

PROJECT PAPERS

Volume 1 Number 4 © 1987 The Poetry Project 2nd Ave & 10th St. New York, NY 10003

CARLA HARRYMAN

from VICE

Warhol and De Chirico

The sky is a face painted over.
He was not going to let that lie.
It will not turn to dust though grow old and feeble.
At this point paint a technological icon.
A word.
That has been absorbed by the attention!
That that is my business.
The patrol looked 't'otherest' in the eye—
"Art or Society, must we choose?"
The eye flinched in the reflection of her china cup.
It blew up.
That was some powerful eye.
The blue eye of China wafted through the open door to abuse the scent run ashore. It
 found itself facing an imported eye and the scent hiding behind the painted over
 face.
The patron was shedding ears of iron into the hollow of the technological icon.
Faced with a choice it blew up.
Having been there its destruction was incomplete.
And here we have a shred of culture.
And there a rudimentary mark.
The cup of destruction keeps one open to the groveling at one's feet.
The subject is long, the tracks are wide, the time it takes to get there dear.
Well, well, I said liking to show my enemies I can appreciate them.
And I like to be appreciated.
Now we have gone beyond the merely decorative.
In that we have plenty
One looked through the dictionary.
The other tripped on a bloom while dusting the book shelf.
Why must the placid lake smash me in the face?
My friend.
It is I.

And I am strident in devouring what must be faced.
The *tête à tête* was complete.
And there were long shadows in the street.
But the heel and toe of desire could not balance without a head.
We leave China tomorrow.
That is certainly a lie.
Your words are strong and incomplete.
The truth will out!
And so speaking someone calm and ordinary of dress opened a window onto the street
where the usual tended to flock among the shadows of the closing day.

Warhol and De Chirico (2)

Women work and do not come to terms.
Not with my flowering or low attire.
Nor the water from this plastic die.
Women work and flower our low attire.
Our billiard blanks.
The aggressive shirttail in the sand trap depletes the sand trap of the solitude it needs to
dominate the embankment.
The spies are out.
Low attire hides the women from these blanks.
They are on an outing with a covered dimestore in a basket.
Women dominate the embankment pouring water onto the spy.
The terms are out.
Low women dominate the play.
Have we gone inside?
Look.
This move you make is true.
Theater women deplete the CIA of embankments.
There is sand in my eyes.
A spy pours water over glasses.
Those are my eyes.
On stage you are nothing.
I will pretend to cover my head in shame but really I am applying makeup
The painting is outside what's possible ruined.
But I have survived the transparent radio betting my head on panicked tonalities.
A shade of gray on the lamp post.
That was meant to be covered up.
I will pretend to cover women with the shade of women while they deplete the spies
applying makeup.

Let us go to the balcony and not give up our glasses.
The massive ring gathered the stage to its porcelain wits.
Dog, President, Police, Mate discarded their costumes and women assumed their fates.
The women could not be seen from the balcony.
The balcony was invisible from where they worked.

JOHN YAU

GHENGIS CHAN, PRIVATE EYE

I was floating through a cross section
with my dusty wine glass, when she entered,
a shivering bundle of shredded starlight.
You don't need words to tell a story,
a gesture will do. These days,
we're all parasites looking for a body
to cling to. I'm nothing more
than ruffraff splendor drifting past the runway.
I always keep a supply of lamprey lipstick around,
just in case.

She laughed,
a slashed melody of small shrugs.
It had been raining in her left eye.
She began: a cloud or story
broken in three maybe four places,
wooden eyelids, and a scarf of human hair.
She paused: I offer you dervish bleakness
and glistening sediment.

It was late
and we were getting jammed in deep.
I was on the other side, staring at
the snow covered moon pasted above the park.
A foul lump started making promises in my voice.