

The Pink by Jared Schickling

“The Pink” reads like a bio-centric futurist work of patterned effeminate lyricism and distortion whose themes are fatherhood, motherhood, and childhood, while playing heartily at inherited themes and motifs through re-worked fairy tales, observations (recordings), and children’s verses.

Jared Schickling’s *The Pink* is a fascinating inter-generic book about creating an autobiographical book and about the future creation of a possible novel. There are stories; stories of childhood and adulthood with a somewhat dark fairy-tale-like cast to them. And there are also regular other voices, or perhaps the same voices in other times, that are commenting on the “narrative” voice, sometimes with just a single word or two on a page. These are perhaps the book’s author, or the designer or puppet-master of the book in which that author speaks. These stories, narrations, and voices, are all mentioned or commented on. But in fact the majority of the book looks like poetry, and poetry is the one form that is not referred to explicitly in the texts. Perhaps one could say the poetry is unconscious here, and that therefore poetry is what this work is. But whatever it “is”, it is a constantly intriguing, unified single work, a thoroughly engaging narration-poem-meditation metatext text! —John M. Bennett



Jared Schickling’s other books of poetry are *Aurora*, *submissions*, *O*, *Zero’s Blooming Excursion*, and *t&u& lash your nipples to a post history is gorgeous* (BlazeVOX [books], 2007-11). Current projects include a prequel to *The Pink*, “(pietà: Ramona’s Private Jest.)”, a work of poetics, “*The Paranoid Arrow: Studies in that American Fiction*,” and occasional translations of passages from Moroccan poet Abdellatif Laâbi’s *L’automne promet*. He likes *1913: a journal of forms*; *The Associative Press*; *Bombay Gin*; *Circumference: Poetry in Translation*; *ecopoetics*; *ditch, the poetry that matters*; *Exquisite Corpse*; *Interim Magazine*; *Jacket*; *kadar koli*; *Literary Imagination*; *Little Red Leaves*; *Omnia Vanitas Review: A Journal of Literary Erotica*; *Otoliths*; *Sous les Pavés*; *SpringGun*; *unarmed journal*; *We Are So Happy to Know Something*; *Word For/Word: a journal of new writing and more*. In 2006 he got a KNOCK Ecoliterature / Green Art prize in poetry. He is a founding editor of *Delete Press* and *ecolinguistics*, and he serves on the editorial board of *Reconfigurations: A Journal for Poetics and Poetry / Literature and Culture*. He teaches English at a community college and lives near Buffalo, NY.

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Plastic flesh squat on the ground spits its paper! It chews knowing what to do from without! Electricity's weaving it!

To satellites and back! Bits: Flagged! Each house on the street of thirty houses! Spitting its own trees!

Some more than others! Some not at all!

Power lines! lashed to boards bolted a species of limb snapping one night through gusting minor storms

Electricity shines. Screen. Giving it beer. Keys tap.

A jar of pencils is useless. Realize these two together. Organ forgotten.

To see that you see. Pulled the current from the ether.

Print.

Revised!

bee bay
yoo hoo
nothing to be done

Brought up off and on by continuously
absent people, who blames them
one barefoot in the grass to the one
whose small shoes crossed his toes permanently

As his man he'd punch the door which
gave way or shattered, who blames him
who'd blame her for himself
pulling it from her

stomach who'd say nothing about the one
no one knows, who blames her
her own dad shipped it off well before
they'd marry move

on I am a man I'll do nothing
but listen, or wait to hear it
because as their boy I knew
how they blamed things

Voice from her begins
not to speak, it spills
another's breast
telekinesis, more laundry

What it says
to who is hers
coconut geyser
man if we could taste you

man
if we could taste you

I was an accident

Finding myself
positions unfamiliar
filling its drawers

Speak, baby, speak—and under my adult life, straighten the dull people,
shrieking high and sour, following, without dirtying feet, a harder earth,
underneath my history.

,—and upon my hands

Drop a task that doesn't outward seep. I lose the path in these open ears.
Adulthood's heavy grief, or articulate ecstasies and hopes, mature,
clarifying words,

.—cosmetic peace, addled

consistent secret, laughs with a smoke, on laughing days, in the night,
procrastinate—follow her already.

Loud was the wild within—speak, baby, speak

At night, at my computer