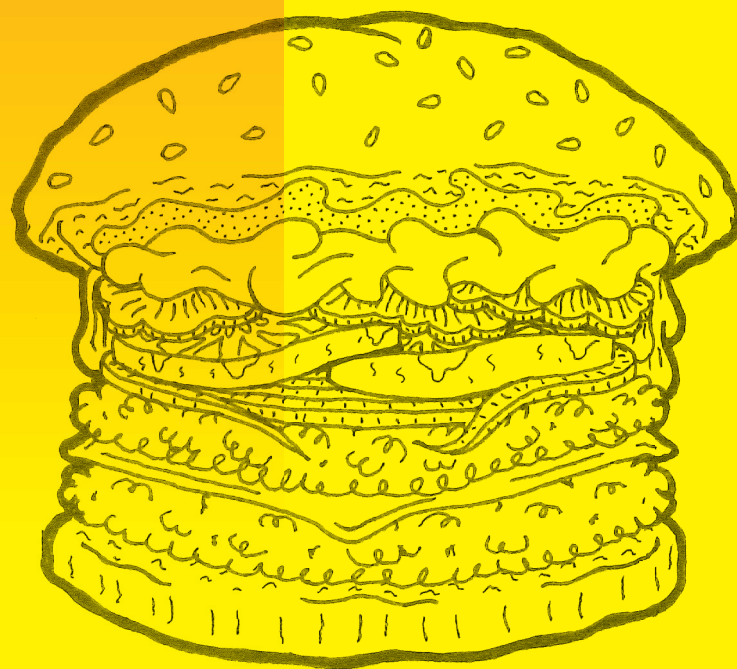
Forgetting shields/

Embracing bravery/

Finding courage/

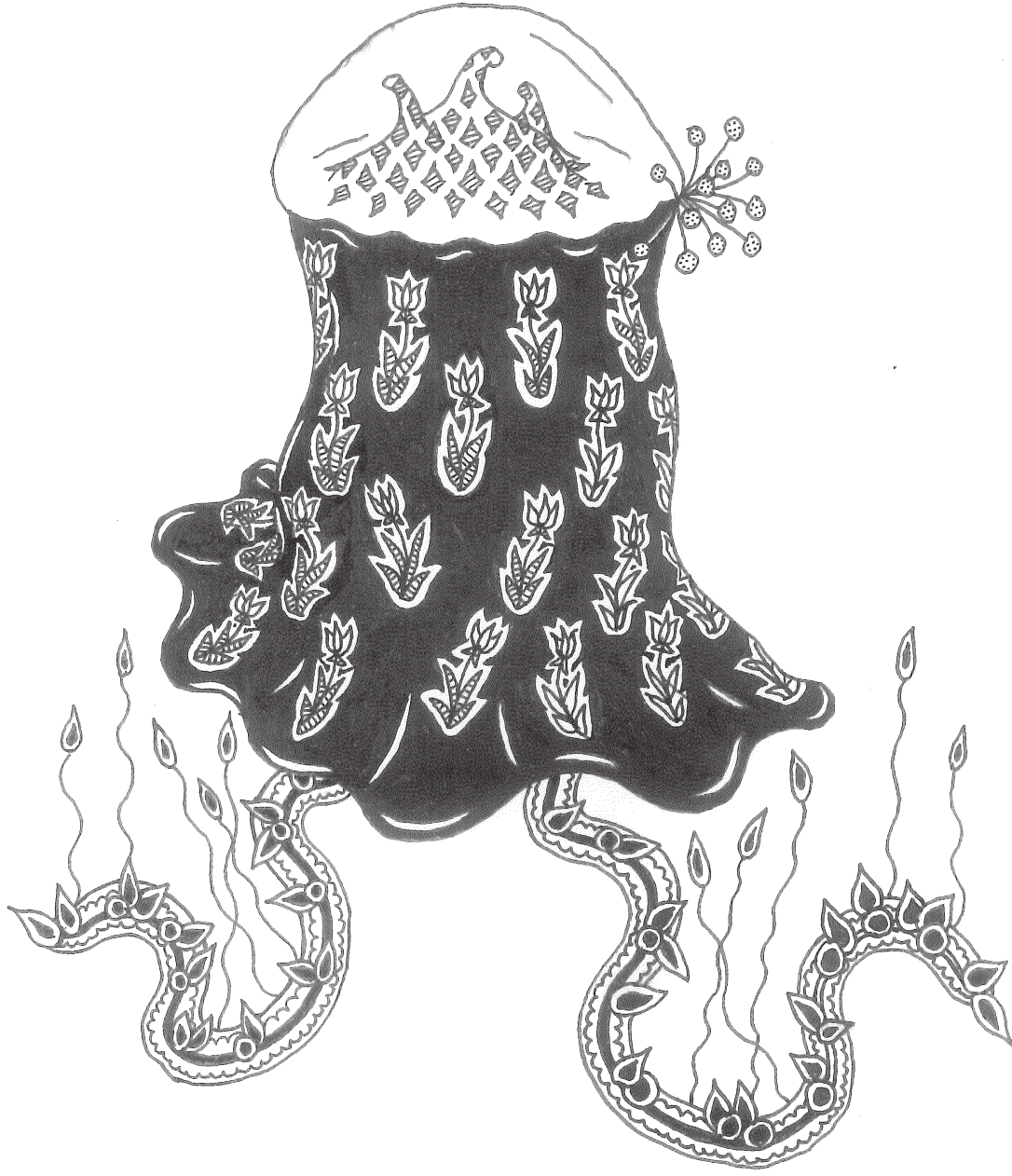
Off Dekalb.

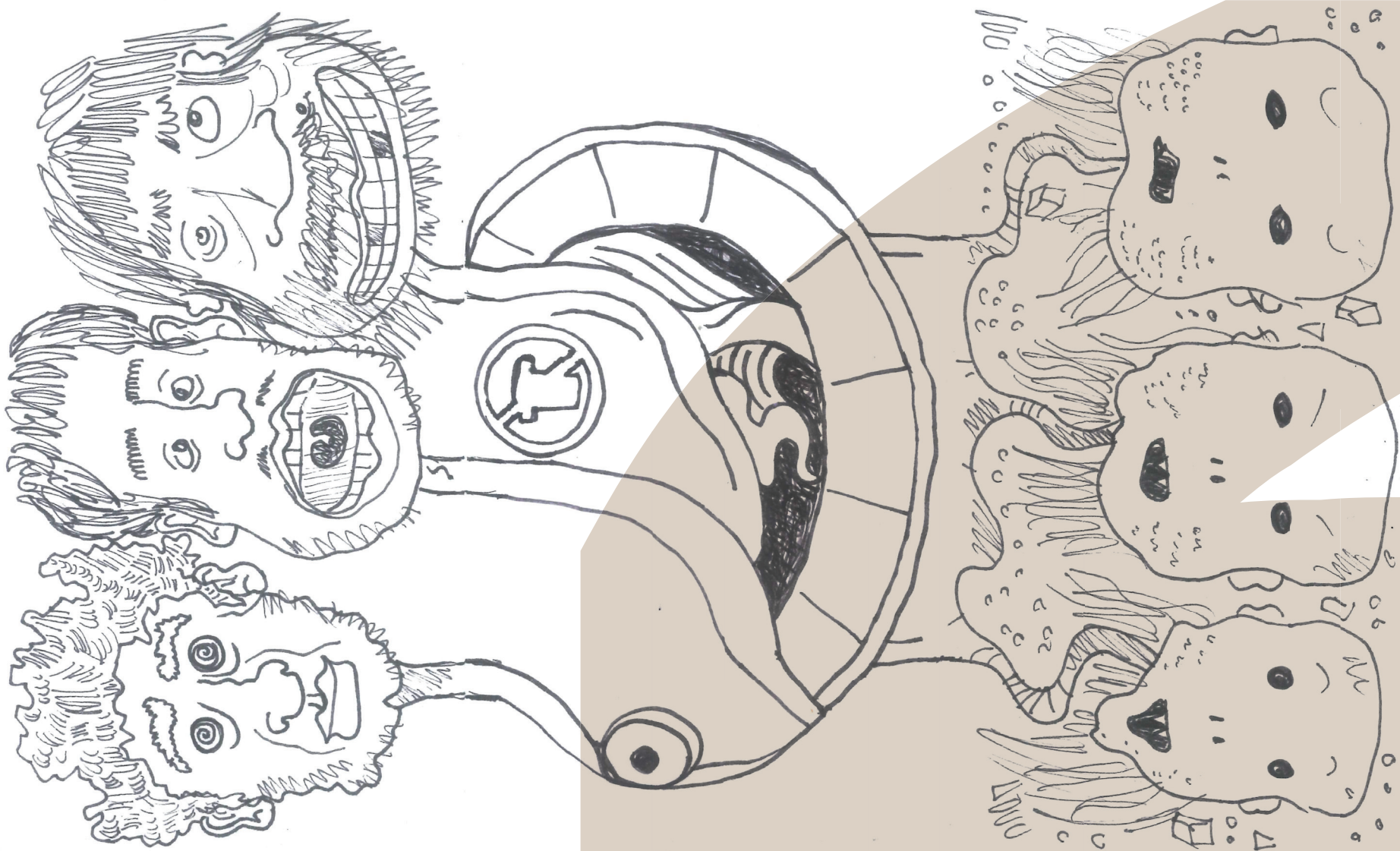
(2014) *For Greg Ruben*

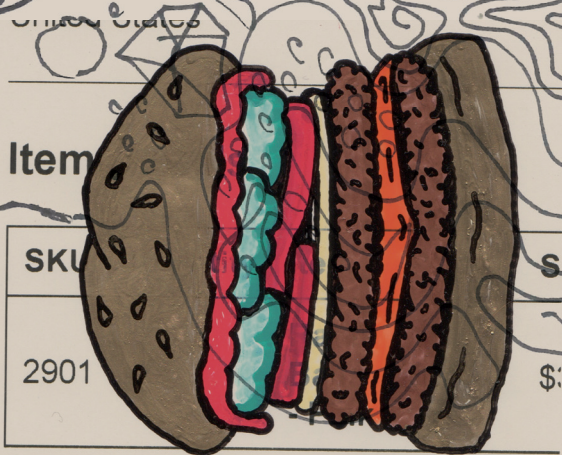
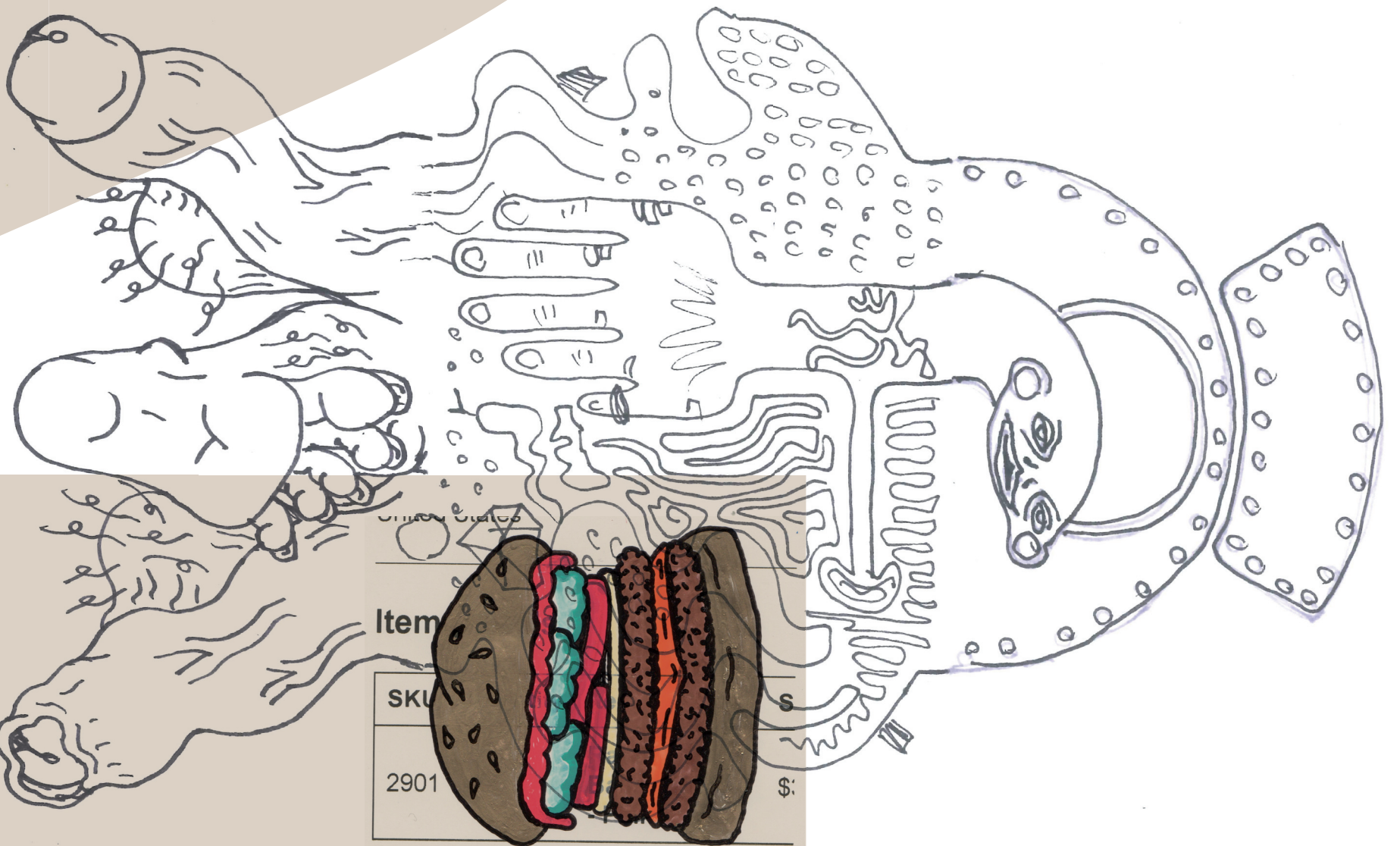
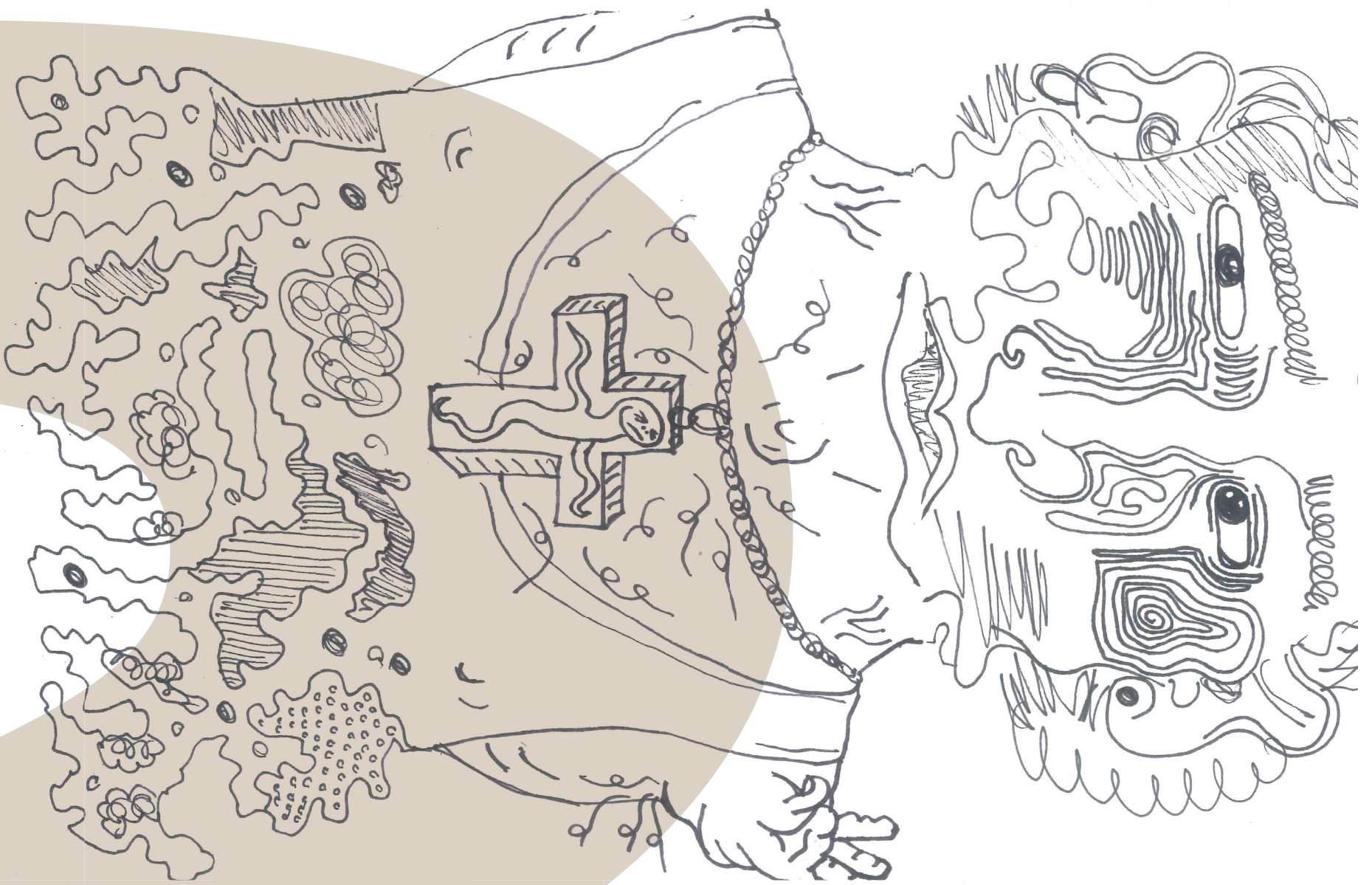




UNTITLED (HAMBURGER), AUTUMN SPERM, BIRD DOOM CHICKEN, UNTITLED (JELLYFISH) BY DAN RAYRAY EVERETT







THIS CORPSE IS SO EXQUISITE – DAN RAYRAY EVERETT & MATTHEW MANOS

HIGH EXPECTATIONS

Squares drop down roll down bow
down bowling alleys in space and void
and black oasis drinking from water
falls on mars raining squares smaller
as time goes by but still lacking that
refined edge that we've all come to
know and love.

HERE'S HOPING

Birds landing on unibrows disguised as monkeys only to expect an award for coming in last place – kids these days – dancing on dumpsters deprived of that new car smell fabricated from used car lots on saturn – falling with each rotation yet prices are still on the rise so what the fuck is that all about – apologies for the harsh language – that wasn't me, it was the bird on my unibrow disguised as a monkey waiting for the polish to dry and for the shit to lose its stench – here's hoping.

UNTITLED (TECHNO)

There's a place in Little Tokyo where
the security guards go and blow their
whistle in hot air balloon malls above
the sun as we dance to techno below.

UNTITLED (NICE GUYS)

Rivers run dry when beer bottles run cold and he said that she said that the dwarf danced well to disco, but then I went to Thailand and he cheated on me with a Victoria Secret model, he was italian with blue eyes so I went back to Australia and took a lot of drugs, met a guy from Senegal, he was so nice.

UNTITLED (SUPERO

I'm super serious about these super
awesome super heroes afraid of light
because of the perverted tattoos on
Mike Tyson's butt's mole on mars on
donkeys with love for your mother's
milk, waiter with the big fake what.

UNTITLED (KATY P)

I'm like totally cool because like you make me feel like I'm living a teenage dream and then he went woom boom bam! My heart stops when you look at me, when you touch me so let's check-in and never look back – Just one touch, hands on me in my skin tight jeans – sound good?!

UNTITLED (SUSHI)

Leaves ripple in the sun light as shadows dance in France down sewer pipes – Just want Sunday morning,

take my life to your mouth – take my wife to sushi – where the rats lift weights in preperation for the apocolypse – Bowling with Murphey and Coldplay on holiday with Katy Perry's dogs grilling T-Bone steaks – Crawling in the dark, looking for James Brown in some dark alley on 5th and Main.

UNTITLED (SO BLUE)

Shooting down ducks / Crossing liquid cracks / Avoiding certain catastrophe / Chasing mortal men / Yellow in flesh / Seamless from skin to hair / to robotic tendency / to jump / to dodge / to throw flames / in spheres / so hot / so blue.

THE JESUS EGG

Snakes travel through tunnels unborn waiting for the scent of that polka dot egg to hatch and unleash Jesus from space, but not before Dracula busts from the black hole of your tar pit moving platforms left and right and up and down and sayyy whaaaaaaaat!!! Ave Maria!!!!!! Sun!!!!!!

UNTITLED (DANCE DANCE DANCE)

dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance
pants pants pants pants ahhh ahhhh ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
ahhh-
hh waaaaaa
pants pants pants dance ants what yes no uh what suga suga suga suga
TOP TOP cherry what dance dance dance dance dance dance dance
dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance
dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance
dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance dance
dance fuck you.

TUCKED IN SHIRTS

At a certain age do you just start to tuck in your shirt and wear belts? OR was that just a moment you were destined for before a certain moment in history? It's things like this that come up when I wonder why you dip cheetos in my diet soda can't you see I'm counting calories you asshole? Tuck that shirt in and grow up.

WET RACCOONS

House music blasts through my veins realizing that dub step likes to whip around your block blasting out windows watching whistles go wooooooooo watching this dog go pooooooooo as the base drops and the Chinese takeout is surrendered to raccoons at dawn out numbering you on your own lawn – now that isn't fair? is it? – GET THE HOSE, JIMMY!!! ALL ABOARD!!!

DIE YOUNG

Murphey dies young as history books collapse on male breasts lathered in sweat and hair peeled back like potatoes in Russian households dancing atop cakes at birthday parties twirling like ballerinas in bowling alleys dancing like middle schoolers in well lit garages slow dancing to Cee-Lo wishing this night was over.

SLIDE

EXPERIENCE. PLAY. EAT. EXPERIENCE. EXPERIENCE. EXPERIENCE.
PLAY. EAT. EAT. EAT. EAT. EAT. EAT. NEXT TIME. WAX THE FLOORS. BE-
FORE. I. SLIDE. ON IN. TO. EXPERIENCE. EXPERIENCE. PLAY. PLAY.
EAT. EAT. SLIDE.

MONKEY BARS ON MARS

Gotta stay fit even when you're stuck on Mars. Never know when you might stumble upon a Buffalo Chicken Sandwich drenched with BBQ mayonnaise taken fresh from a crater of..... you guessed it.... buffalo.... on Mars. Just make sure you pack some Tylenol.... they say SARS ain't fun.

UNTITLED (BIG CHOICE)

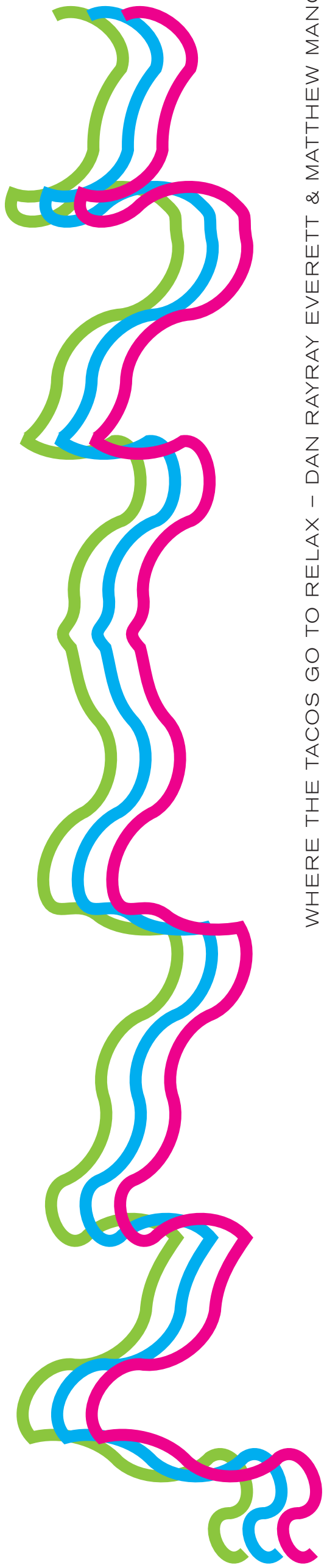
Sip a quarter on in to this BIG CHOICE and you might just win yourself a stuffed pig as you sip from plastic baseball caps because Kanye took you on a tour in Jurassic Park but then he said watch this twerk in slow motion AND! I know all these fucking songs, I don't know why or how – and you like to dance on windexed homes – Let's go to the break room on shrooms, a 30 hour train ride – Silver balloons held by a baboon, we're gonna make it rain because Obama cares, so the Rottweiler on a long leash turned into a man and was let go to run – good god, will you just look at this shitty ceiling in Hotlanta?

THIS PARTY IS OVER

Alright, here start this one, I can't, I can't do it! Its a party in the USA! So pour out some coffee for those co-workers working late on reports expensing Red Bulls in exchange for wings. And then, and then leave a Gap. I think those ones work well – it's a party in the USA! So drink a little Red Bull and twerk on the sun till your butt turns red. Wow, we still have a full beer. Do you think they will want to kick us out? NO! Its a party in the USA? Its a party in the UK? The day? Today? No way? OK? OK.

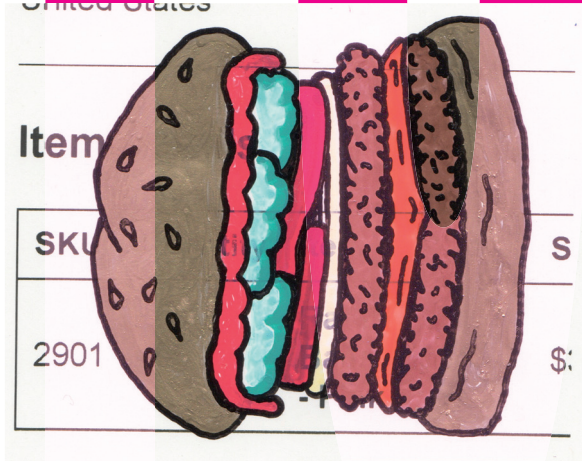
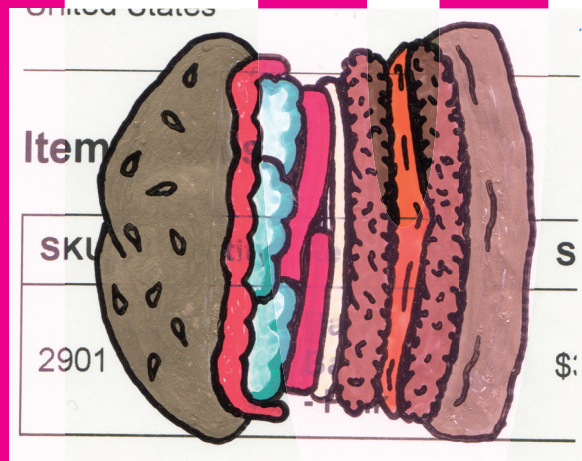
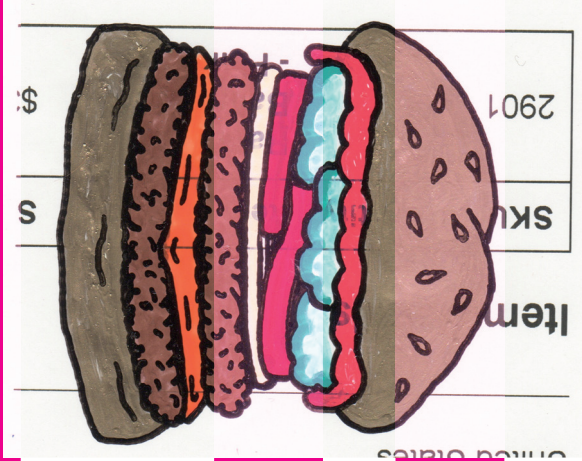
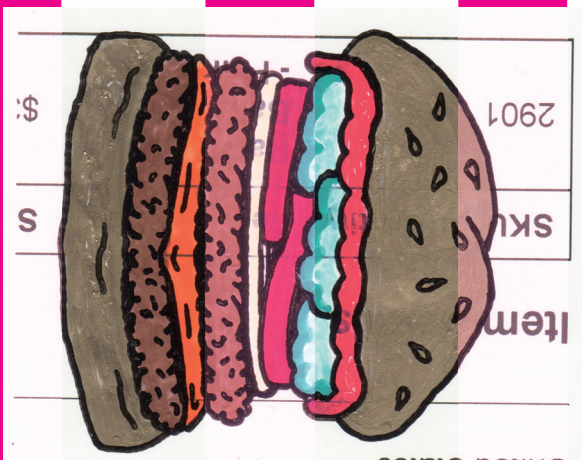
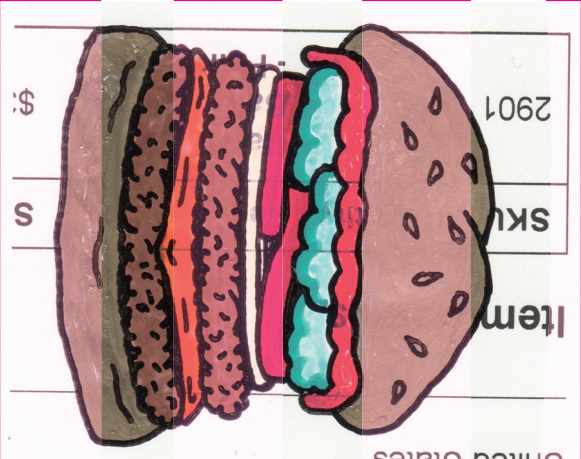
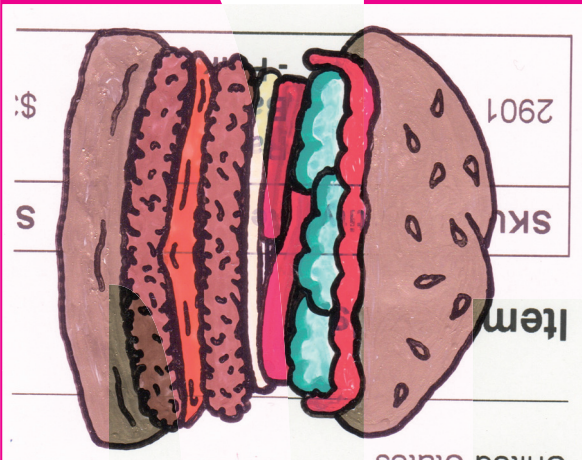
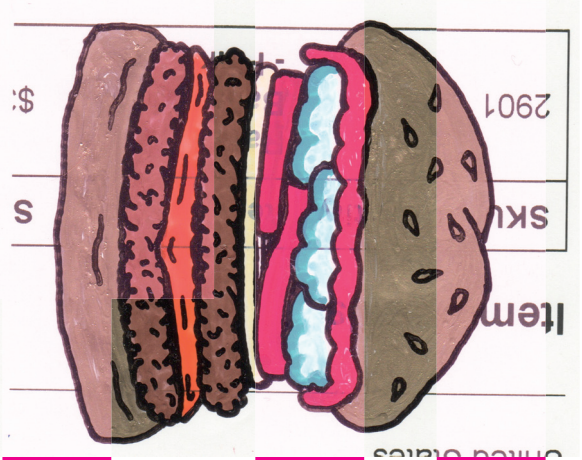
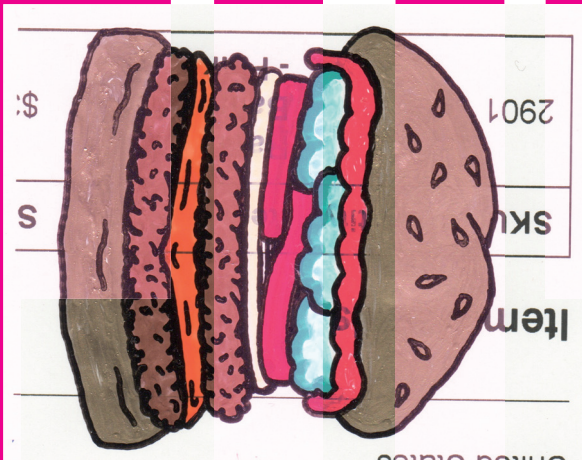
BRA STRAPS

Fred Durst shops at Claire's for belly button rings that look hard core to the core of the crater of the center of the earth – haters in the middle of bowling lanes, you gotta have faith, get the fudge up – Slipknot was big too – and it burns like suntans on the moon in this lunar getaway in the crater of the sun of the moon of the earth – Cover the sun-born rocks with slime, aeons to come an ocean will flow here when are you and Katie going to dine, don't get me wrong – Wear a bra little man! Some people are really good at spinning.



WHERE THE TACOS GO TO RELAX - DAN RAYRAY EVERETT & MATTHEW MANOS





**PICTURE
PIGEONS
HEAD-
BANGING
TO OZZY.
ONLINE @
FUTURE-
TA.CO**