

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, I'm 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.

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

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,  
addressing 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  
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



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 !  
O!  
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 -

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

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*

*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 rasha*

*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*.