

k . s i l e m m o h a m m a d



h a n g i n g o u t  
w i t h  
p a b l o a n d j e n n i f e r

duration e-book 15

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published as duration e-book 15 by  
duration press / [durationpress.com](http://durationpress.com)

[www.durationpress.com](http://www.durationpress.com)

hanging out  
with  
pablo and jennifer

## Does Your Poetry Hold Up?

Welcome shy one. You are very talented ... your poetry will be published very soon at the House of Dark Phantom.

*Q:* Your poetry ... does it hold up with reality?

*Assignment:* Write a piece of poetry as an immigrant coming to America. Your poetry does not need to rhyme. You may write your poetry in any form. Do you think your poetry does, if only incidentally, fight evil? If you take this route, be sure that your poetry does not rest in the boxes in your dwelling. If your poetry does not show up within 24 hours it is for one of three reasons. 1. Your e-mail address didn't work. 2. Your poem ... not for everyone. 4. Your poetry does not need to rhyme. Unrhyming verse is also beautiful.

*Q:* You can not imagine what reading your poetry does to me. I liked it so well, it made me think of you, and all what your poetry does for the soul. Your poetry does it better than any I have ever found. There just really aren't words to describe what your poetry does to me. You have made me cry and laugh. Wonder and clap in agreement. Smile and frown. It must be the description. It's funny and serious and all in between, come join us this summer and see what we mean! Keep up the great work! (Your poetry does not have to rhyme, by the way!)

*Q:* Your poetry is not too bad ... but at first glance it is obvious that you are an amateur. Your poetry does not capture its readers and take them away. I'm not sure that's the way it's used. Would it be true to say that your poetry does not operate in this kind of way at all? I would definitely say that your poetry does not suck. Your poetry does tend to sound very graceful. I do know you did appear in *L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E*. I think your poetry does tend to cut to the heart, which is what I'm interested in, the heart versus superficiality. Does one necessarily preclude the other? How does one kind of writing affect the other? Your poetry does not proceed from your heart. But believe me your poetry does leave an impact on someone out there. Don't doubt what comes naturally from your heart. At any rate, rest assured that your poetry does not suck.

*Q:* Unlike many Desperadoes, you do have a magic path. Your poetry does lead to a warm kernel of love and the reader is filled with joy. Your poetry does not say *how* to accomplish this purification, eh?

*Wednesday September 11th, 2002:* you make the blood on the inside scream to come out. Your poetry does the evening justice, and I see bits of the teacher in every line you wrote. You truly are an "artist with a camera."

*Q:* All in all, it's a great life and I know I'm very lucky to have it. But, my own voice confuses me now, and it seeps in, like a ghost too familiar with laughter. Only your poetry seems to make sense to me right now.

Q: Your poetry seems to be at a turning point. Your poetry seems to have taken a turn. Your poetry seems to have changed though I can't put my finger on exactly what has changed about it. You just "sound" different. Your poetry seems to have changed stylistically, especially in your delicate attention to language. Your work is still beautiful. I've said this before, but your poetry seems so much more personal now and to me that's so much better because I finally feel like I can relate to it.

Q: Would you tell us why you like poetry so much?

Q: Your poetry seems to focus on such a spectrum of subjects, from field hockey to philosophy. A lot of your poetry seems to be inspired by Virginia. I'm glad you have found a good place to live. However, your poetry seems to indicate that you are still looking for something? A lot of your poetry seems to deal closely with the common people's feelings of hopelessness and despair. Your poetry seems to fit into two of them: existential phenomenology and hermeneutical phenomenology. Much of your poetry seems devoted to alleviating such catastrophes through the healing power of love. Some of your poetry seems to be almost a new type of American poetry, using tabloid ideas or imagery. But again, your poetry seems to me more rural, more pastoral than most. I can't say you're 100% a "city" poet because you give equal time to nature in your own unique way. Your poetry seems to me to celebrate the earthy sensuality of nature, as well as the music of the English language. Your poetry seems to be written to be read aloud. Your poetry seems to me to hint at the meditative side of the Mennonite farmer, the "man under the pear tree," never pure farmer, always part thinker . . .

Q: I hate reading your poetry seems like you took some excerpts from a crappier poem and them made a shorter version of the crap. Keep writing and improving.

*Assignment:* Please write in poetic form the story of Sri Rama as narrated to you by Narada. Pay service to the gods; for all your piety, death will tear you from the temple and hurry you into the grave. Indulge a lady in her beauty and your poetry will die a thousand deaths. Buried in the flesh of this woman your poetry will escape. Think you your poetry will save you? Wait and see. I wait for you to be heavy with the implications of sleep and velvet scents. One truth could easily extinguish another. Here, your poetry will be preserved till Atlas sets down his burden at the end of time. Please DO NOT type in all caps! Your poetry will sing without them.

Q: I have a sort of sense of where your poetry will be in a year or three, makes me shiver. I feel strongly with you and I believe your poetry will live. Be careful of bad people but yes your poetry will get out there. As an artist, whatever you make will always be here. The world was created with words. Awesome motherfucking poetry. Go, seize the opportunity.

*Assignment:* Never confuse free verse with "freedom from rules," or your poetry will not hold up well under scrutiny. You cannot write poetry without rhythm, and your poetry will never have rhythm if you do not study meter, foot, and line. Your poetry will never be that good. Critics who read your poetry will raise an eyebrow because it is very simplistic. Whatever you have set store by, your dress, your dinner, your poetry, will go wrong. If you hope that your poetry will change the world, give it up. How do you think your poetry will help others? If poetry is your way of not having a life, then your poetry will not give life. One thing's for sure—your poetry will never get you elected. Never. No joke.

Q: I absolutely love your poetry! I love it. It has so many points!! Will you be having more published in the future?

A: Thanks very much! I recall with pleasure “the cobweb silk of nightfall” and “my poetry is redundant.” I think I said something like that. Recent poems are in blue lettering.

“Your poetry will definitely make a girl’s head spin,” Brenda crooned as she picked up a piece of passion fruit.

*Assignment:* Take heart, poets. The real test of your poetry will be in its endurance, its persistence beyond the moment when your words are hurled at the audience. What is your poetry saying about you? Are you proud of it? Come visit us here down under and your poetry will be more alive with “kissing” kangaroos. The very flow of your poetry will change direction ... continue to be a “Minstrel in the Gallery.”

Your poetry will introduce itself and your name to many strangers. When people read your poetry, your name will appear on the page, identifying the poetry. Your poetry will be considered better than all the poets that ever came before you. When everybody else is gone, your music, your art, your poetry will always be there. Your poetry will be archived in some of the most prestigious libraries in America, including more than half of the Ivy League. This is not all. Publishing your poetry will make you rich in ways you never imagined. You rhyme so very well, I can tell ... your poetry will sell!! If publishers frown on Social Justice Poetry, then damn them to HELL! You do not need these losers. Your poetry gives me warning. That a day of labor I must endure. The sound of your poetry gives you more satisfaction, quite naturally, could you elaborate? Your poetry gives me a funny feeling. The dirty kind. Your poetry gives a true insight into the relationship between humans and dogs.

You have always been fidel to your ideas. You have good feeling in your words. The range and depth is evident for all to see. Your poetry will grow with your age. Your poetry will help you your whole life through and you’ll always be able to take a step bigger than you usually would. Your poetry will fill this cottage with warmth and light.

I sat reading your poems this afternoon and each one touched my heart. Usually I am uninterested in poetry, but your poetry gives such a meaning to everything!!! Reading your poetry gives a clamming effect. Your poetry gives an inner peace that I surely needed today. I am so glad we have met. Keep up the good work!

*Assignment:* I will look over your poem and if I like then “wala” your poetry will be found on my page. Your poetry will be written from the heart (mine) as best as I possibly can express it. Your poetry will be broken down to word usage, structure, mood, and idea. The top-level critique.

I do not know that you are my poet. Go, never reveal your ideas.

## My Boring Life

I've published nineteen books of poetry  
never decided to debunk or subvert  
a "middle of the road" type of Christian  
not unless that means pointing  
numbers of people a possible way into political life

would you ever recite poetry to a girl?  
take you to one of those poetry bars  
words of three syllables get you really drunk  
there is nothing revolutionary about it

workers expressing the content  
 $5+7+8-1234569\%555x3 = ?$  yea 29 ... huh?  
impossible to calculate unless that % means divide

apparently these are uprooting and flying away  
unless that means something else

## Hangin' Out with Pablo and Jennifer

hangin' out with Pablo and Jennifer  
I loudly and passionately declared that Japanese poetry is stupid  
I know it doesn't stay in one season and the number  
of syllables is off, but I don't care

I do not like to read poetry  
I just so happen to write lots of it  
perhaps it is not that poetry is stupid, it is that I am stupid  
no I think poetry is stupid, you're stupid, he's stupid, most of all  
I'm stupid  
really really stupid

there is a certain "Katie" who thinks poetry is stupid  
she's shaking and crying and pouring sweat  
imagining her apartment building  
is your Reactive Mind  
get rid of it buy and read *Dianetics*  
PS poetry is stupid

if I wrote that I was poor, does that make me rich  
no, I'd still be poor most poetry is stupid and no one  
else will claim responsibility for it it's only  
for the weak it serves no real purpose and everyone  
who writes poetry is a faggit or depressed or crying for help

don't listen to those mindless souls who think  
your poetry is stupid fuck them and whoever  
is against you the contest is to write  
about anything

"Anonymous" is a pseudonym for William Carlos Williams  
right on sister I agree with the Unknown Poet 100%



## Poetry Pants

I took off my pants and felt skewed  
where the face should be was a mass  
beans are seen as the ants pants for web  
mainstream, high-turnover items like tuna  
“I’ve got your homepage right here in my pants”

morons attempting poetry overy horribly  
sanding some guy’s boat  
hiking up his khaki worker’s pants  
using opium and writing bad poetry  
shitting his pants, stoned poetry  
going mainstream, this cannot happen  
he’s reading his own poetry about headless  
mainstream blind people  
I wouldn’t invite them in my pants

when the poetry kicks in  
write the names of people you love  
on the roof of your mouth with your tongue  
get an education in fuckology  
at the university of my pants

majority maintains mainstream mainly lying  
poetry portrays pirates politically  
I suggest that you start writing poetry  
about a guy who splits his pants  
who can put on a pair of pants five sizes

## John Dryden

Dear John Dryden, I know you were  
a man who squealed like a dolphin  
a man who simulated sex with a traffic cone  
then wild sex with seals after that  
I mean this guy is *sick!*

anyways, Andy told me he was this amazing poet on the roller coaster  
and I bought a dolphin for Joey  
a dolphin is basically just a shiny long taskmaster bayonet  
I am one of those horrible pedestrians now  
who finally went all the way to the Indianapolis Zoo for a dolphin show  
everything inside the car is stiff and squeaky, it's sick

in 1816 Lord Byron invited Percy Shelley  
and his wife Mary to dodge dog doldrum doll domain  
ply pneumatic session sever shabby shack  
what makes no sense about that is that the British don't have sex

I received my poet blouse in the mail today  
walk in and find me sitting in front of a monitor sparkling with donkey sex  
I haven't large enough breasts and let's face it that would just be weird  
plus, I had a dolphin

OK, I'm definitely not a poet and nearly would have preferred it  
had Raphaël painted on a black velvet panel  
screw the nationally fashionable Danube  
for though the poet's matter nature be  
I'd rather save a dolphin's life than listen to it read  
another self-insulating assumption guiding the book club

dressed in his Miami Dolphin boxers, wife  
doomed to a horrible death in Scotland  
by the weird sisters in the year of the big wind  
(September's dolphin tornado over Las Vegas),  
the tiny charioteer, with a hand she put by her sex, and lo—  
I KNOW THAT CRACKDEALER!!!!  
*Star Wars*, *Star Trek* and that weird comet in the sky  
under certain circumstances, we end up having sex

I'm going to have sex with the NBA but, however  
a dolphin shall pick me up  
but only because I'm bored

12th-century troubadour poet  
gets up after 20 years of panda bear sex coverage,  
gets eaten by DOLPHIN KING  
trust me, it's as weird as it sounds, but fun!  
blood-crazed sex nymphs frolic out of it, flipper away  
hey, people like sex! nuthin' wrong with that

I had just learned that I myself was a giraffe and as strong as a bear  
who swims like a dolphin and is a "protected species" which is nonsense  
because "dolphin" describes several weird things I have catalogued  
becoming a close friend of Randall Jarrell  
but not last night, as the weird dusty Pakistani dusk settled  
and I banged away goofily about sex  
and everyone needs their own personal dolphin

## History of Poetry

why do I still demand of history  
the marks, the struggle  
to impose a structure  
or, still more homily, lumps

in the sauce gravy recipe  
here's what it's all about  
for the esoteric, non-plotted  
backwards look into the fifth column

I became that day  
the first person ever  
in the history of poetry  
to attend the Hall of UFO Mystery

London Tower sauce bible  
automotive theory jack  
hot burn hospital  
hot rod magazines

«the history of poetry  
is inseparable from love»  
socialist dictatorship vampire encyclopedia  
Schinkenlocks, househouse and “mufukka” in hole

xiv, 125 p. ; 21 cm  
New York : Twayne [ua], 1998.  
XXXI, 370 S. ; 23 cm  
(Twayne's critical history of poetry studies)

you have to be able to tell  
the difference between beautiful poems  
and hot pepper sauce and while  
we're at it nuts and bolts

## Creating a Poetic Environment

poetry is all about essence and nothin' else  
that blond bitch has all the *power* man  
they're my bananas man go plant your onions  
somewhere else it doesn't even fucking make sense

*Italy*

sorry that's not poetry that's geography

poetry should be art a crafting of words  
you haven't done much except just repeat  
some words and talk about blood dripping  
you seem to be the type that only understand  
soccerballs for dogs

prose is kinda stuff that's not poetry  
in the confessional enough of being obscure  
cannot be described in beautiful words  
it has been degraded and corrupted  
made into therapeutic mental vomit  
just leaves me mindfucked after reading it  
it sucks change it

serching sex haikus I discovered red's white butt  
this is how you find strudle porn and poetry  
you rape our relationship of meaning  
"I used to love your poetry"

*drol* I really need a bucket  
"orange porange?"  
that's not poetry and you know it  
listen Marjorie go home girl

## Poetry as Entertainment

why are you young people so stupid?  
throw away your dumb poetry journal because you know what?  
no one reads poetry except for other poets  
rapist priests, their back-ass-wards ideals and stupid philosophies  
guns, uzis, blondes with an MFA  
if I didn't have the self-dignity that I have now  
I would be writing goth poetry  
eh, fucking uterus  
something you don't hear in a poetry reading

trying to do poetry will usually mean rambling on about birds  
throw in the fact that he has an MFA from Columbia  
the right way if you want the stupid fucking job  
stupid sheep want to stay in their jobs  
cogitating the matter declares "fucking fuck"

examples of bathroom poetry  
how fucking gross is that? "you are sick!" yeah, I guess  
big fat fucking deal  
this stanza is indefensibly bad  
blackness, swastikas—you get the fucking point  
I write poetry all day long and get  
awards awards awards poetry poetry poetry 1st place 1st place 1st place

she asked such fucking moronic questions  
published by the Modern Poetry Association  
that blue sweater she had me wear on Charlie Rose  
made me look like a fucking pig  
so much for being fucking decent Canadians respecting the odor  
that's it, end of the story, the fucking writer writes for entertainment

## Skinny

in the tea room the guests admired kimono  
star-sprinkled calm and primitive elm  
everything is marvelously cheap

some cats from work run this poetry reading  
not only does their noise disturb unique thoughts  
this time, the energy was fumes

shadows, sci-fi, roses, romance  
[Federalist Papers] [poetry contest]  
sister, the tiny ball

she is Native American and is basically  
skinny as hell  
she just couldn't handle the energy here

I have founded a poetry society, really  
everything so thoughtfully designed  
and I have such nice energy

wear speedo underwear while shouting  
then, it is back out in the frenetic  
the due proportion of faint

and enchanted forms  
of indistinct majesty and august beauty  
it was only a language, just another

like Shakespeare wrote, like Beethoven  
in the scent of the forest and  
as a large bolt of energy flies from it

the dam is broken and can flow  
once more! Lisa likes Jeremy's poetry  
do you consider him a true, active revolutionist?

I have no energy whatsoever  
I really don't  
everything is so expensive

## Look at Me, I'm an Engineer

Hope you like my poem, "Look at Me, I'm an Engineer." The name is taken from a nymph in a poem composed by Sir William Jones in 1763.

I didn't understand this system that consisted in selling yourself, selling your work, to humiliate one another. I was just like, "This is poetry, right?"

I can relate to the feeling of wanting someone that isn't there.

I like the poem a lot, dear. Your poem really kicks that other poem's indefatigable ass. It took me several times of reading it through to get anything out of it. Who were these beings and why did I need to remember them? Yuppies, artists, all kinds of people. I realized that I didn't understand this area. I don't read the whole volume, but flit from poem to poem ... this one is written in a very dense style that I had a hard time getting started on. Also I didn't understand this word "griamce"; it's not in my dictionary. I didn't understand this part: "I will catch your drifting, and gently my hollowed self will cup your trembling." "No shirt, flak jacket, and holding your M60"—what is a flak jacket? It could be a poem. I didn't understand this until I read your explanation of it.

I wrote it down immediately in the form of a poem and worked to recapture its essence by creating a practice of dreamily disembodied, extended, nonorgasmic sex, as described in John Donne's poem "The Ecstasy."

I am going to include a poem that I wrote just recently about my NDE and the peace I have since running away from home, scamming payphones and the postal system, buying cantaloupes, a GG Allin poem, and more.

When the man turned into a lion, I became afraid. He was bouncing on me. I asked the pastor to meet with me and show me in God's word. I didn't understand this either, but just kept crying and kept praying to God. God continued to say to me, "Come closer to me ... there is a poem about Ozymandias of Egypt that expresses a vivid and ironic mystery, it has adventure, it borrows from the Bible, and it tastes like a poem."

"Poetry is a superior amusement." Let me rephrase the question. Must a poem be accessible to be good?

An old poem, by Goethe. He will be dearly missed.

I didn't understand this poem at \_\_\_\_\_, but now it's one of my favorites.  
(A) beginning (B) first (C) one (D) start.

The idea behind this activity booklet was great, but I didn't know how great.



## Poetry by Cats

I suppose the made flower is like the big stupid poet  
not to be admired a supporter of divided nations  
the dork in the world hunky-dory and ready  
to graduate when bim-bam-boom “lookie here everyone”  
well the stupid poet across the road is so up himself  
his arrogance only exceeds his vanity so I have decided to expand  
my horizons again I have difficulty with it and even the ruffled edges  
of that stupid poet’s shirt looked good to him now  
seeing him look so pretty in those stupid poet shirts  
inspires even me

“are you stupid, poet” the voice in my head  
mocked it always came when I needed it least  
I didn’t want to be one another stupid poet  
*go back to sleep you stupid poet else you’ll think of some new way  
to plunge us into calamity will you stupid poet  
shut up will you stupid poet shut up*

what once was us will never again be  
a stupid poet with stupid rhymes  
who’s lost his love I don’t have a nose ring so how could I pick it up  
and eat cheese there now so dad put out a bear-trap  
& some flood-lights in the grass rny fat old man pack full of toys  
he probably likes young little boys “stupid poet”  
make every pore our port of entry disgusting mucky stinky words  
the coarse excrement of my viscera my brains and my heart stupid poet trick  
disgusted I was shaken to the core  
yowling how could this have happened am I exiled evermore  
I am stupid and I’ll die a stupid poet in love what bliss is this

## Poetry in Humans

I finally have an outlet for all my poetry  
becoming a whore

I began to read Anne Sexton's poetry in high school  
after some really old man got naked  
blood-spattered, half-naked, conversations boil  
with rage as random objects fall from the sky  
who is a craftsman? who is a butcher?  
to follow this master is to become unmade

Mr. Lehman spoke about avant-garde poetry and art  
"none of this stuff makes sense anyway  
the only true poetry exists in music  
just send us more naked pictures  
Kirsten Dunst fully naked  
funny poem about Boston Celtics"

I love camping picnicking bonfires floating naked  
my face is an obscenity I scream profanity in the dark  
wild almost feral visions of a naked woman  
with black twislers stuck to her fingernails  
running through a forest naked  
long naked black woman nude black woman beautiful black woman  
sexy sexual verse language naughty Netscape nasty Napster  
poetsmiddeleo poetsmiddeben poetsmiddelén poetsmiddeleu  
opetry peotry potery poerty poetryr painting  
tattoos snakes candles open-mindedness  
dumb dogs grandma poop jokes and naked hillbillies  
pushing for the Independent Republic of Led Zeppelin  
hope you are having a fantastic time  
with the naked dehydrated freaks

## Further Proof

fuck the bitch harpy whore who stole my self esteem  
and made my life a sad little hell  
some drug-addled coke whore  
only had two orgasms in her life  
handjobs with the crafty bitches  
where she earned an MFA in Creative Writing  
a sultry junkie decked out as an Edwardian whore  
(Old English, I believe)  
it was so sad and pathetic and fake

she is such a whore  
not in the New York, art-whore sense  
she says of the MFA she proudly  
took a pathetic advance, which was useful money  
tension and ambiguity of the madonna/whore bifurcation  
she wanted to publish it while earning an MFA degree

towards or about a woman, I would yell “slut” or “whore”  
here are some recent search terms I’ve used  
Sarah Lawrence MFA satellite radio  
I bring home an A+ a freaking A+  
go out and become a crack whore  
further proof that I’m a consumer  
it was this sort of picnic  
pathetic and/or poor saps willing to whore  
their lives to an MFA program  
what a pathetic thing to crown a heap

## Awake

I don't consider myself a bitch and I know what  
I'm going to tell you right now is going to come out bitchy but  
no offense but your \'poetry\' sucks  
no wonder people hate you  
please stop putting stuff in your newsletter about our sorority

sorry to disappoint you antisocials / "alternative" people  
I want to tell you all to get fucked  
your poetry sucks too it sucks extra  
biggie sized suckin \*miss-stupid-ass\*  
I feel I have the qualifications to say this so I will  
you've got a big fucking honker  
go get a nose job bitch

I like to hear the most: "let's order some pizza"  
"let's shop for computer stuff"  
don't piss off the trees to "simplify" people  
organizational skills required to organize a fucking march  
but remember further your poetry sucks

the fruit you eat was picked by antigoth poop-throwing monkey #1  
click on shirt for details why these  
types of gothic poems suck  
not worthy of reading or feeding to ducks  
the dumbest girls in the world go to the kitchen  
and cooks us some ducks gaily

government should stay out of my rhyming couplets  
my work is purely all mine and I work hard on it  
I add sentimental value to anything that I have given life to  
so I forget to edit it sometimes my poetry is still good  
to me and everyone else it's mindless Irish shit  
you are pretty hot your poetry sucks but you  
can give me head but your advertising  
of illegal porn sites may just be against the law  
if your poem gets left off this page it is because  
your views on religion are full of shit  
inexplicably Rover how weird

stop reading about the space shuttle  
stop composing poetry  
now that you are awake I must know the answer

## Statement of Poetics

Gayatri Spivak licked her knuckles like a cat  
“tesseract of lost futures? oceans move  
and wombs weep but we’ve forgotten such poetics  
we think in terms of tampons on our pregnant bellies  
but this week, you can kiss my ass”

looking for a symbolic and articulate online poetics?  
I’d like you to kiss my ass  
call this poetic is a outrage for all poetics!  
I have nothing to do with such things  
do not like his aesthetic theories they “can, you know, kiss my ass”  
nothing says “kiss my ass” like butt cleavage

I curse the world when I find the Poetics  
in der Jack Kerouac School for Disembodied Poetics  
“and I’m gonna get real fuckin’ drunk”  
far up in the sky  
I want to disconnect my lips  
and kiss my ass goodbye

I’m a formalist ... for I have let my anger pass  
but, while you’re down there, kiss my ass  
if you don’t like North Dakota  
yes, I know this is a joke forwarded by e-mail  
but truer words have never been spoken

## The Western Tradition

it's 4 fucking 30 in the morning  
swear I'm floating I swear I'm a fucking cloud  
I just sound like a stoned fucking hippy  
so fucking creepy

going to read the entire western tradition of poetry  
want to nurture it and feed it with beer and oatmeal  
I am going to do this, no sense in fucking around  
you don't even have to fucking watch

my classmates were technically and stylistically clueless  
how would you know what good poetry is?  
the MFA degree impresses  
it's just a stupid tradition it is just a stupid habit  
thanks a fucking lot

11:48AM: you have problems subtract the stupid  
across the phrase and it has not just sounded stupid but  
thought your poetry was badly translated from the Arabic  
gave the stupid laundry soda  
I feel stupid rolling my hips and swinging my arms around  
of course, Language poetry was still a very marginal movement  
I now agree that it was stupid of me and poorly  
played with the refrigerator-magnet poetry set  
I need to get back into the academy  
"where you fucking belong"

New York and DC sucks, and the train is too fucking expensive  
still live here in this fat city with its two stupid southern towers  
actually, I consider them to be poetry

## Metaphors

totally cool member you are super good at poetry  
you study science and eat jam sandwiches  
metaphors and the way you smell  
prefigures magnetized refrigerator poetry  
ever play chess naked?

oh, shit, French poetry  
“do not expose to naked blueberries”  
in a place with a bunch of high drunk stank and butt naked  
would be a cigarette butt or saliva  
as long as there is no Vergon poetry

I dislike this sort of intense close reading of poetry  
the best poetry is made when we are overwhelmed with emotion  
my friend thank you  
for giving me a way to post my poetry  
if anyone needs me I'll be in my room  
pasting heads on naked bodies

## Third Category

Bush today announced the McCarthy Era  
“oh please like me black people  
please like me I like bombs”  
a GOP operative doesn't submit to  
the “please like me” mechanism  
he is a bad egg

grandpa hated dancing and was bad  
thinks he has to accept pork  
to give a glimpse of the writing process  
the ultimate bad trip the so-called  
“Volvo fallacy” gets its name from

I was writing and writing and writing and I couldn't  
distinguish so much between good and bad Muslims  
because I'm writing a stupid  
ass post > I am a fat bald stupid bastard

I'm writing a novel about women  
bad women  
what I like in feminist writing  
they gave Clark and the Krypton bad guys telekinesis

so you want to contact Brian Eno  
that old junkie whose career forged in writing rock operas  
personally I expect to be writing my usual  
collectible figurine obsession  
crystalline materials database  
poetry and creative writing  
we speak definitively about this third category of bad



## Jim Crow Bacteria

Abigail Van Buren gives  
shitty advice to write lots  
of beautiful Christian  
poetry about her

ebola melts tribes  
of 16-eyed irradiated objectivists  
trapped a young poet  
and tore out his eye

violent form of  
Judaism based on  
the Pulitzer Prize  
for poetry

Santa's pagan landscape  
where even animals become zombies  
flesh-eating sheep  
and a flesh-eating donkey

what if a demon sneaks  
into the audience and  
has given birth to a  
snarling baby

a vulture mask  
beautiful in its own way  
whatever the mainstream  
I'm up a creek