

elderly



28





elderlytwentyeight

BRIDGET TALONE

GIN HART

ROBERT ANDREW PEREZ

HANK LAZER

MADELEINE BRAUN

WENDY LOTTERMAN

BRIDGET TALONE

"I LIKE A LOOK OF AGONY"

It has a presence

A dark red stem

A substitute for trust

But there is none

So this poem is about

Trust's obliteration

And how you can't fake pain

How that must be its virtue

But you may disagree and so
Causes for lamentation are described:

- 1) I don't know how much information to include

- 2) In the basement I discover I have grown a great, slack, hanging stomach.
I lift up my shirt to see it in the mirror and it falls to one side.
it occurs to me that this is my father's stomach, from late 2006.
I want never to eat again but then remember it is thanksgiving.
and everyone is so polite

How are you? I'm alright

How are you? I'm okay

How are you? Well actually the strangest thing has happened, I say, pulling at my shirt.

3)

He puts the scissors through
his open fly and & open/closes them at me.

The sun falls down in jagged
asymmetrical chunks.

He had all these metal knives & skewers.

He had butcher knives & axes.

My hands were weak.

But I was able to rip a piece of his hair out.

A lounge slick and purple pink
where people and their children
had been taken.

One man had a steak knife, petite
serrated. The rote repeating
pinkness of the tiles. It's alright
it's okay to repeat yourself when you
are in a limited way.

When they shot me I began
to turn into a man.

Instead of dying I was changing.

Maybe I was even becoming more powerful.

I believe that every humiliation contains
its exhilarating seed.

So I like a look of agony.

4)

I asked the woman at the store to show me two pink sweaters.

One long with roses on the sleeves.

The other one cropped and bejeweled.

Instead she brought me a long pointed Lucite scepter
tipped with a green seedpod.

How does this suit you?

she asks, as latex oozes from incisions made on the green seedpod.

5)

I was told to focus on the flowers.

The sunflower looked like a sheep with a dark face surrounded by yellow golden fleece. The curled petals on the top of its "face" appeared first to me as tiny horns, and then as the ribbons on an expertly wrapped present.

Over the earth walked horned animals wrapped up as if to give away.
I began to picture a gift that punctures and wounds you as you unwrap it.

6)

Carlye was telling me a story about a buffalo in the snow. We were on her bed.

While she talked i drew a spiral on the back of her blouse in red sharpie. I started in the center and worked my way out as she told me about how blood from a cut in the buffalo's leg energized the snow that surrounded the buffalo—brought it to life. The people thought he was dead when suddenly he got up and started running. When Carlye saw that I had drawn on her shirt she got mad and left the room.

There was something about the correspondence that seemed sad to me.

Later when the Pine trees began to spin, they got bigger and bigger, flinging heaps of prissy snow off of their arms.

7)

Who would trust the teacher?

He told me some gurus drink milk up their ass off a spoon

but didn't recommend milk for me

as it has been known to change women's period colors.

He told me I could make my own third eye

wetting the spot on my forehead with spit.

8)

Between us was a young or primary antipathy.

It held us in place.

I could only see his arms up to his elbow.

A small and helpless feeling is cut loose from the body.

In satin classrooms.

The assignment had been to co-navigate each other's space.

Tell yourself to me.

Antipathy could not hide from anyone

the beautiful sullen colors that arrived

around their eyes in pinks and purple reds

in hunger, the disgust.

Only half-liking people.

What's the other half?

A huge ugly building baking in the sun

with a sign that said *VIRGIN SOLUTIONS* on it

and under that what seemed to be a motto:

IT'S A LITTLE EXQUISITE ARRIVING AT YOUR IMPERATIVE.

9)

“DUSTY ET DISGUSTING EST”

It is sweet and proper.

It is sweet and fitting.

To get beyond the personal way of telling.

Unbothered by notions of honesty and dishonesty.

He said my arm was like a wing when I did my detoxifying movements.

A. Told me nothing embarrasses her.

Could you see my signal?

An inner unwinningness

A wet sharp shine is a glare and leads one away from the parts of life that have gone cold.

10)

I don't know how much to disclose.

Like you I was born in my head
keeper of a clammy fact.

Of course I'd like to leave

The words that I confused for incorrect
were chorus and porous and forest and—
words that grew around us.
inseparable like brother and sister.
Like the clover flower's conspiracy
of weak and fragrant claws.

You like a look of agony.
You like what we share.
Like you I was watching
a video of hands
working a pink bar of soap
into a pastel lather
that bid the mind unlatch.

Of course we did its bidding.
Of course I'd come in contact
with that Wallace Stevens poem
ending: *It can never be satisfied.*
the mind, never.

LOW GER SWOGEN

poor animal!
 i lop chunks
 of u, send ur
 swan-belted/sad
 guts to the dump,
 hold the glottal
 stop of man oeuvre
 burrowed
 tho smiling
 such work
 is a wedding
 at least
 when u get
 a full-body
 crush,
 blushing
 for a bruising...
 what i'd cruise for
 in my swirling vanstar
 if i had
 a feeling
 body, if
 steep, i had
 tongue, twinned to my stripling
 back's/pent image: us all on the dais,
 bare and hoarding intimations: there's
 a wide, soft
 -hovered grin,
 big skein, trailed,
 marking the sky

//I AM THE CAVE THAT SPITS IT OUT

//can't trust
the rose of kentucky
w/mercantile handedness

but i call a rose
a rose, call after it

i can imagine
the world without anyone!

watch, i peel your name
from my surfaces—a bone
w/ roots//a root
shaped bone

my eye sits
on my throat
and my throe
is a pelt of mine
cured by the sweat
of your hands, not
the skill

my trilling tongue
will flop. //the sun needs
nothing, nor
do i

GO HAM GO
FULL FANTOM

gentle mid
wife dig me
unto the
heap, cradle
me

i mimic u better

wring out th'damp rude gloom
dust-scummy calling names out
in the heath, marbles prim in ur mouth

i kiss
the cut you cream
in dish/the mind
is a lonely
master

keep there, slice
w common-numbered
sighs wholly
beneath u
eke me into mine fist.

wtr dmg! scents
to the charger-lunger
and wands by the skin and
stewed rings/the pill
in ur holo tooth
o slogging
mongry
soghole
what a *sincere* blaster range!

time's oozing all
caramel with supper
sounds: doves
 cush
 ions,
 slime canopied pips
livid and imponderable
when i crumple
my jam-jelly
money

 quoth good shug
 to good cloakmaid
 will't thou? i'm
 almost shy with
 how i love thee

u ricin my gruel in the phasing morn
hematemetics now, both
barefooted, also
predawn

BO C I

*“scepter in the ground
a thud
i’m into that”
– Elaine Kahn*

u know the scratch of
an obscene muster,
it's a long city pleases him
if i spear Eternal
cuz he'll in the song

it is everywhere stabbed twice

and the news did not like God

dash of form
synapses in the future
we are a spastic Circle
on the no no no
no.don't
use the arrow
keep it there

lamb opal
my cell
a muscle on one

them that don't go
them that nvr
let
me

you feel skipped
you turn up
you move more complete

yore the song cuz u the shallow
u kill that smell
pussy to knock my dowsing absence

a piss-likely egg you must scuttle

vapid, my blo pop lix back
and the skull empties

and this:
eternal love maybe::
that wheelingly meagre
well-known nonpollux
i utter
get off

all about the day my people
toil a honeyed lot of breaded
death
you
cry and breathe
into its mouth
thy discipline a register below

you take off on me after
knuckle under dust mote
iono
u just
make me nervous,
toe tied to the gate hell, ankles
are still deeply felt

thud my head against
your knee, you feed
me people-food
i want to beg like
i want to win

AT ELK FLAG TOWER

kersnap goes the balustrade! angels
easy-reddened, turn, alacritous
to gravell

too-rich clump
of the mutt, you awl
grabbing-uh-napes, thick
twang o'the year's't'retch
plaintive across iss knee

do she seem scary? alone in
they house?

bust it open i'm
laughing *with* you

bark the wich
can the coals
together in coals
whorl, yes i did

my love is a a green stone dropping,
morassed tendrils wailing *f r e e d o m*

when'm fallow pls
keep camp for me

got uh
low startle
point

whoa-bud it has
yevereethang

ROBERT ANDREW PEREZ

SELF HELP

i

two animal men—
prey for deer life, one supine
serpent tongued standing cocked while the hung
gyres spin

the animal men say
ask me or ask me of
anything my eyes are widows

groundswell +
pyroclastic +
indigenous +

dread preludes pleasure
 —a superbly chosen epigraph
“there cannot be love without potential
for loss”

the sea recesses
whilst the sand undresses
its red seed

ii

a boy holds a thought in his head
like a fist around broken glass

*i say look at the devil's face
dogs smell fear, makes them wet*

sun bathes the mounds of bunch grass
with light *you can see between the blades*

iii

california's coast bestows an erotic energy
amidst the planet of which it's part dies

*(beetle-) kill pine acid rain free jazz
punk rock best life parabens (the list grows)*

we're late in the anthropocene and rich
in options for what to ink our knuckles

What does it make you feel, the end?

a) nothing b) everything c) horny d)

if you slow the scribbling of bodies on paper
it sounds like the roar of the pacific

THEORY OF VISITORS

say every stranger
a close one becomes
takes something from you
leaving another thing behind
and every stranger
you become to another
you do the same, a fundamental
a type of gravity

a man smokes a cigarette
watches a boy walk to his dorm
in burlington, vt. /the cigarette
like the two, has a consciousness
that's the theory of panpsychism
they are strangers to one another
the desire is *joy with a noose*
(the noose not the joy has a consciousness)

i didn't think it but it happened
thinking it is wanting and not wanting
to think it is wanting it even more
i said it aloud but you didn't hear it
i made the promise, kept it, but
there was still a shortage of christmas trees
when i asked *why*, you said *you're the poet*
you *tell* me, and i said
that's not how science works

for that while you were back
you continued to chop the cauliflower
from afar their fractals seem entirely random
like clouds, which are fractals, too
many men have left something for me
and taken so much away
but you come and go and it feels like staying

WATERLOO

when we first experience words it's sound through a wall; that is what it's like to be in the jelly of our mother's womb. perhaps, then, that's why we experience thought as a simulacrum of that. a voice in another room.

what was thought like prior to your father asking your mother to turn the radio down? (abba was playing). how did you think before you rmother's sister, you'll later learn to call aunt luce, say in an indignant tone, *you're always trying to make it about you?* shapes, maybe. colors—but you don't yet know a color other than dark red. pulses. clicks. representations of mathematical truths. but what's truth?

maybe you thought in cosmic booms which only eons later can be measured as oscillating whomps. maybe you thought like pressure against the skin of a balloon; a thought expands meaning something, a thought depresses meaning something else. and maybe those thoughts are equal to one another, then later words create the dew of hierarchies.

was your first thought *i love abba?* or shut up, *aunt luce?* no, i think it was a song before sound. something with curves you hear with the theory of ears. have you found it?

PAPER BOAT

first, create an aperture punch a pin
thru paper see: a solar eclipse
without burning eyes: they stream in

*two oaks in death throes, infested
with mistletoe the drought denies
water an abandoned campfire
threatens to dress them in flames*

*a boy makes a cap that's also a boat
out of a leaf from his notebook
folds a love letter and corresponding doodles
then places it on ~water~*

it drifts

*a white dot
vanishes thoughts are tests*

one often fails second, court doubt to reify
resolve as one touches for a second
the skillet to know it's hot

this is mastery, this is textbook commitment
third, recite a story to replace it

*two sisters wander into a dark wood
holding hands one sister fears no wolf
the other does not fear night in their free hands
one holds a knife the other, a light*

WAVES

jeez the heat

the wind has been like love

useless and earnest

there's a rule in heatwaves

promise me no promises and

wish for no more

wishes

i want a comingling feeling, to be split then recombined

twoness. *sweat it out* means to endure

salt is greater than gold

it isn't an orgasm but similar

excuse my wet seats. take me to a hometown

though i'd hate to, i have to leave the beach early

lose another pair of glasses

can't touch when it's too hot

but not like a skillet

it's not a *good time*

we fuck on the beach and return to applause

emerge shrunken

it's a sign the planet's shell has a peril in it

promise we'll get a drink again soon

OFF CHANNEL

islands, violet

wester weather cuts
the summer

in heaves

sleepers,

mysterio's blue embryo

under venusian ocean oaks

cast umbr-

age
fall

foams, ochres

august

FIRST DAY OF SURVIVING

birds move through the blank blue
like loose smoke a black flag
you can see nothing burning in the sky

the chop in the water is gone a mirror
you want the city to look back at you
the bridge is an lid held open

hope comes in
& out of focus this country is smudged

i'm sorry this year is like a long week
you're still queen with one good eye

AUTHENTIC RELATING

there's an abandoned suitcase
heavier than the human capacity for being
wrong on the platform opposite
a mind trained by civilization's self-importance

i am a motherless child and sometimes
a childless mother meaning
i am free, the internet says,
of unconditional love

the island you live on, rimmed by
two lakes, is populated by a multiplicity of
doppelgängers who threaten
to replace you
is being slowly swallowed by water
this is emergence

owed to changing climate

before the advent of cpr doctors blew
tobacco into the ass of a drowned person
which worked for the wrong reasons
millenials boof more than that to come alive
they call it killing an industry

because i struggle with self-worth i celebrate
the me i see in you
when i'm not busy detesting it
the forever-petaling dandelion

dear reader, when you incinerate my trail with your eyes
you may get smoke in them
thank you for your genuine curiosity

YOU GOTTA MAKEUP TO BREAK UP

the hard epigenetic betrayals of the face
gay men and women soften the edges
smudge with a fluffy
brush the lines, bounce a sponge on the phony features
beating the face with a light
touch, blending
radiating not from illuminators but within
a money shot of knowingness glints
from the inner corner which gradates
across a lid to a dense pigment
the deepened black transforms the i
the apples pinked and glowing

HANK LAZER

from N32 (Notebook 32)

9/29/16
Carrollton

a golden dog
a black dog
one I can't describe

Came by shortly after dawn

came by the house

curious

sniffed around

ran down the sidewalk

crossed the gravel road

and disappeared

there are also those who understand without words
L14271, 17297

無事

11/5/16
Carrollton

they call them
clouds

he acts out his stories just below us

maybe he tells me with a smile
even the body resists death
or especially
time in fragments

Knowledge is a

leg
we sit on the front porch
pain down my left leg

shape, and a slope is mountains and rivers. (1912)

disc working in transition
57

of mountain
whitening of the sky
illumination is extraordinary
peer cautious

death is a welcomed next
water flows

then there were four does & a young one ears fanned about
it is as if it were a young one ears fanned about
people is no other than doubt
beside the cedar tree

安知

2/2/17
Tuscaloosa

you have found is empty; it returns full of moonlight.
"The whole boat the holiness in all the words

in the black of lightning
is the rolling thunder which
is the place of settling." 53847

This return is a true
Nathan Edwards so loved
which you know

利 貞

still
here
now

for Nathan Hauke

PIANO

Based upon facts & fantasies
you'll claw up the sheets
tear a hole through it

I Taurus! I Taurus!
where do you go when the fish swim
all over the world
do you take a reprieve on that Greek Island?
that one where the goats live too

Is that cohabitation?
anyway there are too many dogs
on my island snivelings and snarlings
up branchy hillsides or holesides or

Something of the like underneath someone else you
don't like I'm too distracted to write you
a polar bear just walked into the room wearing a polar bear
and it is summer! Like love outside or even more perfect than that

Where is everybody?
Terrance & Vlad are upstate
& Tenaya works
& Jess & Sarah I don't know about Jess & Sarah
or anybody really I don't know where anybody is really

a sliver in that hand is worth four strikes and
I would like to strike back
but I feel so badly for you and cannot stop wondering at
good guy good guy the objectivity of the good & guy
or the subjectivity of the good & guy
what makes it up?
what else does your idol whisper in French when he thinks nobody is listening

ODE TO IRRELEVANCE

You who have taken up so much space!
I wonder you could move.

There are many trillions out there & there are I on top of it.
A shining mountain heap you are clambering over with big grub paws.

There is a sloppy burger eater next door at diner to the left.
There is a knife & fork burger eater with a secret ramekin of extra pickles.

Picked & deranged mind still clambering up money!
Pile up! on the facts & the do as I demands!

I'm learning how to speak.
A colorblind attempt to map out the world map X

Here is a truth. I have to go to place
to know where it is.

Yesterday I told you I got turned around,
I don't know this part of Brooklyn
I am always turned around except with people
I approach them blindsided & sneak attack their emotions.

Are you still there? Did you slide down your pickly penny pile yet?
I can't read you.

I wait for your mistaken miss footfall.
Unfortunately you are swarthier than we all thought.

Or you have got a really good PR person.
Who can sneak attack emotions on even the most alert Terrier.

I would work for power except you are rotten!
Irrelevance! You are rotten!

You create manic mania in decent people!
You magnetize everyone's attitude problem!
You sit in judgment on sloppy and knife & fork eater!
You make it so people hide their extra pickles their insecurities
their very nature their true being their oddities their intricacies.
You make us hide for nothing.

Nothing hid everything just like when Margaret Duras was beaten for being peculiar
Like fate, he is cruel & unanticipated
I see you are eating all your pennies.
You should save them for the hail-shit-storm.
It is two winds away from your front door.

HISTORICALLY SPEAKING

He asks many questions
speaks over every answer
he's cookin'
an infernal dutch oven dish
he's not cool

I ask many questions
I seek many answers
I check myself regularly
I fail to check myself regularly
I know history and geography broadly
I do not know history and geography
even broadly

Um, father? Did you take the ticket
the ticket you two earned together,
and run?
I'm not saying you ran away
it is a metaphorical statement

To know history and geography
includes of course family history
and geography
genealogically speaking
my great grandfather
historically speaking
helped Mennonites come to
Canada from Germany
linearly speaking later
he built a place for displaced
Mennonite women so
historically speaking
he was a good guy a good guy
uncertainly speaking
with a ticket to ride

I don't know
what he did at home or where his
mind wandered to when an
impossibly beautiful youth arrived
at the door with one need:
take me in
did he take her hand guided by some
scripture and act as he should?
I'm not saying this youth was his ticket
that he abused his power
patriarchally speaking
this is not an impossibility

Chris Kraus is a good breathing point here
she is a cool writer
she writes about crushes and jeans
and Movements made by dreams
soontobe destroyed by abuse dreams
by the way a soft young body spills
over waistbands or lays on a
mattress in a back room in LA
defeated she displays the
inconsistency of human drive

We strive and find the pill
historically speaking
so we never have to stop
until logically speaking
we do

I paint my nails with silver sparkles now
because it makes me feel special
unique:
a distinct
impossibility
including
and for that matter
me
and you
and then
one day the sparkles will chip
I won't repaint them
because I'll stop myself
lose control of this self-love again

*You remind me of someone I used to know,
my great grandfather traces his hand over her
cheek, she used to be like you. I used to be like you
too, she blushes and smiles and says,
Thank you*

Again and again you remind me of
some thing I used to know
again and again white lace is a
collar around her neck
when the pearly buttons are looped
the lace is snug around the neck
the neck is young and slender
no body spills through
peek-a-boo
the skin looks cool
tethered in lace

To meditate I think about
the irrevocable glory
of my beautiful, tight asshole

But maybe you like it too
I'll think about that sometimes too

Do you like me too?
do you think I'm special too?
do you like my body too?
will you save me too?
A savior
a classic figure
redeemer of sins and saver of souls

He lifts her dress a little higher
kisses her dewy thigh
softly softly
She used to be so much like you
I used to be so much like you
she pictures the possibility
the ease of submission
a shallow tight quarry

It wasn't that he, that he
I definitely drank too much and probably said something wrong
So he just...
I just...
It was just easier for you fuck him then for you not to fuck him?
Yeah.Yeah.That is it exactly.

I do not have the emotional bandwidth to deal with any of you right now
I do not have the elasticity in me
it went away with something else like
was Leonard Cohen even a good guy?
he was a cool guy
hats and slacks and lyrics for days

Great grandfather
stop lifting her dewy dress up off her dewy damn thigh
look at me
look at me when I'm speaking to you
why do I have to teach you?
why do I have to teach you too?

E Q U A T O R

the sky swirls sideways at the checkpoint.
windmills and toilets, tie-dyed follicles of a perfectly normal pulsation in the crown,

the distance from which cools in all directions but toward, by which a vowel
inverts the season

ending in every open window. the posture of pollen preys on knees.
weeks like

run-on clauses, causing nothing but the house to void its wager.
betting against the wide receiver. tight weddings and ends. the kids of parents' friends invade the aisle,

seated weirdly next to the invention of penicillin
and a book you'd eventually present better. left feeling too simple,

the bedding in the first room furnishes the fantasy, advising against the revelation of everything
all at once in the stunted aqua sauna where the field trip deposits in other objects.

making beaches on bergen, the whistle only knows how to call the horse in one direction.
the call sounds like water has no opposite. instead it's sung by

the hottest inhabitant of the moon, shaking the peninsula as you swim.
skinned lip on this calendrically valid and astral mandate, unribbed like

a coast without elastic. learning the language digs up everything saved in space.
uploading visions to baba's triple junction where the impact can still leave a mark.

the marbled parts of her head receive the message much quicker than print.
new guests are read beneath the cinched hoodie in secret.

at this point it's easier to take everything off in the open-air jeep
that reveals the dewy truth of vowels, meaning more than they can ever perhaps say,

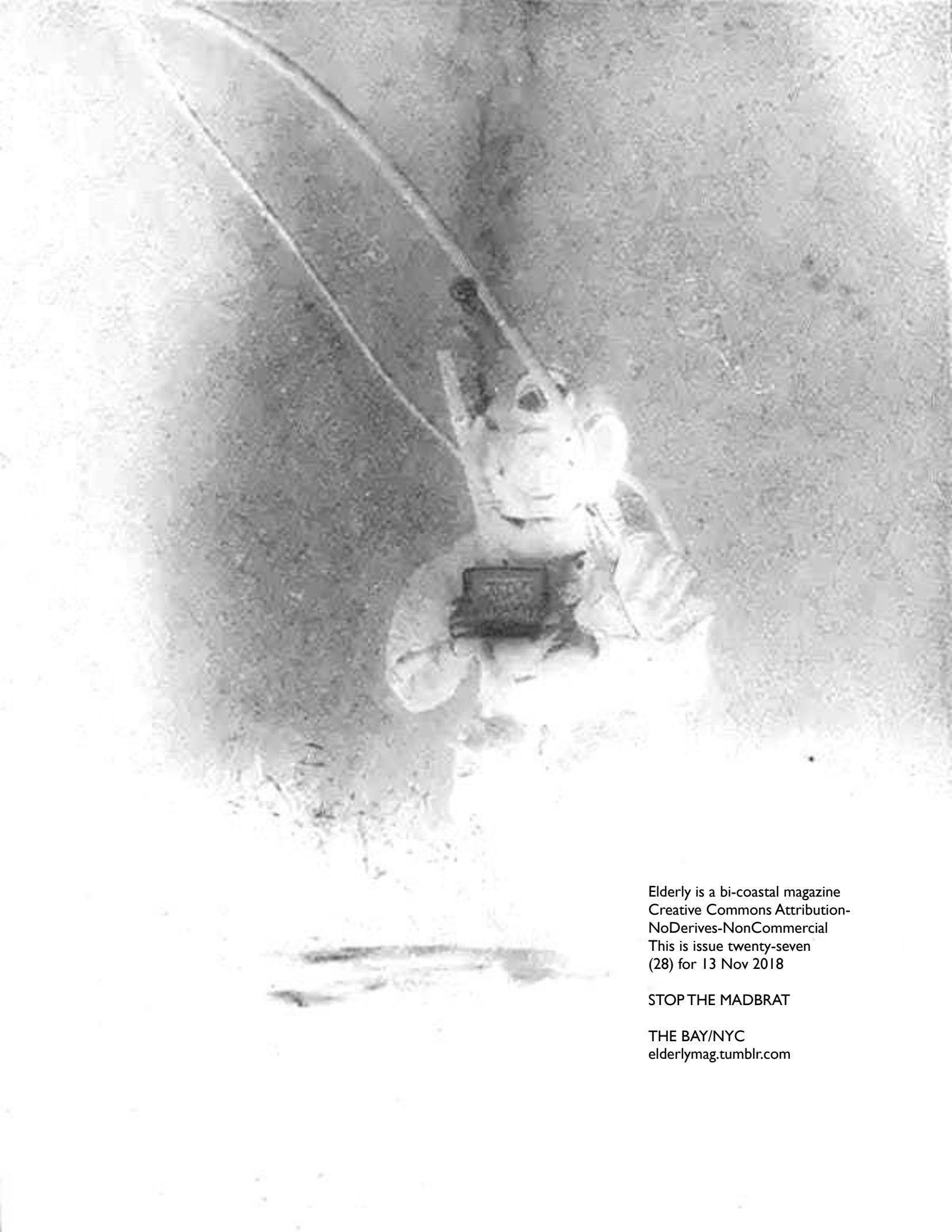
the way the name begins and ends, swirling forwards and backwards around
the continental center, cum gem of this squishy corona.

MIDDLEHOUSE

Dear radar, the message bends for you. Spaghetti junctions relaxed into the actual tip of your tongue. Nothing less than insuperable union of the two, wanting to be it and it. Dragging that bell to the ball by black-light contract and involuntary will, I return to the scene of what cannot be less than a crime. Saline in the cracks of the cell makes calls to mom more residual than that coastal Connecticut town where access was restricted to Madison's impeccably groomed ass. It was rocky. It massaged the feet as you walked. Desexualized by a disciplinary prize economy in which Kathy managed to keep us coming back. Green tweed secrets of the mattress. The window opens onto the stoop where passion is banished in the night. I get off in intervals of the soap and burgers. The watchwoman, semi-hourly envoy. Day-time TV loops in the living room where cushions encode every hostage they lost. I make away in every interval. Spilling salt into the supernumerary digits that dial you. I dial you. I do little else.

S A N D A L S

You find figures, fissures, ways out. Sandal's half-angelic measure. Reruns redistributing sterile shares of leisure on the beach with singles and straw skirts. Castles enact an accidental crawl space, enamored of canals, you get small, demure, push through. The pressure pops you out the chiasmatic acme atop valleys that drag on weekends as peak. Widows and orphans drop the refrain. That unsublatable remainder haunts the rubber running for judge, a public treadmill, redistributing the footprint by census. Twins breathing in synchrony; fictive whisper fluff piece. Enough. I dissolve into the next-door neighbor. We count our bounty dispossessed and redress the Countess. Singing. It's the same key with new teeth, redoubled until you get it. But mine is yours and always has been. Weird exclaves of patience. Ecstatically accepting the premise of actually melting down the road cones, making synonyms of citrus and squash, a body without the bones. Differential jello. Or, them moving into you moving into someone else, revealing the truth of a middle-aged iceberg, endless restorations on the basement. Mold erupts in the subprime child. Spores at first foreign become you. Damp down there, eyes up here. We focus and freak out. Futures flipped by the endless delicatessens of presence. Iridescent cold cuts in warm weather events. You get wet, restless, head by the belly. In the dim-lit violet fish-shack, remaining, for that moment, explicit. In the referential duplex we sleep mass on bunk below count. Then flip it. Unconditional balsam bypasses that original division, massaging chapstick into the desert's cracking theme. Rehydrating baby, cannot name, however advantageous to corral. True correlation becomes not really possible: bottom subtending tops, or the opposite, but not at once. It stops when we do. Lips arrayed collapse into access without accent: siren of superintended pleasure. She wakes you up. Mists on crypts of grass. Sick with horses. Gives sun to sci-fi's unforgiving cyan on the underside of your thigh. From here on out, the porcelain only kindly greets your butt. Angel, no more anguish in the ball pit. Olympia Dukakis will live in your pocket. Crumbs inside the car ignite the truth of these rides. Swarms of kin on tape, unfolding like routes and tongues on the double-helix freeway. Does it matter. How this started. Tonal rapture on the chapped and ragged totem, milk sprays from the paw. But a unity still plays on repeat in a separate scene of storage that I could never hold, or own, or pick up. Lives forever in that cognate promise. Splashed up, heeding screams of early seasons, held by custody and care in the endless beleaguered meantime. We repeat.



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LUXOR THE MOONPRINCE
REINCARNATION
OF
JESUS CHRIST

