

# MY VOTE COUNTS



Dale Smith

"Whatever singularity, which wants to appropriate belonging itself, its own being-in-language, and thus rejects all identity and every condition of belonging, is the principal enemy of the State. Wherever these singularities peacefully demonstrate their being in common there will be a Tiananmen, and, sooner or later, the tanks will appear."

Giorgio Agamben, *The Coming Community*

I want my vote to count so I  
will kill a great blue heron.  
I will kill a whooping crane.  
They eat from wasted coastal  
waters anyway. Since I want  
it to count like a liberal  
yuppie soccer mom like a Wal-  
Mart wage-earner like a  
repressed middle class neocon  
like the fat-ass gun lobby or  
the fat-ass anti-gun lobby  
like earnest administrators  
like peacenik greennik  
geoglommers and holy bible  
gang-bangers like a corporate  
chorus oozing oily orisons I  
will take a day off work stay  
home drink a cold one watch  
leaves in the gutter watch  
for the pink light of dusk  
look for that heron that  
whooping crane.

Turn off those radio waves. I want to kill a bird. I don't care what it is. Give me a gun. Make a stand for Columbine and hold my inner-adolescent ground. Buy a goat instead of vote. Milk it. Hump it. Strum it. Numb it with good dope. Take it to bed. Cover it. Cuddle it. Listen to my billy or my nanny. Stroke its beard. Hold its horns. Sodomize it. Feel my eyeballs close on Election Day.

Vote and dream of all the  
starving flipper babies  
brutalized Ugandans dedicated  
activists UN sex slaves  
secondary educators the  
subtle scent of rain before  
it rains my son's soft hair  
his delighted expressions of  
love and go home. Go home. Go  
home.

I'll give my vote to a cricket or the window or sunlight on the shiny surface of that coffee table scored cheap at a junk shop I am so proud of. Give it to Buddha or Allah or Jesus or Zeus or a Black Hole or the woodpecker I'll kill just for fun and laugh watching dying a rat caught in a glue trap I drowned in a bucket in the garden. Give it to the rat's last breath, his asshole where I stared at the living running oozing spreading out. Give it to fences and grasses and SUVs and Volvos and to the last thought I had during NPR's "All Things Considered" driving home in traffic on a cell phone planning another activity. Give it to the memory of my first lay and that ecstasy of the crickets beyond our sweating, heaving forms and the breath between me and another.



Take a walk. Buy a 40. Suck  
cock. Sleep late. Masturbate.  
Scream at the kids and kick  
the cat. Work 60 hours that  
week. Pay the mortgage. Take  
out the trash. Park the car.  
Read Internet conspiracy  
theories. Assassinate  
pigeons. Be white middle  
class liberal conservative  
opinionated floatable  
situated liberated feminist  
oppressively Eurocentric  
masculinist globalist  
abrasive racist downsized  
wage worker violator  
insensitive demanding love-  
cushion vibrator lesbian-  
loving Babylonian of the  
Fourth Reich.

Vote to see something simply.  
To perceive the  
irreparability of the world.  
To witness the world and the  
outside world. To be lost in  
things, bumping around,  
exposed. To meet angels in  
every thing.

I will vote for my  
irrelevance. Me and my goat.  
Hunting birds, we shall  
wander a wilderness darkened  
by growth of ten thousand-  
year-old trees. We shall walk  
the antique gardens. Burrow  
in soiled grottoes, horn-  
locked in a proto-romance at  
the end of faith in  
agriculture rights libertas  
fraternidad etc as instead  
the warmth and friction of  
our hair and flesh join the  
moist breath and goat stink  
and semen. This, friends, is  
wet and heavy.

For the tongues of the earth.  
The scattered words,  
backyards and weekend  
barbecues. For an actual  
exchange among things in the  
world. To be weaned of  
delusions of identity through  
consumption. To be clean of  
the bickering of groups and  
the gamespersons who uplift  
the masses to vote for some  
hope for some need for some  
good thing to never come  
Armedgedon heresies of dead  
souls already virtual in  
dismissal of the polity of  
the challenge of open combat  
speech not performance not  
the kowtow of the sated to  
the sated rating every turd  
pushed from the stink of pink  
assholes.

My vote's for the turkey  
buzzard eating some dead  
thing on the road. My vote's  
for black holes. Open sky.  
Green field with goats. My  
vote's for Oklahoma and  
knowing there's a John Doe II  
somewhere. For a pillar of  
smoke on an ordinary  
afternoon. For staying home  
or going out. Finding my  
place and no place. Arcadia  
and Spectacle. This world,  
not the next. For "the name,  
insofar as it names a thing,  
is nothing but the thing  
insofar as it is named by the  
name."



Dale Smith edits Skanky  
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