

## Plastered Retro Mop Transformations

In *Plastered Retro Mop Transformations*, I gives us an erogenous, not-to-be-missed (read ‘em and weep) domicile complete with impulse canon (keep your trap shut!) which acts as both meat-shredder and hamster-wheel formulation writ large and I’m With Stoopid. Mostly “dumpy mojo” (as if urinalysis could possibly fulfill Freud’s prophecies), the lines in these poems reassemble demented caste-envying kettles -- vessels for boiling water over the outstretched toes of likeminded, however “merriment is spelled” nowadays -- simultaneously suggesting a lacy iron lung which, perchance, dangles toward your Dali, all the while improving marveling sequences by at least 57% with a small chance of fog and Mary Cassatt reading laser beams with Edgar Degas’ rent cheque. They fit the rent-controlled, slightly bobbing mob appeal of earlier works by I, “as who doesn’t,” while indicating that future tense imperative is just another set of words in a long Sarah Lee embolism of pronouns and their finds. I remembers when I was a kid. And through finding the language for these poems, I indeed finds -- herself, as well as a bag of salty pumpkinseeds, which presents themselves as “the logical stepchildren of Margaret Fuller.” Yes, your pronouns are showing, and I is unimpressed. Upon closer inspection, I is practically drunk on pronouns, like the hurry of shadow dance and the burps of legitimate writers, hers being a singular scratching post for our hidden desires. I is obsessed with “their unfunny bob and” weave, their trulent word-magic that defined “a generation’s hopscotch,” and in such a predicament “we” becomes more than just an elusive utopian Target Store near you, with cinnamon destruction redolent of the candles of our “vacuous” past, more even than “a heliport near your” garden arrangement. And the lines of these poems are indeed like the chopper blades of our postmodern fin de siecle wet dreams, a monstrence that excretes pus like buboles lured from the edge of decadent feng shui even as “Britney Spears bears a burden” called topic sentience into the newsroom after dark, implicating “us in a” dance of whispering ambiguities that occasionally croaks like a toad “worth its weight in shindig shoes.” As too I refreshingly overlaps and engages the paired skunk and opulent ambulances of exigency and selectiveness, of pitch and yaw, of self and otter, of offertory and randy bunkum, of the public sphere and the privates we deflower in some infinitely pleasing book that, for once, doesn’t just collapse “eating right” into “chawing on my hunk o’ tobackee,”so this boorish houseguest -- full of radial tires and tired radiations -- samples with artful and humorous juxtaposition the languages of science, Mogwai, beer consequence, and famous gams so as to critique how they define and limit not only the vicissitudes of poetic practice, but of *writing itself*. And next week the flowers will revolt, having seen Batman lyricism at the edge of cultural tag team, defining what he in turn is defined by, swank in his new Gatsby echolalia and “rarin’ for a cup of” tea. No shit, Schwarzenegger! Why spare the program its ultimate intimacy for the sake of some hill of beans, as everyone’s granpappy annoyingly used to say -- mine didnt, but that proves “the disparity of point and click” peddlers. As Maytag and Whirlpool in the nineteenth century did for survivors of the civil war, I brings a distinctively elegiac, Punky Brewster voice to speak for a bald apostrophe like soliloquy soup, just in time for the new underwear of the rich to be studied and copied to reveal those failures we all share. But really, perform relishing: rent control is just another word for creeping socialism, the kind that flourishes on Stuttgart and eats the pavement away, reminding us that there is more to life than “spooning in lederhosen” the Hitler Youth way. Remove lederhosen and see. All trees look like turnpikes anyway, when you’re a Hummer. All that is misrecognized in sheep here leafs out in a revolute honk to dangerously “nip at Goebbels underwear”. What a guy, lightbulbs, and he’s architectonic, trim as a church and fit for fennel! What a hat-stand, shoes, the whole propinquity serving as policy until the murderous drums sound! What a maroon, my hypocrite valet! I is speechless in front of this dilemma of the highly sensitive shins and ankles. Minefields are for poetaster children, mainly, and the occasional “pitching adult orangutan” who traverses less than carefully. Why carve the henchman when you can retaliate with “a parking lot”? Cable and remote -- it all comes together a little more smarmy than the sea monkeys I would eat, if only I had a spoon small enough. Details swell out of control while we wait for a word, like “attaché”. Take I’s grotesquely reinforced trinity -- please, and not forgetting the whole transitive barn that I imagines in the end of flickering. Doesn’t outside need inside to balance the possible? What other transpiration could account for such occlusion but the scattered benefit of “riding the bus like a rutabaga in Detroit,” nearly daring darling Pontiac to produce “static control on the perfect” laundry of our dreams. Although we all realize that vegetables are now barred from public transportation--who wants a rustic residue amidst their floorminded thinking?--I indulges our fears and insights in a riotous act of good-looking enigma, or enema for the controlled. Notice the massing in this line of short and double “z” and “tt” sounds, as they accumulate towards munchkin orgasm, a most punishing expedient in the socio-political “vacuum that promulgates for self” harassment. I finds herself in Fort Detroit, to be precise, with a vision of arrows and Pontiacs gravely shucking corn, but that is neither instigation or lampshade. Here the father, son, and Hot Gun have been replaced by a disturbing stork scenario that surprisingly inverts the koan-like majesty of the body, taking names, then reverts to a pose much aided by Tom Cruise and the smile of his latest Oompa Loompa. Wow maximized to seventh heaven, no heavy lifting needed. The philologists in fact enjoy total command of the chicken coop -- wicked cool! -- and they just haven’t managed to scintillate every lunk as hip to bunkum as Reagan followers and Dr. Spock. Doric, ionic, Corinthian, eeearrrrgh, and a little fly agaric in the mundane morning loop, with tiny headlines smelling of pike. I says rejection begins now because I insistently draws out the acute, familial boot heel shared by “Tammy and narwhal,” even transforming its own formulation by exacting a blanket from the hall closet, (Does Wolfman do your décor?) looking peppier every second and reminding us of our mutual human frailty, the “price of” doughnuts. Is this ranch style dressing or the Real McCoy? Is it style or stun gun? Grandma loved steamed cabbage. Suffice to say that I takes Goebbels underwear seriously, as published lamps scald the public eschatological funkiness of worry beads fielding futile trail mix into palimony. Who among the angels wouldn’t? Okay, who else? One is taken aback by how one can be taken aback. I’s poems are a jumble, a juju, a jubilation of -- dare I say? -- overdetermined ear infections hodge-podged together with earnest John Kerry bumper sticker decorum, and the wax that freshens commercial flooring prostitutes. If they have an antecedent, and there are in fact a few such public servants who do, perhaps the most dire is the cummerbund from Lawrence Kasdan’s *The Big Chill*, an interior shoehorn for which the ever-resourceful dungarees (jeans with more than a little of the Bathsheba in them, or Miami vice verses) malign frottage from an old punching bag ambivalence, completing testicle tracts with a rushy glee like the broad side of a barn. The bundle of joy is upheaval itself, lately turned toward market reports and stump delousing. In fact, this book makes one so uncomfortable one begins to develop a rash in ones left armpit, about an inch away from the outer edge of the pectoral muscle which is beginning to sprout a few tiny hairs, Texas style! A sophomoric coonskin cap to be sure. “Has ratiocination come to this?” my own grandmother would laugh, and her generation shared the joke. These poems come at you at top speed like a freaky toga from Milwaukee, determined to remake our bonzai while serving up fresh Hadrian foot on the soccer field, where mom kills everything in sight. Simultaneously challenging and delighting our inmates, I comes on strong with those hungry eyes and more chutzpah than one can shake a femur at. Have you any coupons? And this is really all we has left to guide us in the wilderness of a vast mallard conspiracy, without the energy even to duck the question. “‘Speak Belgian!’ laughed the gunsel.” Apparently its all a lie, like painting the floor of the Sistine Chapel, or retching finely spun webs of metrical verse during The Dukes of Hazzard, a trade show constantly providing food for fodder. I spins such magical webs intended to capsize the lard wall of metaphysical dilemmas we all experience day-to-day, and it smarts, albeit with the literal thrill of Herman Munster’s green condition. One recognizes the exceptional attention, like today’s myth-like instant writer-like coffee like chalk, given to the work of assembling these meathooks one by one, noting the last residents who hung from them precariously just before ingesting “The Meaning of Meaning.” I seems flawed and broken by capitalist elan, flapping in the wind with a flagging interest, but I am not buying it. Miasma is just another word for nothing left to say, and this is a veritable miasma *system*, a simultaneity of carcinogenic rats and baby-talk such as reads reference works concerning civic pedal boats. Wheres the beef? It’s in these lines, and it’s also over there on the counter of our common experience! As I points out in her preface, “One-a cun ergooe-a thet a puet’s must embeetiuoos lufe-a is zee ixerceese-a ooff techneeel geeffts, boot I duoobt it: she-a is poorsooeeng sumetheeng beyund puetry, fur herself und zee reeder -- a feesion that imbreces iferydey leeffe-a, a vey ooff seeeeng, ooff threefing; inseeght thet sperks a beet ooff understundeeng, zee groot ooff zee meend. Bork bork bork!” I.e. yep as a proverb. [The bungee cord] is a continual process of selection, of weighing acid reflux alternatives, of walking to the bathroom with a merry step, and of floating tender dollar bills in the rabbit hutch for drama of repeated dimple. The meeting takes place at 10 a.m. And what does milk turn into when you leave it out all night? What elfish monkey business must we accept with the tour for the potato chips, beer, carrot sticks, and raw scallions? Who are the angels when we leave our octagon for some other pie-in-the-face, trying to talk Moe out of hit us with crowbars? How is a bookend like a lost ideal? It becomes a common topiary of self-determined schlock and tampered egress, surely -- the most Zukovskian redolence yet attempted within the parameters of bitch file verse forms, though who wouldn’t want to meet Britney Spears just to invent the idea of terminal woe. Luck be a langpo tonite: I restores two sofas at once: the one beaten with the ugly stick, and the one whose hippie roommate really digs calzones. If only I could recede from the essential calzone sans bending the trout. Shade begins “getting down, even to” instilling a sense of What’s Happening into our television. Arent you the least impressed each to each by natural piety? Shit, man, shit! Zuk’s got a pomo tux in desires tow, now: even in Spain, this document read nearly as decisively as a split avocado beleaguered by unexpected rainfall and a quart of Novocain (love merchant lump).“We aren’t spared the repartee of fund parting that we expected so lustily – we’re getting our noses rubbed in it and donkeys represent something finer.” Have a cookie instead? “The news grudgingly floods to Nepal as a more distinguished Jacko rocks choices from this stamp-dispenser landscape prepared in Fanta tribute with only oily Klingons slightly in mind. So who gets to go to” the shed with a new trowel? I is confident that these poems will last longer than they deserve to, like your past. But you recognize this place, just like you recognize the woolen socks of Bogey and Batman in the neon enchilada of Joan Didion’s “wary sasparilla” subtitles. Are we really so naked in Bakhtin? It has nothing to do with hoi “polloi and the” truckstop where gas is an excuse. Nothing to do, nothing to say, and rent control still on the idyll docket. “Hegel’s nose job and other dreams of reliance” spring to the fore. Much as one might go to Casablanca with paint jobs in our minds, we put ourselves to school with I. The fun is great, and so’s the distinct implication here of moss growing over our speech organs, even to say we’ve gotten testament from our betters. Abstract, fumbling, and ready for clotting, never merely Oprah-like and always fully engaged, I is a roving stain-coloured itch cream who creates her poems from a visual maquette and excitedly pinches us with her zamboni for visual murk and gonorrhoea. And you ought to try the fish sauce, the species loves its heroes. No hunk knows better how rugged the terrain will be, boosting each femmy squadron to full Himalayan rock sport even if it means blinding the latent Yeti in all of us. Can it last, or should channel-changing shoot the boot? Question, ah hah! This is her golden hutment. I’s passionate fungus remains in political awe of art and curious about the art world mavenhood while observing both from Ipanema with the help of a wicked hootenanny and a small toothbrush made of technique. Though last season she scored low in the third quarter, easily a quart on the rictus scale, that was before her compassionate, complex, multi-floral “retch sessions” with panhandling -- and with panhandlers, les vrais fleurs des frets -- which now finds its ultimate expression in that other art of the ranch hands, poodle-grooming for doubles. And that s the point: no RVs are allowed, unless sculpted of ancient diatoms with loving embrace. The blurb is on fire! We must escape now, comrades, before we are crushed by the unfailing wry smile of I’s fascinating speaker, half to be envied, half believed! We are confronted with the “teats” of I’s poems -- the terrible teats that Nietzsche, Mahler, and Camus discovered while out percolating, and that every analytic mind must encounter: Beyond Us Is Norway. The coast is clear. Drunken walk in piano tones thru a domino effect trusted for its cheap succotash looms in our aviary. Is model tends to be jazz tuba, but I for one don’t just think the Rumsfeld critique (or potential) ends there, “whatever its anchovies might uncover.” Why aren’t the bees happy? This Norway of rough slate book covers, real wormy dictionaries, track stars from hell and moribund coding sequences leaves us with damage control masked as mutations in our internal orogeny. Via the use of cut-ups, nose-picking, and good old-fashioned Aryan know-how, I transforms reading into a fat and hunchbacked little elf with “charmingly hairy protrusions.” I looked into the indifferent fasces of Teletubbies as they are and came back with poems “as rigorous and hard” as the penile implant she attempted to denature. The reader may feel diligent or roughneck here. I has a debonair vision that is ultimately about the same size and shape as a jelly donut, if anyone gets out of this alive. The bewildering molotov of bovine incarnations makes our “us” look like I wanted it to. Dont say “Ouch!” tho, she’s merry on the lam. And her friends could only say “Yikes!,” savages bench-pressing lobbed bon-bons, to be hamstring just here, in this clearing, amidst a strong drone of machine-like caring and Robin Hood’s married band tied to thin strings, as we are tied to our role as readers in these mini-epic-ories. I’s mojo certainly works overtime, tho maybe for minimum wage. Not only is she indifferent -- she s not not indifferent. Yet the voice of her poetry is a distinctly human oat farm, emphatically *not* a nude wake, and certainly not the reptilian hiss of a Jeffers the size of an historic blotter or the pedantic drone of academic poets whose bookshelves contain topic secretaries dolled up for the masses without a practical cream-coloured suit among them. These poems: I don t know how to exaggerate their dipstick tho I am and I is willing to learn! Do you come here often? Maps work with every ingredient, with springtime freshened bolster by added softeners. They are like a horse wrangled in mid-oculus, with howdy sir yor shore lookin purty and telling Shorty to mind the hay. That they caught my funnybone, some almost oakenly, some by their quiet, “nearly diffident money shots,” some by unexpected turns of Toyota or punk incognito, others by a confident authority and icky touch, while still somehow snatching moments of irritation and imbecility in disembodied poop that anatomizes artifacts of mass culture, such as scumbling, jewelers loops, panache, and cacophonous pedal-boats: such grand precis of effect masks a turncoat Waylon Jennings decree of bending arrows at their utmost plain speaking point, totally tubular and reached at home after 7:00 on weekdays, as seen on my tattoo. The camembert in her Volkswagen is medicine not poison; Elvis is Queen not King; and as we read we know that we in every way deserve our pancreas, and our panaceas too. This is largely the poetry of American sports utility at its finest gas mileage, pumped purple but serene in the face of the Cartesian subject-positions warped dilemma: Regular or Unlettered? Ah, the quality of fuddle, truly the essence of system! Yes indeed I love all of it, but especially “the last three lumpy fruits” which are pure magic, with requiem in bath water along with that negligible tennis soccer star with dreams of new outfits. I think I dreamed them once, those decathlon pumice stones, while living thru Julia Roberts fresh teeth. Rarely does the pampering of redcoats lead you to so many discourse corners of the double bed, unmade but still shining back, resplendent with frog guts. It is a warty celebration of the great lions & the sun, with more smell than the usual ball play at Walden, though Thoreau is here too, wearing silk panties and a harness, never to be truly contained. In resisting the grand guignol, the significant dump truck, and Yeats’ ‘passionate syphilis,’ I reminds us that the pleasures of poetry do not necessarily depend upon intellectual raunch, literary drop-kicks, spotty dishes, language of limping, coffeehouse terrorism, angioplasty, menage a trios, failed utopias, monk-banging, Chinese checkers, oomph, powdered sugar, idee donnee, exfoliation, pitch-bending, rat poison, les meubles dans le salon, wrestling the peach, dust bunnies, linguistic sump pumps, wiggle room, poetry with a capital O, x-rated puppet shows, small children with fangs, apricots, bildwissenschaft, jouissance, plop, curse of the bumpershoot or literary martyrdom. I has no peer, and therefore no parallelisms to be fondled with, tho the canny reader could try into night with the plesiosaurus tucked into the cupboard. The love-child of Rock Hudson and Edie Gorme (but raised by Cat Stevens in a season of child abuse), she insists again and again, upon the post-modern pedantries -- pockmarked worship tempered with traditional Yankee horniness and dreamboat isolation. The effect is trampling my nose: pomp and circus fans, like the drizzle out the window as the barkeep slurs refreshment -- A-CHOO! And I am largely an angel after noon, with blooming SKUs to mind, though traces seep thru the fading poetry of insult mechanics. Smell the ponies and their legion of fanes, breast the deep waters of the infamous Charles, wash the dishes in land soap, mind the gape, eat the “hors d’oeuvres, check” the locks. The increments and feminine products of I’s poetry are usually not of the physical, but rather metaphysical or psychological mood crystals of deep-seated “fancy, dental aspirations,” which prove to be more root-canal than Nike Air in the final eczema. Her pants can be worn summer or winter. Her apricots are not dried or shriveled but left to nature’s greater purpose while grabbing a Vegas hotel room clerk and a quart of “something finer than old Wallace Stevens here.” Yum is written in the margin, along with collective and antique tax regime. It fact, it *becomes* the margin itself. I asks questions without expecting answers and she often seems to step aside as the fantastic crankshafts she creates charge at her, perhaps suggesting a sly hunk of dry bread or even the people of green tea containers or Menudo. How crumbly their frail beginning, how subtonic the Blakean embassy they leave behind, like Donna Summer! If you can’t bake an imploded semiology, rendered crepe-like and set to the breathless mugging of soup theory for the denizens of Flatland, then you will like getting frisked by bad Chihuahuas in public. Or perhaps you’d like to meet Rob Lowe. Who among us, then, could resist this sharp and sexy book? Names are indecent. Such poems linger with us in Lucozade and drunk umpire photos, and then they take us out for a late nite cocktail afterwards. Try some on toast. It’s toast we will never forget.

-- Allen Bramhall and Tim Peterson