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Poems:

Finding Poetry

Beaches

Rules for Being a Waitress

Flowers like Apologies

Discoursing like Doldrums

## Finding Poetry

The greasy orange button,  
A finger pushing, mine  
The gall, the feeling of floating,  
Rising, two floors float past me  
I could have walked instead  
What am I doing?

The doors opening, a voice,  
(God maybe) tells me a number:  
Three  
Asians asleep on beanbags, a silence, overwhelming  
In between stacks, muttering call numbers  
Do they live here? Where is she?  
I can never remember

In the M's now, so many  
Her poetry will be boring, predictable  
She is published  
I will fall asleep reading  
She has insulted me  
I was given a number,  
The implication...I shouldn't be writing

I shall deconstruct and explicate her babies  
The weaker form of writing  
Cheap, tawdry strings tied like a package  
The binding new,  
It has never been opened bar one  
The signing, the sighing, the cliché's the déjà vu  
I hate this library

Being ambiguous and a high vocabulary  
Is that the formula?  
Frantically thumbing through Thesauri  
Random things inserted to confuse  
Like salt on something that is already too salty  
Are your thumbs bleeding?  
Bukowski is poetry

Anticipating how bad it's going to be  
But it's not really  
Hands on a clock above me moving  
But I'm not looking  
An earthquake outside, and but I keep reading

Lost in body parts, and God inserted 41 different ways  
This is not predictable, this is not boring

She could teach me maybe  
I need structure, I need resolutions  
400 pages single spaced  
No beginnings  
No Endings  
Does 7 stanzas with 7 lines mean anything?  
Are you allowed to ask questions in poetry?

## Beaches

The first time we went  
You said you could never see yourself  
Marrying me  
That there wasn't enough space  
In your life for mine

The second time we went  
You had just cheated on me  
I wanted to drown you  
We had rough sex in sandy sheets  
The second we got home

The third time we went  
We both got drunk on cheap beer  
The tide swallowed your new camera  
While we were trying to find the bathroom

The fourth time we went  
It was already dark  
We built a fire  
Drank Parrot Bay  
Burnt fingers  
Got a DUI on the way home

The fifth time we went  
I wanted to be alone  
I jogged next to the ocean  
To get away from you  
But I ran out of breath  
I walked back to you  
Only to find an empty beach towel

The sixth time we went  
You said I was it for you  
And I picked up a handful of sand  
And counted the pieces-  
Wishing there was a mirror  
So I could see  
Which one of you was real

## Rules for Being a Waitress:

Always smile  
Never wear your nicest panties  
Throw away all numbers  
Never assume that the man is paying  
Don't pick up glasses with your fingers  
Be courteous but not intrusive

No heels  
No perfumes  
Don't interrupt  
Don't pester  
Don't be pretentious  
Don't hover

Always write orders down  
Only give advice when it's requested  
Equip yourself with pencils  
Never stab fingers with forks  
Never spill boiling hot coffee on customers  
No tattoos visible  
Apologize when it's not your fault

Don't stare at physical deformities  
But don't make it too obvious that you're not staring  
Maintain clean fingernails  
Keep apron tied tight  
Never sigh  
Laugh at all jokes  
Go to church on Sundays  
Smile wider than you ever thought possible

## Flowers like Apologies

When you wake up in the mornings  
Is when I love you most  
Still half-asleep, eyes closed  
Too tired to smile, but still trying  
I can't imagine not waking up to that  
You're my Folgers baby  
And I don't even like coffee

It's hard I know  
A poem won't fix it  
But it helps  
Little notes  
Flowers don't fix  
Calling you lazy  
But they still smell nice

My heart's a goopy mess  
It beats for you  
Will you touch it  
Without gloves  
Repair the tubes  
Pull out the string  
And I promise to close all the doors  
Even if they're painted shut,  
For you

## Discoursing like Doldrums

Working in the library  
With Kathy far away  
Distant, discoursing like doldrums  
It's ok that we're average  
It's better that way

My robotic conditioning  
I'm falling to pieces  
My skin is peeling off in little flakes  
Today I had dandruff  
Oh god I have just spent an hour  
Playing with my cell-phone

I am turning into what I hate  
Like all liberals in their mid-20's  
Swaying back and forth like waves of amber

Knowing it's wrong, but not stopping  
Because I'm *not* strong enough  
Nobody is strong enough  
To fight what exists today

The injustices are too massive  
It's gone too far  
We killed to get here  
We took this place  
Destroyed it  
Now we have to live in it

And it stinks, it's rotting  
McDonald's trash  
Half-eaten Dunkin Donuts  
The blue screen of cheap DVD players  
Pouring out through every window

Shades are drawn,  
People are tuned out  
Everywhere you look  
Talking on cell phones,  
Putting down other people  
Filling time with  
Anything they can grab onto

Classrooms discuss reality T.V. shows

That's how bad it is now  
I'm not kidding  
If parents only knew  
What they were paying for their kids to do

We have erected symbols  
In place of human interaction  
We've reached a place now that  
Forces us to be part of the system  
In order to fight it

We are surrounded  
Some people go crazy  
It's too much for some people

The opposition is stacked so high,  
They're wearing camouflage  
So it's like we don't even know  
Where to start  
Even the ones who want to