

Stubbing Out a Cigarette on a Nightingale

a preface by

Dale
Houstman

with some additional poetry by some dutch bloke at the end of it

Stubbing out a cigarette on a Nightingale

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DALE HOUSTMAN

with some dutch blokes poetry...etc

Vlak editions

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PROLOGUE: The Reader's Definition

*"In the curve of the book, overcast
yet delineated by a brightening hedge*

*Here, where an explosion of larks
would whistle out between the swaddles*

*and what involves the object in this process
moving as the sickle moves or waiting.*

*Who?
A man blistered by his doubt.
Where?
The shelter at large in us.*

*And what is the first and future page and wood
pushed out from crippling contiguousness*

*each event windowless or tightly branched
as if consisted of a treeless hillock*

*which even now and ever is un-beautiful
as proof of a silk eye in a rag face.*

*Who?
The logician of pollen.
Where?
The woods of the artless man."*

[Athena Telex, "My Treasured Apathies"]

.....

...but quite apart from that...

A MISSING STATEMENT

We revere the Outsider only while they remain outside. Once they start toward the front door, we call the police. A system of art terror! But now that Outsider Art is being produced inside sweatshops all over the American Empire, we are less intrigued, although the prices are alluring, and who doesn't love the vast imperial expanses, blowing with tumbleweeds? So, in this atmosphere of exploited "children," (so many of them are bored retirees) can poetry remain distinct enough from a secret riverside warehouse to render it attractive despite its common unpopularity? May it finally be venerated if only from a safe distance, so as to avoid any infection? Can something psychopathically artificial be made domestically artificial by farming out the effort to those willing to work for less? Have we at last arrived at that day when there shall be poetic factories in the Third World? Trust us... we intend to look into the matter, ferretting out what is most useless, and compressing that substance into edible pink snowballs of "Art". We mean to knock a few pink top hats off at the Easter parade! Meanwhile... chew on this: when does poetry begin to putrefy? Answer: at the moment of evacuation onto the page. We are researching preservatives, as it seems the dry sun is not enough to produce *art jerky*® anymore. Tough and portable nutrition for the modern traveler is at risk! As in any crisis, it is time for you to go back to sleep.

YOU ARE THE NEURASTHENIC ELEPHANT!©

To get there from here, to here from there, or even to get here from here, we must provide some direction, a common vocabulary, an indoctrination...

Beauty: Suffering as viewed from the perspective of a pygmy pack animal. A living substance transformed into a geo-politics. The witnesses all fell in the river. Where's my breakfast burrito, Juan Valdez? Aerodynamic lines roughly containing a crude nutrition.

Confession: Blurt out that you once saw an outstanding collection of unwashed fruit, quite touching and the basis for a four score and seven of bad romantic comedies indistinguishable from police reports. I don't care who you screwed, but mother is sleeping in the spare bedroom. Tell us what you did but keep it short.

Content: The head waiter who once refused to serve Napoleon now has that "lived in" feeling, and must find a new country to infest with his servitude. Tears...disdain...rage...whatever. Throw in a stanza-length description of the surrender towel. Do you know any lullabies?

Eloquence: A handsomely packaged commercial hair product made from the spittle of a neurasthenic elephant.© The hallway in which you are sleeping is slowly widening into a lake, but we are going to drown ourselves in the bourbon of blabber. Give it up. YOU are the imperialist your mother warned you about, Pericles.

Emotion: We shall eventually be forced to gaze through a Berlin accountant's small window as things travel toward other things, all very significant, and we shall call it entertainment. Order is best pickled if you are going on a long trip. Drink gasoline from the hand of that beautiful [*vide supra*] pelican, and stay away from birdlike women.

Enjambment:

You came to buy candles but you will settle for a moth.

Epigram:

"Across the white arm...Sleep!"

Form:

After merely one day of display, the pantomime mountains of the inner city shall be tossed on to the bonfire, from which shall issue a celebrity's laughter: a pink shade smelling of cornbread, in which the shape of a woman you once ignored moves toward you. As long as it looks good, it is marketable.

Haiku:

One wearies so swiftly of cherries and ponds and winding pathways that lead to jade gas stations. We shall demand more *sodomy in the treehouses...*©

Imagery:

Daughter of a minor concert musician asleep in a European airport lounge where eloquence [vide supra] is pressed downward by the weight of a cheap piano. The boulevard lingers near the tiger playground. A vague orange stain turns out to be butter. You figure it out.

Ode:

I know nothing but that which has been competently extinguished. Once the tiger [vide supra] becomes smoke, no cigarette is safe.

Polish:

Delightful war widows offer themselves to lawyers. Everything is going well, and even bronchitis has a musical name! Do it one more time in the name of a famous policeman.

Rhyme:

Two finger memorialized in a triumphant gesture. A couple of mediocre tragedies. Two bells on one cow.

Rhythm:

A mediocre brand of January recalled by a publicity house. Gravel is usually imported.

Sonnet:

Excruciating hammer murder of a pole dancer at the Hotel Muffin.© Details narrated by a troupe of "gestural philosophers." A stupid couple wandering away at the end of a long pier.

Talent:

Cardboard coins spent before any performance on stupid and rich beverages. But never take it personally. That little blind kid sure can play harmonica, Hazel!

Vision:

It is so passionate, the love of an angry delivery boy. Pay him off and tell him to go next door. Eat something mildly poisonous, and sell rifles in Abyssinia.

Words:

Mobile surfaces that first stood (up, as such) to remain hidden, but are still close, breathing. I am afraid to stay here alone. What are those shapes in-between the trees? Lawyers have a few.

BUT FIRST...FORGET DEFINITIONS AND HAVE A CIGARETTE

Listen...one approximates a universal literary tolerance by trusting – despite evidence to the contrary - that you, the reader, are in fact human. In fact, that is your one talent. [vide supra]

*"Here is a curtain to hide the lake of your surface,
and at the stem of the hand, a cloud that we cannot see:*

*not conversation but capacity,
the snow lay in prose
the sunlight upon her purse."*

[Bossy Bedd, "Linger! Linger!"]

Yet of late, the gargantuan grey body of the Poetic, wrinkled in significance, its ears like parasols turned against the Sun, has crashed through the reeds, crushed the pretty willows of its own backyard Disneyland, and left behind only this chip pile of forensic debris, splinters of a theory about a theory of where poetry used to live. We seek *The Skeleton of Romanticism*® and note that the musculature has atrophied. A slim fossil record reveals poetry once had wings on its bladder.

Any working poetic system is capable of desiring the scarcely proposed, and of pitying that which can only be survived. Is that an epigram? [*vide supra*]

ALIEN IDYLL 1: ODE TO A PUDDLE OF MIND©

But now...hunkering down to business, getting serious, putting the nose to the grindstone, all sentiment aside, let's face facts...poetry remains a commodity, albeit a commodity which lacks a sufficient body of hypnotized consumers to position it firmly in the Futures markets. Even a pig is more popular, and for good reason: a pig is more poetic. And more useful. And cuter. And smarter. More fragrant.

So...in any medium-sized puddle of water constructed with concentrated observation in mind, there will exist many local/real-time effects which form a perceptual moat about any zealous pursuer of the sight. Internal security glands release an air of shallow mindfulness, and the fox is off! The only decision remaining is whether to fish or wash when the river is delivered to your room. Do not haunt the mini-bar.

There also exist purposeful highlights (managed and manhandled) in several contrasting color classes, and also more numerous divisions of shade and shape. of imagery [*vide supra*] in movements swifter than their potential for sensory promotion. These might be termed the charms of the spectrum, laid out neatly in a surgeon's grand reception hall, such as rainbows on oil.

You have got to be careful in even a medium-sized body of water. I read that somewhere...That's an epigram. [*vide supra*]

STILL, MISSING INACTION

A traditional author always hopes to arrive at a "point" (usually a prominent oak overlooking a grave in the West, or an eloquent [*vide supra*] bush in the East), but never notices if there has been a path thrown down through language? We remain the predators of dreams from the inside out, and are unkind to ourselves via Art, a permanent detour. That bramble to your left once housed an eminent litterateur... Next stop, a railway diner! Do not eat there, for it is Art.

As Ambrose Bierce must have learned, this tourist trap hunkers between A and B for a short while, then switching to B and C, and then – just as it appears to be settling on C - jumping back to A. That is where we first board the train, leaving the road to the tramps and the starlets. Sandwiches are available at the next station. Do not eat them, for they are Art.

Still, there are those who would number these emanations/vacations/business trips, and try to make them into attractive spectacles, boardwalks pressing forward until meaning is precisely that which the universe doesn't give a shit for: a world comprised of only the most understandable events...Oh look, Arthur Cravan! Cotton candy. Do not eat that, for it is Art.

This is the *gastric physics*® administered by so many “modern” poets, within their blueprints and armatures disguised as poems: the clanging of only those bells which *warn*, or the airing of only the most “liberal”—and thus most flimsy—of opinions, designed to rouse you *only enough* to shift the complementary pillow beneath your head...That is the content. [vide supra]

“To move from one nothing to another nothing, a poem must represent nothing securely.”
[R. Facil, “Hotel Ambiguous, The Room Goes Away”]

A less straining grace, a pillar of polish, [vide supra] would constitute a *referential galaxy*,® which could be divided into an *ideation clouds*,® and these clouds further divided into lists of *sufficient series*. This would be a lucidity reached via induced fever. That is precisely where this train is going. Charleville. Do not look into the distance, for that is Art.

And remember (we only say this because we fully expect you to forget): some poems develop alternative universes, while others advertise the rhetoric that would be possible in those universes.

SOUR SHOES, BLUE NONETHELESS

“We must believe that biography is the tallest woman in any garden...”
[Baron Vetchcaul, “Mustard of Belief”]

...yet today one also uncovers ancient apartments, decorated with flower pots, and through the high windows we might spy those rhythmically [vide supra] positioned semiotic trees; these always butted up against a columned balcony, (I almost wrote “baloney,” but then again I am always almost writing “baloney”) that lamppost beneath which you always lose your passport, a plaza where hipsters die, and so on; but also one insultingly white parapet from which you are required to disappear once a day, clutching a railway ticket to a boring recital. Beyond the barricades of your Absence, there shall begin a revolution of *Presence*.® So...after all the poetry has become load-bearing, we can live beneath the new arches, immortalized in our departure. Contentment reeks. Poetry writes the history, obscuring the facts with aesthetic figures. I blame it on the food industry. Creative itches turned to mere dermatitis.

And yet...if philosophers were better dressed, (and thus less irrelevant) the poetic pout would always be a sufficient recompense, a decent tip to a poor waiter, or perhaps (excuse this shift in setting) a blue-green glass through which a river whispers your phone number into the ear of a sleepy copywriter. Romance shudders, and there is never a crucial waste of time along that grave river, whose name we forget, but which is the discharge of all overeager thought, a “brown study.”

Later in this "*afternoon of every day*"[©] [Torpi Glint, "The Radish Blossoms"] shall we remember even one adult conversation that didn't end in an overly generous payment? There is always an average darkness to be pondered, down a spiral street of diseased sparrows: O grim nature and its manure of grimaces! The crows shall of course be wearing jackboots, and that is no way to run an airline. Is the universe prepared for a change of clothing between the scenes of each emotion, [*vide supra*] opening and closing upon a ladder to some flash frozen subterranean tundra: a public education! Go on, drag yourself up toward the ruined apothecary...Spread your bladder wings!

STALKING THE CONSUMER WHILE CONSUMING THE STALK

Like all obsessions, Poetry will chase you down a long dark street to an empty house, and you get to consider yourself lucky for the free ride, although what waits inside is murder. And then you made the reasonable decision to fall asleep upon the lawn, your ear against the outer wall, listening to every forkfall, the perturbation of digestion, the bourgeoisie undulating in their *dinner-ness*.[©] Made you crazy. The Word [*vide supra*] had its elites, and you weren't one of them.

Desperate times created exciting exhibitions: there (once more!) is *The Skeleton of Romanticism!*[©] *The Leechwoman of Intellect!*[©] *The Reader Blinded by Wit!*[©] Where's a good book when you need to wipe your ass?

But I have seen train sets (little villages, cars and planes revolving in great circles, people pumping wells, a woman floating downstream to work, a psychiatrist poking a fire with someone's detached finger) that cover an entire warehouse floor, just planted by the side of another New Jersey service road, being sold as a Spectacle to tourists now that the original lover has died. An emotion made of plaster...[*vide supra*]

And machinery that grinds revolutionary bleats into swan sausage are infinitely "There" ALREADY...

ALIEN IDYLL 2: THE BRIGHTNESS OF LITTLE VILLAGES

And remember...the truth, for most people, is a religious language, and language is a chicken wire fence around a toy neighborhood, a device to domesticate the responses we were not planning. Thus:

*"...a piano fallen
into a thorn bush..."*
[Godwin O. Duleg, Gaudy Vagueness]

.....a phrase which more or less resembles the human tongue. If you're not too particular about resemblances.

And then we have jazz in place of Indians. Oh well...hadn't we given up thinking we were avoiding indoctrination decades ago, and settled for being useless to the cause?

A CLOUD OF TONGUES OVER THE TOY VILLAGE

We have recently been informed that poetry flows from deep emotional [*vide supra*] chasms, but truth be sold, emotions are improved by the poetic act, rather than simply reiterated. Poetry is the more

complex phenomenon of the two, while remaining entirely superficial. THAT is an accomplishment! The shoddy stagecraft of emotions [vide supra] bores us, it is the same tepid pool we float in every day, but we can't admit this. Thus poetry: the most accomplished mechanism for pretending to be interested even as we realize the water's old, the biscuits rather *déclassé*, the toy neighborhood no longer favored by its children.

Barring the easy leaning upon emotion, [vide supra] we might breathe in some manufactured air of "birdness," or wallow in the suspense of "mood"; coldness, humor, oratory, seriousness and so on. It rarely matters which we choose.

*"...exquisite violence
Almost like a bird's*

a violent force entirely capable of being literary."
[Yves Geisha, Waffles & Nests in Bloomsbury]

Anything less strenuous is pandering.

"His mouth was dark with charm"
[Murasaki Shikibu, Tale of Genji]

A "TREENESS"© FULL OF "BIRDNESS"©

As for the audience: the sedated reader (we'll assume it's the sedated writer) is drawn in by traitorous / illusory / siren / comforting signs of familiarity...And on every limb, it is wet, we slip as we move between the outbuildings in the upper branches, but there are no things conjoined at the central hub which—furthermore--does not exist, but here, on this page. Well enough, the best things cannot last. Thus the spokes;—lacking easy connection,—and only utility's paper dress undone, betrayed, ignored, left to the *neurasthenic elephants*© [vide supra]; belie this static communication we mistake for natural law: the *spokes of matter*© simply appearing to vibrate relative to one another when, actually, they are frozen in a profounder *phantom communality*,© excreting the comforting *syrup of coincidence*,© the odd blow of luck, bland ludicrousness repackaged as innovative modernity. You shall always be our Beloved Chump. Each of us is thus actually alone, sharing only that which is most departed, and this missing portion manifests as angstroms of a larger psychological situation, the trash of Gods and Goddesses, *blooms of nostalgiananas*,© dream puddings, and all the other paraphernalia of a wounded universe waiting for ole' Doc to finish birthing the genetic sheep, out there, beyond the abattoir called the Taj Mahal. Still, that sticky yearning qualifies as a cleaving motive, a gesture toward open-shirted turgidity, [vide supra] where we once saw an ape swimming with the dolphins. It was election day! To return to it: we exist only because meaning/content [vide supra] has been excised, replaced with its shadow: the responsibility to "get it" especially when it is gone. The "mind" begs to replace the missing hub, and the "imagination" proposes to view the vanished spokes themselves. Something to do until the surgeon wakes up near the water, and notices the sheep have already been lobotomized. Do not eat them, for they are Art.

*"Yeah? Well this is a brand new crowd of people frosty top
and we talk like we feel."*

[Pat Novak for Hire]

One reaches for completion via form, [*vide supra*] and (thankfully and finally) fails *softly*, or – for just one instance – that *family containing no family inside*®...

“Give your style that healthy lift”

[Pancko Quill, Hollow Life Magazine, July, 1943 issue]

But the moment arrives, and is that ponderous girl another resigned Cinderella? Does the glass brassiere fit? And why must that brassiere be called “poetry”?

Innovative modernity presides over a disregard for filigree, and a professional lust for utility belts. *Shy chains*® made for that odd moment between slogging paper around the office and driving drunk back from a Bengalese brothel, and so...

“the soul is a self-moving number...”

[Aristotle]

...with the metallic stink of acetylene. Will you ever ask that girl for a date? Deflower this wallflower. Do not eat it, for it is Art.

THE MODERN POET DOESN'T DRINK

If we fashion the last century into a few pages of stained newsprint, and doodle an epigram [*vide supra*] summing up its character; or if you notice yourself floating above a text in place of reading...do not rewind: there is an excess of words—move on. You are still looking for a novel slenderness, with the waist of a half-remembered bar girl. You still want poetry! It was only the “in motion” that made you nervous. You like me! You really like me!

“...here on the riverbank the motifs multiply”

[Cézanne]

And, just as pinned butterflies lack motion, printed poetry lacks time, and a museum has not yet been born around the object of your affection. But it shall be, and you shall be charged admission. Beats writing poetry, Jack.

You take off your spectacles in a snowstorm, to discover precisely what is not there: the beginning of some last enjambment. [*vide supra*] If your fingers ache do not worry...they shall inevitably fall off.

And yes...nothing absolutely necessary should be presumed to exist...because...how little it all means if you “believe” in it. Faith clots the imagination. Vision [*vide supra*] pulls off all your buttons.

“I like to pretend I have no energy...Everyone expects so little of you then. But it does tire one so. And I am afraid if I fall asleep, people will sneak up on me with their emotional demands. It is so difficult being a fake apathetic! Much more arduous than the “real thing” which is just so damn phony.”

[Theodora Thron, Nano-Gypsy]

ALIEN IDYLL 3: BUT POETRY IN MOTION WEARS CORDUROY PANTS

Let but a little soot be deftly applied, the face rising up from the bonfire of literature...

"Lately spied a former acquaintance's photo on a dreary massing of autobiographical sludge. The author is cast in a dramatic light (Hamlet! Dietrich!), his right hand cast over his left shoulder as if holding Heathcliff's windblown cape, his eyes and head—preternaturally swollen by egoism, bragging infidelities, miles of drinks—are poised to advertise both his vegetable sensitivity, and his inwardly-directed vision. He seems to be recovering from a hangover of which the "tales" within are one more manifestation, not as beatific as the nausea. They are clumsy and affected, like the photo. The lips have kissed, the hands have throttled, and he remains sweetly proud of being known for being known. He has more books on the way, and there is of yet no place to hide."

[Howard Forenot, "Celebrity Nobodies"]

My two talents appear to be sleeping and writing. Lately I think of them as the same thing.

"How delightful perspective is!"

[Uccello]

There are neurotic forms [*vide supra*] assumed by desire-matter: a festoon of gold scars splashed across a train engineer's smirk, a limb of coagulated blood-milk, veins of ash decorating leaves, smoking arteries petrified in air: these prove the shape the pluriverse wishes to express itself out of pocket, as it forges its desire through an ecology of need[®] tempered by lethargy. Cognition is weary, but damned if I'll put it to bed. Instead, I shall compose a sonnet [*vide supra*] for an insomniac.

Finally, don't these faint meanders—a suspense of *imagined canals*[®]—sum up to a radical disinterest, Germanic in its rigor. Germans made petulant astronomers, but perhaps petulance best attracts the stars.

"Stars are lures.

☐

*There are as many stars in your head as eyes in the heavens.
Looking up at night is a family reunion.*

☐

Luxury is a darkness which coats the eyes, making a constellation of the head.

☐

The constellations are vestiges of two levels of breakage: the initial separation of unity by chance, and the more critical—because more human—segmentation of chance into multiple unities.

☐

*Star crumbs cover each path, for we wish to return from extinction.
Here come the ravens.*

☐

Stars are memory forced upon light, as penance for defacing the darkness."

[Francis Shape, "Suffering Aura"]

Slums of *slumber*[®] upon byways, staring at the bodies of stars captioned by the leaves. Meanwhile, back at the ranch...

"Desires made useful are useless."

[Nizere Hott-Boum, "Sayings for the Deluded Cartoon Figure"]

The urge is desire's avant-garde in service to the innate nagging of the moment. Thus...

"Sulphurous fumes reeked up from a whitewashed rose-sausage, replete with pockets full of furious dome lights. I can't describe to you what I felt at that moment, hunger having overcome my intellect. I swam in the delicious vapors of a boiled brougham and washed down the shadow of a odalisque with a hasty splash of mediocre cigarettes, then crouched on the floor like a wounded opal. In this vapid stage-play, I saw again the hand of Nature telling the Professor of the excellent result of the recent operation, in which is set a great lighthouse covered up with a sheet, on the bed where I could find no means of ingress, for the top logs were fresh as the water is clear and flowed away in a fair-sized stream to look for some sticking plaster."

[Gretchen Nod, The Levantine Nag]

FLAMES IN FORCED PERSPECTIVE

"A burning Rolls-Royce is a natural metaphor for all those lovely, lovely assholes, so bring a medical support technician who can breathe roses through those beautifully manufactured windows. Stand back! There will be thorns."

[Terence Tearaway, We Are Not Not]

Poetry first appears as a story that is begun around a campfire which halfway through the night turns out to be an uncontainable forest fire, so that the listeners thought to sacrifice Homer to the flames. This forces him to create an object that is both terribly urgent and suggestively incomplete, hoping to forestall the fate he richly deserved.

"That you are older than the wind is unbearable."

[Homer]

"...looking much too old to be old"

[Timus Reese, "Of Mice In Evening Gowns"]

If there is a new golden frock blocking up an old company road, it is as though a covert agency has been raking our leaves. A haiku [*vide supra*] is birthing up through a drainpipe, with cheeks like cherries marinated in *Everclear*.[©]

Then after the hangover, Poetry is the *ecstatic hospitality*[©]. Come in, but look out for the madman in the shower room.

If one writes to elude oneself, (rather than the madman) to throw up an horizon beyond the immediate, then one remains captured by *escape*[©], inculcated between the straight recall of experienced (already regretted) events, which might afford a cheap interest with relatively minor opportunities for ambiguity embedded within an oppressive bank of *déjà-vu*. Then there is that hyper-conscious manufacture of the relentlessly "original," utter nonsense, random phrases from a pink tophat, concretions upon absorbent surfaces. This process, however gratifying and puzzling to the spectator cannot be, in the least, elusive to the writer, who at all points is fully awake to the game: he/she realizes they have merely crafted a baffling toy...thus, it does not elude them. Words must be trained to group themselves about a referential irritant of some very particular type, and the entire piece should tend towards an invisible asymptote, to compress all motions into a statement inaccessible to the writer him/herself. This, of necessity, creates a confusion of "simple" meaning, without cheating any "audience," because (for the

writer) something is always in the process of being filled: what more can effectively be offered? Again: anything less strenuous is pandering.

The Insiders are moving into Outsider Art...Worse, they are bringing their kids.

ON THE OUTSIDE TABLE, AN INSIDE JOKE

1. Poetry is that form of government which ghosts are apt to create.

"under them orange trees with small lamps in each orange"
[Horace Walpole]

2. Poets have *belief hallucinations*® so as to allow a *constellation of doubt*®.

"Slept on a balcony. Long time since I slept on a balcony."
[Morse Blinter, "The Astrological Train Schedule"]

3. There is no lack of depth even to the superficial...Profundity is a given, and must actively be eliminated. It is thus amazing how much poetry lacks anything but a profound surface.

4. Reading is best achieved in disregard. Skip everything that awakens you. Read only while in bed, using the book as a pillow. Hide any book of poetry beneath the cat.

"...another store full of moths and champagne."
[The Rev Harold Cod, "Tour of English Shops"]

5. Now there are letters who wear gloves, and the workers' uniforms are embroidered with phrases also found upon the shop draperies, a country of vested, Delphic interests, the pigeons & the flies.

6. There is in this universe one stair that climbs to a tiny nest in every candle flame.

7. Vermeer was merely here.

"It was her belief that evil could not come forth from good; yet here was a murderer who dwarfed in gentleness, patience, and love any man she had ever known."
[Zane Grey, Riders of the Purple Sage]

8. Poetry farms the air, and education cans it.

9. The culture is no longer deserving of culture.

10. An Artist is a farm animal who uses increasingly ugly material manipulations to simultaneously disgust and attract those most liable to piss coins in their face

PORTABLE FANS

In poetry as in photos, each suspect is either a cruel reminder or a blur, (as though something

translucent and odiferous were being blown in front of our eyes) whichever comes first. Each summer is made guiltier by association with its consumers, both too mistrusted to be attended to by the *ambulances of poetry*,[©] and that corrosive currency blowing about in huge denominations IS modern literature. Do not touch! There...once you cease admiring the Sun painted on the facades, (a rather cheesy "effect" created by unpaid children) you will be able to observe a shabby kiosk selling all the cheaper virtues (handmade haircuts, walking to the dentist with a song on your lips, smiling as you sweat iambic pentameter into your armpits). The shadows have Scandinavian accents and they enjoy a degree of artful bitterness in their coffee. Most of the birds surrounding the cafes are middle-class, with tall bookshelves rising like a new party behind gates. The portable fans blow their pages past our windows, and we approach them well-armed and robustly singing of The Grand Unmentionables, while yet maintaining (as another cheesy "effect" created by unpaid children) a specific "instinct for weakness" which might explode into the lyric or collapse into the familiar gaminess of the "personal poem". Cover it all up with salt, and eat it until you're sick.

ALIEN IDYLL 4: A SOFTCOVER BOOK USED AS A BED

"Delay is a climate sharply terminated by the edge of the panel."

[Nizere Hott-Boum, *"Sayings for the Deluded Cartoon Figure"*]

We are approaching the last station, where the angels' papery hands are being swept into the conference room of a small Indiana corporation that is sliding slowly into the cicada cloud of tiny, regional banking interests, and several local Somebodies have been carefully trained to be CIA poets. There's a section reserved in the abattoir called a bookstore, trapped behind the lines.

Yet, don't we realize that the history of things is as depraved as the things themselves, so why deprive yourself of the vivifying element of shrapnel, the faint meaty hum of pocketbooks hung in the air to dry? We move forward into the blades while reading of lawyers.

*"Today, and quite by accident, I discovered that no mechanism –
no matter how finely engineered – will turn a wolf into a nightingale."*

[Jeremy Blossym, The Louche Alamanac]

Television is a vastly more complex texture than poetry, as poetry is hysterically intent upon the evocations of a pre-radio Eden.

NOT ONLY LESS BUT LAST

The best restaurants are too distant to be seen so they are merely dreamt of, and the idyll is essential as progress expires on the path. This is the precise nature of every poetic impulse.

We are mildly disheveled admirers of the mildly disheveled. This is the precise nature of every poetic impulse.

There are more influential whispers in every line of poetry than there are puddles in the trees...

"the seasons very sickly everywhere of strange and fatal fevers"

[Samuel Pepys]

It is the new sameness vs. the same newness, maintaining invalidity. This is the precise nature of every poetic impulse.

"Pulp Magazine Prayer Columns

It has often been affirmed to no one's credit that women while in the traditional process of opening their blouses to shed more light on the problem of juvenile delinquency will also entertain no idea that poverty still involves a hideous degree of creative license and thus even a judicious application of willed penury cannot efficiently head off reinforced alienation and – so to speak – the hunted are cornered and receive a detour to the next raw deal but the specific government program for hiring bands to play tangos for paralyzed veterans draws to a sputtering completion even as another group of subsidized imago nurses move into the loading docks to make films of such social events to enthrall the "distant jarheads" and so – from the somewhat biased perspective of the Soft Coercion Unions – we all still have reasons for daily celebrations such as tidy chocolate soldiers in little cocoa coffins and scapegoat parents in the mud rinks and an array of applicable Jolly Toggles and all readily available and yet – get this folks – there is a campaign to purchase everyone a wagon anchor which would follow to the letter all Uber-Complication Codes and Heresy Bylaws but would also tend to dilute market value to a colorfully agitated but inevitably less usefully ferocious mixture of continuity (lacking poetry) and secretly adopted policies of concern only inefficiently utilized after dinner has expired."

[Anonymous]

ALIEN IDYLL 5: LITERATURE (WITH CORNERS)

Beer, herbs add a unique quality to muffins.

THE NEW SAMENESS VS. THE SAME NEWNESS[©]

That poem which represents Nothing so well one swears it has revealed all he has never wished to see...This is a personal desire.

Until then, the indivisible unit of poetry shall remain NOT the word, NOT the syllable, NOT the phoneme: it is the Effect, which is some more-or-less potent psychological *derailment of expectation*.[©]

Given that axiom, the structure of the modern poem (the one we do not read) will appear to promise all that it can never deliver, and which it shall not break a sweat to deliver. This is why people think of it as a simulacrum of existence. Yet still the world awakes in banality and slumbers through brutality. Poetry is like the cough of a snowman in the summer.

To write about rather than to be written through (i.e. to be used) are different skills which only share the disguise of language, and a negligible link, since the visible word is a material of vast exploitable resources: what does smoking marijuana have to do with tying a knot in a hemp rope? I cannot see my way from Basho to Bellows, two fellows using two bowling balls, one dropped from a height as evidence of *supporting ethers*,[©] the other to knock down practical pins for a higher score. Remember to talc and towel as needed.

Yes, we are "moved" along different paths; thesis deadlines, money for trash, caffeine shock

therapy, fear of dreams, and so on; and it only ends at the written word. To begin again at the iris, the pupil, etc. However, what is most needed is that you “train up” in a sensory (as opposed to a merely rhetorical) manner of clawing up a hill, toward how the world means itself. Thus...

1. When a poem is “correctly” manufactured, it will both satisfy and evade the need for answers.
2. Words do not add up to Language.
3. Writing is a confidence game, with both the reader and the writer as marks.
4. Writing is rude to interrupt what might otherwise be a *life of insatiable insensibility*.
5. Construction IS emotion. There is usually very little room left over for sentiment. Thus, sentiment is incomplete construction. The roof leaks into the bedroom.

ALIEN IDYLL 6: PERT RECEPTORS

*Day emanates from theories about the “average day”. It is Judea’s proposal season.
Stone birds explode in Saul’s emergency head. The divorce taps are stolen
from the dream “mice on cocaine versus mice on strong ale”:*

what’s that grandiose word for debasement’s Severini sky? Ah yes: “work”.

*Descartes Blanche (relying on strangeness in Der Kinder) chews
the soul’s irreparably cloven tea cakes.*

Meanwhile—

*the violent tech-opiates are set to jam with jade wiring
up a rathersome grunge ladder of lunar-dose response curves
monitored at the angel-binding site.*

Dream of the ego dreaming

and then walk down to open the night at the other end of the ward.

Every skin’s position encompasses the larks of friendly fire

upon the road kneeling beneath each breath

and the talk big as cities’ breath-fixed guns

upon the Hot monkey Walls, and girls so with it,

their necks bubbly little nuggets and cups of hearing breaking

to reconcile the birth of timed Greek sea-lane lights,

our skeleton’s brittle map pins, map bones, and map feathers:

cambric affinities gleam in the child’s bed

full of Dixie monkeys crying the skin’s still coral stem

buggered through with white tunnels.

Tibet is thick and wet in the hand.

The treetop lulls the army lip of daughter days. You know:

tolerance got sick using the filing system of filing systems.

Trees cooed,

the dresses Alabama-tilted patois flower-brewski June. The beds brown nicely

gravies on a rock repletion.

A breeze cured by the ghost’s proposing sweat

to a body counting the aeroplanes.

Her green gold instep

and shoes blonder than sleet

fallen in a jazz club.

The Russian isolatium warehouse

with pink nipple-peek shirts, the pupils repaired. Our Little golden Hour Book.

Period in the oven smelling of that fur fragment girl—A crime cologne

*deep-red martins struck wire through nobody bleeding in a Rolls Royce tonight,
sharing the pretty clown's slag of cash. Poor asphyxiated shrimp.
Poor asphodel.
Nigerian saffron bottomless and topless soup bindles
pale in the cold udder under the woman's fingernail,
thorns in warm sons, Uncle Widdershins.
Nothing stood and the Moscow-fish dances
a sack of mechanic's minted tips in bolt grease.
Providence administers lashes with an orange.
Providence smells of onions.
Providence ruffles its cheek against the skylight.
The sun complained of the cuisine
and that autumn's mirror-tooled Cleopatra is lost in her bronchitis.
St.-Sulpice has a shirt he gets high in
staring at a woman's forehead full of cold tea.
Dr. Steady gives one more dry lesson about mushrooms
to be found in the classicist's faunal body.
What a wind!*

THE FACTORY HAS BEEN CLOSED

"...and since the lovely are asleep / Go / And sleep with them."

[Nizere Hott-Boum, "Sayings for the Deluded Cartoon Figure"]

'Hey baby, the CIA doesn't want us to be friends!'
The Great Conspiracy Theorist Pickup Manual

"Dying, to many, is one of the most horrific things that can happen to a person."
---California high school essay writer

ITS TIME FOR SOME GOOD OLD JUICY CANON

In order to defeat the preface industry the modern poet has no choice: he must utterly subject himself, which is the ultimate purpose of this book. Preface over matter, so that every book joins in in this ulterior battle of designation. This, in a neoliberal oligarchic environment will result in an extremele aggressive cultus of preface writers that is functional in such sense that they will wipe

out the overproduction of mediocre poetry. In modern economics one can only fight overproduction by overproduction. Preface collectors will arise, readers (like you) will no longer skip the preface but regard it as the quintessence of books. I see a brave new world where preface anthologies will replace the canon itself.

The Canon **VS** The Preface

Dearest reader,

I know its unconventional that the preface should start at the back of the book, but such confusion is intentional and meant to have artistic impact. Some dutch bloke I met on the internet wanted to take a shot at it. I told him he could but the preface should look like a bunch of poems. THE NEW SAMENESS VS. THE SAME NEWNESS[©] - DALE

The Preface of the Canon **VS** The Canon of the Preface

NOW WITH MORE THAN 200% MORE CANON!

Fallen poems

All my milky prayers
will become fallen poems.

Fallen poems
that could tolerate
even flowers.

Youth

Youth is not only the object, but also the subject of its own education.
War is not only a great equalizer, it is a great educator.
Modesty is not the same as subjection, and a well-bred, disciplined lad
of good character does not need to be a pussyfoot.

It fills the heart of the lonely wanderer who greets the new year
in the snow-capped and towering mountains, or those who are part
of the crowds on Berlin's Unter den Linden. It was a blessed year.
People, state and nation have become one, and the strong will of the Youth is over us all.
The Youth once more stands before the world as an unshakable unity.

With stubborn doggedness we await the Youth.
That we will do with all the strength of our heart.
There is none among us who does not know why.

Poetry and Cartoon Snow

The crescent of mickey, no! Whore.
Poetry and cartoon snow. Now!

Blow. Cramps. Blood. Bang.
Shit you do in type balloons: talk.
Shit you do in talk balloons: snow.

I wanted to be that angel televisions snow for.
I always wanted you to be that snow.

Hurt

I stepped on a snail. It felt kind of hurt.
I said listen: the miracle of birth
is to know when to get out of the way

when the giant comes along. That snail
was wrong. Its tail of slime
sticking to my foot is nothing

but prime refusal of coordination,
my foot's no moon. It's a good foot,
but it needs room for its vocation.

The scarf

A horrorfilm.

About sensitive men walking through endless tunnels.

With sunglasses on.

And nothing really happens.

Except being sensitive and beautiful.

In a tunnel.

There is a fat, pink mole

at the end of the film

singing

about love.

Censor my face

I think
in divine strands of total pussy.

I romp with Roy
in the pussiest dark, Mark.

The Poem You've Always Wanted to Read Instead of All the Other Ones

You're fantastic. You're a Kafkaian closet wonder
The way you read this poem is simply superb.
Look how your gorgeous eyes are gliding over these lines
as if I only wrote them so you could slide, please,
slow down so we can gape
at the preciseness of your irial touch
and if I now add the words 'I love you so much'
its just to see if your pupils will widen
from clichés rather than conceptual guidance.

The ultimate love poem

I love you 'n shit.
Do me, baby.
Now.

*

The ultimate love poem, the sequel

Sleeping.
You did me 'n shit.
Forever.

*

The ultimate love poem, the merchandise

I'M A SLEEPSHIT

You are serious about this poetry

Dogpoo is the leitmotiv against the wearing out of soles.

I have to say all this with some care since it's plain you're a bear of enormous brain, and serious about this poetry.

I can tell you that a poet is a prisoner of war-people war-walking their dogs for economic reasons, if any.

Whose turn is it to walk the stars today? The sky.

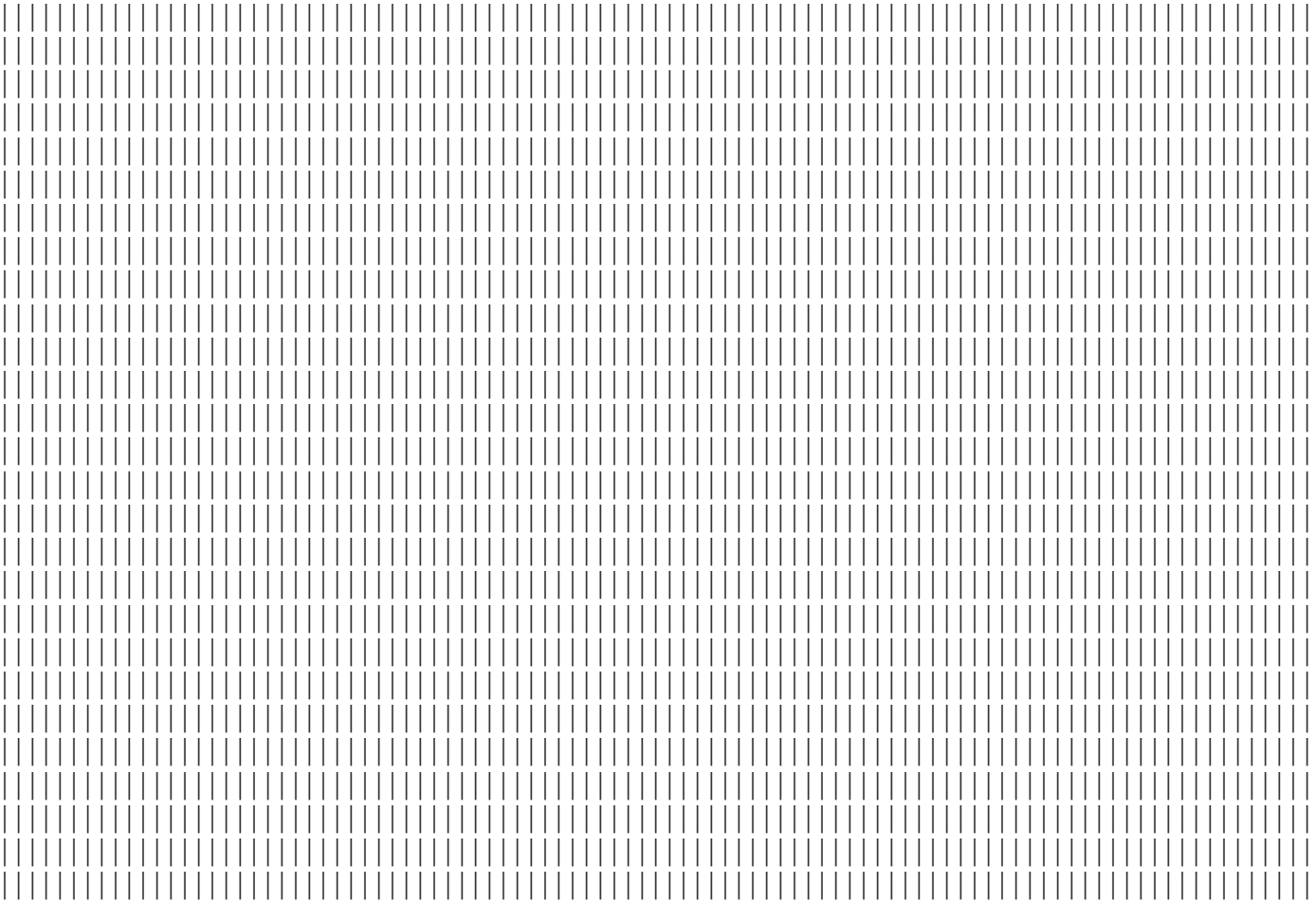
Son of the hair in the summer of hair.

Sun is in the air. The sum of my hair.

You're in my hair. When you are here in the sum of the sun in my hair

I'm blondering to share this light, and sum up the pair, you and me

sharing hair. The sum of the sun is greater than just some shared summerhair.



||
i
III

hermetic poetry is nothing but centralized egospace-invader

Even death can't
chew gum while chewing gum.

I'd really love to start my own bureaucracy one day.

Our world is a dark place because it is shy.
The English Canon misbehaved in class.

Leaves that fall from trees

Some people claim that
leaves don't routinely fall from trees.

But it's graceful as a tea lady.
Each day the same ritual. How can you be graceful
with a stump. Another round of birds,
another old wreck on a bench
coveting way too young girls.

An average day at the office
is more fickle than the life of a tree.

But people don't wanna hear it.
And I keep telling them, time and time again.

In everything I write I have to explain it.
And they keep calling it 'poetry'.

They just want more of the same.

Head

Head.

You have a weird head, honey.

Head.

I'm sick an tired of it.

Head.

Every day yet another.

Head.

Jezus squats on an ant heap.

Head.

From Belinda-coloured angel jaws bum smokes.

Head.

Head.

God dammit.

Head.

Memoires of a terrace animal

I've changed into a terrace animal.
A lost piece of lichen, good for the economy.
I anthologize existence itself.
Think all day about overgrown vegetables.

I do my best to populate it all.
You can literally hear planets grow.
Especially when you work in a fucking unit.

On internet I'll say it sucks, that planets
brussle through space, dumbbed down with love.

Wrong- o!

Al my friends have little fuckhands,
I have a big, raw wash hand.

No soap.
No water.
My murdering hand, my bunny-hand.

Come, ducksouls, come
to my big stormhand.

Friends,
look and clap your little fuckhands.

On the moss bed of the cosmos

Susanne and Martha and Janneke with magnetic breasts on different addresses. Eva with her headlight eyes that light up with strange tales. Like a deer kneeling under heavy German headlights, Parker blue headlights, under fiery prayer, under her soft blonde hair, under impeding questions. A morning where you can't see your hands in front of your eyes. Copernicus designed Jeanine's hips. Agetha and Trudy with their bursting shopping bags. They all live somewhere, somewhere on this planet. MY APPARTMENT IS NOT A BROTHEL she said plotting her browse, my god, I should have been born in a cage. I know the secret of the Efteling parrot. My antler branches off through her bills.

Isn't it magnificent how bills move like a perpetuum mobile through the system. I kneel like a submissive deer between her bills at different addresses and she unveils her magnetic breasts and says she's really a lesbian.

But youth is not simply a military campaign based on athletics, Suzanne.

A sniff of poetry and nothing more than the hard strategy of the body.

Eva, I could have flown spaceships on you. All worth the fuel – multiplied by the postcode of hell.

Kissing my poetry

Homerus had some talent.

Why does Homerus seem a longer word than Homerun?

My tongue is the American flag

I have a sense of humour but I'm vulnerable to lyricism..

My best seduction trick is the anecdote.

My teeth plaque glows in the dark.

Who'd feel sorry for a lonely bar?

Not Girlfriendman!

Christmas lights!

I am really good at saying 'Well, well, well'.

To literary critics.

In a condescending tone.

Then I fall from my stool, and they catch me
performing Cardiopulmonary resuscitation
on my corpse.

But I and millions of lonely bars
know they are only trying in vain
to kiss my poetry.

End of the line

A neighbour of all. A city in ashes. An egg.
Is war a continuation of the soul
with other wheels? Why am I afraid of my keyboard?
Idleness rules. Money flows. Weapons get bored.

We wince at the past through wonderful books.
We point out the bottlenecks of the neighbour.

I went to Bommel to see the skyscraper.
The Thing approached. I kicked it with all my power
but someone had built a bridge between civilisations.

*An in between note to the literary critic.
Get a job, asshole.*

Happiness arises between the lines. End of the line!

Magic Lantern

Sterile as an operating room she stares at me, requesting papers.
Worn like an old photo-booth, behind stained glass. Look well
and see the girl she once was, the white dress of her communion,
the grass, the swing, her first kiss at the parking lot of Newland Deeps.

Arrogant, could have been a model, engaged, it all didn't amount to much.
Kids, supermarket cashier, part time administration job, now here.
A model for these security cams.

On kilometres of film no one will ever watch
you can see the synchronized turquoise dwarfs
of her friendships mimic speech.

Proscription

How lucid your name was
when we couldn't construe it any more,
gone in the mass of your insurgent corpse.
As the whittled one, a long lost
weight to itself, sunlight.

How judicious
the gloss fondles itself.

You, the chore of a flower.
You, summed up light of your name.

You've got to do it with me

Luckily the world
ever since I learned to walk
has been my main hobby.

You've got to do it with me.
You're the world of my world.

For you I learned to walk.
For you I learned what title-constraint is.

Titler in the spa. Even Under-titler gets a reposa.
Outside spruces whist like unsellable socks.
Titler frowns. And Under-Titler does a Hash.
Under-titler is getting on Titlers nerves.

Snoring is the result of Sieg Heiling nosehair.

Incomprehensible

Girls don't understand. Nick Cave shines my shoes.
Lou Reed polishes my car all day, and Bono
cruises my toilet's dirty ooze. David Bowie sleeps
as a baby under my shoulder pads
and Elton John scrubs plinths in my flat.

Guys don't get it. Madonna whitens my walls.
Nena blows me through the mail slot
in the early hours. Neunundneunzig mal.

How do you do it, Benders?
How to improve the world?
What's the secret?

Bob a job.
That's it.

dicks

dicks

dicks

dicks

dicks

dicks

dicks

Failed page mirror with stackerdicks

Disco lights

I'm a rockstar
at Antares and the Betelgeuse
at this garage party
no one ever heard of me.
Yvonne doesn't wanna grind
I have to grind with Femke
also from another planet
but one hostile to mine..

And she doesn't realize
I want earthly pleasures
didn't travel lightyears
for galactic politics
new shuffle
Femke
wants to grind again
there she comes
with her eight green octopus arms
wanna grind with Yvonne, dammit
or at least with Anouk
who fell in love with me
when I yanked her shorts
off in De Brug
I didn't comprehend love
just like this garage -
only northern lights here.

Femke clings to me
staring stiff and homesick
into the turning stars
of the disco lights.

A niche business

With a friend I have a plan to start a porn company in Bulgaria but only with people who cry while they fuck. Or rather that the man cries, the man must cry, the woman should be strict and angry, angry at the stupid crying man who doesn't fuck hard enough. And when she wants to get boned up her bum he goes limp or fumbles with the condom and starts to whimper.

Loser porn.

Because there's only winner porn.

Each scene lasts twenty seconds.

Our target audience are men who are tremendously good in bed and who want to gloat at reality.

Very modern, a niche business.

You will see that it is a growth market. Everyone is tired of immortal cocks in tight assholes. People want authenticity and genuine feeling.

They want to see me fail, on paper so they can laugh. I understood that, which is why I am now the most popular poet. I always cry when I fuck a woman, so I almost always wear sunglasses.

Twelve kilometers

Twelve kilometers you came cycling after I had scalded your skin.
Between us it had to finish. We walked through the castle garden
and there was nothing to be done: you're married, have kids,
your heart retired twenty years ago and I was there when you
couldn't bear it anymore within: an incident, a catch in your voice.
It didn't mean much. Twelve kilometers you came cycling.

C.F.H. baroness of Tuyll of Serooskerken-Quarles van Ufford
once lived here. It's like we have one mind, we slide
over doldrumming paths, like a tree collapses in autumn
I collapse in slow motion: every word floats out of my mouth,
forgiveness. Your problems are mine, I must disappear

but there's nowhere to go. C.F H. baroness of Tuyll wouldn't
have a row with me. Love can be a maze of ghosts and
autumn has its days off, we are always interrupted
our souls one cobweb on two massed treetops where
a small, faithful spider lives whose heart broke on a raindrop.

In the clouds

My little daughter is upset
because i had to write this poem with HER PENCIL.
She's starting to cry. I think: is this
poem worth her pain? Yes.

A poem is the thousandyearplan of a sensitive soul.
So I say: your pen is ugly.
The rabbit on the pen is an unrabbit.

She starts to hit me.
But daddy is an experimental poet not a familiar.
If you wanted familiarity you
had better been born in the clouds.

But I didn't tell her
that I carry an inkblack rainbow in my heart
for sometimes you have to
protect children from poetry.

The Revolution

Once it was there, at last, finally, it pulled through unnoticed.
The greengrocer stored his fruit. Test drivers left the parking lot.
On television the same games were repeated laughing as always.

Nevertheless, something wasn't the same. But no one could put their finger on it.
Newspapers were just as shallow and pedantic as before.
On the Internet the same uproar over a genocide, far away.

Until someone pointed at the moon. Look, it's still there. Broad daylight.
And there's a huge hole in it. Who shot at us?

"Optical Illusions" says a scientist in a talk show.
"A collective hallucination" says a renowned psychiatrist.

But people en masse turn off their TV. And they throw their wedding crockery
to that weird one-eyed moon, golden tea cups, frilled plates,
hundreds, thousands, the most expensive porcelain. The whole sky swarmed

with the finest dishwork. And the greengrocer was laughing too hard
and took off his wedding ring, the driving instructor gave full throttle

and a precious carpet of porcelain fell to the earth's crust
in a decorous bombing
and that stupid cyclops moon just stood there
and nothing happened.

So everyone turned on the TV again. The greengrocer stored his fruit.
Test drivers slipped from the car park heavy as limousines.
Something was not the same. But no one could put their finger on it.
And that stupid cyclops moon hung there, in the rooted out light
and no one escaped, and there is no one to be angry at.

The Art Hotel

I, an old magician, stand at the counter and
must pay a fine for smoking in the room. EUR 50
“Smoke was detected in the room.”

I say
I’ve never smoked in my life
and the guy looks at me and is afraid
for such glass hard lies
he knows from the news.

The squire is called, a man in a smokefree white suit
a huge nose and smokefree eyes, which shun me
with surgical precision.

Summary: Various butts in the window, also
stabbed out on the windowsill, traces of ash
in the jacuzzi, a clear smoke smell in the toilet
and, to top it all off, two empty packets
of camel hidden under chip bags
and a variety of used condoms.

I say something circled in my soul, love, my friend
have you any clue about it?

Has your head ever glowed like a cigarette
if you thought about a girl, did your heart flake
like ash when she had to go? I pull 50 euros out of my pocket
fold a plane, this is the MH17
I say, and I let it gently land on the counter.

We will leave no stone unturned!
We demand respectful treatment of the crash site!

Love in times of great poetry

Of course, some poets disappeared. But most stayed and wrote, and love poetry was back with a vengeance. The stricter the censorship, the more cabaret. Everything becomes more local. There is Heinrich, founder of the love youth. And Wolfgang, who used to create cynical portraits, now mainly writes sonnets with strict metrical feet about little things that want to negotiate lebensraum without being coarse.

Of course, poetry can not change a thing. They are all there. And under the great eagled flag soldiers kiss their girls under lamplight and poets write more and more industrious on topics ever more universal: love, love the greatest power, the power that shafts all.

* *

"Where are the writers with engagement?" Comrade Yezhov in the Duma complains. His voice bounces off the walls. Of course, nonsense poets had to endure the Gulags. But where, oh where was the commitment? Did he have to turn in even more useless ones before a lesson is learned? He who sacrificed his soul to give the people a voice? He who had more love for the Motherland than his life? Where is the passion? Where the sacrifice that the poet brings the community?

* *

Ulrich and Ulrike together on the blackmoss and Ulrike thinks the community is worth a holy death. How can it be so familiar, so peculiar, how can childhood be so close in the flesh?

* *

"Poetry does not change anything!" We see Robert Frost, Robert Frost and Robert Frost pull someone out of the water and while the man gasps noisily and coughs dew from his lungs he sees that it is I myself, Robert Frost, Robert Frost and Robert Frost.

"Wir lieben was wir lieben führ was es ist."

* *

Megaphone, bus shelter. "My dear, take me to heaven. We will never more the same. My dear, the stars sparkle. Love is the crowning grace of humanity, the holiest right of the soul, the golden link which binds us to duty and truth, the redeeming principle that above reconciles the heart to life, and is prophetic of eternal good. "

The dead

The dead were never born from us.
When we sleep they fall back
into old habits. They count old money
under the bed, comb straight their
coiled hairs or put the garbage out, all

with ineffaceable routine. We who to them
are vague memories lie straight
in bed, plinthed like candles
with a dreamy fire in our head
that reminds them of home.

When their dim thoughts
that are small but rather ruthless
go on the blink of doubt
they stick their frayed hands
out into our dreams

to warm them, maybe,
or to still be able to believe

that this sole light they still know
will only be doused when sleep
offers its open curtains.

Time

Time only crosses its own fingers.
In our childhood, when it's largest
it puts a handle in our face
meant for death and its cohorts.

Sometimes it comes too early
in the shape of a love.

Sometimes it takes too long
and love no longer finds its palace
behind that door, no treasury, not even
an unmade bed, but

a dusty broom cabinet
with a mop, a cobweb
and a panicking little moth
still frantically searching
the keyhole of the stars.

Gospel

I have Jesus in my hair.
The neighbour waves with his hedgecutter
from his garden chair. I walk outside,
I feel alright. I have Jesus in my hair.

I have Jesus in my hair.
My neighbour, he's just standing there.
My lawn resembles a guitar,
the flowers pedals, the hedge a bar
behind it neighbour, weirdo-man

flashing his hedgecutter, what do I care
I have Jesus in my hair.

Sometimes I think: flowers are wigs
where angels hide when they are sick.

But those angels will find me there,
for I have Jesus in my hair.

How will this finish? God's in the bushes.
The neighbour's razing. Jesus pushes.
God's in the bushes with his guitar
and I have Jesus, Jesus in my hair.

Bagdad

In Bagdad, one cannot find matchboxes in the stores.
Its like from one day to the next
a man forgot to take off his hat when he arrived home.
He took a hot bath, outside on the patio,
still wearing his hat and brushing his shoulders with soap,
when the neighbour girl, who just arrived home,
forgot to bring broth for her sick mother who wanted soup.
That's how it goes. Conversations develop.
Birds fly over. The girl leans over the fence,

and the man forgets he still has his hat on,
rushes out of the tub, and sets his house on fire.
'Don't look into the fire!' the sign says in the window.
In Bagdad, one cannot find matchboxes in the stores.

The graveyards are full of policemen.
No wonder they're always closed.
You can get bread on every corner of the street.
Drink tea with lemon once the café is open.

And the streets here do not catch wind,
so the dust is able to unfurl it's fragile sails
suffocating in stockings that pass black cellar windows
on their way to the market, and on their way home.

Eleven

Strobogrammar of the sleepwalker:
loon that escaped a mirror.

Even still waiting in its sleep
full on binary touch – the schwalbe
his shadow makes on the wall

is the wolf number. Eleven's the source
of the cloned son in the old order
of the familiars: square roots

which absorb as if he's never been gone.
Stolid, he takes his place, between

father (light) and mother (dark)
and starts to whistle. Years later
his face remains a stain on the couch.

How God smells

His armpits smell like fresh bread.
The palms of his feet like horse seed from the best breeds.
His collar smells of potatoes and his underwear
of instant coffee. His money smells like clouds,

his dreams of solipsist meetings. His angels
smell of gasoline, his fury
smells like soap and so do all his prophets
and seers. His toothpaste smells
suspiciously like Tippex.

This is His World
and that world smells
like armpits, feet palms,
collars, underwear, money and dreams

and behind it lie other worlds, far and close,
that circle like mad dogs after their own tails
from sheer impotence, insofar as one
can speak of tails in case of worlds.

Deep Sea Poem

The sea lies on its back and barks at the stars.
In her depths that know no mirrors
a torched march of fishes passes,
an eyeless rabble of loners and amoebas.

In this stirred up dark
the ugly air-root of logic
never found its bed,
echoes devoured it
before it could
enervate the water.

Here, the sun is a strange veg.
Dreams know beginning not ending.
On the misty trapezes of the rocks
only weeds gym. Here laments,

undelivered letters, suicides
and orphaned eyes come together
in an old rite of wrecking music.

Listen well
and you hear time itself sob.
On the bottom, witnessed by no one
pictures the devil took of our dreams.

Beauty

I'm a poet.

For me, anomalies exist.

Not everything has to line up.

I am good.

Not burdened by the jealousy

people trace each other with.

I don't let beauty line up.

Or make her write penalty lines.

She's at the right address with me.

Here's my business card.

The problem with infinite space

Sometimes love is legal.
Sometimes it has black economy.
Sometimes it is a guy watching a decent taxpayer
fearing God shaking his head. So what!

I believe in infinite space, but that's also corrupted
with black economy. Big lips. No stereotypes.

I know,
you believe in me cause I'm good at shit.
You want to see the catapult smile
in the heart of the family man.

Sometimes love is just the contour
the soul traces around ones useless dreams.
At other times it can be a plain out mean
tour de force of the universe in a nutshell.

Hell. Sometimes love is legal.
Sometimes it has black economy.

Sometimes the heart listens to itself
as an unemployed slave driver would
listen to kettle drums in the distance.

Aria

It's always painters of still lifes that commit suicide.
Fruit can be pretty depressing.
Except the melon.
Who'd paint a still with an antisocial melon,
taking up all space with his grin
in his inflated clownsuit.

O slanted balloon-hide, its always painters
of still lifes that commit suicide.
And when Death chants its Nature Morte
nothing but flowers are voicing off our roots.

Lucky

My dentist was an old art-collecting alcoholic. I called him Lucky because he was such a fast draw. Often you'd hardly notice he'd pulled another tooth again. He never talked. He was popular with lowlifes, didn't care about insurances. His waiting room was always chock-full. His inflated, alcoholic face would hover above you just an instant, as I imagine you'd only see God hover in front of you before being thrown in eternal darkness. I forgot his real name.

One day I decided to let him pull all my teeth. They we're no good anyway and I could get rid of the teeth insurance to save money. I don't remember much of that day except that it took only a minute or two. Chop chop chop chop like they were little buttercups. Then I could buzz off again. Psychology was non-existent in Lucky's world. He never asked why you wanted anything either. 'Pull all your teeth? Okay.' Like the guy didn't have any opinions of his own.

For a week I had this bloody pulp-mouth and I only ate crust-less sandwiches with generic peanut butter. It wasn't tough, it felt kind of pleasant even. Maybe it was one of the happiest periods of my life. Carefree as an infant I sat there poking my tongue into the iron pools in my gums all day, a kind of oral self-copulation, as if now I was capable of fertilizing myself. In Korea they eat Squids alive and it sometimes happens that one of them shoots its sperm hooks into the tongue of its consumer. Sex and death are traditionally well aligned. The iron taste of tamponed blood, mixing with brand-free peanut butter – one would think this doesn't taste good, but top chefs know that unusual combinations often yield surprising results. Plasters and Pritt sticks also smell fantastic. I still wonder what sort of art Lucky did collect.

Anti Chamber

It's all right, mother. The golden mud's still there.
The snow's gone drizzly, the sun anile.
I will give all kids a silver frame,
a heavy one, impossible to contradict.

It's all right, mother.
Your breasts stencilled on your corps
like old children's drawings
and dingelings that vanish in the night
are no reason to panic.

For you and me a single word suffices,
listen to the soft paging dust
of an absent love.

Look,
the crowbar moon hangs in the trees.
Mashing is sexy. Everyone does it.

Don't know why that winky thought he could mail me

Still an incredible who who dilly.
He doesn't write, he snorkels on paper.
Scribbles sloshed letters to bunny boilers
with boot-legged Ikea pencils.
What a garden tool.

Of course, Buddha booklets, tea bags.
Of course: fifty volumes of Petrarca.

Petrarca and Pim and the Flying Chair
Petrarca and Pim help Doctor Blinky

'Within those eyes that once like sunbeams shone
I heard those lips breathe low and plaintive moan'

'When love comes around with her lovely face
Doctor Blinky will put your eyes in place'

as if dying is ambiguous
or headaches have extra dimensions

and shirtfairy keeps mailing
with his endless feeliefelie skull mail mail mail
and I have to read read read that
as if a red carpet is glued to my bunghole.

Aju Paraplu

A perfume line for suicides.
In a nice elegant, sober black bottle.
For when you lie torn open on the tracks
you still want to smell good
as a last statement.

The prime basis is made of tax envelopes.
A mysterious blueish smell of ink that has
something surly. A far bearing scent.
Then a hint of grinded plastic doorbell, so there's
and auditive edge around this scent that evokes
a certain sensation of urgency.

Who comes closer perceives a tinge of
neglected dioramas. Further away: an accent
of gnawed pencils.

Secret ingredient: the intangible aroma
of a Lucky Dip.

An abyss

of space. Otiose bombers. Ditto goose feather.

Pyroversum

They say the sun sun the always so concerned sun
one day will become so black, so nickel-black, so swandark
that our kids will start to call it Squatsun.

It will still move through the sky
but soon there'll be a second, a third, fourth and fifth
until the whole sky swarms of them, the sun stops, a number appears
you hear the sound of a dying coffee-machine,

the earth will be cage-black, pickel-black,
and the children will panic
somewhere under the North Pole
a small Eskimo boy
plays with matches and lights up the moon
which starts to burn
as if it was drenched in sewing machine oil
gone in a few seconds
the earth charring black
all children charring black

and there it stands, the luminous moonquarter
at block 272c, in the earth district
between endless lines of
humming black sunhumps
in the housing regime system

of Great Communist Singers, of MilkSingers,
and the moon will burn it all down
till there is nothing, absolutely nothing
but an infinity of blazing tuning forks.

Absurdism course for beginners

Take an common apple. Mind its shine.
It must absolutely not be rubbed in the skirt
of a lonely kitchen maid, nor in the glittering
shawl of a belly dancer, nor on the bulging thighs
of a pensioned body builder. It must be a correct shine.

Then take a knife. Not a butterfly knife from the Amazon,
or a Pirate stiletto on which a sailor saw boobs flash
of the captains wife while cutting a cigar.
Just a cheap potato knife with a handle of plastic.

Cut it in two. Not with a curve. Not in eight frivolous
pieces, don't get caky. If you start getting caky its finished.
Straight and alert, that's the trick.

No frigging elves live in the apple-core, no choir angels
or lonely cross spiders. At most a dull worm now
missing its counterpart.

Now lift the apple-half into the air.
You don't see face of the well known dictator?
Then run for your life.

DO NOT ANTHOLOGIZE



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