

THE BIZARRE BAZAAR

Come on, People! Bring your cash cache on over to the Bizarre Bazaar
There are a variety of items you may want to buy
And things to see, and things to do
No need to get all gussied up--come as you are!

For a fair fare, you can enter the Fair (Actually, entrance is completely free)
But you'll have to walk--It's down past Alliteration Alley, on the Parade of Homonyms
Not quite--but almost!--an anachronism
For your listening pleasure, give your ear to the club of glee

To enter the market's center, follow the jolly green arrows
Go in through the stile in the style of a stylus
It is that way for a reason (would you want it to look like a raisin?)
To get your buddy in at half price, push him in one of the many wheelbarrows

The place is open early
In the morning, when the dew is due
There are so many stores and shops:
Gene's Jeans, Jim's Gyms, Bill's Bills (Accountant/Counterfeiter)
For lattice work, go to Gary's Great Grates
Check out Hairy Harry, who harries his customers like that infamous soup guy
Then there's Hugh's Hues (which cannot be hewn)
Etcetera--the list goes on and on
If you could lift them all, you'd be quite burly!

It is our hour--the idle idols have vanished
And the speculators, too
All is as it should be
The predators have all been banished

Take your time
You've got all day
He who cares nothing for speed, mocks the machs
And forgets all about the lemons (and the lime)

The first time I came here was a humid day in early June
It was hot; very hot; In summary, it was summery
I was awed by the odd things I saw, but not allowed to say it aloud
So I levitated above it all, cooling off in a big hot air balloon

My older brother doesn't mind gross and greasy food
(such as grease from Greece)
In keeping with that, he patronized Friar Fryer and his Foul Fowls
I asked him if he liked it when his Mouth was full
He just nodded in agreement as he gnawed (but next time he says he'll try the Cod)

There's a gal named Hallie who can do two things simultaneously:
She cooks steak on a stake, while writing on stationary stationery
For some stick-to-your-ribs food, and to read an essay about a funny dude
You can't go wrong at Hallie girls, at least not conclusively

For the boatmen among you, a bunch of boys sell buoys
Where, exactly? The key is to find the quay
But if you want to buy an entire atoll, go to the isle aisle
And there are sails on sale, and seines at a sane price--savor the bargain, saver!
Don't it make you want to jump and shout? You'll have money left for toys!

The castle sports only the mere mote of a moat
A good leaper could easily spring over the spring
And a champion-caliber broad jumper could catapult himself over the parapet--I bet
The paint is chipping on the flower box--calling for another coat!

If you're into phonograph records, visit Dick's Dancing Discs
He's got quite a collection to browse, especially of banned bands
78s of Charlie Christian, 33s of Rory Gallagher, and 45s of Dobie Gray
Don't make sport of poor Richard, though, who speaks with a lilting lisp

If you want to buy a kiss, climb aboard the buss bus
Where the Miss won't miss--goodbye, ignorant bliss!
Watch out for her cranky old father, though, the grumpy cantankerous cuss

If you're interested in legalities, the capital capitol is Lou's Laws
Where there is a canon cannon, to spread the legislative news
(I'm an "Indian," so I hope it's nothing introduced by Dawes)

You've seen so much already, the morning has fairly fled
But don't mourn the passing of the morn
The afternoon will be just as pleated
No, that was not a ship's blast--it was a sheep, who blithely bleated!

Can you sense the pull, see the draw, feel the attraction?
In this wide whirled world of wonderful and sometimes wacky whirligigs
We'd weed, we'll wheel, we've weaved and we're whirring
That's really exhausting: we'll be weak for a whole week!
If I'm not careful and curtail this whirlwind action I could end up in traction

To buy a basement, step down to the cellar seller
If you prefer exotic smells, you can pick up a scent for a cent
Which is cheap at twice the price
(That's already been said, though, by some other feller)

The roomer heard a rumor
(If your roomie is rheumy, bring him to the roomy Sanatorium)
Where they will pyschoanalyze him, and completely scanalyze him
To see if he has a (benign or otherwise) tumor

The noes noses know no nos, and the general run of them lacks laxness
The flower shop has Rows of Roses, Tubes of Tulips, and Bags of Begonias
"What?! Seven dollars for the guv'mint?
Next thing you know there will be a tax on tacks" I says

For those with vision issues
Gitcha some specs from the sight site
When the optometrist has optimetered, and the grinder has ground right
They will shoot your spectacles down the chute--wrapped in dainty tissues

Beware the food vendors:
The Chili from Chile is safe (though sometimes a trifle chilly)
But patrons of Barry's Boysenberries are buried out back
Marked "Return to Sender"

If you are allergic to incense, you can procure a censer sensor
from Jack the dull boy, whose brother George is even denser

I met a strange man at the Sarsaparilla Emporium once
He told me his story, which was filled with much self-aggrandizing glory:
"I rode down the road, roaming to Rome, where the royals had roiled the water"
My role is to simply roll with the punches, so I smiled somewhat crookedly
And tried to play the dunce

To listen to animals singing, follow the sounds to the coral choral
And then make your way to the chorale corral
Where the horse sings until hoarse
What's the moral?

For those seeking release, there will be a cession session
Where the wheels will be chocked with chalk
And there is a fair chance of chants
Not to mention charred chard--for snacking
That should teach you a lesson!

All this weirdness causes tongues to wag and jaws to flap
The cliques to click and the claques to clack
"So what?" I say, "I wouldn't have it any other way"
Friendly people will wave, and some might even clap

Up on the hill, at Colonel Kernel's Conundrum Store
Questions are asked such as:
"Does complaisance lead to complacence?"
-and-
"How many compliments comprise a complement?"
-not to mention-
"If you were hungry and cold, would firewood be more valuable than the worst kind of
wurst?"
What a bore!

If you don't like the clime here--climb the coarse course!
Where wannabe pirates are conked by conchs
And not-so-innocent bystanders coo over the coup
Carried out by the core corps--Of course, they were the source!

There is also a freak show of sorts
Fish out of water (though not literal)
Take the farmer who fancies himself a lumberjack
How can you tell that about him? He sawed the sod
Into gallons, pints, and quarts

Before I buy some dairy
I need to see how much it costs
Which way to weigh the whey?
Can I pay you next Tuesday--or is it only cash and carry?

At Andy's Advice, Inc., Aphorisms are available (for a nominal service charge, or fee)
Samples include: "He who adds an adze to his purchase copes with his copse"
Can you tell why that one is free?

In affirmation of the mathematical equation
And leery of superfluous litigation
The attorney put on his lawsuit
And cosigned the cosine - What a Nation!

If you are confused as to what to do
Where to go, or how much to buy
Follow my lead:
At my cue, stand in the Everything All-at-Once Queue

For your amusement and diversion
There is also some lively entertainment
Two pairs of penguins testing each other's mettle
With a round of "burn out" -- A dual duel!
They wonder about a flipper-to-hand conversion

You can wrap yourself in bandages and try a little fencing
We paced off the distance, and marked it with paste
Then carefully packed the pact in a pale pail
For more energy, if you start to feel woozy, try a little Ginseng

The Church here has been closed, its windows slammed and shuttered
The policeman rhetorically asked: "He prays, and preys--does that deserve praise?"
They had said: "We require your presence--with presents" to boot
Booty and Boodle for the backward-collared bamboozler bent on buffoonery (and worse)
Who, when finally caught red-handed, just stuttered and spluttered (as I muttered)

There is an amusing game for couples called a *Laughing Race*
They pare the pairs, and give each a pear
And Instruct: "When you hear the peal--peel!"
The boy who had too much helium
Ran clean and clear into outer space!

If you are feeling hungry and your stomach is a-growlin'
Make your way to the fruit monger
Whose counter displays current Currants
Eat enough of those and you'll a misanthrope lycanthrope resemble
And start right in to howlin'

On the off chance that your drum set looks drab
Keep an eye (or two) out for the wandering artist
Who will paint some funky symbols on your cymbals
What's your pleasure?:
A duck-billed platypus
A meatless sandwich of hummus
Or a drunken Dungeness crab?

Speaking of such-like critters
The Bizarre Bazaar has a petting zoo of sorts
To get there--wind your way through the amazing maze
You will wander for many days in a daze
View the dear deer
(Above all the doe who can sing the note "do" while simultaneously kneading dough - the makings of apple fritters!)

Gorilla guerrillas are nowhere at all around
This Insight may incite You
To leap and jump for joy--and bound!

Yonder spy the Ewes
Underneath the Yews
Sheepishly & safely grazing (J.S. Bach, where are you?)
If only you knew the gnu as I do...the gnus bring the news!
Don't put the messenger in a noose--That's news you can use!

Cows and Horses are there, too
There is plenty of fodder for them
The grays graze
And the cows moo

The fir tree has no fur
but it has bark (not the dog's kind)
Has the hare hair?
I think I'm going out of my mind
No laughing now--as you were

Hark! Is that a lark?
No, it's a pack of llamas approaching
I heard the herd approach
(It surely couldn't be a mud shark)

Don't forget the mongrels (dogs)
That horde hoards cords
(of wood and chords of music)
In other words, songs and logs

Giuseppe the violin maker, that old codger
When buying from the lumberjack dogs
Always asks the musical question "Which timber will produce the best timbre?"
While munching merrily on a leaning-Tower-of-Pisa-shaped corn dodger

Speaking of Tunes:

Let us lessen the lessons and listen to the liar playing his lyre, who also gets loot by
means of his Lute (as of yet, he hasn't learned to play the flute)
It's not really lying, it's fiction, poetic license -- Kind of like cartoons

Even animals get tired, though:
At night the does doze
In restful slumber
After gorging themselves on their various doughs
In an angle of repose--not standing on their toes!

A funny thing happens
When you look in the Giant fun-house mirror here
You spot Frank Zappa greeting Lewis Carroll and Dr. Seuss
On top of the Big Rock Candy Mountain
For the most reliable directions
Consult the Mappin's

For the History Buffs
Check out the library
Which houses epics about most or all of the epochs
There's no need to dress fancy
No Dinner Jackets, Ties, Links, or Cuffs

A River runs through the Rue
The Fisher finds a fissure (for which he wasn't even searching)
Eddy's gal Flo flows down the floe
But that's nothing compared to what happened last Tuesday:
Angela's Ashes flew up the flue!

Along the river's bank there are verdant trees galore
The root takes a subterranean route to the water
"No more rhymes, now" Vizzini rasped--"I implore!"

Freddy the fish monger
Arranges the Roe in a row
You want to leave because of the smell (Freddy can always tell)
But clerk Terry begs you to tarry just a little bit longer

You can buy stuffed animals, too:
Fish, for instance
The Taxidermist gilds the gilled creatures, trying to form a guild
Thinking the matter over, he takes a bite, but chooses not to chew

If you like the windy air, and the refreshingly breezy breeze
Surely you'll be interested in the Flares with flair
And the jeweler, who continually makes a loop with his loupe in the air
He who doesn't want to scratch, takes his leave and flees from the fleas

The kids can play the minor gold miner
And explore the glittery mine
--Don't let yourselves be led to the lead
--If you see any gold flecks, flex down and pick them up
You'll take a load of gold from the lode, Quarts of quartz
& have more than enough money
To order a hearty meal at the Diner

When your boat full of preciousness is sinking
Should you grab an oar, or the ore?
Uhhh...What is that in the water, yellow eye blinking?

If you want to be a cowboy
There's even a dude ranch
A word to the wise, though:
If you would rather eat a gourd than *be* gored
Steer clear of the steers
What about the cowgirls--Are they coy?

What is more beautiful--the Scottish lochs or her locks?
Would you consider Lox from the lochs?
Can the river be secured, that is: Is there a lock on the loch?
I can't make it out--He who lends me their lens will be repaid
With a million-billion pairs of well-used but serviceable argyle socks

A farmer wants to move his rake
And tries something ultra-strange
He finds he cannot push hoes through the hose
Or the whole hole will get stuffed up
--May as well stay at home, lounge on the sofa, and eat bon bons--or Cake

After all, Those who have lain on the lane, and lay with a lei, laze in the lee of the lea
more brilliantly

"What links to the lynx?" one wonders

At the end of the storm, there is a lightening of the lightning
And of General Grant, as well as General Lee

If you want to hear a debate

Come on in to the Lyceum

If you feel disgust at what is discussed (or are simply bored)

Leave as you came--out through the ornately decorated gate

Be wary of the crooks--Not everyone can be Trusted

The Fakir is a faker, A Heartless Money Maker, and not just a faux foe

Let the cops know if he tries to entice you--he really should get busted

Don't be fazed by this phase

What the cobbler can do for your feted fetid feet is no mean feat

He who goes barefoot shoos (or, more rightly, eschews) the shoes

A few phews--put your files in the phial or you will find that you've been fined

But there's always a silver lining: They give you a donut in return--glazed!

Look at the goofy grandpa:

Putting around the course

His golf-call is a metaphor for fourfold forced forlornness: "FORE!"

Sorry, but nothing rhymes with grandpa, except maybe sorta-kinda "Grandma"

There is no longer any golf here (apologies to the decrepit and old)

The course has been converted to a picnic spot

Place the tea on the tee (a tease with the tees)

Or if you prefer have coffee, but don't let it grow too darned cold

You might think that *Everything* is allowed at the Bizarre Bazaar

But that's just not at all so:

The Bards were barred from the bare Bear exhibit, for example

(Where the better bettors bet and the Boer boars are bored by the boors)

The frogs simply say, "Ribbit! Ribbit!" and once more again I must remind you: "Ribbit!"

For those who like a change
Especially ones that they can choose
There is a Weather Machine
The hale and hearty can stand the Hail while standing in a Pail
And the rain falls during the reign of some member of royalty
While the horseman holds the reins
Don't be afraid to pet the dog--he doesn't have the mange

Craftsmen are busy in the village
The Finnish carpenter sells finished furniture
And the Dane deigns to deliver it
Sucker fish follow with a vacuum cleaner, soaking up any spillage

Rumors of danger abound
"The moll got mauled at the mall" some claim
But it's just a bunch of malarkey--no crooks of that sort around!
So she wasn't, and they didn't, make a single solitary sound

The pitiful portly Footman
Injured his dainty dog (the left one, I think)
He'll heal his heel more quickly if he'd heed the warnings of the chimney sweep
--the *Sootman!*

Can you see the sea?
Or seize the seas?
If you liken lichen to fungus, it'll soon be among us
Don't squash that beautiful and busy pollinating bumblebee!

At the sporting goods store
You can buy all kinds of balls
None are wholly holy
Or even wholly holey
But a Wiffle Ball comes close--it has no core!

If you play Tennis or Badminton
They are also into the Racquet racket
If you can believe their Advertisements
You'll be as cool as Marsalis (Wynton)

Sports fans anticipated a tough-fought match, clinging to the armature
The playing field teemed with teams
Causing a tier of tears among those hoping for a quick forfeiture

A short walk from there is Buffett's Buzzard Bay
And its pier with no peer
(Nonpareil miles of aisles reminiscent of the Leeward Isles)
You could easily spend hours there--even all day!

Do you need to go?
In lieu of the loo, Lou called it a bathroom
But it doesn't have a bathtub, you know
Fortunately it does have a glow

Knights riding through the night--that is not for naught!
They're warning the sleepers like Paul Revere
"One if by air, and two if by Internet!"
Four hundred and seventy-seven innocents were all that got caught

If you really like it here, and want to invest
The homes that are not sold, should at least be leased
(Or you will have to lean on your lien, and be lone on the loan)
Be quite careful with your pocketbook, that would be the best

Behind the produce stand
Take a stroll through the Maize maze
Follow the yellow brick path--preferably while standing stoically on one hand!

Larry (not Leo) the Lion has a bakery on the square
He was proud of his creations, but nervous of its reception
His pride was pried open, and the prize of this treasure was--PIES!
That brought a whole crowd running--in the forefront the dancing bear

It is my wont to want something chocolate of a Sunday
Hot or cold, liquid or solid, sweet or dark, white or dark as night
A candy bar, a brownie, or even (any day of the week) a fudge-topped Sundae

At the annual *Queen for a Day* exhibit
The question is duly answered:
"What is the manner of life at the manor?"
Go ahead, woman, tell it out--pay no heed to the heat of inhibit

Beware of hoteliers who are pranksters, Practical jokers and the like
At the hostile hostel, in the Inn, the jambs are full of sticky jams
And if you can believe the old Dutch stories, the boy's finger is still in the dike

There are all kinds of artistic types here
The marine artist paints a moire of a moray
The spinner spins a homespun homeopathic spanner
And the brew master makes polka-dot beer

If you want to see a flick
Go to the *Gaslight Cinema*
Where they play the real deal on the real reel
A marquis on the marquee
Clues you in on the synopsis, quick

I tried to talk to a girl there
Who was pretty as a picture
She mistook me for a masher, though
And sashayed away with her sachet
Ah--what do I care?

I tried it with another
Who had of me no fear
But thought me a fair bit daffy
(Staid as she was, she stayed behind and stared at the stairs)
Me, of all people, insane? Oh, brother!

Listening to *Kitty Cats* can be inspirational
The mews give me the muse
Their alley cat fathers are not always as cuddly
Pause before you grab ahold of the kittens' pa's paws!
Come one, Come all, to the *Creative Invitational!*

If a cat was paid simply for being itself
How much would it earn per purr?
For Hissing at its cousin, Scratching at the back door
Or for lounging on the shelf?

The iguanas and other exotic lizards keep away the bugs
Which is good for the Confectionery
(For otherwise the mites might mince the mints (and the quints the quince)
Before hiding, gorged and swollen, under the fancy Persian rugs)

Have you noticed how animals spend so much of their time on grooming?
Mussels with muscles must have mussed their hair (Do hares have hair? I again wonder)
They continue combing, even when cannons are booming

Dr. Doolittle's got nothing on us
The animals talk here
In a way, anyway
If you ask them if they will bet on humans in a race
The horses say "nay" with a neigh (and they don't cuss!)

Does a Sole have a soul, or some lump sum?
Is a fish even a person (Cogito ergo sum)?
Just ask old Don Knotts--
I can feel it in my tum: He was not, as he looked, so dumb

Do you think a lizard is just a snake with feet?
If the toad is toed, he can be towed
(and even drive automobiles--just see "Wind in the Willows" while laying on some pillows
if you don't believe)
But a snake has no need to wear shoes--for saving on his clothing allowance, that's
actually pretty neat

When the tapirs taper, tear the tare
It is too taut to be taught, anyway and anywhere
Tell it out in the streets, if you dare

Some of the insects are handy
The nits can knit, and not a single knot
How many nuns? None - just dandy!

But some less popular bugs can contract Tourette's syndrome
The ticks of a clock gives some ticks tics
Switching gears now:
"Sit on a potato pan Otis" is my favorite Palindrome

Be careful how much you spend
At the shooting gallery
We won one, but oh, we owe
I'm in the red, I read
Have you got any money to lend?

Don't overdo the overdue dues
I'm a little strapped for cash, now
You might say I have absolutely nothing to lose

If I had a little more moolah I'd buy some Accessories
For my ride, my car, my pride and joy
Ray peddles his custom pedals
While break-dancing on his knees

For those who want to return to days long passed
When they were saintly scholars
There is a little red school on a hill
The principle principal sees no profit in being a prophet
So she speaks nevermore of the future
But only forevermore of the past

Some say "Perception is reality" and "It all depends on your perspective"
You're saying that your yore differs from my yore?
If you deny what has been attested, you can expect some invective

There have been many famous people named Steve Howe
But the one I mean to introduce to you was once upon a time Shanghaid
Through the straight strait he sailed (or was sailed, after having been assailed)
Awakening and looking over the side, Steve sighed
Too late to sync the sink or sue the Sioux for the spicy soup, or sous
In his gloom and despair all Steve could think to say was the old standby:
"How now, brown cow?"

For those interested in Royalty
There is a regal fan store
Selling (among other items) prints of the Prince
As usual: Reigning over the rain, on a horse, reins in hand
The price? Tuppence, and Loyalty

Do you like this story?
Many people will not
The pros don't care for this prose, it is anathema, so to speak, to their nose
They would rather watch the news, or a movie quick and gory

"The words whirred by, and the wit wasn't worth a whit"
Whither they withered
Whoa to the woe
Be gone; begone big on, woebegone
The whole hole
The hole whole
That deters me not one Iota, not one teensy-weensy teeny tiny bit

They will say that we hath wrought rot
You and I (because you have also by now made yourself part of this plot, *Dear Reader*)
"He wrote by rote" they note
And you read red, they will have said
Feeling dizzy yet? -- Rent a cot

If it is funny to one person, it will probably be funny to two, too
Why anybody would voluntarily eat creamed peas, I haven't a dad-burned clue

The physician works on his manuscript down by the Whaley Wharf
(A doc and his docs, sittin' on the dock of the bay)
The patients exercise patience, and have passed the past day
Waiting for the Sawbones from a Scribe to a Healer to morph

I want to use the word "rime" in a rhyme
Even though it makes no sense and doesn't belong here
You will rue the roux, just as I rued the rude
That surely is no crime

Have you ever seen such a scene?
If you seek the Sikhs, shake the Sheik
Surfing with the Serfs, surging through the serge
Got a sweet tooth? -- halve a jelly bean, and have half!

Mary works at home making party dresses
Her husband Mike grows barley out past the whitewashed fences
The Sewer works inside, the Sower works outside
"Mike gets a better tan than I" Mary readily confesses

Have you seen the neat card Trickster?
With his slay on the sleigh, and his slew in the slough
All it takes is a slight sleight of hand
He soared with his Sword, and when he came down cumberbunded--that's the kickster!

The Russians frown on thievery
But don't mind you trekking in their tracks
Their sign says, "Don't steal the steel! Step across the steppes"
Who spiked my Cinnamon-sprinkled Caviar? I'm feeling kind of fevery

The Rbel cast the King out, His highness had his Throne thrown down
The Rebel's arm is sore, though--After each throw, a throe
Alas! A new throne! A new King! Oh! No! Just another Clown...

Some want to go off to war
In far off lands
Marshal the Martials
Who are massed before the mast with a mean mien
To meddle in Medals (are the belly buttons of Sailors naval navels?)
Oh, the rigors of being a Rigger
That just makes me sore

If you are nervous in the tents, you are tense
The war wore on, because that is where we wear the wares
No need to warn--it has already been worn out
They worship the Warship
Maybe you should have stayed behind your Fence

If you don't care for the vino
Don't whine about the wine
There's always plenty of fruit juice
On ice in the old Casino

Why did the Whigs wear wigs while their wiles wizened but imperceptibly?
All here must be honest, all that stay here cannot deceive
No Tories to tell stories, or to try to trick us conceptually

Have you heard of the vandalizing Prospector
Who wrecked the Weather Station with a Bottle of wicked Potion?
He cut a vein before the vane--how vain! Now the vale is veiled!
We will vary the verses versus him very much. What a vile vial!
He thinks he's safe in the belly of the mountain, scratchin' like a hound
One plan is to flood him out with a veritable ocean of calamine (concocted by that sweet
gal o' mine) Lotion

Do you believe in Remedies made from Herbs?
In time, Thyme heals all heels
And Time wounds all Heals (you can tell that by their intermittent squeals)
And all of the formerly hearty, clutching at the curbs

In a room made of homemade whipped cream
That wiggles to the beat
Swayed suede in a sweet suite
Is more and also less than a crazy dream

Be mindful of how you go, be careful where you step
When walking along the road, yield to the wheeled--those who wield the wheeled vehicles
Some drivers are just as crazy as Larry, Curly, Moe and Shep

Have you ever heard tell of philosophizing mammals?
If there were more Moors, the Moose could eat Mousse
While carefully investigating the morals of Morels
And ask: "Which has more humps--the Himalayas or a herd of Camels?"

Egg-centric herdsmen put yolk on the yokes
While salesmen in strip-ed pants turned the pockets inside-out of the old folks
For their life savings, formerly intact, all they ended up with were a couple of Cokes
Don't laugh no matter what you do--these are not mere jokes

Once you are ready to get on your way home
(Once you've Canvassed the Canvas, Bought your Bit, and Bit your Bites)
March backwards through the Parade of Homonyms
Stroll in reverse direction down (or is it up?) Alliteration Alley
Have you changed? Has the trip altered your perception, or perhaps your ego?
Cast a glance in the mirror: If your hair is messed up (or is it down?)
Grab your favorite trusty comb

On arriving at your Place
Put your haul in the Hall
The bedecked hangers in the Hangar
and call Harold the Herald
Who'll let everybody know--virtually instantly--where you were and what you did
And cut to the chase

Come back again tomorrow
Don't say goodbye forever--waive the wave
Come anytime you please
Come just as you are
Back to the Bizarre Bazaar
Where there is as good as no real lasting down-and-dirty Sorrow

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Note: I would like to team up with an illustrator for this work, as I believe the prose forms the basis for a good illustrated book. I cannot pay anybody outright, but am interested in a partnership from which we would share any profits stemming from this joint endeavor.

If interested, contact me with samples of your artwork at:
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You can also check out my other works (fiction and nonfiction history) at:
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