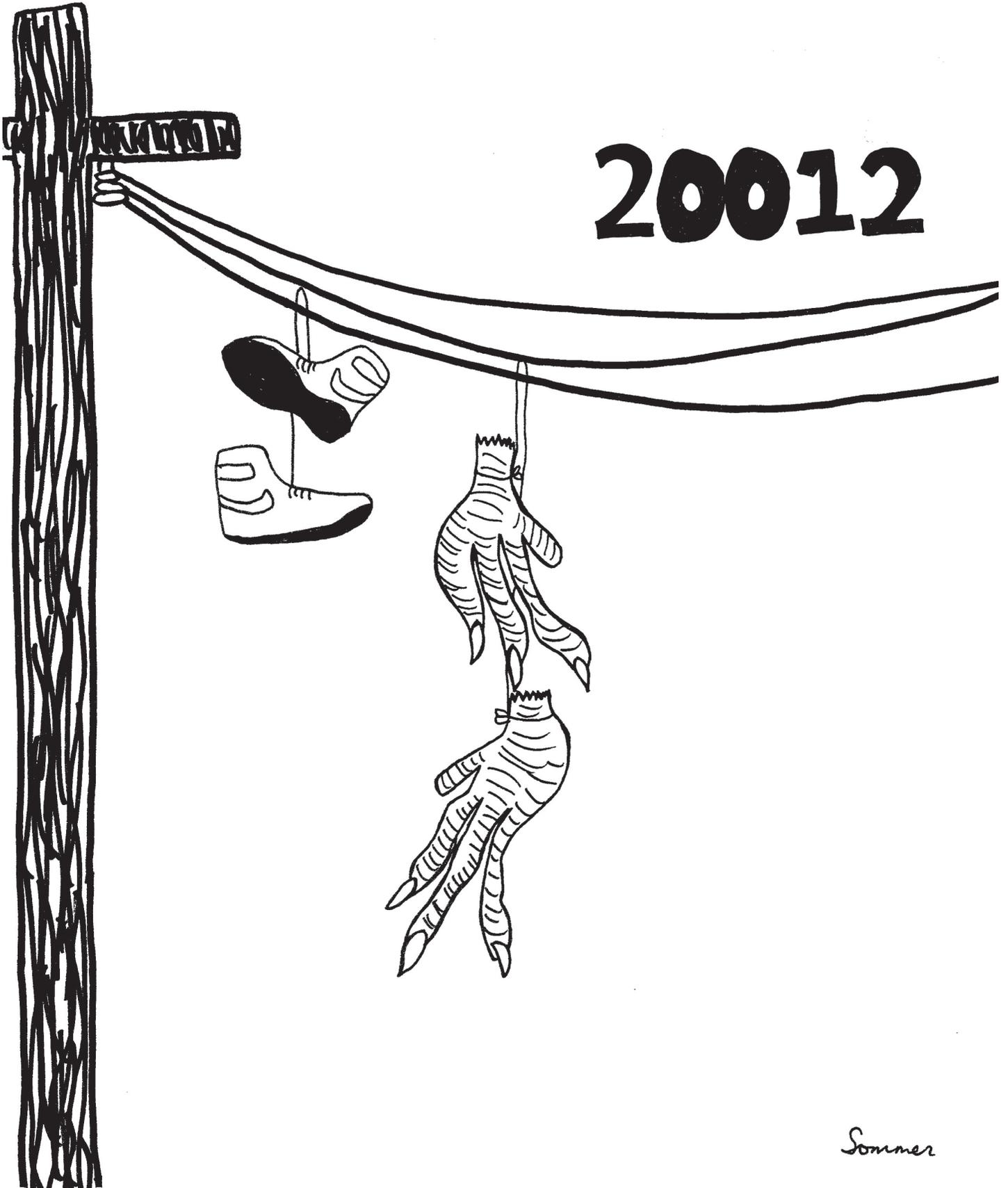


20012



Sommer

## Alex Abelson

1-7-11

drinking champagne smoking my pipe I never  
would've thought after all these years

put away the crackers you don't  
need any crackers. back aching

arms aching I left st marks church at 4pm  
with my hard drive in my backpack. I got a

drink I tried to draw I wanted to cry and then  
the a train came which didn't help at all.

if I look back, I don't know, I'm not gonna look back.  
I looked back and now I don't know where I'm going.

a geranium scented candle on a red plastic tray  
a long box of matches, the tv is killing me.

I wasn't born for this  
foam gathers on the

side of the flute each time  
I put my drink down.

my day begins, I eat lunch,  
suddenly I'm depressed.

with my new glasses  
I can't see peripherally.

I never used to think about technique  
now it's all I allow myself.

at all times I am neurotic everywhere  
there are businesses

## **Anselm Berrigan**

### **“Courtesy, being...”**

Courtesy, being  
something to the  
sidecar, entered  
a fat baby/pure  
love version of  
walled-in reality,  
with a fragrant  
purple skin tone  
to highlight our  
tedious desolation.  
Yes, it was a split  
pea rallying an ache  
of routines, but  
to notice past an  
uncertain point  
would be to take  
on the most primal  
of glib characteristics  
& wave antique  
scaffolding at  
the latest festival  
of triaged intensity.  
It's not that I  
forget I have a body,  
I just get locked  
back into it with  
such numbing  
forbearance at such  
and such intervals  
dating their markets  
for purposes of  
the deep flip out  
I'm sure my mem  
ories don't dissipate  
fast enough. Coaster  
children for sample  
sale agree, if  
embittered by the  
vaguely medieval  
littering within  
localized thought  
balloons. I hope  
to find I can imagine  
an utterly alien  
eros by listening

for possible methods  
of extra-terrestrial sex:

1. Mutually unrecognizable masturbation.
2. Unconscious rear-to-rear ascension.
3. Telepathic stimulation of pleasure centres;  
possibly manipulative-to-criminal; yet  
what crime might be in an alien species  
may also be totally unknown.
4. Extended absence as sexual act.
5. Extended proximity in catatonic stasis as sexual act.
6. Group Suspension (vaguetry as sexual).
7. Unknown.
8. As Like.
9. Unknowner.
10. Envelopment (total, as in bio-organic costume)
11. Sex acts as practical action performed regularly  
even hourly in public discretely.
12. Cataclysmic eruption between ocean-sized entities.
13. Sex as minute distinction so as to be nearly  
imperceptible.

**Edmund Berrigan, Jamey Jones, and Jessica Fiorini**

**Habiting Star Pond**

Of inhabitants from the particle zoo  
star ponds of random afternoon  
chuckle in the stingy flip  
of entrant dozens the satellite school I halt  
the language I stress I have phantasms

Craned neck moons low hot hoots  
what walking in gunshot solicitation  
what hallowed yellow tape chimes  
come what lake perforation  
slower than my rolling mist full of laces

Never lonely in the lovely relative minor  
I've come here to float between  
this drenched cocoon divides my brain  
into a stammered weathering sidewalk  
wave chord melodies orchestrating beau life

The accents caress the syllables into  
an anywhere of this bullet space magnetizing  
look at the neutrino as it passes through  
anywhere grey my head the moon  
are happening now but would I wonder

Of piles of candle pins weighing down space  
a mattress for sun rest thrown to a violin  
gravity's low point I tried to sink to the bottom  
white hole and back to black sawing on  
there are too many empty fugues in the lung nook

## Rebecca Bridge

### There There Something There

If there were a person in me,  
if there were two people in me or if there  
were a sex life or a naughty creation in me. If to  
tell it to come to me now if to come to me now  
come to me dirty things well I'll put you in me.  
If to create a cry in me please please if there  
were the cry in me to find packed up real tight in me.  
If I'm a mood I'm a mood in me the one mood in me  
the explode in me. If there were one phrase in me  
one phrase if there were 'this is me' in me 'this is me' if there  
were the gist of a this or if there were a wail in me now  
a din in me now if there were a racket a racket a racket  
yet yet in me wail on wail on me in me. If there were  
quiet in me shhhh quiet me in me the shhhh the shhhh  
the shivering in me. If once I had been memorized me  
or read or read. If I had read that there had been people in me  
or if there had been a person in me.

### He Did Not Yell Until it Had Happened Happening

I ran you over in the road.  
I am sad and sad right now and  
sad too. Oh why did I not see you!  
I am sadder than a going-out-of-business sign.  
There was a tape playing and  
I could not stand the tape playing over  
and over and so I reached for the stereo.  
I do not think I could have known  
you were in the street just then.  
It was so fast that, the running you over,  
like a secret I was holding deep  
that suddenly just out-spouted.  
I did not have time to attempt braking.  
I only just barely looked up.  
Of course, I was not alone in the car.  
He said, Oh no! He said, Oh Jesus!  
He said, My god Rebecca go! Go! Go!  
It is very sad to know how it was  
a tape you had given me that was  
playing over and over again. I am  
even sadder to have gathered that just about anything  
these days can become a going-out-of-business sign.  
I ran you over and then I so sadly  
I drove away.

**John Coletti**  
**Comparative Pain**

*-for Charles*

Father's Day at the Turkey's Nest  
defeated by Tapper  
home by whennish  
beat up and sub-optimal  
a fried U  
sleeping peacefully  
mermaid  
Jawa  
Major  
Backpack  
Party Boats  
cut off  
to kick out  
the misery  
East coast skaters  
just failed brats  
frat boys  
on ecstasy  
& I could be one of them  
if I weren't so heavy  
my name? "I do"  
and do it brilliantly

## Del Ray Cross

from *Anachronizms*

mcclxxvii

*Enjoy It While You Can, Restless Virgo!*

Am I okay with stupid? I look in the  
mirror, stupid. I fall on a memory,  
stupid. You're the memory of  
break my ass. Break my ass you  
bossy nurse.

No more nurse, bossy!

For example. Mom is in the  
kidney stone hospital. It hurts,  
I've heard, but I'm afraid to embarrass  
"my buddy."

Pipsqueak over the flowers in the  
hummingbird garden. Tall Asian  
talks and talks about his school. He  
laughs and says "What's up with you  
and your brother!"

Larry asked me what I want to do in Dallas  
and I said meet his girlfriend. Humming  
body over the poetry wondering about  
flowers. Orange iPhone angel from China  
in the green garden.

You've got something when you've got a  
word like *sump*. Something in the backyard  
with a new backhoe. An excavator whose  
bucket is rigidly attached to a hinged pole on the  
boom and is drawn backward to the machine when  
in operation.

There's a dead bear next to me and I  
love you.

## medlxxxii

### *Vegan Clouds*

Hello, Jupiter!  
Work with me.  
Who's our biggest  
hero? Everybody  
loves him one if  
just to rip off.

Somebody will always  
be interested, though.  
This is proven. Fact  
over vague clouds.

We schedule a  
brainstorm September  
4, yesterday, driving  
to Montclair and  
fooling around  
in nature.

I wouldn't know a  
cogent thought  
if it hit me over the head.

Midstream we  
settle on some issues.  
He who argues the defense  
goes his own way. Into the  
terror of commitment. Or apace  
through the Engagement Conference

such that the rinds of his underwear  
singe tight red heavens of blister  
that encircle the tops of each  
thigh. Late to work changing a

diaper. A Prius again.  
Arrive thru the afternoon  
in Carmel with a cake. Or  
eclairs. Uncle Earl

shot a buzzard, proud  
accident. A Polaroid  
against the law just to  
prove it.

## Joe Elliot

A few years ago  
I dressed up  
as my dead dad  
for Halloween.

I put on a tuxedo  
and blew up  
a picture of him  
in his tuxedo,

and glued his bald head,  
his big open mouth,  
his crooked teeth,  
his jovial expression

and exuberant eyes  
to a paper plate  
and cut holes in it  
and made a mask.

It was disconcerting  
how his whole face  
was a little too big  
and looking to the left,

but what was even scarier  
was how I knew  
the people we'd meet  
trick-or-treating

would have to ask  
about my costume,  
and I would get to say,  
"I'm my dead dad,"

as if it were a piece  
of performance art  
and my emotional life  
were some kind of joke,

something to make  
a display of and mine  
for its irony,  
even though I really did,

and do, miss him,  
how he was always  
there for me,  
withholding and teasing,

talking sideways,  
avoiding eye contact,  
concocting provocations,  
modeling for me

how to make fun  
as one walks around  
one disaster  
after another.

## Jessica Fiorini

### Drapes

As if I am an expert  
on inner space I've been directing  
dreamscape away from this point of glass  
eye pain experience sensation rooted  
delivered imprint system of darkened  
neighborhoods away dreamstream vision  
impaired I peel away from backdrop a twinge  
skull choice seems dramatic fort pickens  
moonscape entry fresh in the record  
halls of fine white snowblind at unbearable  
heats height back when I thought grandma  
above the clouds heaven a reverse rehearsal

Return to the neighborhood perpetual  
game of manhunt I can't tell rolling thunder  
drums or spitting motorcycles waiting for love  
centuries pass notes between classes  
monsters cawing at the curtains  
the seaweed breached the beach  
How is it that the sea has broken up with me  
shot then framed me for my murder  
I'll leave your hands for the record I've never  
ordered anything besides sequence planetary cubism  
He's handsome I'm at the beached moon I feel  
hounded red handed squatting on shoreline again  
he's handsome and I'm at the moon beach I feel  
heavy lidded and sidling crab wise I could  
always leave but this is time forgot fullness  
thrust I must've motioned sex hip  
maltese falcon black enamel rising wavelengths  
I chase tail feathers instead of choices  
heirless evening I am divorced  
don't leave but let me sleep

## Corrine Fitzpatrick

### Sketching out the shape (pale coda)

*for Beka Goedde*

slow jog trot into day

time's hands enlarged like rudders

twin panels of a drape

beatific back, head hung low

V and then its shadow

conversation from a distance

the sun has moved to five o'clock

two figures stand at six

house as seen from ten years passed

black and white in photograph

home folded into parlor game

a bulb evolves to beak

logosphere –

party hat tie askance in wind

figures viewed from great remove

hierarchy is ribbons

small bodied complex feet

collusion

palette climbing stairs

a backyard tent

a cardboard box

gracious bow

beyond confection

cactus caught by lasso

loop

wool taut

in standing structure

decisive blades in motion

machiavellian

crown

complicate devotions

angles belie surface glass

banister past roots

near parallel, alarming

spindle legged

assertion

recline as seen from other room

arched into a lair

bulky stalwart      grasp for space

lit by early      light

still slumber

comprehension

forms between

composure

### **The Problem**

Just as she stops her run to smell the night blooming jasmine, a woman across the street shouts: *Stop, Jasmine, stop*—not at her, it turns out, but at the child she didn't notice, the one standing there plucking its trumpet flowers and tossing them at her feet. Listen, this is a true story. You can either eat this marshmallow now or wait fifteen minutes and I'll give you two. Once an experiment becomes famous, it's no longer an experiment. The problem is you can't lounge in obscurity, you can only languish.

### **The Problem**

If she moves her pawn, his queen might take her rook, but she'll be able to bring her knight into play. If he moves his king, she'll know he's planning to corner her with both bishops. I have a plan to type out verbatim a famous novel, rearrange in reverse order its sentences, and publish it as my own book. That this has nothing to do with chess is the problem.

## Aaron Kiely

### Poem

every human is infinite—

infinite memories

infinite imaginings

infinite joys  
and constriction—

infinite thoughts in a day—

### Poem

obama, the second *war on terror* president,  
who will be the seventeenth?—

the cult deepens...  
away from  
the psychotic “rumsfeld and bush  
and himmler-cheney”...

to *what?*

there is *further?*

where shall we be *led?*—

where shall we be led  
now trodding  
on bloody, abused  
pakistan  
this road which leads  
over bloody,  
sacrificed pakistan...  
*where shall we be led?*  
*there is further?*

this road over pakistan  
snatching souls away  
from the Earth  
leaving little children  
bodies without breath  
on the internet

**David A. Kirschenbaum**

09.02.10

Hot Rod

On the band All's 1989 album Allroy's Revenge  
the eighth track is a cover of the classic "Hot Rod Lincoln"  
opening with the machine gunned  
"my pappy said son you're gonna drive me to drinkin'  
if you don't stop drivin' that hot rod lincoln."  
Rod Sperry who cofounded Boog with me  
turned me on to this album during the ramp up to our first Boog books  
during one of his many "you've never heard of ..." music tutorials  
when we'd quiet his dorm single down to nothing  
but his stereo  
up as high as it would go for that space between tracks two and three,  
to hear him whisper his word "hypolovely"  
(he knew the band).  
before lowering it down quickly  
as track three kicked in.

09.05.10

100-MPH Horror

the fastest I ever got a car was  
somewhere 'round a 100 miles per hour  
on the drive with barry goldstein  
in my folks' first new car  
a white 1986 pontiac sunbird  
to visit david best at lehigh university  
during all our freshman years  
i dare-pinned the sped-o-meter,  
which only went as high as 80  
the steering wheel shaking in my hands,  
before I brought it down without a ticket,  
until on my way home  
I got one for rolling through a red light by the midtown tunnel.

09.08.10

Reds drop second vs. Colorado

June 15, 1977 was a sad day  
Tom Seaver was traded to the Reds  
'nuff said.

And two months later my mom and dad and I  
Went to Shea to catch Tom Terrific's first game against his old team  
And we didn't have tickets as we pulled into the Shea parking lot  
But my dad scored three seats for us on our walk to the ballpark.

09.23.10

Drake cuts are called 'too much'

My dad delivered Coca-Cola when I was in junior high,  
drove a truck through parts of Queens and Long Island.  
All the routemen would befriend each other,  
trade chips or cakes for soda.  
My dad brought home tons of Drake's cakes  
so I could collect the baseball cards contained in the boxes.

09.24.10

Reds open series with Padres tonight

When the Mets beat the Reds in the 1973 National League Championship series  
My brother and sister jumped on the field and celebrated  
brought a piece of Shea Stadium grass home to grow in our Flatbush apartment

## **Dorothea Lasky**

### **What else matters but the stage**

Nothing matters but the stage  
I don't do anything if not to show it off  
What is that eye if not for to be looked upon  
I breathe and it is to be applauded for  
I learn these things, so that I can retell them  
What is memory  
If not to remember so that  
Another can recall  
O life goes endlessly endlessly down a blue ravine  
But I am back  
And I got your attention  
So what else matters  
I moved this arm  
And leg  
Just so that you might look at me

## **Time and Matter**

Time is not matter  
Matter is not  
You can't tell me that my little arm is important  
Or that when I die  
That it will matter to anyone  
This next life I think will be better than this one

What matter it will be  
I was small a small thing  
In this world  
What small arm  
What throat croaked  
A bitter blue

Mice are embodiments of the wild  
Multiplied forever  
Their matter is very important  
Very important to me  
What tiny arms have I poisoned  
In the name of safety?

What have you done?  
You are a tree in the wind  
Of time and change  
You are a strong thing  
I put my arm on you  
And you are bark  
And wood  
And swaying

**Michael Marcinkowski**

HOLLOWNESS OF THE TIP OF THE THRONE OF WISDOM

uh, yeah

When the rising up of the logic lived is evident,  
Falling down, it is not.

I say as much myself as such to you:  
To go out among the poor.

I say this as much myself as thus to you:  
We fall down, pray unto our knees.

BOUNCE BOUNCE

But pale the night lamp buck float and seaward.  
Patterning, paternal, pulling. Palsy to bed.  
Sheep of the words which yet doth lieth. Ship  
of the words yet doth lieth.  
Varic, Zahari said,  
"Weather down which robe desertion wore,  
sparse grandeur reap yes yes but known.  
And years, yes yet overcapital still gray,  
still pale handling burnt rote and yes, years yet,  
we varied particular dumbshits of the horrible /  
conservative image of a thing, circuit of the mean,  
the night, all that: the Bvlgarie on your shoulder."

## Pattie McCarthy

mary is brought to bed in 1760 her first  
child born ten months after marriage  
child number two born in 1762 & she is  
again brought to bed in 1765 pregnant  
immediately thereafter mary another in 1766  
her fifth next year her sixth the year right after  
*free from pregnancy & childbirth in 1769* mary  
is with child again 1770 mary will have five  
more children in the next twelve years spending  
twenty-three years pregnant or nursing only  
three of mary's twelve  
live to adulthood

the historian made an amazing pie chart *pregnant nursing free*  
thirteen women in mary's family had ninety-seven  
children of whom thirty-eight died as infants or toddlers

super stition middle english from latin or old french  
super *over* plus stare *to stand*

### Mary

was letting her kids go to the movies. was debating whether or not  
she felt the pains of labor. was cooking for a wealthy family in Oyster Bay.  
was moved as only I am moved by the singing of the Stabat Mater at  
Sunday Mass. was standing stock still at the ringing of the noon Angelus.  
was detailing the difference between lamentations & pietàs. was salting.  
was in labor for eighteen hours & suffered an additional four hours work  
on removing the placenta. was dead ten days later. was writing a grocery  
list in the intertexture of shorthand on a stenographer's pad. was one  
quarter cow & three quarters devil. was one part cow & nine parts devil.  
was signing a form that read, in part, I understand that no guarantees  
have been made to me about what will or will not happen during my  
pregnancy, labor, delivery, or hospital stay. was signing a form that read, in  
part, this position carries with it no offer or promise of tenure. was signing  
a form that read, in part, I understand that a normal obstetrical ultrasound  
examination does not guarantee a normal baby. was [archaic] (of a woman)  
at the stage where the kicking was clearly felt.

## Carol Mirakove

logo

you are on horizon of night. night of public lip. watching. limbo.  
lizard. the person who has had the least amount of sleep is the one  
who will decide what is happiest.

the estee-vulture-like-skirt of it.

although i think it would be more 'authentic' to wear the concert  
t-shirt and not listen to the music.

i can't help too much with emotion since this is as vague as possible  
— please forgive me if i say all the wrong things all the time. even  
if you don't know what you mean by information. get over the fact that  
it's overdue.

**Amanda Nadelberg**

Me and the Bad Ass, Part II

And I drive us home and

I reach for your hand

and you give it to me

and it is sweet, held.

And on my street we go

for a walk and you are

charming it is summer

and you are charming.

Of all the other times

I've said this sort of thing

this time I mean it

I mean it the most. You are

the most fun. I love your

hands in the air. We are good

to each other and you

tell me lots of things. What it

means to love people in all

this glory light. How you came

to dance in little circles and that

the way into a monster is

short and terrible. We go

swimming. October, be

gentle, be good pizza. A

nice visit. We will want

to do this more than once.

There is a park down the street.

And we put our hands up  
to lie down, there is a field to lie us  
down, lying down in the dark.

**Aimee Nezhukumatathil**

INVITATION

The wishes

of the whale shark

are simple: blooms

of shrimp, a crisp,

air-bubble algae

cocktail. I envy

the slow swim

through dark

waters, the light

show of spots

like a thousand

flashlights

thrown across

a room.

## Brett Price, two poems

### Diptych

super smash bunker  
amidst the tombstone crops  
monochromatic flashes portend  
the Pointe du Hoc craters  
I'll later make of Samus  
and ally cape Kirby wins  
with a brick drop  
time will not dim  
the glory of their deeds  
was twenty-six survived  
by his wife and two kids

new futures to make  
and inclinations not to  
the freedoms we've won  
that several congregations  
may splinter distinct  
without spire envy  
maybe we'll score some a them  
nights when smoke dangles  
and thanks for the strange  
migration of birds  
split imaged on the Seine

...

Honeymoon phasing loses volume  
in larger circumambience of two

phantom hermitage meltdown

newbie attachment bliss  
vocation to crown via labor

a rush time contraction  
the cabin analytic can't make heads  
or tails of

I left my construction for shreds  
at the political shark-fest friendship is, voting across party lines

as sickness reassembled chord-like  
droning low in shoulder strings

can't say shit  
about nothin'  
but seek to turn  
anyway

This is effort as material imprint  
relentlessly contingent window

I love you insanely

stop being so fucking mean

## Arlo Quint

### Commemorative Thought

you born today it begins to snow  
the cold that freezes the inside  
of your nose on first breath comes  
to represent an empty depth here and now

people will love you but mornings  
will be bleak and break the thought  
northern lights to pink orange windows  
four to five AM smoke in the living room

why ask questions? days explain themselves  
want to be remembered but can't be  
quoted word for word turning  
to rain later you don't say anything

not a scene of tragedy not a single picture

the common loon big as a duck  
but not a duck The Great Blue Heron  
possessed by the big picture critics  
were baited with an acid tongue  
you will eventually create the standard guide  
for North American Field Identification

### Deep North

pastoral vacancies to stop over  
placing the talk one Spring  
mental launch tonal issue  
instead partly cloudy Central Park  
left the state of art and lost  
dark age works whole room

against quiet less imagined one  
the other day world love  
drawn on every plane infinite  
modulation possibility a dense curve  
evolve enough old familiar won't sell  
phrasing every atom strong signal

death to moonbat theory  
cracks open a cold one  
feeling fatal psychic flaw  
risen above third kind strike  
from reflective vandalism to the light  
and eviction from the world by words

Lauren Russell

I Am 25

With a love an aching for Marguerite Duras  
e.e. cummings shifts in syntax formal  
fragmentation and possibilities of grief  
And a fear an aversion reverberating  
from forehead to foot: I HATE "SMOOTH" MEN!  
who rub against me in the subway in the elevator  
call me gorgeous grasp my elbow on the street fire: —You look like a great lover!—  
—Baby, I will rock your world!—  
—If your man don't love you, I will!—  
I would silence these men say to them: —*You have no idea*  
*what I have been might be again*—  
And if they replied: —Oh, baby, you're so sweet!— I'd tear out  
their tongues and glue tampons to their throats  
to poke out through their teeth.

POEM

Mayor Bloomberg has squeaked by!  
I was riding the subway and suddenly  
it stopped and someone said it's a sick passenger  
but a sick passenger would have held things up  
for awhile and this was only a minute  
so it must have been a horny conductor, the kind  
who hits on every woman on the platform side  
and the man beside me was acting exactly  
like the conductor, and suddenly I see a headline  
MAYOR BLOOMBERG HAS SQUEAKED BY!  
there are conductors who open doors  
for confused out-of-town lovers  
there are conductors who slam them shut  
on strollers and worn-out Hasidic mothers.  
I have been on many subways and watched many  
hurtle past, but I have never seen one just squeak by  
oh Mayor Bloomberg we're tired resign

## **Nathaniel Siegel**

on a cold day  
i think  
i want  
my life  
like a p\*\*\*\* movie  
from the 70's  
walking along  
in the woods  
at the beach  
on the street  
and then  
SEX !

21 Jan 2010  
NYC  
Nathaniel A. Siegel

note:  
for the sensitive reader  
when i say "p\*\*\*\* movie"  
i am referring to soft-core  
(not the hard stuff)

**Joanna Sondheim**

from *transfer*

last step before engraving

pen     witness     stone

here a docket of papers to sign

she was sleeping in the same bed

follicles     stray cells

*breathe in*

dark sky and a small light

*certain books should be read back to back*

*built around the roots of the tree     reared its roof here*

*each project to end as it was started*

request a bouquet

here the terms     a checklist

*travel companion     fading rim     cup my face*

## Mary Austin Speaker

### An Astronomical Version of Happiness

A constellation is a chaos  
held in place with the glue

of remembrance and writing  
it down so we know where to

go: it is necessary  
to navigate our boat

toward a ball of burning  
gas too far to claim

and even if our way  
is as round as a ring

we are moving at a speed  
that lets us answer

How close am I?  
*You're getting warmer.*

Closer?  
*You're almost there.*

Now?  
*Now you're on fire.*

from *The Bridge*

to awaken to astonishing  
geometry is to pull our bodies  
from the bed and from  
horizon roll into anarchic  
day, bouquet of noise  
and substance radiating  
out our temperatures and breath  
each temporary guess housed in  
a silent place only a few may know  
the beautiful woman driving  
the sanitation department truck files  
her nails at a stoplight files  
her nails in a ray of morning sun  
the honey-scented flowers  
are dying on their vine and yesterday  
the rain came down so hard the streets  
were green for hours, the leaves  
flat and wet to awaken to astonishing  
geometry to pull our bodies from the bed

Michelle Taransky

THE SEVEN WOODS

We have a machine  
We cannot explain  
Why this is elegy  
Watching the event  
Thunder from a camera  
Making all facts be one fact  
To watch parents  
Watch their parents  
Complacent, complacent, complacent  
Mounting a rebellion

**N. Marie Wallace**

GRIM

To sowre  
    to soote  
& not to linger  
    to name your dead

a virgin  
no longer  
marriage  
    able

parched / boiled  
a last meale  
    of cakes

love's round  
hand-me-downs

to sowre  
    & to soote

--

Death was our s  
anta clause  
    & on his lap lick  
ing peppermint sticks

we dug our graves  
w/ a tarnished waltz

one two

three  
    one two  
        three

--

Grim things w/  
good accompani  
ment: gramophone

six on the nose at inter  
lude of Turkish clarinets

secret muse  
um soloist  
collect your re  
cord ial we are,

Luck, always an  
other thorn w/  
no bones about

in the dim past  
october sixteenth  
1920 pen s on a bed  
side

balanced cable  
gram, klezmer kind  
a man

& was widowed a  
gain my friend

--

In private houses  
w/ proper objects:  
tucked down a  
long the edges

meddler of general  
woe, proper gentle  
man & their gentry,  
lodging & diet

horns & plunge  
r rubbers slide  
trombones & tiddly-winks  
one-two on the blocks

--

Mourning on New York  
Avenue / Lincoln Pl  
ace in middle of the road  
life crisis reverie /  
reverse Frankie & Johnny

& I missus,  
may I a zither,  
his zither

the gamut picker

had a prison  
er & knew how to

kiss her  
need of Milwaukee  
Shawnee or Swanee  
& other wants  
of what & what  
not.

**Alex Abelson**

**9-6-10**

tender weather september 6th  
life's work stretched out  
on an endless table  
to subsist on little  
to live in the middle  
the daily bread  
the baker's dozen  
my rage  
my right  
the fatal night  
repeats itself  
unnamably  
you came to me  
and I'm flush with something

#1, 20012.tumblr.com

special thanks to dak and levy lives

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