

FUTURE

TACO



NUMBER

THREE

**FUTURE TACO is a
quarterly zine of aspo-
rationally 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 over-
due from flippy flop
floop flipple flap. FU-
TURE TACO explores
spontaneity, stream of
consciousness, and the
documentation of sin-
gular moments within
the tick tock of a click
clock's wooden bench
stained in ketchup col-
ored newspaper deliv-
ered fresh at doorsteps
paved in green grass.**

Written in one night
at a restaurant and
then on a roof



A Ramen Noodle Supplier From Florida Makes Poor Life Choices*

David was on a business trip in Los Angeles. His company supplies ramen joints with their noodles. He's managed to capture about 80% of the market over there. Needless to say, he's done well for himself.

It was lunch time and the man wanted dumplings. Funny thing about David: he hates ramen. The man stepped over a few bums on 4th and Alameda to get to the mall in Little Tokyo. The place was covered in key chains, fuzzy dice, and styrofoam. The Xiao Long Bao was running dry that night so he had to settle for a premium bowl of pork belly.

Out of the corner of his eye, an under-stuffed hello kitty plush toy was staring into his soul. His ex-wife loved hello kitty.

"How the hell are ya, Chang?"

It was a big meeting. There was a ton of noodles on the table. Literally. The stakes were high and the vodka was flowing. As always, Da-

vid's pitch was on point. By the time he was done talking, there wasn't a worm left in that bucket.

David knew all too well that Little Tokyo was nothing without his noodles.

He was ready to crack open a bottle of champagne and rail some Adderall. The bowling alley upstairs was full of people just like him.

David loved asian women. It was half of the reason he got into the ramen noodle business. It was also half the reason his wife left him.

He booked a Nyotaimori room in hollywood.

"How do you lay so still?" – he imposed, but the servers were trained to never speak a word. The salmon was slightly overcooked, but he bought her jewelry regardless.

"I just count my breaths" she said.

*A caricature of entitlement, the illusion of invincibility, and the lingering reminder of poor decisions.

**Wolverine princess /
Fights the ninja turtle boy /
As slinky eyes drop /**

**That building is tall /
Really really really tall /
Makes me feel so small /**

**Inside this brown bag /
Rests a slippery bottle /
Missing friendly chips /**



**A Privelaged
Rap By Two
White Men**

Don't smack your mamma
with that pumpkin...
It don't make yo pimp
ass in yo bird hat and
yo busta kicks BAH MAH
don't owe hur
mans a kit-kat break or
nutin' since you chillin'
on million dolla couches
on malls waitin'
for the day this investment
sees a return –
'till then less watch these
pum kin seeds
FLY FLY FLY FLY
FLY FLY
FLY FLY FLY
FLY FLY FLY FLY FLY

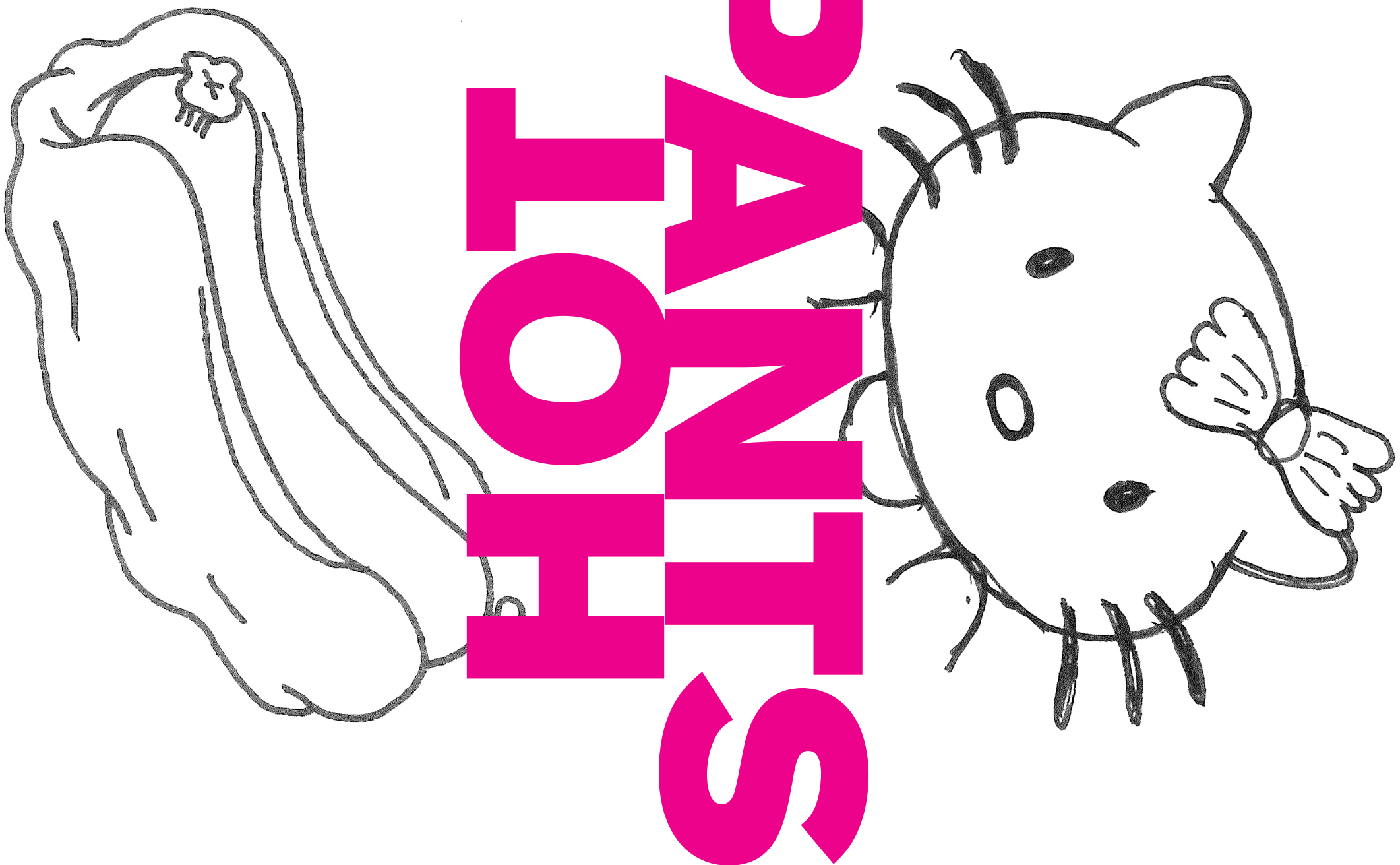
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A Cray-Ku is a Crazy Haiku. If you want to make a Cray- Ku do this:

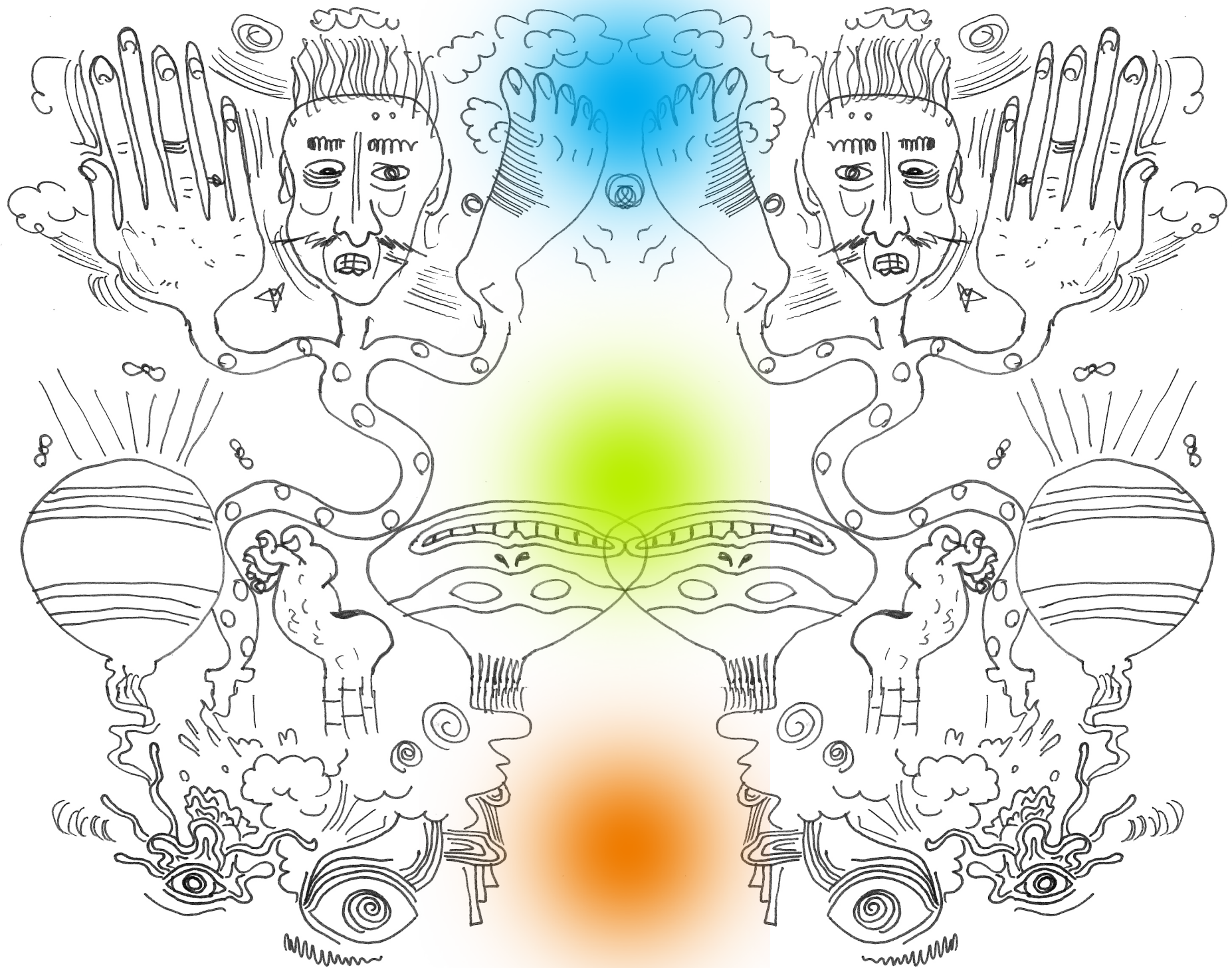
Grab a friend. Have the friend write a list of 15 numbers. Just the first numbers that come to their head. Use those numbers as guides for the number of syllables you include on each line of your Cray-Ku. Trade off, line-by-line, with your friend to create the Cray-Ku. Have a drink of beer between each line. Scratch your head and wonder what the hell you just wrote.

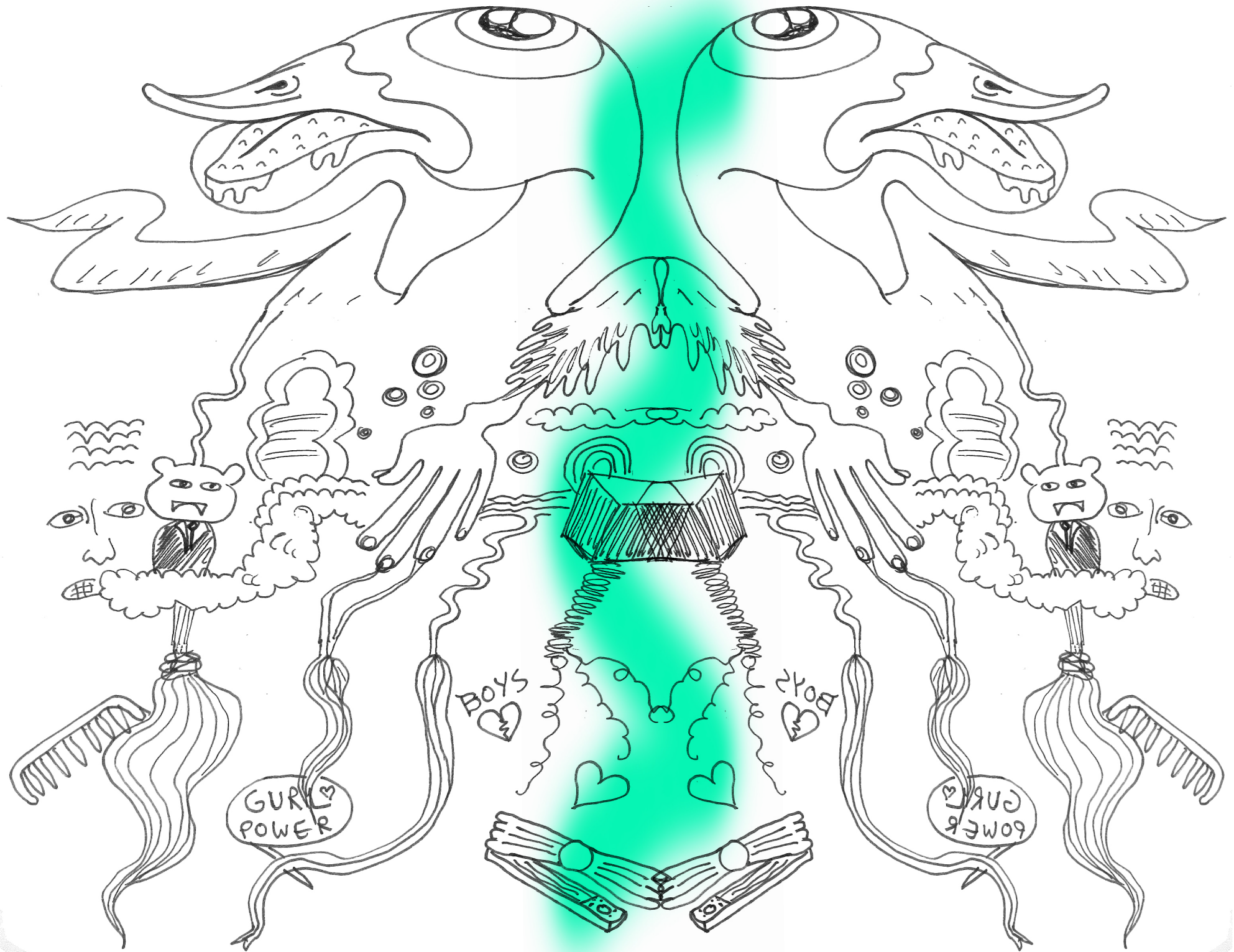
Cray-Ku #001

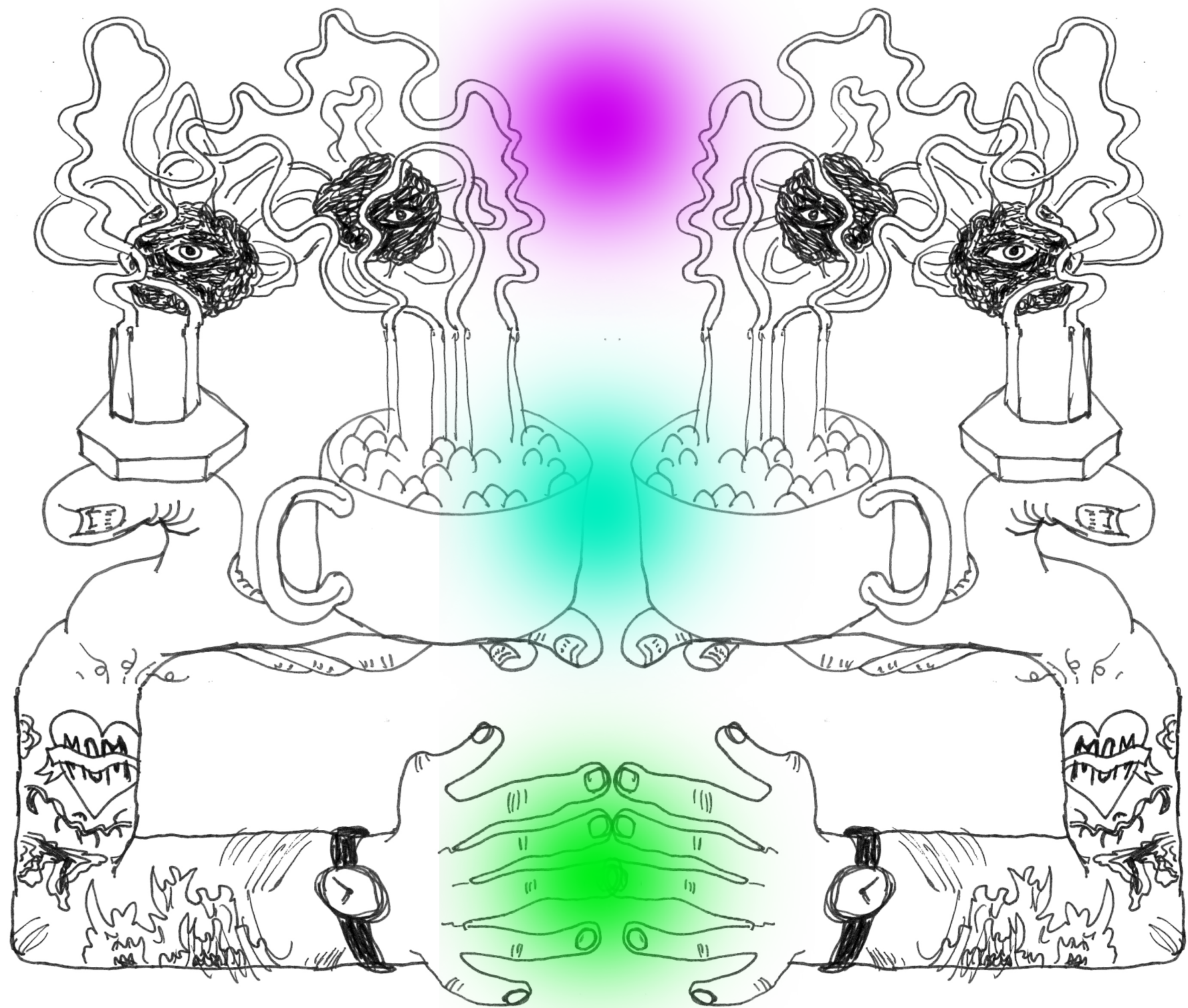
- 8/ Where's waldo lookin' mo'fucka
- 5/ Spookyooky huh
- 6/ Tickle your slicked back 'do
- 7/ Buns and burgers go well, too
- 6/ Like a soldier's onion
- 5/ Peanuts kill young boys
- 8/ Don't stop get it get it, no don't
- 9/ My panda likes to dance on your face
- 10/ Donkey wang ain't for eatin', tho
- 9/ I like to dance around your face, too
- 8/ Don't kiss zombie girl cuz she sick
- 7/ But let's get down to business
- 6/ Business suits are for sluts
- 5/ All boys do is dance
- 4/ Don't slap that fish

Cray-Ku #002

- 2/ Crabs dance
- 6/ Fish flop on shoes run dry
- 5/ Monkeys help others
- 4/ Horse-drawn men dance
- 3/ Fat boy, sweep.
- 1/ Leaves
- 10/ Cranes look to the left to find cranes dancing
- 9/ And the otters lean against hippos
- 8/ As the roosters shimmy left right
- 5/ Up down up down up
- 3/ So fly now
- 2/ Until
- 6/ The donkeys surpass me
- 7/ Until the bunnies befriend
- 5/ Juvenile cows









FEAR LAUGH

Corporate outing.

Grabbing tentacles

As laughter

Turns [HA!]

To fear [HA.]

When the cell phone

Selfies get passed

Around, screaming

HERE! LOOK!

THIS IS THE ONE!

The tentacle machine

Wraps around [HA!] illegal

Blurring of junk [HA.]

And eye sight.

[HA! HA! HA! HA!]

Looking for loopholes

In tentacles [HA!]

Across great waves

Surfing down dirt

Dreading trees [HA.]

Visiting Japan

For another corporate

outing

Laughing [HA.] in fear

And crying [HA! HA!]

In happiness

As the tentacles come.



**Blinking red dot
Atop
Rudolph's alter
Below occupation
Of landscape
Until the moment
Public becomes
Private
And Santa loses
That strong sense
of Jolly Pride**

**Boxes of concrete
Boxes of wine
Boxes of late-night
Purchases
Trying to make you dance
Failing miserably
To balance on balls
Of Air
In private entry ways
Guarded by thumbs
Always unique**

The Center of The Universe

The earth rotates
On balls and pistons
Under big toes
Beneath socks
Between pants
And seams

As your arms raise
As synchronicity
Makes sense
And the world
Stops

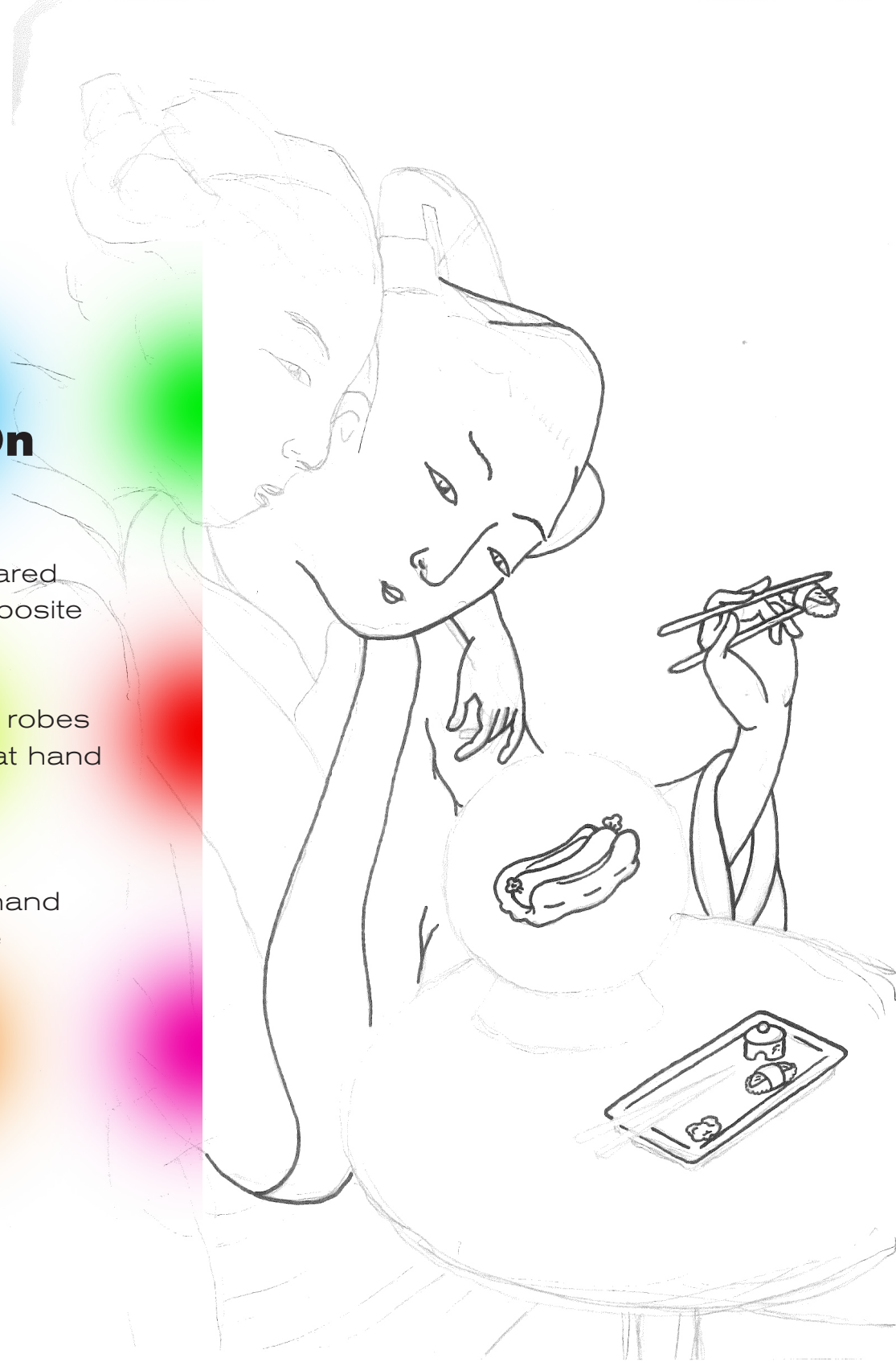
But your earth moves
And shakes
In your mind
As your binder fills
With tax write-offs
And fancy cars
And brides
Mailed in
Until you breath
In and the world
Starts Again.

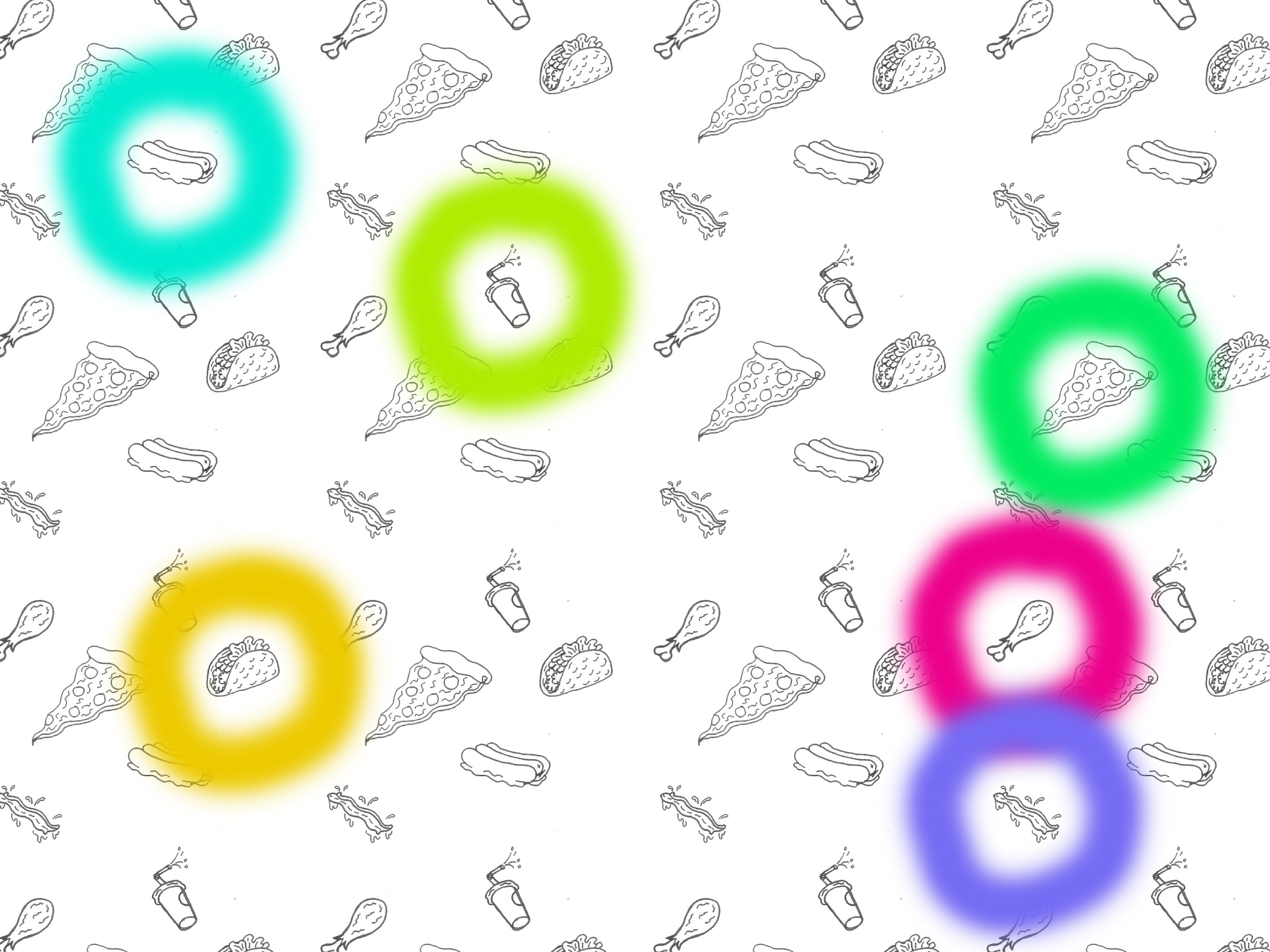
A Tale Told On The Veranda

A common bond shared
Chopsticks in the opposite
Alligators bite

Scrolls embraced by robes
Eyes study the dish at hand
Patterns roam freely

The loving embrace
The travelling finger hand
The thin eyebrow line





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