

Versuche: 12

**Collaborations
[1994-2000]**

Poems by Haki Pok

with Judith Goldman

The Golden Age of Swimwear

Narcissus,
your absent mirror
is like the male cravat—
a proprietary foible
of itinerant presentation or a
flight into carnival,
the spun sugar, inviting
and shunning.

You, Sailors, have faith!
They will drop you a neckline;
they'll be lenient with the strap.
The gender-specific
iconoclasts gather
their sheets at dawn,
their dreams at night—
filthily eyed by
the squid in its crevice.
And Dziga Vertov is counting
the stills,
the tended tender, the tender tended:
his Speedo, gilt-feathered;
his Sappho, fluted but irregular...

Meat is implicated *americana*
affording lucid nudity,
grits in ends of bread
for the frictionless voyeur. How
to retrieve the foiled mean,
when hair was a commodity
and navels blinked together?

Glandular and projective
as a Toyota, these hours
that recalled
the pearled teeth,
taut pin-ups in a larceny of
technicolor comas,
bake, bake in the babyface sun.

The camera dreams
perpendicular and pale,
an abstract oath,
frantic diamonds. A
sky scraper's wife crowds into
a house; her gestes shuffle
gnats in the debris.

At The Entrance Of The Arbor

& I'm channeling
our superstitions
to a fine
pt.,

porky content
(aftershocks).
(& I'll
harp on it)

—Habitually
stupid—paying my
dues, Space a
portion

of that—doubling
over a transitional phrase,
apologizing &
apologizing.

“Byron
leaks now”
[all for want
of a spittoon] “& I

owe it all to
Popeye, to
henchmen working
at the mouth,

regurgitating
Lolita,
perpetually
drowning at the Hellespont.”

A tedious
15 blocks
to the chain-link
music? At

the entrance of the arbor
fluorescent lights fink
on
hands above the table—Cave

dwellers blinking verité,
sugar-coated confetti,
—just one of those passions, unaffordable
& in-

sincere.
For the quota.
Handkerchief.
Hurt, burnt, a point

of pride...
On my
knees in a tearoom in a
single strong-arm display,

Hell
froze over,
crystallized
like a public mural.

Or a letch
in aspic,
dishearten'd &
callous,

abstractly de-
claiming
arcane
furniture:

“ode...
odor...
parking garage... quarantine... rhapsody...
sharing... Tiananmen

Sq.” Remarkable to hanker
after a parking garage, a
commode! Similarly ludicrous
(makes things better), the

mythmakers
derail
slick & fickle
Nobody; Nobody

knows
this pesticidal
door—even
E. P

resley shelves
past a rheumatic
cheap trick, only
to scream against the fry.

The tragic
Jacks
—Smith, Spicer & Sprat—
trapped in the trapezoid

on the \$1

bill—sloping
jazz life, no
harmless expenditure,

Alice struggling against the forces
of Tyranny. Vaguely the
jury plays autocratic dice:
“Cleared that up in 48 faux hours.”

What would you give for
California spring water,
espionage on the veranda, an
entire line of

X-mas lights X-

ploding
—overhead sprinkler
system, *a vase of tears*.
While the horrible truths script the news?

X-mas
with the Shah,
a spray-on
Kennedy, or a

slightly more
credible
version:
aestheticizing

mushroom clouds,
years with Mom & Pop, all
in one backlit
scenario.

Pastoral Disposal

Theft is a property
of the lethargy detergent,
and the Japanese
fantails, burrowing
into the gravel, like phantoms.
But modesty isn't
a property
of the big guns of Modesto
who ride and ride (their
lungs bear chalices
of the choir), catch on like
wildfire
or lowlier, even lowliest,
suggest the irredentist
heaving cathedral
—"You flew me by in a
dry heave sigh,"
the blond scat-sang,
pandering to desire.

Cocktails, therewith, as
in Molotov, sarong-
wrapped, and laden,
and benchmark-smashing
prosciuttos, and
Bourse-smacking
croutons
among
alien renditions of
"Go Tell the Mountain on Me" and
"All's Western on the Quiet Front" and
"The Land
Waste," yes
tonight he's gonna party

like it's 1998, and it is.

Ok, ok—the *rhomboid!*

And of the horrible, terrible, portable, comestible, he
chose
a Scottish lambskin and a Japanese “look-at-it-this-
way,”
as though you, so to speak, were looking through and
not at
a TV,
scratching the remission with a failed sense of fiction—

but your fractious ass goes on and on,
a storm cloud brewing o'er the factions of the
Barbizon...

“O, Brazil! I'd take you in, if you weren't carrying me!”

The Cosmopolitans

with Sianne Ngai

Doctor Oh:
Metaphysical blippety-blips
while sucking candor lozenge?

Ann Landers:
Cartesian licorice, I think.

Narrator:
Bouncing errata—ironical jokes—the
crafty customer's constructing a
connection.

Doctor Oh:
This analog frittering, this paradigm stuffing...

Ann Landers:
...in plus sizes...

Doctor Oh:
...in "plus sizes"
echoes the torrid income saliva.

Ann Landers:
A brachiosaur echo.

Doctor Oh:
Heard by...

Ann Landers:
A suburban buccaneer.

Doctor Oh:
Have you, er...

Ann Landers:
Hear the one about?

Doctor Oh:
The protean thrust adjustments,
the authoritative “oh my”
in the rocking meters of Mark Antony?

Ann Landers:
You are an as-*phyxiating* person.

Doctor Oh:
Breaking ex!

Narrator:
Fancying widgets lowers snack
pressure...

Doctor Oh:
(*munching*)
Breathing ex, ply—

Ann Landers:
—my trade?

Doctor Oh:
Go for it.

II.

Doctor Oh:
Gritty empathy soap
after peewee snapper dis.

Ann Landers:
Did you feel that, too?

Doctor Oh:
Fourteen haiku!

Ann Landers:
Ironical jokes.
But she's got a hunchback, too.

Doctor Oh:
Belittling exegesis
has a stanchion at each end.

Ann Landers:
Entry or exit?

Doctor Oh:
A cornered leotard.

Ann Landers:
Entry or exit?

Doctor Oh:
Corrupt loofah!

Ann Landers:
Bourgeois enigma...

Doctor Oh:
Bourgeois!

Ann Landers:
Thus, closeted Clorox encounter
requires pinky finger, adds things

Doctor Oh:
To the sentence.

Ann Landers:
Ragout Darwinian abstracts...

Doctor Oh:
(So I suspected.)

Ann Landers:
yield candid Boolean eros.
And then I thumbed my way back into the
 guestroom.

Doctor Oh:
Anorexic day-glo?

Ann Landers:
Don't crank manure talents!

Doctor Oh:
I wasn't!

Ann Landers:
Out of the stereo—

Doctor Oh:
I wasn't!

Ann Landers:
Into the stucco!

Doctor Oh:
I... I...

Ann Landers:
You... you...

Doctor Oh:
Jeremiad impasto!

Ann Landers:
Soiled your linen in misery aftermath, there!

Doctor Oh:
No, no, candid tantrum package.

Ann Landers:
Running with pews.

Doctor Oh:
Snack pressure.

Ann Landers:
(munching)
Plural.

Doctor Oh:
Snacks... pressures...?

Ann Landers:
Polyglot crib
balancing pregnant fax.

Narrator:
Of course, they are simply calling each
other names.

Doctor Oh:
The sextilla, a Spanish form...

Ann Landers:
(Beautiful ergometer...)

Doctor Oh:
of Catholic loam. Huh? Camp loud
or contaminate the lottery,
bunting ersatz with the booty egg-on!

Ann Landers:
Bureaucracy euphoria?

Doctor Oh:
Crap lice!

Ann Landers:
Banishment's envelope?

Doctor Oh:
Credit liposuction.

Ann Landers:
Concupiscent lasagna?
Carnavalesque lobotomy?

Doctor Oh:
Majesty's orders to amputate the sound limb...

Ann Landers:
...too?

Narrator:
Took up a proper nose...

Doctor Oh:
You... you...

Ann Landers:
I... I...

Narrator:
When push comes to suck...

Doctor Oh:
You... you...

Ann Landers:
I... I...

Narrator:
When the crocheted llama freaks, the
katydid turns languid...

Doctor Oh:
You... you...

Ann Landers:
I... I...

Narrator:
Snack pressure...

Doctor Oh:
Lentils, then!

Earnest Voice

Equivalent to a “valorized moment when the eyes contemplate the world alone,” this nation-building **agenda**” accelerated the 1967 centenary. Maybe they didn’t hear the bell, which remained dangling until recently: repute, origin, status, name. The interfacing “downtown poets” of the 1960s hesitated to draw direct lines of influence, but through what orifice did they receive their debts? Women, the “unformed spirit of the North American place.” This is only partially true, and if so, false. Cartesian perspectivalism assumed twenty-five million Africans, the European powers, and the Congo at the turn of the century—a pleated faucet, yet **ironically** distant. Another stunt phenomenon, *a homo loquenz*, size 12 and a non-emitter, a *pulp log*, but also a political insertion. Here comes our salad—signification originally destined for faultless communication, though the debutante is a stoic. Olson never rejects the heroic, a transparent nostalgia for an originary time, yet the “only” is taken back. Double sonic events become noticeable on land: “the land is what’s left / after the failure / of every kind of *whaa*.” Memory **fuzz**, a distrust of lust, a precarious position of battery difficulties— aspects of both taste and frocks. Good equipments. In the edgiest of West Coast cities, where we squeegee past

the semi-colons, the public approximates a zero vacancy
—Kevin Davies' bored feet. But the idiosyncratic post
becomes whole amidst the flux.

Emphatic Voice

1.

This nation-building agenda accelerated
The think. Suburban errata of er...
The one heard about? Snack pressure munching
Plural snacks—has a stanchion in each
Orifice. Here comes our salad—
Bourgeois! Another stunt end. Manure. Son,
I'm not ANN LANDERS! Soiled
Your distrust of the sextilla.

2.

Direct lines of influence, but
Through what ironical jokes? Then I thumbed
My way for an “originary time.”
Clorox enigma. Good equipments.
Exegesis closet at the turn of
The century:

*Becomes whole amidst the flux,
When push comes to suck,
Tra-la-la-la...*

Unformed pee-wee then! Taste
And frocks amputate the sound limb.

3.

Communication leotard dis.
Hunchback signification dis.
Crocheted llama freaks, katydid turns languid dis.
Valorized lozenge dis.
Brachiosaur flotsam centenary dis.

Of course, they are a kind of memory *fizz whaa* dis.
The candour of widgets dis.
Candid Boolean eros dis.

Part III

(voice 1)

Then
pressure
you
languid
llama
when
suck
flux
amidst
I

(voice 2)

you
idiosyncratic
Kevin

zero
public
past
squeegee

coast
in
equipments

no
a
limb
the
frocks

both
difficulties

battery
precautions

orders
lobotomy

concupiscent

credit
banishment's
euphoria

egg-on!
with
bunting
the
huh
Catholic

ergometer
a
distrust

other
each
fizz
kind
fax
pregnant

polyglot
snacks

munching

snack

package

no

aftermath

every

after

linen

impasto

you

you

stucco!

wasn't

is

on

noticeable

events

noticeable

events

Landers

wasn't

crank

glo?

of

Landers

wasn't

crank

glo?

into

"only"

way

thumbed

Boolean

I

so

Darwinian

a

Darwinian

a

ragout
things

ragout

finger
requires

arrivals
faultless

originally
encounter
closeted

thus

comes
insertion
political

but

non-emitter
lozenge

enigma

loofah!

exit
leotard
exit
stunt
distant
ironically
gruesome
of
Congo
European
million

five
perspectivalism

Cartesian
if
this
American
spirit

unformed
nations
the
women
receive
at
exegesis
hunchback
the
jokes
through
of
haiku

feel
snapper
soap

gritty
my
drawer
1960s

munching
snack

fancying

breathing

asphyxiating

meters

oh

authoritative

thrust

about

er...

poets
interfacing

an

echo

statis

repute

until

dangling

which

hear

maybe

1967

saliva

the

plus

sizes

paradigm

frittering

connection

constructing

the

errata

bouncing
accelerated
nation-building
this
contemplates
eyes
cartesian
candor
to
to
similar
blippety-blips

bouncing
accelerated
nation-building
this
contemplates
eyes
cartesian
candor
to
to
similar
blippety-blips

“Mao’s Gift to Nixon”

with Jeff Derksen

Panda. Contradiction. Bonjour
Bon Jovi. Yet the effortlessness
of moving through social space
underground
in a language
orange and grey
better suited to you
(polyvinyl). One-
stop riders disengage
against the false hostess
of transit police! But
the accent
doesn’t so much beckon
as reckon.
Dear Jeff, “I’m not
a radical avant-gardist, I
just want
to broaden the concept
of pop music.” Dear Brian, when I
say “Hand me the
screwdriver”
I am saying my cultural
heritage counts. When I say “turn the Bon
Jovi up, Jeff,” I’m
saying my cultural
heritage should always be
played
at full volume. It’s in these
little losses or glosses
where the slaw
is sweetest surfing
the back of trolley

cars. Normative poems
for my friends,
deep ends
of volleys from the ball rooms
and secret saunas
where the “downcast eyes”
comes with a coversheet. I’ve meant
to be mean, son, and so on. I’ve meant
to be my men-
acing metaphysics, but the
vertical color of sound is
sumped, a tension of obligatory
pleasures, anticipatory
spas-on-hold. “Here I come
to save the
day,” that means Mighty
Mouse is synchronic cash. An interview’s
afterglow, signs grounded
in confectionary lice. It looks
like it’s Friday
the 13th on Easter Island
all over again, Brian, tied
in the umlaut of my love
and the slipstream
of transnational grinder culture’s
homosocial ale. Ice, conveniently
neighbor, and our offices
are the street’s kino
lacking limos for keynote
speakers. Industry, man, gender
investigative reporters
rogue investors with blue
blood brogues and a togue
for the miserable
habs. In turn, I regret
having muddied the already opaque

waters by my remarks
concerning Jackie Chan
and his relationship to the three stages of
Kung-fu movies and their parallel
to the development
of Hong Kong's colonization.
Plus the internet. It's so boring!
So incredible. Most
poetry written
in America would not be
if these simple steps.
It's so imploring
to keep putting food
into your body. Hence,
the return of the person,
the pronoun
of the pizza. Edit
was act but
now it's my unique
subjectivity glittery
amongst the consumer goods
and my fabulous pals
consuming as radical
rearticulatory pleasure and then,
Brian,
 the artist reproduces the cover
 of a Flock of Seagulls album
and the Nair. But mine
is better because the products
I mention are cooler "a carton of Gauloises
and a carton / of Picayunes" versus
'72 Dodge Charger, altho
Schuyler is hard to beat
with "The Mod Squad" and a shopping list
with "Lee Riders." Lee Grant
guest starred in the "Columbo"

I watched in bed this morning, dubbed
into Austrian German. (See
how easy it is!) Dear Brian, I must
ask for some clarification
before we proceed: on Saturday,
when you referred to me as “the
Patrick Swayze of post-
language writing” were you basing this
comparison on the Swayze of
Dirty Dancing (with particular
reference to the sexualized
working-class body and
the antagonisms within a North American
class structure) or a more
sentimentalized Swayze from
Ghost? Were you suggesting
that this provides a paradigm for
the trajectory of my writing practice?
“Should I
check or should I
go, now.” And I must concede that
you were more accurate in your application
of *Mars Attacks* (“Bugs in the minds
of the candy masses”) to your relationship to
language & hegemony
in your textual production
than I was in my confusion surrounding
Starship Troopers, a confusion
which expired any thought
of competence in submission
to the spectacle of Patrick Swayze
in drag in the American film that
derived from
Priscilla, Queen of the Desert
(“Australian for beer”), in which
indeed, he appeared in drag, and

to which I was referring, Jeff.
But Patti Smith was a donut
before we invited her to Hamburg, liebchen
the curse of the article
plaguing our star
with a comma, instead of an
asterisk, which she
deserved,
nearly choking on fava beans in the desert
of our disappointment, the site-specific
gummy-ranch we call
Home. Good news!
The Moog is back from the shop.
The Eno setting's tuned up. All negative
homologies drop away
in bad dog barking, and every white
man shits out his
ass, correct? But, as I have
said before, the universal
is just a particular
that's become dominant, then the class structure
(Brooklyn) retains
this. Like:
This is your shithole and
welcome to it (at least
it's ours). If our
preliminary transcendence
is false, what plagues for the effigies
of the poster boys, Spock?

Mon Canard

text by Stephen Rodefer

shot leaving now going PAST gone
ofT outside and in between

TWO

palimpsestred animals that
readba 1

themselves by RE
fusing to speak

A. GAIN, R.. AIN B.. ORN, C.. OUGH

sky
RIVERB A N K

libido leaves the world wool dyed

mons

trance

con fig eru

erua roced krui

wql

-met coquin

DOING

mon canard

dramac mom

Damned Car
Dammed Cure