



Stephen Bett

## *SongBu<sup>®</sup>st*

### **That Micropoetics Buddy**

Stop the tape  
it aint Peggy Sue

— cool at the loo  
(ah hey, fountains R us)

Every day it's a gettin' vaster  
'til some mutt says go ahead 'n ask her

A hey, a hey hey  
that infrathin delay

Blast of gun shot,  
bullet hole in target

Gorgeous cover, & ah'm stumped

PS: Love like this will suRly come their way  
(a hey, the hay hay)<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Marjorie Perloff's new book on micropoetics, *Infrathin*, gets after Duchamp's notion of "infrathin": there is a difference, however miniscule, between two seemingly identical things—eg., looking at an object (hearing a sound, etc.) now, and then one second later; or Duchamp himself noting, the "infrathin separation between the *detonation* noise of a gun (very close) and the *apparition* of the bullet hole in the target." I couldn't remember which Buddy Holly song kept the "hey hey" brain-worm in my head; thanks to Carol Reid for remembering, and thus releasing me. Then there's Duchamp's urinal, titled *Fountain* & signed R. MUTT And Patrick Stump (originally Stumph—rimes with Donald Drumpf, hey?) did a truly gorgeous cover of this Buddy Holly song, "Every Day."

## Everly'd Out

I want you to tell me why  
you WALKed out on mE  
(right this minute!)

Done a flyer thru the city  
them big yakkers

& don' let that swingin'  
blue jeans door smack yr  
cheeky lil' smartass  
the way out  
(either!)

Oh no, he said, what  
else *could* he say

That walker ...  
that dumb talker <sup>2</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> Everly Bro's, "Walk Right Back"; & self-refs to *Those Godawful Streets of Man* (pp. 26 & 52) & *Track This* (p. 108)

## Improv By Four

Improv, improv  
sd catty's clown

I wanna be hobby's gurl  
I wanna be da lobby churl  
... cos we're not kiddinK anymore

Ey dies each time some teeny death  
so here ze comes, zir turn  
to cry-cry-cry

But it was hats off to Larry  
(that ol' coal canary)  
broke our hearts in two, spirit 'em away  
... a-run, run, run, run, runaway

Improv'd zem right before  
our wary eyes <sup>3</sup>

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<sup>3</sup> Four songs: "Cathy's Clown" (Everlys); "Bobby's Girl" (various); "Hats Off to Larry" & "Runaway" (Del Shannon)

## Speaking of Eyes

Speaking of eyes ...

I remember you-HOO

you're the one made London

pop & simmer

What kind of

inframince'd name is

Eye-Field?

Polis is eyes is comp by field

Aye aye, by twos or threes

a row of roses read

thinner than

infrared

Invisible to

all <sup>4</sup>

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<sup>4</sup> Frank Ifield, "I Remember You"; & a nod to *inframince*: Duchamp's term, en français

## Infra Dignitatem

Please please me ...  
what the diff, thin to in viz.  
Mein frau digs red  
as all ways pre-read  
Defer & roll to you, Rosie

C'mon (c'mon)  
get w/ the prog here  
Won't foam a pleasure  
(in principle, hey ...)

Pleases me about as  
much as a Diss  
pleases thee

— right old splash  
in yr urinal

Whoa yeah, pls <sup>5</sup>

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<sup>5</sup> Beatles, "Please Please Me"; Fred Neil, "Roll On Rosie"

## Couple Quickies

1)

Oh please ...

please me

2)

Please please me ...

No? Oh yeah ...

## Hey, Third Rail Infrathining

Ooh hey, hey, hey  
Sunshine on a kick'd back day  
Light me up, grll ...

Talkin 'bout  
your livewire jag  
lyin' on yer ol' third rail

I. guess. you'd. say.  
What can make me feel that way?  
Sounds like a live 'Murican gunfire play

But tell me more ...!  
glued — like a stamp to a letter  
(like birds of a feather)  
says you been charged  
poli-sci'd out, runaway Sue

Caint make you'm be untrue

Nuttin' you could  
say or do <sup>6</sup>

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<sup>6</sup> The Temptations, "My Girl"; Mary Wells, "My Guy"



## The Thin Diff of Walk 'n Come

*Have I the right to thrill you?*

*You know that I'll wait until you ...*

Super catchy

loosey-goosey

if not (strictly)

ca ching

*(Rarrrr) Come right back*

*I just can't bear it*

*(Oh, woah, woah, oh)*

In for a thin

— floating —

hookup

*Walk right back to me this minute*

**We're All the Lord's Kids**

**Children Of Mother Earth**

Everly right to kid the child (ahoy hoy!)

*Give me the right to make you*

the M in E

bloat my boat, sailor

Eye for an eye

The aye eyes

have it <sup>7</sup>

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<sup>7</sup> The Honeycombs, "Have I the Right"; Everly Bro's, "Walk Right Back" (reprised)

## That Magic Sailor

*I sailed an ocean, unsettled ocean*

*Magic, magic, magic, magic*

Oracle — more nautical  
than prodigal  
Polis has eyes on the field

“We are a coast people ... no  
thing but ocean out beyond us”  
Edge of dumb-struck space

*Sail on, sail on sailor*  
Sunshine kick back day

*This magic mo-ment ...*  
*so different & so new*  
(nuttin' you could say or do)

... Brought to us by our  
favorite (third rail) *multi*  
*model relational database*  
*management system*  
(oh please ... please me)

Support your local Global  
Oracle Cloud Infrastructure  
*(New Regions coming soon!)*

Sail on oh magiK Oracle ...  
*Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh*<sup>8</sup>

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<sup>8</sup> The Beach Boys, “Sail On Sailor”; The Drifters, “This Magic Moment”; Jack Spicer’s “coast people” quote, redux (again); Oracle Corp, Silicon Valley: yet another term & concept ripped out of Western Civ.

## Four Tops for Youse All

Top 1)

And when I see the sign that  
points one way ...

*In medias res* (love it, sailor!  
crew's on Left Banke fo' sure

Top 2)

Say Bernadette!

(You come and you go-o)

Sugar bye, honey punch

caint help ma self ...

Din't I always treat you right

now, din't I?

*What Smokey calls*

*"a bang bang record"*

*Trouble's coming, and it aint*

*gonna be smooth sailing*

*(buon viaggio, surfer)*

Top 3)

Now the same. old. song.  
there's somethin' about chu  
(sweet sweet thing on a  
Saturday nite)

*Touch more R&B, with  
a ballsy feel... and a  
booting sax solo*

You *will* dance  
— chew that boot  
(lil' chefi)

Top 4)

Way you hang your head

— you're a loner —

*Pinnacle of the Motown sound:*

*adoring, fretful, muscular*

(woman was ever

meant to be ...

Ma bet's full on it —

this four will *not*

be (s)topped<sup>9</sup>

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<sup>9</sup> The Four Tops (medley); a glorious sound that surely lives on; The Left Banke (the original “Renée”— a cutie song); italicized quotes from [www.udiscovermusic.com/stories/best-four-tops-songs-motown/](http://www.udiscovermusic.com/stories/best-four-tops-songs-motown/)



## Bookin' It for You

There *are* no words

mmnn mmnn mmnn / JRRK

(reprise ... JRRK)

Nah no jerkers, twerkers

We *are* the dance <sup>10</sup>

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<sup>10</sup> Booker T. & The MG's, "Green Onions"

## Stand By At Sea

If the sky should tumble and fall  
Nothing but steel grey out beyond us  
Sucking us in

Or the mountains should crumble to the sea  
We are caught people, keep our eyes open  
Terror wouldn't shed a tear

We grasp the first thing coming  
Our stunned selves, voided  
Floating up alone <sup>11</sup>

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<sup>11</sup> Ben E. King, "Stand By Me"; & Spicer again: "We are a coast people / There is nothing but ocean out beyond us. We grasp / The first thing coming."