

Daniel Morris

Please Stand By/Why Not Tammy 13 Ways

I.

It's often so hard to

Under-

[STAND BY

You're another woman in jeopardy]

not just a plaid suit

Slapped on asleep in his cups repeatedly pushing

For a better quality d-i-v-o-r-c-e or at least

Punishing explanations for why our gift of honoring

Other's choral jewels took us years off course among

Rainy lights of official fans one strumming

Your Wide Ass Tonky invites eyelash flutters

Direct from Ryman Auditorium

II.

Sure you can go and call me naive to my face

Cuz Inflamed Angel darkened up both eyes

Ninth hotel room this week mussed as

Mascara gone the way of bliss and botched

The god durned stomach surgery to boot

III.

Who wouldn't turn a slight fever
After 26 nodule operations
Downwardly mobile homecoming
Week for a little tender hideaway
Relapse apartment rollup perfect for storing
Dreams of release from gravel highways
Crystal chandeliers and trials with gravity

IV.

The problem so far as I can tell
Not enough words for HE
Not enough words for LOVE
Too many kinds for game
Too many kinds for stand
Too many kinds of lie of night of ball
Of hook of weak of line of sink of bed

V.

For Mr. Jones know only all too well my will
Better to bank on than flimsy willpower
Which frankly I cannot stand since
Age 8 pleading for release then
To the surprise of everyone near me
Claimed among Birmingham open
Fields I've constantly craved
This charming escape to slam
My wantedness pin down
South but from where I
Sit Nashville is pronounced
UP NORTH

VI.

A fear of admirers previously showered in kindness
Percolates like a Ray Coniff choir not knowing
For sure how long the nod must wrestle the throat
Like a peach pit in silent submission beyond Doris Day
Had just about had it with pretty this exclusive
Jubilee snatch can't get much hotter which must
Now force myself to recall also as evening devotional

VII.

So many ways to hurt a man
Long distance
So many ways to hunt a man
Long distance
When attacked by the shutter tap of runaway trains
Long distance

And wounded words of confounded callers wanting more
Givens than masks and hints on the Opry stage

VIII.

O the many times I've said dear pill box you sure are
the 3-minute shit to a tender man named Ace

I demand him to crawl my comfort bottle back with
Time that rip you naked like a drunk surgeon
Or more like Poor Little Joey's scraped knees
God how I miss those tricycle times
When bandages went just for sealing sores

IX.

The Law and the Lord urge us to mind each day to keep
Trying to catch the flying Easter dishes and iron skilletts
As if life went by like an egg once thrown into a cracker cabaret
But nothing don't keep their appointment in the deal drawer

X.

My word don't I double up why
because this trash heap is damage

You only have to do is look the farewell glass
Bouquet of cotton balls rushed in yet so well made

Merely a remainder
Threatens to mortgage my threadbare
Vision or sever thy golden ring

To take us back to the abandoned cabin in Vidor
Remind me in no uncertain terms my given name
Shoots off Virginitiy

(as if life weren't more than a muddy cup
of Maxwell instant coffee
aboard a fragile glass cruiser
we couldn't ever afford
even a copy of)

XI.

Big Blond binge of Tammy's unspoiled B-52 turns
Behind to see her Benzedrine
Stare at Dade County strip malls
Of which
She should have refrained from investing
Broke once more but for another local genius kept
Updated Beautician's license for keepsake in her purse

XII.

Inside court 1.8 lb. preemie \$ 2 drugstore teeth in tow
Guess I'll still forever be that barefoot teary-eyed blue
Survivor from Itawamba awaiting trials of indoor plumbing

"Possum" Jones must have had one hell of a forgiving ticker
I never could though I'd pitch innocence for hits

We'd gladly render our most sincere amends
Foolish for our finale to seem to make-believe on stage

XIII.

My lonesome request to Jesus
Is even if He never knowed my Witness
Every paste board diamond baptism maybe
Just this once Lord could You find a way
In that enormous reservoir of a bleeding heart to turn
A Pretty Blind Eye towards every little iota
For I now do honestly hope you see it is the arc
Of a life of tears that matters not the Tabloid incidentals

Mr. Bennett and Mr. Duchamp: An Introduction

I.

Need I start? By saying?

OK.

Tony's monumental status is now sweltering.

All appropriate technologies and golden audiences set.

Let us desecrate the luminous Roman thrones spoken of by Dante.

As of course is Marcel.

Sorry, we are taking no questions please at the present time.

Immortal unknown depths of indoor plumbing pit spirits,

Stasis, and not metamorphics.

Our festive subject's gluey shape.

An Ell.

Shush, the both of you. Now sit tight.

And don't willfully misunderstand my reservations.

I'm not carving totemic for Benedetto's vocal stylings above

Duchampian painterly reserve.

Far from pasty magic.

Not a sniff. I'd never put myself in mate so soon after the immediacy wars.

Immediacy is not an online platform.

Both left soiled hand rags behind springy reactors and suspended hearts like
chariots liberated for glad scales.

So much for bloodhounds. So far away from Homey Homey in my trailer. Invaded by speculators the likes of
elders such

as Bing and Mitch Miller.

In fact, I'd go so far as to say if there existed a Hall of Fame of Great Men of 20th

C. American Art they would be inducted

in the original phalanx such as Ty Cobb and Honus Wagner.

It's a pile, not a wail.

Their scalar planes and homesick soup hit the wall. Accessed on demand like
native playgrounds.

This so even as Mr. Bennett's recent duel

With splices of Gaga and the late Amy Winehouse

Only suspend continuing willingness to project

The implanted bodies of major woman of our time in face-to-face lyric

Defense of other epistemes such

As when Tony said to Amy, "slow down, Tyger."

Scratch.

IA.

Begin again. 2 soulful artists.

Dressage. A search for crowns on griffin turf.

That is our true subject. These introductory remarks shall now merely scout for film.

The relationships. Center periphery margin border in and among bronze distances.

Canonical figures loom like asterisks abound in still insufficiently aggrieved unedited volumes.

Both shot and scored.

Unseen hybrid.

A symposium of unemployable beneficiaries yet knowing not (for what felt to them like a long time)

Prolonged deserted boulevard of arcades ruled by mustachioed goons who did their best spelling in the 20th c. Other Anthology,

Requesting no rest from spiraling vice wars back taxes safe classroom frames

Donald Allen vs. Donald Hall and mean-spirited watercolors of Leroy Neiman's troubled mind. Either way. They served or

Blew. Then they crawled. They crawled the long way round for help. Towards the safety of the restless abstract imagination.

To reverberate. Our 21st ears clogged with buttermilk and throat filled with ironic fluid.

As they taught us to look forward as guerrillas in the heat of logic, we honor them Like a waitress singing bel canto an order of translucent eggs over easy by a short blind cook.

Glaring backward. Mysterious smiles and mannish boobs of suffragettes.

On the mirror stage they answered.

Shakespeare implored us to glare at the eye browed dark lady. And yet do we not notice Shakespeare's furrowed brow in and as and of the dark lady in the sonnet "Shakespeare" by Milton?

Not for I but as. Of course I

Refer to that heroic bow legged duo.

Tony Bennett and Marcel Duchamp. Born withdrawn. Major clinical Depression Wolf Man panic denials and Benzedrine habit when not so fresh and with dependents and no titles.

Well hung out on the wind swept Hudson.
Penetrating the dark side of a swallow's wing and meditating in part about our Corrupt monotone caucus and in part
about how there is no way to erase beauty
that does not also translate to coyote ugly shadow stare.