

CERTIFICATE OF APPROPRIATENESS

Truthfully, we were yesterday. The ordinary is also original. Give it a black spank, curl it in a face, ring the town – the whole town – and bring the heavens down upon thee.

New Orleans
January 3-4 2009

RUE KAZOO

The morning needle needs to stitch for more information.
The spokes atop the erratic display of speakerphones seems
to want to display the information on a sackbut or something.
(Or something.)
I thought you would fall behind, but you fell ahead. And then,
no more broken choruses. A case
as lovely as a tree decides to befriend a tractor. The tractor
resists, feeling like an already quarried poster boy. It's
that simple. You would have
turned the corner at the city's edge, but you kept on going.
Right now, we are dressed in orange. No, yellow.

Lafayette, Louisiana
January 4 2009

CAUTERIZED

for Victoria and Beatrice Martino

In fame this brother lobster jock
Runs parallel to mega-farce
Put someone else in tweedish hock
And see what coronetics parse
Alleviate the rebel stare
Unpack the agency of hail
Return the visionary glare
Of pubescent stolid quail
Your tinkering with giddy lox
Turns straightaway to wagonering
And if the shift won't hit the rocks
You'll file for aqua dressage steering

Between Dallas-Fort Worth and Los Angeles
January 6 2009

PERSIMMONS

Out of a broad, broad spectrum
a gram of rain
put thoroughly across the lap
Pray for the old dog
and raise the bar, do
Several pelicans later
remember
what you've said

January 7 2009
Los Angeles

BONINESS

It begins with a bang. “The other night
I dreamt of forests and chickens, and
that kind of thing,” one of you insists. Too,
the alleyway of eventide splits away from
everything we ever meant to show you.
Right away, things unravel. First you can’t
go there, then not there, then not over
here, and pretty soon you’re as good as gone.
“This is not the mistake I intended to make,” you
complain. You wind up enmeshed in the
most fatuous of discussions, but by now you’re
so used to it that you turn it to your advantage. I
only wish we’d shaved over there, and there, and
over here – you know, that kind of shave.

Los Angeles
January 10-11 2009

COPACETIC EMOLUMENTS

Tergiversations of an eleemosynary sort,
you would think, figure deterministically
in the wake of exorable heuristics

But you would be wrong
As wrong as the long song
Scribbled on the young gong

and mailed to the love of the love
of the naval next-door neighbor's
newly navel-gazing nephew

with alarming, electrical alacrity, the
kind that spreads itself broadly across
the heavens and drizzles down quietly

and makes you hold your breath
the breath of the person next to you
and the entire neighborhood

until everyone is suffocating, crying
for air, writhing in agony, shriveling
up into dust and blowing away

it all seems [pause] a horrible dream
an expenditure of steam
the crop of the cream

and quasi-claustrophobic in its
pretensions, funkily enough, yet
critically and unequivocally pure,

facile and brittle, just like the evening
spent in idle yet rambunctious banter
and remembered for days – no, years

– afterwards

January 11 2009
Los Angeles

HELICOPTER WEEPS

O the facile anapest comes
Again to me my stone flower
Variegated levers as to kindling
Chock chalked and chalk again
Issue out along a vat of scones
Let up amidst a thriller cult
A smashing glance before the gold
Caught between various foibles
Various maps and the nexus point
For each according to his whims
Segued around a coast split flyer
Secured against a stern high facture
Partitioned over time in turn
And left for fried on top of tithing
Left for fried no further froth

Los Angeles
January 12 2009

DOUBLE BIRD STRIKE

It's early Mars. We score some
righteous bat bile and call it a day.
Something lands on the cable,
nothing is as it seems,
fresh liver spins in the laptop,
and everything you feel like doing
is done in a corner of the universe
where pots and pickles reign – this,
of course, being more or less
that kind of universe. We drop
off the end of the table, grasping
at the keyboard as if at oxygen.

Los Angeles
January 15-16 2009

AND YET

in memoriam Judith Hoffberg

We go by the book. All shapes
burgeon into the system. You have
brought us through the pages, unfolded
accordions galore, memorized the places
where nicks and sticks accumulate, talk
a blue streak about a shared history that
crumples when you come to it. Your story
remains peculiarly persuasive. In a way,
it shines. Myriad obsolete typefaces
accrue to a pitted surface. There is the
usual rush to lay things out without
a corporate imprimatur. How many
happy hotel rooms has it taken to
get us to the waving place? How
many signatures are needed? How far
must one go to wind up where one
started, if a “little off the ground”? It
comes to this: what remembers you
is your remembering, your sundering
anew the very pages you laughed at.
Your complaint was not that we couldn't
pay attention fast enough, but that we
couldn't pay fast enough attention.
Persuaded, we go buy the book.

Los Angeles

January 17 2009

SENSE OF PANTS

Thousands of heads holding hands
A bright green folding chair
You live to see the day
Acrimonious kissing, largo or
larghetto boiled down to a putt
steak “give it to me” kind of
shock rack in the coot stoop
I mean, what has this to do
with me? Everything, dude,
everything and then some

That has a rimey air,
pasted there that way
Scouted in a graveyard,
shuffled in a pout-out,
gone ahead to lap and flap
Crusty as a spavined sponge
Likely as a nickel runt
Creature of habit, butter of
a chaw, you bless the burn
with an all-or-nothing shrug

Los Angeles
January 20-21 2009

NOT AN EXIT

The Braille allusions cough atop
the clapping hand of supershop
The silver lining grates against
a fallacy not too immense

The cupless pot, the portrait raw
sing sappily of the open paw
The poor man's ding's the rapid pipe
is buffered by a wall of tripe

Those languishing like this, I think,
still dance wantonly on the brink
But lest the assessment rend the heart,
send it north, a brain apart

Los Angeles
January 21-22 2009

WHO PLAYS

Caught the kite of you
In a back-brought brickbat
Sounded like a goon
Right off the cynic's
Finicky litmus
Sprang into the grass
Like a lemur
No, two lemurs
No no, a phalanx of
Lemurs, a simian posse
Of unfathomable breadth
Bland if thoughtful botch
Shuts way up the prospect
To the finaglehood
And then rears around
Only to find itself massing
At its own borders
Sometime one must retort
And gall the forthling's
Retch as if in some sort of
Soupy interior, a guttering
Node, a cropped prosthesis

Los Angeles
January 24-25 2009

SUBSEQUENCE

Returning to the fold, in and among
the proper collection, I mean series,
your golden therapies break out in
a sweat along a coarse filament,
indented here and there with a bright
red locus, filigreed hither and yon
with the gross practice, shaped and
shackled in this literal way, pucked,
groomed, spangled a bit, branching
out towards a kinda sorta botulistic
(if refined) roughhouse that hasn't
a claim on the victims' victuals but
does pretend to the errant throne

Los Angeles
January 29 2009

RETURN FROM THE RUG

The possibility extends. Legs for
days. I put you through the putty
for old time's sake. You work it off
but take heart in taking it home.

January 30-31
Los Angeles