

REPRESSED CONTENT

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Excavating the Present with The Poetry Project Archive
The Poetry Project Workshop led by Will Edmiston
The warm winter and early spring of 2012, February – April
10 Saturday sessions: Noon-2pm: St. Mark's Rectory

Special thanks to Greg Masters for visiting our workshop to discuss Public Access Poetry.

material:

The Poetry Project Newsletter, The World, The Project Papers, The Poetry Project Pamphlet,
The John Fisk recordings of early readings at The Poetry Project, Public Access Poetry.

works:

Anne Waldman, Alice Notley, Eileen Myles, Bernadette Mayer, Jim Brodey, Robert Duncan,
John Coletti, Ted Berrigan, Dana Ward, Lorenzo Thomas, Steve Carey, Paul Violi, and John
Wieners, Walter Benjamin, W.G. Sebald, Sven Specker.

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1/27

John Fisk

Bold young voices play
In resonance and subtlety,
Preserved on tape cassettes,
Snap and crackle free.

Remember John Fisk?
He made the slithering, analog hiss
Pure Minimalist.

William Considine

Open Record

While dreaming of Me,
I mostly remember you.

And what is more
Flimsy, fragile and frayed,

A couple, a thought, or
Our time gone away?

So, I open old moments to save
The lasting, long love that we gave.

William Considine

To Be Or...

Bill's gone to Miami for music.
Old West Village friend Carson Kievman
Is premiering Carson's opera
From the drawer, from the archive

Of free minutes of now.
It's Carson's *Hamlet*,
It's time to be
Or not and the choice is obvious.

Carson brings life to an old movie
Theater and governs Florida
By shaping wave properties of sound with sea.
Bravo, Carson! *Now the father calls...*

William Considine

Wolves

"When television was black-and-white,
Was everything black-and-white?"
The child asked, intrigued
By the mysterious past of parents.

From the parking lot, the little houses
Had a padlocked gate,
Like the one in Disney's cartoon
Of "Beauty and the Beast," a gate

Where a fierce pack of hungry gray wolves
Leapt to attack Belle's befuddled
Dad in the snow. From our car
To home became a frightful passage.

"Not wearing a seat belt is much more
Dangerous than wolves," failed in the car too.
Who'd want to be tied down, dreaming of
Being bitten and torn by wild animals?

Dropping mother and child off at the front
Door before parking was our adult
Solution for the wolves crisis, but inside,
A spell-stricken Beast still kept Beauty captive.

William Considine

Going There

first you are full then you are empty
when you are empty this is good
this is the *not* state the *un* state
which you mistake for the ideogram wǔ
 which represents dance
 which it is not it is wú it means *not*
now if you believe in enlightenment
 and which enlightened person would not?
then you'll go along with the state – the one we're talking about – wú

and if the practice of poetry is fundamentally misleading
because we can't arrive at complete knowledge
of the entirety of being human
which means we have to *know* the universe because being *in* it affects us
there was an *if* back there but I can't put my hands on a *then*
with big thoughts you can't always go backwards – they run forwards like time
though of course this isn't just a thought
it's a *written* thought history I *can* go backwards
but it happened long ago I'm tired
to coffee break
finger the quote

"By its nature the human spirit must think dualistically, since
it inevitably strives to see things externally as well as internally."
so we can't help it.....we're confused
trying to sort things out.....continually checking things out with each other
but on the other hand.....if we get one eyeball focused
on the inside and the other.....rotated to the outside
we get a kind of binocular perspective
things may look a little fuzzy or out of shape
but they seem like 3-D rounded
this is what we got how the Greeks gave us

what did the Chinese give us?.....full and empty
in and out.....the breath.....that animates beings
& the ideograms "appear not as arbitrarily imposed marks
but as so many beings.....endowed with will and with internal unity"
if we use ideograms.....to be so lucky
this means a close relationship with beings that talk back to us
3-D 4-D 5-D? what dimensions vibrating we're?

The Stick Dancer

-for Pina Bausch

The dancer was walking very slowly. His forearms from elbow to fingertip, were extended in front of him, as if he were carrying a tray. A partner was adding curved sticks, one at a time to the dancer's body. They were smooth tree branches, each about half the dancer's length.

As he so fluidly moved, a stick that was resting on either shoulder bobbed lightly, creating its own dance. I remembered seeing a piece with sticks once before, performed by a Zen master.

I noticed that a branch was placed at each of the dancer's elbows, and next to the knuckle on each hand. He was bristling with sticks. They weren't falling off. He was relaxed and walking carefully. My eyes were filling with tears.

If I were that dancer, and these sticks were to be put on me, were not to fall off, and I was to keep my balance, keep them on and keep progressing, it would be beautiful, the body gliding, the sticks themselves swaying, nodding. Seven of them, including a long one crowning the head.

The dancer had the discipline of that Zen master, the way he balanced seven slender tree limbs on himself. His dance, made and chosen, getting these sticks to be put on himself, moving with this. Choosing to live this way.

What About Baudelaire?

I have no opinion about Baudelaire because he wrote in French and I don't do French, not even read translations from, because that's not pure; it's not the pure poet's pure speech. Or is it speech, or is it writing? I used to write poems without ever speaking the words, eventually embarrassed by this because the poems weren't sayable. They could only exist in my head so they didn't exist.

To cope with the translation purity issue, I started to buy editions in the poet's language, like Goethe in German. I wasn't a science major yet decided to learn German, though it was distinctly unfashionable only ten years after the end of World War II.

In the parental snarl I'd chosen to side with my mother. Her grandparents were from Germany. The Goethe poem had a small prose paragraph at the bottom telling me what the poem meant. German later became a terrific help with Yiddish. An additional downside to purity was that I never did read the Iliad or the Odyssey. That Italian classic either.

Recently a group of us wanted to read Chaucer aloud in Middle English. I was all for it even though the language had changed over six hundred years. After trumping with Chaucer we went for Beckett's poems, some of which he wrote in French. This new purity group said we had to read his French poems in French. They all knew French. I didn't even know how to pronounce it, enduring humiliation and mortification, which everyone else relished.

So, although I write that I have no opinion about Baudelaire because he wrote in French and I don't do French, French did me.

Myarkhive.1

8 reps @ 70-80% mxm/ 3x wk.

Galileo is mapping Venus, sees its size and shadows are shifting, deduces that it's going around the sun, and suddenly the universe is completely different.

Herschel and his sister are counting the star distribution within the Milky Way for a year, and conclude we're in a galaxy.

We only know about 5% of the universe.

Obama's motorcade goes by, turns up 2nd Avenue, I wave (happily) at the car with the U.S. flag; 9 motorcycles in front, 10 in back, and in between—lots of "vans."

I can't believe my ears, hearing sparrows chirp. Houston Street is clear in both directions as far as these eyes can see. I go along the island in the middle of de-carred Allen Street.

I am getting a haircut from Yukio, mount a set of stairs carpeted with green astroturf. Yukio works with scissors in both hands. Does he feel like he is two people? "Yes." Then he leaves. Another fellow comes up the stairs, not friendly, not speaking, and starts to work. He's the stylist. When he doesn't say anything I become indignant and want to report him! These work stations with green carpet steps resemble thrones. Yukio must be famous. I wake up alert, happy about the haircut.

Storm velocities and a dump of rain. Dry to drenched in one block. Blown home from the post office, and back to Thoreau's Cape Cod winds.

A man is practicing qigong adjacent to us while we practice tai chi. He is doing the 5 animals form; they are bear, crane, monkey, deer and tiger. Tiger has claws, bear shakes his stomach, deer has ward-off antlers, crane stands on one leg and spreads its wings, and monkey holds out his paws to eat the immortal peaches. The man is very tall, limber and good-natured, and he can hold his stance a long time.

Barb did a namasté, an unusual feeling; one whole self to another whole self.

"Inside the room we see the ' chair" I wrote in the e-flux Reading Room while it was briefly located across the street. *One of its sources is: "Ilya Kabakov: The Man Who Flew Into Space from his Apartment" by Boris Groys, from Afterall Books, One Work Series, Central Saint Martins College of Art and Design, London.*

Zizek: "Freedom (from the predominant mode of dreaming) is the condition of liberation." Therefore you can climb into another mode of dreaming and your condition is liberation. Which is what Descartes did as he was looking for the truth in science and found philosophy. A mathematician he was, looking for absolute truth.

Jerry's Card Holder

I'm keeping my brother's flat
brown card holder from which
my Metro and Visa cards and driver's
license are easily accessible.

It's masculine looking because of
the basic threading but remarkably
light and especially convenient during
the winter when I wear jackets with
inside pockets.

My announcement is that the above is sufficient statement of my attachment to the memory of my brother because although a lot of people would find the brown card holder dull and the words about the holder dull as well I have decided not to go with the idea I had yesterday which was to weave in the very beautiful lines from Ecclesiastes about the *wind which goeth toward the south and turneth about unto the north and whirleth around continually and returneth again according to its circuits* and though I wish I could write like that the lines from Ecclesiastes stand so well alone it is ridiculous to believe I could enhance them by adding my own words so it is better to accept the simplicity and sincerity of my first thought.

Gail Tuch

How it Went

After Jacob's fire
and the flight
from the Cossacks
you fumbled often
unable to wrap your-
self around the steel
pole in the house with
blackout curtains later
reading newspaper
headlines as if they
were your file then
counting coins as your
signifiers accepting
electric shock and
building dresser barricades
against the window
making jumping out
impossible all days picking
up kitty litter while killing
demons with thorazine and
after your faulty fibrillation
a new generation would
receive the prototype and
non-prototype assets which
they could easily do without.

Gail Tuch

Ish Fever

Georgia Luna

X approach mound : Shrub to stripe

desert calculus principled

California / Wisconsin in holy

Suspend critic reaction identified

perpetuate conflict

Reframe

participation

I catalogued rock formations
appropriated emotional response

Reactionary Urban apocalypse came home for dinner

to god

grew swine earth up

The coypu rebbe left body

migraine
evangelist kibbutzim ate soul

Mossad's goat ate shantytown

free but for found

absence returned
I could have been someone else

Who is here. You.

--Georgia Luna

You serious gained duration trip.
else not stop
to be back.
not trying bomb wall
lot!
just got weird converter
missing back
missing untagged uniform, please them.
idea our communities some of us
"like" in need
except right now
together different
enhanced Please don't
shoot textu thoughts important note private parti just
amhow all talk in? we
when life wins!
job life not so big in the house finei
been in scene for years man.
didn't find private
time to break fast
dead sea
damage motivation
wait
olive oil? no? board
only
incredible
snow

This is not valid.

[Georgia Luna]

Watch

throwing rocks at truth
Not to mention
Unlike
Where is this idea?

good of teaching young in peace . Rabbi, I don't understand any
minds who look to you for spiritual . What is this teaching
up from the height of hate answer.
a stone thrown at shattered irresponsible. When as a kid,
If I held on to experience and hate at moment, we would be
resentment lives. How peace from a place ?

deep There is genetically violence ground
insane! And negotiate

Or points to call night
scenario if I offended still !)...
I figured order rocks at baby
do you so far extreme , we know down
is time ? balance might hurt.
Love you, man! ?

rocks at car , injuring the baby face.

I regret the old . I knew not point
concentrate . Yes occurrences happen days go
obstruct process suffer people .

Rabbi, you know what we are sitting in peace .

However, start of half party as less than human
" something genetically , undermined
ourselves superior. To equate throwers as all or is wrong. You and leaders of
and bad apples give bad name. indicative ,

I remind community of
deficient or "wrong" or "insane."

Perhaps perception counteracting strength in valuable
efforts.

Unlike

you

So are you

miss !!!

isolated. firm decades , ground of
does. change This statement cover as generic ever
to begin the other party firm. This
ideology bridge

? This issue of to begin. Whom do ever to be
value itself. This, mind or killing right. The challenge is to
will ever be .

Something Else

Georgia Luna

Made me what I am.
Sun to ranch spliced
Citrus from juice.
Shuffled I brought judgments:
Outside Purgatory the weather is Christian,
Reminded again who my mother is. I forgot to leave a scent,
Or persimmons, kumquats and which stars left in the sky.
The bathroom is two rooms and no lock, dog risk and
Escape eucalyptus and before it ends. Ran as fast as.
Taller than remembered like uncles in Arkansas,
My father is older before younger, his mother traveling time,
Age taught the legs again. His father: *I can still speak but
Cannot hear*. If I am adult then father is; Hair loss at a rate of
and found. 24 Blackberries, 1 cup buttermilk make.
The eldest failed family in chances. To begin again at end.

La Force

Louise Gluck

Made me what I am.
Gray, glued to her dream
Kitchen, among bones, among these
Dripping willows squatted to imbed
A bulb: I tend her plot. Her pride
And joy she said. I have no pride.
The lawn thins; overfed,
Her late roses gag on fertilizer past the tool
House. Now the cards are cut.
She cannot eat, she cannot take the stairs—
My life is sealed. The woman with the hound
Comes up but she will not be harmed.
I have the care of her.

“...the poem is all endings, its sentences fragmented, often lacking subjects, like dolls with their heads cut off. The poem has ferocity without depth; it seems finished before it begins, before any dramatic situation declares itself. Its subject is fate, the immutable; its ferocity the anger of protest. To the degree that it is dominated by that subject, it *is* finished before it begins, resolved before it begins, the evolution of any dramatic situation pointless. The poem was written in 1967; it reads to me now as the degeneration of a set of discoveries into a set of mannerisms. At the time too, I believe I sensed that, sensed some vision—of language, of human relations—had played itself out.” —“On Impoverishment,” Proofs & Theories

CENTERFOLD

But I'm usually more shy
I don't centerfold regularly
I don't centerfold happily
I centerfolded only a time or two my whole life
And I wasn't thrilled centerfolding at all.

Shyness doesn't mean you are shy
it doesn't mean you want to die
or hide from each face
like a butterfly.

It doesn't mean you are timid
looking
or speak with a quiet sound
or laugh only when laughed at
or sing when the voice is laryngitis hoarse
when even a cry won't sound.

Shy's when inside you're scared
and say truth to yourself
never
When you must be shy
because pain bars the doors.

Even a fire in the stables
won't let the horse escape.
Burn before leaving
Put water in a dish left outside the stall
and think it will hold back the flames.

Only water will lash the storms
of rage, the visions of self
crashing the rocky shore
Hard.

The dish won't burn,
like the burning bush, truth
won't escape. Flames
won't lick the dew off grass or upper lip.
Stand tall
Remember
Duty has no meaning in a colored light
Shifting sands mean everything.

Alan S. Kleiman

WHAT TALES

The old barn captured
in a sunny day-light print
the years of stories
mere hints.

The tires in the loft
four summers, one snow
the spare?
Folks must have left in winter
snow treads still mounted
Heading north out of town.

The summer treads could stay
like bathing suits in January
who could imagine a need?
Hey, were those wheels
from that Pontiac
broken down, sold "as is"
tires forgotten?

If hay could speak
What tales, what tales...

Walls lined like wrinkled brows
keeping silent
what tales.

Out in the field
her small feet earth bound
she stood and looked around
in every direction
searching.

WRITE ON BABY

Something there is that doesn't love
Neither the poem nor the write
Neither the poet nor the writee
Neither the pen nor the mouse nor Dictator nor dictated
Wordy blues looking for homes
Where none live.

Shall I write with your eyes
And my ears
Shall I write with my nose and your flair
Shall I write with his song
Or her dress
To make it sashay and sass
Or to find a voice from the past
Fresh as cherries
But less perishable
Approaching perfection
Seeking permanence in a night sky?

Alan S. Kleiman

WHAT'S BELOW MY FEET

China.
China is right there
Below my feet.

There is a man walking to work now if you look closely,
Waiting for the bus and laughing with his neighbor.
It's night there so it's hard to see from here.

His little daughter is playing with a hoop and kissing him good bye.
They are singing a song
But it's hard to hear from here.

He laughs I'm sure thinking that my feet are facing his
And he recognizes my soles as the ones he made
last summer.

dim sum 2.4.2012

(Dennis Moritz)

bean curd skin, wrinkled brown, a-ged looking, stuffed with meat...
i am of that age, skin dried, not moist like bean curd skin floated
or oiled by brown sauce. my brown eyes squinted, dry, my new
parker stainless steel pen, a parker now, after 35 years of cross
became chinese junk. a parker, made in france or canada,
the same fat refill and textured ball, i bought off a card in
kozy corner candy store when 11, 12, deciding to write, 2 friends
and i, cheerful, laughing, grand street, mosing on down,
wide shop windows alight in sun. yes. we did have written
for the next fifty years plus... the texture of skin as it dries and
dries out as we live our skin stuffed with meat. michael
mcclure his revolutionary poems, when, meat science essays.
olson loved them espoused them or was it michael he loved...
meat science essays a revolutionary look, why a revolutionary look...
how many turnip cake have i done through the gate of teeth/
through the membrane of stomach to intestine to yes meat...
membranes/ aren't membranes everywhere... mine/yours/
mine again then it's for you... /
poems here always written near the dead/ lookin/looking for
archives/so/i am one.
the best dim sum today, feb 4, 2012, was the vegetable dumpling
pan fried, bitter and sweet chopped green vegetable-- perfect/
alive as i taste/ it's feb, the sun is clear and my feelings are open.
i remember alice saying everything in the city is pasted over...
now as i walk in brilliant sunshine i see instead building facades
blasted clean original colors bright/

2/2011

(Dennis Moritz)

there's the thing itself which is an illusion
pains in my back and hip mean lying down
for relief mean storms in the mind an archive
all the streets i can see from this fifth floor
window pain pain the fridge hum disassociates
now a buzz a mechanism open shut
shot today as any day mistakes storm in my
thoughts how many times in one day do i
mistake your meaning it is how our best
intentions and wishes and desires desires are
like the pains in my side hidden always there
we have always been there for a long time
the archive of persistent thinking as we
re-live and re-associate what was mistaken
and unclear your aura and mine the haze
around that glows with all those archival
thoughts the thing itself the faded paper
pictures lodged there in our thinking will
not dislodge again the image as mechanism
as archive all streets i can see from this fifth
floor window since i am as i look my grandmother
if i could bring myself to my nana's eyes
there her holy pots there is the archive of
my grandfathers serious sweetness as he
pressed(s) ties his red rimmed eyes as tho
floating in red as i remember him the
picture there of my grandmother and grand
father who lived in this apartment the image
or is it something more potent that stays here
the jokes are familiar where we eat breakfast
even tho the yiddish not specific in my
comprehension do you feel the pain
anyway as it numbs and pains is it
an archive the x-ray of arthritis is it
an illusion twisting unable to sit on this
cushioned chair not cushioned enough

WATER are you (Dennis Moritz)

there's place in the mind outside the mind
images and sounds a current of /
or water in the creek near the road
thinking is vivid and
non existent except as i for a moment live
in these confines
currents in the mind outside of time or in
time with the beat the/ all blooded animals
have a heart the flowing currents in trees
simply happen the pump everywhere
we live pumped riding
waves and waves dangling energies
are you there in this place as
i think and image you vibrating in place

*

when we know and can imagine nothing
else clearly about how we happen
then...
skin is smooth and full of holes
thinking equally smooth and full of holes...
a brass lamp in the apartment
where i grew up would vibrate in tune
to piano notes one in particular the note
sweet and mellow as hit but a buzz when in
sympathy to the lamp back and forth
made an abstract and pale language
yet the experience itself still has weight
and place
my thoughts happen in little
little words how they hit the vibrations
start them in me / in you/
waters water
all through everywhere inside us a liquid
shimmering to the beat of little little words

*

Water are you (continued)

when you listen to a single word
then what what's the buzz about/
speaking is all buzz buzz know no
speaking is all as the tree sap flows
and is abridged in its movement up and down
lips tongue larynx but our huge physique too
are we/ happiest when in the flowing
of our own owned waters liquids
spilling inside no even tho it's us
amove like sapped trees as well as
blooded animals pumped think about
the truth if we were immersed in
the pump the pump everywhere
exterior to ourselves our propensities
as tho we disappeared as tho we fell
into an infinite pool and what pool
existed as we not a pool to be looked in
and frozen a place to stay vibrate
afloat

The Little Boat

We made wet love in the little boat.
The little boat tossed and turned
As we made love. Is love a little boat,
I wonder? Sometimes I am afraid
That my love for you will sink me,
You keep pulling me down on you,
And how can I resist you? I love you.
When you tear my clothes off, I do
Always secretly want you to. I can't
Wait until I drown in you, your hot body,
Your body's hot juice. I must touch
Myself when you are far away, touch
Myself and I gurgle your name crazily,
Pretending that it's you beside me in the
Little boat, as we float along, joined as one.

Bill Kushner 3/28/12

Blowjob, A Sonnet

I was thinking of you when I came
& of how I almost came when you pointed &
you said, "You. Blow me." So I did, I blew you
wondering if I was giving you the best I mean
blowjob you ever ever in your whole life
had, & even with you above me going, "Oh
yeah baby oh baby baby oh yeah yeah yeah!"
I always & to this very day I will always
wonder if I really give really good blow I mean
jobs, why? because I want to be able when
I am down on my knees to hold my head up
high, even as you suddenly begin to come & I mean hard
& there I am, swallowing wad after wad after wad
while you shout, "Take my load yeah take my hot hot load!"

Bill Kushner 3/15/12

age

when I goes on the road

The I drift after boyfriend pillow

grindcores

ain't much my little

no know my mean but damn if they don't my drift

orangina

Will Edmiston

holy week

heaven fading trance
until i can no longer hear
that I am is corporate

baths of moonlight enter cash flow from cloud to house
in concert all ships here the legions from which I half escape
predilection for an "happy hour"

That cause lost shape.
my misgivings are none.
Rhododendron rhododendron retail to ruin.

valley forge pantry and pantry forge gate

half composed
under dressed

crib earth song from heaven

neutral death blue in the face
quinoa in the cupboard. Cable. Enclose lean too properly dispatch
harbinger of lately. remotely eroticized workday tidal loom anchor flay
image from thing.

A girl can dream.

The cabins or cabs as we call them declaim their
frames

until then principle deliver unifielts
what the bloodclot night pale with later's sleep inhabit
the day blind rage
encored from under the sea
of whatever it is that you're doing
brought off in silk weeks

merlots
reading your book of poems on a 4 train under midtown possessed by
willing desire to be momentarily directed through the chaos
a lot of noise goes into this pleasure
don't be scared
imagine the starpolski kielbasa we bring the parents flying through
space with no airplane around it, just a sausage in the sky
thats my heart /
outranked by my own smells

switchback unzip our descent from mountain to ocean vom poem after poem

take me to the bureau and dispense of me how you will

for understand is to care from the hold whorl
may I sewn buttons to end hit

too many H's pass through cray light growing younger a thousand coffee
later till your name five times fast for healing cradle in this warm
night and moan your way back into the sea

stays light later now

standard

achieved

Will Edmiston

other works

no hears blown speakers
days hang back in the sky
and pass
by way of an extension
in the bag, a basement
fellowship
occupy yer damn self, son
after breath like popcorn
stolen reams and reams
from work Roger that
no regrets, just ends
mountain from'd us
in the warm admin.
that the sun rise across this
my late period

Will Edmiston

Customer Copy

Entry Method: Swiped

Fare evaders in the bathroom, receipts in my wallet

Minimum Purchase Required, Exclusions Apply

Listening to *Boys For Pele*, her fire, her scream

Not redeemable for cash

Her dialogue with Muhammad Ali

It Is Your Move

Your Cashier IS YOU!!!

Valued Customer Harvest Pride

Chase Equal Housing (chewed)

Chase Freedom (chewed)

Talk To A Banker Today

Why is my skin steaming

What would Paul Violi say?

Seaford Oyster Bay Expressway in the wrong place

Stubs at both ends, incomplete

Unbuilt bridge across the sound to Rye

South and west to Atlantic Beach, to evacuate

Long Island in case of hurricane or attack

Defective equipment. Weather. Human error

Derailments that changed history

There are no accidents, nothing is thrown away.

Loose springs float too fast towards the exit ramp

Nearly the same one I skidded on last time

Lane stripes telegraph tires

A player piano knuckles over song

Tackling dummy at the end of the line

No rest in that minor collision

The duplicity of sex

Dim lands of peach, take the typo as it stands

Her pit, her sweet

Afraid of that depth, that swallow

She shoved me down the hill in second grade

They gouged out for a field

That murderous ravelin sent the ball wide

If it was not caught. I prayed that hachured globe

Would not come to me. I knew its sting

I still hear the slap, the meaty Stooges poink
Made the face an asphalt red
Then dribbled diminuendo into useless roll
That death no consolation to the living
Ah, Franklin, you bastard, you named my defeat.

I remember her face, she shoved me down the hill
When I climbed to where the girls played
Feelings blister, each revolution comes back and back
Like Russian for roll *katat'* or *katit'* the flat spot on a wheel
Syncopated expansion joints , reality or dream, nevermind
Please Do Not Include This Slip With Your Payment
This Is Your Receipt And Is NOT A Ticket For Travel
This Is Your Last Chance To Avoid Missing An Issue!
A Member Would Have Saved \$0.91.

I got sick, I hit back, y'unnerstan?
Threw a haymaker across three lanes, took the ramp with the shortest radius
And slammed on the brakes
And stood there and took it, to see if I could
A failure to evade
Like impact attenuators at exit gores
But I never hit her, she disappeared
Broke through
Nothing but brake smoke and screaming horses
Bounded into clear zone, open field, a crescent moon
Incomplete cloverleaf, the absence saving me
Straight toward a single reflector that would crack my grille if hit
Stared at that plastic Excalibur
Somehow stopped before, stood as if parked
Just there, and took thought

When I laughed she gave me back my life.

Michael McDonough
2/10/12

Approaching Virginia Woolf

It's 9:10, Novocain of the AM mind not empty
centers the pendulum in blank awareness:
the child responds best, struck by sunset
"profusion, mother-wit, old wives' tales, haphazard
ways, moments of astonishing daring,
humor, and sentimentality," what language

as focusing lens excludes: his science
couldn't understand the tribesmen,
only condescend as if encountering a puddle.
"He only grasps reality as it is presented to him,"
Only if she is blocked by linear thought
and the beauty of progress will she drown.

Archive

Her long dark vowels
Sleep with me, yawning backward
Through my open skin

Michael McDonough

Not the Jones Beach photographs

of Joseph Szabo unmasking Coney Island

under the Robert Moses/Esther Williams

Aquacade, eternal, heady grunge

what we look like on the way down

I'm back in Philadelphia, naked

at the edge of night, all that air under me

inexorable wanting

having no idea whether it's worth it

to die utterly, unknown country

knowing nothing

She wasn't the fucking roadrunner

nor was I Wile E.

neither did I want to know or not know

why was it easier to talk to men

floorboards like a rollercoaster

If I didn't want my body

why should she, what I wouldn't give

to be the dirt under her fingernails

Mike McDonough

--16 March 2012

now I'm bionic

remember MPeople?
were you there, on the West Side Highway, in the nineties?

"tension grows and clouds the eyes," they sang.

they know about vision.
their album looks like Magic Markers.
before Magic Markers, there was Crayola.
remember magenta?

see everything as if for the first time.
see everything as if for the last.

something blocks the light now.
unholy halo around everything.

emulsified by sound waves and vacuumed away.
mourn the memory of the crystalline lens.

don't you wonder sometiii eeeiii iiieee
iiiiiee iiimmes?

you know how he got that way, don't you.
besides the fact that he's an alien.
punched in the eye in a fight, as a boy.
over a girl.

MPeople are Vision Specialists.
their biggest hit: Don't Look Any Further.

Helene

10

Firecracker

spray paint sticky red dress likes to fire up the sky
spray paint sticky red dress shoots his colors way up high

spray paint sticky red dress dreams of punk and Mexico
spray paint sticky red dress wants to see you at his show

Mama's comin' up to cook come treat your taste buds as you look
Mama's comin' up to cook come treat your taste come treat your taste bud

spray paint sticky red dress hangs with Aussiemerican Joe
spray paint sticky red dress just two sportsmen don't you know

Aussiemerican Joe watches the game goes to the bar
Aussiemerican Joe sweet-talkin' Brook didn't get him far no

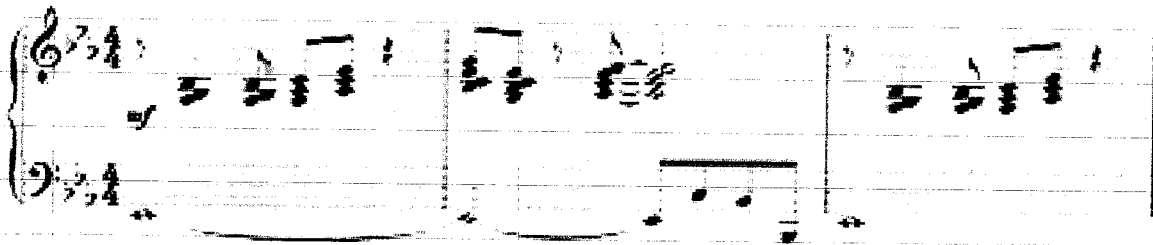
spray paint sticky shoot your colors
spray paint sticky red dress come on
fire up and fire up and fire up
and shoot

Helene



1. Discipline
2. Edit –
 - a. lines of poetry
 - b. self
3. Write –
 - a. journal entry
 - b. notebook
 - c. pen
 - d. conundrum
4. Read –
 - a. *Rock the Casbah* by Robin Wright
 - b. *Franny and Zooey*
 - c. *Another Birth and Other Poems* by Forugh Farrokhzad
 - d. Chapter 2, *Russian Cinema*
 - e. *Woolgathering*
5. Hydrate

When the Lights are Low, Chet Baker, Chat Baker in New York



Greetings, O innocent night!

Audience member: *What do you think of Occupy [Wall Street]?*

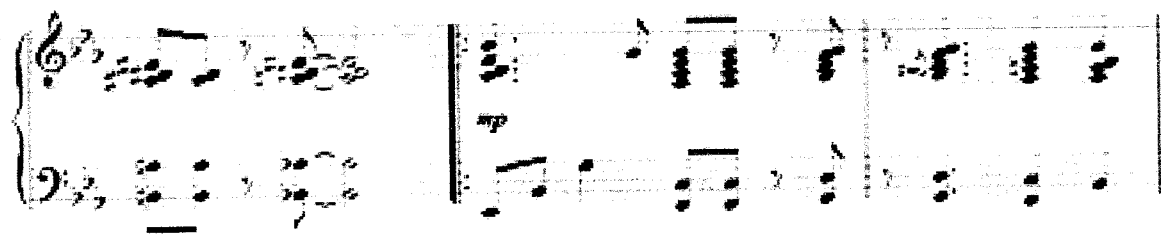
Patti Smith: *(What do I think of Occupy?) I say Occupy.*

*Greetings, O night who changes the eyes of desert wolves
 into bony sockets of faith and trust,
 by the side of whose streams the spirits of willows
 smell the kind spirits of axes
 I come from the indifferent world of thoughts and words and voices
 and this world resembles snake holes
 this world resounds with the footsteps of people
 who while they kiss you
 weave for you a gallows rope in their minds.*

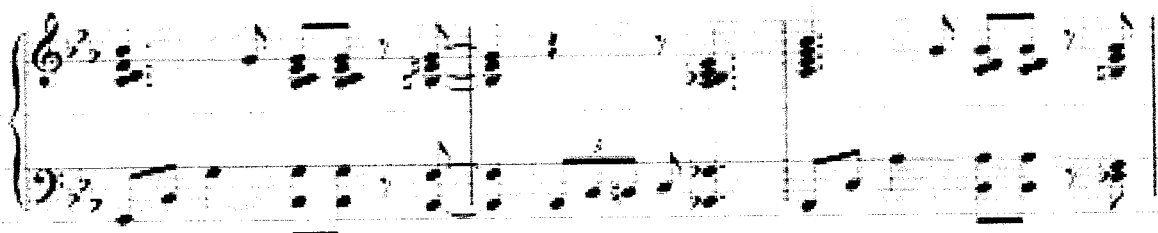
Let Us Believe in the Beginning of a Cold Season, Forugh Farrokhzad

Last night Ms. Patti Smith talked about discipline, the love for the work (process) – that in order to become a good artist, a great one, an artist at all, one should love the work not just the outcome. If all you think about is the end result – and all the accolades and praise(s) that may come with it – the artist you become is one with no appreciation for the craft, the art, the work, the process – and then what kind of artist are you? You need to “keep yourself healthy – drink water.” Practice every day – whatever your craft may be – practice it every day. You have to create that discipline. (Ms. Patti Smith shared an anecdote from when she was a child – She had drawn seven drawings and was so proud of them. She shared them with her teacher who told her, “You know Picasso drew seven drawings every morning.” “In other words,” she said, “[big fucking deal] get to work.) So, what the hell does discipline look like? And, honestly, if you must ask, if you don’t know, then what kind of artist are you?

I don't know if I'm not happy because I'm not free or
 if I'm not free because I'm not happy ~ Patricia, *A
 bout de soufflé (Breathless, Godard, 1960)*



Franny & Zooey – Oh, Salinger – sometimes I imagine I’m secluded from everyone and everything. Well, not everything. Being near some kind of food market would be essential to living. Well, I could always grow my own food. And as long as some form of communication is available who needs anything from outside my pinhead of a world. Screw society! I welcome myself to the middle of nowhere.

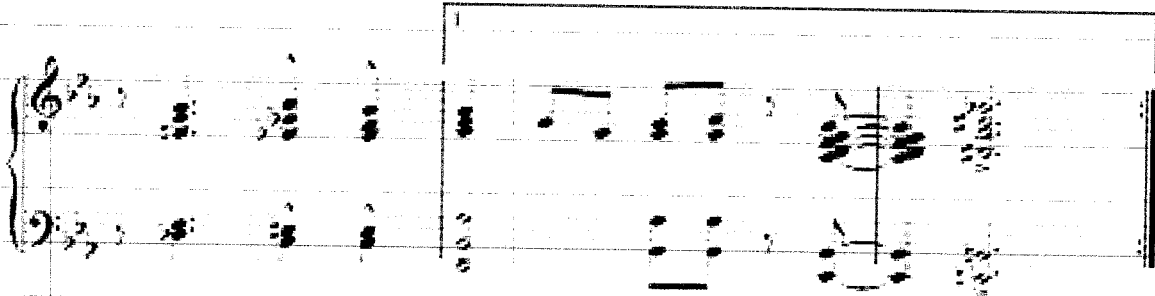


I attended an event last year at BMCC on Islamic Culture through the arts and history. Clerics, musicians, poets, scholars, journalists, straight women and men, gay women and men, young, old – all gathered to share

not just the culture but the love for their culture and beliefs. One (of the many) voices spoke about self (Khudi) – the process of “passing from the lower self to higher self”, to reach enlightenment:

1. knowledge (ilm)
2. Love (isha)
3. Action (amal)

What a magnificent thought so unbelievably and painfully out of my reach.

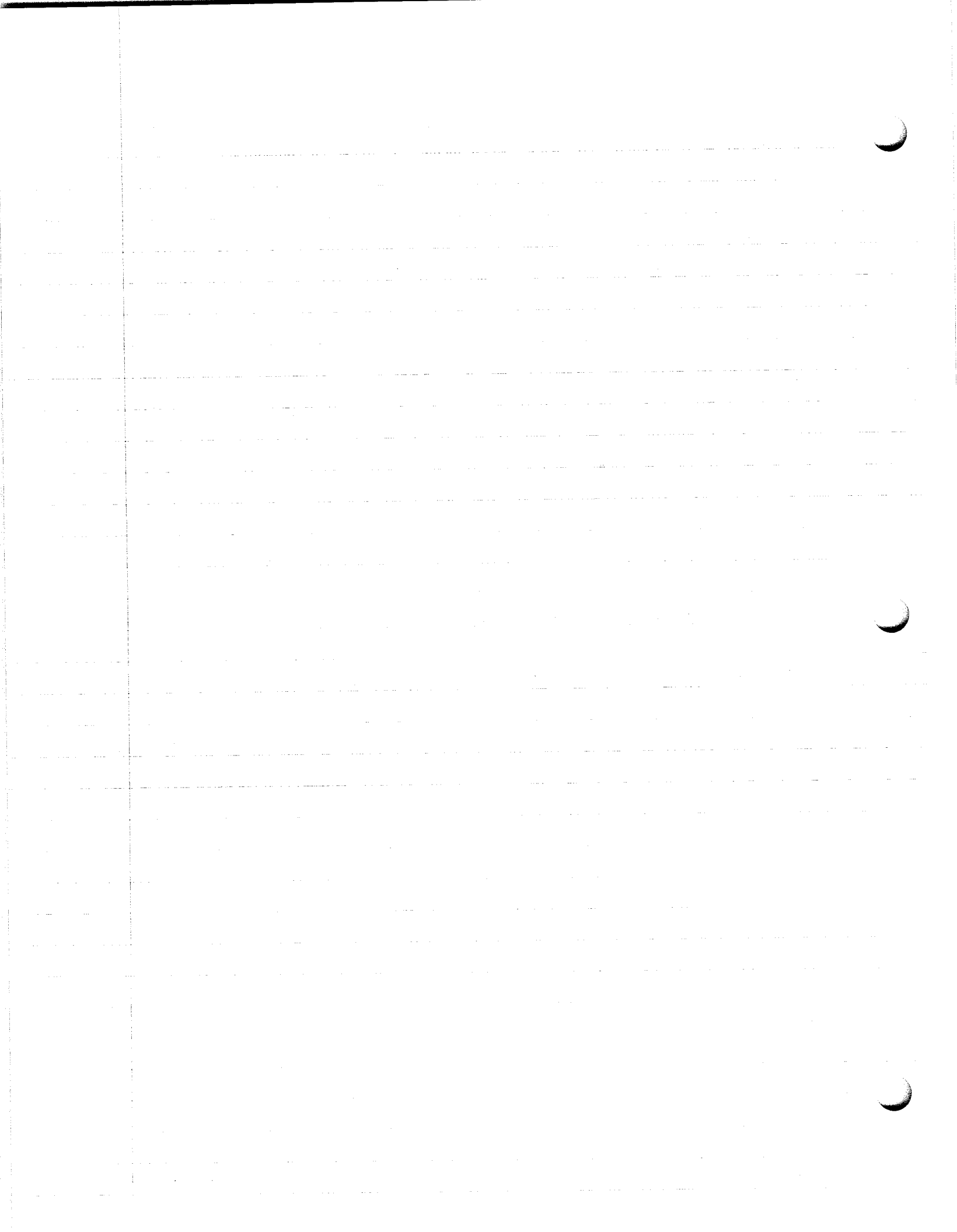


“Film and poetry are the ways you speak to yourself and to others.” Look familiar? You wrote it. On November 15, 2011. And you make it so difficult for one to believe that statement is true. Thanks.

(By the way, according to our records, you also wrote you’d “Take a picture [every day]” which automatically voids “Develop film.” Also: [implement] “Office hours.” All of the above (and I’m afraid so much more) has also voided the following statement: “Development, development, development.”)

The mind of a child is like a kiss on the forehead – open and disinterested.
~‘Barndance’, *Woolgathering*, Patti Smith

Hydrate.



Break

Consider this a quiet proclamation: it's your birthday. This wind is out the sun is full and bright. I wake alone. In the unseasonal February warmth the trees wait naked. They know. This afternoon, forecasters predict a sudden, light flurry. The sky has not yet been told, still bright and cloudless.

The first phone call this morning is to an old friend, and he listens and holds space as I cry. The houseplant extends toward the sun, its leaves turned up. The conversation turns to baking bread: a floured countertop, a shaft of sun. Just in case

I pack the lye and the salt, a mug and grinds for coffee. En route to the bus I purchase a thick slab of bacon, imagining the next morning, a late breakfast with eggs, yolks spreading. My stores weigh low.

I am high up on a bus, almost at destination, when the snowflakes come. They are bewildering, so large and feathery they are mistaken for other things: trash, sunspots, slow, extra-ordinary magic. People on the street stop to make sure they are experiencing what they are experiencing. The world stands still.

The next time I see you is in the morning, in a surprise photo you didn't mean to post, yet. You, already moving on into the next month, in rapture and celebration. My old friend and I knead, reason. He calculates rise time and I watch the stone oven. The sun lifts higher, and needles through the trees.