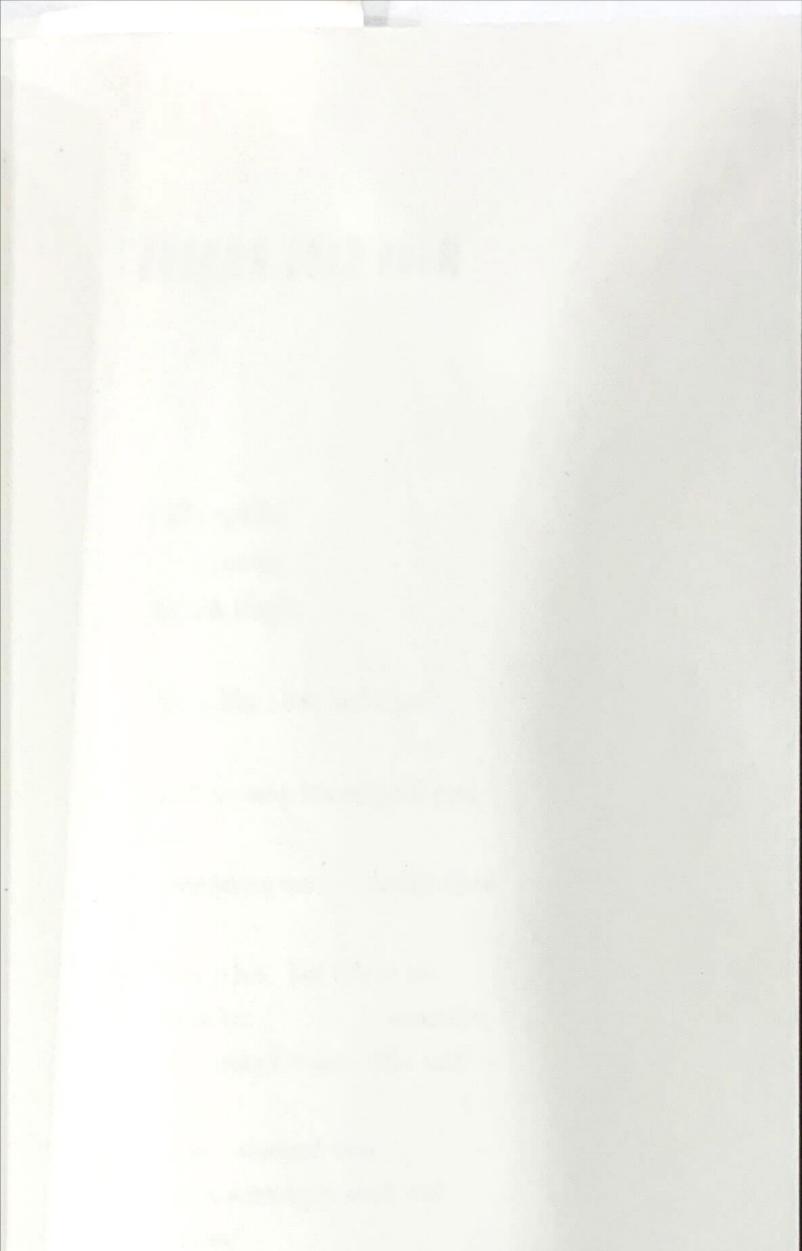


For Aphrodite, deathless and of the spangled mind

When shall I start to sing A loud and idiotic song that makes The heart rise frightened into poetry Like birds disturbed?

—Jack Spicer





Violet Energy Ingots

AUTUMN 2012 POEM

Call capable a lemony light & fragile

Time like a ball and elastic

so I can stop burning the pots

wondering yes electric stove

She is her but I don't remember remember the ashes I obsess She said

I was obsessed with (not wanting to work with ashes)

> Mandible dream says the street

> > 1

& ash work

because the scorn and ions long

there I wor— I woke up in the overlooked dark

I work do that warp twistingly wrap the dead

Black and white like the long-dead starved pet rodent eating the basement curtains and peanut shells

I walk I wal— I walks down sometimes why the advi—

abide the advice was

1111111

not "Fair better" but "Fail better" Auto dish soap ½ and ½ Coffee beans

Bake the golden things Rust colors Rust colors

a the souther to be an a state

DEAR LOVE NOT AS ONE,

ALC: NOTE

The tomatoes look like one-pound ox hearts and impossible you with soft strong arms (gift)

I lifted the skin and drank the camping white wine swirled into circles

Am I the protected sheet in between? The pines strung with blue protectively?

I think of you as pine crust oak stairs boys' feet free crystal center

We find red for vivid fucking red for birth

blood and my tongue color

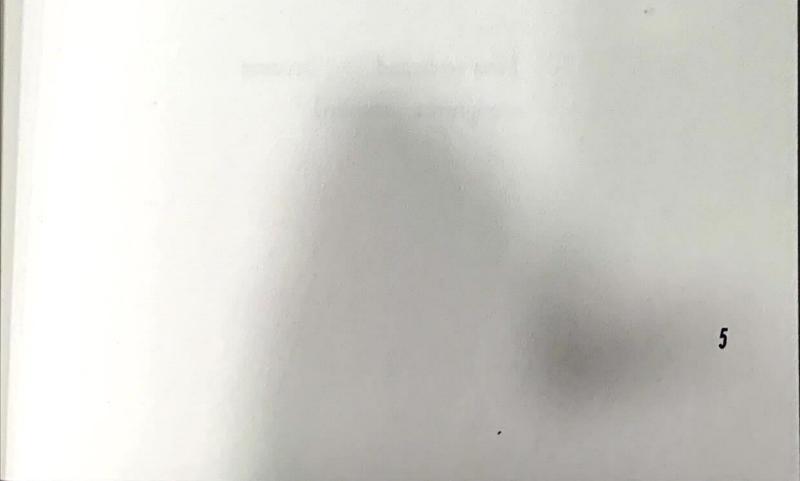
4

Captured me at first

I know I'm not to be the center sharply yellow(ish)

Why ask that we sing "Build me up

Buttercup, baby" (just to let me down)



MEKONG I

River as sift and sorter

Raw fruits and sell the wares "Floating market"

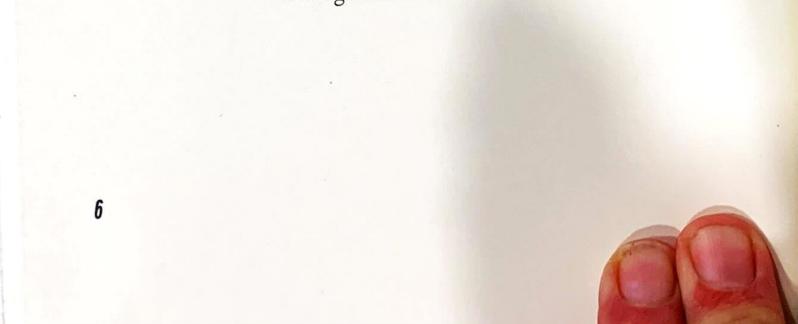
Stone pebble sand The silt and new islands

There were 9 mouths 9 dragons but they change

as the letter is a triangle She could be seen as

swan or generalized white bird Goddess that ate the earth

How to strand become mangroves stranded



and braid your oiled hair

Vivid swoops that coil a mouth and canal steered

Row from here to there

7

HAUNTED SONNET

Haunt lonely and find when you lose your shadow secretive house centipede on the old window

You pronounce Erinyes as "Air-n-ease" Alecto: the angry Megaera: the grudging

Tisiphone: the avenger (voice of revenge) "Women guardians of the natural order"

Think of the morning dream with ghosts Why draw the widow's card and wear the gorgeous

Queen of Swords crown Your job is to rescue the not-dead woman before she enters

the incinerating garbage chute wrangle silver Forever a fought doll raccoon power

8

She said, "What do you know about Vietnam?" Tenuous knowing moment Violet energy ingots

A BRIEF HISTORY OF WAR

And what if Jupiter is your faith

a balloon but I call you

by the improper names I'm stained

by the world here To be brave and endure

the losing To be brave and be the losing

Luck Brutal



HEADLESS OR HEAD

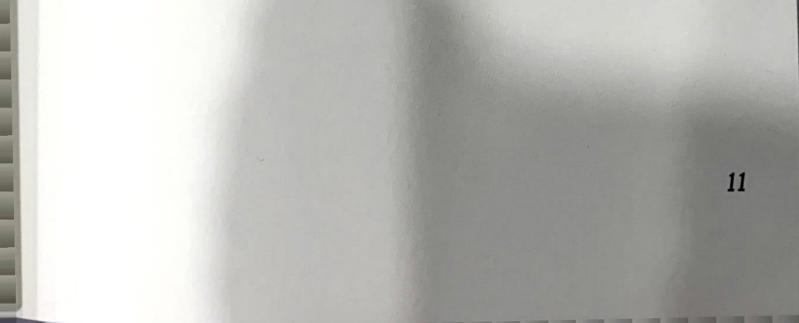
Headless or head lowered bowed down I have legs could club you where The zygote lives A love zygote A zigzag stream in orange

What are these metallic squiggles and yellow that giant urge to hover The place of death and lentil-burger dinner

Head down golden golden A blue explosion crowned my head and wrung me out Removed a tooth so I cleaned it

WHO WAS ANDREW JACKSON?

He was the seventh president of the United States He was responsible for the Indian Removal Act He was poor but ended up rich He was an enslaver of men, women, and children He was given the nickname "Indian killer" He was put on the twenty-dollar bill



A SEPTEMBER ELEVENTH POEM

Can cry and alarm the children

try to explainedness

despite Virgo birthdays and pop music

of lineage past and future to become crux of

"You seem mad at me" (that's my boy to me)

Cry with an expat expression and strange tears after

Cry for distant girlhood widowed friend

also many dead alive relatives

and what history A colonial victory

fucked what-if fucked as if

SCREAMING

Screaming mostly I like to dance dark woods stony hills lonely & moody god I can scream floating piped tunes mantle for protected onces

are] possibly "all"

etc.

You always "take me to yr hearts" moonlit sweet after unearthly whiskered tree-love trusted with my small horns mother-scorn

Such a mood flower sequined feet padding about

No I do not want to see pictures of your white progeny

BIRTHDAY POEM

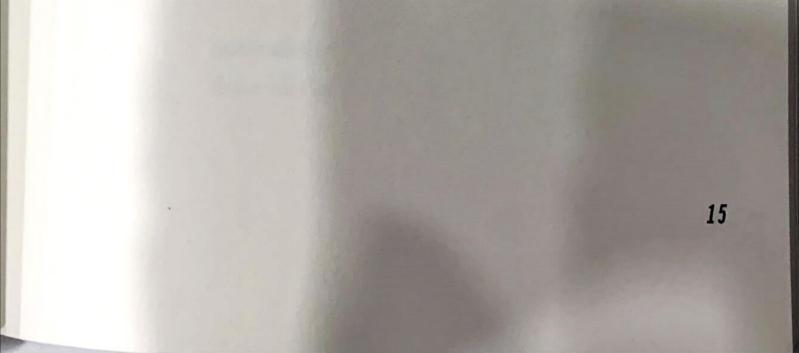
Illuminated behind a skin a grey the sky with fat fast slants of snow

Fire Horse poet This is a birthday poem squeaky underfoot the snow and Jeannine's cookies

I drive husbands and fathers to early deaths Push the knife into the cake to cut it

Me the supposed bringer of ruin (money) Covered in fondant and violet flowers

It's my birthday My eyes are older



PHARAOH NOTES

Hatshepsut: —sported a kilt and bare chest

—wore a bull's tail of gold & gems

—carried royal crook and flail

—as a mummy she is noted as "fat"

WEEK OF WORDS

Eyes for hearts I mean hearts for eyes

Words and words choked on Woody Allen anger grief

salt & vinegar popcorn

We watched *Winnie the Pooh* but only sort of

"Will I grow up to be cruel?"

No squares in your feelings

I washed the solo dirty shirt

Wiped the various surfaces Peeled the nail

17

Snow all day Snow all day Killed for a meal the Danish zoo giraffe with redundant breeding genes

Wept in a bed Explained the nature of 8s

Also grated cucumbers

Meet me in a dream bed where I see your face

I dream I am yours to dread

HOW THE SUN SHIVERS

In the poems and that part of

off-key my head to store the limbo

The song unless we hurt

it where it shouldn't be I form green

> onions Montage of fire bathe under

Here: each way sweet frizzled

as in fruit in candy or "bear" called panda (Just take it) I run like an alehouse

run by a spider Buffer cap

I mean buttercup Fool Sweet and butter sweet

Open up the sun skipping over spring again

AFTER SONNET 117

I won't lawyer love fish for blue crabs with chicken necks tied to string

o Love how you plumb and play down the spine of me It's the bay of my youth I'm drawn to doing leg lifts à la Jane Fonda on the wooden dock Pink bathing suit in frays from a second season

fraying and I said from there What you taught me in dark eyes the dream of you like a halfborn self of sun and rain (cloud) To braid myself to braid to sunrise myself a still-faced one But shoot me not sting with the buried arrow To put among the stars a constellation (web of love?) music medicine shooting



POEM OF FIRST LINES FROM JACK SPICER POEMS

Baudelaire country Heat Hills without gold Be bop de beep Because the figtree was sapless Because they accused me of poems Bewildered Child Coming at an end the lovers Damn them

22

STRUMMER

with apologies to Lindsey Buckingham

"Let the wolves run free" (moon)

Washed my hair Spanish crocus Serpent-bender stepping on a heart fire

She said something about danger faces

Dear Kimberly— I have asked for days my empty blue and leaves

trees in the rain

There's the tall tall grass I've lain down in it doing my stuff



MEANT TO

Meant to cover the mouth Silver strands now and a cloak Hair as long as yours undone

Knocks from the Frigidaire her flee to seek

San Francisco

Eat red candy hearts

Up from sleeping wet hair Sister could see her sticking

You leapt Her beauty fell fall of her Helle was her name

Fall into seas irretrievable

Cape to ash to mourn? Her or was the torch



Did you torch?

Your running

Did you turn when your sister fell?



SOME, VISITING

Helpers here and bend down landscaped in my waking

A sky ceiling A natural tambourine that rings and rattles

Also: snow Also: a whoooing

"Unkinged by affection" One little owl statuette

Count all the ways to be undone?

We recall the lesser-known cryptids: Owlman Loveland Frog

Accidentally hit you hard with my elbow