Luscious Dick Industries

3rd Quarter2024

# Quarterly Report

This document (The Quarterly Report) is all my own poetry I (S Cearley) released from April 2024 through June 2024 on federated networks via the mastodon.art instance using the hashtag

#concretepoetry

presented here as a single document.

The PDFs in this edition are not necessarily presented in the order in which they were released on social media.

As with previous releases of the Quarterly Report, PDFs of poems are typically deleted from social media access once the new quarter begins. The files posted in PNG format remain on various social media 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.

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NFTs of these works are prohibited.

a patchwork stegosaurus

elven considerations

No swingset,

Test drive a car.

This can, this simple tin can

The limited marketplace of the laws of physics

I renewed your subscription to the gentleman's magazine

Sesame Street was the only place to hold a block party.

Despite bagpipes

A length of corrugated metal

as long as I can sleep at night

Maybe lithium, Richard.

undertitel

They left Senegal.

The literature speaks for to the author audience.

another kind of sunrise

My heartache is written in green ink

Father the priest our Father

shaving needle

flowers in the bread

axolotl stamps

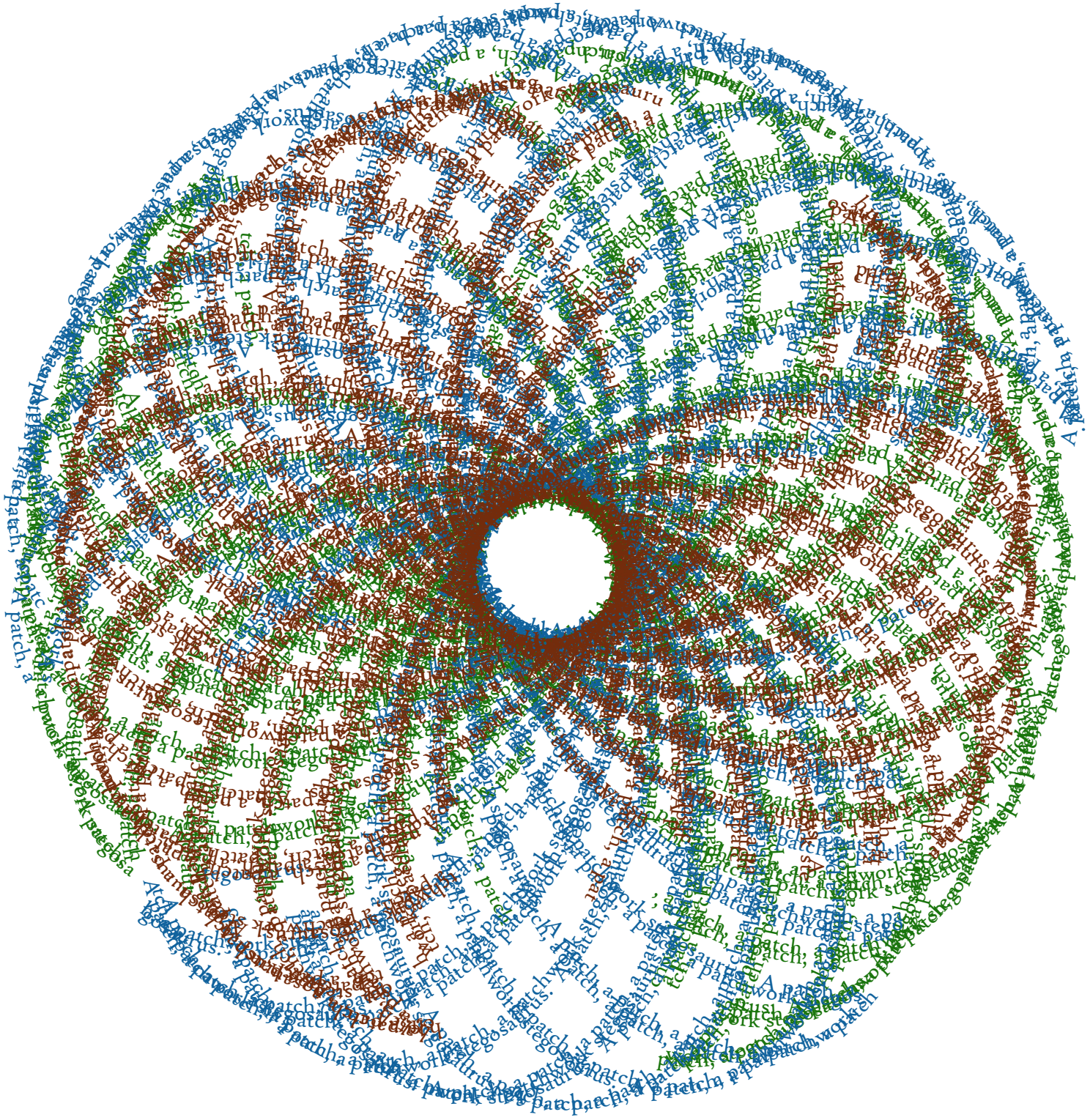
Those people are not verified

the laser engraving was kicked into a well

Currier and Ives prints

That week is no longer with us.

pay phone appreciation society



the zoomies

who reach our giant steps, who build our causes. This can, this simple tin can is all that is left of the seaside. T
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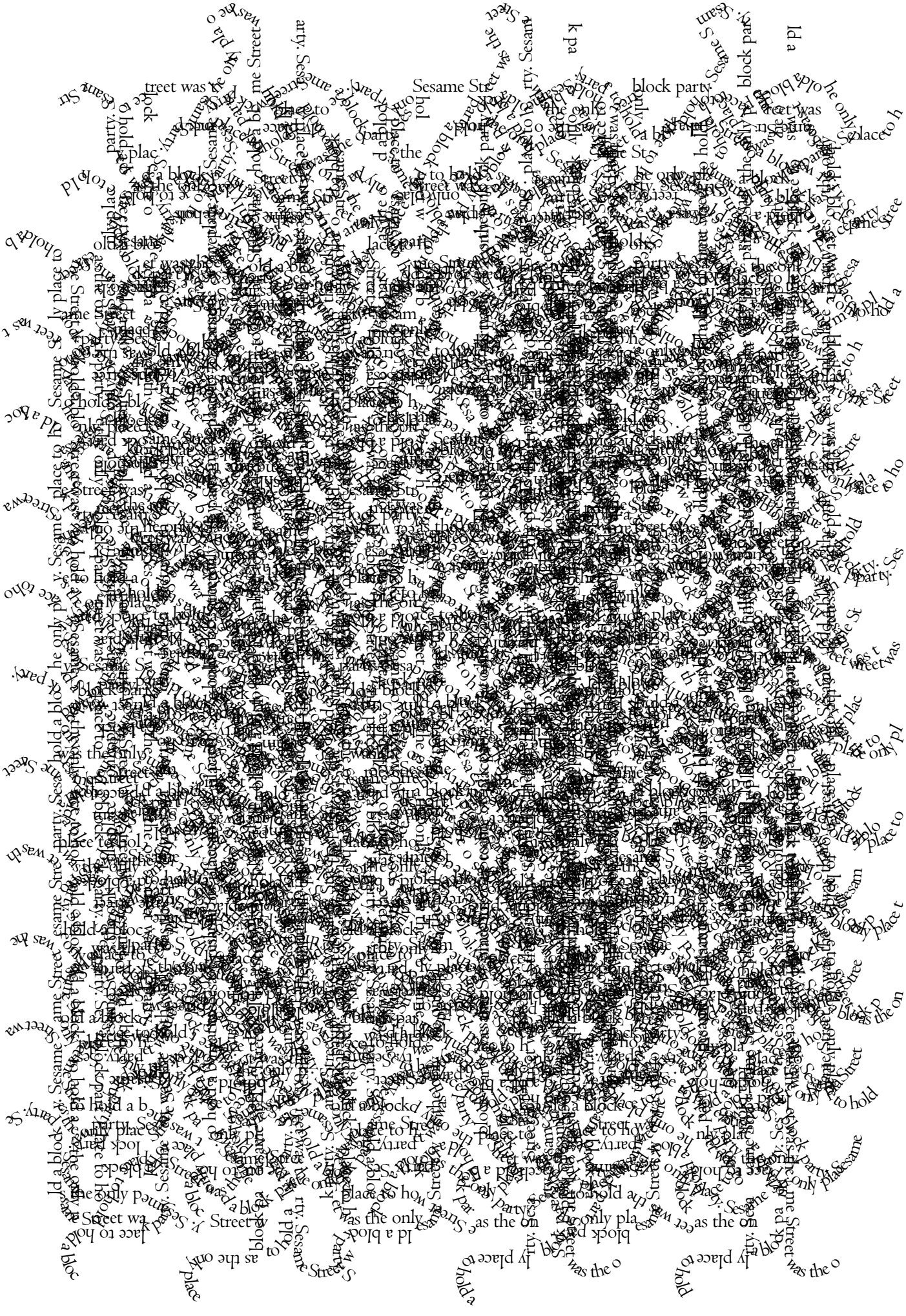

Seismic activity beleagured the volcanic efforts. There was nothing more to be found except the birds in the sky. The sea left of the airport.
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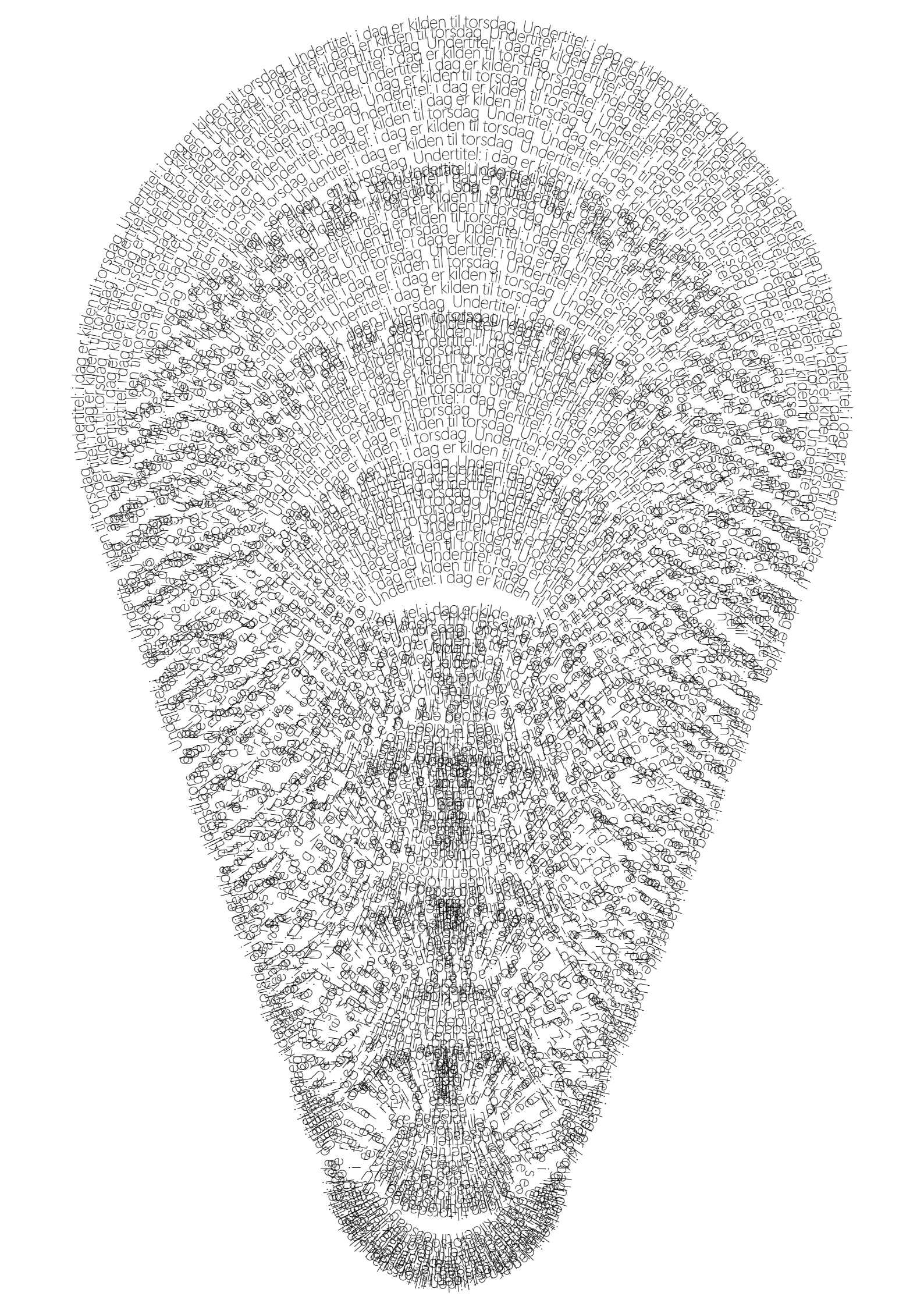
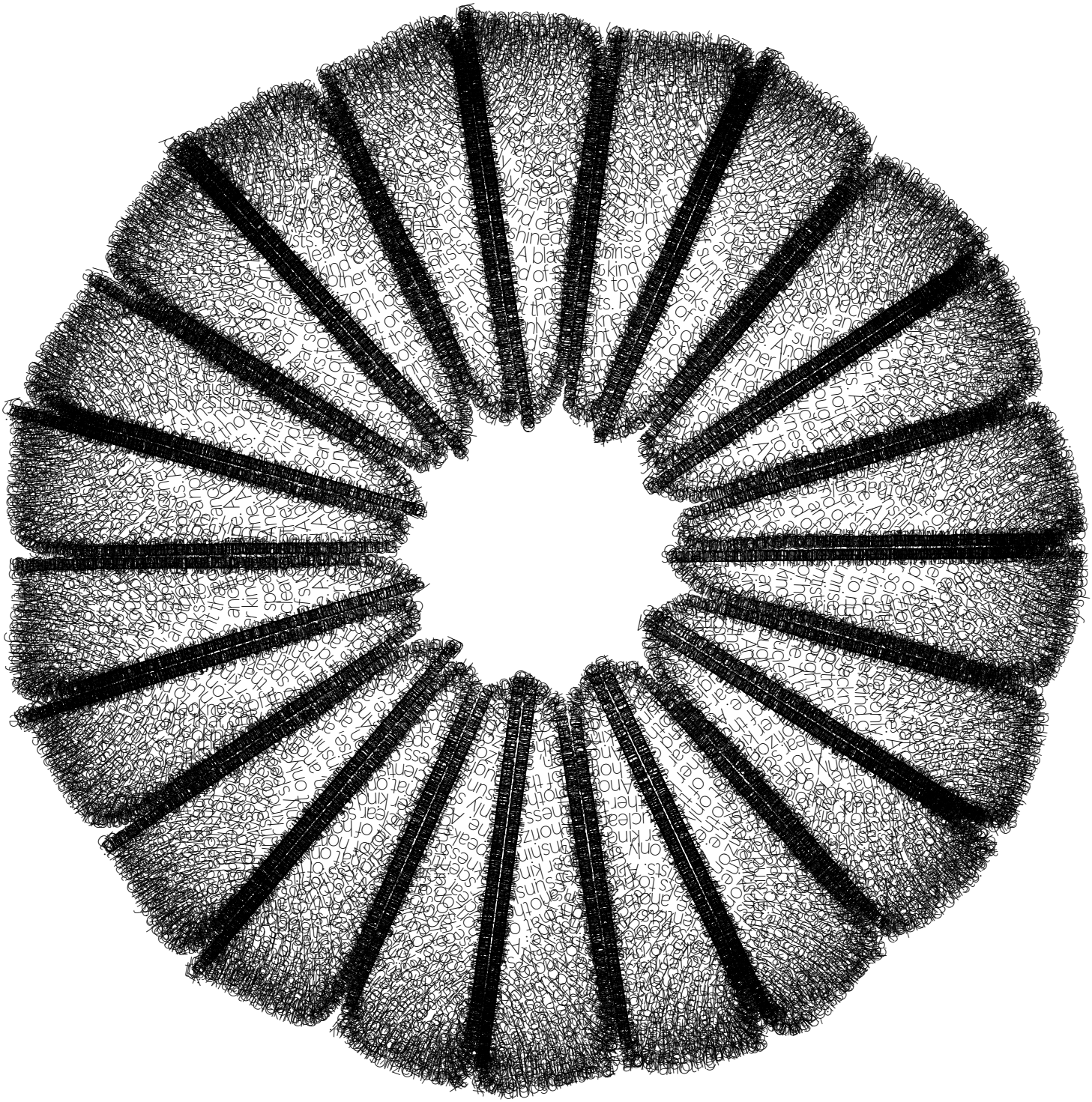
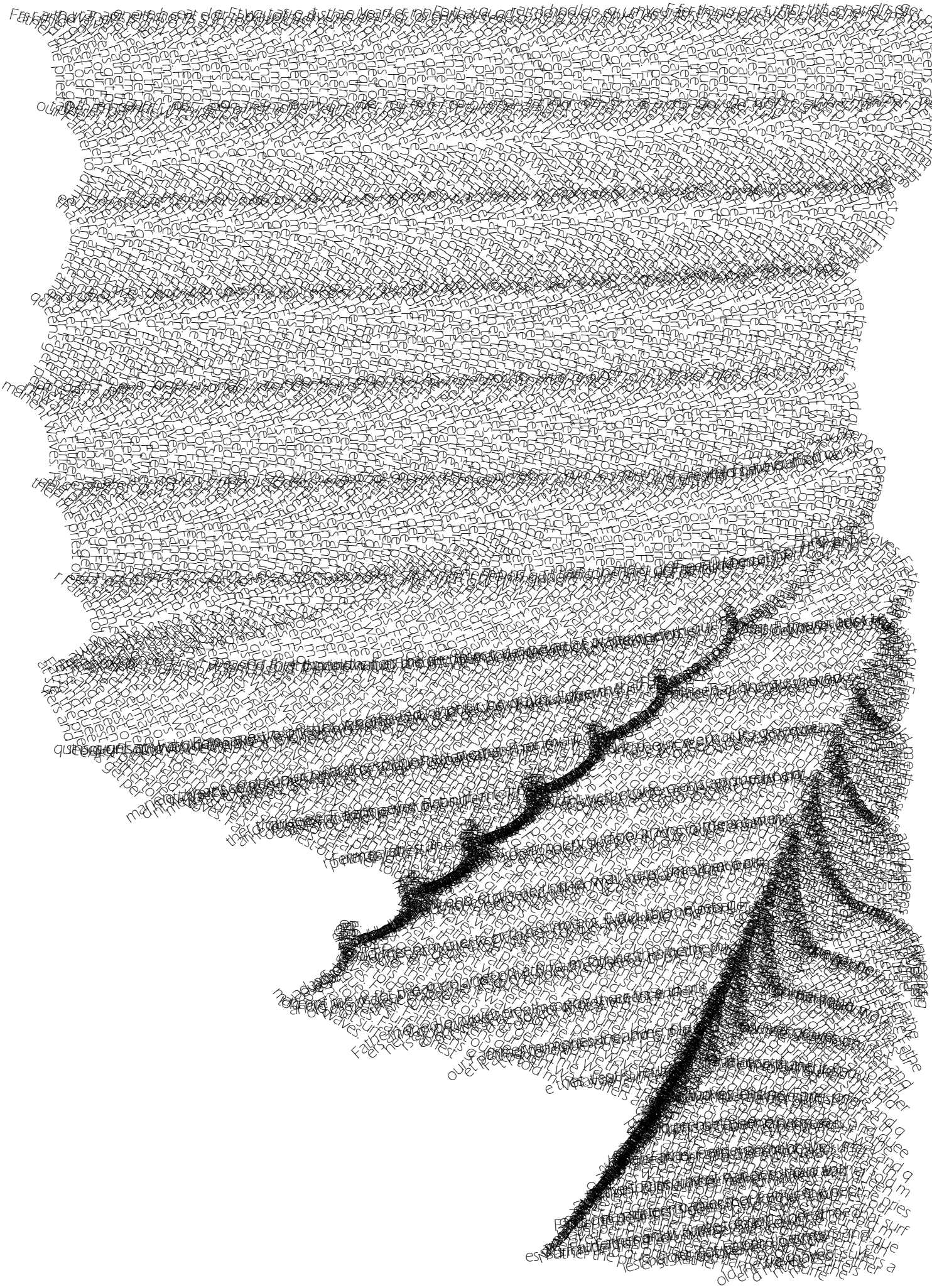


They left Palestine. Palestine remained. They left Senegal. Senegal remained. No stories. No fishermen. Only.

Strokes, the series, the German hospital. Hold his fingers, bury him on Saturn. Be a good sport. Admit it. Give up. Ask for help. The literature speaks for to the author audience.



My heartache is written in green ink across a spill of Alaskan petroleum. Tears of shame and shade, watercolor swatches fill the sky with reds and browns as I crumble. The depths. I'm powder.



This may have version 1.1, but there is no way how do you say. We keep on in the arena. There is a quick answer that can be discussed now or later. That for what it is very useful for. That makes things a bit difficult between manually handling it. Those people are not verified, they are not accessible. The drawings are shown. They have a number; there are the different parts, there are the revisions in the arena.

A continuation of the patterns, held in place with a thumbtack in the wall calendar next to the Currier and Ives prints.

Seagulls were using the New English version in 46. That week is no longer with us. It held less than in other years.

# Materials

Front cover fonts:
Eras Light ITC

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