



Inside Out,  
Upside Down,  
*and Round and Round*

**John J. Trause**

# **Inside Out, Upside Down, and Round and Round**

**by John J. Trause**

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## **Inside Out, Upside Down, and Round and Round**

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## CONTENTS

### Inside Out

In the Zoo

Ti Jean : A Late Portrait of Jack Kerouac

Lazarus : The Second Time

Martha, Martha

Eleanor of Aquitaine

Chikatilo Lactans : Portrait of a Serial Killer

Eutychus

The Glirarium : The World of Walter Hudson

Outside the Zoo

### Upside Down

Momus Descending

Rose Kennedy Learns of the Death of Gloria Swanson

COMPASS POINT POEMS:

In the American West

In the North of Europe

In the South of Gotham

In East Berlin

Coda: East or West

Moon You

It Was Not As It Is

Georgia O'Keeffe Giving Head at Lake George to Big Al and the Viewer in an Eternal Head Shot

High Notes

Her

You Can't Get There From Here

How Courtney Love Fell, Used the Telephone, Pushed a Manager, Got Carried Away,  
and Jilly Learned a New Word

Falling

## **Round and Round**

Go Round

Man Ray and Mina Loy Are Raping Me

Blowout / and / Virginitv Reconstructed

On a Self-Aligning Ball Bearing

Daughters of the Revolution

More Daughters of the Revolution : Footnotes for the Chinese

Pedi-Jealousy in the Court

Jeff Koons Designs a Funerary Monument Against Coniophobia, or  
I Hate Nature, for Nature Abhors a Vacuum

Ailanthus



# **Inside Out**

## In the Zoo

*ex ungue leonem*

On such a day as this in hot  
 July, when moistness slides around  
 Us everywhere as if alive,  
 And sunshine pours down like the rain  
 And moistens us the same, the place  
 To be for cool refreshment is  
 The Zoo in Philadelphia.

The zoo at feeding time among  
 The cats just at the peak of their  
 Ill humors and that space of time  
 When thoughts turn to the midday meal  
 Is where and when I found myself  
 With Jill this hot day in July,  
 Too hot to handle and too close.

On such a day as this one tastes  
 The air.

Fat, quivering steaks were set for them,  
 The sexy cheetah, prancing in,  
 The slutty, sable panther, pards,  
 The testy, restive tiger tots,  
 The jaguar, leopard, ocelot,  
 And good American cougar, each  
 Their slimy prey all set for them,

But in her cage the lioness  
 Named Agnes lay behind her steak  
 And licked and licked by increments  
 A path, immaculate, germ-free,  
 And didn't pounce nor touch her steak  
 Until the space inside her cage  
 Around the steak was purified.

Lustrational, she lay at least  
 Some seven feet behind her prey  
 And circumlicked her dining space.  
 It took a while; we watched her lick  
 And lick and clean and lick around.  
 Both Jill and I know Agnes well,  
 The obsessive-compulsive lioness.

On such a day as this one tastes  
 The air. Too hot to handle and  
 Too close.

Ti Jean

A Late Portrait of Jack Kerouac

Le chat

Je souhaite dans ma maison:  
 Une femme ayant sa raison,  
 Un chat passant parmi les livres,  
 De amis en toute saison  
 Sans lesquels je ne peux pas vivre.

Guillaume Apollinaire  
*Le Bestiaire*

Sit me down with Gabriellë,  
 Let me rest with my old cat,  
 Stretch a T-shirt 'round my belly –  
 Oh, *mon Dieu*, have I grown fat?

Numbered, numbered, weighed, divided,  
 Numbered, numbered are my days.

Wait the call from Annie Charters,  
 Who comes knockin' at the door  
 With her notebooks, flashes, shutters,  
 Gabriellë's "Jewish whore".

Numbered, numbered, weighed, divided,  
 Numbered, numbered are my days.

Why's this bitch just want to bullshit  
 'bout my childhood and my life?  
 All I want's some booze 'n' some tit.  
 I don't need another wife.

Numbered, numbered, weighed, divided,  
 Numbered, numbered are my days.

Get the papers, mark the versions,  
 List the works in foreign tongues,  
 Recall every conversation:  
 Buddha, dharma, dirty bungs.

Numbered, numbered, weighed, divided,  
 Numbered, numbered are my days.

What of Allen, Neal, and Huncke,  
 Lucien, Peter and the rest?  
 Faggot jew, a jerk, a junkie,  
 Killer, bugger: still all blest.

Numbered, numbered, weighed, divided,  
Numbered, numbered are my days.

What about illumination?  
On my childhood? On my art?  
How about the television  
In the dark? Excuse the fart.

Numbered, numbered, weighed, divided,  
Numbered, numbered are my days.

Take some pictures for a bio  
Or the bibliography,  
Document me with a photo,  
Take away a part of me.

Numbered, numbered, weighed, divided,  
Numbered, numbered are my days.

No more now: mémère is tired;  
I am too, so go away.  
Pack your camera, though inspired.  
Call again some other day.

Numbered, numbered, weighed, divided,  
Numbered, numbered are my days.

Wounded, wounded by the camera  
And invaded by the light  
From its shutter – that *vagina*  
(Yes!) *dentata* of her sight.

cauterize my wounds    cauterize my wounds

## Lazarus

## The Second Time

Somewhere here I was born,  
and there I died.  
And here I died again.  
You took no notice.  
This time, from among the dead  
And their vast and privileged company,  
I did not feel the four-days rest inter-  
rupted by the call.  
The ebbing between peace  
And consciousness,  
The throbbing waves of light and dark and  
Light again.  
Where was the scented-over stench of rot and balsam  
Turning to the smooth smell of green and silver  
That plays around the shimmering olive trees  
Beyond the hill? The odor of cypresses  
Playing off the suffocating breath of starch on linen?  
I no longer sense the call of children  
Playing in the dust beyond the hill,  
The aching backs of the cedars.  
The jackals are quiet.  
The wailing has ceased.  
White on brown mean nothing.  
Here is the smell of (me)conial dullness.  
I rest for good in cool and silent darkness  
Once again, but ...  
Oh ... oh no, what is this light?  
Oh yes.  
Oh

## Martha, Martha

How many times have I cooked for you  
and wiped the table of your fishy mush?  
I swept the mustard seeds from between  
your toes and rose  
at dawn to pluck the herbs,  
to cull the salt,  
at dawn to pull the water  
to make you feel at home,  
while you talked on and on,  
while lazy Mary sat at your feet, Mary,  
and lazybones Lazarus, your friend, lay  
at your side.  
And now you come.  
And now you show yourself and  
think that I should note this  
absent, sham epiphany.  
Where were you?     You ingrate dog.  
You miscreant, too late to come to see your friend  
who could have lived, if you had come.  
Your 'I am the Resurrection' cold comfort  
after four days dead and him stinking worse  
than fishy mush.  
There is no balm in Bethany -- and I bore the cost  
of this economy.     Life stinks,  
and I can say something even more vulgar.  
So now you cry, and what am I to do?  
A fatherless, motherless, husbandless  
sister of a dead man.     What am I to do?

## Eleanor of Aquitaine

Here make your choice-- at least I give choice,  
 Here take your choice-- at least you have a choice.  
 In this hand here, my left, I hold a cup of poison, and  
 In this hand here, my right, I hold a dagger. See?  
 Here, make your choice.  
 Ha ha! Are you shocked?  
 Are you thus so surprised? What?  
 That I found you here? Come now, no time to waste.  
 Here, take your choice-- would you not deem me most munificent?  
 A choice is more than most can ask for, is it not?  
 A choice-- my gift to you. The poison?  
 Or the dagger? What's the point in this delay?  
 Ah yes, such words, such pretty words, and so well-formed.  
 Each word was practiced carefully. On each  
 I lingered,  
 On each I dwelled and lolled-- I lolled you'd say,  
 I lolled like an empress:  
 Here make your choice-- at least I give choice,  
 Here take your choice-- at least you have a choice.  
 So many times I spoke these words, so many times  
 Before the looking glass  
 So many times I spoke these words  
 In my room  
 Alone,  
 The King, my husband,  
 Gone.  
 And now alone again,  
 The King, my husband,  
 Gone,  
 I in my castle, this tower, the one he shut me up in,  
 This Winchester,  
 Alone.  
 Whoa now! Whoa, we go too fast! Whoa!  
 And yet when that time came,  
 That time I found that dame, that Rosamund,  
 That seed of Clifford, fair indeed—  
 That I can't deny—  
 And yet when I came and found her there  
 In her maze, that bower, the one my husband put about her  
 And shut her up in,  
 When I penetrated it and came in—  
 Ah ha! How scared she was! Oh yes, how she did  
 Quiver and tremble, quake and shake, That Rosamund,  
 Oh yes, she couldn't even speak. Ha! Her mouth shut—  
 But so was mine! I couldn't speak!  
 The thought of it, the very thought.  
 Excitement and such naughty expectation kept me silent,  
 Silent like a nun,  
 And so without a word, but with such practiced grace

I merely held out one by one  
My hands, this one, my right, with dagger,  
This one, my left, with poison.  
I fixed the cup of poison on the table at her breast,  
And as she sat there  
I walked around her with the knife,  
Round and round, encircling her slowly, hedging her in,  
And growling savagely, but softly, I made my threats-- so palpably!--  
And yet I kept my silence.  
So richer than words, so richer!  
Whoa now! This way apace! Whoa! Now off!  
My thoughts so many times fell on that bower.  
So many times I thought these thoughts, so many times  
When shut up in a tower of my own, that castle,  
That Winchester,  
Alone.  
Whoa now! Here!  
In naughty contemplation of my haughty confrontation in that bower,  
I passed so many days.  
And of the hours before the looking glass, so many days,  
I passed so many days.  
So here I sit,  
An old woman,  
With these same thoughts,  
Here at Mirabeau, another castle,  
In silence once again-- Whoa now!  
Let's off! You drive me on, fine horse, and yet I'm not so young.  
Stay on! Ah here comes John, the King, my boy!



## Chikatilo Lactans

## Portrait of a Serial Killer

This will not be a confession  
full of repentance,  
no pentimento from behind these bars  
of my cage,  
no idiot ramblings of an idiot  
with only words to play with,  
for I am as sane as my breasts  
are full of milk  
and my belly big with child.  
No craquelure will crack a  
confession out of me,  
no hidden meanings, no evidence  
to convict me in the red hour  
of the mad beast, and I'll rim you too.  
My how you have grown  
in the Winter Palace or  
riding in a sleigh,  
Maria, Tatiana, Olga, no resurrection  
included, no  
resolution, no  
mindless exercises in power,  
industry, pageantry, pomp, no bogus god born flat, no  
Roman offered in a cellar, but I too love blood.  
My, my, how pretty you are, and should  
I ask where you are going?  
Remain with me awhile in these woods.  
My belly will be full soon,  
if only I can stifle the muffled  
rustling, the muffled sobbing in the mauve boudoir,  
Mother mothering my motherhood and Mother Russia  
instead of raising a son, so let him  
rest in peace -- pieces of New Rome.

## Eutychus

*nunc tamen interea haec, prisco quae more parentum  
tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias  
accipe... ..  
Hoc facite in meam commemorationem....  
Hic calyx novum testamentum est*

## 1

Fortunate is he who falls and dies and lives again

## 2

There was an upper room -- why must it always be an upper room? –  
And here there were the lamps that flickered late,  
The bread, the table, the chairs, the friendly excitement of this night.  
In this city of Troad they were used to death and burial;  
Here there died and were buried many of those of ill fortune.  
Those who died in youth,  
To be mourned and hailed and bid farewell by few.

## 3

From this same window I saw him come;  
You know his name is Paul, an intense man, our guest.  
I took my seat on this the window sill.  
Here blew the linen curtains silently in easy billows,  
Following obediently the soft and steady tones,  
The fallings and the risings, the steady aspirations,  
Of all Paul's words to us.  
What do I recall of this? The homiletic tones,  
The platitudes refreshed with new-found inspiration,  
The perfect clarity of sense and order, but nothing new;  
Hushed confidences in the crowd, a few, the lingering  
Scent of bread and wine, the lamps with light that flickered feebly,  
The lateness of the hour, the endless stream of words,  
The mouth of Paul move delicately, sometimes in seeming silence,  
The endless stream of words, forgotten, half-digested words,  
And words and words and words and words and  
Words and words and words and sleep.

4

Sleep and falling and death and

Falling

Falling

Falling

5

Of course, my joy was just enough to moderate

My deep embarrassment. At first the crowds surprised me

There in that street below.

Those half-formed images and senses, lacking any meaning,

Those early images, whose transformations I sought,

These came to me as I lay there.

Then came with greater clarity the fullness of my position.

Later I heard it said that Paul returned upstairs without delay,

But I cannot be any less than grateful to him.

They say he may return: then I will remain awake.

## The Glirarium

### The World of Walter Hudson

#### “Fattest Living Man”

The edible dormouse, largest of the dormice, is gray.... Also known as the fat dormouse, it was prized as food by the ancient Romans who raised it in special enclosures (gliraria).... To fatten them they were kept in small earthenware pots called *dolia* which left them with only enough room to perform the movements of eating.

#### I dolium

*In hoc dolium addunt glandem aut nuces iuglandes aut castaneam.  
quibus in tenebris cumularim positum est in doleis, fiunt pingues.*

M. Terentius Varro  
*Res Rusticae* III 15. 2.

And after the two dozen eggs and the two pounds of bacon  
For breakfast, after the breakfast rolls, the sugar rolls,  
And the potatoes fried in the pan on the hot plate.  
After the doughnuts, the multiple packages of doughnuts, and  
After the coffee, always the coffee, cup after cup,  
And the juice, glass after glass, and the chocolate milk,  
Glass after glass

and

After the bath with the sponge on the stick  
And the agonies of reaching,  
After the drying and rubbing and wrapping in bedspreads,  
The vast positioning on the reinforced bedstead,  
After the last undulation of the morning  
With the daily struggle against immobility over,  
After the last ebbing of fleshy tide --  
What then?

Go ask Walter  
When he's ten feet wide

II  
umbilicus mundi

What of the constant internal pressures of soft globularity,  
The pressing necessities of fluid cohesion, the  
Perpetual quivering in the dimness of that room.  
That room (both womb and tomb) without sound?

Call Walter  
When he is this round

III  
orbis terrarum in the teapot

Sometimes in the darkness, between the vibrations,  
I hear voices and see spirits and lights  
Sometimes in the dimness, despite the vibrations,  
And if I close my eyes behind my bloated lids  
It seems as if I can feel a single leaf fall on the farthest  
Side of the earth. I want to eat that too.

And I can hear the stars:

*“Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle—“*  
Twinkle... Twinkle... Twinkle... Twinkle...  
Sometimes I read and sometimes I pray and often I sleep  
Sometimes I can only sigh  
And sometimes I just wish that I were dead.

\*

Go ask Walter  
And remember his cry:

FEED MY HEAD!  
FEED MY HEAD!  
FEED MY HEAD!

## Outside the Zoo

1.

In Central Park,  
Manhattan's peristylum,  
while walking just outside the Children's Zoo  
along with Barbara,  
we came upon a woman on a bench,  
tough-looking and old and dressed in a housedress.

As we approached  
she belched the deepest belch we'd ever heard.

2.

A little boy was also on the bench.  
He slowly turned his head from the pigeons on the ground  
and said excitedly,  
"Grandma, that was *you!*"

And in a tone as deep as her deep belch  
Grandma intoned:

"No. Es paloma."

## **Upside Down**

## Momus Descending

deplaning in Salzburg  
where Mozart was born  
Maria von Trapp was married  
and Virginia Hill expired  
he glides down the stairs  
from the plane  
his mate at his side  
with the transparent bumbershoot  
smiling

one foot slips and  
he falls

all done  
in six  
short  
steps



## Rose Kennedy Learns of the Death of Gloria Swanson

“Now let your servant go, Oh Lord.”  
 Is this the thought she thought?  
 She heard the news that very day  
 Reported to her faster than the news  
 That her son Jack was dead.  
 On April 4<sup>th</sup> of 1983  
 Rose Kennedy at 92,  
 But pushing 93, got up.  
 Still pushing after all these years  
 And getting up.  
 Did she not feel that after all  
 The ups and downs,  
 And all the tragedies  
 That any great house must endure,  
 The triumphs that now seem too few  
 And all in vain,  
 The youthful days in Boston town,  
 The mid years in Hyannisport,  
 And after pushing out nine kids  
 And raising them and losing four,  
 And now freeze-dried antiquity in Palm Beach, Florida,  
 That after all the only thing worth waiting for  
 Was GLORIA SWANSON -- DEAD ?  
 And was it by the force of will  
 That kept her pushing and alive  
 To see this very day?  
 And did she know, or at least recall,  
 The irony of Gloria’s birth  
 On March the 17<sup>th</sup>, St. Patrick’s Day,  
 In 1899? Or of this day?  
 And on this present day she gazed  
 Across the dazzling sunny haze  
 Of Palm Beach, Florida.  
 Refrigerated comfortably  
 And tucked away, and yet she gazed  
 Out on the boulevard  
 And saw the sun set savagely.

Recalled dinner parties elbow-to-elbow.  
 Rachele Mussolini : Clara Petacci  
 Eleanor : Rosamond  
 Calpurnia : Cleopatra  
 Sent a Mass card.  
 Said a Rosary,  
 And thought,  
 “Sic transit Gloria Swanson.”

## COMPASS POINT POEMS

In the American West

In the American West  
three sheep  
hang in a  
slaughterhouse,  
their heads  
hanging  
like purple  
wisteria

In the North of Europe

In the North of Europe

Norway

Sweden

Finland

hang in the sea,

their masses

hanging

like

auto-

erotic

suicides

## In the South of Gotham

In the  
south  
of  
Gotham  
two  
towers  
stand  
tall,  
their  
masses  
narrow,  
glinting  
like a  
remote  
control

In the  
south  
of the  
city  
two  
towers  
smoke  
like  
stubbed  
butts  
in an  
ashtray

smoke

ash    ashes

In East Berlin

In East Berlin  
a wall stands  
a wall stands  
still a wall stands,  
the hands that  
made it tearing  
it down

## CODA

## East or West

Whether I'm on the  
East or West side  
of the City, and  
depending on the time and day,  
the weather,  
and the slant of the sun in the sky,  
I either bless or curse  
Robert Moses for laying down the law  
and this highway.

## Moon You

Blue moon, I saw you standing  
alone... ..  
...or would you rather be a pig

It happened one night  
that the Man in the Moon  
fucked the Woman on the Moon  
and set them swaying on  
the silvery sliver of a slender moon swing.

A holy game,  
it happened one night  
probably a *vúξ μακρά*  
that the Man in the Moon  
mooned and boned the Woman on the Moon  
until morning.

Unholy,  
the Woman on the Moon  
rubs the Moon the wrong way,  
more lunatic than erotic,  
patently parted and fat in platinum,  
lips to lips, all cheeks and hips stuck.

The Woman on the Moon  
unholy moaning  
monotonously moans.

### It Was Not As It Is

One day, my dear, when we look back  
10,000 years upon the first pitiful steps  
of man on the Moon,  
when we know as well as we know anything,  
that as we cast our glance across the universe  
across the stars against the ground of indigo  
upon some sea of tranquility  
of storms and showers  
that you and I are greater than they  
that first set out to cross the sky  
are wiser and experienced,  
we fly beyond their galaxy.  
When we look back 10,000 years  
let's pity them that never knew  
these joyful days of azure, blue, and indigo,  
of Beta Lyrae and of life among the stars and you.



Georgia O'Keeffe Giving Head at Lake George  
to Big Al and the Viewer  
in an Eternal Head Shot

Intruding upon her face-off with the camera,  
breaking into the frame from the left,  
obscene in its ripeness, the fruit-filled frondage  
as envisioned by Carlo Crivelli  
gestures at a Georgian Georgia  
with an intentness and intensity  
reserved for certain gourds  
and other organs of pleasure and pain,  
of ripeness and readiness, of prompt succor  
like an insolent tousle of hair,  
like a fat tassel in the drape at the window,  
like a fleshy process or proboscis,  
like a throbbing thuribulum just before  
it shoots its wad of frankincense  
to the limits of the lacunaria, --I'm reaching here--  
like that inevitable Crivellian cucumber  
that insults the Virgin Theotokos,  
like the pendulum of my grandfather's clock,  
too large for the shelf,  
like my dick,  
like Alfred's dick,  
like the tick-tock of a cock about to blow  
and shoot its spasms of jism  
on the face of a proto-atheo-agnostico-eco-lesbian  
in her unsullied lushness of youth,  
long before the dryness of a New Mexican arroyo  
courses the striations of her ancient, magmatic moue,  
long before them dry bones bone her dry.

She is still cool and wet  
as the rain on the lake,  
and she remains a head.

### High Notes

Ginny Sack loves Almond Joys  
and Opus Dei  
and her husband Johnny loves her,  
big as she is,  
big as her hair is,  
because she's good in the sack  
and gives it back.

Ginny Sack hits the high notes,  
and you and I will sing to the stars  
of Mounds and Mars,  
of M&Ms, of S&M,  
of T&A, voluntas Dei,  
and in the end, yes in the end  
I will always have you.

## Her

Hers is a lush situation ---  
she hangs on the northern wall  
and lies lusciously, long and languid,  
a lean Lombard loved by the North Wind,  
who blows over her  
and covers her, tingling her nipples,  
her aureola borealis.

Outside the snow falls,  
and the chill spills over the wall  
onto the floor,  
and the cold melts into warmth  
as Milano melts into Napoli  
erupting in Pozzuoli.

### You Can't Get There From Here

On the western edge of Wood-Ridge,  
also known as Woodridge,  
lies Wallington, a seeming enclave of mystery,  
sharing a long border, impenetrable directly,  
from its eastern neighbor, Wood-Ridge, aptly named.  
From here on Hackensack Street, travel north  
into Hasbrouck Heights, also called by older folk  
the Heights, Hasbrouck understood.  
Continue to Passaic Street and turn left, that's west,  
at the triangular park, past garden apartments  
of some antiquity, to the circle with the Boulevard.  
Turn around the circle 180 degrees, still heading west,  
uphill and downhill until you reach the T-intersection  
with Main Street. You are in Lodi now, now  
you are not. Turn left, that's south, and skirt  
South Hackensack (a third of its particular existence),  
and now you are in Wood-Ridge again, and now,  
you are not. You are now in Wallington.

Or, from here on Hackensack Street, travel south  
into Carlstadt, called in olden times the German town  
on the hill. Go downhill here. Now level out.  
Turn right, that's west, at Paterson Avenue  
and skirt East Rutherford lying at your left with Carlstadt  
on your right, straddling both in the middle.  
Continue until you cross the railroad track and enter fully  
East Rutherford. Make any right you want, that's north,  
and you are now in Wallington.

How Courtney Love Fell, Used the Telephone,  
Pushed a Manager, Got Carried Away,  
and Jilly Learned a New Word

DECADENCE CAN BE AN END IN ITSELF  
Jenny Holzer

The talk of the town this season,  
not unlike that of the revelation  
of the amoral amor  
of Susan Sontag and Annie Leibovitz,  
that vicious conubium,  
some years before,  
concerned the solitary Manhattan ruckus of  
Courtney Love.

While driving lazily, then crazily, some days later  
around the arch angularities of  
Philadelphia's Chinatown  
with Jill and Becky in the front, the latter  
spoke of the Widow Cobain  
and her public fights and fire-starting,  
her back-stabbing and public flights  
of violence and bad makeup,  
that messy maquillage.

My contribution was the fresh retelling  
of Courtney's fall  
just days before  
outside the Strand Bookstore,  
her hour-long occupation of its phone,  
the anxieties of its manager,  
her pushing him against the wall,  
another fall, the police, the crowds, the sirens,  
the screaming cadaver of Courtney carried away,  
Lady Hole agape.

And yet we recognized the contribution of  
Ms. Love, the smart manager and business woman,  
the passable acting, her acting out,  
the ability to shock  
an unshockable public, her rock, her roll,  
her Hole. Then Becky added  
that she pioneered the "Kinderwhore" look,  
and Jill inquired, and I conspired  
that it's Baby Doll only slutty.  
Kinderwhore? What's this world coming to?

## Falling

and again another fall  
 the second compounding the first  
 a trip a tottering a stooping down  
 as divinity sheds itself again  
 as humanity plunges out of Paradise  
 a new Adam ground into the dust  
 pounded to the macadam on the road to Calvary

a car is honking at one side  
 a baby cries itself in snot and dribble in its pram along the road  
 a fat Pharisee averts his guilty eye from the procession the passion  
 to the apple crunched by a skinny boy  
 klaxon screech crunch  
 a secretary at her lunch gets a run in her stocking  
 an accountant purchases cologne something light  
 the High Priest sucks lobster from his teeth  
 a window washer reflects a widow sleeps  
 the scribe smirks  
 a mother laughs another weeps  
 the little girl is running across the road  
 a giant girl full of her humanity whose stare belittles  
 divinity stripped of its divinity stripped of its humanity  
 tripping stepping  
 a snot a microbe a neutron  
 a nothing no  
 it falls again  
 and with it the world  
 falling

falling

## **Round and Round**

## Go Round

Blue Moon, I saw you standing alone...

...  
Or would you rather be a pig?

We're going round now -- Now  
we're going round!  
Mommy goes round and Daddy goes round.  
Uncle John must go around now.

The three-year-old martinet named Stephanie goes round  
and leads us counterclockwise from the north,  
from living room to kitchen to dining room to  
living room    kitchen    dining room,  
living room    kitchen    dining room.

Stephanie, Mommy and Daddy go round all the time;  
Uncle John goes around now.

Stephanie goes round holding the doll -- I don't know its name.  
Mommy takes the train (Thomas?) -- I don't know.  
Daddy has the stuffed toy (?) -- I forget the name.  
Uncle John must pull the toy on the string;  
I don't care to know.

But Stephanie knows every name and every  
collocation and association,  
has invented it all,  
and all is fully fetishized by four-years-old,  
no deviations, no.  
Mommy and Daddy know.

Uncle John better know  
and is going round now,  
or else she'll wish us into the cornfield  
or set our mattresses on fire while we nap.

We go round,  
And tomorrow -- tomorrow's gonna be a real good day!



Man Ray and Mina Loy Are Raping Me

Man Ray and Mina Loy are raping me,  
 and I'm lovin' it,  
 not the Weimaraner or the Hollywood actress,  
 not Fay Wray, not Fay Ray, not Myrna Loy,  
 but the artist and the poet,  
 and you know it,  
 I'm lovin' it.           The late sequential phone calls  
 and midnight madness, the police standing at my door,  
 demonic attractions, visitors, the dark places,  
 the thousand steps, ten thousand stares, the stars. I'm lovin' it.  
 Who's that clogging up my pores?  
 We had karma in the apartment; we have karma at the house,  
 but who will change the light bulb?  
 Naked in Europe one survives earthquakes in Assisi  
 and heat waves in Wiesbaden,  
 cold espresso cocktails  
 and only fresh fruit and Fruchtgummi,  
 gorgonzola tedesca.           Alpestrine amnesia  
 in dancing clothes.  
 One stays alone, because... you know...  
 no one shares a room with John, the don. I'm lovin' it.  
 But who will change the light bulb?  
 And as one gazes at la Pigna di San Pietro  
*no pignoli - pinoli!*  
 the Queen of Heaven's pessary,  
 plugging up the Vatican,  
 one longs for the comedy to be finished,  
 the comedo to be extracted,  
 the cone to come undone.  
 Man Ray and Mina Loy are raping me,  
 and I'm lovin' it.

## DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION

Patricia Hearst

"growing"

Planted in the ground of a locked closet  
she grows in the dark,  
growing up to be  
a movie star.

Abigail Folger

"flowing"

Raw war runs red, raging over a white dress  
against the sodden lawn of Sodom,  
her blood flowing, ceases  
like a slaked riverbed in arid L.A.,  
a gluttoned heiress of affluence who inherits  
not a fortune in coffee, but  
a throatful of gore and a red dress.

Linda Rae Fitzpatrick

"blowing"

The night has powers of transformation  
as a cool night in October  
transforms a Connecticut heiress  
into not just a statistic, but  
a symbol of youth blown out  
on the boiler-room floor of a flyblown  
tenement flat on Avenue B,  
blowing Groovy, her head blown out  
by speed and speedy violence,  
seedy as the mattress she died on.

Gamble Benedict

"stowing"

Little girl lost at sea, a castaway  
turned stowaway,  
can be found hitched up somewhere  
and stowing away in her honeymoon hideout  
in the Marlboro Inn in Montclair  
just around the corner from here,  
an heiress who burns away her stash  
in an inflammatory conubium.

Edith Sedgwick

"snowing" / "showing" / "glowing"

Where is she? Tucked away at Silver Hill,  
her connection in Connecticut (snowing),  
or showing on the silver screen,  
glowing silver in the Factory,  
silver-haired like Andy, eye candy for all,  
the quintessence of the hipness of cool  
or the coolness of hip.  
This youthquaker rises to the screen  
ethereal, reflected spectacularly  
in the silver tinsel, and behind the tinsel --  
barbed wire.

## MORE DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION

Footnotes for the Chinese

Doris Duke / Barbara Hutton

“knowing”

She knows what many others know  
of the dark wood,  
the golden flower,  
and the land  
where Porfirio  
Rubirosa grows wild,  
exotic and always  
ready. She is ready  
to give it away,  
and she would,  
a dime at a time.

Elizabeth Grubman

“mowing”

In the Hamptons,  
outside the Inn of Conscience,  
without conscience or consciousness,  
with the pedal to the metal,  
mowing the crowd down,  
she shows who's boss.  
It's a toss up.



Blowout  
and  
VirginitY Reconstructed

IN  
CASE  
OF  
BLOWOUT  
THINK  
MILK  
THICK  
MILK  
DRINK  
MILK

Cruising the California coast  
in a convertible,  
going down,  
up Route One / Pacific Coast Highway  
Nan turns service station  
twentysix times  
for the Rat Pack:  
Frankie, Sammy, Joey,  
Peter, Dean and gang,  
a guttural gang bang,  
gliding back and forth  
from lap to lap  
and sliding front to back  
long before JUST SAY NO  
was the way to go,  
going her way.  
Just open up and say ah  
until the starlet-cum-harlot  
turning scarlet,  
Scarlet, you're turning scarlet, Scarlet,  
turns white : immaculate  
transformation into the Bride of Ron,  
passing through the Ivory Gate,  
VirginitY Reconstructed.

Mommy, help  
 Mommy, help me push  
 Mommy, help me  
 Mommy, help me push the Button, Mommy  
 Help me, Mommy,  
 Push the Button,  
 Help

Backing forward into the wall  
 astride a horse and six-feet-tall  
 the finest leader of them all  
 orders decaf GOT MILK?  
 and tickles the scones of the Iron Bitch  
 aboard a ship, shoots from the hip,  
 while red Nancy takes a flying fall,  
 and right of right is right for all.  
 Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall!  
 "Ich bin ein Berliner" I am a scone.  
 I am the State. I am in charge.  
 I get a charge. You gotta charge.  
 Get a charge card,  
 and Grenada grenaded gratuitously.  
 Just say yes. Did you say no?  
 I don't recall  
 I don't recall  
 And over all the falling pall  
 of oblivion and reconstruction,  
 a miasma of trouble turned national malaise,  
 now La-La Land, descends on all.  
 I don't recall  
 The convertible wanders hall to hall  
 and exits through the Horny Gate.  
 Raise the Iron Curtain. Attend a ball. Plot a coup,  
 and after all  
 Mommy, help me push

## On a Self-Aligning Ball Bearing

deus ex machina

You got balls to try to objectify Teutonic precision  
and you must be well-adjusted,  
though they say the Swedes are throwing themselves off  
bridges these days  
and spending the dark hours in sterilized wooziness,  
not at all the picture of perfection,  
but this is a shining exemplum of steel and chrome,  
self-aligning, futuristic, a chromium cock ring  
for a giant, or a mechanized muff, minus merkin.  
Precise, objective, infinite. Nordic.  
But how precise was the onslaught of Hermann  
(or should we prefer the italicized *Arminius*?)  
amid the mud and mad muck and  
endless screaming in the Teutoburgerwald?  
Baritus et ululatus et planctus.  
And on the Palatium miles away  
the personification of mechanized imperium  
in crepuscular antiquity  
wanders the state halls and private chambers  
of the establishment and cries,  
“Quintili Vare, legiones redde!”  
ad infinitum.

## Pedi-Jealousy in the Court

Madame P'ing and Lady P'ong, two lush and blushing lotus buds,  
 amid the blowing poppies and chrysanthemums,  
 persimmon trees and peonies, peach blossoms and  
 cherry inflorescence

luscious lychees

jujubes

of the humid hothouse garden hall,  
 the winding cathouse colonnade,  
 the great house of the Master's seat,  
 recline across the jade and ivory table top.

They speak

of old men, fathers, months and mothers, of dogs  
 and youths, and brothers  
 of strength and quarrels, of jaws and household gods,  
 of rains and snows, of nephrites and aristocrats,

avoiding talk of little feet, lotus slippers, and plump dumplings,  
 of on the palm of the hand, on the shoulder, and on the seat of a swing,  
 of within the blankets, within the stirrup, and within the snow,  
 of below the curtain, below the screen, and below the fence,  
 the jiggling gait, the jade horse ornaments, the jingle bells upon  
 the tiny heels,  
 of the afternoon the servants heard the Master cry out, naked, spent  
 before the slipper closet in the Third Wife's hall,  
 of the muted mania for cerise silk stitch across pale pink plush,  
 of the first fumbings in the bath to wash the seed and spittle out.

And then as when a tiny foot shoots soft and slowly through  
 the curtains of the boudoir couch  
 Lady P'ong across their dainty court to Madame P'ing pronounces:

“I know that you know that I know that you know that,  
 although you are Primary Consort and I am only Fifth Wife,  
 my feet are smaller than yours.”

“Hahhhhhh.”

Jeff Koons Designs a Funerary Monument Against Coniophobia, or  
I Hate Nature, for Nature Abhors a Vacuum

for Dusty Springfield

Jeff Koons has finally built for me  
*A monumentum aëre*  
*Perennius* by closing in  
Two vacuum cleaners, and within

This dust-free autoclave there stands  
In triumph over shifting sands  
A tribute to my victory  
Against the dust -- eternity.

With Plexiglas on every side  
Abides my mechanistic bride,  
Erect, and here an effigy,  
That of myself in unity.

To raise up this iconic case  
Contract to build a basalt base  
And cause it to be writ thereon  
DUST IS THE ENEMY and anon

Write CAN THE DUST PRAISE YOU? and then  
Inscribe below these words again  
I'M NOT MAD AT YOU, I'M MAD AT THE DIRT  
In prohibition of the squirt

Of anyone who near may pass  
With insolence and dirty ass,  
Who'd wish the basis to besprinkle  
With filth or desecrating tinkle.

And let there not be set upon  
My tomb some naked Cupidon,  
Perspiring in his corpulence,  
But have a figure sculpted thence

Of Mama Cass in mid-stagedive  
Attempting with chaotic drive  
To crowdsurf in her earthly glory  
From off the top propitiatory.

To flank her plant two seraphim  
Of shapely form and lovely trim  
With wings that fan her fanny clean,  
Some fine flabella for the queen.

So then to shield this hypostasis  
Will stand a grand iconostasis,  
And passing through the royal gate  
Sweep up the mess of sin and hate,  
And have the priests in Tyvek robes  
Invested with aseptic gloves  
Between two columns on their knees  
Perform the final obsequies.

And from Ionic capitals  
Will rush white doves and whiter gulls:  
Fly in, fly out the volutes round  
In peace, in sense, in sight, and sound.

## Ailanthus

to Jill

RHODA. When we move into our new house can we have a scuppernong arbor, Mother? Can we, Mother? It's so shady, and pretty, and I love sitting in it.

*The Bad Seed*, Act I, Scene 4

Over from the rhododactylous dome of the courthouse in Hackensack,  
 when the wintery night sky at the ultramarine hour is lapis lazuli,  
 down to our courtyard in south Philadelphia close upon Passyunk,  
 while lunching alfresco,  
 when the bright afternoon buzzes with summery moistness,  
 the ailanthus, the tree of heaven (*ai lanto*)  
 the tree of the gods in the highest, *Ailanthus altissima*,  
*Ailanthus excelsa*, makes its arch over us,  
 jungling and exotic, marking its passage.  
 Just as the willows guard a river or waterway,  
 so too ailanthus guards our highways, our alleyways, our byways.  
 Not the classic acanthus of Corinthian antiquity, but the ailanthus,  
 corrupt with Oriental ubiquity, rank,  
 the ailing ailanthus aiding not the air  
 stretches its sinewy, sappy slenderness, more graceful than  
 a fuck-fingering ginkgo sapling, but less charming,  
 flinging itself up and out or diagonally and/or dactylically,  
 stinking in the off season, stinking like ginkgo gonadia,  
 ginkgo gone to seed, your compatriot ginkgo.  
 You greet us with your hyacinthine panicles, stinking and glandular,  
 poking about, stretching, sprouting, scouting about, proliferate,  
 profligate, tough. You are everywhere, tough,  
 and you're on the move, tough, like us. α'ια'ι α'ια'ι

## NOTES

- “Ti Jean” Based on photographic portraits of Kerouac and his mother, Hyannis, Massachusetts, August 1966, by Ann Charters. Dedicated to Mitchell Dean Pratt on his 29<sup>th</sup> birthday, July 3, 1990.
- “Eleanore of Aquitaine” Written June 1988. Dedicated to Holly L. Trause on her 20<sup>th</sup> birthday, July 9, 1990.
- “Eutyclus” See ACTS OF THE APOSTLES 20 : 6-12. Epigraph from Catullus 101 and The First Letter of St. Paul to the Corinthians 11 : 24-25 (Vulgate). Dedicated April 16, 1987, Holy Thursday.
- “The Glirarium” “Fattest Living Man” from *Guinness Book of World Records* (1988-1990 editions). Epigraph from *The New Encyclopaedia Britannica* (1988), vol. 4 (Micropaedia), p. 187 under **dormouse** and *The International Wildlife Encyclopedia* (1969), vol. 5, p. 660 under **Dormouse**.
- “Momus Descending” On President Gerald R. Ford's trip in Austria, Sunday, June 1, 1975, captured on film by Peter Bregg of the Associated Press in six shots.
- “In the American West” Inspired by Richard Avedon's photograph of three sheep in a slaughterhouse in Ellis Montana, published in *In the American West* (1985).
- “Moon You” Suggested by the stylistic similarities between a promotional photograph from the film **It Happened One Night** (1933) and Joel-Peter Witkin's photograph **Woman masturbating on the moon** from 1981. Composed July 11-15, 1994 (first quarter crescent).
- “Georgia O’Keeffe” On Alfred Stieglitz’s photograph *Georgia O’Keeffe: A Portrait -- Head* (1920).
- “Her” Inspired by Modigliani's *Reclining Nude* (ca. 1919) and Richard Hamilton's *Hers is a lush situation* (1956) and *She* (1958-62).
- “You Can’t Get There From Here” A directional poem on the relationship between Wallington and Wood-Ridge, Bergen County, New Jersey.
- “How Courtney Love” Epigraph from Jenny Holzer’s *Truisms* (1979-1982).



- “Falling” Written for the Seventh Station (Jesus Falls the Second Time) of the Stations of the Cross, Holy Thursday / Good Friday, April 1-2, 1999.
- “Blowout / and / Virginity Reconstructed” For Nancy Davis Reagan and Ronald Reagan.
- “On a Self-Aligning Ball Bearing” On a Self-aligning ball bearing (1907) by Sven Windquist (Swedish, 1876-1953).

JOHN J. TRAUSE was born in 1962 and attended public schools in Wood-Ridge, NJ. He studied Classics, Latin and Greek, at Fordham University from 1980-1984 and went on to earn a Masters degree in Classics from the University of Cincinnati in 1987. In 1990 he earned a Master of Library Science degree from the School of Communication, Information and Library Service at Rutgers University/New Brunswick. From 1991-2000 Mr. Trause was a Reference Librarian at The Museum of Modern Art Library, New York, where he participated in the Strike of 2000. In 2000 he became the Director of the Wood-Ridge Memorial Library in his hometown of Wood-Ridge, NJ.

Aside from his vocation in literature and the arts, Mr. Trause also enjoys the study of cinema, history, theater, and many other areas of interest. From 1993 to 1995 Mr. Trause served as a member of the Board of Directors of The New Stagecraft Co., a theater company with which he had been associated since 1988. He served as dramaturge for their 1988 production of **A Fortunate Instant**, an original play by Daniel Gabriel based on Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher". He also served as the literary consultant to The New Stagecraft Co.'s reading of Seneca's **Medea** in 1993. Since 1996 Mr. Trause has presented his poetry in public readings by Paterson-area poets as part of the annual Great George Festival in Paterson, NJ, which celebrates William Carlos Williams and his epic poem **Paterson**. In 2002-2003 Mr. Trause served as Instructor for the Wild Angels writers group at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, NYC and continues his association with this group. In December 2003 Mr. Trause was a participant, interpreting work from Frank O'Hara's **Lunch Poems** (1964), in the City Lights Books 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary celebration and reading (East Coast celebration) at the Poetry Project, St. Mark's Church, NYC.

In 1999 Mr. Trause appeared in two dance theater productions choreographed by Francisco Rider da Silva, **BLUE ORGANDY** (1999) at Dixon Place, NYC and **THE WASHERWOMEN** (1999) for the Dance Space Project at St. Mark's Church, NYC. The latter included text from his poems.

Mr. Trause's poetry, translations, and visual work have appeared in **SENSATIONS MAGAZINE**, **COVER** (New York, N.Y.), **THE NORTH RIVER REVIEW**, **THE TROUBADOUR**, **GLOBAL CITY REVIEW**, **THE RIFT**, and the artists' periodical **CROSSINGS**, published by the Brooklyn Waterfront Artists Coalition, as well as the on-line journals **PEDESTAL** and **SIDEREALITY**. His poetry and **Latter-Day Litany** have been published by Éditions élastiques. Mr. Trause has also remained active in the poetry scene as a featured reader for Bergen Poets, Sensations Magazine, the North River Poets, and at the poetry series at Barnes & Noble Bookstore and Border's Books & Music in Paramus, NJ. Other appearances include the Knitting Factory and the Red Room at the Market Cafe in Manhattan. In 1998 Mr. Trause first presented **Latter-Day Litany & Other Pseudo-Hagiographica**, an original theatrical performance, which has had several revivals. In 1997 Mr. Trause became a co-founder of Poet-X (Poetics), a poetry performance group.

In 1995 Mr. Trause participated in The MoMA Staff Art Show.

Mr. Trause is in the Secular Franciscan Order (Third Order) having made his lay profession in May 1994.