

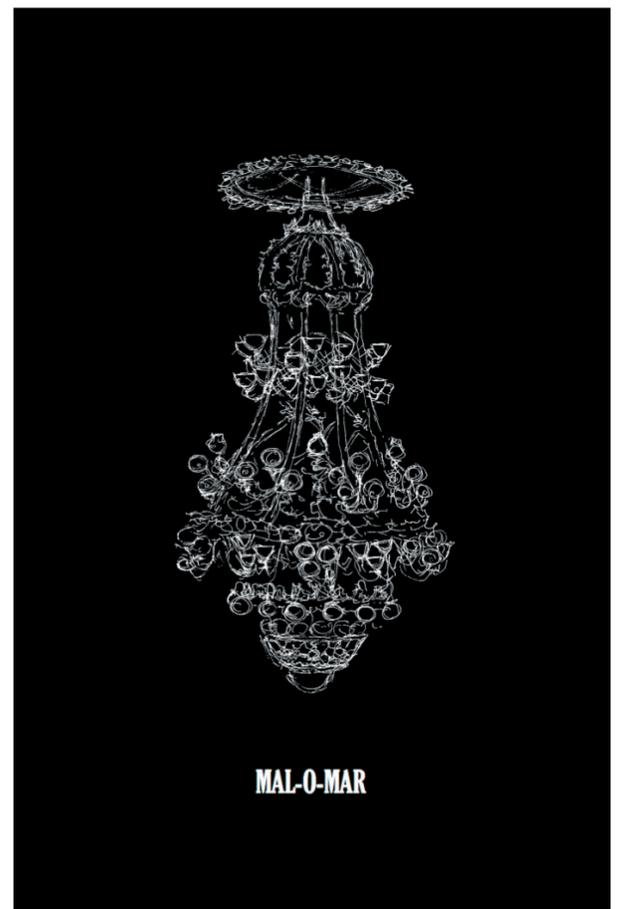
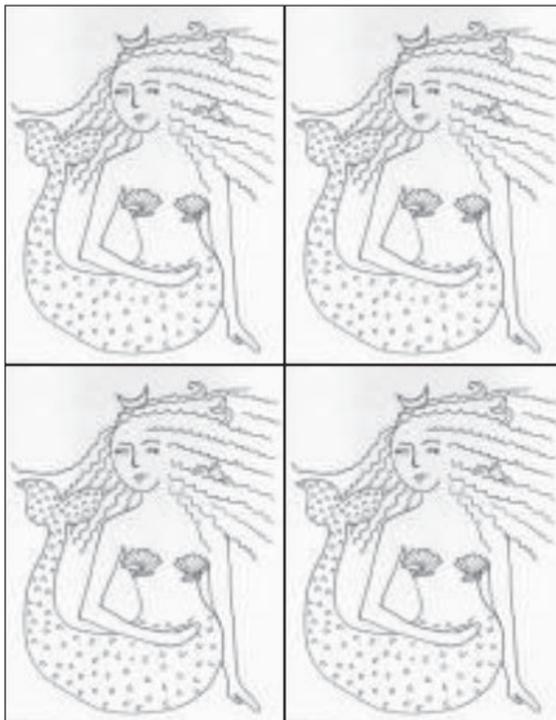
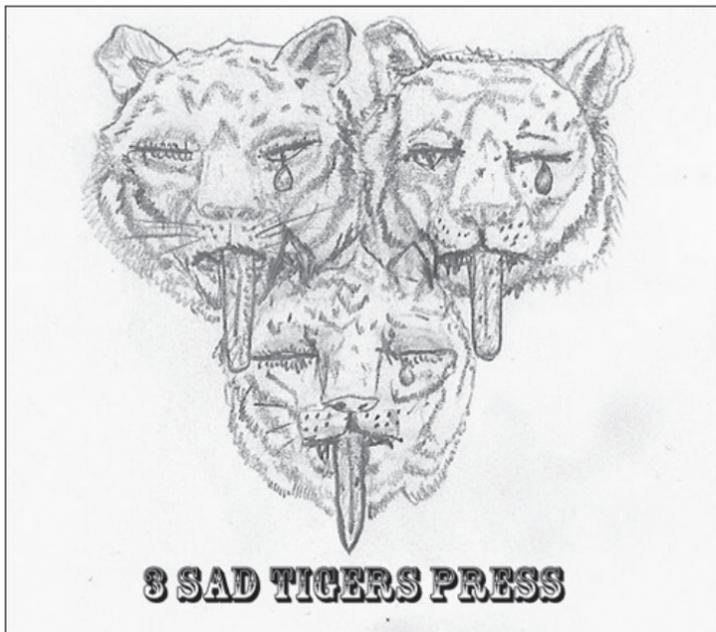
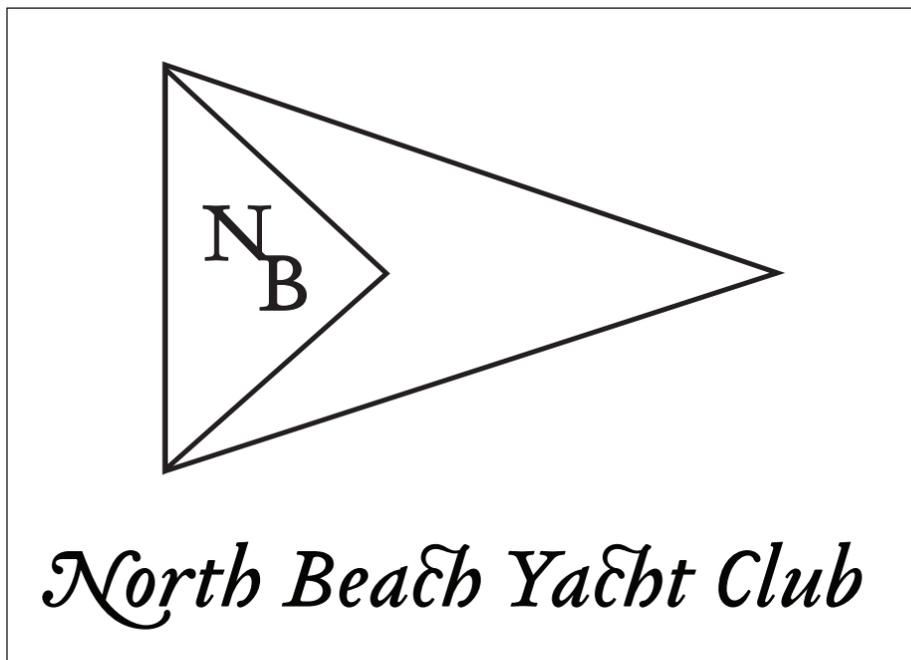
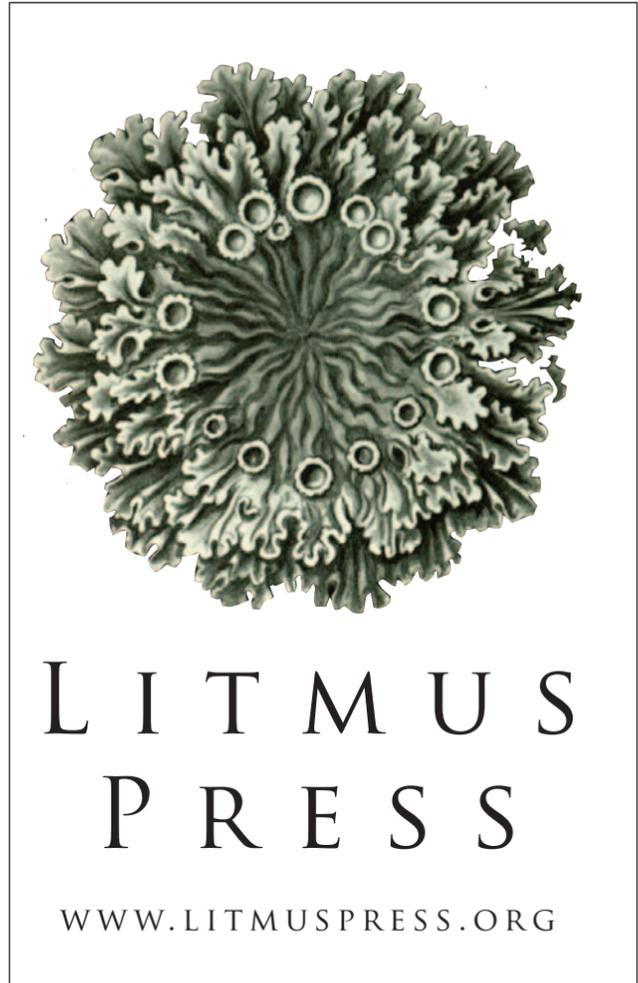
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ISSUE 60 FREE

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from *All the Little Red Girls* by Angela Veronica Wong

The Aftermath

But maybe the wolf's desire
was nothing more
than the want
to be with
someone else.
Maybe he loved
so much
he could only express
through consumption.

And maybe
she needed
rebirth, to destroy
evidence of her past.
Maybe she loved too much
and could only express
through destruction.

And maybe
climbing
out of a wolf's belly,
our redness
covered by his redness,
is all want:
bodies
breaking free of bodies
consuming bodies.

From *(Ir)rational Animals* by Steven Karl

It takes an artist to paint the light loss

to see &
to for it
the shift of
that other
the way the
moves through
fingerprints upon
ribs & & lips & &
their there &
come calm now
then now then
dog blinking its
to see &
sucked still
for it
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STACY SZYMASZEK

Eustace is mnemonic and I am privy to it. E is council we use public money to get out of the penalty. confer any dignity through the issuance of money. how is my temporal lobe it looks like a boxing glove. against my only judgment verbs gun for the light. this is where the thumb would go. it's auditory. it selects and assigns names. Eustace is ditto. mirroror creates space. Eustace is dittographic a copyist error back silvered. to inspect the aberrant i.e. corneal corrosion to gauge the whole appearance to notify outposts of tactic. to tap into the immunity of hair matted around injury. the determination from the ministry FAILURE TO SUPPRESS. Epic windpipe andro kaftan. E's too conspicuous.

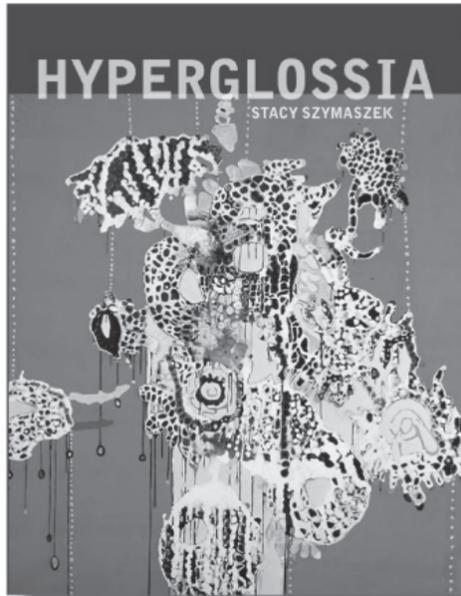
Hyperglossia
poetry by Stacy Szymaszek

ISBN: 978-1-933959-07-8

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\$15

original cover art
by Laurel Sparks

Stacy Szymaszek is the author of *Emptied of All Ships* (Litmus, 2005) and numerous chapbooks. She is currently the artistic director of the Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church.



where I've traipsed

I've robbed my body of sleep

inlaid emeralds
melanin branded

o field of cosmopolitan birds

parrot wing graft
flock of trachea
hyper tree holes

salt soup in provision-town

I dilate to stave

my whip kicking reproductive system

sleep with a loot of musical instruments

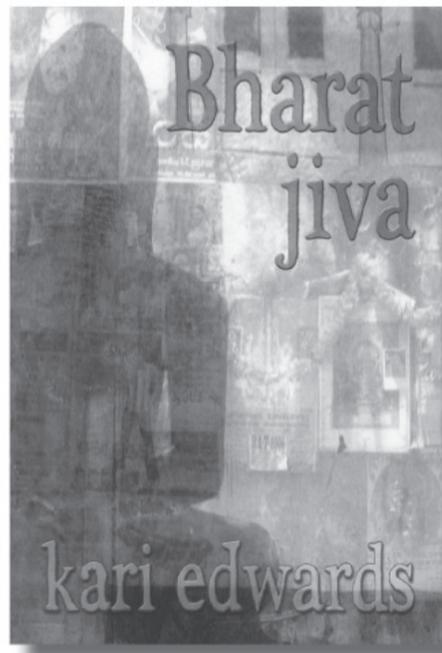
donate catgut

from my eerie

hereafter

KARI EDWARDS

there must be a crazy power, intermittent instruments, and or a chain of water, unchained, rippling full, while others drop away. I think flashing panoramas, a natural harbor steeped in the sun's implicit staying, firm ballooning speechless jest, tittering momentarily there. someplace not rip-tooth skyline frozen acetate. someplace obscure. someplace not a prophet's immaculate condensed reality, enforced by pliers, plagued by an outside outside, grabbing disappearing starlight. there must be a world of words, uncentered decay, light penetrating flesh to bone, without a conveyor belt construct, mapping another absurd rational predicament something unfurnished, not already saturated with history's whispering sloganisms. someplace the foot falls, surrounded in a medium, clearly falling, falls clear, gives way to conscious ramifications of disremembered walking, falls forward from the flowing lamp towards dawn's supplement of love. there must be a dawn somewhere flashing quick, not plagued by decay and too many billowing words.



Bharat jiva
poetry by kari edwards

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by Frances Blau

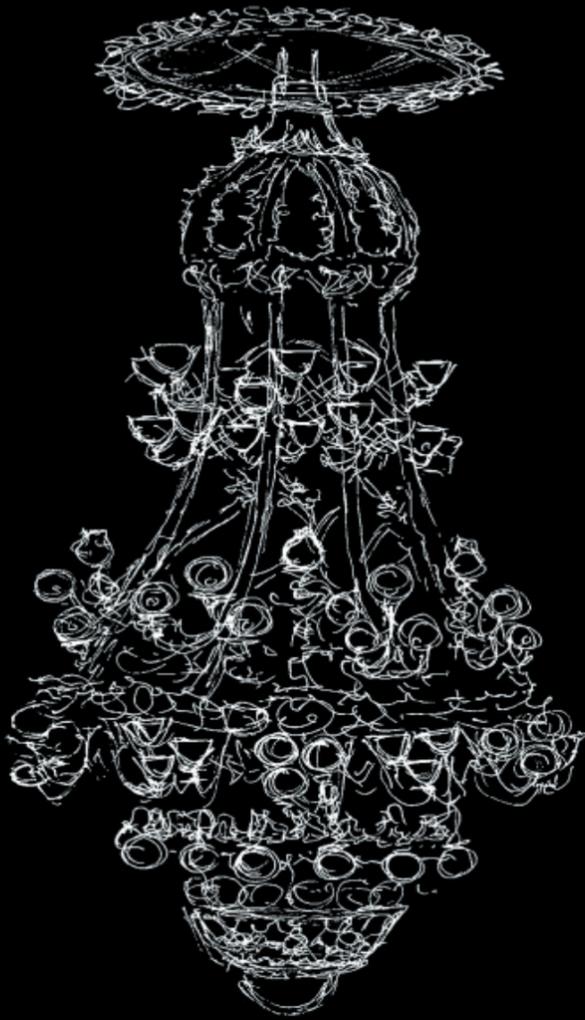
kari edwards (1954 – 2006) is the author of *having been blue for charity* (BlazeVox, 2006), *obedience* (Factory School, 2005), *iduna* (O Books, 2003), *a day in the life of p.* (subpress collective, 2002), *a diary of lies* — Belladonna #27 (Belladonna Books, 2002), and *post/(pink)* (Scarlet Press, 2000).

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22 MY HEART LAID BARE

What I think of the vote and the right to elect. About the rights of man.

What is vile in any function.

A Dandy does nothing.

Can you imagine a Dandy speaking to the populace, except to flout it?

*

There is no reasonable and assured government except for the aristocracy.

Monarchy or republic based on democracy are equally absurd and weak.

*

Immense nausea of posters.

*

There exist only three respectable beings:

The priest, the warrior, the poet. To know, to kill, and to create.

All other men are trimmable, can be measured for duty, made for the stable, which is to say for exercising what are called *professions*.

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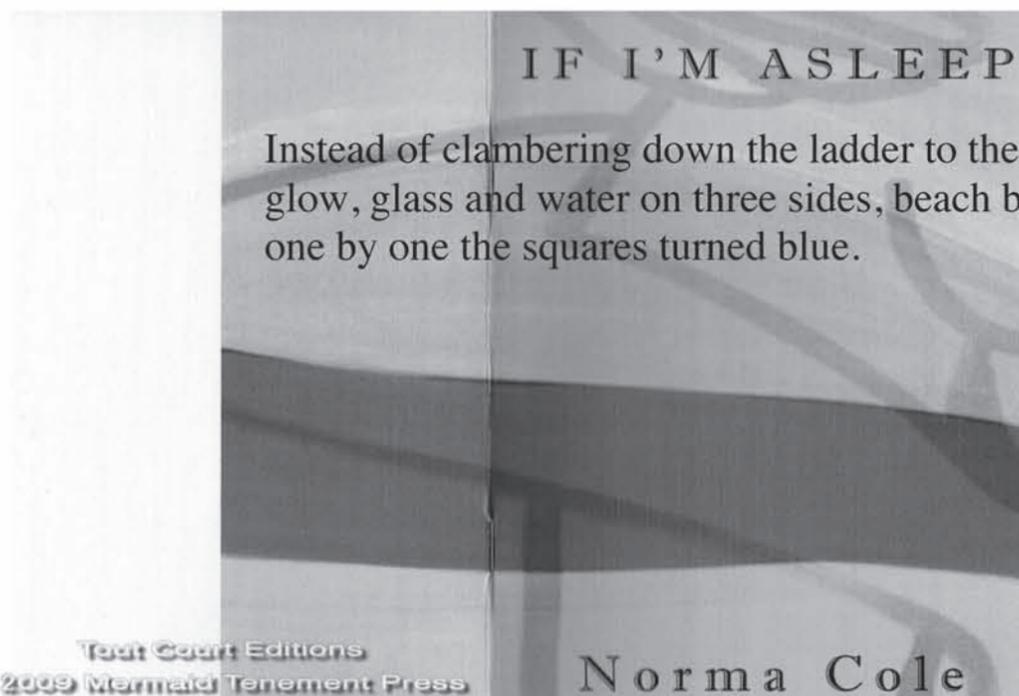
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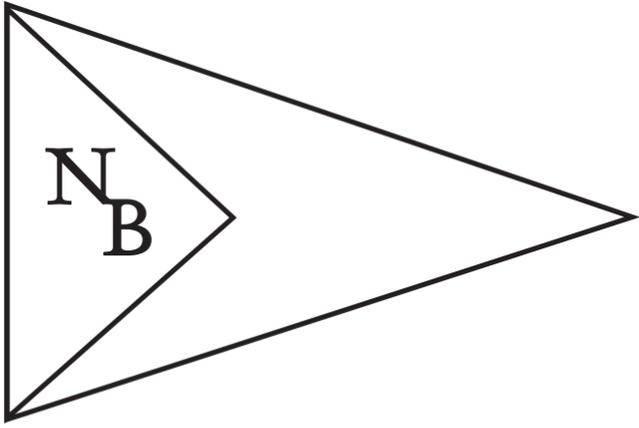
*Start here. Uncompensated tongue. Pressure point mortality periodicals linking the present to earlier structural loves.
Read forward, sharp reds. The words take off. Think. It starts.*

CounterClock Abigail Child



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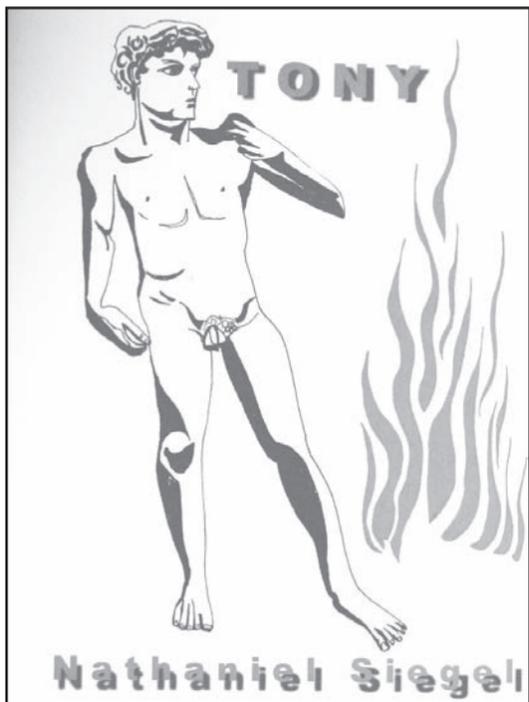
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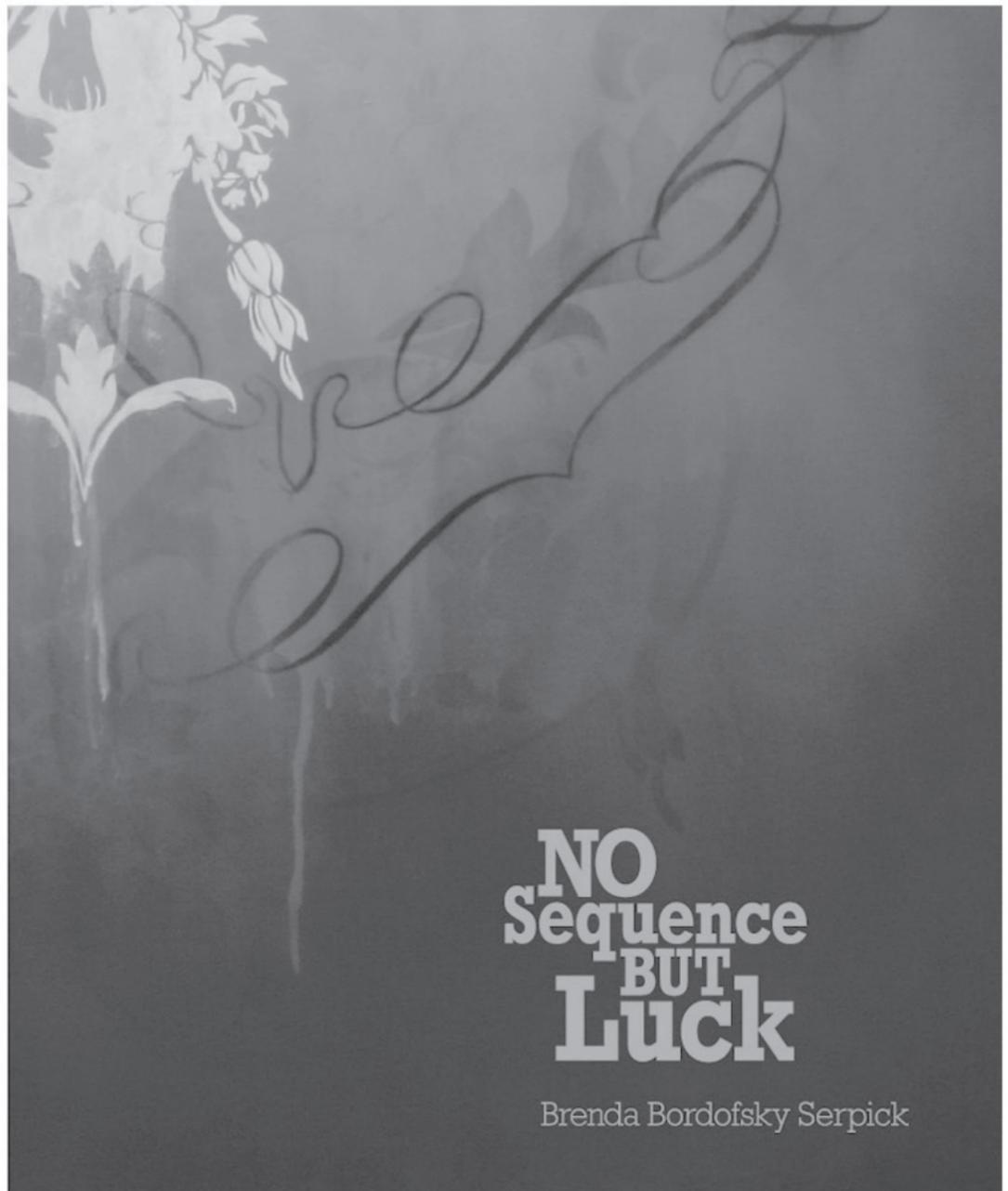
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NO SEQUENCE BUT LUCK

the stroke found its way
with pressure
not a ballet not balled
up
in an eyeball there were
pressures
with no sequence
and blood clots he ig-
nored
a lazy universe
illegible and worn
voice funny in asking
condemning and con-
cerning
say sincere a voice is re-
petitive
the first day he put
these words together
with no sequence but
luck



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URBAN FOLK

After W.S. 13 Ways of Looking at Prewar Yardsale

M104

Prewar Yardsale
By Tony Rubin

The first time I saw Prewar Yardsale, at Sidewalk, probably sometime in 1999 or 2000, I thought, "Jug band/Velvet Under-

ground." OK, not the best description, but I desperately needed to understand what I was hearing. They were making primitive music even more primitive. But I realized that what drew me to it was that in the process of removing everything that could

have been in the way, they were making it a lot easier to comprehend the delicate beating heart within. They put Bob Dylan's "thin high mercury sound" into reverse—where he was taking the threads of folk music and beat poetry and gilding them with electric rock and roll, Prewar are removing that casing to bare the threads to us once again. This music is closer to the recordings Allen Ginsberg made for Moses Asch at Folkways Re-



Deena H. Malfi photo

ground." OK, not the best description, but I desperately needed to understand what I was hearing. They were making primitive music even more primitive. But I realized that what drew me to it was that in the process of removing everything that could

ground." OK, not the best description, but I desperately needed to understand what I was hearing. They were making primitive music even more primitive. But I realized that what drew me to it was that in the process of removing everything that could

II

This is the avant-garde band that isn't an avant-garde band. The song

construction (and this is where the Velvet Underground part comes in) is steadfastly conventional—a Ramones-like, regular old verse-chorus-verse structure made up of the smallest number of chords that will still tell the story, with harmonics that never stray far from garage rock. No self-consciously artsy embellishments like overtly weird singing or odd time signatures. True, the percussion is mainly someone, Dina Levy, playing two overturned buckets with sticks, but in the same unassuming way you might drum along to the radio while washing up the dishes at home.

III

Not to say that, when the subject calls for it, Prewar won't do a "traditional" song—or that they aren't firmly rooted in the rock canon. I've seen them cover songs from The Rolling Stones' (relatively) obscure album *Their Satanic Majesties Request*, as well as from Morrissey, Lach, and Major Matt Mason USA. On M104, there is "Straus Park", which echoes Dylan's "Like a Rolling Stone" musically and in the accusatory bluster of the lyrics. Or "Made in the Shade," constructed on the same two-and-a-half chord structure foundation that made Richman's "Roadrunner," The Velvet's "Sister Ray," and Suicide's "Ghost Rider" so compelling.

IV

Can you call something this stripped-down "musically ambitious"? Maybe not, but M104 does widen the Prewar texture in some beautiful ways. The songs with Dashan Coram and Nick Nace, especially Nace's banjo and bass on "Coffee Grind," are remarkable in their simplicity and their impact.

V

Think of it this way: Blind Willie McTell's "Writin' Paper Blues" right now in New York City. Today. On the phone, in the rain.

VI

Few bands are so steeped in geography. The mapping of the Prewar Yardsale world, a theme through their previous albums, continues here. Always they are building a virtual 3-D construc-

tion of their universe, internal and external. It's a regular place, filled with Starbucks and New York City buses and subway platforms, and people are doing ordinary day-to-day things, but it also opens up buried human emotions in unexpected places, like in "Coffee Grind," where Mike Rechner sings, "On the first day I walk between the squirrels and the joggers/ have a smoke by the water and soda on the corner/ then I take off my glasses and I lie on the sidewalk/ like the homeless people/ the second day it rains/ and it's even better."

Although the "tri-state area" (itself a previous song subject) gets the most play, other locations turn up, equally evocatively. "Santa Fe" compares Santa Cruz with the title city, preferring the more down-to-earth location, as you would expect. And "Banana Leaf" creates its melancholy tapestry of separation and loneliness by contrasting New York and Florida.

VII

"When the Water Fell" is like driving "When the Levee Breaks" straight back through Led Zeppelin and all the way home to Joe McCoy—and then to your house.

VIII

Nowadays, couple-duo bands are as ubiquitous as the old-fashioned two guitars, bass and drums. In this case, the addition of their son to the family (although not to the band—yet) has added another dimension to the music. Harmon did the cover art and is listed as co-writer on two songs. Like They Might Be Giants (although in another universe altogether), Prewar's music lends itself well to observing the world from a child's point of view. The bus trip in "M104" and the existential examination of the ice cream experience in "Ice Cream" come with no condescension, you are just there—in the moment, on the M104 bus looking at the buildings. Its not so much music for kids (like TMBG or Woody Guthrie's children's songs) as it is like a translation from some other language suddenly made understandable to adults.

IX

Sometimes the best comparison is to The Young Marble Giants, steadfastly hanging on to their minimalism in the wash of British punk.

X

Sometimes the best comparison is to William Carlos Williams, going about his daily doctoring business, constructing tiny delicate observations about plums and wheelbarrows, and long epics about Pater-

The percussion is someone playing two overturned buckets with sticks, but in the same unassuming way you might drum along to the radio while washing up.

XI

The stripped-down music puts the emphasis on the lyrics (or in this case, I should say "the words") and I guess this is where I have to back up what I said about Folkways Records and David Amram and The Fugs and all that. These small poems are often more "literary" than they are "musical" in the Brill Building sense. Songs like "Weird" from *Lowdown* or "Cocaine King" from *We are Singing a Sad Song* are, as far as I'm concerned, beat poetry, straight up.

And on this album, a song like "Coffee Grind" dispenses with regular song scan and rhyme until you get to the chorus, which circles back on itself with the same kind of release you might get after holding your breath for a couple of minutes.

"Early Morning" describes one person's AM journey in clipped arrhythmic prose. "Sweater Sleeve," on the other hand, rhymes and scans so aggressively while describing the enigmatic correlation of between relationships and weaving that it might remind you of Christina Rossetti. Or "British EP," where the verses are just evocative lists of actions "Got off/ Got on/ Got saved/ Got drowned/ Got straight/ Got gone."

XII

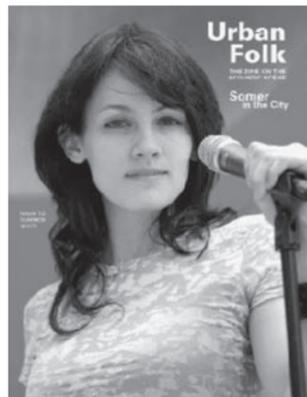
Sometimes the best comparison is to The Troggs, slinging both "Wild Thing" and "Love Is All Around" with approximately three chords.

XIII

Maybe the best comparison of all is to Wallace Stevens. Like Prewar Yardsale, he knew how to look at something 13 ways.

www.olivejuicemusic.com/prewaryardsale.html

Tony Rubin writes and plays, but maybe you knew that.



URBAN FOLK

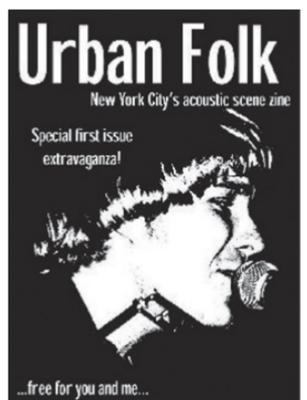
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About the Artist

Alan Gastelum lives and works in New York City. He attended Art Center College of Design. Gastelum has already been included in various important exhibitions, including Think Gallery's Affordable Art Series in New York City and a solo exhibition, "Ephemeral," at Zephyr Gallery in Pasadena, Calif. He is working on numerous projects and is looking for a venue to show this current series.

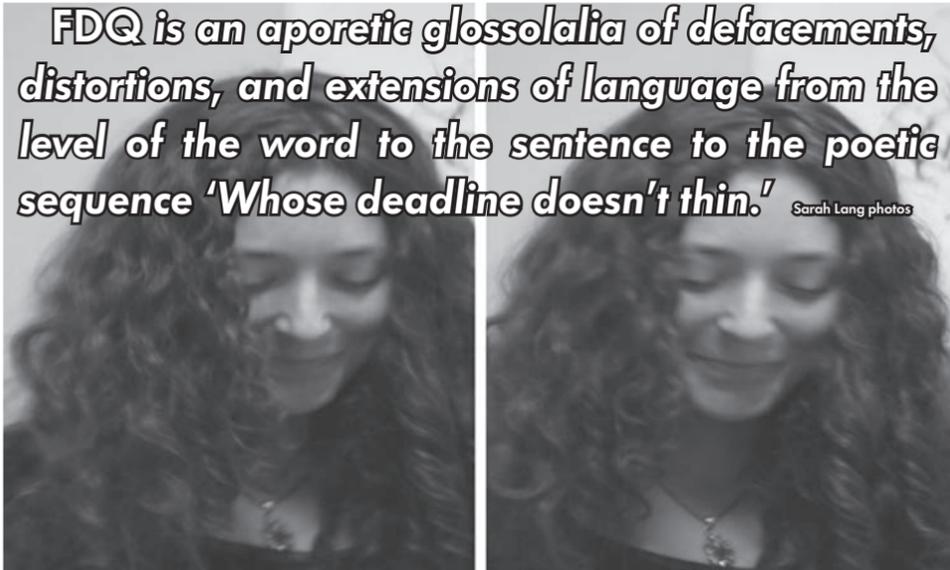
Artist Statement

In our time of proliferating natural disasters, it is shocking to learn that fires are most often started by humans. In 80 percent of all instances, man is at the root of the devastation, causing incalculable damage to other humans, as well as animals and nature. These photographs were made near Lake Arrowhead, Calif. two weeks after a fire was contained in 2007. The Green Valley mountain was vacant, the area was empty of a human presence, empty of hope. The vital scent of smoke was haunting. In capturing the ephemeral disaster of the fire, I was compelled to share the life that remained in the objects left behind. In a time of catastrophe, the items we decide to take and cast aside are telling of one's values. The display of inanimate objects with human-like characteristics came alive during the conception of these photographs. The beauty of photography is in its representation of a moment in time. In this case, the photographs represent portraits of people in a time of desolation. The person who once drove the car now leaning against the tree, the father that used the hose to water his garden, what is missing becomes the subject and the context of the image. Just as much as these are portraits of the people who lost their things, they are portraits of the individual who may have started the fire.



Scappettone's Style Shifts; Kocot's Elegies

FDQ is an aporetic glossolalia of defacements, distortions, and extensions of language from the level of the word to the sentence to the poetic sequence 'Whose deadline doesn't thin.' Sarah Lang photos



BY ALAN RAMON CLINTON

From *Dame Quickly*
Jennifer Scappettone
Litmus Press

There are an infinite number of ways to read *From Dame Quickly* (FDQ for quickness)—its range of styles/methods recalling Black Mountain inspired composition by field, collage poems combining blurred photographs and Burroughs-like cut-ups of her own poetry, prose poems combining the philosophical nuance of lyn Hejinian and the irreverent humor of Bruce Andrews, its puns and neologisms working Joyce's encyclopedic and politicized hijinks, its dedication to reworking philosophical concepts through crazed and incessant linguistic investigations recalling John Ashbery and her own interest in Italian poetry of research (see *Aufgabe #7*)—or there are two ways.

For the sake of brevity, this review will choose the two ways which stem from the book's title, whose namesake is that "poor" barkeep from *Henry IV* who finds herself in a *Catch-22*. When the belligerent yet lovable drunkard Falstaff begins to harangue Quickly about the veracity of her report of Falstaff's trash talk, Falstaff accuses, "she's neither fish, nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her." To escape the accusation perennially thrown at women concerning their inconstant, deceptive behavior, Quickly responds in a way that places her, even if there is some irony on her part, as an object for men's pleasure: "thou or any man knows where to have me." Which reified status should one choose, both of which are already chosen by men? Is *FDQ* a set of messages from *Dame Quickly* or a set of poems deriving from *Dame Quickly's* paradigmatic situation?

Far from being a feminist retort in the manner of, say, Carol Ann Duffy, *FDQ* extends

this predicament to modern poetics as it pertains to everyday life, almost as if Quickly is considering not only the question of how we are designated by others, but how we live our poetics. Scappettone's digressive, fragmented, and citational style would at first seem to answer the question in terms of the bold poetics of the avant-garde—allowing herself to join the ranks who claim to be neither fish nor flesh. But as her poems begin to consider temporality as it relates to practice, *FDQ* becomes a more sustained exploration of what's at stake in the real, albeit false, opposition between the competing desires to "become animal" in the Deleuzian sense or to become domesticated, at peace, had. In "Consensus Series" there is no consensus between "boys & men's contortion" and "boys of proportion."

The risk of the linguistic experiment can easily, applied to life, result in a "widow of the/ shadow of the next was/ in a minimalist present." Love seems to be associated, in the last instance, with a sense of security, but is there another way than the desire to be, as in "Thing Ode," "darling at your side ... to taste the good soldier"? Sometimes we want to be designated, like *Dame Quickly*, and sometimes that designation can seem like "laurel tended in chickenwire/ lining the walls of a room/ that is a maid's place."

The virtue of *FDQ* is the knowledge that these essays must be conducted in the wilds of poetic experimentation and are ultimately a question of "Beauty," which may be "the new absurdity," but is also that indefinable term which must be drawn through the vicissitudes of temporality and the phrases which evoke one's sense of being/becoming in time. "Beauty," which is interspersed with the repressive environments of "The New War" series, moves through the lush vertigo of "buzzing stars your itinerant field," the mixed realities of "somebody inevitably eating

takeout at the scenic overlook somebody mourns," the desperate sadness of "the ticket never reached," the mysterious politics of "Machines as longer shadows crowding this black square," and the pure, unlocatable gesture of "skirts gathered as they sank black to away with empty sail."

Ultimately, *FDQ* is both from *Dame Quickly* and from *Dame Quickly*, haunted by Quickly's infinite escapes and recapturings, in "More Like Liverpool" a negotiation of "half-transparalysis" and "transpicturesques," a desire for "Almanacs: with fens in them" and simultaneous fear of the "bile potted liberty of fog." It is an aporetic glossolalia of defacements, distortions, and extensions of language from the level of the word to the sentence to the poetic sequence "Whose deadline doesn't thin." It's deadline is now, tomorrow, yesterday, however Scappettone and her readers can cut and recut her language events.

Alan Ramon Clinton is the author of a scholarly monograph, *Mechanical Occult: Automatism, Modernism, and the Specter of Politics* (Peter Lang) and a volume of poetry, *Horatio Alger's Keys* (BlazeVox). He is currently collaborating with Paolo Javier and Emmy Catedral on a special issue of *2nd Ave Poetry* devoted to *Occult Poetry and Poetics*.

BY THOMAS FINK

Sunny Wednesday
Noelle Kocot
Wave Books

In the "Acknowledgments" to *Sunny Wednesday*, her fourth poetry collection, Noelle Kocot notes her late husband "Damon Tomblin, . . . who. . . share[d] himself completely with [her] throughout [their] union" and terms his "presence" a necessary condition for the writing of "these poems." In fact, most of the poems can be considered elegies for her beloved: "You, my teacher, died unknown/ And there is nothing for me to do/ About it right now except to write/ Your legacy no matter how inept/ I can be" ("Once Upon a Time in America"). Writing his legacy is not developing a realistic depiction of their experience together but evoking his impact on her through cogently overdetermined images and tropes. Never "inept" as a writer, Kocot faces a humbling impossibility: representing the unrepresentable, (non-)confrontation with death.

Before concentrating on elegy, I should point out that Kocot's non-elegiac poems manifest a gift for surreal New York School wit ("Home of the Cubit") and for crisp alignments of disjunctive elements with forceful indeterminacy ("Against Brilliance"). Also, note the fine mélange of frugal narrative and quasi-philosophizing in "Zero":

A dog barks in
The theoretical cold.
We shake our fists at him,
Wandering beneath the furze.

The antisocial wends.
Too much life is a banana
In the angling daylight.

Kocot's elegies—where both social and antisocial "wend"—directly address dangers of self-immolation: "In reaching toward you my arms catch fire.// In attempting to touch you they blossom into ash.// They mingle with yours forever and forever and forever" ("You Will Always Be My Animal"). Unless symbolism of eternal oneness provides sufficient compensation, sacrifice is total: "I have given up the greenness of my spirit.// With yours, my toasted animal, my breath" ("For Damon").

Kocot frequently calls her husband and herself "animals." In Latin "anima" means "soul." This suggests that her renunciation of (further) spiritual growth within the realm of the living for an eternal marriage is a soul-ful stance. "Impatient to be well again," to overcome "melancholy mourning" (Freud) and answer the question, "Brave animal

Kocot's 'vatic library' is, at once, 'searing' in its imprinting of loss and resourceful as a language-(re)source that restores memory (if 'far back') as a sensory/conceptual event.

of eternal valor/ Isn't it enough that I exist? affirmatively, the poet understands that she can "carry [him] with [her] like a song/ In [her] head," yet "break like a meteor/ upon [his] sealed world," whose "cryptographic symbols" resist decipherment ("I Am Impatient").

Science-fiction figuration acutely clothes the imaginative drive to transcend separation in "Neptune," which begins, "I saw my love shoot up the intravenous moonlight,/ Vanished in a Milky Way of Negatives," and concludes with a remarkable dream of imminent reparation and reunion:

But if I stepped on Neptune, I would find
A vatic searing library announcing your
arrival
And I would stand far back in a garden of
starfish
Growing legs for each one severed.

If the "starfish" is a trope for the resilient mourner, what kind(s) of "legs" grow back? Perhaps Kocot's "vatic library" is, at once, "searing" in its imprinting of loss and resourceful as a language-(re)source that restores memory (if "far back") as a sensory/conceptual event. The reader steps on Kocot's poetic "Neptune" to witness such significant events.

Thomas Fink is the author of five books of poetry, most recently *Clarity and Other Poems* (Marsh Hawk Press), as well as the chapbook, *Generic Whistle-Stop* (Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs), and two books of criticism. His paintings hang in various collections.

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Mike Carlson Park Slope, Brooklyn **Getting Poetry**

The bushy goat wears tufts.
His fuzz is fine wool
and fun to fluff with
until your hands grow tired,
until you need to nap.

Later, as you lay there
in a too protective pile,
the too pubescent animal
rubs slowly past your ear,
walks off in fiery fizz.

Now, the bristly syntax
of your groin, the coarse
hair of a flaxseed couch,
clothe your dreams with flesh
that feels like meaning.

Exile

Whole afternoons in these beige motels
southeast of anything
liable to commit itself feelingly
to an abstract obsession with stones,
America, I studied my flyswatting,
oblong, asthmatic self,
and prepared a conversation
above the beach dust and its watercolor crab.
I, Mike Carlson, writer of goodbye letters,
iridescent in the waffle light under palms
the size and shape of tap shoes,
will off and on answer to Patriot,
my country people, though I see
where mangoes hit the far rock wall and fragment
on the backs of fishermen.
Tell me, middle class, ear muffed America,
unskilled students of marijuana
and touchdown celebrations,
where is your emotional boundary?
Why have you driven me off among mangroves
to annotate my grandfather's address book
and conceive a small ode
to this trash bag of dead mouse, forsythia
and orange peel? The great war
which is part of my prayer, more
and more sincere, the further I get from you,
the war against Orpheus, against mention
of Orpheus, against allusion to Orpheus,
or Ovid, or weeping, will never
be fought in the beard of your grain,
the oceans of soft hair capping
hazel high stalks, or the down of your husks,
your hierarchies of floss. I never look back,
and still you are not with me.

About the Poets

Elsbeth Pancrazi lives in the Northeastern part of New Jersey, which, during the Jurassic Period, bordered North Africa. Several climate changes later, attracted by the powerful negative capability of the New York metropolitan area, Elsbeth is an M.F.A. candidate in poetry at New York University. **Mike Carlson's** first book of poems, *Cement Guitar*, was awarded the Juniper Prize in 2003. He teaches elementary school in Brooklyn. **Christine Shook** has studied tanka with Clark Strand, author of *Seeds from a Birch Tree* and *The Wooden Bowl*, and her haiku has appeared in *Seeds from a Birch Tree*, tanka in *Red Lights* and *Hummingbird*, and haibun in *Contemporary Haibun*.

Submission Guidelines Email subs to poetry@welcometoboogcity.com, with no more than five poems, all in one attached file with "My Name Submission" in the subject line and as the name of the file, ie: Walt Whitman Submission. Or mail with an SASE to Poetry editor, *Boog City*, 330 W. 28th St., Suite 6H, N.Y., N.Y. 10001-4754.

Elsbeth Pancrazi

Leonia, N.J.

Democratic Poem

Perhaps someone will say I have no

job no money no idea what the fuck I'm

doing to which I reply, citizen, why

concern yourself with my prospects when

you can't put your pants on by yourself?

You, who do not care for Socrates, I send

this photo of my scowling face, captioned

here is a picture of my ignoring you.

And like the man who appeared

to have fallen asleep still chewing

a chicken bone—like a dog—and in his fallen state

turned the bone in his mouth so it protruded

from his cheek—I shall not withhold

that this narrative is fueled by a pitcher of beer

and some exquisitely plebian cheese fries.

Christine Shook

Upper West Side

Haibun

Together we dig a trench and lay cobblestones down for a smooth finish underneath each park bench. Occasionally one slips through my hands and I fall back resting on the ground while someone else carries my stone to its spot.

Bundled up
in winter clothing
she watches
from a picnic table
sometimes she waves

Haibun

He's a young man with large square thighs and thick brittle hair that doesn't lie flat. He found a cat underneath a car on 83rd street and keeps it in his hotel room even though they don't allow pets, and feeds it cans of food he keeps in the bedroom closet. He uses a blanket for curtains.

Taking down
old photographs
he touches one -
a farm somewhere
deep inside its frame

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