

Raymond Farr

A Particular Feel for My Subject Matter

I.

This idiot of shame is proving a worthy
fleck of potato to peel away stress.
In the meantime, I eat all my thunder, mopping
& glowing with Talking Head zest. There is
always the manor on Dykstra & Wu to love us
& affirm us, to abnegate the Kleenex, sd Billy Jean
Baker. But Saturdays & Sundays I smoke
Panatelas in a smoker's club downtown in Houston.
To be foolish is to be an adult smothered
in anchovies. To be satisfied is to watch the strange
angels topple from tree boughs smothered
in anchovies. They careen to the earth
with 21 g force! Their faces are bright as 10
ripe persimmons! One of them's a woman
caught in the act of haughty condescension.
The woman is a lemon, soft & bright as
Avogadro's number. She watches her Pepsi
sweat on the night stand. & answers her
email—one finger shoved—
Like spring
Or summer
Or winter
Or fall—
deep in her vagina.

II.

Someone is watching the crows tonight
covered in minestrone. They mutter *What's
tallow? What's all the fuss?* knowing nothing of
orthodoxy. My thoughts, as rank as mildewed
honey, arrive salty in winter, having written
this poem. I leave the door open, the breeze falls
behind me; behind me stands iconoclast, Arthur
Rimbaud. His face, in the glass, leaps
like a dog to a heap of poisoned flesh & half
broken images. Every one there is holding
their breath. But no one says boo.
& strung out like miles & miles of nothing to
point at, I snap. & because I care for the kids
on my block, the street goes up one way,
like spider webs or shameful fiber optic cables,
but not back down the other.

My Thai Religious Computer Nature Poem

I.

In this
digital edition of self
we think is the ink
I reassemble
my head
howling VERBOTTEN!
VERBOTTEN!
like a lizard
on a window pane
every twelve hundred seconds.

I am rough as
two oars made out of pine.

I die a little
looking after you.

At the pond in the distance
I linger too long
holding a steering wheel
shaped like my head.

But look at
the fowl!

How they seem to want more
while asking for less!

II.

The egos of chess men
are solid as igloos
distilled
out of kindness I suppose
making life
a gift of
our Eggos.

The milk of
human[]gone
sour in tepid radio waves
we are little-leagued
with honey
in the history of bees.

In a pixel of
dreamscapes
this cowboy song
is all I know.

I am leading a butterfly
down to the gravy boat.

I am wood at the piano.

& out over the desert
while all the women came & went
barefoot servants too
I answer the silence
we blur
with a whistle.

III.

You hand me a soda
& then go away
& vaporize yrself
as someone makes soup
out of
the Marx Brothers'
duck.

You step into a zoo
not backwards in time.

Is yr time machine
brkn?

I am a broken down system.

I am one who looks on, signed the boys
at Bell-Howell.

I leave you
this époque lacking
an off switch.

I hide in the ruins
of digital misinformation.

Someone we trusted
has played us
for fools.

Is our dream-state a Wal-Mart?

Do we dream we are sane?

We are
nothing like Oedipus—
sitting around
staring at mother.

We are holding the hills
by the balls
of our feet.

IV.

In a whirlpool of blood—
in a sits bath of urine
flecked with clotted hemoglobin—
facts are dirty, facts are strange,
facts don't do what
you tell them to.

We hear notes
wafting from basements.

We role-play giraffe & jackal.

Someone must speak.
But no one looks back.

You picture yrself
on a train in a station.

The punk art of punk anti-lyrik
gives you
the finger.

You stand
& count dollars
attempting a schism.

You settle the carp down
& go see a shrink.

& crossing yr fingers
with ice bergs
in mind
you tweak up yr space heater
till the room
you are in
is one hot inferno.

V.

The oceans are rising.

They lag up yr pant leg.

They climb to yr knees
& beyond
making
a phone call.

& you don't believe
in the still of the night

come bats.

Embarrassed to See It, Encouraged to Feel It

At this distance
I talk about

elevated cell counts
& silos a rat inhabits

in poems.
My love seems

an index.
& so small

from this height above the city
where time has no hands

& sex is a product
sold only to those

with the sheckles to pay for it.
My mind is no matter.

I orbit around
in my Virginia Slim cigarette head

& face.
My poem is elastic.

& this makes me
thankful & proud

to be an American shot putter.
An irrelevant cartoon.

Finally, my anvil is here!
My teeth are the babies I save

when reading aloud
a poem by Mark Strand.

Hail to you, Groucho Marx!
I am painting a similar mustache.

I observe you
from my place in the scaffolding

as seven men enter
& sit silently.

For what right-minded dog
is *on the basement*

stair and coming up if not
Hound Dog Houdini

that word-chewing cur?
I am dreaming of anvils.

& the corpses have
names I change

with a nod.
But this gets me

nowhere closer
to the origins of music.

So I rollick in bed
with *The Meaning of Meaning*.

& once again
the subject is knuckles—

a rodeo of bones
dancing on ice.

My answers fall down
folk-style

in the soup I hallucinate
equals a waterfall.

I mean I am acting.
I hear nothing but static

emitted like ice cream
from this pimped city wall.

If I type out a page
on the street by my house

slipping & skidding
in dark Harlot Canyon

the luminous moon
eats its own shadow.

My mind is on Demerol.
The essence of which

has no visible
breaking point.