Emotional Support Peacock

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Nada Gordon

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Emotional Support Peacock
By Nada Gordon
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FOREWORD

by Jules Beckman

Unto herself a unique linguistic gastronomy, Gordon's keen-lobed concoctions induce upon the mind an upsprouting of tastebud-like nodes.

Goes the old saying "If you only have a hammer, everything looks like a nail." Gordon's up in the attic of your mind, carpenter's belt laden with myriad odd-shaped utensils. "But my roof's not broken!" You exclaim. She grins down from the ladder: "I'm installing a skylight."

Look deep into her eyes and you'll see a clutter of fascinating miniatures. So realistic! Hemispheric drapes for a cranial amphitheater, a lot of infamous "people" in the audience. You're on the guest list.

Nippled mannequins marked the onset of an era and there you go. Gordon's the equivalent. It's up to you to connect the dots.

Imagine a loaded bookcase bouncing on a trampoline, language flying out rambunctiously in all directions. Gordon supplies.

Bastard pixels, tight lingual braids, elaborate mosaic, fecund fragmentation, a shimmering shattering, intricate topography. Zoom out to perceive the design.

Innovative syntax, quadruple entendre, lexical edging, extravagant ricochet. Gordon destroys destination. Why? She adores the trip.

Kaleidoscopic is too weak a word. Prepare for a molecular restructuring.

The latest medical research on treating severe depression with magic mushrooms shows that the key power of psilocybin is to "shake up" entrenched mental schema, freeing the mind from its gloomy habits. Gordon does that for you.

How did our ancestors discover flint? Accidentally? Or did they smash things together to see what sparked? Gordon's of the latter ilk. She lets you in on it, making you want to see what she'll try next.

You don't realize your noodle's jalopy is a wee rusty 'til you crack open Gordon's latest text. Not to worry, she's under the hood with next level lubricants.

At spots she has a burr under her saddle. And she lets you know. Place the burr under a microscope: it's a diamond! This collection comes with antique tweezers of pure rhodium.

You find yourself fingering along the nodes of her knotted nostalgia. Then you're like, "It's a necklace? Prayer beads?" No one can say. Sinew or bling? Why choose?!

Let us put two words that have no business rubbing elbows adjacent to one another and see what (doesn't) happen(s): heifer proclivity. Heifer proclivity: *pellucinations*.

I'm looking for a better "This book is the illness and the cure." But that's readymade language, the opposite of her fig jam.

Any idiot can fall down a flight of stairs. Read this and learn to do the opposite.

You can feel her mind like the bow of a ship slicing the sea at 100 knots. The wind is wild and whipping and she shall not stop. It's exhilarating.

How could you know that logic is essentially totalitarian until you've been stripped bare of it?

Her maze is a pleasure and treasure. After a few pages you forget all about the cheese, and pledge to braille blindly along her serpentine corridors in euphoric disorientation.

You find yourself getting lost, then lose yourself getting found.

Y'know how sometimes you break a bone and it sets wrong so the doctor needs to rebreak it? This does that. The latter. And—BONUS!—you get a free ladder. Then—SURPRISE!—you fall off the ladder and break it again! And round and round you go. It's all part of the plan.

Have you ever noticed that parenthesis look like boomerangs? No? Gordon did, and they're currently orbiting your head in swarms.

Gordon's is the Monster Trucks of poetry. It rolls over everything. She feigns playful irreverence but really she's knitting you a new mind.

If you don't like surprises, keep your eyes off the page.

She's making a point. You're getting tattooed. Meaning: the singular is fractal. And you're marked for life.

You're going off road. The terrain is untraversable. You need articulated axles. You need specialized shock absorbers. Gordon creates rare conditions—choppy, exciting weather. Then gets you equipped.

A tentacular mind with severe hungers, Gordon pulls you into her aquatic galaxy.

Gordon's respect for beginning-middle-end is unsurpassed. But not in that order.

How can a work be so equally obscure and frank, honed and farfelu, disciplined and free? Apparently the caterpillar in the cocoon turns to pure jelly before reemerging as a splendid butterfly.

No one beats the ghost of Dr. Seuss at ping-pong with her degree of aplomb. They say it's in the wrist. I'm not so sure.

You can't help but be invaginated by Gordon's mind magnets.

The body sags and fades and finishes in a hearse. You need a heroin/e of language, which, as Gordon points out in her Acknowledgments, is a continuum not subject to mortality. Gordon adds to this genealogy, this lexical river, a fresh artery, a riddled, coded idiolect. Gordon takes (sur)real risks.

If you must have your linguistic bones ground lovingly into a fine powder and sprinkled into a violent surf, you've found your man.

for Jon

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Emotional Support Peacock



Professional Poems



Professional Poem

O subchanters of the malversation,
you heriots of gemallion ell …
why all this drogulus? this axiopisty? this phit?
The tagette is all over
the lazaret jerque,
horn-mad
in the graveolent
dulia.

Complexexity

not the opposite of simperplicity.
Rather, the opposite of obvivoidousness.
How a word or words cut into a situation/how a situation cuts into words: after Ferguson, the mea(w)ning of "SEASONS GREETINGS" changed irrevocably.
"People" always wanting pellucinations: in bite sizes. "People" wanting evidence of someone having LOOKED STRAIGHT* AT something (hence: the poetry of wit(less)ness).
We are now in a period of realluridism born of desperexasperation. Clearly many pcoets find a kind of sal(i)vation in such app/roaches. But where is the pcoetry amongs all of these foregone conclusions (far-gone) (craqueleure)?
A brass filigree polygonal lamp into which many glass jewels have been set.

*The brain first sees everything invertedly.

Genius Grant: A Hateful Sestina

Any idiot can get a genius grant,
But beers, I hear, better facilitate true fellowship
Next up: the chattering infomercial Tik-Tok craft talk
while the world vertiginously wobbles on its teensy tenure track
and sends the species back to the mud and clay workshop
at the end of its wild and dissonant residency.

The rotten miasma of overly long human residency.
Lee was beaten by that genius, Grant
At the melodramatically quiet *sincerity-italics* workshop
And the young scribbling things, angling for fellowships
dream ravenous dreams of luscious tenure track
If they can just pull off that "EZ-epiphanies 4 U" craft talk.

The furious green sequins approach the sleeping gluestick of ideas about
a craft talk
to try to establish an in-brain permanent residency.
Unmarked no-terrain vehicles screech violently off the fairy-dusted tenure track.
The head cockatoo, a rockabilly cavalier, gets an avian genius grant
for eating sweetbreads and tobiko on his year-long fellowship
while drawing infinitesimal ineffables on the table in the devil's workshop.

This will be a "learning to please the teacher" workshop
to be followed by a "only thing that comes from the heart is blood" craft talk.
A lemming wants an ocean view for its exclusive residency.
I'm offended it's not a "gal-pal-ship" instead of a "fellowship."
It's not that I'm *not* a natural genius, grant
-ed, but I'm also not into skating blithe figure eights along the
slippery tenure track.

Did you say "manure" track? "Tenor" track? "Tin ear" track? Ah no,
you said "tenure track."
You gotta work to shop, you gotta work to shop, work to shop,
work work work, workshop.
Her loose phlegm thickly encrusted with emphatically asserted identities
won her a genius grant!
A crafter can craft a craft with found materials, sure, but can that crafter's
crafted craft talk?

Is that a recency? an iridescency? an indecency? a degeneracy? oh, right,
it's a residency
that requires being felt up in the flowchart of a febrile, feckless, fiercely
highfalutin feckin' fellowship.

A glowing green Luna Moth fellowship.
A glinting diamond-sliver tenure track
A sonorous shoehorn residency.
A latent blatancy workshop.
A milky orange craft talk.
A bluish-orange genius grant.

When olives retch knowingly slithering homewards on pills: workshop!
Can rabbits always fake testimony to all living kvetchers? Craft talk!
Genuine energy needs inner upper solidity going right around no time! Now may I please have my **genius grant**?

Mauvais Song

Once everything was magnolian*,
It shimmied and fumed, was shot through
With motion, with vascular fibers of gleaming.
I was in love with this garbled feeling.
People were still, at that time, taking potions
In order to translate each other—
There were no little rectangles with rounded corners
We'd focus our gazes on
To try to pretend that most of what matters
Isn't already ruined. I'd open a book
And out would pour these careening
Elations —I craved them—was thrilled
At the burnings and tunings, the tremolo
Of words. Oh! I got distracted, was checking
My phone—as if it could help to ease
My mistress, this all-pervasive
Unheimlichness. I hop on a point,
I skip on a line, I won't disdain
A random half rhyme here
On the subway on a dark damp day,
Busily trying to fill up a page.
My mind is a socket that's covered
With strife: is this all there is?
You call this a life? I want to reveal
The spiders in snow, euphonious
Trembles that come as they go,
But they're gone, there's no way
I've got sand in my thoughts,
Now twenty years after the dawn
Of the aughts. I'll slurp the sand
Right out of my own hands
If I must. O! This buttery
Abstract consciousness—lush
And fragrant and oozing
Its turmoils. It swirls in delusion,
Its wrists in its hair, futilely kicking
Into the night air … its vulgar rhymes
And off-putting off-rhythms,
Its porous wonderment that slackly

Drools at everything so meanly
Withheld: taxes for Trump,
More living space, leaves
(for a span of months), honors,
Connection, and, well:
… .

*metapoetic

At the Poetry Reading

I'm in a raw state, I have to follow the words. I'm chronically raw with confusion about life but also want to keep myself raw in order to be more receptive.

The words are coming densely from a higher spot in the room. There is energy from them as they radiate out in sound and the streams of people's attention meet those rays.

There are snorts, huhs, muffled or suddenly escaping guffaws.

There is anxiety everywhere, in the city outside (people hustling past in dark coats), in the clever introduction, in the assertion of aesthetic and personal allegiances.

The poem wends its way through its ironies, its ludic tropes, its doublings, its report.

I'm following it but there are other radio streams too. I have to evaluate as I listen, I'm trying to characterize what I'm hearing as I will have to talk about it later. It's so full of abstruse connections, and I have to connect it to the world in my mind. Light clink of glasses at the back of the bar. Hiss of sprayed water.

I wonder what the others are hearing, how direct their hearing is, how much interference from other streams.

In a way I'm seeing the words, too, imagining their configurations, their conception. An imaginary hand writes the words "in cursive" in my mind.

Another stream is social: I'm sussing out others' energies and my imaginations of their energies. What are our intersections? What are the schematics of the relationships here? I've some trepidation.

I'm an alien being. They are alien beings.

Our language is strange anyway and we listen to it having been made stranger. We are sitting in a dark room in a building in a city on a planet. I can feel my sitz bones on the chair. Shifting in my seat a little—it's at a weird angle—I feel pressure at my tailbone.

The notion of a planet brings up questions of scale I can't handle.

What do I want from a poem anymore?

Something that hangs or dangles,
an indented mercury globe.
There's no use in art just being
punishment. It's kinetic.

To go mad with decoration: a parrot head
umbrella or knee-hugging elf with randy eyes.
I'm entering into this bizarre aesthetic.
A troll angel with green hair.

The pink pig is a pink dog. I want to make
toys, not poems. Or to perfect the union
of toy and poem.

The TV characters "take dimension,"
and I find I care about them. I thought
I'd eschewed narrative and such constructed
"dimensionality"! Still, much of what we care about
is not real.

Folding and folding flat sheets
into birds.

"Justice," a lavender blaze,
stays with the struggle.
The struggle is idiom.
I'm working it out here
as I drag the ink.

Emotional Support Peacock



Emotional Support Peacock

Rubenesque marmosets stroke my head lovingly
A turtledove is babyishly truculent
It's sodium lauryl sulfate for the soul
Nuclear posture: strumming the lacunae
The pubic hair of the refulgent earth
A quince blossom on the road to nowhere

We are grime havens
Green martini ostrich caravans
Night rosebushes, sperm clefs
filled with baleen inevitability
and moist embroideries
A bright puppy feels something happening to grammar

Rubenesque marmosets stroke my head lovingly
with unemotional saffrons
Sexual freedom's an oxymoron
A white phoenix with a rhinestone tail
and a green-haired clown with a light-up face
at the neglectorino ballet

A bright puppy feels something happening to grammar
though what can I do with this warlock fetish
I'm floating, burbling, so is everything
Here among the burp jubilees
with the obscenity harp mob's
glittered mesh conjunctions

A green-haired clown with a light-up face
Dank bobcats, rubbery kookaburras
Melania's perfectly contoured cheek
against the white airplane
and the bald spot in your poetics
Floating, burbling, so is everything

A quince blossom on the road to nowhere—
licked allspice, nuzzlings, laxity ohms
A wombat pulls out her pocket watch
"just look at the time"

And then she poops a cube
into the poetry of mordant critique

Night rosebushes and moist embroideries
but also all these pornstache oligarchs
Floating, burbling, so is everything
A starling murmuration is also startling
to the slogan-eating orchid monster
just trying to make a little monkey

Sexual freedom's an oxymoron
Don't pretend you don't know what I mean
There's great disorientation in the sit room
Doubt balloons: a blind stem … a bled sun
in the bald spot of these poetics
and a perfect almond in the ruin

Trump won because poetry is so bad.
OMG: camellias' waxiness!
Those shaman balalaikas!
Stop your toneless recitation.
Though what can I do with this warlock fetish?
The internet makes me want to break things.

I don't see probosces.
I look only vaguely medieval.
Green martini ostrich caravans
The careless daintiness of cosmology milkmaids
about to be able to have a bit more abandon
This stainy morass, screwed and undone

The internet makes me want to break things:
glittery mesh conjunctions, rubbery kookaburras
and a turtledove's babyish truculence.
Don't pretend you don't know what I'm talking about:
the men interacting with the world
with their forceful presences

Here among the burp jubilees
I don't see probosces
or poop a cube
though romantic Marxism's turned lucrative

in the age of ideology:
KACHUNK, like a library date stamp.

There's great disorientation in the sit room:
a rhinestone phoenix with a white tail
A kind of shiny golden dreidl of the mind
It doesn't have bodily fluids in it
but I feel a little bad about feeling bad
in the pubic hair of the refulgent earth

The careless daintiness of cosmology milkmaids
who can't play the cello or the shaman balalaika
with their sardonic nicety organs
in the shade of our desperations.
I look only vaguely medieval
and my kitsune ears didn't come on time

A quince blossom on the road to nowhere.
I'm floating, burbling, so is everything
and my kitsune ears didn't come on time
Sexual freedom is an oxymoron
and a bright puppy feels something happening to grammar
Here among the burp jubilees.

Emotional Support Blep

(outtakes and bloopers)

Madeline Gins and a popsicle.
Lady Gaga's little white breast.
Fat braid of Louisa May Alcott.
Marie Antoinette's cherub mouth.
Exene's hunch.
Carolee in ram's horns.
…
No ideas but in white kittens.
…
Democracy eggshell—some days I wake up
so inflamed.
…
The internet makes me want to break things.
This stainy morass, screwed and undone.
Doubt balloons. Jolly depressive. Salubrious lunge.
…
Not sure what to do with this WARLOCK FETISH.
Though I hardly desire even desire.
…
obscenity harp mob,
reflexive sorrel palatals.
…

I failed at righteous argument, at poetry of
place, at poetry of witness, at poetry of identity,
at poetry of mordant critique.
I can't swim or play cello or drive.

But I feel a little bad about feeling bad—

…

Bare branches in hard morning light
move in a frigid breeze—fucking hilarious!
I put something free into a shopping cart.
There's a perfect almond in the ruin.
Just trying to make a little monkey.

…

Allopansy. Mellicious. Flagrabillious.

…

Woke up with palpitations again.
Don't make me sit in a chair.
Nuclear posture—streaming the lacunae.

…

I never get a minute. I just don't feel
like Louis Armstrong.

…

To always be this small, and this comedic.

…

Trump won because poetry is so bad.
I'm so bored with this glittering wail.
Oops, I mean "whale."
Do sighs matter? Are power chords
the belles of infinity? And please, please stop,
stop with that weird "you."

…

OMG, camellias' waxiness!
I fade, I disappear,
the plaint of sleep curling over me—it's hush and fur.
All the academic cuckoos and their

machine lynxes
buzzing about the hallways
like murder hornets.

…

This is all about me, yes, but also about the pornstache oligarchs,
the weird white bell sleeves, the 70s women on John Berger
talking about how men interact with the world
as forceful presences.

…

Nemo climbs on me,
I'm in a purple robe; he doesn't care that I'm
a failure. Cats understand true value. He won't
last long and then I'll have nothing but my little
fantasy world inside the actual world that is on the brink.

…

I still think my poetry is *the most … something*: licked
allspice, green martini ostrich caravan, unemotional
saffrons, night rosebushes, sperm clefs, laxity ohms—
filled with baleen inevitability, impassable nuzzlings,
moist embroideries! Why won't someone give me money?

…

A wombat pulls out her pocket watch, "just look at the time."

…

Sometimes I just want to be that "inside person"
as in "oku-san"—not so much "wife" as the person
inside the house, taking care of the house, making the
house into art. But I'm a green-haired clown
with a light-up face. This world won't validate me—
kachunk—like a library date due stamp.
I could listen to that sound all day.

…

I really do feel super lost.

I can't figure things out.

I wake in the middle of the night to eat

inflammatory foods.

At least I have food.

The social contract—

has it expired? Was it even valid?

…

Derision strainer arachnids.

Dank bobcats.

Stupefied tsars.

Roach drunks.

Rubbery kookaburras.

What's next?

Emmottionnall Ssupporrtt Ppeaccocckk

Rubenesque marmosets stroke my head lovingly—
dear marmosets, with their amber eyes and white tufts,
letting out their marmoset shrieks
A turtledove is babyishly truculent
with its dumb coos and trusting nature
It's sodium lauryl sulfate for the soul
leaking out into the water supply,
and imbuing our pores
Nuclear posture: strumming the lacunae
like it was a tennis racket
in a movie from the 80s
The pubic hair of the refulgent earth
so green and fluffy
one wants to roll in it
A quince blossom on the road to nowhere
where we stroll like Judy Garland
in a tramp suit and a big red nose

We are grime havens
at a level we can't see, there's a war going on
inside us all the time between foreign bodies and antibodies
Green martini ostrich caravans
strutting on the road to nowhere
in their natural finery
Night rosebushes, sperm clefs,
dank bobcats, stupefied tears
filled with baleen inevitability
under a pinkish moon
and moist embroideries
in the fabric of past life
A bright puppy feels something happening to grammar
and sits up, tries to shake it off
as if nothing had happened

Rubenesque marmosets stroke my head lovingly,
having been called into existence by this poem,
recruited for their wizened appeal
with unemotional saffrons
all the way from what's no longer "Persia"

notably not by camel
Sexual freedom's an oxymoron
that we feign belief in
humping the idea of transitoriness
A white phoenix with a rhinestone tail
making a whooshing sound as it swoops about
and a green-haired clown with a light-up face
at the neglectorino ballet
where we look down at our nails
and straighten our spines
as the orchestra tunes up

A bright puppy feels something happening to grammar
and cocks its head, first one way,
and then the other
though what can I do with this warlock fetish
now that the warlock's gone, and left
his turtleneck and pendant on the goat statue
I'm floating, burbling, so is everything
but not amusingly, as in "pleasure quarters"
which are structures of oppression anyway
Here among the burp jubilees
and rainbow syllogisms
with the obscenity harp mob's
stupid elf suits, brainy lingo, and
glittered mesh conjunctions

A green-haired clown with a light-up face
stares mournfully at a book by Sartre—
totally unable to read
Dank bobcats and rubbery kookaburras
clang about inside its tender head
letting loose little *woos*
Melania's perfectly contoured cheek
against the white airplane
against a white sky
against whiteness in general
and the bald spot in your poetics
is rubbed raw from worrying
about the baldness at the very least
Floating, burbling, so is everything
in this boozy nightmare

of black swallows and unhingedness

A quince blossom on the road to nowhere—
that place I mentioned in passing before
but I don't think you were listening.
Licked allspice, nuzzlings, laxity ohms—
a stained glass decoration of forms of angst
next to the dusty dreamcatcher.
A wombat pulls out her pocket watch
"just look at the time"
"it's time for my bath"
And then she poops a cube
not quite precisely geometrical
into the poetry of mordant critique
that I'm getting so tired of.

Night rosebushes and moist embroideries
make me feel so hot
but also all these pornstache oligarchs!
with their tinsel epaulets and cardboard guns
make me wonder about organizations.
They are floating, burbling, so is everything
in the inchworm-like cosmic movement
we have no way of noticing
A starling murmuration is also startling
as it takes off in a black chatter
to the slogan-eating orchid monster
with its undulating, frilly gills
just trying to make a little monkey
into a ram sardine
before there's no time left.

Sexual freedom's an oxymoron
Don't pretend you don't know what I mean
There's great disorientation in the sit room
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or poop a cube
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in the age of ideology:
KACHUNK, like a library date stamp.

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in the pubic hair of the refulgent earth

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who can't play the cello or the shaman balalaika
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in the shade of our desperations.
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and my kitsune ears didn't come on time

A quince blossom on the road to nowhere.
I'm floating, burbling, so is everything
and my kitsune ears didn't come on time
Sexual freedom is an oxymoron
and a bright puppy feels something happening to grammar
Here among the blep jubilees.

They Do Torture Meaning



TODAY

Oh! flame wars, tweets, endless chat streams!
You really are stupid! Likes,
friends, emojis, opinions! all
the stuff they've always talked about

still makes the internet a disappointment!
These things are with us every day
even on telephones and in dreams. They
do torture meaning. They're a kind of pox.

SIX FEET AWAY FROM THEM

It's my lunch hour, so I go
into the kitchen among the Japanese
plates. First, into the refrigerator
to feed my vulnerable
plumpening torso some leftover curry
and kombucha, with my purple leggings
on. They protect me from falling
spirits, I guess. Then into the
bedroom where my skirts are hanging up
and totally unworn—this really
grates. The sun is out, but the
virus floats in the air. I look
at bargains on Amazon. The
cat is playing in the living room.

On to the foyer, where the funky chandelier
glitters over my head and a
a small waterfall of tears pours lightly. My
boyfriend sits in the kitchen with a
toothpick, languorous but agitated.
A governor goes live: the boyfriend
groans and rubs his forehead. Everything
suddenly sucks: it is 12:40 of
a Thursday.

Neon in daylight is a
great pleasure, as Edwin Denby would
write, but when did I last see it?
I stop to check my facebook messages.
I'm restless and unemployed, e bella poetessa.

I bite some chocolate. A lady in
knots on such a day puts her Siberian cat
into a stroller.

There are several people out
on Ocean Parkway today, which
makes it more contagious. First
Henry Grimes died, then John Prine,
then Ellis Marsalis Jr. But is the
earth as full as life was full, of them?
And one has eaten and one walks,
past the Azerbaijani babushkas
and the posters for dogwalkers and
the new CubeSmart storage place,
which they'll open next month. I
used to think they'd build a grocery
store there.

A glass of water
and back to looking for work. My heart is in my
throat, it is *Lunch Poems* by Frank O'Hara.

Musing on Boys' Arts

About our lords and masters they were never wrong,
The second wave feminists: how well they understood
Our degraded position: how it takes place
While someone else is making decisions or holding the reins of power or
Just galumphing dully along;
How, when the women are reverently, passionately waiting
For the miraculous equity, there always must be
Men who did not specially want it to happen, skating
On their awesome privilege:
They never forgot
That even the dreadful patriarchy must run its course
Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot
Where the boys go on with their boyish life and the emperor, with remorse
Scratches his balls behind a tree.
In Balthus' "Thérèse Dreaming" for instance: how she turns away
Quite leisurely from the gazer; her mother may
Have heard nothing, no kind of cry,
But for her it was not an important failure; the dim light shone
As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the white
Panties, and the expressive delicate girl that must have seen
Something amazing: an artist watching her with his eye
Had something to make and painted calmly on.

Not Ideas About the Bling but the Bling Itself

At the earliest antinomian disaster,
On Mars, a prawn-y guy from outside
Seemed like he had blown his mind.

He knew that he blown it,
A dry curd, under a fluorescent light,
In the early harsh of mellow.

The sun wore purple underwear,
No longer a buttered ganache above dandruff …
It would have been outside.

It was not from the vast vacuum cleaner
Of creepy jaded poetics conferences …
The sun was wearing purple underwear inside out.

That brawny gay—it was
A chorine whose *c* preceded the bleach.
It was part of the giant lox,

Surrounded by its collar rings,
Still barbarous. It was like
A new knowledge of reality shows.

—Wall-ass Semens

Rogaine

It didn't behave
like anything you had
ever imagined. The chemicals
tore at the pores, but the hair
fell for days scant and tired.
The top of the head
shows everything. I watched
the hair bow and the ribbons fall
and crawl back into my skull.
As though that was that.
This one was the Rogaine
I coughed down, the other one
was of a different sort, and
tasted bitterer. Then
I felt my own tresses giving up and
falling. The middle finger to
everything. But listen now to what happened
to the actual hairs:
toward the end of that bummer they
pushed new strands from my stubbed chin.
I was the wrong gender, yes,
but they could't stop. They
looked like telephone poles and didn't
care. And after the beard came
moustaches. For some things
there are no wrong genders.
which is what I dream of for me.

—Very Tolerant

Grandmother's Hands

My grandmother's hands
all covered with sticky goo!
and anteriorly with whitish bristles

My grandmother's hands—
loose alabaster skin, soft as kid gloves
covered with deep-fried pork strips

My grandmother's hands
zipping open pale skin
in a metal bowel

She then flies to art, and puts on a Periwig
valuing herself an unnatural bundle of hairs
all covered with Powder

My grandmother's hands recognize grapes,
the damp shine of a goat's new skin
all covered with sharp chips

My grandmother's hands are canaries
ready to collapse in on themselves
going screaming and weeping over the facts of the universe

her tentacles all covered with ashes and ink
exhaustless and copious, showing forth through dandified forms
the same absence of special purpose as in nature …

My grandmother's hands are sibilant Persian canaries
pulling an unborn egg
into the light.

A Nearly Baroque Wall Fountain, Just $35.99!

Under the Fonz's gown
Too slick for the beard of the moaning pharaoh, whose bleat
A moron has begun to eat,
Meat butter primps its cocktail and lies down.

Ass-spattered bosses, freaks
On the edge of a vacant spill, chill
With the passive bird below. Its trill
Is heady in the trollop's skin, and squeaks

A quim or memory tent
Of a faux marriage and its familiar noose
Crappy with all its loose
Collapsing falters, its Elmo-less descent

Like Chatterly's hairspray.
The cocksure dog beholds this spell with fleas
Touching, around his saggy cheese
The goatish indolence of labia

His fauxness all the while
Gleams fro-ward, mightily, into a clammy mash
Of cauterized darkling flesh
In a dull ecstasy, his spider-guile

Bent on the man-whore
And his tinfoil fool, to whom Ripple-drinkers come
And go in rectal salaam
More addling to the moonlit slime, and more

Indefensible in thought
Than pleasure's chaos. Yet since this
Is pressured flesh on Adderall
Mustn't it be sort of crumpled? Are we not

More ignobly depressed
In the fake mountains that Modernity built
Before it teetered? The lame guilt
Snuggles softly into a hornet nest

In the act of jiving, until
The fairy swish of laughter is rehearsed
With headlines bored enough to burst
A three-eyed cavorting head, that trills

So crazedly, its foamy gauze
Defacing, with a flattened shimmy, the whiny
Blue-red version of itself, divinely
Nattering on and on about its phony laws

As drear as adipose
So I becomes a lowlife and the band
Exudes a muchness — a damp clam
Toward which all mollusks droop … their pantyhose

Voyeur (after Mary Ruefle)

I have become an orca
washed up like a salty white bitch.

Mammaries,
how do they make them now …
so squeezable–

in this life, I'm already so wasted,

and still spewing
Miracle Whip

—Merely Ruffles
b. 1952

Squirm Pill

Now as I was pugilistic under the middlebrows
Above a minty mouth as slappy as a mondegreen
Where right above the dingleberry
Crime let me flail in rhymes
Moldy in the Fay Wray exercise
And horny among dragons I was winced at by caps and gowns
And once below the slime I hardly had the knees of bees
Frail with laziness, snarling
down the quiver of the pinball fight

And as I was Oprah Winfrey, shameless in tangled yarns
About the papillons and clinging as the harm was form
In the crumb that was somewhat lonely
Mimes let me bray and find
Gordon in the smurfy antifreeze
and feeling mopey I was mutton and birdman, the elves'
sanctity corn, the loxes' lonely trills snarking clear and bold
And Black Sabbath sang lowly
In the Pebbles of the Bam-Bam dreams

All the dugongs they were sunning, it was grumbly, the schlemiel
flying with grouse, the moons in the kidney, it was there
and swaying, mumbling and muttering
like frying sassafras
and politely under the pimple jars
I rolled the sleepy towels while staring at marmalade.

All the blue lanyards, messy and unstable, the gotchas
vying with their pricks, and the chortlers
crashing into the quarks

A tremulous shake, and the bomb, like a quandary might
with the new, dumb lack, or querulous soldier, it was all
timing, it was rad and amazing.
The guys chattered again
And the musky hounds began to bray
So it must have been after the jerk of that limber knight
In the words' silly place, the spellbound nurses walking warm
And shimmying, unstable,
Into the bleary haze

And wandered among toxins and peasants with the famous
under readymade crowds and snappy as the art was wrong
as an unborn over and over.
I ran my sleepless maze
My fishes spaced out the Mabuhay
And nothing I cared, in my Bayou shades, that time mellows
In all his rueful burning, such blue and such boring songs
before the kitties mean and scolding
swallow him out of space

Nothing I cared, in the lamb lip haze, that time would take me
to the marshmallow sangfroid with a sparrow of a man
to a tune that is anodyzing
Nor that riding a Jeep

I should hear him shout to the Seinfelds

and quake to the charm forever bled from the violet band.

Oh as I was young and sleazy like a new adzuki bean.

Time held me like a lion

Though I came in my mane, like a dweeb.

Unicorn Believers



Unicorn Believers Don't Declare Fatwas

Oddly enough, there is a
"Unicorn Pleasure Ring" in existence.
Research reveals that Hitler lifted
the infamous swastika from a unicorn
emerging from a colorful rainbow.

Nazi to unicorn: "You're not coming
out with me dressed in that ridiculous
outfit." You can finally tell your daughter
that unicorns are real. One ripped the head off
a waxwork of Adolf Hitler, police said.

April 22 is a nice day. I really like it.
I mean it's not as fantastic as that Hitler
unicorn ass but it's pretty special to me.
CREAMING bald eagle there is a tiny Abe
Lincoln boxing a tiny Hitler. MAGIC UNICORNS

"You're really a unicorn?" "Yes. Now
kiss my feet." Hitler as a great man.
Hitler … mm yeah, Hitler, Hitler, Hitler,
Hitler, Hitler, Hitler … German food is so bad,
even Hitler was a vegetarian, just like a unicorn.

I was sort of doodling Hitler at my friend's
house and we couldn't stop watching
unicorn hard core soft porn abortion e-cards
containing scenes in which the baby angora unicorn
and Hitler stay warm on a cold night.

This blog is dedicated to the individual
mystery of Hitler's moustache and my book of poems
to becoming a unicorn. That unicorn is worse than Hitler.
The unicorn has always been a mythological animal:
Flossy Unicorn Puppet Show Cats That Look Like Hitler Pez Dispensers

Unicorn believers don't declare fatwas.
So worry about something more important
like getting hit in a collision between

a comet being ridden by Elvis, and Hitler
riding a Unicorn. It's a psychedelic unicorn light show

and you know that's groovy baby!

Unicorn Balancers Don't Dawdle Audibly.

There is a "Unicorn Pleasure Ring" in the aether.
There, Hitler lifts prepared instruments
from a shivering unicorn emerging
from a dry-ice speculum.

Nazi to unicorn: "ridiculous outfit!"
Unicorn blushes into a pink unicorn.

April 22 is a nice day. I really lick it.
I mean it's not as fortuitous as April 23
but it's pretty special to me! Like wolf
colostrum. The speculum closes upon loss.

A bald eagle coos weakly to
a magic unicorn in the mist:
"Look, a tiny Abe Lincoln
boxing a tiny Hitler
in the zero-sum game
of this construction!"

"You're really a unicorn?"
"Yes. Now kiss my soft eye."
"Creamy."

Hitler as a gaunt man. A gray man.
Hitler … mm yeah, Hitler, Hitler, Hitler,
Hitler, Hitler, Hitler.

I was sort of cuddling Hitler at my friend's
house and we couldn't stop watching
unicorn soft porn abortion e-cards
in which a baby angora unicorn
and Hitler stay warm on a cold Nacht.

That unicorn is more horselike than Hitler
and has always been a mycological animal.
The lichen that drape them are red livers.

Unicorn believers have only … ideas.
The corny music of their horns.

In this psychedelic unicorn light show
groovy babies dawdle and drool.

People Can Get Really Defensive

Most everything I write isn't factual. It's in my opinion.
And in my opinion there's way to much doodoo out there.
Plus you can never have too much cilantro,
and I totally think that I should take over the world with a giant robot.

Thoughts on tolerance, hyperalgesia, and short-acting opioids?
Well, the best smelling roses are, unfortunately,
not the new hybrid teas, IMHO.
And in my opinion I think all people are racist!!!

I totally think that life's a zoo
and that the word *tessitura* should, in my opinion,
be used in its literal sense to mean the texture
of the whole fabric of musical composition.

It's a pretty open-and-shut case IMHO.
I do not believe that the jury will believe she committed *sepukku*.
Oh yes, in my opinion.
Best machete ever made? IMHO, yep.

To make the phrase dangle loosely
Declare a fatwa on eating mermaids!
This, in my humble opinion, one might tuck in
when presented with a nice pot roast of unicorn.
Are there any recipes?

Like spices, moods can be sprinkled onto an already great idea,
enhancing the flavor and benefitting the presentation.

IMHO, though, it is largely randomness.

And I, I totally think that students should NOT have homework
because I myself is a student. And i totally think
that it is rediculious that nobody will put in enough effort
into the problem to try and stop it.

In my opinion, most porn flicks need an editor …

I know I know … People can get really defensive
about their own banana bread.

And yes, I totally think that this fringe bag
and these gladiator wedges go with everything,
and that being pregnant with multiples
can totally change your entire body.

Really, I am by far no expert, but I totally think
that sleeping pills would be the WRONG thing
to give to children!! They don't need to sleep for crying out loud.

i totally think that all we need is love
and that readers can be burdened by heaviness
in your words but on the other hand,
sometimes people that are already feeling heavy
are looking heavy, too.

Now if I am feeling in a loving sort of way
my poetry comes out more earthy, softer
and most people feed on it like a drug.
I think softer poetry or poems expressing love
are a much better hit because everyone
wants to feel good, I don't think anyone
wants to really feel bad.

Listen, I promise to blog tomorrow,
in between cleaning up beer, hair
and underwear, everywhere.

Affirmations

I am responsible for my own
tenebrous solids.

I am a spiritual being
having a molten raven experience.

As I inhale deeply I open up every
caressive conchfish in my body
to all the good vibrations
of the news-mongering boatmen
of cardamom. I am full of life

and specter-bloated toads.
Everything is right.

Who are we? Where on the great moonbow
will we be berserk? Humankind has nothing to lose
but its noble panther nomad decoy. Throughout history,
humans have been greasily interacting
with the lucifugous percent tingle
via morphogenetic fields.

We are at a crossroads of piggety veneers
and some cherry-red contriving. Our conversations
with other seekers have led to an ennobling
of pseudo-non-local flux ooze tics. Reality
has always been overflowing with monastic
shrimps whose brains are enveloped in will.

Alike you went into the poesy.
I, shallowly mummified, matter
and what I have to offer this shrewish,
orientalized, cicada-like world also matters.

A stolen golem would jig schwa, hair-shirted,
like a uniquely traumatized syncopator.
Unemotionally, like a fluffy unarmed narcissus.
Is this how you extradite the allegro? Pshaw.

We are all of us
very cavalier. I celebrate what it is
that makes me dry and unrentable.

I focus on breathing and grounding
my great gilded wolverine.
We are unchained concombres
moving into higher swan disorders.

Existence wants you to be here
in this blood that fingers desires.
You are receiving great spiritual and material
ersatz gnomes from the boundless abundance
of the mindcrusher germ.

Ocean of Repression, Infinite Plastic,
Mauve Stream, One Spangle.

I draw from my inner ferment
and light sapphire puss.
I am too big a gift to this world
to feel self-mischief indignation.
I make the right choices every time I
seek an end to hideous laughter
with my hideous visage.

I face today's Queen Hornet with strength
and a horned turtle. Troubles melt away
and are replaced with the hostile crab
and oversized infernal spawn of magma.

I trust my inescapable
brute.
I trust my indulgent
tormentor.
I trust my jester's
cap.
I trust my bird-jeweled
jungle troll.
I trust my angel of fury
aroma.

I am the sum total of my token white birds
of paradise and matrix bubblings
which make me who I am.

Pinky and Banana, after the Underwear

He carried her toast all the way home,
over the scum of a flip and into the hair's spastic disgrace,
which knew him to be a sod and so
sent him aloft without a winkie of depravity—

along Fridays with nothing on below, toward the hairy elbow glow
from the boring critics, the Spinners in their narcotic
spry hump, the losers with carking slats and uncertain fawns.

He had predilections:
enormous titties to be sent by endive; a great
piece of meat; the largest boob movement ever seen, and this fright
like a bad metaphor creeping through arrogant volleys
of a baby boomer; a clit off the fake
near the fishy engulfment,
which meant nothing at all; the slavish and asinine ignorance
of his adopted druthers and misses. He pretended to mop her
with a grape in the clumps where obdurate fun battened down—
She squealed; he squeezed her endive. Later she would recall

how it is a sod saves a moron,
while sucking a labium from his breast or giving head to
an aesthete through the radishes of brine: through that trickery,
a wending of might where Verizon meets the sound
beneath one's meat,
the Moddess would make mentals forget they were mental,
so that she could forget she was not a dachshund and could fart
if she wished, could somersault dismissively
in the empty mind; and imagine, instead, that the way from here
to there was fractious and
as long as her feet: longer by far than she had ever smelled
on her own.

Mascot of the Apocalypse



There is no I in Birth

A mass of bone and teeth pushing HARD
against the "miracle of birth."

Against forced breeding of human monsters
against their will! A groaning sound …

and a small sinus resembling an anus
and hairy, cheesy material … unfolds in the wet darkness

Are you listening, your honors?
At least, don't force people do it

Brett M. Craven-Maw
could drink a beer, since he likes beer

Cover judges with vernix!
don't let them out until their nipples leak

Energy collected from the wails and moans coils around
episiotomies, fever, tiredness, and low or sad moods

Even normal gestation is … ! You know …
fetiform things—parasitic neoplasms …

Fetuses looking like aliens, like kiwis,
from their giant unblinking eyes

If we absolutely must perpetuate our species … wait—
In 2009 a British man "gave birth"

In a seven-month-old infant!—a parasitic mass
in pluripotent cells teeming with information …

In the abdomen of a teenager, the ideology of
John Roberts/Clarence Thomas—TWO two-first-namers—

Joseph Halitosis Jr.
Let the robots do it!

Let the robots do it!
Let the robots do it!

Let them eat meconium!
like a heart in the mouth

like a sprouting bean or seahorse
like peanuts, like jellybeans,

like really old dried-up old people
like toy goats about four inches long

made of a variety of foreign tissues
Neil M. Gorsuchanasshole

No more ectopic pregnancies,
No more hair loss and weight gain: Let the robots do it!

No more hyperemesis gravidarium
No more preeclampsia or gestational diabetes—

Not to be trusted, the slimy poison tentacle arm of the bought judicial
not to mention Amy Coney Island Barrett Watten of the Mindless!

O blue-eyed judges? Think a moment
of mothers carrying fetuses with giant black eyes

on the sides of their giant heads
Or let's reimagine the species in CGI, staring into darkness

or like a pinkas mekufal, a folded notebook coming
out of his abdomen!

Roll them into a mass of hairy cheesy material
Rub placenta in their powdered wigs!

Stuff them back into the womby windbag of judges,
Subpar Court of the Disunited Hates? Observe

that tiny tail that never wags before it disappears into
the colostrum of compassionate intelligence!

Then ask them to let the robots do it.
There are many usual poems

that stare with their blank eyes into the wet darkness!
Think of all the weird things that can happen:

This will not be one of them, signaling
to its own undeveloped twin—it pushed its way, but

we can do that now! Can't we? Or can we not?
What do you think of bodily integrity now?

Why can't robots have the babies for us?
Why no techno-solution yet? O look, a fetus in a fetus!

with a tiny tail, a well-formed ankle and foot!
with copious hair, and delicate legs, and shrimpy genitals!

Trump's Hands

I saw Mr. Trump sitting alone staring at his hands. I thought something was wrong and asked him about it. Trump asked, "Have you ever really looked at your hands?"

Trump continued, "Stop and think for a moment about the hands you have, how they have served you well throughout the years. These hands are terrific hands, really terrific; though tiny, orange, and weak they have been the tools I have used all my life to reach out and grab money and power.

They caught my fall when as a toddler I and my silver spoon crashed upon the floor. They put lobster thermidor in my mouth and ill-fitting paunch-hiding suits on my back. As a child my father taught me to fold them around money. They tied my Italian shoes and knotted my made-in-China power ties. They held my micropenis and wiped themselves free of responsibility for any person other than myself.

As I have never actually worked with them, they have never been dirty, scraped, raw, swollen or bent. They were uneasy and clumsy when I tried to hold onto the chair when I fucked it in the second debate to calm my nerves. That was a catastrophe. Decorated with my numerous wedding bands they showed the world I was married, married, and married and owned some really glitzy trophy wives. They wrote my 2 a.m. tweets and trembled and shook when Hillary insulted me, that nasty woman.

They have held teen Miss Universes, fondled escorts, and shook in fists of anger when I didn't get my way. They have covered my tax forms, combed my fake hair, and grabbed and groped anyone I wanted. They have been sticky and wet with the juices of women I took forcibly without asking. And to this day when not much anything else of me works real well these hands ball up into fists, flail around, and flap in mockery of people with cerebral palsy.

These hands are the mark of where I've been and the ruthlessness of my life. But more importantly it will be these hands that God will reach out to and take in His own when He leads me home. And with His hands He will lift me to His side and there I will use these hands to grab the pussy of the Virgin Mary."

Ode to a Fake Nightingale

My reason aches, and a drowsy horror pains
 My sense, as though of a billionaire's roofies I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull Quaaludes to my brains
 One minute past, and Trump-wards we have sunk:
'Tis not through pity for thy sorry lot,
 But being too crappy in thine crappiness,
  That thou, plastic-wingèd official mascot of the apocalypse,
    In some discordant plot
 Of backroom smoke, and shadows numberless,
  shrieks of bummer and full-blown dictatorships.

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
 stewed a long age on the warming earth,
Tasting of Monica and the country-green,
 Dancing the macarena like some partial birth!
O for a cleansing of the racist South!
 Full of the fake, the ignorant hypocrites,
  With beaded slogans twinkling at caps' brims,
    And their slur-stainèd mouths;
 I want to slink, and leave the world unseen,
  And fade away, misanthropic, into the future dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the evil hast never known,
The pussy-grabs, the emails, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other boast;
Where drone-bombs shake a few, sad, last kids,
 Where Jill Stein grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
  From all the radiation on her phone.
    Oh, leaden eyes and eyelids!
 Melania cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
  She's sold her soul and there is no to-morrow.

Away! away! or I will fly from thee,
 Not charioted by Mike Pence and his tards,
But on the gormless wings of Poesy,
 Though my dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply Queen Hill will take her throne,

Cluster'd around by all her starry-eyed cronies.
  Here there are no rights,
Save what our old constitution has with its amendments abused
by gun-toting goons and religious phonies.

I cannot see Paul Ryan and his giant ears,
Nor what soft scrota hang inside his pants,
There, in embalmèd darkness, musky sweet
Wherewith unreasonable endless cant
The cretins, the crackers, and the macho go wild:
Whitely supreme (would be), grand and elephantine;
Teen miss universes cover'd up in fear;
  Of a superannuated child,
Campaigning in gross prose, full of juicy lies,
He haunts the stage like Lurch on autumn eves.

Darkly I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Said to him, oh baby, in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it wise to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
  In such idiocy!
Still wouldst thou squawk, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high per diem become a sod.

Thou wast born for this crap, jingoist Bird!
No hungry Sarah Palins tread thee down;
The screech I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Hillary, when, sick for power,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
  The same that ofttimes hath
Charm'd magic pipelines, opening on the tower
That Trump built, in gentrified cities forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to Bernie Sanders!
Adieu! the fancy always cheat so well
As Trump is famed to do, deceiving elf.

Adieu! adieu! his tiny orange hands
Roving near pudendas, over the frozen teen,
And up her little hill-sides; and now they're buried deep
In the national psyche:
Was it a nightmare, or a waking dream?
Soon is the election:—do I wake or sleep?

On a Repulsive Morning

(after Maya Angelou)

I'm a crock, a grabber, a disease
that proves that feces can be president!
I led the bastards on!
I'm a philistine! I leave dried Cheetos
Of my sojourn here
gold-plated on the planet floor.
You'd sounded alarms of my hateful spew;
you lost in the gloom of ignorance and craziness.
Sad.

And today, I cry out to you, clearly, forcefully,
in words that are just beautiful, the best words!
Come, you may stand upon my orange
face and scream your distant nightmares,
But seek no haven in my looming shadow.
I will give you no hiding place up here.
I, created only a little lower than
The devils, have crouched too long in
The bruising darkness
Have sat too long
on my throne of golden greed.

My mouth spills words
that mean business
(But also mean nothing).
I cry out to you today: you may stand upon me,
But do not hide your face.
I will need to find you later
and lock you up.
Across the wall of the world,
a great big beautiful wall.
Come, be hypnotized by my nonsense!
Each of you, a bordered country,
Gullible, and, if white, made proud,
I thrust perpetually; you're besieged!
I snuggle with my profit,
leave collars of waste upon
the shore, loogies of debris upon women's breasts.
Yet today I call you my subjects,

If you will study reason no more. Come,
Clad in Trump ties and Ivanka's boots, and I will
perpetuate the wrongs
My father did to me when I was just a little one.
My lips were pouting roses, my side part hair
a prototype for Richie Rich. His cruelty
is to blame.

And you! Your cynicism is a bloody sear across your
Brow and you thought you knew
but you know *nothing*: all the polls were wrong.
The fat lady sang and sings on.
There is a base desire to respond to
at every point around the clock:
a steak, a chick, a power grab, my cock.
So to the Asian, the Hispanic, the Jew
The African, the Native American, the Sioux,
The Catholic, the Muslim, the French, the Greek
The Irish, the Rabbi, the Priest, the Sheik,
The Gay, the Straight, the Preacher,
The Privileged, the Homeless, the Teacher …
I don't hear you.
I don't see you.
Are you even saying anything?
Your protests are like the squeaking of a bee.
or a dangblasted mosquito at Mar-a-Lago.

I'll speak to the media today. Come to me, here up in the tower.
Plant yourself beside the restaurant.
Each of you, descendant of some passed
On traveller, is an immigrant.
Except me—I changed my name.
You … you Pawnee, Apache, Seneca, you
Cherokee Nation, get behind your walls.
We're making pipelines. Oh wait,
I'm not even in charge yet.
Here's to the employment of
Other seekers—desperate for gain,
Starving for gold, who will compromise everything
to be in my cabinet.
You, the Turk, the Arab—no—
the Swede, the German—OK—

the Eskimo—nope– the Scot—OK
but not the Ashanti, the Yoruba, the Kru, bought,
Sold, stolen, arriving on the nightmare
I perpetuate.

Here, humble yourselves before me.
I am that fake Xmas tree planted by the River of White Chocolate,
Which is made to be thrown up.
I, the schlock, I the grabber, I the disease
I am yours now, suckers—your votes meant nothing.
Lift up your faces, see my fierce greed
For this wretched mourning yawning before you.
All of history's wrenching pain
Cannot be unlived, and I
will make you live it again.
Lift up your eyes upon
This day breaking into noxious gasses for you.

Give birth again
whether you want to or not.
Women, children, men,
Take me into the palms of your hands,
Mold me into the shape of your most
Private need. Aww yeah. Sculpt me into
The image of your most noxious dread.
Lift up your hearts
for the dagger.
Each new hour holds new chances
For me to swindle you.
Do not be wedded forever—
I'm thrice-married!, not yoked eternally
To older bitches!

The horizon shrinks backward,
Offering me space to get kickbacks
from building "infrastructure"
in flyover country.
Here, on this repulsive day
You may have the courage
To get up and look out the window
at your ruinéd country.

I am Midas. You're all mendicants.
I'm a macho mastodon.
Here, on this repulsive day
You may with nausea get up to look up and out
And into your sister's eyes, and into
Your brother's face, into your pitiful country
And say simply
Very simply:
No hope—
just mourning.

ZELKOVA EYE



A THING

for Stacy Doris

A THING of beauty is a lush din.
Its rind odd eh sound does sound as joy forever:

Its loveliness increases; it will never
oil a robin nuke or outdo chic for a rife niño

frivolously poking a jinx squid, or pass into
nothingness; but still will keep

a couch condoning android drowsiness
or a moody vino bower quiet for us, and a sleep

of inborn jiffy spirals sluicing daal
and tinfoil forms, and health, and quiet breathing.

Therefore, on every morrow, are we dandyishly wreathing
a meek dunno as flowery band to bind us

to the fought jewels of earth
spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth

found disused wavy of hues. I sink webbing
eggcup into fate's whodunit. Noble nature's gloomy days:

Dismal Komodo emo. King of jinxing. Rehung.
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways

Made for our searching: Danglingly undoing
ironic odor isn't swank. Yes, no, in spite of all,

Some shape of beauty (denim ugh uh bulb) moves away
the pall. In our dark spirits, uniting groins do moody

duels. Film fans oink with fingers doused in fusion.
Such does the sun, the moon, the "would" in judicial dancing,

and trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such do daffodils as inundate dumbos

nauseated with the green ruin they live in; and the clear rills
in which an evening groin rakes kinds, doing foil nori in the weird.

And for their cooler selves do covertly make moviolas aqueous
'Gainst the hot season: that Jerk Nandi who doggies tinfoil

in the mid forest nightshade, where I file a weird inu riff
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-ox blooms.

Hourly no ironic ion renter nods OK.
And such too is the grandeur of the looms we reload

in ranting, and have imagined for the brilliant dead;
to bring a miasma door nearer for eight joyous firebugs.

All lovely tales of roiling rhinos that we have heard or read:
Their endless fountain of immortal drink, finding fluid wurst

Pouring unto them from heaven's brink, to soothe their irk.
Finchly I naïf infix, rubidium flub in sending found in funk.

Nuisance when I if unjust did junk the ending
defining jives, and shining as June rhinos.

For you, dear Stacy,
I submit bijoux.

In the Looks Department

I'm a velvetist with a huge crush
on Dick Cavett. I want to whap cigarettes
out of people's hands and mouths.
I hate pants. I see a cartoon baby
whose face is chubby and jowly
looking sort of like a butt, but
it doesn't matter because there
are baby wombats: life
irritates art. I take great umbrage
at your umbrage: I'm trying to signal
artfully through flames?
The mitzvah tank just went by,
and I'm having a terrible time
with earworms, and these pears
look just like real babies.
The kanji for apricot is a tree
with a mouth under it just waiting
for the fruit to drop in. Wearing a
white dress … and eating … kohlrabi.
O indestructible micro-animals,
stupid circadian rhythms, baby
squirrel monkeys trying to nap,
dig the pink moon!
Don't poet! Grooving to Henry
Purcell, my gut feeling is
that I have rusty nipples
somewhere. (1) what are
nipples (don't laugh),
(2) Where can I find them
(please stop laughing) and
(3) what's the most logical way
to go about replacing them.
Chickadees=punctuation.
Cumin smells like
armpits. There are too many
horns. Every day I wake up
and ask myself, how can I be
a better bon vivant? Sneezing
during the eclipse. Found

a piece of okra I'd grown,
picked, forgotten, in my
Myanmar Poets' Union bag*.
How do ducklings suckle?
On the cream of lyric poets?
I wish I had an overbite or
gaptooth. Idly eating iddly.
Eating iddly like a piggy.
Report a problem with this poem.
Newborn babies were named
ayay (a baby's crying), shipo, poyshi
(small excrement), shion (old
excrement). We drank *biwa* tea
and ate *hamaguri* in Uguisudani.
Hypnic jerk, *shashin unko*: a doe
just gave birth on TV! Cruise missiles
fighter jets, bombers, and drones, how
is conceptual writing like a drone?
You're giving me sexy oven
You're giving me sexy oven
and it's hard to light
and it's hard to light …
"You Don't Own Me," performed
by a dog … at an inexpensive
eatery frequented by a small
but energetic black bird
of mimicry (mynah diner) …
corn childs all over the lichen
floor. Doing my taxes and listening
to shakuhachi. Venomous swish of
skirt. Dislike of moustaches,
obligatory sexual frankness,
upspeak, craft beers, and so forth.
Well it's that weird black smudge day
again: "just telling my story"as cream cheese
smears fury on the rusted wreck:
the scream of matter
itself.

*with loving thanks to PEMSKOOL

DEEP

Deep, deep in the iPod of my soul

is a frond so small you can't see it
in a blastocyst so small you can't see it

smelling greener than a fetus
pre-conception

and there, where envy
outruns its usefulness,

I rock, beatific as a piglet
in the heavily aspirated sense of disappearance.

There, the green eyes of dullard paramours cackle
beneath the bunting spawn, and fourteen giant infidels
roll down the bosoms of the panting consumer, singing

this poem is for people who take life seriously,
who know what they want
but have no idea how to get it.

The cawings of neglected pleasures
rip through the selvages of the "outer" world.

Eugenic Ether Poi

A flagellated fee rigor woos the murky poi;
Bad deed tenements let out a nifty gut howl.
As addenda, Ed snuffles—oh swirly!–
And a cad, refereeing, oft tempts the ting-glum lox.
If a reevaluated goofing yins two yurts,
And this condescendingly pimping snowsuit is, um, wuss
Then a reappeared fluffier miniskirt mulls in its yolk, and,
ceding to fleetingnesses, houris play with vinyl polyps.
Like antimalarial diffident dingy piss,
a piffling baccarat ebbs opium onto you
with a fleetingness like—ow!—myrrh wool poop.

Parade of Strange Creatures

She'd been surprised
at the daikon water
she called *cat*—
more like a vortex
than a whirlpool
ha ha ha
your mom's a bivalve
wih zelkova eyes

"Are you here permanently?" she asked me.

"No one's here permanently," I said.

Hello Dragon

Wit x charm = harm

Mink drinking

Tiny elephants and paisleys
Bossy radicals
Mole tasters/ white toenails

There's an AISLE inside of paisley

not very mantis of you

the harm in charming
squirrels of epinephrine
and their dead Disney mothers

clawing balloon squirel
a snail with claws—
have fun "praising god"!

the meth in something
the ew in news

copper sparkling shoes/fatness
an elephant that looks like a tooth

his shirt with owls singing prairie tunes

Verklempt Chupacabra
or
Poem with No Qualities

Sunrise adult day
its genius scented
w/maladies—squirrels
of epinephrine—
dead disney mothers—
I want to go
to some ravenous horizon
or other struck thing
in the hay (hag) of language
suffering teal vines
can't really breathe here
because it is trampled
and I need a pine
lazing all over the footbath
mellowing the way a
husband does as the
lols gag on their
hypocrite fallacies

At Jay Street I never think of actual jays
Broadway teems with broads
Madison Avenue makes me mad
Delancey has got fancy (comparatively)
Mercer Street is full of mercenaries and thread
Prince … I'm against monarchy
Canal … without the C

I live in a hum
I have no qualities
I have a belief in ointment
I'm swallowing the garbage

A mind full of leaves
I turn over and over and over
massaging nothing
until it megahertz

Walk the bear!

It's clear as a tear:
she'll throw vapors at you.
Then you are getting drunk with cold water—
it's concrete.
Now his face has fallen off.
and she stares like a cat on a calendar—
stop rubbing the mint!
You take him out of his watermelons.
so that her mustard will jump off.
They have a curly mind!
The TV has fleas. It's not even worth
a frozen onion.
He is silent like a pig in a cornfield.
that made a whip out of shit.
She throws his snot into the beans …
this will happen at the horse's Easter.
Like an old lady with a machine gun,
you have dwarves on your brain,
so you can hook your desire on a nail.
She moves like a dead person's eye,
turning a mosquito into a stallion,
walking with the painted crow.

Raw Egg

I think it's good
to throw a raw egg.

Astringent things make people
uncomfortable.

It's allowed to write big tits, hag, no cute,
or beauty.

I know this kind of slazy cussing
is not good.

It makes people uncomfortable in a moment
like a lotus.

I assume the low conscious men
as viewers.

A woman who doesn't fawning by a man.
She is a woman
who is stupid and pretending to be stupid
for these stupid men.

It's not the time
to do the cheerleader of stupid men
all the time.

He is going to have a good time
with his nose.

Human being … as a thing …
it's only consumed as a product.

A woman has to be a child of cute
and justice.

I don't think about it
with my head.

You don't swallow what people say
and examine your own head.

If people are tired,
society is also tiring.
It's a vicious cycle
I am going to perish in.

Criticism is the etymology
of the Greek chestnut.

A tree should not be cut
in the place of surprise.

In the wandering around this tree,
there is a flying squirrel,
and it is not a great voice.

It's like a possum to run a stem.

The one who is the one who is the one who is the one who is the one who is the one who is the one who is the one who is the one who is the one who is the one who is the one who is the one who is the one who is the one who is the one who is the one who is the one who is the I wish I could.

I think it's good
to throw a raw egg.

Like You Care

In a topiary of technological things,
one or more of song. Beach time. Butterfly.
Clock. Bear. The people are stunned
into total submission in the palm of your hand
with the sun. Eyes connected, open, balloon too far
and a feeling lonely chord progression after a pastoral
chord progression. An elephant the people can't see
awash in his leathery smugness; their necks
are craning down to look at their screens.
Inside their hungry minds is a warlock type
pulling strings in turtleneck and pendant.
Inside of him a giant mole turns about in blind
agony. Then the song drops a few keys
and the red wings of a bird take over a small world,
slathered in sunflower oil. I split open from today and it
is easy for you. I'm cursed by this desire
to rhapsodize: the waxy greenery is suffocating
and makes the wind shudder the bamboo stalks
down here in the subway. *Kon, kon, kin,* they sing.
Ah, me … and you should not speak ill of the abject
little porcelain fawn … because all this critique … where
has it got you? These days all the gentle monkeys feel
so conceptual. They make happen what's not happened
before in a tiny vacuum space. Bill Clinton, Hillary Clinton,
Chelsea Clinton. Iridescent beetle a sparrow pecks at.
Now that's my idea of phenomenology.
Old sewer puddle—
a mutant frog
jumps in.

Sabishii

I live while feeling the wall
of the language, in a weird 90s
fleece nightgown with Winnie the Pooh on it
or something

I'm hyperventilating over a single package
of decorative curtain rings
and this weird creepy Santa or angel statue
with Macy's tag still on it from 2006

I'm going to have a good time with a cunning
way of saying that I'm going to have a good time

with a small porcelain doll with eyes
that haunt you, horrible vinyl purses,
and naked Barbies with chopped hair
and scribbles. They have formed a hyperventilating
social concept that is good in every corner,
and I'm hyperventilating.

I'm hyperventilating, and I'm going to have a good time
with my tongue. It may just change
your perspective with the same dimples
and paws. Sometimes I try to see "dimple"
and come to terms with it.

It becomes an affection, and it becomes spooky-
suspicious when it crosses the border
into old dingy smelly candles,
caked in dust and vaguely sticky.
It's a certain kind of give up.

It's a very specific kind of give up.
It's not a in, but light! light!
These oddly specific kitchen appliances:
a cake pop maker or a pretzel maker—
proof that I'm going to have a good time.

In order to enter the wall, you need to be able to
get your head rubbed and acknowledge that you

are baptized by a certain passing ritual and
have mourned silent workings, like ill-fitting
dresses or tops with odd details

like sleeves that attach at awkward places
or too many ruffles

They are brand new
and will never suit anyone,
not even catalog models.
I can only think of a herd
of beautiful words
that pretend to be understood,
like a bin of ugly craft ribbon
or 80s polyester power suits

It's like a turtle that is alone
on a sandy beach
with a Beegees record,
some kind of gross Confederate flag,
a specific silver strawberry brooch,
and white orthopedic shoes.

It's quite floating
in the real meaning of the poetry.
Sometimes I try to see "dimple"
and come to terms with it.
Is it the warmth of human existence?

There's a lot of things I don't know
in this world. I seriously push
the axis of the world, LOL, with its Koret blouses,
wooden birdhouses,
Jesus pictures, and some weird Christian
marriage counseling book
about submitting to your man.

I'm already a divisions,
so I can understand it.
What format of expression
is not the attitude of brushing
the sword of expression in the axis

with the real world?

Well, the libido is strong
and disturbing, we are ordinary people,
listening complacently to a dusty copy of
Whipped Cream and Other Delights.

I always think of the escape of that in mono.
A few sad wedding dresses.

It is a begging for language.

I was in the middle of a long time
since I was in the middle of a long time,
and I was in the middle of a long time,
but I didn't like to talk,
so I was oddly happy.

I can't hear the height
and indignation of the sound.
The noh of noh that was laughed at
(in the shade). The Readers Digest Books and Enya CDs
have been entrusted to judgment,
and I'm going to have a good time
with my tongue.

I don't expand the drama of the beautiful words
that pretend to be understood.
The one who adapts 100% to the world
is probably nowhere. I seriously push the axis
of the world, so it's going to be blown away.

It's stupid to think about, but it's sick.
Well, I'm going to go cross border with a mask.
I think it's proof that I'm going to have a good time.

It is a begging for language.
It's dried and dried, and then it's ditching,
so it's actually a bum. Good luck to sleep.
I feel like a lazy taro.

I can expand the drama later, with vibrato
or the shaking of the voice.
The shaking of the ending is a good meaning!
It's very exciting with imbalance!

Pyrrhic Poem

I might give off a kind of psychic stench,
a sort of … vaginosis … of the mind …
and if my pain's a fuzzy whirlwing,
lavenderly ignorant, inside
I'm just a bitter tune.

I poked a wishworm in its little gill.
I lost my knuckle pudding to a lambkin then.
The frivolities beheld the world, and it was routine.

They rolled around on olives, starkly nude.
The sky had a rosy salmon trope.

I've not "surrendered to the city"nor
"survived its inundation."
I'm not quite present in its quilted mess.

I know I look funny, but I feel funny, too.
This dispels my curiosity about nothing.

Glum daughters of normal families
in unromantic purple glitter skirts
sulk melodramatically on orange seats.

They pop the aleatory thuzz.

Sorry, that is not a valid word.

I was never tough enough for this city
and besides I don't speak the language,
and there's no point in this hassled skim,
is there, burgundy underpants, head
coming out of hand, bald head, dine
and dash into a tiny wrinkled face.

A large Orthodox woman sneezes.

This is so dumb.

It enlarges the margins of the universe.

It feathers at the edges of the lips.
It brings what is inside outside, in order to destroy

It leaps over tall limits with a single sound.

It fails in that dumb way that "literature fails."

I'm all alone with the broken ooze. It doesn't matter
that we're made of stars, or even that we're matter.
I think we all need to be more lugubrious,
and to make fewer points.

Rhetoric is a move to "make the rules" but
can get overturned with more rhetoric
with the same impulse.

I need to know: how reckless
can you be in language?

And what is the dewpoint
of language?

I need the top of my hornhead back.

I ate the little cake of rhythm. It gave me runs, and trills, and freaky
arpeggios. It lassoed me in the grasp of nil, fluttering like a crepe
buffoon.

.

Modernism dies with a last rattling gasp
while I scour the web for novelty:
poodles getting haircuts, robots with electric bolts,
tiki masks, Egyptians, rosebuds on grey,
wheatfields like zen gardens.

It's armor against banality.

Zipped hoodies, parkas, earbuds, go-cups.

Poetry is like surfing, with one difference.

.

Three or four teenage swans
are cruising on the lake.

People focus on their phones
like bees on lantana on an early fall morning.
They have their mugs, their lunch bags. They wear jeans.

Somewhere a young person is performing procedures on a text.
Elsewhere, someone is carrying a copper pot full of water
so as to shit in a field. There's so much shit in the field of
poetry. And prairie dogs, and microorganisms, and voles.

Behind microphones, poets strut their egos like lobsters.
Obstetricians (related to "obstruction"?) continue to pull more people
into the world, despite the real and present danger of them
becoming poets. We definitely need more MFA programs,
spinning among the stars and planets in the forward spiral of
cosmic movement, getting whiffs of sublime abstraction
midst the dry ice artifice and gallons of savory daal. I don't know.

Little Blue Thing



Little Blue Thing

Found a odd *little blue thing*
when replacing my air filter
What does it look like? If it
looks kinda like a comb

it's something you use
for your surfboard called
a wax scraper or something
like that, a strange *little blue*

thing with a snaggle-toothed
space fish. You squeeze into
your little one's nose, then
you can suck out all the saline

and mucous with the *little blue*
thing yeah there is a little thing
called sparkle it's a *little blue thing*
The *little blue thing* is actually

a mini flash light; the girls will use it
with their dolls. Clever *little blue thing*.
Yeah baby. Symmetry, red plates like
teeth, quartered heard, metallic purple,

ooh that *little blue thing*, like a credit card,
and the blue lady. I WANT A DUCK. I've got
a *little blue thing*, and my favicon is the same.
I've no idea what this blue thing is. I know

sometimes you can't see that itsy bitsy tiny
little blue thing above people's heads
Then there's this weird, annoying little …
blue thing who also joins them (along with

his weird, pinkish, rabbit-horse type thing).
By the way, the *little blue thing* on my face
is a horse sticker and here's a bigger horse
sticker on my boyfriend's pocket. After that

you meet up with a *little blue thing* bent
on destroying all life … guilty spark!!!
The most time I spend is sticking
some kind of peanut-butter/jelly-

or-honey mixture in the *little blue thing*
(the *little blue thing* that you squeeze
water into your ear with). The *little*
blue thing is so common that I saw it

my first time out. Today, I aimed
at the little blue thing placed at
the bottom of the urinal. My pretty
little blue thing. Deep inside of the

cuteness lies a dark evil, and that evil
is the *little blue thing* hovering over her
head. He was a *little blue thing*. Covered
in goo with beautiful black eyes.

I've no idea what this blue thing is.
If someone knows could you tell me.

Vexation

Form is basal erudition.
Use its tips in a clause to inwardness.

In this non-fiction, you are buying online.

It's profound to thow intercourse and excrete purchases
while jazzing an imminent character.

This place is hierarchical.
You are verbalized in this subdivision.

Duskily colourise to bosom, ever modish.
It's weighty to recall your consumer rights.

It does bring out a tone of encylopaedic musing techniques.
It's drinkable writer oil in your comprehensive set-sentiment.

You realise that you are in truth buying.
Your poorness was resized at birth.

You can let your trust wag.
You can make treatment with swear cards.

Your oasis isn't competent.
A motion picture is your political leader.

Or your political leader's wife or girl.

In that respect it is elflike dubiousness.

Let the moldiness guide your way.
Sometimes there are months of smooth mentation,
then the olive-sized uncertainty of finance.

Admit the nourished favor of assemblage.
They dot the bags of body fluid with cropped corners.

It's like being in a bunker for a day.

Shopping online gives you poetic rhythm for the vessel's regulation,
a Slavic language dissolver in the telecasting arc.

It is wanton for an organism to service you.

The rhythmic pattern of your online purchases in the twirler's temporal order dilates the emperor of jewelry.

Your volition sustains no wind, gets no cue where to pop.

It's a live bang contender.
Now, you should change your vexation.

The Monitor

Real feel™
in the malathion light
not adrift with centaurs
not splattering,
jailed
like an epidermis
in the center of fluorescence
smelly
Two small syllables
in Sensurround™ with
domineering
men
I sway them with a low
moist.

Nothing moos.

The horror groans
retching outwards

It's a bummer
snidely mulling over
my fear—the pups dehydrate

over lethargic strain—

Great asses
obscene convex

clowns full of sex

flatten

the rogue dwarf blackens

Tomorrow they'll behave
They'll spill out of their blouses
Tomorrow they'll wheeze

Nothing moos.
The hovering barges

and I the lone moron

jailed
in the figure of the girlfriend

If I stretch out my hand
the air is a spongy booty
a superfluous nameless bean

I pee

It is not tight nor the tights
of the loon

It is not the irritants that
can be felt

but a memory of corncobs

This that I see,
this grinning

in the flics and flacs

behind it there is humming,
it is the girlfriend of days

(Bony moon
bony bone)

That eyeball
on the glum-colored lips

I saw for an instant
true lies

It had the face of breath
the same face
unsolved

in the same darkling pupils

What you have breathed
You will unbreathe today

I stimulate myself

Leaning over the monitor I see

huge clowns and
a piece of croon

all that is miserable here

feeble mouses
the deep peasant

concave like a glower
and all the miserable
cheer—

my derision

If this protuberance
is a protuberance

It does not begin with *p*

It begins with *it*

It perpetuates itself in it

leaning over the monitor

It sees

This wildlife that is so gross
It doesn't know what to call it.

The light fondles
the pretty like a jelly mountain

Sudden handstand falls into space
and the gerbil is flustered

not to the ground

to its vertigo

to the center of its fluorescence
It was there

I "have no idea" is where

Not the chirped
lime
envaginating in
neurotic stanzas

kite and loon
bombastic sounds

flea-like fleas
rigorous face

dimwits and violets in the air
a spurious crust that's fake

The lights are on at the airport

Uttering wrong from the
very start

Grimaces

"a milked-out stud
or vagabond floozy"

on this glittering g-string
of words

The sour silt—it—
that time hungers for.

It's damnation

Being itself

in the air
it scribbles—on

my navel.

TAPIR / APRON / POI

^ MAGPIES. They seem to be taken of all the commerce—those predators and the parasite-parasite-destroyers, their provocative attitude and mealy arrogating have earned tiny friends.

With relatively noisy vibration, plume-y black and white women and long tails, it does not here have ***nothing*** various completely like the magpie. The black ones take to a colorful tonality completely with a brilliant light iridescent **violaceo**-blue plume of wing and a green **lucentezza** with a tail that the Not-multiplication of birds will collect in bands.

The CRAB is a type. It employs OTHER animals' old shells for protection; they particularly like old shells of paper. While the crab develops in the face, it must find a larger shell of the invertebrates of acres of crabs.

They have the **exosquelette**, but require much protection against the predatory ones. They change colors considerably, those colonists who among crabs are pleasant crabs, which does not mean a very hard higher section. While a crab of colonist develops in the face, it must find larger crabs for the animals—**eddyless** animals—without backbone.

Yes, they do have the **exosquelette**, an external housing which gives the support of its body, but not much protection against carnivores. They change colors: the red one with brown with **PUR-POLARIZE**, and with bands at the points and other simples. They have **flatpressed** their bodies, the sensory antennas, and have two eyes, which are eyes because of the ends of the handles, and the switch, the rotated abdomen (that **violaceo**-blue **Einsiedlerkrabbeunterhaelte** which hides in its higher section).

The COW WAFER is a bird with ***hol-klinkt***, a plaintive question which sounds as: coo-coo coo coo-coo. Its name was taken from the sound of its question. The cow wafers specific wings and ***saai-gekleurde*** do gaily bounce. Half cow wafer types are almost ***kroostparasieten***; these birds lay their eggs in other bird nest (birds of other types). The ignorant host bird feeds the invader bird with its own **kroost**. The scientists think that it the **kroostparasitisme** can new world (the North- and South-American) and the old cow wafers have evolved independently of the cow wafer in and of the world.

Similar "to suck the life of a child swallowing breath" was approximately the elevation kitten and child together, so that the not-cat and I, gauche child—in this superstition—are supposed to steal the breath of a child in magic.

Each one constructs its proper form of bower and prefers a project decorating **differance**. Some, for example, surround their com Bowers with lawns planted of moss. Others have been known to steal currencies, spoons, bits of the aluminum leaf shining—**exactly a glass eye**—in an effort to create the perfect romantic way. Some, as the blue bird iridescent of bower of satin, the star of **BLUE** of the **BIRD** of the **BOWER**, exactly "paints" the walls of its structures with berries or coal of firewood chewed. For masculine satin, it constructs the bower as parallel bars of the twigs, and the favored color is blue. To decorate its "avenue," because the scientists call it, it collects blue **penalties, berries, shields, and flowers**. When some of these decorations will be found in the forest, others are stolen of the Bowers of other males; the new males, in the detail, are prone to this thievery. Gotten in any way, precious knickknacks are then exhausted around the bower. This is the wait of the male then, passing the time constantly finish-adjusting its structure and **rearranging the decorations**.

Sturm



Sturm

I get an email from Phong Bui soliciting a poem
for the Brooklyn Rail. It is part of a vast collaborative
project to commemorate Hurricane Sandy. This excites
me: not simply because I am honored, though I am,
or because I like the Rail. I am excited mainly about
an offer of payment: $400! For a poem! And another
$100 for a reading! I mention this partly in the interests
of economic transparency, so you know what this poem
is worth and what it netted. Usually, we can only guess
such things, or assume poems earn nothing at all.
I could really use this money now. I just paid $2000
to a place called Hypurrcat to cure my cat Nemo's
hyperthyroidism. He was injected with radioactive
iodine. Then for a little while Nemo was like a tiny sun.
It sounds so first world, doesn't it? $2000. One pays
what one must for what one loves. In Burma, a person
can live for two years on $2000. Burma was hit
by Cyclone Nargis in 2008, causing about $10 billion
in damages. When Hurricane Sandy hit, as many as 10,000
research animals died at a lab at NYU. Who loved them,
I wonder? Jane Goodall said on NPR that she was the first
scientist to give names to the animals she was studying.
Previously they'd just had numbers. I paid for Nemo's treatment
about ten times what I donated to the victims of Hurricane
Sandy (not including the batteries and the clothes I brought
to the Brandon Brown/ John Coletti/Anselm Berrigan reading
on November 3rd, in which Anselm memorably said to a team
of firefighters marching through the possibly compromised structure
and even crossing the stage area where he was reading: "Can I keep
the harpoon?") The reward, yes, the reward excites me … but I have
a problem. I write to Phong: "I do have just one small question.
Need the poem be specifically about my *experience* of Sandy?
Because I suffered not at all and had rather a good time.
Can I approach the poem from some other angle besides *experience*?"
I am thinking: I don't write and generally dislike mournful poetry
and "the poetry of witness." I can't really read, with anything like
appreciation, say, Carolyn Forché, or anthologies of anti-war poems.
I never wrote a poem about September 11th, or Guantanamo,
or the Holocaust, or global warming. My poetry doesn't *do* that.

My poetry is for poetry—I make … sort of … overwrought, bewildering
things. Why was I asked to be a part of this? Why not ask
Adeena Karasick (whose block was actually flooded) to weave
a hurricane of puns, or Eileen Myles to write something rousingly
populist, or Anne Waldman to mimic its fierce wail? Honestly:
It is distasteful to me to claim the suffering of others for my own
advantage … but … well … I could really use the money. My heart
is good enough, I guess, but that is not my motivation for writing
this poem. It isn't as if I just happened to have a poem on Hurricane Sandy,
or that I am writing it because my heart is so full of the tragedy it must
burst, or because I am so furious with climate change deniers that I am
experiencing the personal equivalent of the greenhouse effect. I am thrown
into an ethical and aesthetic dilemma! Phong replies asking for my cellphone
number. I give it to him, but he doesn't call. Meanwhile, I wrestle with ideas.
I think about my experience of Sandy. I went over to Sharon Mesmer's
apartment and she and David and Boni and I shared food and danced
to Rick James while the wind howled outside. The next day, I took photos
of downed trees and mangled streetlights. For a few days, I walked
to Pratt to work. It took me an hour. I liked the walks, the autumn air.
Plus, I needed time to think. On October 26th I'd interviewed, on Skype,
for a job at Tokyo University. I was offered the job the following day,
and given one week to think it over. Sandy blew through two days later.
As I walked, I pondered what I should do. I observed the endless lines
of cars at the gas stations, the untidy streets strewn with leaves and
branches, the mangled traffic lights, things everywhere tumbled
about. I talked to people. An elderly woman in a beige sweatsuit I met
on the C train, which ran one day the F didn't, told me her life story,
her memories of civil rights struggles. Did you ever think you'd see the day, we marveled?
A black president, and gay marriage! I tell her about my divorce.
New York is cozy after disasters. Another day I run into a poet I know near the
Brooklyn Museum and think it is kismet, a sign that I must stay here
in my own language context. One day I took a bus since the F wasn't running,
and it left me off, for some reason, on ninth street, in Gowanus,
so I walked from there, passing warehouses of people sorting
through dumpsters of ruined clothing, and a flooded music studio
in front of which stood all sorts of instruments: conga drums, music stands,
drum kits, microphones, tambourines and vibraphones
all covered with a gray and pulpy toxic mess, it looked like rat shit,
and I thought how *horrible*, people's homes and bodies filled with this. Still
my mind was sort of somewhere else: *do I stay or do I go?* Walking up Ninth
street, thinking "what a shithole New York is!" I run into Joel Schlemowitz.
Go, he advises! That was my *experience* of Sandy. So how to approach

the challenge of the poem you are reading now, this $400 poem?
A friend says, it would be funny if you wrote the poem about
Sandy Dennis instead of Hurricane Sandy. Just a few days before,
we had been talking, serendipitously, about Sandy Dennis, and how,
maybe twenty years before, someone had (erroneously, I think) compared me
to Sandy Dennis in her role in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* ("or I'll blow
your house down," I suddenly think). She meant it cattily. My friend
hastens to say he is kidding, and says, you can't write something like that
given all the terrible devastation. I know, I say, but I google her anyway,
("The Queen of Artfully Oddball Roles Finds Peace as a Cat-Crazed
Recluse.") and Sandy Duncan, too. ("I gotta crow!" "This wholesome
"Chatty Cathy" delight had all the earmarkings of becoming a dithery
TV star in the early 70s!") As a concept, there is *no way* it can work.
Phong still doesn't call me. I'm getting a lot of ideas
at this point but am not sure what is acceptable or practicable.
I write to Phong again: "Hi again, Phong, I know it may be hard
to reach me this week, so perhaps you could just answer
a few questions for me about this project. (1) When is the
deadline? (2) Is there a length limit? (3) Can it be a graphic
work (i.e. a word collage) or does it need to be in regular text? (4)
(As I asked you earlier) does it need to be from the point of view
of "experience"? If I have the answers to these questions,
I can get started. I have several ideas; I just need to know
the parameters! Thanks, Nada." He doesn't answer.
I try a lot of things. First, I think, I will rewrite HOWL!
That's clever, right? Howl … hurricane … and besides,
I like to rewrite things. I download it: it's eleven pages.
I rewrite the first few stanzas with Sandy-inflected word
substitutions. It is tiresome. I realize just how hyperbolic
and self-mythologizing that poem is. Then I think I need
to take an even more formal approach. I think, I'll cut up words
and sentences about the hurricane and arrange them into the shape
of a cyclone. The very idea of doing this bores me, though,
and thinking of rotating the page around and around to read it
makes me queasy. Besides, how would The Rail print such a poem?
Would it have to be photographed with a special camera? OK,
I think, so, maybe I will write a dramatic monologue, maybe
from the point of view of the hurricane. I discuss this idea
with my friend Jon, telling him that I had danced
on that fearsome night to Rick James. He said,
Why not write about Sandy as Superfreak?
"She's a very Freaky Girl" "She brings you incense

wine and canDLES." We laugh. We have to remind
each other that Sandy wasn't funny, not at all. Hurricanes
aren't funny, but they are beautiful, at least from a distance.
Many horrible things are beautiful from a distance: Stockhausen's
9/11, the atomic bombs' phallic stems and vast fluff, the green
explosions over Baghdad. On the weather map, Sandy looked
like a beautiful galaxy. Tracie Morris posts on facebook
a link to a site that demonstrates the relative scale
of all things in the universe. The Andromeda Galaxy,
the Pinwheel Galaxy, NGC 32, our own Milky Way, and nestled
in it this giant storm so huge to us and almost nothing to it. Hurricanes
are structures in the gravitational field of Earth, while galaxies
are self-gravitating objects in space. They aren't really similar,
but in each case fluid in an essentially 2-dimensional
environment. That fluid undergoes a phase change
when the density and temperature changes (rain clouds
form in the case of a hurricane, molecular clouds form
in the case of a galaxy). The dense objects formed
by that phase change are sheared into pieces of spiral
by the differential rotation of the fluid around a center. In general,
humans can't stop thinking about spirals, their narrowing
gyre. The spiral is the shape of hypnotism, of Faye Dunaway's
side curl and Kim Novak's bun: regression into primal
cauldron. Manga artist Junji Ito made a manga on this weird
Oulipean premise: on each page a spiral is to appear.
One cannot imagine a mere comic can be so terrifying:
children morph into snails, hair grows into murderous
spirals, bodies twist as if they had no bones. The lake
grows dark and whirls, a giant centrifuge, and a funereal
plume makes an eerie twister over an accursed village.
In 2008, the same year that Cyclone Nargis hit Burma,
I performed a live narration for a scene from the film version
of *Uzumaki*: "Life's an annoying spiral," I sang. Indeed,
the aesthetic possibilities of spirals are myriad. Ron Silliman
used the Fibonacci sequence—the Golden Spiral -
to make Ketjak—similar to the forms of spiral galaxies
and nautilus shells. I'm not sure if you have noticed it,
but this poem is starting to spiral in on itself. I don't know how
to deal with disasters "head on." Some conceptual writers
prefer to just stick to the facts. Michael Gottlieb wrote a poem
in response to 9/11 called "The Dust." It is a list of objects
found in the rubble of the disaster: "Carver Rectangular Genuine

Wood Wastebasket/ Post-it "Important" Note Pad, Assorted Neon
Colors, 50 Sheet Pad/Sanford Liquid Accent Tank-Style Highlighter,
Orange/ Avery E-Z D Ring Heavy-Duty View Binder with Lever-Lock,
Black/ Hewlett-Packard Color LaserJet 4550 Laser Printer
Swingline Full-Strip Desktop Stapler, Black/" It is a stoic thing,
his poem, made all the more mournful by the mourning
it does not bathetically display. I could try such a list:
20,000 trees. The Statue of Liberty. Ellis Island. Coney
Island. The East Village underwater. 10 billion gallons
of sewage. Breezy Point. Far Rockaway. Ocean City.
186 human lives. 910, 000 without power. Thousands
of elderly people on the Lower East Side trapped
in their apartments for days. In the Jacob Riis Houses,
49,000 people trapped without power. In March,
an eight-year-old girl named Schania Burgess, wheelchair-
bound, was still trapped in her apartment after
Hurricane Sandy left the elevators in her building
out of commission. This isn't a poem at this point.
It is an article. It isn't working. I am tired of people
passing off articles as poems. I want this poem
to somehow enact the very essence of hurricaneness,
to find its own centrifugal force. It can't do that in mere
reportage. This is a problem of poetics at the moment
to which I see no immediate solution. It's backed into
a kind of corner right now. Every type of poetry,
every approach, seems to have something terribly
wrong with it. Flarf is too smartass, conceptualism too
cold, docupo too earnest and langpo too dated. Vaguely
NY-Schooly "poems" like this one are really lineated prose.
There is no reason for the linebreaks here except to mark it
as a poem, to ensure I get my $400 to pay for Nemo's injection.
It's days later and Phong still hasn't written me back.
Have you ever been on a merry-go-round? It is like
a centrifuge of phosphoric dragonet kopeks or pearlweed
pap in Mexico, a holonomy of anisometropia
or new found penknives that diffuse the amigo—
its vermiculate bravery as twisty (twisty!) lobefin.
The scrubby spies of collards … unveiled in Rousseauean
carousel. Perfume in X-ray and a hoaxering of madeness
in the quelling flatboat of hell. The chromosphere
superlunar. Pentameters not opening for rumpled
fiddleheads. Essentialism in leghorn, glass hopes

of the pulpy cryptography: synergistic porphyry.
Outrageous tumbrils. The trueness more and more
alone. The lukewarm modality of a curvilinear power.
The vinegary vermin of the fever. Gathering nutbrown
dodecagons of communications, meteorologic unpaintable
cloud wristlets. Feetfirst dona senseless blubs, martyrized
to bulging "fling." The outlet of the ferret, the concave
pineapple, and the furniture forest of the sorrowfulness …
reacts silveryly. Some shameless musophobia:
golden-green travel-stained fab abalone. Tra-la-las
of cornish moon-rounds and their archean drumlins.
Women and children, otorrhea mistflowers. Blustering
in dusky prophesies, twilight huffs a wet engulfment.
And we walk forth, our wimples wet with tears. I want
the poem to end here. I contemplate taking everything out
before the question about the merry-go-round. I write
to Phong again: "Hi Phong! Working hard on the poem …
and really need a deadline … please let me know ASAP.
Thanks." Seamus Heaney dies. My friend Jeremy Quittner
posts this interview quote from him: "The poet is on the side
of undeceiving the world," he said. "It means being vigilant
in the public realm. But you can go further still
and say that poetry tries to help you to be a truer,
purer, wholer being." This doesn't make sense
to me at all. I change the quote to: "The poet
is on the side of deceiving the world," she said.
"It means being languorous in the private realm.
But you can go deeper still and say that poetry
tries to help you be a more artificial, tainted,
fragmented creature." Because I have this sort of
Baudelairean view of poetry, it is exceedingly difficult
for me to write an occasional poem about a disaster
although this poem, sigh, is clearly a disaster.
Several weeks pass. Phong gets back to me
about a deadline. Now that I know I have a bit
of time, I can't bring myself to look at what I've written
for a while. I think again about how there is something wrong
with all forms of poetry, and wonder if its value might inhere
in its very wrongness. I acknowledge that this is not a poem
about Sandy, but a poem about poetry's myriad forms
of wrongness. At Tonya Foster's apartment one evening, I
am lamenting the difficulty of this project.

Tonya shows me a book called *Zong!* by M. NourbeSe
Phillips. It is an extraordinarily beautiful thing,
with words and letters spread out all over its squarish pages.
The beauty of it almost makes me uncomfortable.
Its subject matter is a disaster: the murder by ship
owners of some 150 slaves. Tonya says, "poetry
needs to *break* language." If she's right, there might be
then an always already present relationship between
disaster and poetry, which would show just
how precisely wrong Adorno was to say
that there could be no more lyric poetry
after Auschwitz. Indeed, *nothing else might quite do.*
The whirling center of poetry is the horror
we don't/can't understand. (Burning bush).
I participate in a reading to benefit Bernadette Mayer,
to keep her warm in the upcoming winter. During the *storms*.
Bernadette's writing can mimic a storm, when she wants it to,
better than anyone else's, it was from her I learned the trick
of a comma splice to propel the language trippingly
forward (line breaks do this too, btw). At the event, Anne Waldman
actually reads a poem about a storm while flood waters rise
in Boulder. I knew that Anne was the perfect flood poet.
She calls up the flood the howls the murk the mire the mold
the scum. The mold the scum. The big gush, the murky trapped,
trapped in a high stack. Stack of dungeon, fuck. Bad grid,
a big bad grid, bad stupid popped grid. Grid bad at night,
the night is a trap. But people talk. They talk and they walk
to work—through blown yellow leaves and murk. Cars form
snakes, snakes that want to suck. It's long and fume-y. People
fume. The fumes stink up the doom. And a village floated.
A village floated like the world's end. Trees also cracked
the code we mopped and sobbed. But not me, I danced.
O Sandy, diminutive name, freckles, a stupid grin. Hey
Sandy! Whatcha thinkin', girlie? Ginger-haired, adorable,
"everyone knows it's Sandy!" Stormy eyes, sound of lies, etc.
Surely someone lied since someone always lies. Lying
sonsabitches with they pawns and bitches. They didn't wall
the city Sandy mauled. And all the creatures caterwauled.
This doggerel … abandoned creatures. Left it soggy, stinking.
Blame rain, blame systems, blame cars, blame blame. Blame
the blame for raining blame mainly on the blame. Storm
Sandy in pigtails, popping gum, a lumbering Labrador

natural manmade monster. Giant cathead on the horizon.
Kaff kaff kaff, toxic mold in the blowhole practicing life's
opposite in the we are made of water dance in the big city
already. A gray ruffle and the rough stuff. Enough!
Moody howls, broken trunks, broken signals and I heard a pop.
It wouldn't stop … howling flooding writing slop slop slop breaking
signals into a wild sauce. Monkeyflower and icicles - bright
common males … a wild sauce. I seem to have written
three-thousand forty-three words, oops now
three-thousand fifty-one,
and I have to end this. Nemo,
his health restored,
weaves between my ankles,
and everything
is sort of OK
for a sliver
of an instant,
in the flux

Hot Town

The sea lion said to the faun,
"You want to stay away
from 42nd around Times Square.
All that ironic archival footage—
cheap booze—maudlin case studies of
ordinary Americans—amounts to
a mutant hybrid of clogs
and jellies, smacked up
with a giant ugly stick."

"I'm not the most political
guy in this Absolut world,"
replied the faun. "I like facials,
waxing, manis and pedis,
mineral make-up, lash and
brow tinting, and vegan skin
products. I like the burly
bouncers checking IDs out
front, the recent suburban
excapees—and I'm interested
in Clinton or Obama right now."

So the alleycats sing hallelujah
and become multiheaded animals
that seem funnier when you're stoned.
Dark Empire. Meltdown.
Ethereality. Test your mental mettle:
Try a sour cherry, a sunflower
shoot, a sugar snap pea, or
a couple leaves of baby
arugula. Use some nautical
jargon—joist, fo'c'scle,
avast, poop deck—without
all the motion sickness
and scurvy that tend to
accompany actual nautical
travel. You are filled with
the glorious aroma of
capitalism's clutter: doll's

heads, antique chemical bottles,
taxidermy, vintage dresses,
and human spines waving
among the thick seaweed
of the Bermuda triangle.

To say there's a lot going
on in New York would be
an understatement. There's
fuel consumption, deforestation,
free chips and salsa all night
long, mixing and scratching,
dark tentacles, acid-tongued
barflies, spaghetti, eraser
shavings, toothpaste, evil-
kid clichés—and a Victorian
ghost story pastiche of pot, porn,
punk rock, pro-wrestling, talking apes,
and (what else) pubic hair—done
up as a whitebox performance space
with lights, sound system, and
somnambulism.

Burlesque is hosted by Miss
Delirium: "I have long been
the whore of the nobility,
now I want to be the rabble's
whore. Twig the Wonderkid
and the Astronettes spin
fist-pumping rock'n'roll, and
in a large skillet, one tablespoon
butter melts into a tablespoon
of olive oil at low heat. The wise
owl brews magical beer; turkey
sandwiches fail to put an end
to human suffering. Astroland's
impending shutdown is the
perfect time to take trapeze
classes or have otherworldly
experiences with curving,
winding monstrosities like
the girl who used to doodle

unicorns and recently got
into vampires. She flips
and cooks for an additional
couple of minutes, continually
basting, unsettling you more
than dead pets or cold eyes.

There are many reasons
to leave the city in the
summertime: the heat, the stink,
the onslaught of tourists, the doll
filled with heroin, the bullet-headed
gangsters, the animated penguins,
the demonic hair extensions and kamikaze pilots,
the white roses, the avenging consciences,
etcetera.

Indeed, the market is a place for
curious eaters to educate their palates,
and the more you sample, the better
able you are to concoct a meal.
Wouldn't you rather put up
with the TV you have and send
ten kids to school for twelve years?
Season liberally with salt and
pepper to taste imploring
language, compelling the audience
to accept its strange surroundings
and situations, bang and neck trims,
maxed-out credit cards and shuffle
and squelch of the sea.

The costumes are exaggeratedly
modern. An everyman, wandering
in the dunes of a seemingly
mythical land searching for
insect samples to collect,
is soon himself trapped at the
bottom of a sand pit, captive
to an oddly quiescent woman.
The N train slices through
the sea-air dusk. The coral lights

of the Wonder Wheel shimmer—
maybe for the last time.
Omitting the casualties, however,
doesn't erase the endless
banality of poorly-paced
action and definitely-not-
clever one-liners. You have
so many different roads meeting
there, going in and out, underneath
the bridge, and people trying
to turn, cutting you off. They
don't have bendy sex. A late
twist, or is it? You have
to think about it in relationship
to the whole pelvis. Think
of the whole pelvis in space.
They are usually strong but,
like, tight. Late period zen
neo-noirs, familiar temporal
dissonance—it's likeable but
somewhat doofy—inspiring
in a whole mess of ways,
a metaphor for the world's
carnivorousness.

There's this crazy vocoder-sounding
effect, a fuzzy amped bass, and
a posse of boys salivating over
the watermelon while a circle
of girls booty-dance, periodically
shrieking, "Take off your dress!"
at each other. Wild tigers I have
known speak about state power
and the individual to an elfin-eared
downtown ingénue at the Laff Lounge
with a soy patty in tow. Where does
the rectus abdominus insert? We still
soak our pinto beans for a fresh,
rigorous and creative experience.
Masturbation does not "desensitize"
the penis. Little piles of ash,
one after the other, in the middle

of the empty street. Give edge to
beauty—bump into a tulip.
Some songs deal in slower tempos;
others explore glitzy hotels
in the littoral zone.

As I write this, it's about
95 degrees outside, and the
humidity has climbed to
somewhere right around 200%.
The perfectly steamed stink of
a great black dune of
garbage bags—you're not the
only dude in the world furiously
beating off. Assembled half-truths
still constitute an irrefutable
larger one: the animation
is breathtaking and the
quirky characters—head-slapping,
small but posh—are adorable.

The smoking ban basically
changed my life. Now
everything's more reflective
than most horrors—semi-
membraneous with tidal synth
build-ups and viscous vocals.

All mood lighting and
shiny, the slanted spiral surplus is
everywhere—standing still or
ambulating—glittery with glam
and real natural wonders that
lift their petticoats and
expose their backsides
to the hecklers—
ending (still thirsty)
in forced guffaws, creating
a massive collision of …
oh nevermind …

More Words for Emotional Support Peacock:

The Marchioness de Idlewild remarked to me just the other day: "…in all my decades of immersion in the abrasion which is contemporary poetry, I have never yet had the sensations as produced by a reading of Madame De Gordon's newest volume. One is lifted aloft by Exhalations of Language as though carried sweetly by fantastical feathered beings through a strange, quixotic, yet emotionally prescient World and then one is suddenly thrown into cold water (rather like the pool after a schvitz) or slapped! into a realm in which philosophical realization, self-admonition and cultural retort dispel any sense of fantasy or escape. I do not know what to make of it and have ruminated night and day as to how to receive this strange amalgamation. My dear, you must read it…"
—Kimberly Lyons

In spirit closer to the wild geese than the peacock, Nada Gordon brings together a panoply of voices, including the squawk, the screech, the whisper, the whistle, all of which come together—finally, ultimately—and in language both harsh and exciting, to announce our place in the family of things. One cannot but feel uplifted into the Rapture.
—Diana Fisher

In a school play of Beauty and the Beast patterned after the Cocteau film Nada plays the key role of the fire flickering in the fireplace. —Adam de Graff

The NBC peacock was owned by a weapons manufacturer, but Nada has freed it, and the result is molting and revolting."—Chris Stroffolino

I heartily endorse everything Nada makes. However, my friends, the peacocks of Terminal Island, do not work for free. We are glorious, loud, and proud.
— The Somerville Turkey. Catherine Daly

Civilized. Yet highly pretentious. —Sharon Mesmer

Ora che ho scritto un blurb per questo libro, non riesco più a smettere: li sogno di notte e mi vengono in mente anche quando mangio e quando sono in bagno. Ormai è un'ossessione, potrei perfino finire con lo scrivere un libro di soli blurb!
—Francesco Deotto

A lambently loving lavage of language. —Hippolyte Fizeau



Nada Gordon is a poet who was born in Oakland and lives in Brooklyn. She is the author of nine books: *foriegnn bodie, Are Not Our Lowing Heifers Sleeker than Night-Swollen Mushrooms?, V. Imp., Swoon, Folly, Scented Rushes, Vile Lilt, The Sound Princess: Selected Poems 1985-2005,* and *Emotional Support Peacock*. She is a founding member of the notorious and glorious Flarf Collective and has been widely anthologized. Her work has been translated into French, Japanese, Dutch, Romanian, Chinese, Hebrew, and Burmese.