

Wiremother

The size of Jerusalem

Abstract:

Objective: You find the anniversary of your death

Method: in the pale ocher walls of the Jewish quarter (two years before your
Diagnosis)

Results: where you get Bar Mitzva'd in front of an old retaining wall festooned
with a gold domed Mosque,

Conclusion: your middle son sporting a Micro Tavar (X95) and Tefillin continues to argue with
Abraham who only listens to god.

Three blonds, child, elliptically, the sons of bulrushes and gas
they davened at the Western wall, fruit cake was served
on the parapets of Al Quds they scanned for kites and squirrels
lit from beneath, the performance was Friday's call to Gabriel's blast.

They davened at Al Quds, fruit cake was tossed over the wall
Mark had called for Gabriel's pizza – hot and not
lit from beneath, the performance was Friday's call to squirrels
Childs lick the crumbs from the crevices between polished stones.

Mark had called for Gabriel's penis – hot? Yes, hot!
parasols and replacement limbs bequeathed to valid Palestinians
licking the crumbs from stones the size of nursery rhymes
squirrels tied to kites burn, a prayer for prayers crammed

into replacement limbs bequeathed to invalid Palestinians
lying still as a crusader king carved onto a tomb, a swoon before
squirrels tied to kites who skywrite the last prayer ever needed.
Atheist blonds with sniper rifles site into the setting sun.

the sons of bulrushes and gas

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Instead of Mom

yodeling cockroaches lit from below
happy drunks sipping from the pond of pale ale
spilt on the Busby Berkeley black tiles, these
Blattodea have time-in, hard work at the French
mausoleum where all the tombs are empty - Maureen
Maureen carved into each
it is cold this Spring and the boys, the damn
old boys have lined up their dead soldiers
against the marble walls, a Jesus fuck of a place
where the abandoned are abandoned
birth and death ignored,
instead of years punched into the tombs
there is just "now" and "then now"
and the insects stagger away like those boys crying
in their beer before the first notional slivers of dawn
organize themselves into my pregnable sleep
confused as a new day.

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Grace



Imagine the conniptions Penelope throws when her lawn, shitted up by her neighbor's Lab, turns ocher brown, but okay, this is hardly my fault, nor the scabbed half face of my somewhere middle eastern gardener Rami blowing leaves in a three piece suit (not my sartorial vibe, but he handles the blower like an NHL guard). We're talking god damn forgiveness here! And I've heard John Prine with his punch drunk voice trundle through a gorgeous tune of his forgiving just because it's finally enough - to know he's been loved no matter his fucking-up or lost his throat to chew and infelicitous choices, he's battered like a tin piñata, and features his potato head visage equanimously on his last CD.

This much is true – the poet has always lost the fight, usually not even gone to war, the kinetic battlefield is written out in prose, and the poet is ~~always~~ in a tactical retreat, watching intently

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with range binoculars his own stunned
rise from trenches filled with boot camp
verbs rushing forward, head down, kitted out
with complete sentences up-armored against
metaphor.

From the infinite distance
of memory – measured in a Pico second after
you read this, measured in seasons
of the Jurassic, all the words of the universe
will claim their place, every poem that will
ever be written, even those where Elvis
never eats a fried banana and peanut butter
sandwich, where Mary Queen of Scott's
executioner is sobbing as the axe wavers
above her head - are printed out in the
foundational braille we use when holding
someone wounded by the suicidal charge
of those maimed, implacable nouns

Permeable membranes, we breathe this in
like diluted mustard gas, the lungs are
scared a little more each time, gentles
our resolve like our voices, like John Prine
forgiving the *syphilitic parasites*
biblically plaguing him
like the inevitably saintly Penelope
inviting her neighbor and the Lab in for tea
the leaf-free lawn greening as it always will.

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Write like everyone you know is dead (even if they are)

“It takes pluck and perseverance to pierce your penis”

~Bob Flanagan~

Cherri Rose didn't like Bob's approach to the smashed potatoes and turkey in the corner booth at Denny's, with noticeable charm and showing good form, Cherri Rose backhanded Bob, a mouthful of his grand slam dinner blowing onto the table, Mark, asked me (although I wasn't there) to pass him the hot sauce as Bob apologized for his indiscretion and we applauded (well, I would have) the waitress backing away and the coed at the end of the table, bamboozled into coming with, pressed her shoulders further together and clasped her hands between her thighs, looking down, “prayerfully” I would have surmised, and the coed thinking “ horseshit way to be portrayed by this old prick writer putting me here like I lost a bet in an Ionesco play” as Bob continued to describe the last time Cherri Rose tacked his scrotum to the wooden plank and sucked himself off in hideo video, “seriously? this too.” the coed hisses and I go on to claim that (although I was there), I wasn't, Mark soldiers on, asking the coed how she liked tonight's workshop where junkie Ron threw the chair at cancer Ron for enjambing the last lines of three linked sestinas about poets at a diner that only serves the dead, other minor revisions were suggested by the goth BDSM couple, finishing each other's sentences by pulling at the chains attached to their respective nipple rings (I'm told). And the coed, before attempting to scratch my eyes out, talks to her plate in a stage whisper, saying “you're all dead 10 years ago, 10 years from now, you're all dead” and (if I was there), I would demure, pointing out the danger of impeaching a froggy-brained poet writing out the tears only Charon's passengers will ever see. These tears splash Catholicly across the page, I could boozily write the coed with a snaggle toothed smile, have my dead and Cherri Rose (who has never/always died) lure the coed repeatedly into the blind alleys in the old city where fakirs continually ignore Bob's demands to be flayed alive (he's not...alive) while Mark gently nips at the coed to finally buy something “it's certainly not a library” which will be (which was) carved into his headstone.

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Recess

Abstract:

they laugh and you watch them laugh, the sardonic visage then the clothesline noose, I've seen the men cut themselves to pieces, shot glasses always full, they raise a toast to the almost dead and their impenetrable regrets.

The kindergarteners are landed on the beach
an anti-personal half-track follows them through the sand
children begin to play with the plastic pails and shovels
they were told to dig to China

the incoming mortar fire is loud and we had everyone
singing drinking songs from Ireland, simple words
of camaraderie replace the ribald lyrics
when children were lost to the pre-positioned
large-caliber artillery or the concealed sharpshooters,

replacements were delivered in giant clam shells
or through those circus cannons up-armored
to span distances of several hundred yards
many children could be loaded into the barrels
most would arrive, squealing
within fifty yards of their intended destination.