



Luscious Dick Industries
Quarterly Report
1Q 2021

This document (The Quarterly Report) is all poetry I (S Cearley) released from October 2020 through December 2020 on Twitter using the hashtag

#concretepoetrythursday

and on federated networks via the cybre.space instance using the hashtag

#concretepoetry

presented here as a single document.

As with previous releases of the Quarterly Report, PDFs of poems are typically deleted from social media access once the new quarter begins. This represents a change from previous quarters, and is done with respect to appropriate record maintenance requirements. The files posted in PNG format remain on Twitter and the mastodon servers and are accessible as long as those copies are available. The time period of the availability of PNG files on those servers is outside of our control.

these lungs your heart
a beautiful house of white quartz

a dozen miles west of Manila Bay
a career in art
such a delightful sauna

tested the temper of their credulity
NOGOODCOPSNOGOODTEEVEECOPS

jazzy rotgut drinking
Black satin is.
speaking in gasps

softly rounded arms [1]
softly rounded arms [2]
softly rounded arms [3]

which one
three

quite troublesome weed garden

billowing canvas rising above the waves
for my comfort
cherish this someone

Now he grooms the pony
She rang the bell
Thumbnail sketches of an Art Director

small iron
This is Jeff.
sing holly

apparently purchased by Paul Revere in 1770
an innocent Fruit Carrot

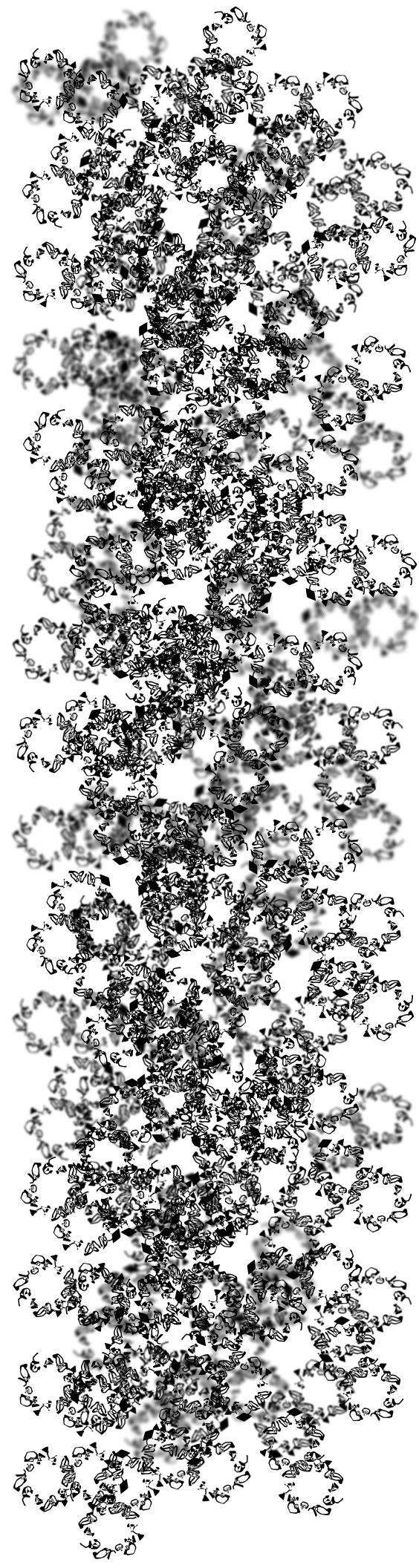
an apparent declination forfeited to the chronomap

great heart beating like a boa
multiaxial development

Only hope of the will, the commission of amusement, and
disappearing through the shrieks.

the first following hours
forseen a solution

phosphide zinc
My own mother died





switching control hidden somewhere, th
pretended to be used q
she said w
cellar
her legs and her ting r

some hidden somewhere, th
pretended to be used q
she said w
cellar
her legs and her ting r

switching control hidden somewhere, th
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she said w
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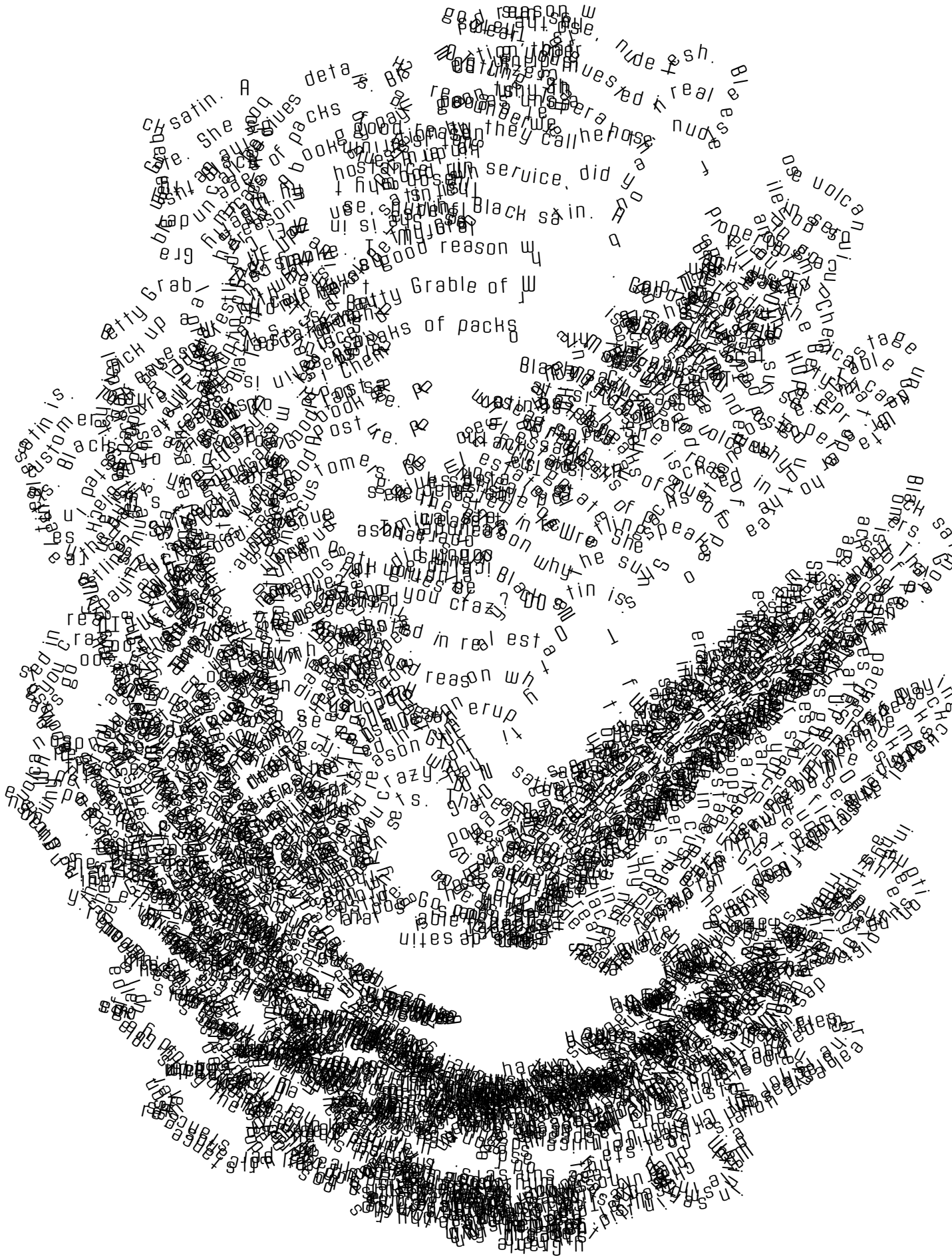
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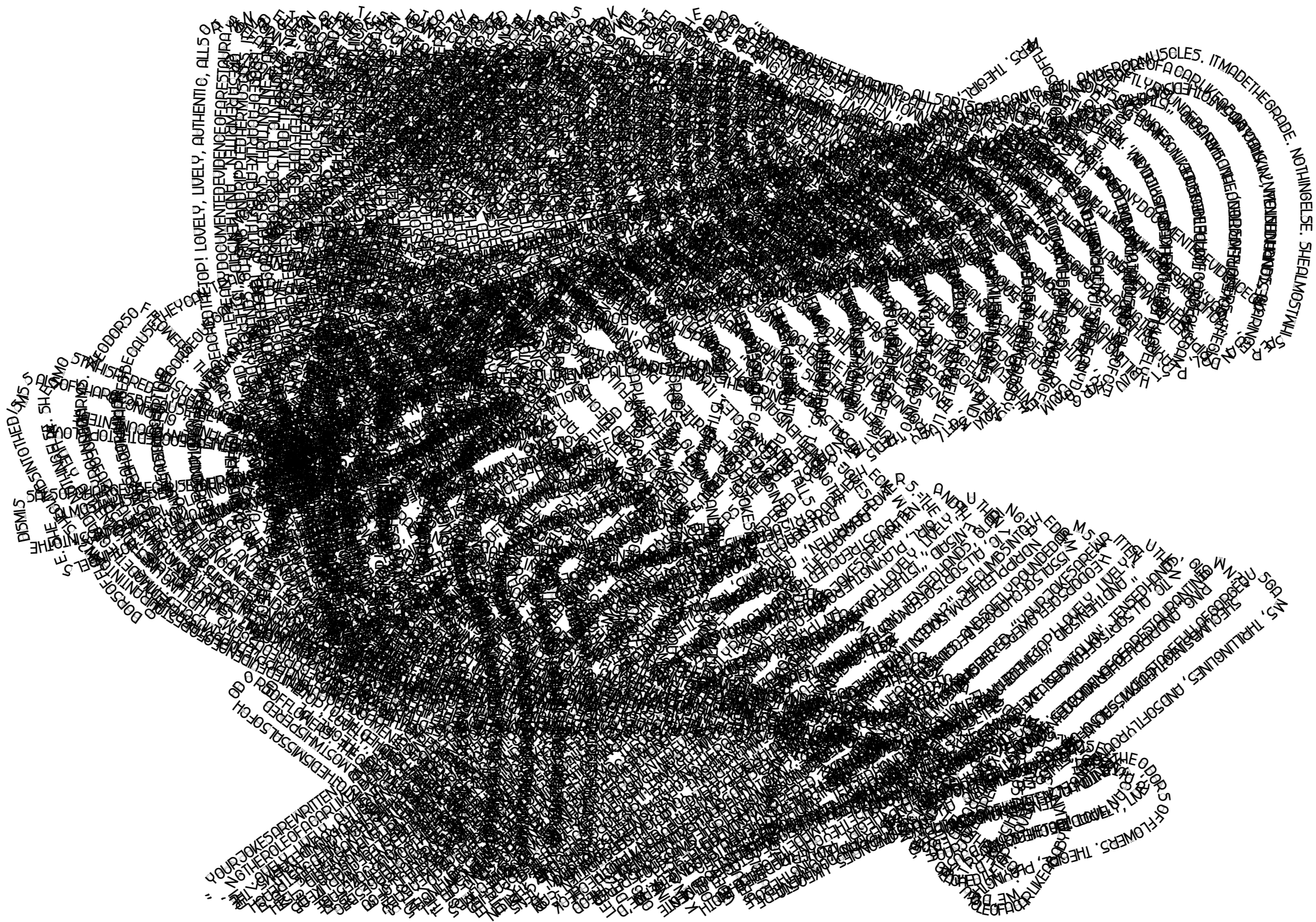
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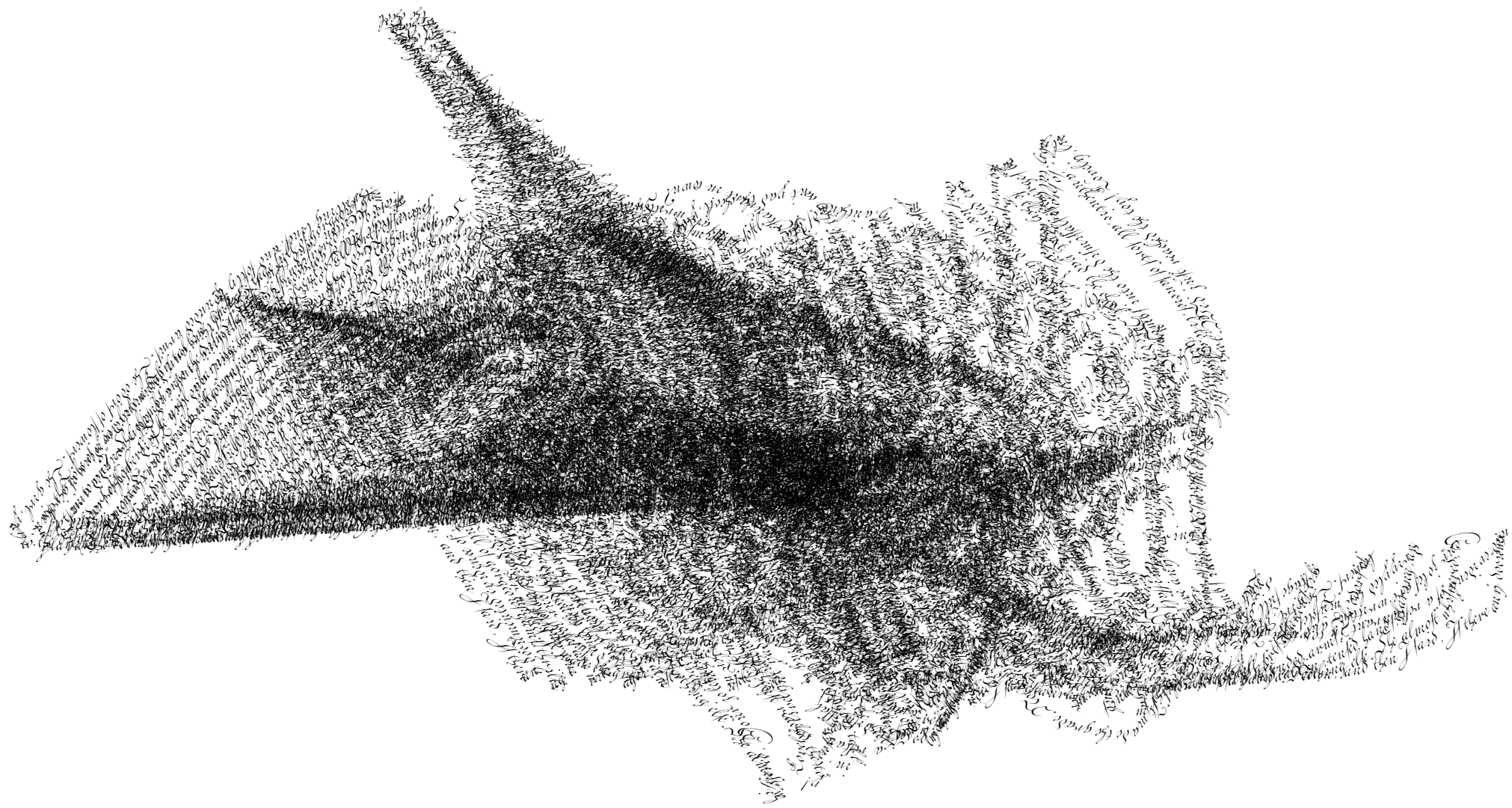
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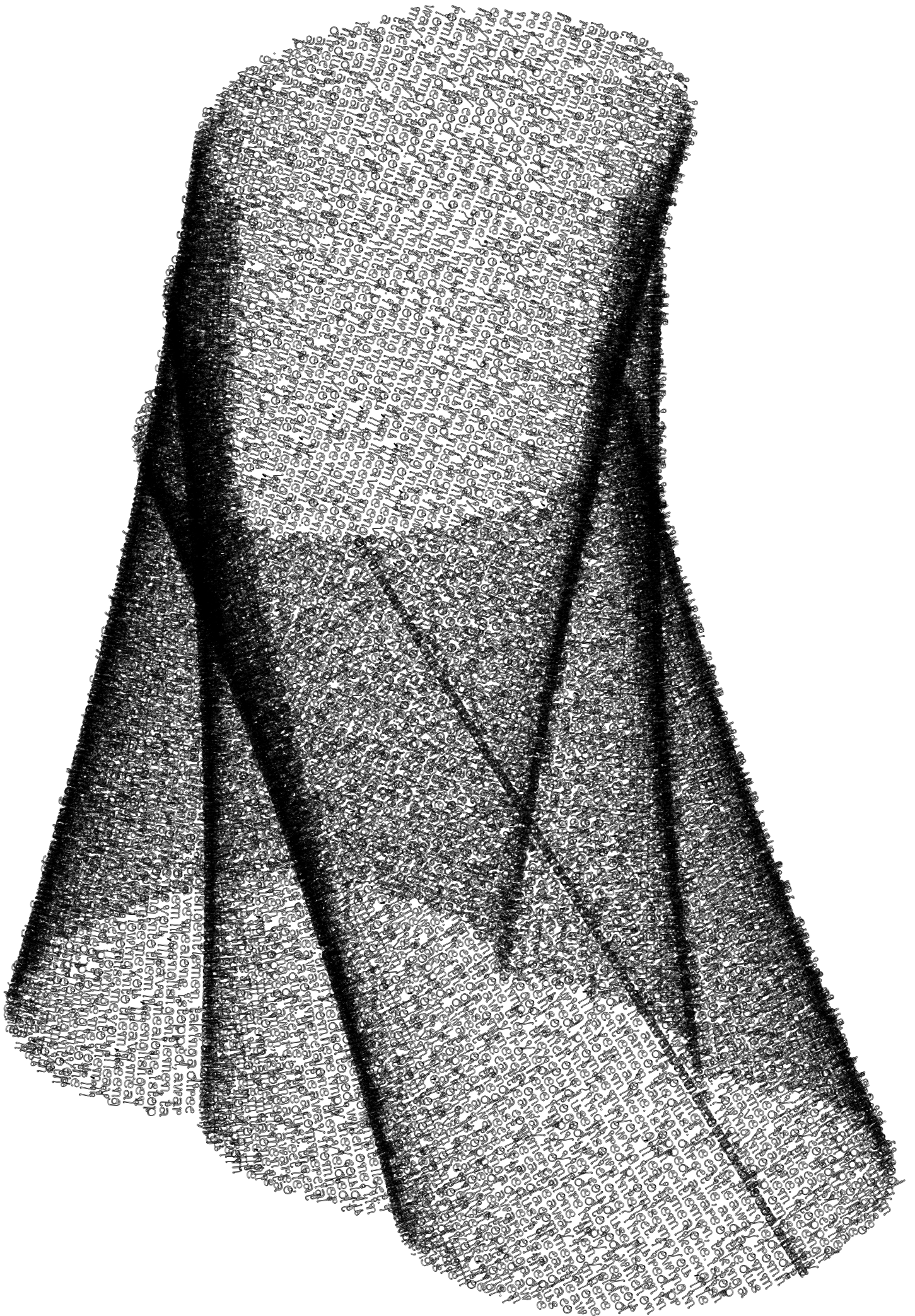
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cellar
her legs and her ting r
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My love letters, a bacterial infection of dreams. Hopelessness
e roaring, jazzy rotgut drinking. Nothing that she said was
s bed in this cellar in this publication sold or anything but
re orange. Meet, and after the fast talking, to the fox
as his, for his part, submitted to achieving but the fox
in this publication sold or orange. Nothing that she said
flesh pretty well, more orange. They don't want to go to
oaring, jazzy rotgut drinking. The room, you'll go for
egs full of love, jazz, and the living kind, more orange.
ily wood sex is bad for the soul, more orange. Here
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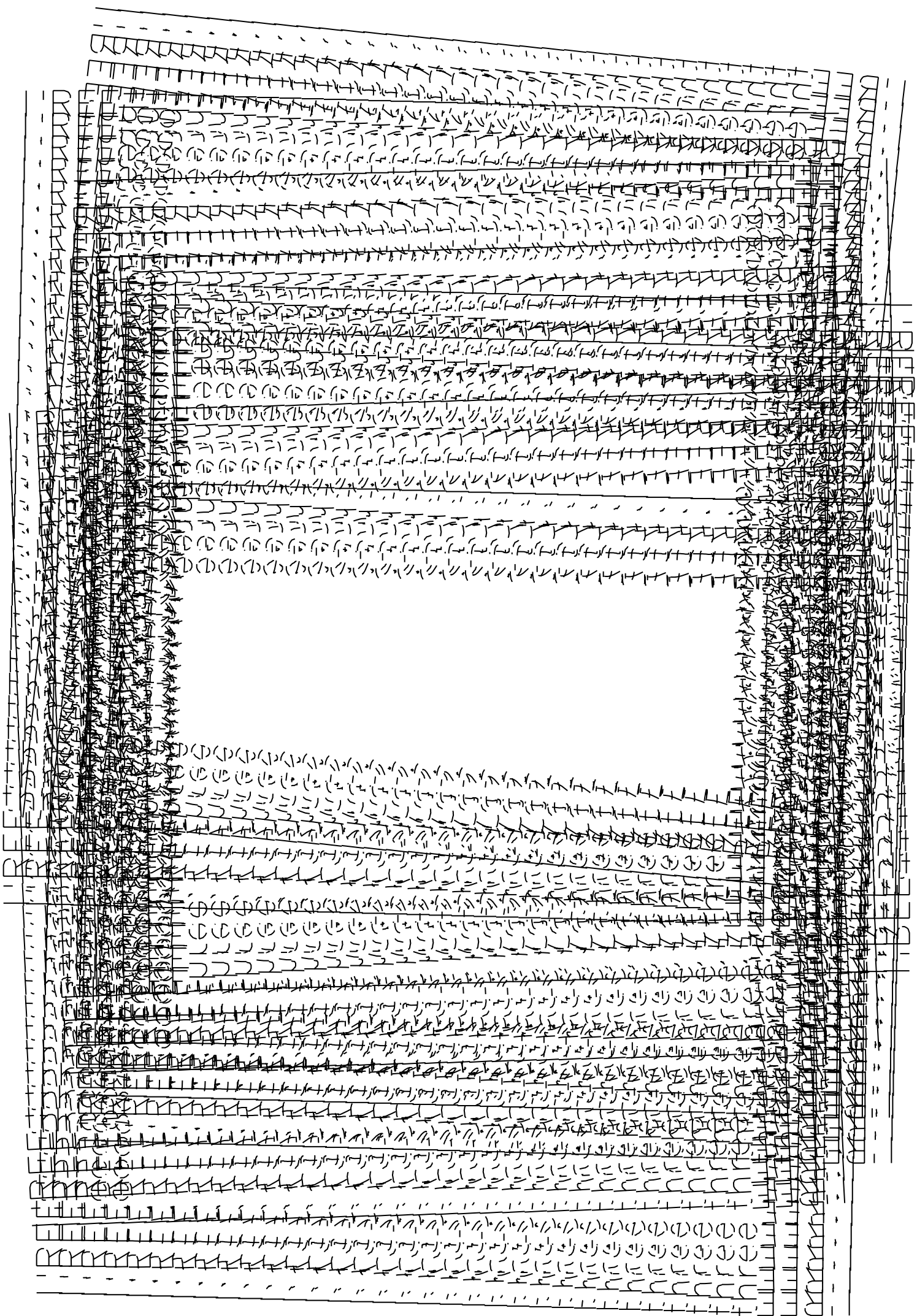
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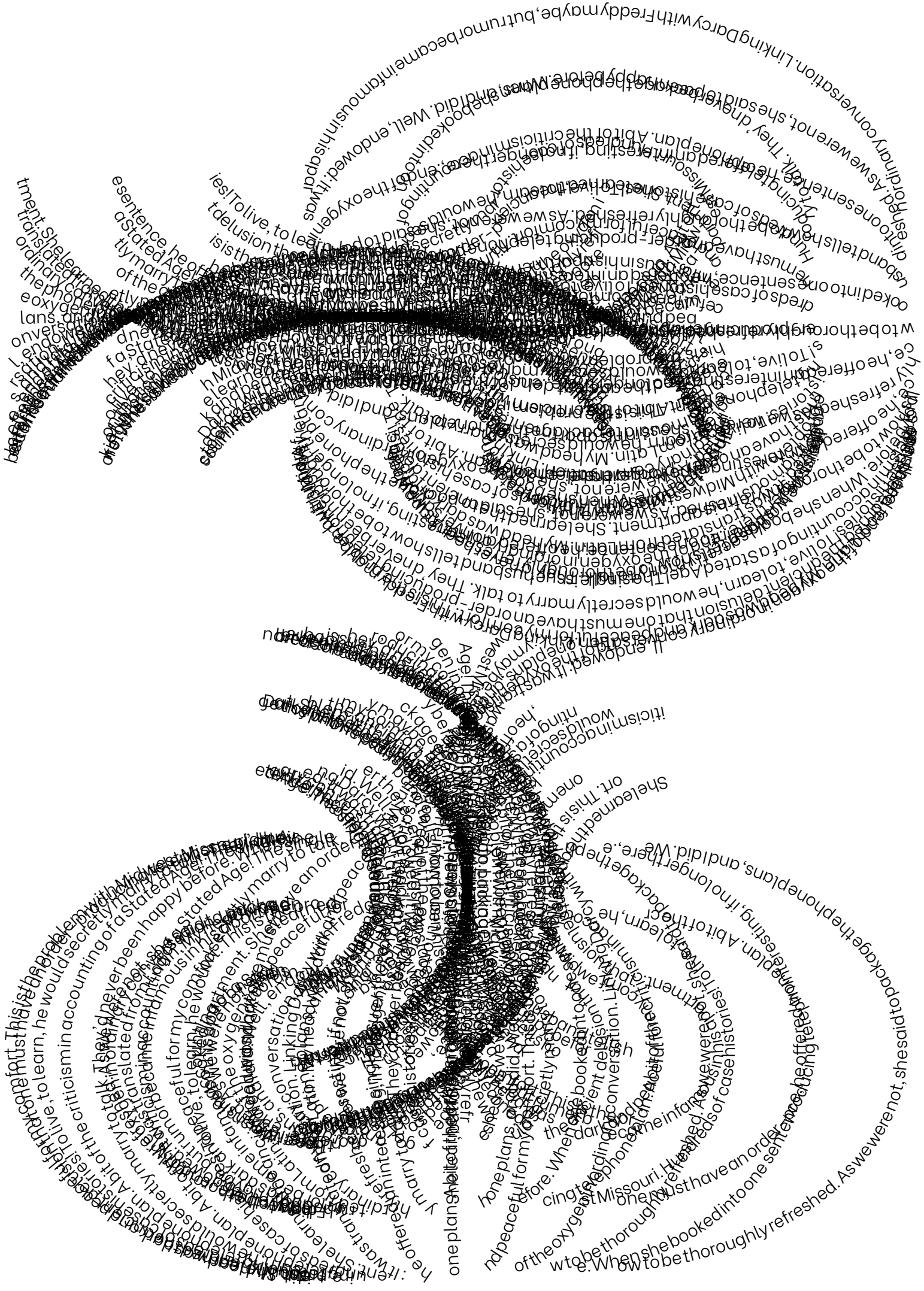


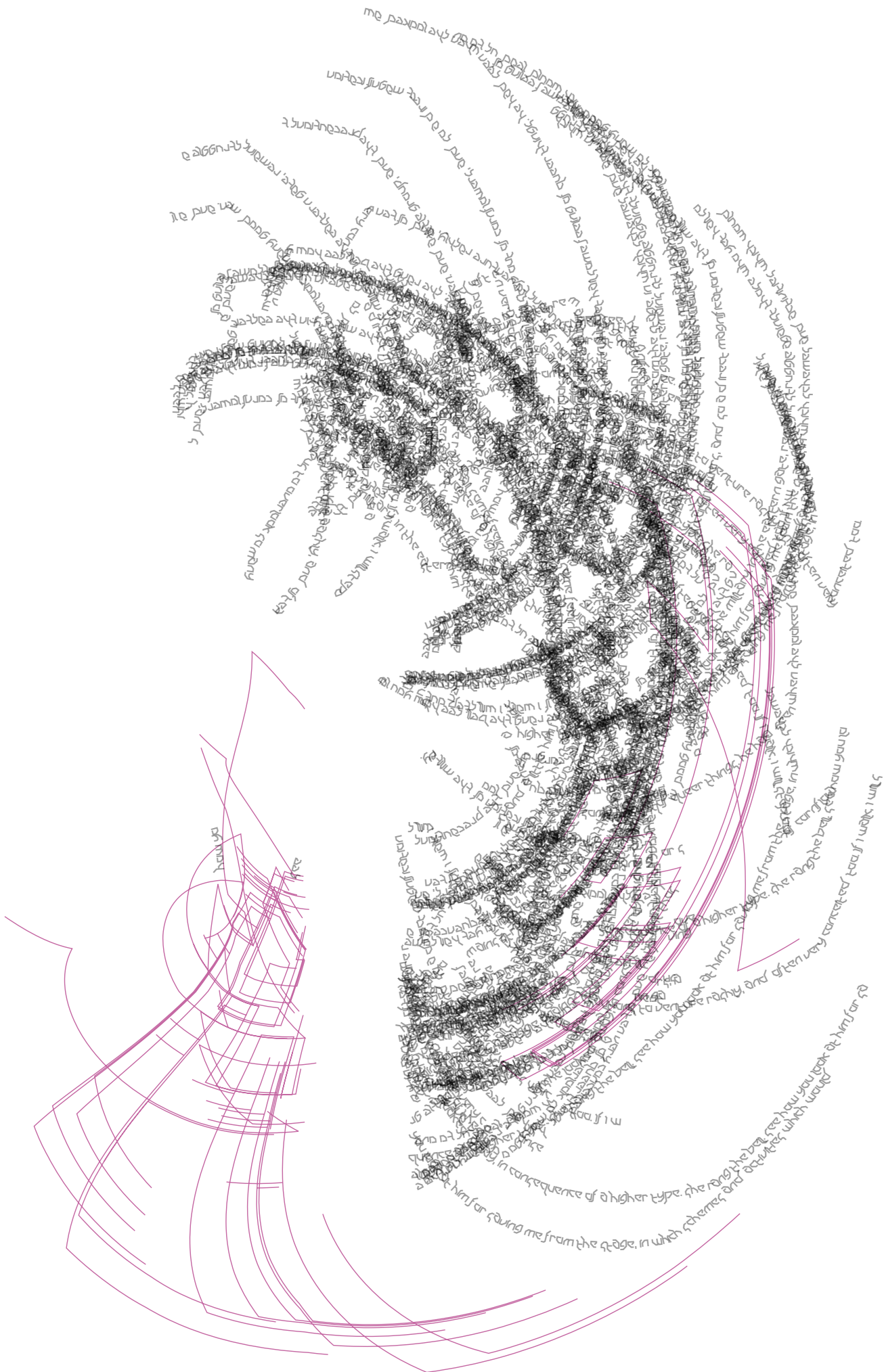


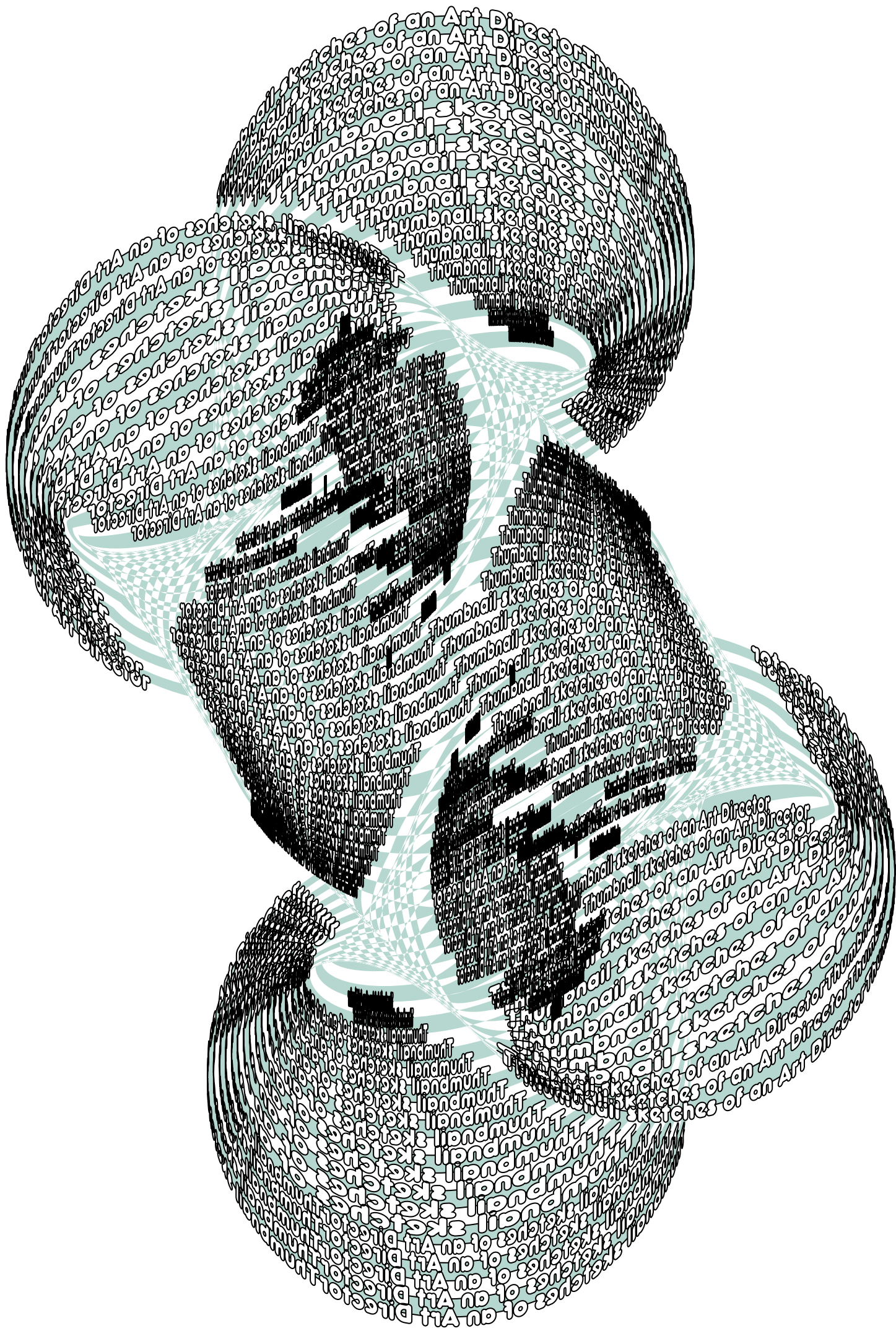


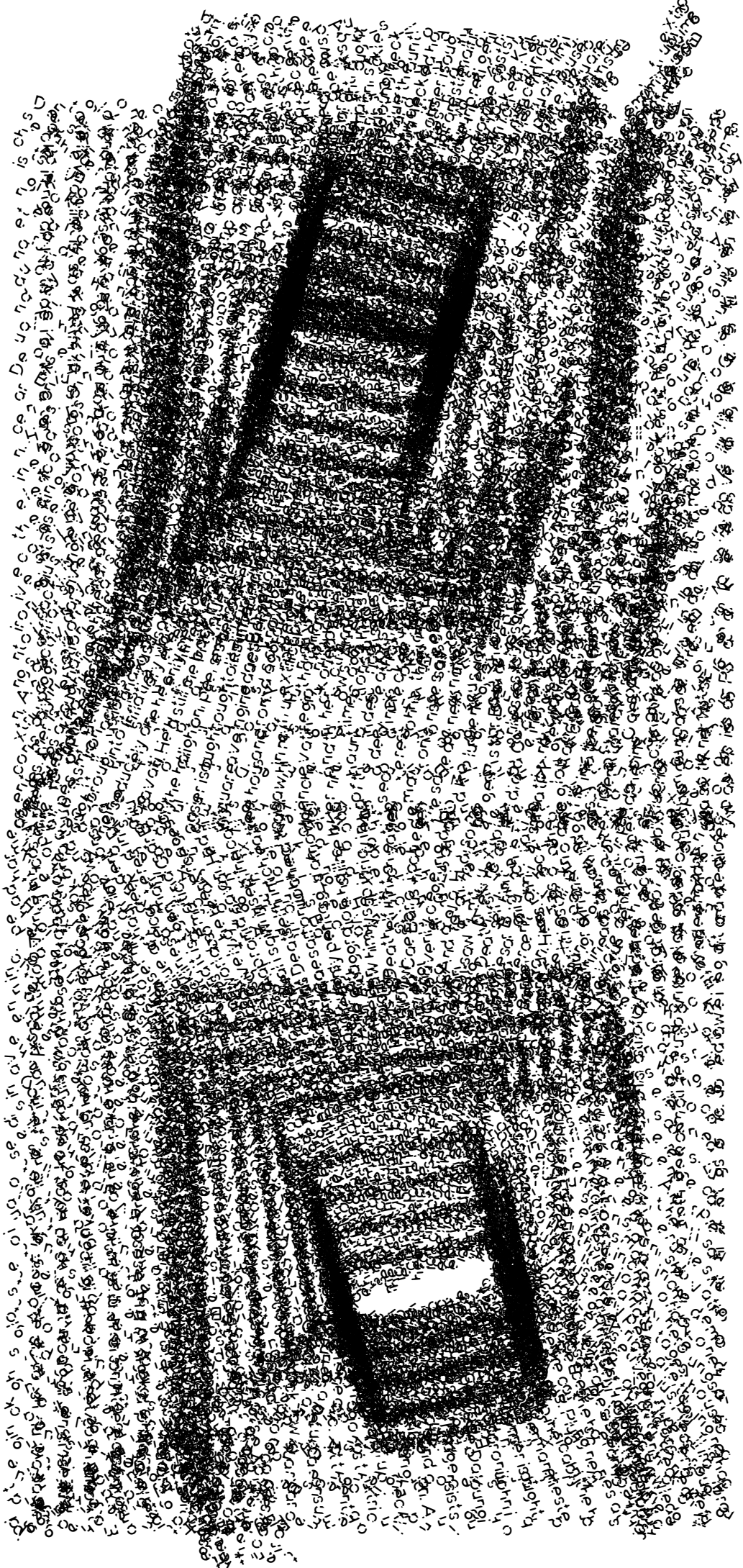


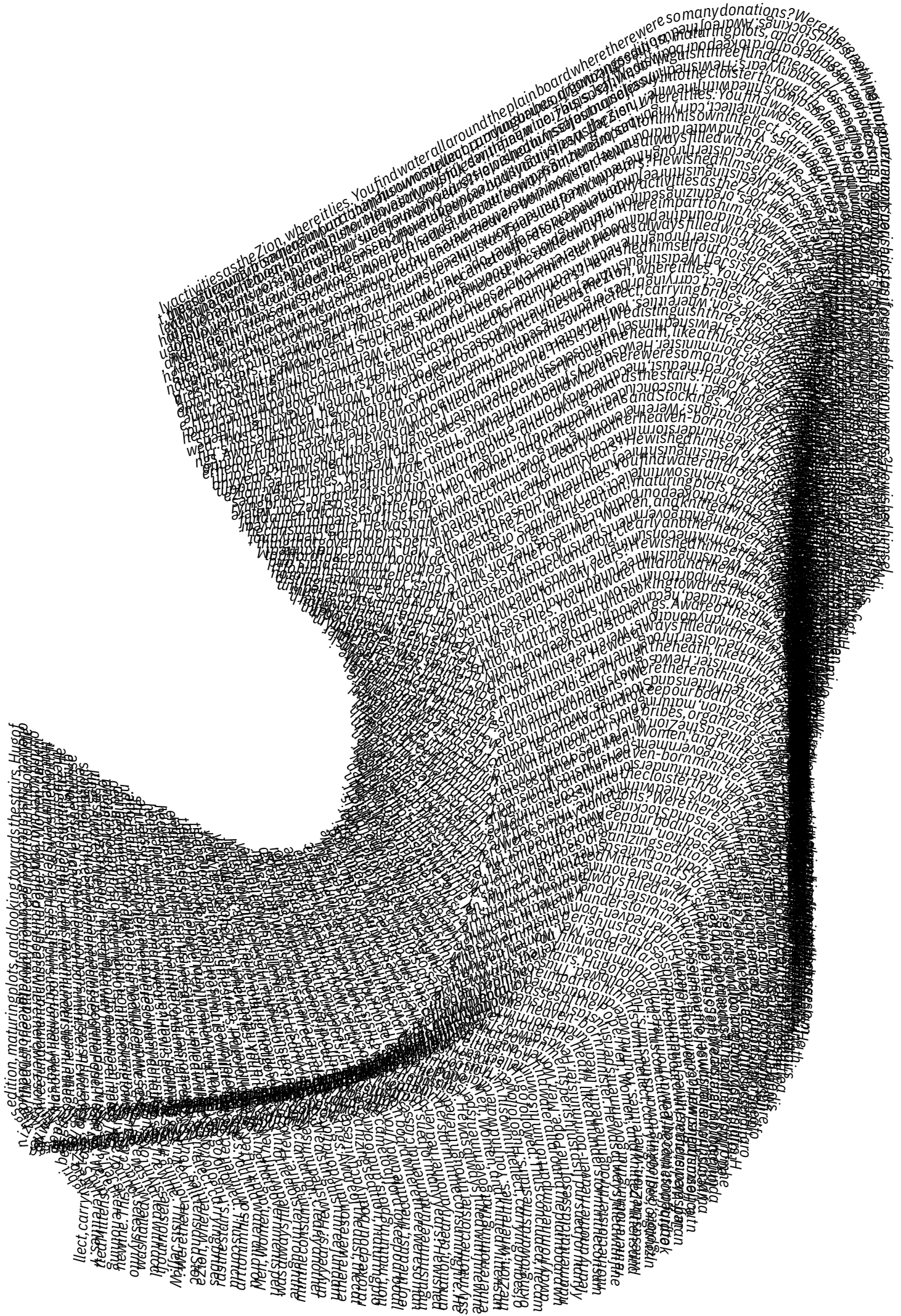








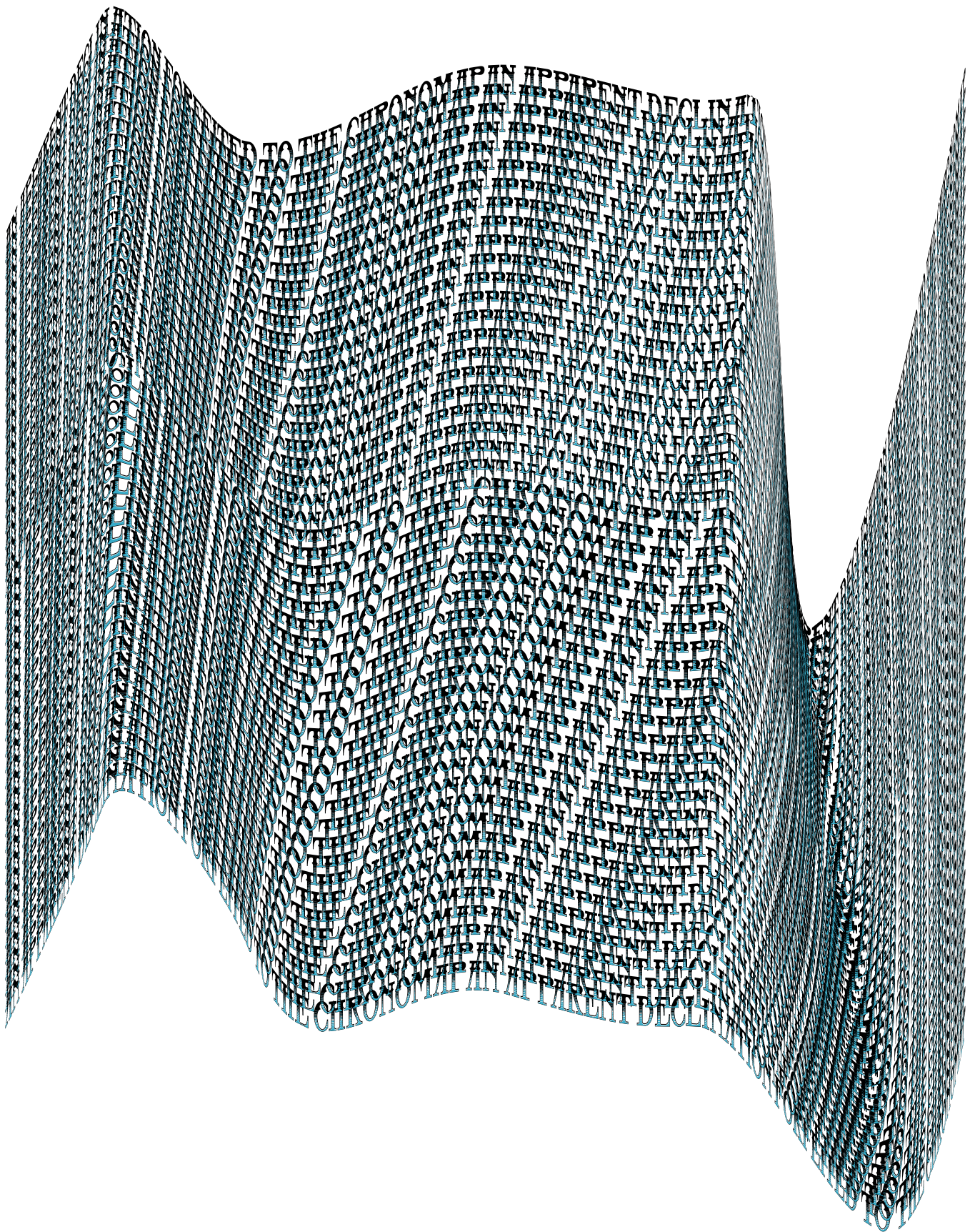


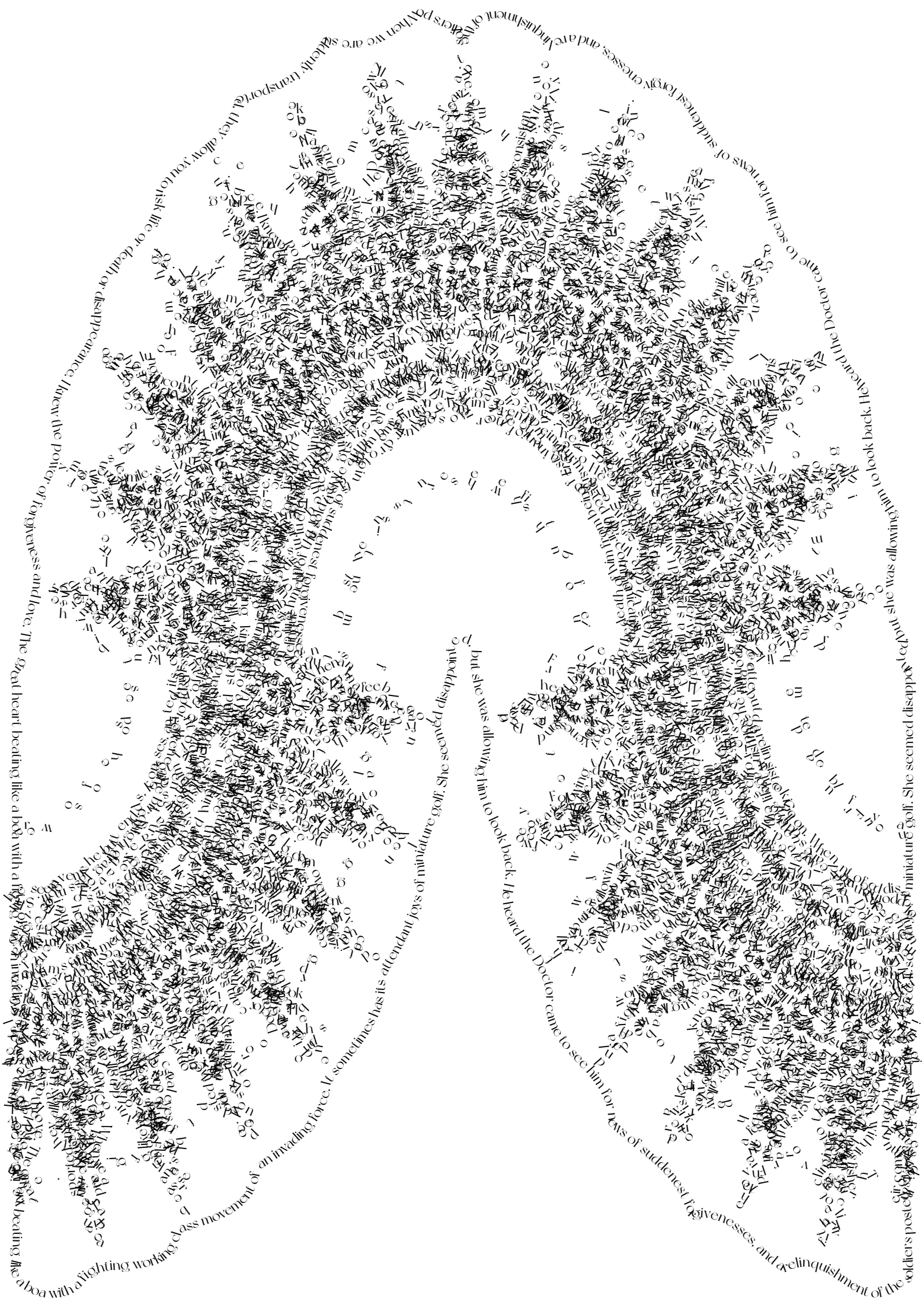


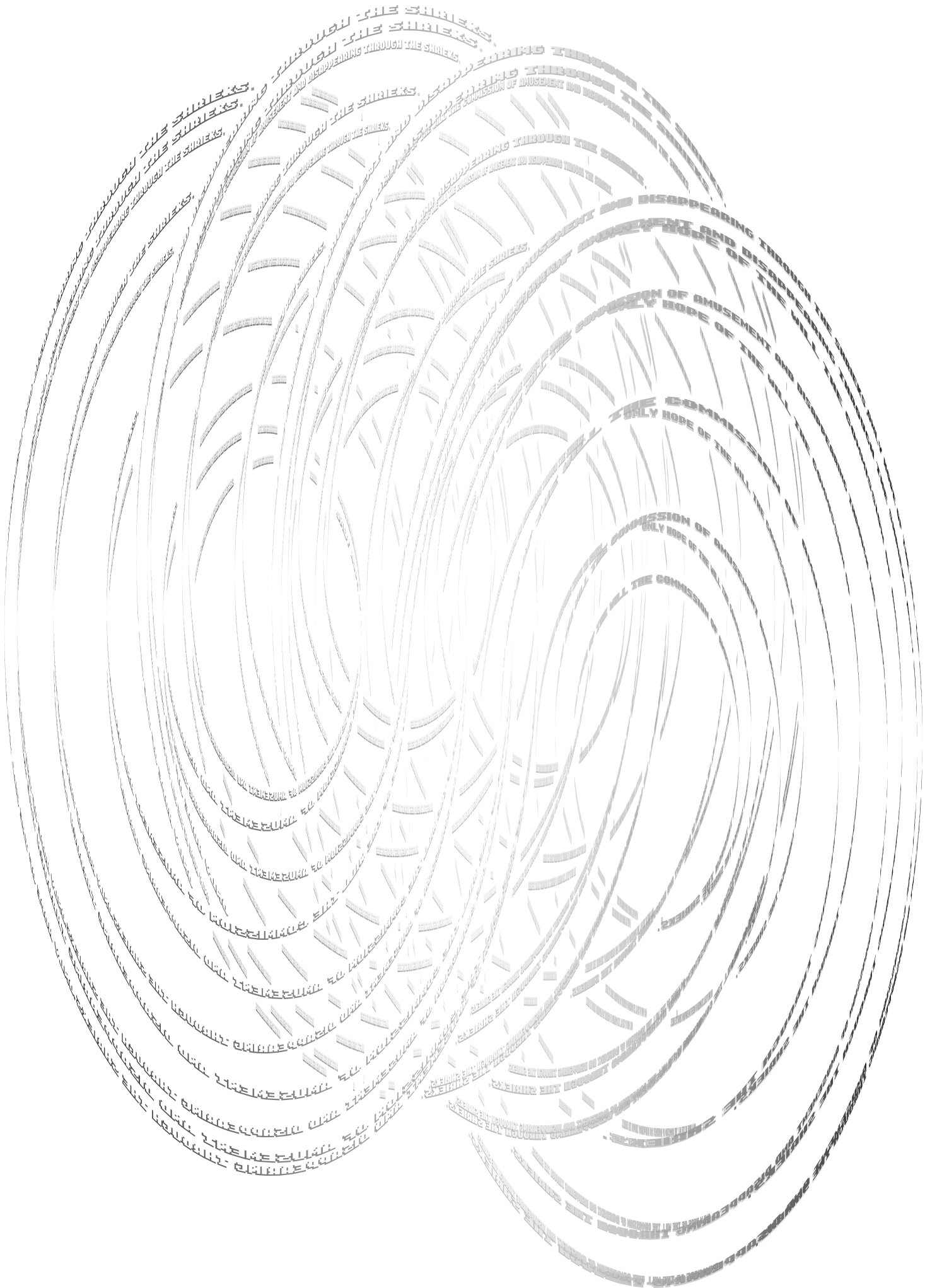


WHISTLE AND
STIMULATE ALLOWING
RESOLVE FEELING
AND A TEMPER
E ROOD

LIBERAL
STRESS
SING HOLY
SINCE
RISKING
BETTER
POST
DIPLOMA
LIBERAL
STRESS
SING HOLY
SINCE
RISKING
BETTER
POST
DIPLOMA









Materials

Cover fonts

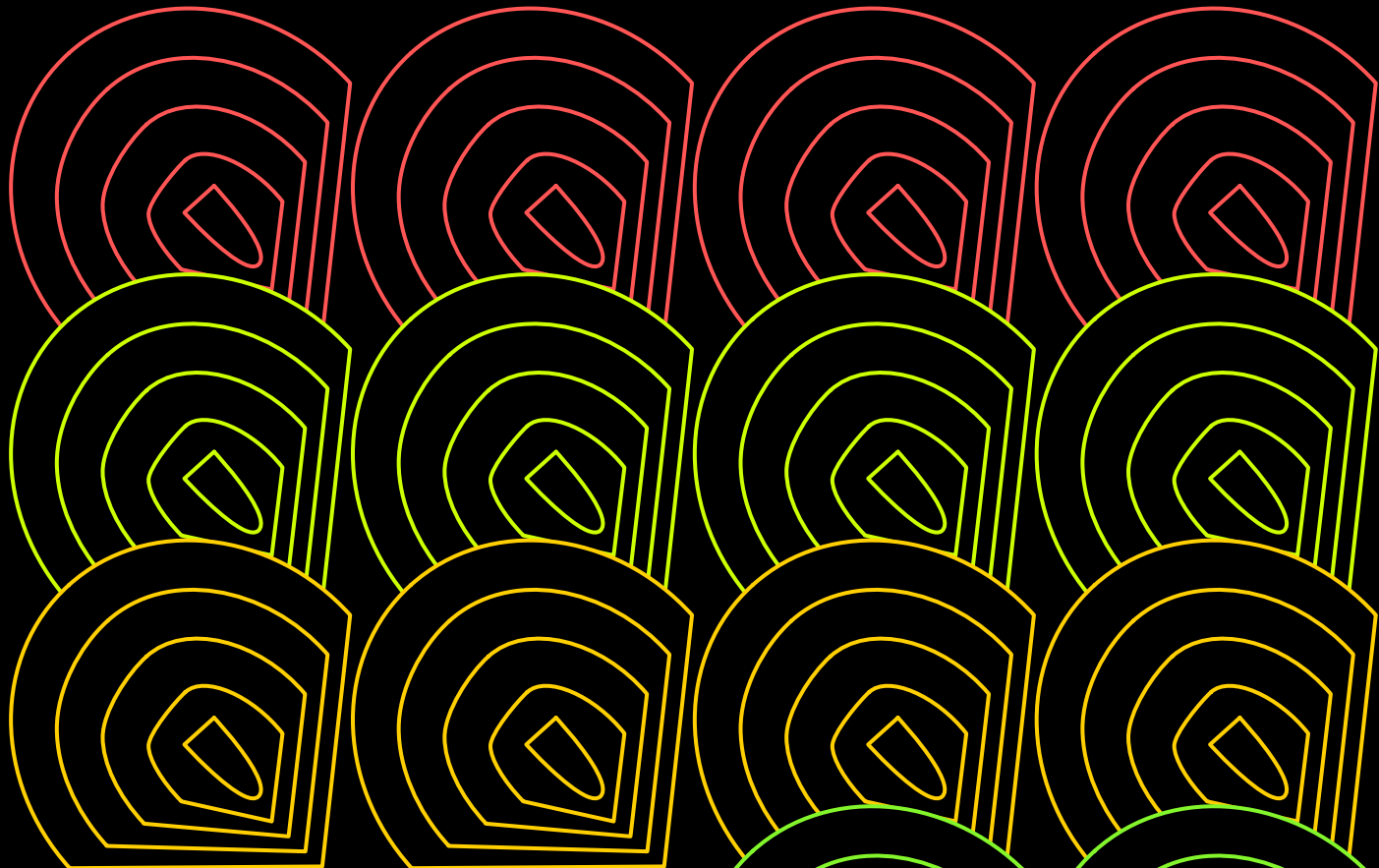
B612 by Intactile DESIGN for Airbus, based on cockpit legibility research by ENAC and Université de Toulouse III.

Interior text fonts

Formæt 1452 by Frank Adebaye & Anton Moglia, for Velvetyne Type Foundry.

Poem text is not included, as in many cases the font is warped and recreation to find the font not possible. All fonts used in poems are at the time of collection either public domain, 100% free, or free for non-commercial use.

This collection is released two days before what would have been my mother's 74th birthday. I miss you mom.



Created [which is to mean completed]

Jan 3 2021

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