As Quickly As It Goes It Comes

Poem 1:

there is so much to think about that is not myself,

so why can I do so only briefly?

still, then,
when I AM Otherward,
watching, learning,
I am also thinking of
myself,
calling myself smart
or ignorant

Dialogue and a note:

How are you?
I am sad.
Why?
Just sad.
What are you thinking about?
Nothing.
So, in your head, feeling sad, you're going 'Sad, sad, sad, sad, sad, sad and sad?'
No.
What are the words? What are you telling yourself?

I play this part, that of the questioner, with pleasure, when given the chance. I know that the part of the sad one knows they are not thinking 'sad, sad, sad' when they are sad, nor 'depressed, depressed, depressed' when depressed, but nonetheless, I like to make the point, each time hoping for words words words, and details, and to come off as, in the headwords of the Other, depressed-wise, Other-wise.

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Poem 2:
there are
reasons
behind
sadness
  words
     behind it
are words
thoughts can we
     thoughtless
  feel sadness ?
I fear I am saying nothing
         For example
      think of lonely dogs!
The wordless dog is sad is sad
      if lonely
or beaten
      or say
          Dog 2 witnesses the
   sad death
        of Dog 1 !
But
      if not words
does not the dog
      have images ?
Are there not
      images behind
the sad
      floorflop
           of a sad dog ?
      My theory intact !
What I's theorize is eyes
    behind sadness is words or images
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Not nothing never nothing !
Never
      sad sad sad sad
                   no! hipp!
Other words
           like what ?
Up the bell does sadness ring !
The high knell an idea that stings !
No ideas but in things !
Poem 3:
Mother is on the phone,
adressing a suicide -
The kid from the bus who'd
wear photocromic glasses
has decided to be done with himself
and is gone - just this morning -
Mother
 says - to someone - It must be a momentary lapse
of something - She says How could anyone
bring themselves to do it? Reasons, wordable
reasons, I'd say, Ma, rarely they'd do it
without reason, however un-
spoken or seemingly
overcomable we deem
that reason'd sadness to be -
My guess about suicide is that
there is a shrinkening of the
world which happens - shrink-shrunk
towards the head - I say this
and make no other claims! I
investigate no further!
   If only we could
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train beluga whales to

cuddle and do-tickle and If only we could have enough beluga resource and beluga travel infrastructure so that when the suicidal sound the alarm, the calm, closed-eyed beluga is on its way, belly-up, but who saves the sad belugas? me? me! in this fantasy I am a beluga whisperer! am kind to them! and they know it! they scratch ours and I scratch theirs -

Regarding The Question: A tiny argument against something Michelle Obama said the other night, although me and Mom Saw Her Point:

Can we imagine, for the sake of the second sentence, that the next two mentioned First Ladies were not speaking knowable wrongs when they were 'sounding outdated,' back then, a bit ago, when they were active First Ladies, as I will claim, up next, in the second sentence, here: If Nancy Reagan sounds outdated now, and if Hillary Clinton sounds so too, I ask Will Michelle Obama sound also outdated, looking back, however soon? She has a beef she said! Stated it the other night on a special Oprah! Oprah asks her What did you want to be when you grew up? Mrs. Obama says I don't like that question, Oprah, and I'll tell you why. She says We can be... we are... many things, in a lifetime. Frequent question, she says, sets precedent of limitation! Me and mom watch the special Oprah, thinking Good point, Michelle. Michelle continues The question is pigeon-holing, Oprah! We see an audience of ladies nodding. Oprah, she says, it locks kids in to thinking their identity is 1 thing, what they 'do'. Then Mom says Wait a minute. Mom has a small beef with Michelle's beef, albeit recognizing the First Lady's valid intention. Mom's beef is But doesn't the question allow

kids to dream? Mom references adopted daughter Tania, grown-up in different culture, one where said question is not asked, a culture with assumed little possibility of 'being' anything but a mother, for a girl like T. Mom says The what do you want to be question stumped Tania, when asked, upon arrival, still stumps her, Tania now directionless, albeit less so than at arrival. Mom argues: With more encouragement of poor kids to dream, there's more momentum to escape lands o little expectation, such as whence Tania came. I argue that people, even kids, knew and know that people have more than just one role, that more than one answer to the question is acceptable, that the answer is change-able, as well. Therefore, the First Lady's beef with the question is what, not exciting. Oprah said she will no longer be asking the question to any child. And, from a more privileged perspective, in relation to Tania's, where I was asked the question hundreds of exciting times, let me twist+shout that it felt better better back then to dream baby dream - of being a good-guy spy, or the first kid NFL quarterback, or a screenwriter, or someone who is 'found' and paid and loved than it feels now to have little to no hope of even finding a bride or a balcony, of holding onto this slim layer of 'niceness' that seems my only justafiable value to my world, let alone of becoming a spy-quarterback. Did not I/ did not we/ do not kids today get it, that the answer may change, who you want to be, what you want to do? Right? That the dreams maybe might not be realized? But damn it felt good to believe the dreams, until we didn't.

Poem 4:

But I am outside The who's are whats'ing -

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The dog is roaming
behind the loveseat -
there she is - into
the forest she goes -
sniffing -
Bang a pang a re-
membered twang ! Twinge ! Wince !
Shit-shutter my
headfull of clutter !
Quick epileptic tic
to resuffle to poise !
0!
Let me listen to
some other noise!
Birds !
        Which one -
this that that red one here - look -
  from low weed
        to low limb it goes
           and is gone - into the
darkness - into
        the ticky forest
           beyond the two yards
of suburban brown mulch
        that marks the
               edge of what's ours -
Do I notice the new sun enough
        to note it ? I can say safely
             I am glad for
it's arrival -
And
Walt Whitman died
100 years and 364 days
before I was born -
Him - and I and I and I - I sit
here lost and think I and I -
and desire - and design -
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<u>Eating Many Mini Hot Dogs Ooh Yum At The Grey Marble Table Next To The Window, Maybe Near To My cousin? Ode to the Poet Antler</u>

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1.
Listen up counter boy
are you my cousin?
I would like to run off into those woods there see em?
Those are your family's woods
if you are my cousin.
Did your Daddy chop down that tree?
I will now run off. Hold my clothes. I am off
now
to your Daddy's down
to sprang a brown
lump of lifemeat
onto that fine cut on the
stumpa!
2.
I'm at the stump and my stuff has
plumped.
3.
Number 2 went as quick as number 2 and
it was clean and round and not brown!
Was color of golden shines
on the stump of the pine!
If I can could fill my quill
without the pill,
I could make disgrace
on the plumped lump on it's face.
Will I spritz mine
on the shine
in due time
if the Lord Divine
shows me signs or
a line that rhymes! Line
that says
    All work is to be avoided like
    a virus!
    Let not them
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tire us! Let the workers be vile to us! And the food takes a while to us. But once it comes a it'll do the rusha Leaving ussa to the pusha. Find your stump and use it for your 2's, Then you might drop the trousers and make sprinkle from your winkle, no make tinkle I mean organic cumpa on the greasy golden twinkle lying at my inkles on the stumpa.

Well it's about time I'll tell you what I'll do I'll shake my mustard tube uncake the goob with a wug and tug.

The baked lid muscles open and it'll take 2. take two: it'll take to it just go gently now easy does it on the tug of my mustard jug.

And suddenly the clog is Jesus and my brown mustard's sneezes cry Christmas over my Golden rope-y glory I hope it's a story like Factory.