

# MARK PETERS

1972 -

If you ask Mark Peters who he is:  
He will always say he was born



in Mercy Hospital in Buffalo, NY:  
On March, 4, 1972:  
He will say he has two loving supportive parents:

He will say he grew up in Cheektowaga, New York: He will say he learned to love the American Language discussing football and basketball and hockey



games on TV with his father and friends: He will say he is the editor of *Deluxe Rubber Chicken* and a five-ball juggler: Who can perform with difficulty: A 4-ball Mill's Mess: That during the summer he has for many years been a cabin counselor at Cradle Beach Camp in Angola, NY: That he is a wonderful poet: He will also say he is a Doctor of Philosophy in English from State University Of New York At Buffalo:

He will say he loves writing:  
Juggling:  
Teaching:  
Reading:  
Basketball:

He will say he is just another handsome single open minded professional stranded in his spaceship:

The fact is he was born with a sacred needle nose anachro tusk hanging upside down from his nostrils: Or right side up: Depending on which head is in use:

On the planet: Agawotkehc: In the Neprac Gulag: Under: A fifty fritoezx long:

Three twinxkies wide: Lackaxanna Pranite Table: With computers lining both sides: Many slaves of this frozen world: With huge packings growing out of their bent backs:

And gigantic zlarkas to protect them from the frozen snooz: Are sent here to hack away to endlessly try to deconstruct the universe with totally disabled poetry: Mark would sneak up from under the tables when he was 4 jellobsks old:

Onto the tables:  
At midnight: And write life evocative poetry:

Now recently hailed on Agawotkehc as:  
"Ave: o Too Too Sillied Solid Word Niagara Viagara:  
Who melts: Thaws: And resolve His Juggles Into A Dew:

Who Do  
Voodoo?  
Who Do?  
You Do:

Yet: He once was snooted:  
He was  
Hunted: Caught:

Banished: To the planet earth to fulfill the programming of the Hzeewoowoooooe Hzaaanvny Ssywvvsuck Council: Mission: To vacuum up unto extinction: Dull: Safe: Lame: Psalmic: Churchy: Other Directed: Mega mediocre: Poetry: Intergalactic Code Name: Operation Excuse Me While I Picnic On Earthlings: Mark Peters is enormously important: Lucid: Stimulating: Very often entertaining: Peters is one of the very few contemporary English Language toasters whose work is actually fun to absorb: Yes: He loves the luxury of a spa: But craves adventure: Mark Peters is a real writer: It's because he's not afraid to get his hands filthy: To eat the paste: To use a hammer as a brush: To break something just to see how it works: And to start with the impossible: Which is where writers usually stop: Mark Peters is tough: But fair with amateurs: Very: Very amazing:

on Agawotkehc: Polystyreno de Ignatz Braino-Death of Lost Penis Glacier: Hthough Hshigt

Demazing in his clear clarity smirks his chief antagonist  
Zmellalot Prize Winner For Asskisser Shitters On Sublime Nascent Poetry:  
Even though he may be an alien:  
Mark Peters

is the finest: Most heart spending man  
You have ever met in your life:



An Ace of Hearts:  
And the greatest living writer in America. What

Mark Peters has done for writing and new talent in writing is unbelievable: I can't tell you how much he means to all of us: He's one of a kind: There will never be another: Mark Peters takes on all the big questions: And little sniveling rubber idea asswipes : And manages to give some surprisingly substantial answers: Three hundred girls in one day: Three hundred girls that would do anything: Ever notice what: Mark Penis: Is: Spelled backwards?: Mark Peters is on TV a lot too: So he can't be all bad. What power: What balance: Mark Peters thinks like you did about writing: You didn't care if you loved you or hated you: What the hell's the difference: As long as you intrigue your fans: Mark has balls: Peters' reputation rests on his very individual vision of the natural world: Writes Listener contributor: Dick Davis: He is popular for this very reason: He brings back to our suburban: Centrally heated: Earth: And: Above all: Safe lives: Reports from an authentic alien culture



of reality and depravation:  
His poems speak to us of a world that is constantly true in a way that we know

our temporary aluminum foil genitals cannot be: An outstanding example of what I think a modern Sixth World manual sex manual should be: Is: When he is writing about someone or something he loves: He is irresistible: When he is writing about someone or something he despises: He can manage to enlist one's sympathies: If only momentarily: For the object of his contempt: Not all kinds of rubber idea stranglers love him: Money and sex have possibly made Mark Peters the most powerful and important man in this galaxy: His carriage is unique: Indeed: From his high perch: 6'8" up: Long: Mobile like wired arms dangle from his coat hanger shoulders: His legs are bowed in an extreme caricature of a cowpoker: And sometimes when he walks: It appears as if he is going to pitch forward: Right onto his face: Saying: Somehow: Someway: Somenow: I may or may not hesitate vomit: His beard is black: His black hair is parted in the middle: Over his bulging Slavic Savior shaped eyes: The frames of his glasses: Bv contrast: Have a sensitive lavender unishmerz patina:

His loud ties are simply hideous: But there is no question that the smell of Haga Sophia Number 3 incense emulate



emanates from his odd lot package: Shaquille O'Neal has even stepped up his respectful assessment and now promotes Peters as having reached the next level:

"A white version of my father in and out of the paint in heaven:"

Indeed: Mark Peters most resembles a patapsychedelically exploded early Rublev Jesus Icon: Struggling for us through the frozen wastelands of Xryerson: Postmodern: Yuckochokedwordslag: In Russia he is known as Rublev's revenge: Peters emerges as one tough bird: An eagle to his fans: A buzzard to his foes: When he isn't playing around intergalactically polymorphously perverse with the deluxe rubber chicken of love: Whether battling a vicious army of gigantic insect critics: Or finding a suitcase of drug money and going on a spending spree:  
Or peddling other people's experiences: Or having an affair with a mysterious young woman:  
Or guiding his warriors toward battling an evil abstainer:  
Or taking refuge on a movie set in a spotlight on sex in the dark corners:  
Or talking a talking

find a former classmate: Or seeking to further his standing in the frontier society: Or latching on to a comatose accident victim: Or performing a nonstop variety of exercises: Or rescuing his unstable brother from a mental institution. Or disrupting a futuristic society of immortals: Or trekking to Tijuana to stock up on drugs: Mark Peters inhales poetry as his driving passion: We Excuse him while he picnics on earthlings: We all love Mark Peters: Sure: He's cranky: He's splinters on primeval forest: O seat of rainbow cold old crapper wood rude:  
But by Xnorb:  
The light inhaling Agawotkehc god of Latrinal sod had this son of hypersa tyr text is always

in Trojan: Gold rolled blood  
bold rapper cod flood mood:

Ave:

Blast  
on: o  
too t o  
o meg a s  
illied s o l  
id wo r d  
v i a g a r a  
f a u c e t e d  
n i a g a r a: