

T: Miss is #2 ALL JUNK

BY: LH
Vu

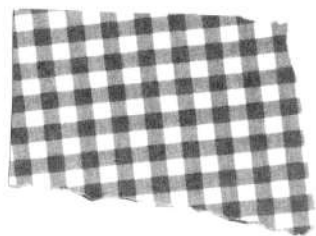


July
2026
9

Another Writing Zine...

... As That What The world
REALLY needs? In a time
like this? More Than ever!
No claims will be made about
the quality of Such Publication.
The only thing we can Promise
is that it's all 100% human-
made. Pure homegrown
Thoughts from People. Er,
one Person. Singular.

When It's Gone



One day, you will miss it
The mundane, of all things

How boredom tugs your wrinkles flat
And passing time brings creases back

Seconds tick tick ticking by
To minutes, hours, days, they fly



When life will hit you in a flash
And changes happen all too fast

The steady pace of nothingness
Will send you yearning for stillness yet

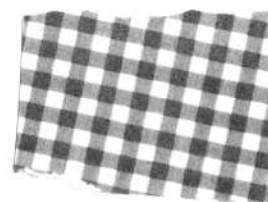
One hectic day when you want to quit
The hum drum quiet, you will miss it



Say a Haiku for Me



They say, pop in a
“Haiku,” they’re popular. Yeah?
Well, I don’t know “Ku.”



Non Sequitur

Today, I learned what a non sequitur is.
A legal signature doesn’t have to be your
written name, or even words, for that matter.



Copper pigments

I ventured a guess on “phthalocyanine” for
the name of a blue or green copper-based
pigment on today’s Wikipedia guessing
game. The answer was actually “verdigris.”
Verdigris. Who does she think she is?

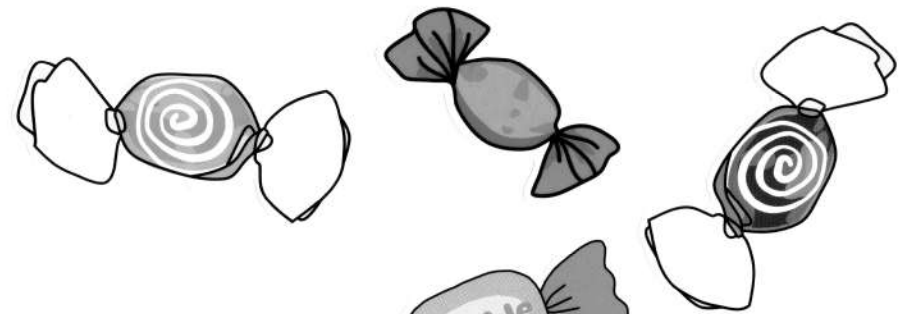
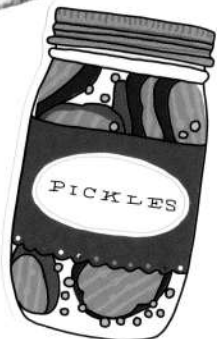
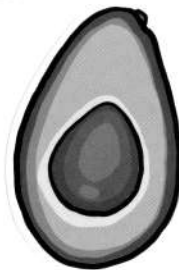


Little Sandwiches
(To the tune of Twinkle
Twinkle Little Star)

Little sandwiches so sweet
Are the kind I like to eat

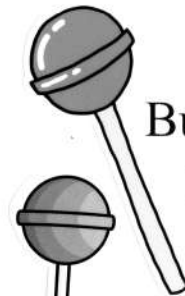
Bacon, lettuce, tomato
Avocado, mayo, too

But the best kind to me
Are sandwiches that are free



Bubblegum

Bubblegum, bubblegum, in a dish
How many pieces do you wish?



Liar, liar, pants on fire
What amount of
sweets do you desire?

A sailor went to sea, sea, sea
So tell me a good number of candy, 'dy, 'dy



Slacker

I'd like to say
That I'm a slacker
But I have done nada
To earn that title

If I could take credit
I'd edit my name
To the very top
Of the members page

But since I do nothing
And contribute zip
You can't point your fingers

I didn't do it!



We Need Some Emergency Shorts

१९

Quick! Someone needs an emergency
Pair of Shorts! Keep talking, then you
Will see a fantastic highly convenient
Pair of Swim Shorts appear
Before your Very own eyes
At moment's Notice, at once
They will be Ready to wear



The Poet Tree

There's nothing quite as lovely
As the sturdy poet tree
Its branches swinging in the breeze
Reciting prose so fluently

Each leaf, a line
Each twig, a stanza
Its limbs so intertwined
With sprigs that dance so

The poet tree
It speaks to me
Like no other
That I've seen

Every root, a foundation
Every hymn, a sensation
Its words touch those who sit beneath
The cool dark shade of the poet tree



Blink And You'll Miss It

Days and days pass and the green bananas hanging in the kitchen remain dark green, evergreen.

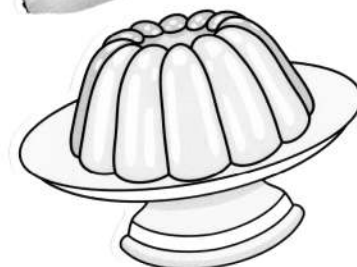
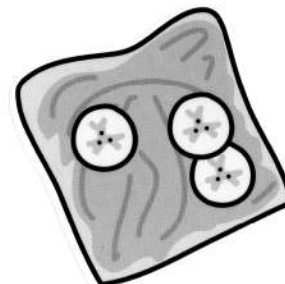
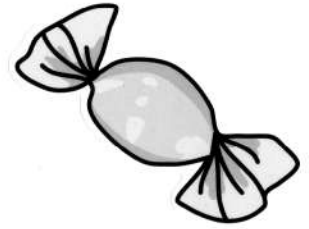
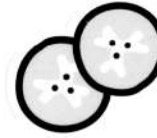
I turn to my sibling and I say, "Guess what's still green?" She laughs.

I keep watching these bananas, they never seem to ripen.

Until one day, I notice they're finally yellow. *Eh, not in the mood for one now*, I say to myself. I skip 'em.

The next day, they've gone from a gorgeous gold to spotted and old.

Bananas are more fickle than you'd think. Blink and you'll miss it.





A Perfume Called Sour Notes



I would like to concoct a fragrance that hits the nose like the discordant slip of the hand on a finely tuned instrument. Starting at the top with sharp pangs of tart lemon and sun-fattened pineapple. The chorus would crash into poison ivy and sour purple plum. Our finale closes with the sustain of cedar and musk, the lingering ache that will remain.



The Fragrance of my Dreams

I once dreamt that I tried on a mundane but unforgettable perfume. It was soft and clean, with its only notes being crisp cut apple, milk, and cozy musk. She sang without raising her volume. The lactonic notes wrapped a warm blanket around the fresh fruit and the musk lulled the two into a perfect harmony. Every now and then, she enters my memory and never quite leaves.



SKIN

If skin soft and sweet, like a peach,
is not to bite, why then, does it
bruise so easily?

If tender fruit is not to spoil, then
why does it give in to hot air and
ripen so?

PASS
PASS

Juicy flesh bleeds and dribbles from
the chins of starving mouths

As naturally as the day begins

The trees beckon with their bulging
prizes for those rising from spring's
melting ices

The air is fragrant with temptation

Soft fruit sighs as teeth sink in,
with elation

If nature intended not for it to be
the way, then for what reason do her
branches sway?

Check Res

Network i

The Wi-Fi
Turn the
If the c
see the

If your
see your

Checked I

Wireless I
Communica
Security I
MAC Address
Security I

IP Address Check

Detailed IP Setup Check

Network Status



In a field in the wild
where weeds have no name
mountain roses and dandelions
all sprout tall, all the same
In this meadow, undefiled
all plants spread their seed
unburdened and untouched
by superfluous laws to heed
Every bloom and vine, a precious
child o' mine

12:36 AM, 6-27-26

Wildflowers

Printer
Printer
IP Address
Subnet M
Default
Network
Security
Signal S
MAC Addr

To Do List

- GET Groceries
- Make Grocery money
- Get job for money
- Update resume
- Focus at Computer
- Take meds
- Remember to Take meds
 - Refill Pill Box
 - Order Prescription
 - Call Pharmas

F Pieces Fracture and drift away.
in **R** WHERE AM I WHO ARE YOU WHO AM I
little bits, **A** ALL YOUR PARTS I WHERE ARE
in little ways. **G** ARE GONE YOU
Nothing Sticks, and **GO** TODAY.
On without me.

Label 228, December 2023

FOR DOMESTIC AND INTERNATIONAL USE

 Nothing Stays **M**
PIECES
E EVERY
PIECES
N NO
I'm in pieces
T TO
E EVERY
I'm in Pieces
D DAY