

FUTURE
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NUMBER
SHRIMP

MAT:
THEW
SONAM
DAN
YARYAR



FUTURE TACO is an occasional zine of aspirationally 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 flop 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.

Written in one night
at a taco joint and
then a bar and then
a patio and then a
bar and then a bar
and then a sidewalk.



LUCKY BOY

“Well you already slept together”.
Unauthorized or improperly parked vehicles will be impounded by EC-STATIC ANIME FANS WITH LOVE IN THEIR EYES SCREAMING “God You So Rock!” “Cuz Koalas Imagine!” 24 hours/day at the expense of AKAYO doing rusty old socks evily wrapped in yellow paper, the meaty goddess bursts with bacon and sausage – one drop of sauce per bite, \$20 found on the floor, yelling SHIE! SHIT! HIS IMAGINATION EMERGES! “Well you already slept together”. “No matter how much money it gotta be enough for a car.” “BACON!” “OK. You guys! Egg WHITE BURRITO NUMBER 2 OH SIX!” “anyways”. blue hoodie man staring you down, reading LOVE on blue. Light blue hoodie man checks phone, others eat alone, on the blue and pink leather seats, etching names into false wood, hoping to make true memories hoping to rest beneath this floral wall paper... singing: ZEBRA BANS ZEBRA EATS ALL LOVE. “Anyways”. “I LOVE YOU”. “BACON”. “Well you already slept together.”

Some pork went straight into the gap in my teeth, it's been one year since I've tasted your pork, gushing green juice thrives between these orange beard follicles. No extra cost for quacamole GOOD GOD.

Wild wild horses. Splashing beneath pink mountains. It's all blurry. Beyond this square-shaped hole, but one thing's for sure. The taco queen decides who gets the GOOD MEAT. GOOD GOD. GOD MEAT.

Jive-Ass Turkeys Down in Istanbul Where the Squirrels Eat HAM*

Bunch of Jive-Ass Turkeys. Down in Istanbul. All up in dat jungle like what up. like muscular giraffes wishing they were chicken wings spooning other chicken wings on a bed of CORN, laced with mayonnaise... Archiving CRABS where no crab has gone. where the chickens wear thongs. not those kind of thongs... you pervert. This is where the Furby dies, by way of microwave oven. By way of PONY, riding bareback, equipped with CIGARETTES and CLAY because the world is your oyster. Because the fat man jumps into that ballerina's arms, breaking glass ceilings and double standards for the sake of SHRIMP. So many shrimp rolling around town, wondering why the clowns frown upon them. Wondering why the beast growls at their eye, considering sunglasses. Considering sun spots born from freckles. Born from SEXUAL BEASTS, eating shrimp rolls, wishing they were poor. Wishing they had freshly glazed HAM in their PANTS. Trapped on a bus toward Santa Cruz where there's no talking on the phone unless it's with JE-

SUS. Eating HAAAMMMM! Hitting the dance floor with the BAE BAE SQUIRRELS IN SKIRTS! OOPS! The noodles popped out on the pony boy express, where the squirrels ride on horses. Where they race guinea pigs into the sunset, praying for siamese turtles to save the day. Com-mie bastard... putin' on the ritz. Putin' on the rain. Putin' on the shit. Drunk last night, street snug.

*When we can't write poems together, we text. This poem was developed over several days of text messaging - Matt in LA, Dan in Portland. It doesn't make much sense, but we do it anyway.





When We Meant.

Brick walls with the square bolts in them. Cracker Jack Jackels Squint, Lovely Linn. Say WHAT? I don't know what you're saying. Sorry, I thought I put you on mute. It's OK JIM – I forgive you. Riding skateboards made of cotton candy. LA is a cesspool, seriously, I'm sorry. Not it's not. You're wrong. I'm a virtual girl in a virtual world. Bob, what are you even saying? While I was eating the RED VINES. Smoking cigs like a dolphin, EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE - GET DOWN FROM THERE. Do you remember what we meant? LOOK OUT. Look at that. That's a rich man. And the sound of quincenera bells rang.

The Backpack Says “Forget These Guys”.

Cheek Squeak. The backpack says “FORGET THESE GUYS” – AH-HHHHHHHHHHHH! Eye YAH yah yah Yah ME OH MY. Ready for the funk – Say what, WHAT! God damnit, I got Eleven. Nice. SHUT UP! All I want is my beer to be gone. Some drink to think tough. My main dream is to say I had enough. My baby might get rough, live the life. Live that life. All EYES on ME.

Damnit, Ted.

TED IS TALKING SHIT, shit. SHIT! Get yo money, muthafucka. All eyes on ME. Sorry, Tupac. We gonna walk up in this muthafucka. Sorry, Tupac. Tupac probably liked tacos, though.

The Tour Continues. My beard Is All Whiskey, Rye. The Journey Begins.

The Earth is Round

The earth is so round. Rounder than that dough boy's belly button - rounder than your ear lobe - rounder than your dough boy's ear love.

Nice Hat Portland Boy. Your Girlfriend Looks Like You. Nice Coat Portland Boy. Could Have Sworn You Were Two Dudes.

Crazy Llamas

Crazy Llamas in the sky. Hunting for the tooth fairy. Hoping to find SANTA, no luck. Hoping to find Easter Bunny, no luck. Hoping to find the snaggle-toothed drama man. Plenty of luck, but would you call that luck? Or is it fate? Is it the fate of the baboon? Or is it the fate of the 9 to five man, always searching for llamas in the sky?

My that's better. You would not think the pilgrims had big feet as balding soldiers, though tis true. Shalt not be! Big booty boy eat HAM..... HAM! Tiny tiny feet. Try HAM NOW! Easter GLAZED HAM. REALLY GOOD HAM. REALLY GOOD HAM. REALLY GOOD HAM. REALLY GOOD HAM. REALLY GOOD HAM. REALLY GOOD HAM. REALLY GOOD HAM. REALLY GOOD HAM.

Fuckin' Atilla the Hun smokin' crack and stuff.

They're not easy to take care of, I killed it, dead Iquana. Atilla Hun. Shush hush hush now. Atilla HUN. Spread the man eggs, spread it thick, now it's too thin. Shrimps are my spirit animal. Atilla the HUN hanging with NUNS, eating ham-burger BUNS. Will the alarm really sound... No, OK. EVERYONE RUN TOWARDS YOUR LOVE. Wishing. So many, Fleetwood Mac, don't stop. STOP! STOP! What you love. Waiting wishing your buns were hawaiian and stuff, cuz yeah. Cuz da luv. Thunder only happens when it's raining, duh. smoking kills, what you had and what you lurve, stranger. God damn your stupid face, they rode the tall bus and gave advice, well. YEAH! Oh yeah, oh, uh huh. Thunder raining and shit who knows. Oh yeah, pink pillows welcome dreams. WHAT UP. Hey my name is yo mama, dreaming of Valerie. Nice to meet you and stuff, yeah. Just when you feel it's too late, but you street stretch.

**5 Selections From
Dumpster Decipher, By
Matthew Manos**

**Arms reaching out
toward the inside of
your truck, more arms
stacked beneath to
form some type of ath-
letic dream of resting in
the bed of your truck.**



**Orange-Catholic. Ollie
Car. Ominous Cow. Om-
nipotent Couch.**



Arms reaching out toward the inside of your truck, more arms stacked beneath to form some type of athletic dream of resting in the bed of your truck.

Arms reaching out toward the inside of your truck, more arms stacked beneath to form some type of athletic dream of resting in the bed of your truck.



Arms reaching out toward the inside of your truck, more arms stacked beneath to form some type of athletic dream of resting in the bed of your truck.



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HA



AM

Tribute to SHRIMP

When you be at da club you need a hype man, especially when you tryin' to dip that shrimp. No, listen up! It has two built in HAM HORNS. These are the best horns – it's how shrimps speak. They yell like the yoddling piranas bite the ankle of the cowardly snake as he slithers through your asophagus looking for asparagus all the while, you check Web MD for "WHY IS MY POOP STRINGY?" You know Why? SHRIMP!!!!!!!!!!!! Shrimp Pinch to get that shrimp shake. It's that SHRIMPER, put it on a cracker. Yo let me get some mo' fuckin Ice Cream. Let me get that shrimp flavor. All over mah nose. SHRIMP OUT. Drop the shrimp. Gonna give you the tail-end of my shrimp.

Tribute to LEMON DROP

What had happened was I dropped the lemon alllllllll over mah grandma, and she like YO! There lemon on my ass? Why you drop that like SKRILL DROP THE BEAT? So I was named lemon drop and what had happened was we prolific. Oh, shit. That shit more prolific than you know so many lemons dropped that might SQUEEEEEEEZE these mufuckas. When the cops

showed up I told them organic mattresses were the future. They said MO'SUCKA do you have any unfinished business to attend to, and I said hmmmmmmmmmm? Let me think about it... Let me flip that rock over... OOOO LEMON DROPS. All over tool. It's maynard's FAULT. but whatever. we'll deal. We'll live. Give me 10 bucks. THROW IT DOWN.

**Slave drivin' poet.
All the tip be like
what what. Makin'
you poet.**

**Don't knock on that
ham. Hey how you
doin' man, YO! Ham
don't knock white
bread.**

**Shrimp and grits.
Shrimp and drip
when I dip you dip.
Ham ham ham ham
HAM HAM HAM.**

Husky-Ass Atilla. He's a Mufuckin Hun, smokin' pre-rolls from da club, slappin' gingers on the fo'head cuz they like, NAH. I ain't cookin' you HAM. It ain't your birfday. SHRIMP OUT.

Tribute to Doing Your Best Thanks to Michael Jordan.

I make too much money. You sucka ass mufuckas don't know SHIIIIIIIT! Michael Jordan wants you to do your best. Michael Jordan knows best. You're a husky boy. No, No, just big-boned. Ain't got no empathy. You suck, but not really. Don't be too self-conscious about your electric guitar skills, we know you're trying your best. HE knows you're trying your best. You know what, what we didn't do? Nice balls, MJ! No, not that one. HOOP DREAMS! I'm on point. That's why we're here, Dan. Wait, that was for the next poem. Sad stories for my homies. Thanks, MJ.

My name is DAN

Drippy drip drops of saucy sauce. Dan likes the life on the road, finding excuses for 6 months of hiatus, wearing Portland-ass hats, living on farms, tending to Chickens and Turkeys, and Jive-Ass HAMS.

Droopy weeners, squirt some CAT-SUP on it. Been there, done that! What? Draw DICKS. Grass is always greener. Greener Weeners. Let's go to the DEAD DANCE. Draw PANTS. Embrace the shrimp, my name is DAN. I like shrimp. Sometimes grits not always. FUTURE TACO is the future, TACO.

Lucky Jeans Aren't That Lucky.

Snug against your masculine buns. Buns. Bums. Buns. Still room for the SHRIMP of the HAM of the lucy jeans not too far from where the troll lives. Barely holding on, it was a horrible time. It's the worst thing we've ever done. It's great. Let me tell me about my master's degree. Let me just tell me smoking kills, so don't smoke unless you've thought it through. Up to you, no judgement. But are you lucky? That's the REAL question here. What would the shrimp do?

Spinning Dust Dance

Spinning Dust Dance above
SWORDFISH as big as your sub-
urban front lawn – what's that?
– hot sauce on the table in case
you need a little fire in your ear.

Keep it Quenched

Keep it quenched, sunny. Don't
want grandma yellin' now.
Keep it quenched, horse man.

NEIGH

NEIGH says the horse man,
smelling CABEZA rotating on
rusty spears, but don't fear,
it's legal. In fact, it's delicious.
It's mind boggling. It's horses
in space. It's pretty much that
good. It's FUTURE TACO.

Santa Cruz

Santa Cruz is where the beach shines on your noodle-like entree.
Don't use the mustache wax there!!! Trust me. It's, like, totally waxy.
I just got out of Hell with Witches and the Devil. It was nice there
- got a tan and shit. Why isn't Marlin here? Who Bob? Not Marlin
like the fish. MARLON like the MAN. That horse has a man head!
Mad Monsanto SKILLS. Tweakin' HARD or HARDLY TWEAKIN',
but what's the difference between hard and hardly? Well, when a
man loves a woman.... That sick fuck. Don't do that. It's RUDE. She
made me do it. Horse man knows. Why you gallop so much horse
man? Because Mother Russia makes me Mellow Yellow. So mel-
low. So yellow. So yellow and mellow, if you do the math. How dare
you ping that pong! My beard's so long. Long beards are a serious
manner. Flattened Ping Ping Balls. Seriously.

I LOVE SANTA

Slide to OPEN Sprite, Fanta,
Cuz I LOVE SANTA ... SNAPPLE
DON'T KNOW SHIT.



Pink Grandma

Pink Grandma, the gate-keeper to your diharrea. What would DRAKE say? YOLO.

Closed?

It's been closed for years.
An infinite Grand-Opening.
No time to clean this shit up.

The SOULS of Fans

Dust fans above, dimly lit sword-fish dining on the souls of fans.

GOOOOOOOOL

We got the FUTBOL technicolor
screen eyeballs enjoy fresh pepsi,
GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOL



Black AND Mild
Blue AND Manly
Big AND Moosey
Barbara AND Mommy
Bubbles AND Massachusetts
Bong AND Moscow
Bee AND Money
Banner AND Moccasins
Board AND Muska
Butt AND Muffins
Bonita AND Masculine
Boob AND Mittens
Ball AND Milestone
Burn AND Mingus
Biblyboly AND Maporara
Bosploterspot AND Mimmookmook
Bibbles AND Mibbles
Bobsauce AND Mushmush
Boeboe buoe AND Mooface
Bopagot AND Muhammad

I Love The Maria-chi Vibe.

I love the Mariachi vibe. I love to sing with a high tone in my voice. I love to dance the crazy dance. I wear backpacks laced in Gold. I wear the American Dream on my sleeve. I ride the American Dream. I dance. I dance with SHRIMP. Why won't you? DANCE! DANCE! DANCE! Oh, M, G!

Hats on the patrol. Patrolling all the player haters. Patrolling your taco.

Hey. Hi. HI! How are you? HEY!

Hey. Hi. Hello. HEY! HI! HEY HEY HEY HEY HOW ARE YOU? Hi.
Hey. Hi. Hello, how are you? How are you? How are you? Hey. Hi.
Hello. HEY! HI! HEY HEY HEY HEY HOW ARE YOU? Hi. Hey. Hi.
Hello, how are you? How are you? How are you? Hey. Hi. Hello. HEY!
HI! HEY HEY HEY HEY HOW ARE YOU? Hi. Hey. Hi. Hello, how are you? How are you? How are you? Hey. Hi. Hello. HEY! HI! HEY HEY HEY HEY HOW ARE YOU?
Hi. Hey. Hi. Hello, how are you? How are you? How are you?

Let's talk about the promise of ham. Slap it with that snipp snap, Wa-BAAAAPH. It glistens when no one else does. Tickle me ELMO you dirty HAM. It dreams bigger than you. Deam Team.

Wearing tie dye

Wearing tie dye-patterned dreams. I dream of pandas dancing the salsa dance as the sun sets. Dollmite, the Shrimp, you know he knows how to glaze a ham on Easter Sunday. Dramatic Oysters drink too much wine revealing big SECRETS. WOW, it's SPAM. Don't resist, SAM. My name isn't SAM! Whatever, it's time to sing. Sing about HAM. Sing about your life on rainbows. What would Michael Jordan do? What would the ham-eating SHRIMP do? Riding atop rainbows is a clear route toward fame and glory and fortune and HAM FLAVORED SHRIMP.

I guess he is just an emotional man. Children laughing, to the tone of exploding hockey pucks? Stacks of Pizza Boxes, a faint hint of Marijuana laces the air... Suddenly... WHOA. That's a brilliant theory. Hammers Ice-Skating upstairs, dragging buckets, spilling pebbles. Windows open, letting in the sound of BUTTS applauding. Apalling Experience. You're such a fucking romantic. Sitting in showers, counting the drops on your back, humidity overcoming aching bones. Contemplating a shift in the period.

The Kale Fail.

Trying to eat waffles as part of a balanced diet, we get lost in the streets of Downtown Los Angeles, dancing to some stranger singing about all kinds of Dramatic HAM, massaging Kale. The truth is this Kale is Failed, because SHRIMP can't massage KALE. Kale Fail.

Non-Ironically Untitled Poem

Lil willy be so sick spank spunky chicken funk. Dunk it big, MJ. Fire be all hot n'sit. Whit wit. Whit it. Shrimp be sick wit it. Dogs dunk bunkies, SI. Red lipstick for da homies. For da hunnies. Lick it. Lick that burrito. Baby buns need touchies. Not the wrong song for campin'. But we do our best.

