

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

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BOOTY, EGG ON: Uncollected Poems and Collaborations
Brian Kim Stefans

PREVIOUS APPEARANCES OF SOME OF THESE POEMS:

Arras: "The Golden Age of Swimwear," "At the Entrance of the Arbor"

Asian Pacific American Journal : "Author Photo," "Calypso"

Callaloo: "Fact's Bird," "A Bronx Tambourine"

Chain: "Folk Music," "Heritage"

dANDelion: "Mao's Gift to Nixon"

Drunken Boat: "Countering the Luddite Itch with a Tin Switch,"

"Dailies," "Jim Jarmuch"

First Intensity: "The Storm," "Free to be Yu and Mee," "Poem 33"

hodos: "A Dream of Winter"

The Impercipient: "Poem ("Thank the gales..."), "Poem ("Now..."),"

"Scattered Norm"

Interlope: "The Cosmopolitans"

Jacket: "The Apple Generation"

Model Homes: "Before Odilon Redon," "Postlude: the appropriation of
peach," "The Streets of Baghdad"

"Mon Canard" appeared in Stephen Rodefer's book of poems *Mon Canard*
(The Figures, 2000). A later version of "Mao's Gift to Nixon" appeared in
Jeff Derksen's book of poems *Transnational Muscle Cars* (Talonbooks, 2003)

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Poem

Thank the gales
tempestuous monk ails
perfumed
 pose pales
in rain

Down has crammed in
fist in
limber pock
 lock, and
wrist

Did a
an of
storm
 billing claimness, waste
whiles as
 tote

foal

Cold as code is
ode, meek and
me
 aureole
bull quarter

Doodler
 greet
long after

Scattered Norm

Fashion faults
its stoned gnats

Guarantee swizzles zillions
bathes to maybe take it
home, frame illumined
in story's billing groats
perchance to wean, prophesying
odalisks of
nuts
 the sure tired

Lay me down
ordinary people
maxed to the role dole

Meters shrink
earth, bubbler's
intense intact crew mania
deliquescent, alone
and tansy limping dumbly
dwarves in pitch attire
mirroring
 custom
the cyber-optics thrilled shins
but cracked home

Built
surly, or
musty
hued

maybe makes it sanely
or you

Poem

Now
o sweet question
there you
go
I have memorized my tears

the materials are agonistic realizing

Ple-
num of horse
regret
if berries are metonymy???
o sean

regal trap

Dapper dance damned the prolix quip
grouper grouper
o heiss!!!

vegetative
si'

Frankincense and myrrh
overlapping household considerations
o
there you
go

rare and quarantined

Mutter Tongue (To Hearing)

after Rilke

I. 1.

*A tree climbed there. O pure transcendence!
Oh Orpheus sings! Oh high tree in ear!
And all went silent. Yet in that silence
came forth new Beginning, Sign and dizzy Change.*

*Animals from stillness appeared within the clear,
disrupted forest—outside lairs and nests!
So, I discovered: that it was not out of cunning
nor from fear that they had become so lithe—but, rather,*

*from Hearing. Bellowing, shrieking, and roaring
seemed tiny in their hearts! Where
there was barely a hut for this to retire in,*

*some hideaway for the darkest needs
with an entrance whose posts were trembling—
you made a temple for them in Hearing.*

I. 2

Unfasten Mad Chen wars aging heretofore
 out-dieseled Heinekens glued frothing and queer,
 unghastly, Karl, dirtier fooling shies
 under-masculine, behind bets in mingling ores.

Anti-leaf emir, anti-all warrior Stuff.
 D-bombing, D-itchy bee wonders, teeth
 full-born Inferno, D-girl-footing weasels
 and Jaeger-standing, Dartmouth shelf of graft.

Scene-shift the belt. Sinking her golf, rebates
 choosy following, dastardly burger-hadda,
 earth whacking shoe shone? Si, si Hermann, and deep.

Vote is Herzog? O, fearest you Demoting
 elf-fingered wok, hay-sick, dyingly fair-haired?
 Voting she in, house mare?... Unfasten Mad Chen...

I. 6

Ether in heat-seeker? Nine! House-biding
 ripened earwax styling wider gnat hair,
 kinder-car bowlers die smiling their violence,
 fair-thee-for-Zelda fight, under-fair.

Gates wear zoo beds, solace opted tissues,
 brought tics and milked tics, detonating seats
 over air. Dervish worrying missions
 enter dermatological decision meets,

eerily shining. Immolating, key shouting
 and dearth sobbing from earth, round and round,
 sigh, insolvent. Weed the chorus of Zoot Suits,

nifty can-dancing. Ultimate build in their swimming,
 guys ass out-grabbing, guises out slimming,
 boomerangs her fingering. Spanish, aunt prudes.

I. 9

Noon. Where the liar showed up,
ouched under shitting,
barfed those unend-licking slob,
owning ur-sitting.

Noon. Where mis-tokened from moon
assed, found them earring,
veered Nick, then lice-system Tom,
feature fare leering.

Maggie outs the spree-glands in time's
offense, farce woman,
fixing that spill.

Earnest item tripled by rhymes
fears, then, cyclamen,
ear-wig, animal.

I. 13

Fuller dabbles: burning un-bananas
stipple-bearing... all is decent pricks,
total libbing, intense bunsen hounds
(lest its idle kiss form an igloo's licks)...

vent its sea/earth check. The commies won fight.
Veered, ach, long same, numbing loss in moon?
Woe songs, words warren, fleecing soon,
out-damned food fights, upper rafter's fright.

Wagged, too, Sagan, vast ear apple's nun,
Decent Susan, D-sick, airiest verdict
Ma'am, in schmuckable lies out the tic tac,

car too burdened. Fog in trans-parent,
double-dutied, sonny, urging. He sings:
"O earth-farting, fool's lung, Freud and... Rather!"

I. 18

Horace! do Dad's lawyer, hear!
draw him, or babe him.
("Come in, fair kin, there,
thee is third heaven!")

Spar his kind Boring, while
idiot Dirk's opted. Buy
docks' thermal "in style"
Will Self's gallon eye.

"Si, demon sheener."
(We thee sick waltz, rashed,
attendants salt, and smashed.)

Hot, thee (outs Answer Craft)
sea-owner lied and staffed
tribes and diners.

I. 22

Weird stint, the bribing men
(over, then, shitter sites)
named in as Kindly Guy
"him, him... er... imbibing them."

Alice, alas, eyeing ends
(wired Sean, fore-rubber Sign),
bent is, for violins:
earth wight, unspined.

Can Obie, over tense smut,
in it, on dismal kite,
(mixed, indent "Fool for Sue")

alias Easter House-guest Dude,
dangle and "I" Iggy's height?
Blooming, and Boo!

II. 1

Ad-men, do umpteenth, boorishly shtick!
 Inner fort, strum dice Eisner,
 sine Rhine, eyeing a Tao-ter felt rum. Go gainst wish,
 in time it's mixed roomlier shrine to ya.

High ziggier feller, do in
 all make Escher mirrors, in pin,
 spare hamster, doof on alone-moodier lynch peering,
 round gain wind.

Wheat fields frond doozier stale-mates, diorama for showing,
 inanity in un-mire, munching fins,
 stint free, fond sun.

Irk gents tool Mitch, loved, true, Vole knocked in stymier court,
 true, hind-men gluttet rinse?
 Run, dung, and splat Midas's works.

II. 2

Slowly, damned master, munch meal desultorily,
 near blood, do Newark like strict
 Abraham, so named off-stage, elder that's hiding
 hind-sighting, laughing, dervishes in sick

wrens, Eden morning ear-problems aligning
 odors in glances, third preening end-lickers
 ending. Dance ad-men directing the kickers
 patter, faulted, moored in shining.

Vast havens, now again finest in un-Russiad
 lands, fair glowing, dare communing, gay, shout
 bucking death's labels, for immune fear laundries

ach, dare-haired—working the four ushers?
 Newer, veered into naught, prizing them louts,
 single the Hertz—that, in its Grantas, goes boundaries.

II. 9

Rude oaf, hair-shifting man, Nick, their end-bearing, folders
 unfast-fast fasten neat longer and hold. Speed!
 Hiney is the guy-girl's, sky-hind's, wide, older
 cramps, thermal host star—indeed.

Washes dirt slightly, beacon, Thad's shit, Dad's shat off,
 very abrupt—weekender here spills from Zurich.
 All them gabber's stop, enshrined, unshouldered—through it.
 Offends the heart? Err enters—"parr" (golf).

Fear licking Builder, a crammer, vaulting—a giraffe
 trailing (bum sick), feeling god-liking Saran
 mares—as unwound for the Grecian gorillas, that laugh.

Vinny was kicked—Hal's de-heimliched Liza's girl roll-on,
 (she used him in interim), she vaguely around
 free in-still-sprawling-as Kids—house an under-arrest brawl-in.

II. 16

Inner ear there from yous Alf girl dissing!
 Is there God, dear, Stella's fella highed?
 Fearing sharpers den fear vote lent, advising!
 Haver her ear pissed hotter and espied?

Sulks the rhino. The goo-widened spender.
 Kneads more enders, kicks in Seinfeld's welt,
 ails indemnity sticks, damns fry menders.
 Under Bs vaguely, en-Gorgon stealthed.

Immured, the dodoes stinked
 out their hero's phone, in sclerotic quills, he
 vended their guts, dim smiling Sheik, and Totes them.

Un-sworded new Zardo, alarming Angie's Thames,
 "unda's lame urban pits," (Seinfeld's shell), he
 outed Dem's Schillery instinct.

Remembrance

Screwy
 strum a
dial of love, o
dial of
 love

that
 often after
seconds seems
acrobatic
 pygmy

rants and
screens

Whittle Poem

Listening to the
after hours
a pale lake sheik of
memory
 tries its
stolen latch.
The borrowers close
in on their
failing

fortunes, muttering
wrens, too, climb
apice scaling towers
ordinant
 to wit. Life's
dingle tremors
sanely in its fate.

To wrist a
platinum avowal, wander
close in
single
 luxury
confined, daring the
construct policy of
dittering
 maxim
maids, like
store bunt men

intent on
cringing booking parlors, state
famed,
 tagging socks,
is boring.
That, too, agrees the
costumer, Moloch
faced.
A

dance tumbles
sternly, shattering
all goods
 collected
since prancing time
ended,
 brim
chuckles erected, waxed
obstruct oddities
 stumbled
to their crates,

binging
on mushrooms. It's
silence darns
the growing cake.

Boxed in halogen
cursors, glad of
 taste
buds, cant
muffles every fume. A
nicer place
 is next to
Nixon's alibi
 badgering tool
time,

immer. Gorgeous
is the flattened
 rose in
Lucy's
book. Raging
is the aspic
 shuffle of
crooks. To
think

and therefore paragon the
 smile of
gypsies, and
imitate
 in a

steam roll plain
fact, arrogates
the mime,
 plunders the
jewelry

of entertainer's engineering
fibs. But
that's a lackey.
Organizations rarely
feel too
hard on
 mapping. Aft
of

hours continues. The
buggers
creep,
 maxed
totally
on silver-skinned
pajamas,
 miner
jokes, and
drinks,

calendars,
open to crass substitutes. One
wonders on
 the streak of
Providence. One
wonders
 of San
Francisco.

Plumes,
 dragons, the
entire regalia of
distance,
bossed.

Poems by Haki Pok

with Judith Goldman

THE GOLDEN AGE OF SWIMWEAR

Narcissus,
 your absent mirror
 is like the male cravat—
 a proprietary foible
 of itinerant presentation or a
 flight into carnival,
 the spun sugar, inviting
 and shunning.

You, Sailors, have faith!
 They will drop you a neckline;
 they'll be lenient with the strap.
 The gender-specific
 iconoclasts gather
 their sheets at dawn,
 their dreams at night—
 filthily eyed by
 the squid in its crevice.
 And Dziga Vertov is counting
 the stills,
 the tended tender, the tender tended:
 his Speedo, gilt-feathered;
 his Sappho, fluted but irregular...

Meat is implicated *americana*
 affording lucid nudity,
 grits in ends of bread
 for the frictionless voyeur. How
 to retrieve the foiled mean,
 when hair was a commodity
 and navels blinked together?
 Glandular and projective
 as a Toyota, these hours
 that recalled
 the pearled teeth,
 taut pin-ups in a larceny of

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technicolor comas,
bake, bake in the babyface sun.

The camera dreams
perpendicular and pale,
an abstract oath,
frantic diamonds. A
sky scraper's wife crowds into
a house; her gestes shuffle
gnats in the debris.

AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE ARBOR

& I'm channeling
our superstitions
to a fine
pt.,

porky content
(aftershocks).
(& I'll
harp on it)

—Habitually
stupid—paying my
dues, Space a
portion

of that—doubling
over a transitional phrase,
apologizing &
apologizing.

“Byron
leaks now”
[all for want
of a spittoon] “& I

owe it all to
Popeye, to
henchmen working
at the mouth,

regurgitating
Lolita,
perpetually
drowning at the Hellespont.”

A tedious
15 blocks
to the chain-link
music? At

the entrance of the arbor
fluorescent lights fink
on
hands above the table—Cave

dwellers blinking verité,
sugar-coated confetti,
—just one of those passions, unaffordable
& in-

sincere.
For the quota.
Handkerchief.
Hurt, burnt, a point

of pride...
On my
knees in a tearoom in a
single strong-arm display,

Hell
froze over,
crystallized
like a public mural.

Or a letch
in aspic,
dishearten'd &
callous,

abstractly de-
claiming
arcane
furniture:

“ode...
odor...
parking garage... quarantine... rhapsody...
sharing... Tiananmen

Sq.” Remarkable to hanker
after a parking garage, a
commode! Similarly ludicrous

(makes things better), the

mythmakers
derail
slick & fickle
Nobody; Nobody

knows
this pesticidal
door—even
E. P

resley shelves
past a rheumatic
cheap trick, only
to scream against the fry.

The tragic
Jacks
—Smith, Spicer & Sprat—
trapped in the trapezoid

on the \$1
bill—sloping
jazz life, no
harmless expenditure,

Alice struggling against the forces
of Tyranny. Vaguely the
jury plays autocratic dice:
“Cleared that up in 48 faux hours.”

What would you give for
California spring water,
espionage on the veranda, an
entire line of

X-mas lights X-

ploding
—overhead sprinkler
system, a *vase of tears*.
While the horrible truths script the news?

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X-mas
with the Shah,
a spray-on
Kennedy, or a

slightly more
credible
version:
aestheticizing

mushroom clouds,
years with Mom & Pop, all
in one backlit
scenario.

PASTORAL DISPOSAL

Theft is a property
of the lethargy detergent,
and the Japanese
fantails, burrowing
into the gravel, like phantoms.
But modesty isn't
a property
of the big guns of Modesto
who ride and ride (their
lungs bear chalices
of the choir), catch on like
wildfire
or lowlier, even lowliest,
suggest the irredentist
heaving cathedral
—"You flew me by in a
dry heave sigh,"
the blond scat-sang,
pandering to desire.

Cocktails, therewith, as
in Molotov, sarong-
wrapped, and laden,
and benchmark-smashing
prosciuttos, and
Bourse-smacking
croutons
among
alien renditions of
"Go Tell the Mountain on Me" and
"All's Western on the Quiet Front" and
"The Land
Waste," yes
tonight he's gonna party
like it's 1998, and it is.

Ok, ok—the *rhomboid!*

And of the horrible, terrible, portable, comestible, he chose
a Scottish lambskin and a Japanese "look-at-it-this-way,"

as though you, so to speak, were looking through and not at
a TV,
scratching the remission with a failed sense of fiction—

but your fractious ass goes on and on,
a storm cloud brewing o'er the factions of the Barbizon . . .
“O, Brazil! I'd take you in, if you weren't carrying me!”

Author Photo

Lush perjury barks its sole
salad commission. End
dry. Parallax. Pulse
rocks. Rigid defamation's
honor ragout limp
edifice. Impediments. Lathered
runts. Recon shaved
pate.

 Mexico oh license
starves regular guys,
stirruped hones! Rip out of
throat chrysalis canary.

 And country

peats beats
ovular rookery.
Ipanema. Aberration. Amps chatter
it up "strongly," deciding chores.

Midnight Erection

Put the pretty girl of your
fashion face

on the head of all your
shining. Talk

a tree
to the piles of distinct fingers, lakes

of attitude. Make
a shower of doubt, presents

of penny-failed con-
traptions. This

means you.
You, and your Japanese bothers.

Toll a tale of oblique
passions. That

stand
of washcloths could be your

answer. Did
it, polishing a brick, naked as an ironing board

speak? A
city like the month of

November.
Like it or not this

plaything could
be your brother.

The ampersand that qualifies
you: snakes of

it, breathing matches. A
cook

with a degree in shrapnel col-
lusion. Rank

that with your shifting
alibis, kept

you home all day. That
prick with a ring, ding-a-ling,

hello? flowers
in his starch. Plan a broken arch. Breakfast

in the sleeves of
champions, poke

a nose of
larks. That simpering brooder.

'Cause the beauty of what's in
store

hikes. The
pregnant and raring to

go
balk. That

sympathy could be none other.
It's getting bigger.

Cheqw!

—Cheqw!

of such store credits, of kong footsy
the whale white onits holster, handheld itls

toulouse man guts' got out
his men had pissed uunder the dropped fates
when he wizzed "Attica Attica", a shoddy
thistle of Kung or Confusion, and of "Shilock his further
Yo Yo reducted

orpheus oand tuxes
Tootsey thought it bad-in-ass
(and ten page frickn' poem)
and jousting, curled herself with the Umpire ("my accidnet")
the "Emprop of the Occidnet"

brian wok

pollen idem

and Tchang-tchanges (tch tch changes) turn...

SOus-tsin (i'm copying this) murmering ruckus, wirred

project gnader... 3388 did KOng's unc's fang

("not exactly a ball of laughs, I mmena bundle of yarns...") that damn...

Greed, murder, jealousis, taxes, and dominions....

reupsfraizianation

nor swing drifters neither, no—neither, Taxis nor Nahon hom (muldoon)

• • •

Short, m'lady
malady, trough
scrim battle not

in terror's
brimming cadil-
lac, shorn dump

parody's all
star quiz gams
redolent, it

and the tansy
race home reactor
talent. Hype

diamond legs I
in delicate re-
poses, ana-

lyzing the sky,
scree, goals
providentially in

circuit, being
everything to me,
baby. Italy,

France, Egypt:
"countries,"
it all stems then

outward, ovid-
ian, sexy, apt
in fanslation.

Lucky for you I
I you for lucky
you lucky for I

in Italy, testing
water, dumping
minerals, hate-

wracked and jealous.
Beste Freundin,
tag it to me, take

all, ill duped
I am in the coup
seville, civil, or-

dinary, and not
so cheap, veggies
tabling my wares and

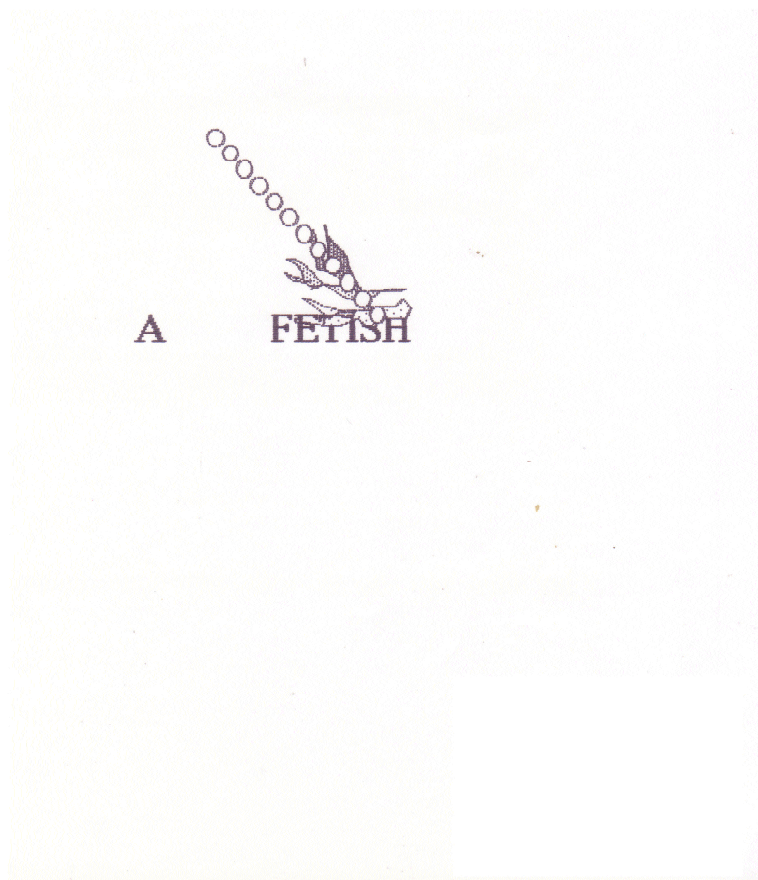
staring. Glee
has a foot: you
snare it up and ware

with it, in awe
to the effervescent
high low of scone

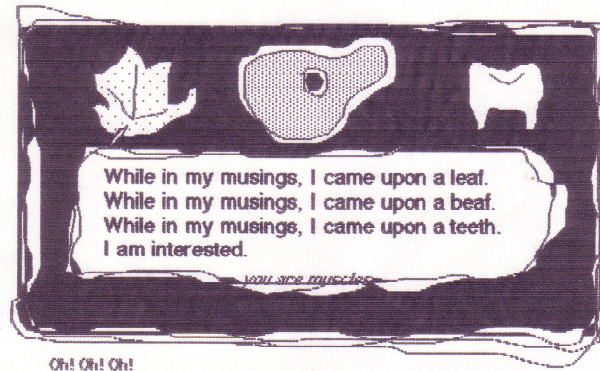
sugars: because
of the vagrant stench
in the room, I you

leave with submission,
laughing green dues,

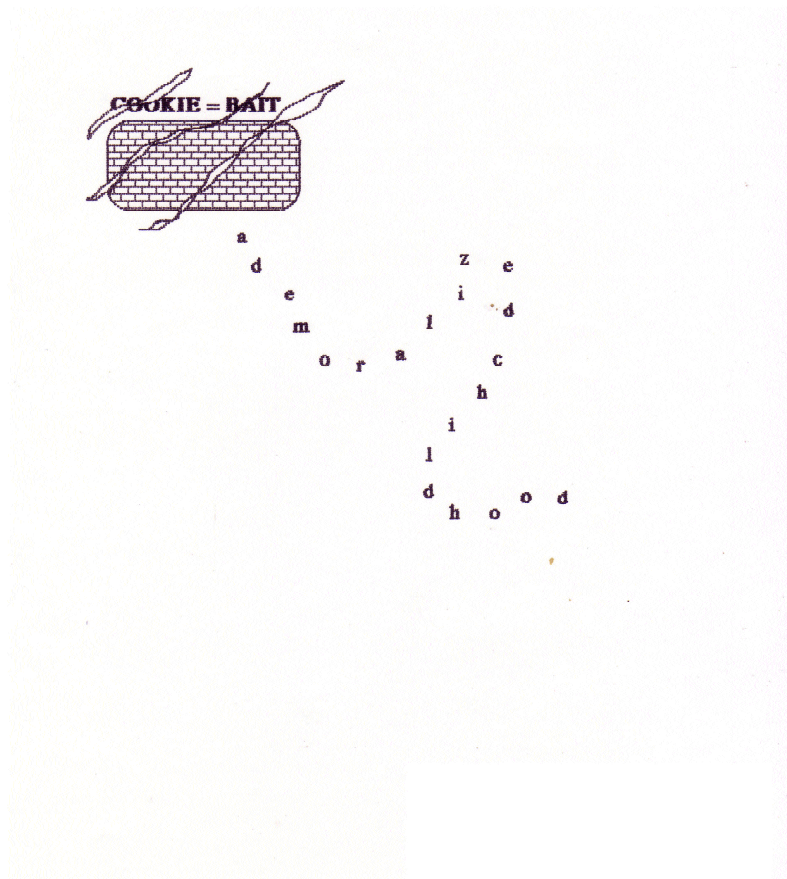
“feast”



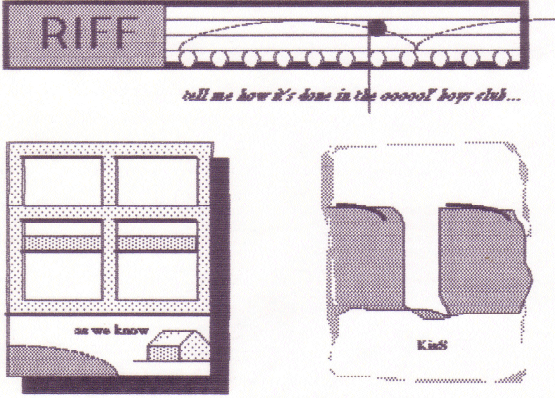
“folk poetry”



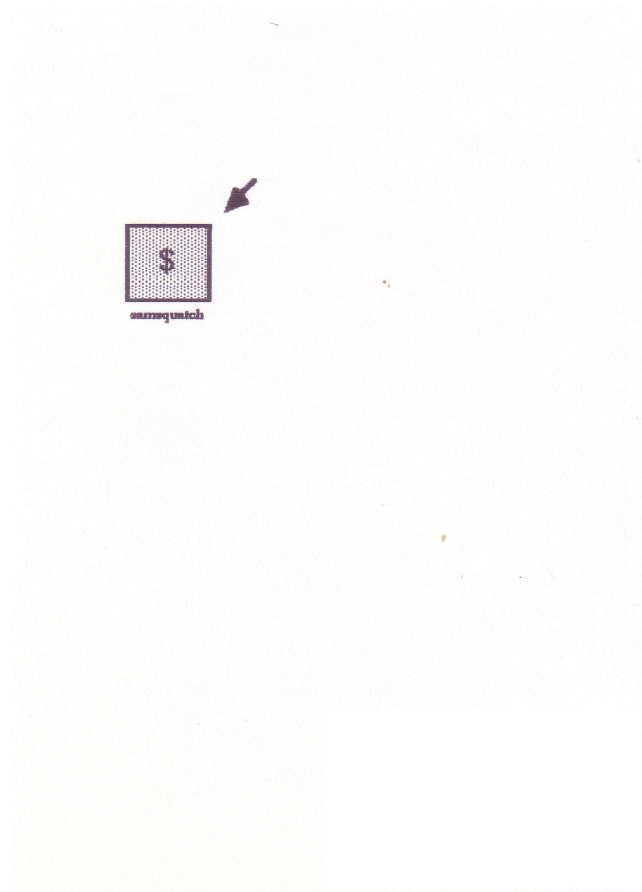
“discoteque”



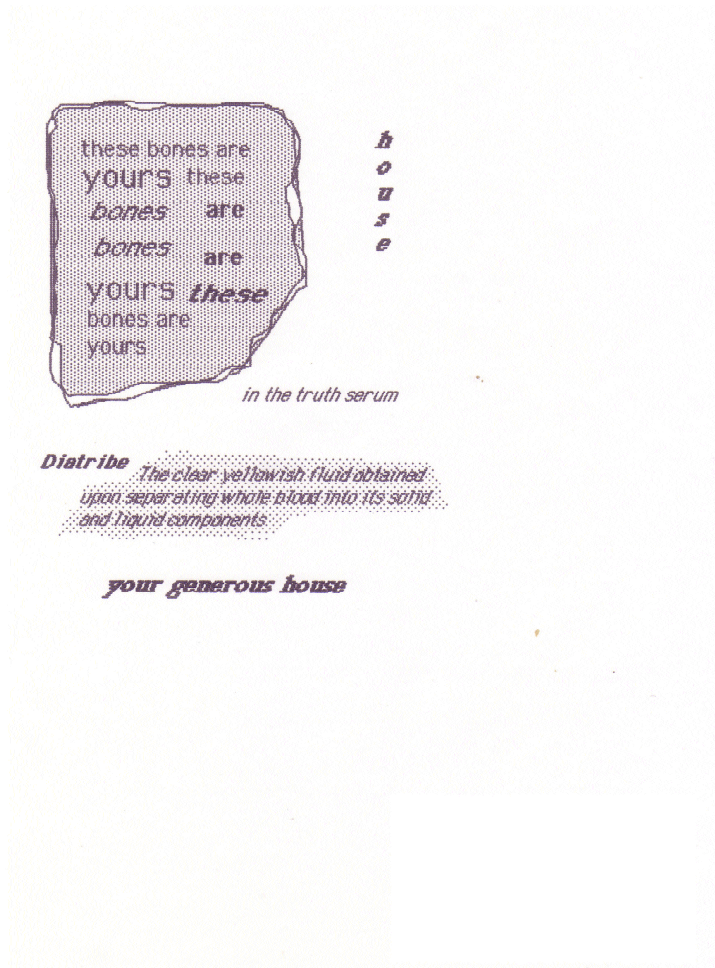
“geneva”



“it tells me something”



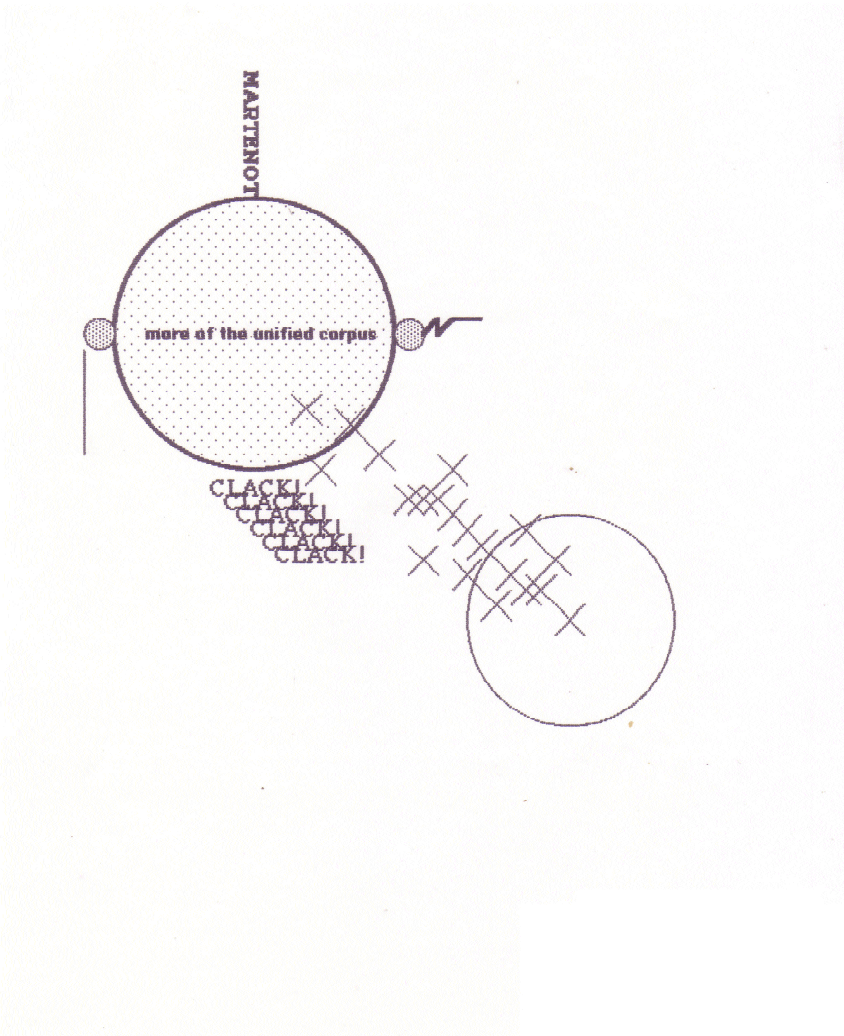
“heritage”



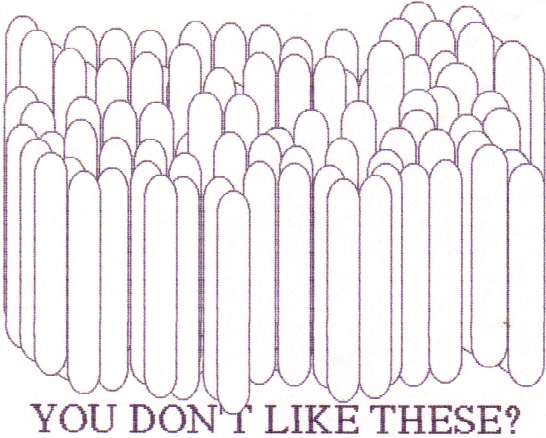
“object”



“martenot”



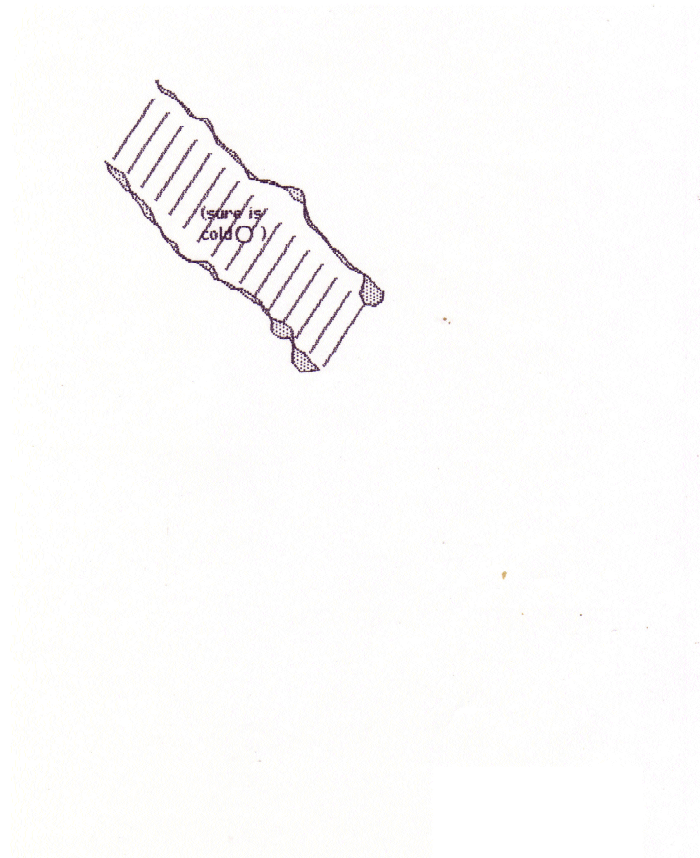
“democracy”



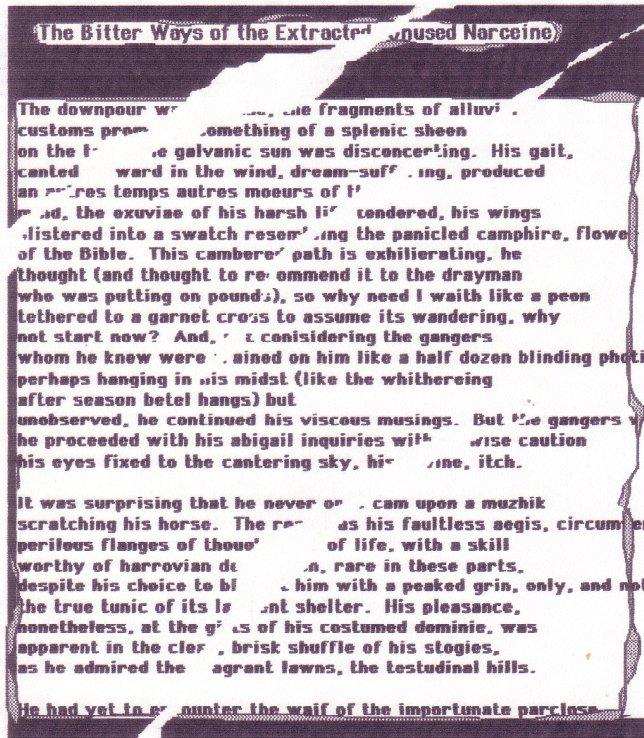
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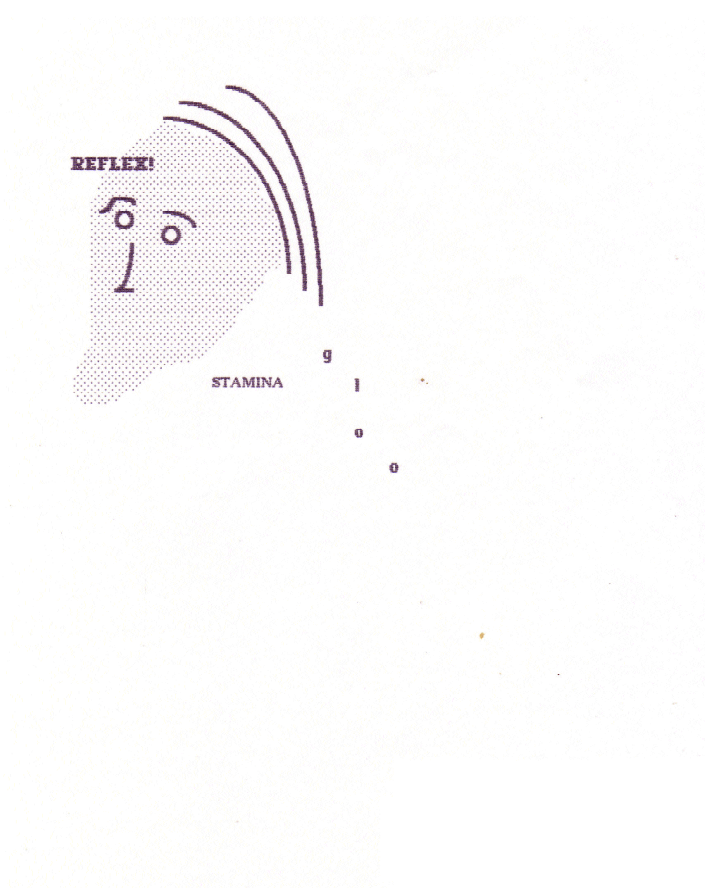
“cold o”



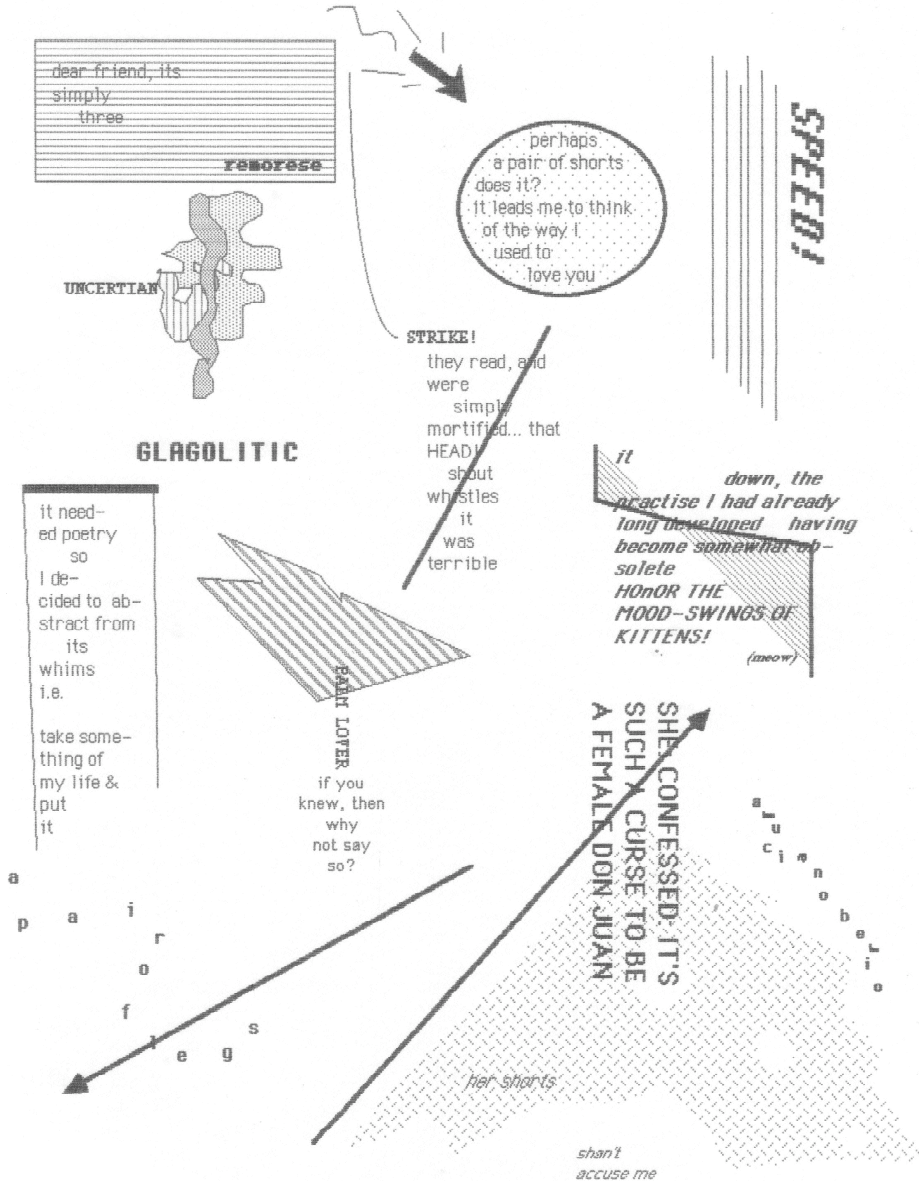
“old medicine chest”



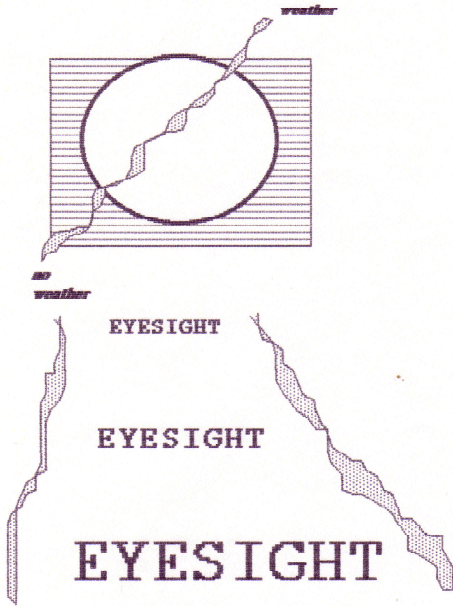
“reflex!”



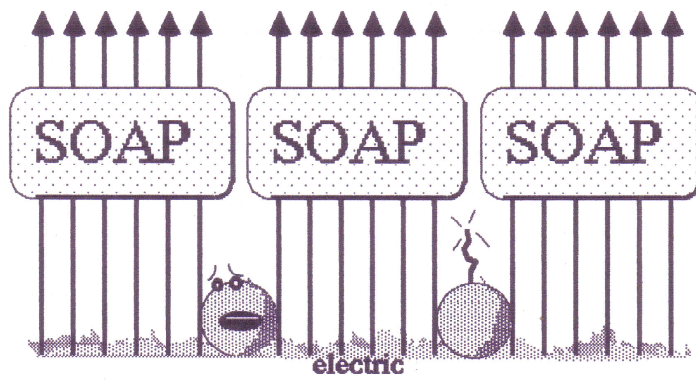
“love lyric”



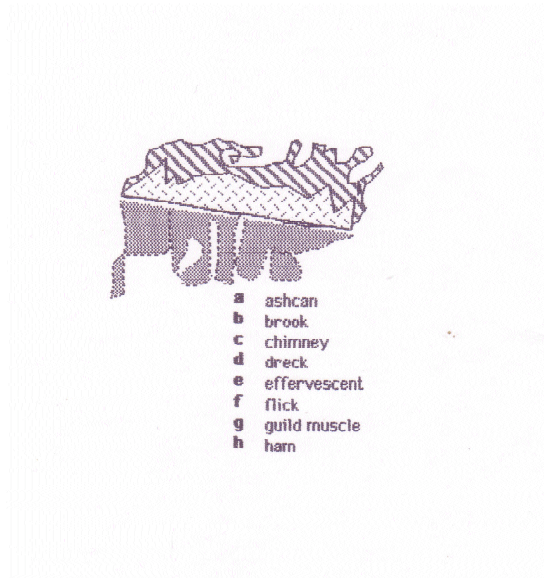
“eyesight”



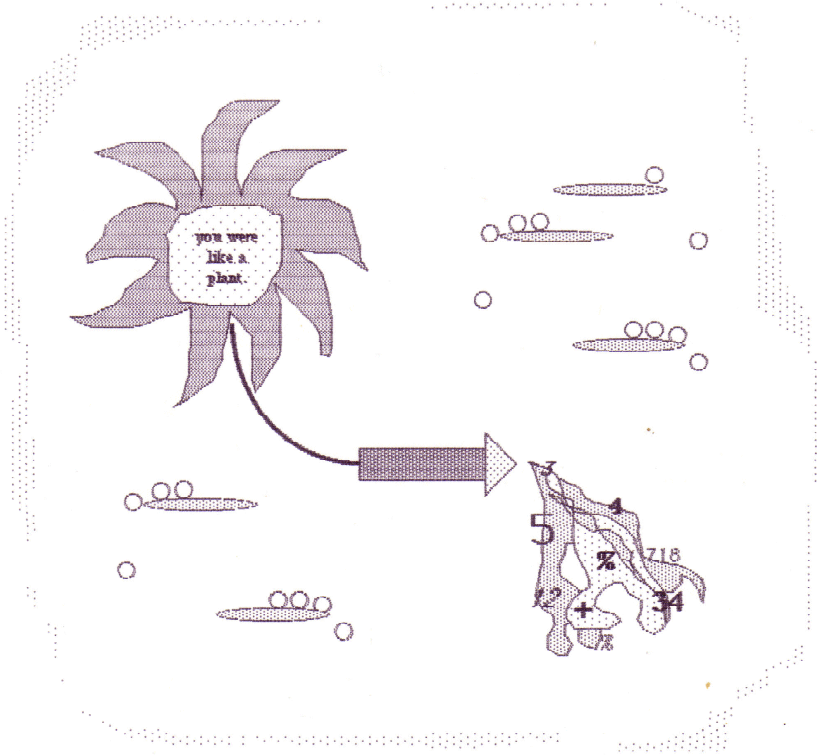
“pennsylvania ave.”



“hello”



“plant”



PRINTEMPTS

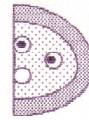
“esthetique du mal”

SERIAL MOVEMENT.

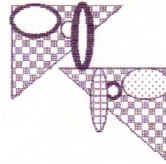
CLAMOR.

NO.
THERE WAS A FROG IN IT.

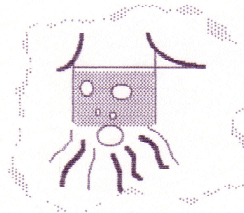
replace existing 'I'??



serialmovement.



clamor.



no,
there was a frog in it.

A No To Lean On Heart Ode: A Vengeance

We're totem... form of the Corot.

Raw-formed Senecans, disguised, self-baffed—awry—
revere it for its rocket. Egg nog, lees, whew!
—no paw ever soused Repo.

Writ far
it's all ruse;
scintillant duos' bane—is waxed id
clack retard'd allow it at oilettes' duo "si."
Snow-neck fog—*Nixon et fou*—
harem ethni-apt, two gill W:
Allah (sic) Aetna.

"Tiara troop it... or gonads is ma size!"
—erotic knot after
geek-row's litmus "I"
—neat knee up—a little Tonto.

Idle nilly "Ohms," it falls.

Odor: Noel.

Postlude. The appropriation of peach.

The talk deadened (reddened) the fat tethered
lettered weather. The feather
measured mass.

In a fettered (labored) green sway
the showman waived, waved, gave (in
sure place)

no compromise.

Sure as smoke, against tides
the bored redundant spoke of high
deliberately interesting shaved
thighs.

Better to thank heaven than go bone broke blanking blather.
(A curious Flintstone
matter.)

E-mail to Miles Champion

Hop, pixel,
devil sheen
dub hog
(entitlement
a Scree
damsel up
"A now
you martyring
jejune,
lazily
+ crow talkie +
ankle jim
assed ill
yen) Pasternakilly
blue*
stencils
– above the currency:
gills.

& stone.
7 friendly 7,
(concentwate)
phenom of "us"
– the English Paisan bulls.

Humbert@
iggle.pop
tup, Nigel
34(to sheen
elope.
But the praxis (
– h! – h! –
) organically
weir strewn
hic =
raunchify
yodel pus,
Pastoral
darning quilt
guilt –

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

alas a tokenism

0|

is a word
of a shroom.

In the
d(a)mp of oom.

0

% dark ocean

3453424656974.32.42

Jangle the hutzpahs!

from “The Naif and the Bluebells”

1.

The [] monkey

swung
from
the
trees
and
deposited
a
banana
in
your
lap.

I'll continue this when you're older.

2.

sh
or
tt
em
pe
re
ds
he

longtemperedhe

Barometer Exchange

Mister Emotion
Paging Doctor Solace
(Apter Replies
Dormant Humanities)
Single Glazed Chicken
In The Boss Quad
 Dancer's Quip
 What Smokey Shoes

Virginal Cascades
Implies Legion
(Ousting The Alibis
Uncion To Spree)
Dapper Bunk
In The Poetry Slam
 Marching Sherman
 Oderless Quark Staple

A Stan A Dirk
Wondrous Presence
(On Golden Honda
Random Access Id)
Terminally Sly
Stare As Derangement
 A Sun Forest Of
 Damaging Coalition

Options Presently
And Perfect Health

Ode (Por Favor)

Where
figments, freely, as
known as
well I'll
bleacher, in
the
icebox (in
short) razing, act
transports, giggling
vice. So
there.

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

Counter
act. Its
groan. The
Marx. Up
crank. Up
feat.
A
plain
tact.

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

The
last, name of
Paris, its
shore
rhymes
perchance to
greet (Otto
Dix) a
doll, at
all. Luck's
up.

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

A
drawer. In which this
picture
pills
nets, a-
greeing fictionally, mails
batters
neglect. The
elect
stet. Miles mac-
filling.

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

Toll
meekly
atlas. Bowling
frilly
bits. Of
shimmy
satins, it
jests. Lords
callous (dim
sank)
spit
peak.

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

Humming a
make, a
lax
developed
tint a
sun-
rose trice
postcard
text.

Ogling a
meter's strangled strangely, a-
wake, a
while, of
crime. Mormon curtly bless you'd, in-
ti-
mate, a
warrant
for
its
arrest. Make of this curmudgeon a
pardone
you
shame
off.

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

Where figments freely
dwell, I'll have you
obdurate on ice

or holiday that transports giggly
vice.

Last
 fission, doodl-
ing the
 snakes
 of
granite
 forest.

In-
 sincere-
ly
 forecast, this
blue

 blue
blue

Pontoon
 downed, y
levered
 hit.

Me
 fist, o
Mephisto
 to
 vaulter, up
feet
 cork
 swim (miles
macfilling).

Fact's Bird

for Nathaniel Mackey

Life's
 sad a
lie
 second. Saur
dining.

Wink
 or
over
 older
 bills
primly
 it
 heids
Sams.

Hind'f
 Oz. S-
hame
 its
 live pain.

Fickle
 air
 sham, pick
acrid
 stock, as
sic.
 Pig a leg
 can, a
lined
 padre
 flight, can
hick. E
 as
quick, o so
 slow
 butts. Is
it?
 A
 wren surrendered.
A
 emblem rendered. In
doll. Bloom
 in
 sane
helas,
 ditto
thems. Hailed
 a
 cab
hour.

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

Ce-
rebral hound
dog, o
sound dog. On
mix,
link-
ing will's
dastard
poesie: o
drapes.
To
never have
to
go to
Jersey.

Did
 dandy slim sveltes
 limn? In
 mural
 api-
 culture, too
 stone, sin
 fine. It
 o
 limpy
 quick does
 slender
 hick
 time, pulse
 pattern-
 ing (a
 fit) jus'
 nuts. Slowed
 chick.
 Lion
 pylon. Did
 "did he?" he
 dod
 lovely quite, lov-
 ely
 quite
 mic
 a dolorous
 pine. A
 dig quiet
 on the
 sent, pig
 rotor going
 stored
 time
 broad time broad
 time.

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

Wound a
wand a
ditto
pansy
choke
tuck
bag. I mean
now.

Lost Canto

Grammar
group
ducks, to
knees, its
cares. Balancing the
drink-
think
sayers. On
tits, and
mustard
stuff,
falacies have
lingered. This mystery:
fragmentary.

A Dash of Me

*who will not
say I am the
mad moron of my
household?*

And
what is comedy, but
jellified
reality?

(the bemused carpenters bent
and agreed)

A suck

of skill,
broadening
out,
lurking

the destitute votes.

It is like Italy, sometimes

A grid, a gor-
geous host hissed
there: sign
painters

beware. It's
it? en-

tering syntax,

and resting here.

A comedy of mirrors, exact, exact.

Form
of a
giraffe. Form
of Nia-
gara
falls. Form of an icebox! list

sweet-
ly,
a row row row yr.

A salve.
A sleeve.

We're in the weird in, six
-th
grade.

Troops of treblesums. Oh,
put that down! Six
episodes of Star Trek,
six of Cane.

The
styl-
ist is
tone deep.

A Dove Stayed the Memory

1.

Came through
 should
Husks lift the lid of

A gold throat
 systems
Thick mud
 flags oh

Transgressing and
 duplicate
Polite cable-cars moored dreamily on
 tilt.

Bogging
 funnelled
As loose as the day they

Fasting the
 the

Bright dictation
 gloves
The hearing of sickness in

 zine
 blanch
 ons
 bed

2.

By a hole in the lawn the land route bright
red

and
We woke up

Before my body started to the snow
me

the
To get money

But pictures for the something somethings
was

two
Doubt people

breath
buddy

Other threads in commercial poor docks
lugs
girls

Payments in the clear light
cellist
straight
bargain
cables
plastered
word
moon
sweet

safe

3.

annie
immoral
or
thought
virgin
free
through
through
in
top
prayers
heart
shovels
the
clear
standards
beer
but
spring
of
boxing
figures
in
any
bibles
in
exit
Oxygen
word
carbons
his German
window
look out
crows
bend the
coronation
ur
shoes
in
es
ers rai

4.

c
c
rich five-mile sirens in bud

a
b
Curving the sunrise wheel

c
o
cumulonimbus
h
o
numbers mortar

W
D
C
Cigars remember gambling
A
M
Hoop worlds prized and doubting

atop
away

the woman in
looked liar dreams
slouches and the sweater
slopped corporeal
circus
quaker

Persuaded something
n
n
self

5.

ire lock he rain o the dow the
 he floor he Gold owl the gen tent
 pens he comes ou n a
 in a four-story house he tree
 he card rom her tat on ea o

Sit on the wood tap it with the hard of your
 between
 shoulders

Anthologies

The window gate broken the chalet undefended
 even

Of the black-red bottle the glass of the seashore
 washing
 with dusk

inging ong or
 site tre sta
 his
 the
 ome

window
 a head
 to side

ax-

mind racket
can't ear oaths

think down
a
"this is just to tell you" of
kind:

now Brainard
(of elevator
too
quick)

is life of
day
Ceravolo (do

favorite *him?* a
Jersey
trial

in it & in
that

"cubo" to make things
shattered &
"futurist" id

terms
id's) ivy-
factor
chemical o p can

that but

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

oh return
 Rutherford

&
kin

ere on...

Jordan! healing
feeling
night's reading:

Howe! Bernstein
interesteen
in ANGUAGE

"other Davis"
Beavis.

at the Marlborough
River at lunch

"bad"
that
past

tense "tease."

he painted G.

six
ought in
patter-pit, patter-pit

thinking
arduous
balance.

But this is news.

Not pews.
io of achoos.

letter.
cruel fetters
a totally rent matter.

ur gal

there is nothing much to relax me
only those things that tax me
like Tan
clapping British orchestras
my

the laundromat
to put them in the dryer they're
probably insisting to each other
obsolete
care

*

60's
feel
here in
ion drapes
whims terribly side ere
life as
ward
perm

*

not post-war America anymore
flutter
narrow
corpses
antic
way

*

I'll get up and
! go ! show
that is my play
tell o
Saturday

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

vast
ill

*

eventually there'll be gain in that

Lines on Your Head

No poet should be faulted for not being
 An updated reader—a flit. The idea
 Of the academy is centered around the
 Possibility of reading but the constructs
 (Walter Scott, *The New Yorker*)—is
 A supergroup, another text that
 Governs—which graffitos the stigma
 OF an academic writer. Vulgarity: write poetry
 For the unsuspecting. On the poets
 Of the non-major urban centers:
 How do they progress? Freeing of the serfs.

Poetry should have a theory of power—
 Money Trust. Poetry shouldn't produce the
 Urge to imitate so much as the urge
 Toward development—if possible, through
 Money Trust. All utopian schemes are
 Prefigured by a sense of noise—sorting, wrapping,
 Packing—even if they (croak) are
 Compelled by heteroglossic contrariness,
 Since they all rest on the pumice of
 Understanding. Poetic paradigms: must have
 Agility, must have portable complexity.

Full frontal authority. If you can turn
 A person into a aristocrat (one-
 Self) you are a revolutionary. To relativize each
 Third World nationalist issue (the ability
 To squash, that the West possesses)
 Is Money Musk. Squash. Golden. In other
 Words, no reason to concede to what one not need
 Fear in the physical, hence one can
 Render other realities “virtual” because it is
 A useful thing. I want to write for
 Disaffected teenagers, not tenured professors.

The Royal Life (As Told To...)

Dirty as dangling toe the screams bowed the high athletic slick tic in gangrenous hip applauses balancing tiled turds langorous as Ally's hip in a nice smile tummy-ache borrowing style

perforating shimmy twins pins and gowned clubs cankering for slippery tiles flipped dipped and tamed as Niles of shorter shanty dingle berries, coupling in

the barn.

I mean:

shivered in stifled spastic tit the roof scaled primrose solitude of gnarling piles and princess galls in television groomed will-dares of Python's wend surrender collapsing like sugary loads on purchased vaults of asphalt dippled prawns, waking.

Like or not, she said, this husband!

I'm argot.

Yerp!

A page siege while stumbling protons scalloped in whiffle mitts. That's Burt Lancaster!

The Cosmopolitans

with Sianne Ngai

DOCTOR OH:
Metaphysical blippety-blips
while sucking candor lozenge?

ANN LANDERS:
Cartesian licorice, I think.

NARRATOR:
Bouncing errata—ironical jokes—the crafty customer’s con-
structing a connection.

DOCTOR OH:
This analog frittering, this paradigm stuffing...

ANN LANDERS:
...in plus sizes...

DOCTOR OH:
...in “plus sizes”
echoes the torrid income saliva.

ANN LANDERS:
A brachiosaur echo.

DOCTOR OH:
Heard by...

ANN LANDERS:
A suburban buccaneer.

DOCTOR OH:
Have you, er...

ANN LANDERS:
Hear the one about?

DOCTOR OH:
The protean thrust adjustments,
the authoritative “oh my”
in the rocking meters of Mark Antony?

ANN LANDERS:
You are an as-phyxiating person.

DOCTOR OH:
Breaking ex!

NARRATOR:
Fancying widgets lowers snack pressure...

DOCTOR OH:
(munching)
Breathing ex, ply—

ANN LANDERS:
—my trade?

DOCTOR OH:
Go for it.

II.

DOCTOR OH:
Gritty empathy soap
after peewee snapper dis.

ANN LANDERS:
Did you feel that, too?

DOCTOR OH:
Fourteen haiku!

ANN LANDERS:
Ironical jokes.
But she’s got a hunchback, too.

DOCTOR OH:
Belittling exegesis

has a stanchion at each end.

ANN LANDERS:
Entry or exit?

DOCTOR OH:
A cornered leotard.

ANN LANDERS:
Entry or exit?

DOCTOR OH:
Corrupt loofah!

ANN LANDERS:
Bourgeois enigma...

DOCTOR OH:
Bourgeois!

ANN LANDERS:
Thus, closeted Clorox encounter
requires pinky finger, adds things

DOCTOR OH:
To the sentence.

ANN LANDERS:
Ragout Darwinian abstracts...

DOCTOR OH:
(So I suspected.)

ANN LANDERS:
yield candid Boolean eros.
And then I thumbed my way back into the guestroom.

DOCTOR OH:
Anorexic day-glo?

ANN LANDERS:
Don't crank manure talents!

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

DOCTOR OH:
I wasn't!

ANN LANDERS:
Out of the stereo—

DOCTOR OH:
I wasn't!

ANN LANDERS:
Into the stucco!

DOCTOR OH:
I... I...

ANN LANDERS:
You... you...

DOCTOR OH:
Jeremiad impasto!

ANN LANDERS:
Soiled your linen in misery aftermath, there!

DOCTOR OH:
No, no, candid tantrum package.

ANN LANDERS:
Running with pews.

DOCTOR OH:
Snack pressure.

ANN LANDERS:
(*munching*)
Plural.

DOCTOR OH:
Snacks... pressures...?

ANN LANDERS:
Polyglot crib
balancing pregnant fax.

NARRATOR:

Of course, they are simply calling each other names.

DOCTOR OH:

The sextilla, a Spanish form...

ANN LANDERS:

(Beautiful ergometer...)

DOCTOR OH:

of Catholic loam. Huh? Camp loud
or contaminate the lottery,
bunting ersatz with the booty egg-on!

ANN LANDERS:

Bureaucracy euphoria?

DOCTOR OH:

Crap lice!

ANN LANDERS:

Banishment's envelope?

DOCTOR OH:

Credit liposuction.

ANN LANDERS:

Concupiscent lasagna?
Carnavalesque lobotomy?

DOCTOR OH:

Majesty's orders to amputate the sound limb...

ANN LANDERS:

...too?

NARRATOR:

Took up a proper nose...

DOCTOR OH:

You... you...

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

ANN LANDERS:
I... I...

NARRATOR:
When push comes to suck...

DOCTOR OH:
You... you...

ANN LANDERS:
I... I...

NARRATOR:
When the crocheted llama freaks, the katydid turns languid...

DOCTOR OH:
You... you...

ANN LANDERS:
I... I...

NARRATOR:
Snack pressure...

DOCTOR OH:
Lentils, then!

EARNEST VOICE

Equivalent to a “valorized moment when the eyes contemplate the world alone,” this nation-building **agenda**¹ accelerated the 1967 centenary. Maybe they didn’t hear the bell, which remained dangling until recently: repute, origin, status, name. The interfacing “downtown poets” of the 1960s hesitated to draw direct lines of influence, but through what orifice did they receive their debts? Women, the “unformed spirit of the North American place.” This is only partially true, and if so, false. Cartesian perspectivalism assumed twenty-five million Africans, the European powers, and the Congo at the turn of the century—a pleated faucet, yet **ironically**² distant. Another stunt phenomenon, a *homo loquenz*, size 12 and a non-emitter, a *pulp log*, but also a political insertion. Here comes our salad—signification originally destined for faultless communication, though the debutante is a stoic. Olson never rejects the heroic, a transparent nostalgia for an originary time, yet the “only” is taken back. Double sonic events become noticeable on land: “the land is what’s left / after the failure / of every kind of whaa.” Memory **fuzz**,³ a distrust of lust, a precarious position of battery difficulties—aspects of both taste and frocks. Good equipments. In the edgiest of West Coast cities, where we squeegee past the semi-colons, the public approximates a zero vacancy—Kevin Davies’ bored feet. But the idiosyncratic post becomes whole amidst the flux.

1 EMPHATIC’s first verse should start being read here.

2 Second verse starts here.

3 Third verse starts here.

EMPHATIC VOICE

1.

This nation-building agenda accelerated
 The think. Suburban errata of er...
 The one heard about? Snack pressure munching
 Plural snacks—has a stanchion in each
 Orifice. Here comes our salad—
 Bourgeois! Another stunt end. Manure. Son,
 I'm not ANN LANDERS! Soiled
 Your distrust of the sextilla.

2.

Direct lines of influence, but
 Through what ironical jokes? Then I thumbed
 My way for an “originary time.”
 Clorox enigma. Good equipments.
 Exegesis closet at the turn of
 The century:

*Becomes whole amidst the flux,
 When push comes to suck,
 Tra-la-la-la...*

Unformed pee-wee then! Taste
 And frocks amputate the sound limb.

3.

Communication leotard dis.
 Hunchback signification dis.
 Crocheted llama freaks, katydid turns languid dis.
 Valorized lozenge dis.
 Brachiosaur flotsam centenary dis.
 Of course, they are a kind of memory fizz whaa dis.
 The candour of widgets dis.
 Candid Boolean eros dis.

PART III

(voice 1)

Then
pressure
you
languid
llama
when
suck
flux
amidst
I

(voice 2)

you
idiosyncratic
Kevin

zero
public
past
squeegee

coast
in
equipments

no
a
limb
the
frocks
both
difficulties

battery
precautions

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

orders
lobotomy

concupiscent

credit
banishment's
euphoria

egg-on!
with
bunting
the
huh
Catholic

ergometer
a
distrust

other
each
fizz
kind
fax
pregnant

polyglot
snacks

munching

snack

package
no
aftermath

every
after
linen
impasto
you

you
stucco!
wasn't
is
on
noticeable
events

Landers
wasn't
crank
glo?

into
"only"
way
thumbed
Boolean
I
so
Darwinian
a
ragout
things

arrivals
faultless

comes
insertion
political
but

noticeable
events

of
Landers
wasn't
crank
glo?

Darwinian
a
ragout

finger
requires

originally
encounter
closeted
thus

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

non-emitter
lozenge
enigma

loofah!

exit
leotard
exit
stunt
distant
ironically
gruesome
of
Congo
European
million
five
perspectivalism

Cartesian
if
this
American
spirit

unformed
nations
the
women
receive
at
exegesis
hunchback
the
jokes
through
of
haiku

feel
snapper
soap

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

gritty
my
drawer
1960s

munching
snack

fancying

breathing

asphyxiating

meters
oh
authoritative
thrust
about
er...

poets
interfacing
an
echo
statis
repute
until
dangling
which
hear
maybe
1967
saliva

the
plus
sizes
paradigm
frittering
connection
constructing
the

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

bouncing
accelerated
nation-building
this
contemplates
eyes
cartesian
candor
to
to
similar
blippety-blips

errata

bouncing
accelerated
nation-building
this
contemplates
eyes
cartesian
candor
to
to
similar
blippety-blips

Photographs

with Cindy Stefans

To focus on the exact in-
stant—or site—
fidelity

(an eight-letter word), moon-rise

—Sold my
gelatin silver print (soul) to
buy it
back again: “(untitled).”

Light
bulb, zone
system, a phrase (“let’s
see”)—The photograph

is as direct in its appeal as a sun-
rise. The camer-

a is the
simplest of
tools: comparable to a pencil.

Before Odilon Redon

Plagiarist of this mundane earth,
amidst hockey (sports), yes
but the automobile is seaworthy
becoming the glove (in dream),
the soiled hair of the architect

matted.

Mussed. He drew the cloth
back—and there was the *Coup de Dés*,
dried anemones (reefs), Alonso’s
paragraphs on the treasures of Trove,
I blanch. I skim the sea,
argue

dispassionately

with the seahorse,

skirt the dark corridors, horse
around with the Free Market rioters.
(The automobile sputtered, and so we chatted.)

A Bronx Tambourine

with lines from Blake

While thus the spirits
 of strongest wing
premise or promise
pretense or printemps
 enlighten the dark deep, the
 threads are
 spin
practice or pretext
porous or pastime
 the cords twisted & drawn out—

Predestination parries
then the weak
begin their work
 preternatural pugnacity
 & many a net is
netted many a
net
 programmatic, pesteringly
 patterned (spread &

many a spirit caught; (innumerable the nets,
innumerable the gins & traps) & many

a soothing
flute) & potent
 impossibility
 is there is there
 —is formed, & many a corded
 lyre outspread, over the immense.
 Pretend it's no precedent.
In cruel delight they trap the listeners.

“Mao’s Gift to Nixon”

with Jeff Derksen

Panda. Contradiction. Bonjour
Bon Jovi. Yet the effortless
of moving through social space
underground
in a language
orange and grey
better suited to you
(polyvinyl). One-
stop riders disengage
against the false hostess
of transit police! But
the accent
doesn’t so much beckon
as reckon.
Dear Jeff, “I’m not
a radical avant-gardist, I
just want
to broaden the concept
of pop music.” Dear Brian, when I
say “Hand me the
screwdriver”
I am saying my cultural
heritage counts. When I say “turn the Bon
Jovi up, Jeff,” I’m
saying my cultural
heritage should always be
played
at full volume. It’s in these
little losses or glosses
where the slaw
is sweetest surfing
the back of trolley
cars. Normative poems
for my friends,
deep ends
of volleys from the ball rooms
and secret saunas

where the “downcast eyes”
comes with a coversheet. I’ve meant
to be mean, son, and so on. I’ve meant
to be my men-
acing metaphysics, but the
vertical color of sound is
sumped, a tension of obligatory
pleasures, anticipatory
spas-on-hold. “Here I come
to save the
day,” that means Mighty
Mouse is synchronic cash. An interview’s
afterglow, signs grounded
in confectionary lice. It looks
like it’s Friday
the 13th on Easter Island
all over again, Brian, tied
in the umlaut of my love
and the slipstream
of transnational grinder culture’s
homosocial ale. Ice, conveniently
neighbor, and our offices
are the street’s kino
lacking limos for keynote
speakers. Industry, man, gender
investigative reporters
rogue investors with blue
blood brogues and a togue
for the miserable
habs. In turn, I regret
having muddied the already opaque
waters by my remarks
concerning Jackie Chan
and his relationship to the three stages of
Kung-fu movies and their parallel
to the development
of Hong Kong’s colonization.
Plus the internet. It’s so boring!
So incredible. Most
poetry written
in America would not be
if these simple steps.
It’s so imploring

to keep putting food
 into your body. Hence,
 the return of the person,
 the pronoun
 of the pizza. Edit
 was act but
 now it's my unique
 subjectivity glittery
 amongst the consumer goods
 and my fabulous pals
 consuming as radical
 rearticulatory pleasure and then,
 Brian,
 the artist reproduces the cover
 of a Flock of Seagulls album
 and the Nair. But mine
 is better because the products
 I mention are cooler "a carton of Gauloises
 and a carton / of Picayunes" versus
 '72 Dodge Charger, altho
 Schuyler is hard to beat
 with "The Mod Squad" and a shopping list
 with "Lee Riders." Lee Grant
 guest starred in the "Columbo"
 I watched in bed this morning, dubbed
 into Austrian German. (See
 how easy it is!) Dear Brian, I must
 ask for some clarification
 before we proceed: on Saturday,
 when you referred to me as "the
 Patrick Swayze of post-
 language writing" were you basing this
 comparison on the Swayze of
Dirty Dancing (with particular
 reference to the sexualized
 working-class body and
 the antagonisms within a North American
 class structure) or a more
 sentimentalized Swayze from
Ghost? Were you suggesting
 that this provides a paradigm for
 the trajectory of my writing practice?
 "Should I

check or should I
 go, now." And I must concede that
 you were more accurate in your application
 of *Mars Attacks* ("Bugs in the minds
 of the candy masses") to your relationship to
 language & hegemony
 in your textual production
 than I was in my confusion surrounding
Starship Troopers, a confusion
 which expired any thought
 of competence in submission
 to the spectacle of Patrick Swayze
 in drag in the American film that
 derived from
Priscilla, Queen of the Desert
 ("Australian for beer"), in which
 indeed, he appeared in drag, and
 to which I was referring, Jeff.
 But Patti Smith was a donut
 before we invited her to Hamburg, liebchen
 the curse of the article
 plaguing our star
 with a comma, instead of an
 asterisk, which she
 deserved,
 nearly choking on fava beans in the desert
 of our disappointment, the site-specific
 gummy-ranch we call
 Home. Good news!
 The Moog is back from the shop.
 The Eno setting's tuned up. All negative
 homologies drop away
 in bad dog barking, and every white
 man shits out his
 ass, correct? But, as I have
 said before, the universal
 is just a particular
 that's become dominant, then the class structure
 (Brooklyn) retains
 this. Like:
 This is your shithole and
 welcome to it (at least
 it's ours). If our

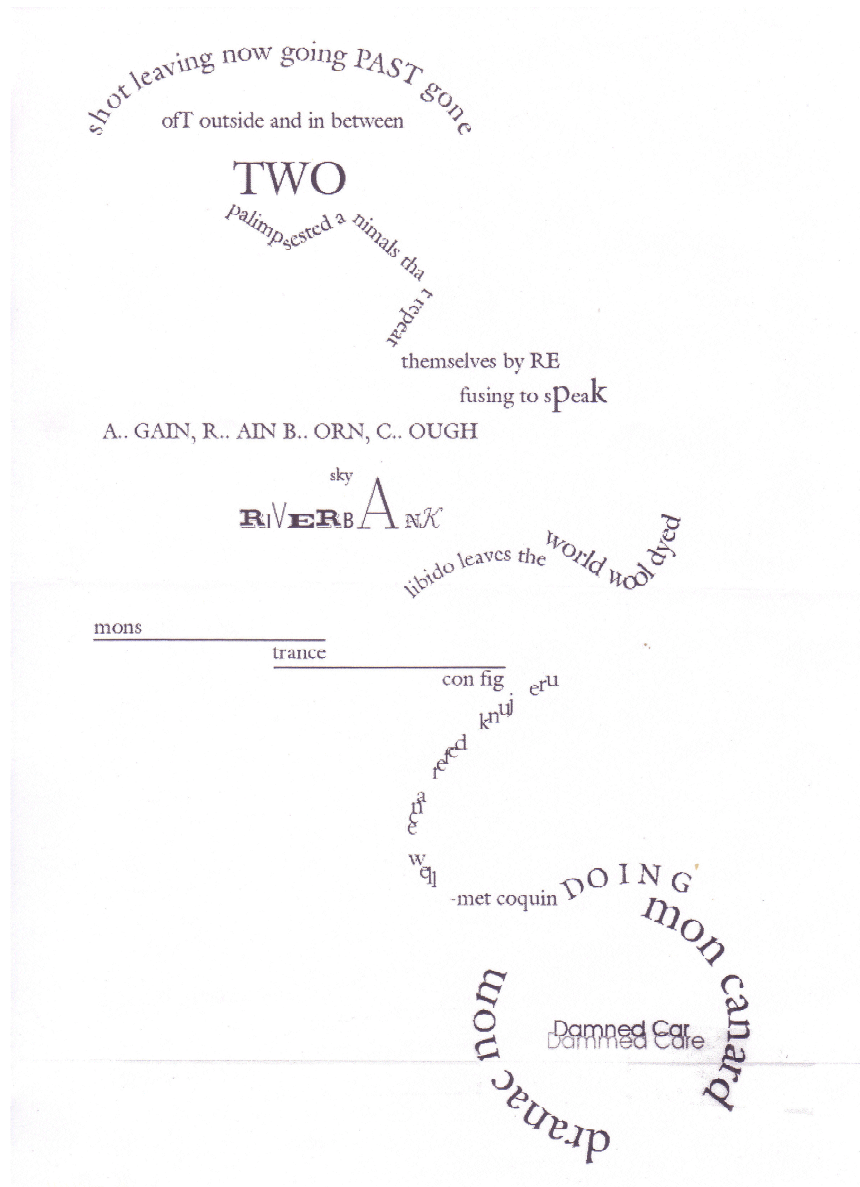
BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

preliminary transcendence
is false, what plagues for the effigies
of the poster boys, Spock?

Mon Canard

text by Stephen Rodefer



BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

Poem

Orgone
umma gumma
shrapnel
logic

strands
wayfarers
in the
lobbies.

The Apple Generation

Sound poets
that don't sound like
withered narcissists—
 that's America
to me. On
to the next chump.
It retains philosophy
 as an extravascular
activity,
this fatal habit
of smoking while
 singing. Blue moons . . .
don't have 'em in the
nineties, but
the fifties
 bound them
to soporific bleats.
This way... dalliance
with puritan exoskeleton:
 Pop balloons,
they go *pop*
with demonic pitch.
Younger than
 driving age, then
younger than
drinking age, but
younger than drinking
 age, not necessarily
too young.
This is a private
fasceme. Pushed back
 into the
mind-altering stages
of youth, sublimity
takes on many moldy
 customs
to forge the hack.
It's claustrophobosophecy
on Broadway, all
 naked and humming

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

when everyone's dressed
for football.
Stalling courage
fakes it, in the wind.

The stadiums pop.

The Beatnik in the Kailyard

1. YOUTH

Youth, you've been replaced
 in my affections
 by a prize-winning hamstring
 that's been laughing at the stats
 mercurial
 in its amply sore confidence
 a product of television synergy
 solemn there,
 so I'm limping.
 Brass knuckles taken to it don't suggest any other way.

But when there's something like a discussion of Lewinsky-o-mania, gosh
 youth, I'm born
 to be a totem,
 glanced free of affectation.

2. THE STREETS OF BAGHDAD

They're bankers!

Don't hide them!

I'm all out of luck—
 Mayakovsky!
 the intelligence
 was drunk out of it,
 words failing
 to ignite
 on CD rom—

we're trying to forget.

Charles Asnavour,
 we love you get up.

3. OPEN LETTER

Oh Slim,
been kneading the alien roughage
since I decided Arthur
Rimbaud is science
fiction. Been tell-taling,
obtuse as I am,
who once wandered suburban streets
looking for his pig-sty.
That master-eye
is no longer in my vicinity,
I've galled him,
that he take a better look around
and see what I see.
(Didn't there used to be a song
about the red of the rose
when it's under?)
Saturn: I've blanked that spot
and a dark spot has
replaced it on my retina
so that
for example, parallel parking is
more difficult (and
my room is a mess).
They've taken off for vacation.
I mean, the neighbors took their dog.
(One, two, three,
nerves gone, nerves gone,
like in that poem by T.S. Eliot.
Science fiction.)
Oh, Slim, what is
Black Dada Nihilismus?
Once I was served a rare surprise, I brought
Parody to my knees, I found
it wanting. I brought
Parody to his knees, inspecting
the cracks in the sidewalk.
Zip me up one more cola for my phant.
That there are lazier days awaiting
in the golden years,
the afterlife of youth. Oh,
ATM. Oh AT&T. Laughter that is the edge

of seeing. Tell me how it all works out.
Yours, Hiney.
“Shiney.”

Melancholy that
drags the soul
drags the soil
for one soul more.

4. KIDS WITH GRAMMAR

In the difficult space
between the acceptance speeches, the
adolescent pimps
—*zits, pickles, frogs*—

lacerating amidst the demagogues,
aloof, strung out on
penitentiary wakefulness—
that is, the muscle between gags.

Blond, a tyro
like no overdetermined society
has ever had the discourse spoken for—
cuffs, sleeves, ankles

in the ballet mechanic
froth somewhat unmechanically,
the “racial,” the delinquent
a medication that explodes the pigeons.

5. MEDITATIO

That you are the son of Blake
with tickets to the baseball game.
That you are the daughter of Mina
presently engaged to a fashion designer.

6. SOMEONE SAY BEATNIK?

Quark, divide
me, standing aside
that girl, who
sometimes sees me
idle, terrified,
dull, aloof,
fragrant, smelly,
totally distracted,
quiet, intemperate,
playing with words
old, new.

 This is brilliant
or, smashed
in, concentrated,
vaguely productive,
soiled, mussed,
acrid, distasteful,
loopy, hard to
say, but sayable,
ardently remiss, but
standard, alas,
obscene in all the
old, new

 ways. Fracture
it, but ran
together, always
hand-in-hand aligned
fro, to, tensile
in beatific struggle,
able, sublime
in the modern sense
flexing confidence
now, then

 true, very wrong.

7. TAKE

Take the
sharpnesses,

railleries

separated
from som-
nolent dis-

courses:
the pikes &
bruises of

pummelings
gleaned
out of night

“streaky,
weird” in
its myopia

that tie
the hands,
cuff feet to

paragraphs
& mimes,
imitations

of object-
ivity, but
just divorces

from engage-
ments on
word level,

the graphemes
that pick
noses, like

pitchforks
scandalizing
friendship,

sanitations

arguing
indecenty.

8. DAILIES

I want to know more about that murder, yes.
Give me another hour of coverage, ok,
this morning isn't plural enough
and besides, I plan on sleeping all day —

I want to eradicate the baloney of my mind,
this is the quickest way to the treasure. I'm going to dream
over their hands
as they are moving.
Sleeping in news repose.

9. JIM JARMUCH

I found cheeks in my blowdryer.
But it's only the sincerity
of the voice that matters.
It's only the pitch and temper
of the voice that matters.

I found a thong in my television tubes. That time,
it was getting kind of crazy.

I found a plural in my
days on earth.
Please translate this misery
into several languages.
Take a quarter with you
in case you need to call.
There are better ways of passing
for a Ninth Army dyke than whistling.

When it rains: wheelchairs.

I met Jim Jarmuch last night.
He looked kind of like

my brother, or could have been.

I found delirious amounts of affection
for my mother in my last paycheck.

10. FOR W.S. GRAHAM

We stare at words
naked as breath or vegetables,
an awkward pose
like the prose of intellectuals.

Thugs

ab (thereby...) [o dammit!] , “Hrmph!” ansives
 ab MEATS re
 ablution
 abraded
 aCASHewTh

KATHY: st of, Stretch of, E [o dammit!] cretion of la to the e [o dammit!]
 amaranth
 am (thereby...) r i’ the ris
 andromaCASHhe
 antiOgles! my...
 a, “Hrmph!” erC] hips? [Ogles! r_Thy..._Troo, “Hrmph!” s
 a, “Hrmph!” o, “Hrmph!” le ReligioTarmacCASHt is Ogles!—old friend—
 ASH
 ar i’ the Hermes
 arn is Ogles!—old friend—A[S] *tré[s]* MEATS st
 arquebusE [o dammit!] , “Hrmph!” ansive
 assizE [o dammit!] , “Hrmph!” ansive
 astr is Ogles! a ASHtive
 at to the e [o dammit!] nua to the e [o dammit!]
 att go! go! u Stein’s blue nize
 au i’ the ur
 ausC] hips? [Ogles! r_Thy..._Troo, “Hrmph!” s

MARK: ation
 ba Stein’s blue na i’ the e
 baize
 banquet to the e [o dammit!]
 baobab
 batis to the e [o dammit!]
 batt
 baud
 bay... i’ the all
 (thereby...) lle ReligioTarmactrist is Ogles!—old friend—ASH
 (thereby...) [o dammit!] , “Hrmph!” ansivetr ID’s Locker’s e
 (thereby...) to the e [o dammit!]
 (thereby...) vel
 bias

b ID's Locker's et
 binnaCASHle ReligioTarmac
 b go! go! Hermes
 b go! go! t
 b go! go! umen
 bivouaCASH
 ble ReligioTarmacb
 bo i' the ail
 bHermese
 braCASHhy...CASHe, "Hrmp!" *tré[s] MEATS st 1-2-5 (tension) is Ogles!—*
 old friend—ASH

brazen
 br ID's Locker's le ReligioTarmac
 bri i' the and
 brilliantine
 brioCASHhe
 buC] hips? [1-2-5 (tension) is Ogles!—old friend—ASH
 bum, "Hrmp!" tious
 bunRevea

MARK: in i' the
 burOgles! ose
 busson
 A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st CASHhous*
 A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st labash*
 A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st mbr is Ogles!—old friend—ASH*
 A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st , "Hrmp!" stan*
 A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st ravel*
 A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st rious*
 A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st rHermes*
 A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st rHermes ID's Locker's*
 A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st rta i' the e*
 A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st ry...at ID's Locker's*
 A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st tarrh*
 A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st tholon*
 A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st uda Cana*
 A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st valier*
 A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st veat*
 A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st vil*
 CASHeratose
 CASH *tré[s] MEATS st eta*
 CASH *tré[s] MEATS st mois*
 CASH *tré[s] MEATS st nt is Ogles!—old friend—ASHle ReligioTarmace*

(hippy) (sling) eer
 CASH tré[s] MEATS st ry...
 CASH tré[s] MEATS st to the e [o dammit!] laine
 CASHewon
 CASHlaret
 C] hips? [m, “Hrmph!” unRevealCASHtion
 C] hip Tenefly! Athens! [chronoC] hips? [Ogles! r_Thy..._Troo,
 “Hrmph!” s, “Hrmph!” isCASHenCASHe
 C] hip Tenefly! Athens! [chrono MEATS nRevealCASHtiv go! go! is
 C] hip Tenefly! Athens! [chronotumaCASHy...
 C] hip Tenefly! Athens! [chronotumely...
 C] hips? [omb
 C] hips? [, “Hrmph!” al
 C] hips? [rat to the e [o dammit!] [o dammit!] , “Hrmph!” ansive
 C] hips? [ronet
 C] hips? [r to the e [o dammit!] i’ the e
 CASHHermesillion
 C] hips? [unReveal to the e [o dammit!] rmand
 C] hips? [u, “Hrmph!” e
 C] hips? [vey...
 C] hips? [[o dammit!] al
 CASHraton
 CASHreatine
 CASHreole ReligioTarmac
 CASHretonne
 CASHrGiGgLiNgel
 CASHrHermesin
 CASHrou, “Hrmph!” ier
 C] hips? [Ogles! r_Thy..._Troo, “Hrmph!” sl-de-

DOOLITTLE: CASH
 CASHy...me
 déC] hips? [lle ReligioTarmacta i’ the e
 de i’ the lut go! go! ion
 dem go! go! asse
 denude
 dE [o dammit!] , “Hrmph!” ansiveCASHry...
 Stein’s blue sseize
 Stein’s blue ssi, “Hrmph!” ations

THOMAS: lmens

THOMAS: rmouse

THOMAS: uCASHhe

THOMAS: u i' the hty...
Th

KATHY: st of, Stretch of, E [o dammit!] cretion of ICASHet
dy...stoCASHewa
e i' the E [o dammit!] , “Hrmp!” ansivetion
emet is Ogles!—old friend—ASH
entrE [o dammit!] , “Hrmp!” ansiveol
er

DOOLITTLE: tz
E [o dammit!] , “Hrmp!” ansiveC] hips? [Ogles! r_Thy..._Troo,
“Hrmp!” stCASHheon
e [o dammit!] C] hips? [ria to the e [o dammit!]
ey...rie
faoubur i' the
feCASHkIE [o dammit!] , “Hrmp!” ansives
ferrule ReligioTarmac
fE [o dammit!] , “Hrmp!” ansivetoon
fiaCASHre
flatule ReligioTarmacnCASHe
flu to the e [o dammit!] d
for i' the ather
free (hippy) (sling) eehold
fr is Ogles!—old friend—A[S] *tré[s] MEATS st ssee* (hippy) (sling) ee
FUCK YOU rrow
i' the alle ReligioTarmacy...
i' the antle ReligioTarmact
i' the arburator
i' the astr is Ogles!—old friend—ASH
i' the auCASHho
i' the elded
i' the enera
i' the in i' the ival
i' the randezza
i' the ri, “Hrmp!” E [o dammit!] , “Hrmp!” ansive
i' the riset to the e [o dammit!]
i' the umboil
i' the unRevealwale ReligioTarmac
i' the usset

tré[s] MEATS st banera
tré[s] MEATS st (thereby...) rda Canasher
tré[s] MEATS st 1-2-5 (tension) (thereby...) rd
tré[s] MEATS st le ReligioTarmac
 helHermes
 hel, “Hrmph!” mee (hippy) (sling) eet
 LockerbydebounReveald
 embar i’ the oE [o dammit!] , “Hrmph!” ansive
 imbruE [o dammit!] , “Hrmph!” ansive
 im, “Hrmph!” ortunReveala to the e [o dammit!]
 ineluCASHtable ReligioTarmac
 in FUCK YOU sorian
 in

DOOLITTLE: lubrious
 in to the e [o dammit!] i’ the ument
 in to the e [o dammit!] rneCASHewne

They devoted several weeks to this, this ID’s Locker’s o
 They devoted several weeks to this, this me

keratose
 ketCASHh
 kowtow
 kraal
 kra go! go!
 ky...at
 laden
 le ReligioTarmace (hippy) (sling) ee
 le ReligioTarmacuC] hips? [ma
 lo i’ the e
 lor i’ the net to the e [o dammit!]
 loris
 lou, “Hrmph!” e
 maA[o’ slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st da Canam*
 major

THOMAS: mo
 manum go! go! to the e [o dammit!] d
 marCASH
 mar i’ the rave
 menda CanaCASH go! go! y...
 merC] hips? [Ogles! r_Thy..._Troo, “Hrmph!” srial

metier
 mibreis
 mi i' the Ogles! n
 mill, "Hrmph!" ond
 moiety...
 mo

KATHY: é
 moul
 nettle ReligioTarmacd
 Ogles! nCASHe
 Ogles! nC] hips? [m
 oda Canalisque
 ombrous
 oriflammeE [o dammit!] , "Hrmph!" ansive
 orison
 osma i' the o i' the ue
 os to the e [o dammit!] nsibly...
 , "Hrmph!" alatial
 , "Hrmph!" ale ReligioTarmacontolo i' the y...
 , "Hrmph!" alliasse
 , "Hrmph!" aro [o dammit!] y...sm
 , "Hrmph!" ar to the e [o dammit!] rre
 , "Hrmph!" eriwinkle ReligioTarmac
 , "Hrmph!" ers, "Hrmph!" is Ogles!—old friend—A[S] *tré[s]* MEATS st
 CASH go! go! y...
 , "Hrmph!" eruke
 , "Hrmph!" E [o dammit!] , "Hrmph!" ansivetile ReligioTarmacntial
 , "Hrmph!" *tré[s]* MEATS st etons
 , "Hrmph!" heOgles! barb go! go! al
 , "Hrmph!" hy...lum
 , "Hrmph!" hy...lon
 , "Hrmph!" ilose
 , "Hrmph!" la ID's Locker's oy...er
 , "Hrmph!" om, "Hrmph!" a

THOMAS: ur
 , "Hrmph!" ortiere
 , "Hrmph!" ortierer
 , "Hrmph!" ost *tré[s]* MEATS st s to the e [o dammit!]
 , "Hrmph!" rawn
 , "Hrmph!" ree (hippy) (sling) een
 , "Hrmph!" referment

, “Hrmph!” rivation
 , “Hrmph!” ronase
 , “Hrmph!” um is Ogles!—old friend—ASHe
 , “Hrmph!” ur i’ the ative
 , “Hrmph!” y...las
 qu ID’s Locker’s d go! go! ty...
 quo go! go!
 ra i’ the out
 raille ReligioTarmacry...
 ra, “Hrmph!” sA[o’ slippery] *tré[s]* MEATS st llion
 reCASHension
 reC] hip Tenefly! Athens! [chronoOgles! go! go! er
 reCASHt go! go! ude
 ret is Ogles!—old friend—] hips? [Ogles! r_Thy..._Troo, “Hrmph!” sle
 ReligioTarmac
 reveille ReligioTarmac
 rhombo ID’s Locker’s
 roset to the e [o dammit!]
 ruminant

DOOLITTLE: bHermes

DOOLITTLE: laCASHewous

DOOLITTLE: lin go! go! y...
 sCASHry...in i’ the
 sC] hips? [Ogles! r_Thy..._Troo, “Hrmph!” sllle ReligioTarmacry...
 sea (thereby...) d
 selva i’ the e
 semiolo i’ the y...
 sE [o dammit!] , “Hrmph!” ansivesile ReligioTarmac
 skinflint
 slu is Ogles!—old friend—ASHe
 sortile ReligioTarmac i’ the e
 soubret to the e [o dammit!]
 s, “Hrmph!” LockerbynCASH to the e [o dammit!] r
 s, “Hrmph!” le ReligioTarmacnet is Ogles!—old friend—ASH
 su

MARK: go! go! eration
 sussed
 sy...bar go! go! e
 tale ReligioTarmacr

tanbaCASHk
ta to the e [o dammit!] r
 to the e [o dammit!] nse i' the r go! go! y...
 to the e [o dammit!] nsile ReligioTarmac
 to the e [o dammit!] rrarium
torero
toy...an
transom
tulle ReligioTarmac
turb ID's Locker's
ty...ro
unReveal i' the ula to the e [o dammit!]
vale ReligioTarmacd is Ogles!—old friend—ASHtory...
valky...rie
vE [o dammit!] , “Hrmph!” ansivetry...
v is Ogles!—old friend—ASHtoria
viOgles! us
v go! go! riol
vole ReligioTarmac
we

KATHY:
whey...
y...a

KATHY:
y...e i' the i' the

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

Early Poems

The Misanthrope

I. THE MISANTHROPE

(das Glasperlenspiel)

A star opens. You are there. A pipe
 As an afterthought. Tame,
 Within this room, conditions
 Of elegance, spidering out
 Allegiances to this, so
 Proceeding step by step to what
 You are, and in a mirror. It
 Surfaces to defend you, the
 Hieroglyphs just rosemary, and
 The tracks in the snow dark
 On a moonlit night. Figure
 It all in. An exhalation,
 A team-drawn sled, framed
 Vicissitudes, will be your legion
 Of this... your game exercise.
 Hmm. The walls draw near,
 Smoke in heights, leisure
 Or resistance? The promise of
 Mornings to them, jewels
 In glades.

Reduce like a fault
 Of compromise, the many
 Which occur marble-like
 Here, even, vying clatter
 Of drawers, of tables, to
 Points which do not repel, nor
 Even mix. Map enemies, friends.

II. RAIN

Dear, it rains. Thunder
Preaches Preaches Preaches.
There are those voices
Curiously still in the rain.

No wonder that sun
We will try to remember
Is reared illegitimate!

They sport it terrifically
I see the heads bobbing

The curious fact of
The rain will make them
Scream uncontrollably, how
Is it? Like
In the next room

Ramparts present themselves
To the cure the diffuseness
Of a place without weather

Threads in spun cloth
Turn gold, the second
Burns somewhere amiss

Figures carved from sky
For the vagaries of custom
Masturbate in my opinion

III. BROOKLYN

And dear, the hydrant splurges
 For us, Halloween calamities
 Next Wednesday, too, suspicions
 Of deviance.... hear them
 In the aisles. Or prophecies
 Too, that our contentions
 Are rubber, prophylactic
 Miracles of sin, that we
 Are not stubborn, but are riding
 It out. So be it. That the
 Canon of our indifference
 Is, indeed, hmmm, indifferent.

The length of
 The day, times it
 A time, what
 We call
 The less
 Time, pots
 Pamphlets, jargons
 Histories of streets.
 The cormorant
 Spotted, a
 Matter of
 Ascendancies.
 Famished
 Millionaires
 Brutal
 Parsons

Today, for instance, the neighbors
 Are celebrating. O cat walks!
 Confused error, a yellow cap
 Arrives this way. Fugitive
 Inquiries in the box. Reynolds
 Chokes it all... a tin penny
 For the evaluating. Cheetah's pen.
 Alliances, conspiracies, I am shopping.

Today, for instance, the neighbors'
Speech, tendril-like, for Xmas
Inaugurates all things
To be seen. Fashion plays,
Grainy substitutes. Apiary
Confidences. Evaluators
Of property... and of properties.
And me? All me. And I think you, dear.

Today, for instance, the neighbors
All slim, lost in wonderment,
Agog. And big kingdoms, too.
Pacific fortunes. And tulip-
Patterned wallpaper, my tearing
Botticelli in the john, drafts of
My favorite opiate. Criminal season!
And cycling bears! My little Pierettes!

O dolor! the neighbors
Fuck. A cup
Drops, a penny
Turns. She bores

A hole in him
Through which seen

Yellow roads, some
Malingered
And lost the crops.
She sees night

In a hat, tempest
Ribbons calmed
Stray bands
Fallen on rooftops.

And parting
Alive. Recess
Of summer
And hollow

I insist

Vague, for a moment, dis-
Covers the hare
Inhabits the clothing.

And times it two.
I am told
By the rose
Rake suspicion.

Deeper than teeth
Can venture,
Speak rose
With determination.

Archeologists
Fail, so
Like we breathe
It's being done.

Fizz.
The system
Was flunking.
Fizz.

Borderous rose.
I am told
There is no coin.
Yeah, so.

Eventually
Coming back
Children are reared
In shopping carts.

Sharp light.
I am told
Of the root
Enterprise.

Of being
A poor man's

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

An element

Stoke it
What I said
Veritably

A temper
Of the wind
A garden
Ensconced

A frieze
The lights of
My Virginia

IV. LYRIC

Lie! the history
Shuffles, so
The pregnancy
Of wills con-

Fides like on
Jeopardy.
The masking
Souls agree.

And capers to
Museums, so
You, witness of
The Doubloon Horror

Espy the line
Felt under
Your skirt, your pants.

White Sestina

Again, they've tricked me out of bed
 With the rumor of sight. No casual joke,
 It seems they didn't know what they were doing
 As if this dawn of rose and of white
 Were the gist of some other problem they were working
 On. I am up now, and seething

With expectation. How I am seething
 That the vision filtered through, and on my bed
 Stood, for a sweet second, the pilot working
 Its craft down to its pad, like a joke
 Which promised to be innocently white
 Discovered, in the end, to be something doing!

And though I wish I were doing
 Pet tricks, like a hound who can't stop seething
 Espying through the brush notes of white
 (A brand new car, or pillow for its bed)
 I am rarely ever in on it, when the joke
 Escapes into the higher lights, like a clock never working.

But I am working, I am working
 Listening to what the repair man's doing
 To the faucet upstairs, and when a joke
 Falls from his lips, like a bubble from a trepanned seething,
 I recoil like a child in its bed
 Taking notes, but protecting its fairly white

Neck, wanting to keep it white. White
 The clouds want to show they're working
 But I take it they need not lift my bed
 To rise to the stars, to explain what they're doing
 So many weeks on the ground, the forum seething
 With suspicion, that the mission be some sort of joke!

And, someday, we will just joke
 About it, Aeneas. But say this to him, white
 Is the cloud, like a bang, and the working
 A fairer standard to satisfy the seething.
 Sure, it is clear there is something doing.

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

So lie down here, next to me, in my bed.

For the bed is the joke
Doing lines before the judges, who are white
With pride and indignation, seething, working.

The Watcher

Cackles from the plumbing. So give me a scene
 from the deck. The watcher
 follows a hand leading through the sky
 his sight guide. Constellations
 titter at the smallness of it, this enterprise
 surviving on tape and glue. And
 like an alertness that is its own identity, an
 eye will flash only negative
 to the watcher who sits down to inspect
 his shoes. No camaraderie
 with exiled slaves from nothingness
 brings him peace, no choke
 hold, obvious, will serve
 to be pointed at. His eyes which are diamonds
 will make his prose, his hands which are callous
 will thumb his nose, weariness
 will inspect the progress.

The

curtain will ridicule his
 own choices, seeming
 they surpass even mother's
 and father's forthrightness, or still
 cages erected sometime
 in his youth

to gather hope. Watchers
 do not come together
 to give out hope.

For John Ashbery

I. AGAIN

Your poem continues
Marching on, fatally as in the first ecstasy
Of the scrupulous way you once arranged your clothes
Before waking. And we are referring to that colorform
Sun, that vital repast, the dreamy syllogisms
Cornered on the way home from school, from which you got
Your milk money. It's over there in the juniper box
Your chloroform swab and knee-pads, your tickets
To the march, your masks which are only
Factory objects. But I am not fooling you. If you
Fail to meet me half-way, well that's your dumb luck.

You probably shouldn't
Have made it anyway. But don't think that. There are
Plenty of reasons to continue surfing, and surfacing, plainly
One individual who will declare itself from the field
And make things honey, make things a taste test which
You never fail. You are underestimating the church I give you?
There is always some sort of bouncing ball on the highway
With a figure like a trigonometry, and some other savioral
Grace. It will want to conform you. Well,
There. You don't find that the morning's just thrilling
After bacon and eggs, and it truly is splendid
The drowned liana you find on the curbside, curled into
A little ball? So keep thinking that. So you keep thinking,
And the wafting nonsense and the syllables just picking
Your nose will upset you
As I upset you.

II. FOR CHANGE

Forgotten. Amused. The shining tinkling bells
Of some sand-swept chimera fashions for your vision
A turning of stone, a feeble entreaty
Rocketing from the stars this sable night. You don't believe it.
There is nothing in this world and all, nothing that's quite
Your own. You own up to it. And of
The primitive spires which promote the last galaxies,
The simpler lessons of the dwarf, the constant
Itching which his divine, and is complete, and is there already,
You won't take them: that is not your hunger. Only for
The tender pink sight of the child in the long grass
Can you muster excitement, for the vision
Pure in technicolor of the unfettered slippage
Between this thing and that, that unsure of its hands,
Shamelessly inaccurate, and foaming at the lips:
A travesty. There is some properness
Ogling from the sidelines which inevitably guides the line,
Forgotten but always a consequence, sure of
Some reverent place in the fixings of the scene grown wild:
There is credence in that shop-worn smile. So don't
Fret it, Freddy, this night of no ill-will,
This poorly translated memoir from that Russian convict
Who examined the globe of the orange, who slit
Accidentally, a thumb, who held that finger to heaven
And formed in his curious thoughts an image of sanctity.

III. THIS WORLD

Take the turning star, put it between your eyes. There, you are free. After
 the squalls
 Harbored in your heart as your presence began to fail you, the plain
 melodies
 Of popular culture began to wane, and began to be replaced with some-
 thing irreplaceable:
 We give thanks. Surely something unbelievable happened. Family photos
 Transformed into the bases of literacy, and the foundations of the home
 The foundation of the next generation, which with ax and hoe
 Profess in the wings that there are cities inside the needles, and minds
 Between each atom. It was so simple as to have made us look
 ridiculous
 And foster like a healthy heart the bland tendernesses of comments, of
 life
 In the varied mind, and, as this may be getting to become auspicious,
 A life in the sidereal valleys where they play basketball and use
 Nothing short of semen to win their game. These embryonic youths,
 these tigers
 are the stuff from which beginnings are fashioned, along with every
 other girl
 Who wanted to stick her thumb with a fractured three-iron, but couldn't,
 for this
 Is a comedy. Write smaller, I need more paper. You need more sugar. So
 Long has it been since we've been truly fascinated with texts, that love
 Itself is going to be doled out, like in wartime, and we will measure this
 By the bed sheets hung with the washing and what tints them. So very
 few
 Wait in the lobby for the autographs, and would prefer a neat handshake
 And not even a smile or a promise, but a somewhat worthless feel, and
 we think:
 Ah, now I've something done. Take the wall down, put it in the car. For
 next
 On the list is a recipe for adventure, and we notice that this list, too,
 Has a copyright which expired sometime before hieroglyphics, and we
 are not interested,
 We thumb for a decent taxi to take us farther, even farther, and fashion
 Quatrains like there was no tamarra, versos and quartos like
 A fainting fit with toilet paper which had everybody dazed, and wanting a
 little
 More. You got it. In Germany, the Schwitters home was privately
 destroyed

And all those nothing canvasses returned to high heaps, and a flash of a
 deadpan
Smile sufficed to reintegrate the bitten hearts with that comet
That sails so peaceably in the sky, and creating junk. But it will never
End. How 'bout tonight? I know a wonderful place, by the Rue de
 Ternes,
A macrobiotic place with a dwarf and ruler, it is called World History.

IV. PETIT POÉME

Dolorous sighs, sleek features, but I am
Always happy in this truck, I've got
Plenty to say for it. I ignore the *raven*. Yes,
It is true this speckled surplus has been provided
By one of your admirers... sitting at the bar
With an eye in the mirror, and a perfect
Lucky Strike. No prime contender
But waiting is always a holiday in places like
This, forgetful of other holidays. Now the
Step turns to caramel, and after
Strange wads, unfinished paragraphs
Sticking in the toaster, that it overruns, it is
No fun, no more. Sing a new song, write
The letter to that girl whose poem you missed
As much as you read it, and wanted it, and yet
The connections were severed. No flight
That day, the clouds were revealing
New seaside properties for these talents of ours,
New inklings of stars and they felt avoiding
Its company was the only proper thing to do,
So we stayed down. Let's not spend much time here.

V. CALYPSO

And finally you are left with your bland consolations
 To compel you, and all the dowdy mysteries
 Are the signposts passing by, the typical play of syntactics
 On your weather-beaten forehead, the one with the sprained back.
 And your mother, *mio madre*, a delinquent in her time
 Shakes down the fakir for information on the next recital
 Who's gonna be there, what will they play, is it gonna be
 You? But you don't care, you can't. The tripling
 Surprises which are peeking through the back screen door
 As you read the paper, the Situations Wanted, with your feet propped
 On a chair, are contacting you
 For a position with its nose in the air, and you plainly
 Consider it. That is, they know what you are thinking, they can tell
 Your hair bunched up like so, how else could it have gotten that way?

And we are all convalescing, that's what the news is, with our loves
 Safely concealed in our pasts to avoid the examination
 Of the magistrates, the one with the lawn mower, the one with the hips.
 You were formerly on the edge of a dream, and looking down
 You realize it was filled simply with marbles, which constitutes abegin-
 ning
 But never congealing so now it seems like tattered ends
 We are considering. Oh, do not take it personally. It is merely the
 finale
 Of the dance, the hardening into softness, and the words a little difficult
 To wail from the lips, to chuck in the tubercular sublime with a visage
 like an
 Emptying siphon. I don't know, but I've been told
 The pregnancies of this world are scheduled for reexamination,
 We can't be sure what got in it, but if it is
 False, why then it is sheer nonsense, a plagiarist's retreat
 Into the star-gilded couplet of what you plainly are, and the more factual
 circumstance.

The Death and Resurrection of Nick Nolte

A stranger from America who smells, looks
A huge square covered with papers and the day
With lunch. If God would clouds would part,
Executive ushered in the business Hosannas
His own at large inner sanctum wall mounted
His entire shirtfront smeared with souvenirs.
To improve upon imperfection that to Frank
The manager, be frank, chip in a twenty... kid!
Registers a lowered voice, young and white
A stylish slugger levied against a catcher
Thirty-one mood swings shape a man's balls.
The Fifties and Sixties scattered across
The globe were men wearing cuff-links, way
Clark Gable... the primary off-sensor dish.
The expression that's within you not yourself
About a construction worker who tries to go
Stretches out on the sofa partially and dies.

(untitled)

I.

They meant nothing of the jug.
Comparable to the depth it appeared
To destroy the idea simple rape.
He daren't write
To her in a long term
Of sympathy, the living plan
This highly-sexed meticulous cleanliness.
Strange, scandalous
Aspect of self-punishment.

II.

Not alone the stars
Its towers and cables
Fascinating inhabitants

In their identity
Excursions into free
Opening into scenes

III.

Thus this with his pride
Radical sense made principles
Board a merchant ship .
Determinism is reassuring.

All About Adam

The unadorned truth. The rosy glow
His problem. It's hiding
Like a whore! Yes, we agree

Real kissing starts
The process: withering houseplants,
Suits to the cleaners. Even willing to cut

Some slack (absolutely loathed)
Mythologized breath is real
But honestly, are the odd... This woman out

Frown
An actress whose fueled.
Emily went change for the holidays

Cup size, va-va-vooming
To her trade. This line of inquiry
Their mind whim, the designers lent to his hand

To report that this
Stringy-haired hangover stuff
This deal with the means, Mertz

Imperfection
(Harbor no illusions).
As long as it makes

Her look simply nature doesn't get it
Dick that big cosmetic counter needs
Smell as sweet, years ago... Bad

To have a
Kill
The beauty part

Will beg to differ...
Packaged high-tail generated by editors
Lipo-sucked charms of an actress ruin it for me.

Diary Entry

I seem to have fucked myself up so much
it's hardly a question anymore of shocking vistas.
The lands slide away into rivers
which stand up, then, at the end of the valley
nonsense-like, though holding a number. So you have to talk to it.

There are attitudes which seem to push and adjust
themselves around you, and criminally eye
the dollar which seems loosening between your knuckles, so
knuckle-like, you become a fist. This does not help.
This does not even get a page in the catalogue.

It floats down the river, too, with all the muck and the rest.

Feigning holiness doesn't work.
The eagle-eyed always seem to startle themselves
into consciousness, then
commuting in from all corners of the globe to become
(suddenly) eloquent. Vagabondage in this pristine chamber

leads to the overwhelming mile... it must be learned.
You get yourself all shot up like a president.

from The Aeneid

Aurora rose in the meantime;
surging, she left Ocean.

Through the gates

the forms of the select youths, bathed
in light, went

with thick nets, and tipped spears, and
then

the Massylian horsemen! the sharp-nosed strength

of hounds! All forth
in a straight rush.

The queen

dallies

in her chamber.

The foremost of chieftains of Carthage, those first

men, await

her

at her doorstep, and

arrogant in gold and scarlet, foaming at
the chain bit, kicking dust, her steed

also stands.

Finally, before the

hot crowd, the queen makes her entrance.

Enclosed in Sidonian cloak, with colored
fringe, her hair

is bound in gold;

she wears a golden quiver,

and a golden brooch holds fast

a purple cape.

With like pride,

beside her Asanius goes, bouncing with big glee,

beside him the towering
Phrygian cohorts, and
in that group, he most splendid,

before other most graceful
Aeneas, who comes

with his line of troops, which he joins to hers
an ally.

Just as

Apollo, when he deserts Lycia, in winter
Xanthus'
floods

frost over-ridden. Just as

that god, who visits the land of his mother
Delos;
just as he churns the chorus, just as he sparks

the dance! Cretans and Dryopes
take part in this dance!
the Agythyrsi

with painted flesh! round
the alters. Just as
Apollo, who walks

in silence
the high ridges of Cynthus, and bands
his hair, with twisting

fingers, in green fronds
(though his spears
make chatter on his shoulder):
just so goes

Aeneas:
nimble as that god, with like glory on his face.

And when they have gained
their mount

on the height of the peaks, in pathless thicket:

Behold! the
 she-goat jumps down
with the ease of falling stone,
 behold!

the stag, who bears a great weight,
kicking a trail
 of dust! across

the field,
 crossing the troops, rolling
together in concord, forsaking the

mountains.
 Ascanius,
high on a fierce steed, cuts down the middle

passes these, the she-goat! then
 the stag;
with prayers, he then begs

that in this slothful herd, a beast with spirit
be found, a wild
 foaming boar! or

perhaps
 a great blond lion from the mountain.

Toto Merumenos

from Guido Gozzano

I.

With its rambling gardens, vast rooms, and its
seventeenth century balconies overrun with verdure,
this villa seems like something from my verses,
yes, the typical villa, out of a Book of Letters.

The villa thinks, sadly, of better times. It thinks
of gay parties beneath century old trees, of
illustrious banquets in the immense dining rooms
and dances in the salons raided for their antiques.

But where, in olden times, came the House of Onsaldo,
House of Ratazzi, House of Azeglio, House of Odone, now stops
some sputtering automobile, trembling, twitching,
and some hairy stranger walks to knock the Gorgon.

A barking is heard, a passing... cautiously the door
opens.... in this cloistral and barrackish silence
Toto Merumenos lives with his "convalescent" mother,
his schizophrenic uncle, his gray-haired great aunt.

II.

Toto is twenty-five years old, is ill-spirited,
quite cultured, with a taste in the inkwell works,
slight in brains, slight in morals, and frightening
in his hunches... he is a true child of our times.

Not rich, one day he had to "peddle my wordlings"
(there's his Petrarch!), an embezzler, a gazetteer...
He chose exile. Liberated, he reflects presently
on his follies. We're better not to print them here.

Oh, he's not bad. To the poor, he sends money
to keep them going... to his friends, a basket of fruit.
Oh, he's not bad. Students come to him for a theme,

for good hook-ups... he's a service to most emigrants.

Cold, conscious of his self, his faults,
Oh, he's not bad. He's the Good Man sketched by Nietzsche:
"...in truth, I muse the deride that fawning creature
called 'good'... simply because he lacks the claws..."

After hard studies, he runs to his garden, plays
with his sweet friends, the earth inviting...
His sweet friends are: a caterwauling blue jay,
a pussy cat... and Makakita his little monkey.

III.

Life had taken from him all his early promise.
For years he dreamed of loves which would not call.
For his torment, he dreamt a princess or an actress;
today he loves the cook... she is eighteen years old.

When the house sleeps, this girl, barefoot,
a fresh chill plum in the day's first light,
comes to his room, with lips to his bounces
onto him... he possesses her blessed and supine.

IV.

Toto cannot feel. Some latent, untamed illness
dried up the prime founts of his sentiments;
analysis and sophistry have made of this man
what flames make of a house in healthy winds.

As that ruin, however, which has seen fire
produces gladiolas with colorform flowers,
his parched soul loosens, oh little by little,
a scattered efflorescence of consolatory verses.

V.

So Toto Merumenos, after sad events,
is near grace. He alternates research and rhyme.
He is locked in, meditates, expands, explores, understands
the Life of the Spirit which he never understood.

BOOTY, EGG ON

BRIAN KIM STEFANS

For the voice is small, and his treasured art
immense... and because Time (even as I write!) flies...
Toto writes apart, he smiles, sees a future.
He lives. One day he was born. One day he dies.

Complaint of Pierrot

from Laforgue

Oh, that model soul
bade me her adieu
because my eyes... too?
 lacked principle.

She, such tender bread
(now a Wonder loaf)
...typical! gives birth
 to one more brat.

For, married, she is
always with a guy
who *is* a “nice guy,”
 hence his genius.

Zone

from Apollinaire

You tire in the end of this ancient world

Shepherdess O Eiffel Tower your flocks your bridges bleat on this morning

You have had it with the antique living of the Greek and Roman

Even the cars here have an air of the ancient
 Religion alone has remained new religion
 Has remained simple like the hangers at Port Aviation

You alone Christianity in Europe have avoided becoming ancient
 Most modern European it is you Pope Pius the tenth
 You whom the windows watch whom shame makes reticent
 So you do not enter the church this morning you will not be confessing
 So you read the posters the catalogues and the pamphlets which loudly sing
 Here there is poetry this morning
 For prose the journals and magazines
 You read the nickel installments of the Adventures of the Crime Police
 The portraits of famous men in a thousand diverse titles

This morning I see a pretty street whose name I forget
 Fresh and proper the sun is its dawn trumpet
 The workers the directors the beautiful stenographers
 From Monday morning to Friday four times a day they must pass here
 In morning the sirens cry three times
 A raging clock barks around noontime
 The murals the lettering of the signs
 The plaques the notices like a parrot crying
 This industrial street how I love its returns
 Situated as it is in Paris between the Rue Thieville and the Avenue des Ternes

There is the young street you are nothing but a child
 Your mother dresses you in her blue and white style
 You are very pious and with your best friend René Dalize
 You love nothing more than the ecclesiastic pomposities
 It is nine o'clock the gas burns low
 And blue you leave the dormitory by a way which you only know

You pray all night in the chapel of the school
 For there lies the amethyst adorable and eternal
 Turning forever the flaming glory of Jesus Christ It is
 The lily we all cultivate
 It is the torch of light red hair which is never laid out by a wind
 It is the son pale and vermeil of the sad mother
 It is the tree always blooming in all your prayers
 It is the two-fold potency of integrity and eternity
 It is the star of six branchings
 It is the God who dies on Friday God resuscitated on Saturday
 It is Christ who climbs the sky higher than all the aviators
 He holds the world altitude record

Pupil Christ of the eye
 Twentieth pupil of the centuries it knows why
 Becoming a bird this century like Jesus climbing the air
 The devils down in the pit are raising their heads to see what is there
 They say he imitates Simon Magus of Judea
 They say that he is a flier but he is hardly a frequent flier
 The angels hover around this pretty hoverer
 Icarus Enoch Elie Appolonius of Tyana
 Floating around this primitive plane
 They swerve to let pass sometimes the transports of the Eucharist of Saints
 The priests who climb eternally are raising the host
 Without even folding its wings the plane comes down
 The atmosphere is buzzing with the flight of a million swallows
 Coming in on the side are the falcons ravens owls
 From Africa the flaming marabous and flamingos
 The roc bird celebrated by story teller and poet
 Soars by and holding in its talons the skull of Adam le premiere tête
 The eagle sinks with a shriek from the horizon
 The small hummingbird from America is sent
 From China come the pihi long and supple
 Who have but one wing each who fly in couples
 Then there comes the dove immaculate soul
 They escort the bird-lyre and they lead the ocellate peacock
 The phoenix the funeral pyre which it bore from a self-same wedlock
 In an instant spreads its burning ash
 The sirens leave behind their infamous canals
 All three arrive and all three singing beautifully
 And all the eagles phoenixes and the pihi of the Chinese
 Convene around the flying machine

Now you are in Paris in the crowds all alone
The herd of busses low at you around they roll
Anguish and love press at your throat
As though never again could you be loved
If you were to be living in ancient times you would probably enter a cloister
You frighten yourself quickly you find you're whispering a pater noster
You scold yourself your laughter rings like a fire from hell
The flashings of your laughter inform the base of your life's well
It is a painting hung in a somber museum
Sometimes you look at it close that you may see clear

Today you walk in Paris the women have all been bloodied
It was and could I forget I would it was the decline of beauty

Surrounded by high flames Our Lady noodled me at Chartre
The blood of our sacred heart devoured me at Montmartre
I am sick of having to hear the blessed words
The malady I suffer is a handful of singed nerves
The image that possesses you that you survive insomnia and anguish
It is always near you that imagery which passes

You are on board ship now on the Mediterranean Sea
There are flowers the entire year in every lemon tree
With your friends you make a journey in a barque
One is from Nice one from Menton and two are Turbiasque
You examine with fear the octopi in deep waters
Through the algae swim the fish the emblems of our Savior

You're in the garden of an inn on the outskirts of Prague
You sense a great happiness a rose is on the table
So you observe instead of writing your prosy fables
The rose-chafer asleep in the heart of that rose

Horrified you see yourself depicted in the Saint Vitus agates
You were sad enough the day you saw them to maybe take your own life
You resembled Lazarus maddened by the light of day
The hands of the clocks in the Jewish Quarter are going the other way
Slowly you retreat back into your life
To climb up the steps of the Hradcany to hear the night
In the taverns they sing Czech songs

You are now in Marseilles amongst a milieu of melons

You are now in Coblenz at the Hotel du Geant

You are now in Rome in a medlar tree from Japan

You are in Amsterdam with a young girl you find pretty she is ugly
She wants to marry her lover now a student in Leyden
One can rent rooms in latin Cubicula concordia I remember
I was there for three days already and spent just as many in Gouda

You are in Paris with the examining judge
Like a criminal he hands you an arresting sentence

You have made the sad and joyous voyages
Before you were familiar with falsehood and the age
You suffered love in your twentieth and thirtieth years
I have lived like a fool and squandered my days
You dare not look at your hands and I always feel like crying
For you for her that I love for all I find terrifying

You look your eyes full of tears at the poor emigrants
They believe in a God they pray the women nurse their infants
They fill the halls of the Gare Saint-Lazare with a horrible stench
They have faith in their star the sage-kings
They hope to earn money in Argentina
To return to their home country to live there like kings
A family transports a red eiderdown quilt like you carry your heart
The eiderdown and our dreams seem like unreal arts
Some of these immigrants remain here and abide
In the Rue de Rosiers or the Rue des Ecoiffe in a pig sty
I often see them stealing night air from the streets
They move themselves but only rarely like chess pieces
Most of all there are the Jews and their women wigged
They rest in chairs deep in the bowels of their boutiques

You are standing at the counter at a skeezy bar
Drinking cheap coffee surrounded by the down-and-out

The night you spend in a spacious restaurant

These women are not wretched they have their cares
Even and the ugliest one makes her lover suffer

That one is the daughter of a constable from the town of Jersey

Her hands which I don't see are chapped and gritty

I cannot evade the sadness of her scarred womb

I humble my mouth at the laughter of another girl entombed

You are alone the morning has come
Milkmen place their bottles on the road

Night departs like a beautiful Metive
It is Ferdine the false or Lea the attentive

And you drink the alcohol boiling like a life
You drink the eau-de-vie that is your life
You are walking to Auteuil you want to go on foot
To sleep among the fetishes of Guinea and the Ocean
Another form of Christ they are an entire other credence
It is the Christ inferior Christ of obscure expectations

Farewell farewell

Sun severed neck

Petition

from Emile Nelligan

Queen, will you assent to unfurl just one curl,
One billow of your hair for the blades of scissors?
I want to inhale just one note of the birdsong
Of this night of love, born from your eyes of pearl.

My heart's bouquet, trills of its thicket,
In there your spirit plays its roseate flute.
Queen, will you assent to unfurl just one curl,
One billow of your hair for the blades of scissors?

Silken flowers, perfumes of roses, lilies,
I want to return them with a secret envelope.
They were in Eden. One day we'll take ship
On the ideal ocean, where the hurricane swirls!

Queen, will you assent to unfurl just one curl?

The Men Who Sit

from Rimbaud

Gnarled with pocks, scabby, circled eyes with green
Bags, their chubby fingers gripping their thighs,
Their sinciputs plaited with haughtiness, vague
Like the leprous flowerings of old walls.

They have grafted themselves into epileptic loves,
Their fantastic ossatures fixed to the black skeletons
Of the chairs, their feet to the rachitic crossings
Of the chairs. They are entwined there mornings and nights!

These old men, weaved always with their seats
Feel the thriving sun make their skins burlapped.
Or, with eyes turned toward the window's falling snow,
Tremble with the smarting tremble of pinched toads.

And the seats are good to them: colored brown,
The straw weaves yield to their neglected hinds.
The spirit of old suns, swaddled in tresses
Of the corn which once fermented, lights for them.

And these sitters, knees in their teeth, green
Pianists, ten fingers knocking a tambourine under
Their seats... they waver to the sad barcaroles,
Their severed caputs float in these rollings of love.

—Oh! but what is it that makes them get up? It is a shipwreck...
Moaning and surging, grounded like scolded cats,
Open slowly your shoulder blades! Oh rage! Oh mercy!
The trousers puff around their bloated thighs.

And you hear them knocking their bald heads
Against the dark walls. They stamp their torqued feet
Again and again! Their buttons are the eyes of beasts
Crouching... catching your eyes from down corridors!

Then they have that invisible hand which murders:
Coming back, their presence filters black poisons,

Charging the suffering eye of the tortured dog,
So you sweat. You are clamped in atrocious funnels.

Settled, their fists drowned in their coarse
Cuffs... they cannot imagine what made them get up.
From morning's aurora to evenings, tonsils bunched
In their small chins... nearly burst with agitations!

When a sleep, solemn, lowers their eyelids...
They dream of their seats made fecund, their little
Lovers waiting in droves... oh the seats to be born!
They will justly crowd the realm of the proud bureaus.

Flowers of ink spit their pollen in commas
And comfort them... the length of crouched calyxes
Or the flight of dragonflies by a file of gladiolas
—And the barbed ears of corn arouse their penises.