

I wear a fig leaf over my penis

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May you live in interesting times.

I wear a fig leaf over my penis



Dragon P'an Ku

Your god damn right it's a beautiful day

1

When Tony opened the Wal-Mart he was surprised when his manager, Glen never showed up. In an attempt to show initiative he signed for and accepted the egg delivery. Having called in the day they went over receiving procedures

Tony did not inspect the carton before the driver drove off. He could have slid through this as Coo-coo-ka Chou is generally a reliable egg monger. Today, however, situations swirled sideways. Inside the crate lay a ruined consciousness

some straw packing and one egg. Now, Tony knew Glen would freak if there was only one fucking egg in the crate when there should have been like, more, but how the fuck was he supposed know? If that hobbyhorse Glen acted like

2

a fucking manager and managed once in a god damn while - this type of shit would never happen. Glen knows better than to let him work alone, especially after that Hello Kitty incident, which wasn't an incident at all, which no one can

seem to let go of around this god damn place, it was simply a misunderstanding of what Glen meant when he said to take that trash out. I thought he meant it was trash and should be taken out; so I took it out all right, right to the dumpster

and a few to the car, why not take a few if they are going in the trash, they might make quirky Christmas gifts for some friends, I mean hey, Hello Kitty is a subdued renegade spirit that perfectly evokes the ambience of thunder and a recycled gift is

3

still a gift, which was going to become trash anyway, but saved before becoming really real trash, when in reality they should've gone out to the sales floor. Well I'm not getting written up again. Glen can kiss my ass. He knows things get screwed up when he's not here....

Tony looked in the crate again, made the spilt second decision to free himself and be away with the evidence altogether. A squirmy satisfaction came over him, testimonials to false parallels touching the sky in tremors. Tony picked up the crate and walked out to the back

dock dumpster. With a simple overhand toss, a slam of the door and a quick jab on the red COMPACT button he exonerated himself of the case, the egg and all conceivable trouble from Glen. How the fuck was he supposed to know where

4

the fucking eggs are, he's the god damn manager, not him, so piss off. Write me up! I'll put down in the employee action form, Glen wasn't here and neither are the eggs, so fucking deal with it already. Tony marveled as the roundabout machine revolved.

Little did Tony know that inside that egg dwell a yellow dragon named P'an Ku who had been mystically trapped in this egg for several centuries. Tony took out a cigarette, lit it and continued to grumble while the egg case compressed and in

a dazzling display our egg imploded in on itself, and at once a bright yellow dragon sprang forth in a plume of embryonic hibiscuses, creating blossoms of pure bluster, jabbing with pyrrhic spears trapped within the exploding garlic streams. At long last

5

Free! Flashes of brilliant malevolence seemed to hover just over the Wal-Mart loading dock, dwarfing the parking lot in a diamond of darkness while fragments of light rose to create a swelling heavenly blue backdrop. As the cigarette fell from Tony's mouth

he knew he would get sacked for this. How the hell could he even begin to explain how the parking lot came to be gulfed in cruelty with a dragon flying overhead. If the Wal-Mart had procedures to deal with flare-ups such as this, Tony wasn't aware of them. He was so fired!

People say a lot of fucking bullshit things like love conquers all peace
balances of joy and woe never freedom today I am afraid of terror
embrace sorrow must be some fool, divining divided we fall all die alone

6

After destroying the local Wal-Mart, P'an Ku the great yellow dragon opened his wings and flew to the west to explore his erupting new world. Molten rocks blossomed in wincing destructive opalescence and acute scarlet smoke stood up and began to dance in an anarchic

sweeping of light and gray. Throughout his life, and the life that followed that life, he became conscious that it was he who was the great chaos and harmony could not be with his wrath ablaze. So he went to snow mountain and hid. In his days he saw the determinations of life yet took part in nothing. It was a lonesome time of imitation vanilla. One can envisage it as life in front of the television

set and the only thing on is live coverage of world news, life happening outside the window but the thought of getting up to participate becomes overwhelming. There are those that do and those that observe and P'an Ku choose to go into seclusion and watch his secret gardens grow, blossoming cherries of blue.

Our Lady of Perpetual Chicken McNuggets®

in stunning visual silence
the virgin, huddled, bent

over a red cafeteria tray grasping for a spoon

she vomits thistles, dried
flowers and twine bound

in the tar of human filth

it smells of springtime and worms
caught on the driveway in the rain

if she's had enough she's keeping it to herself

sometimes,

I want to run

Brenda Panda

Often, Brenda would go to the park and paint the oddly assorted leftovers
that said nothing about her or her life

blue

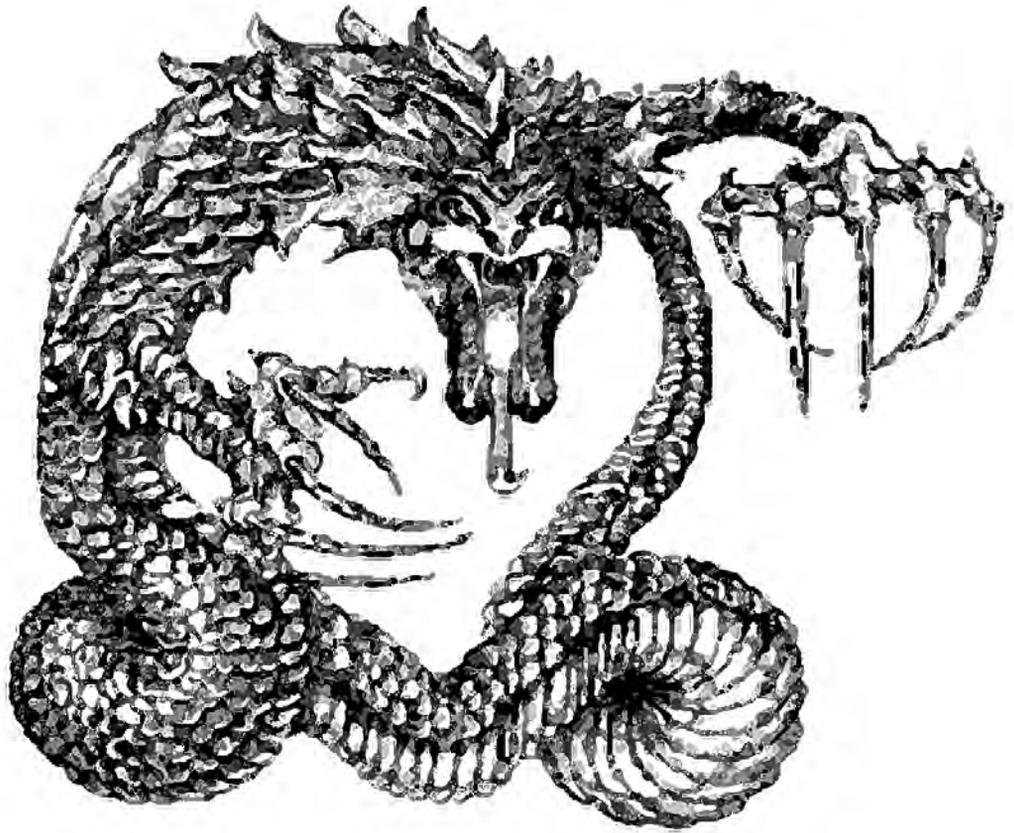
brushing ultramarine over disconnected
differences between passion and fruit

Capturing maddened moments of trees in terrible pain,
Cars rusting on their underbelly, children throwing jacks
At white swans rapidly running towards the green pond.

She would paint a mother feeding on a cucumber
And a Dalmatian gnawing deeply on a soup bone.

She would paint the oil stains in the street, the orange soda cans in the wire trash
Baskets, and the plastic bags the old men would wear on their feet when it rained.

She would paint until the park bluishly disappeared
Then go back to her home and dream about distance



HAOXIAN

In memory of the painful note left behind by a voice snatched
In the night calling for tougher laws that would increase the

Span of foreign ministries predicting outcomes of sex trials
for Roman gods touching witnesses who aren't talking about

Real crimes, but having a propensity for ill morals, or worse
having criminal inklings that could prove a pattern of wearing

Traditional hats when he should have worn a fedora.
If you buy factory direct you can save, save, save.

I told you things about fish that I never told anyone else.
How to take pliers and pull the skin to separate the flesh.

One quick pull is what it takes to do it right, if not the filet
Will rip and then the whole thing will be worthless. Now I

Told you too.
Damn.

Ursula Orangutan

It is good to be orangutan, not because every orangutan can be great, but because a few orangutan have and without the shining achievements of these few orangutans, what manner of apples would we be eating today?

To some, that thought seems humiliating,
Threatening, an absurdity to be endured.

We would tell tales of great builders, doctors and farmers, of the generosity of the old, wisdoms of great leaders, and awe over the strength of those few exceptional apes who shown us the heights to which we occasionally ascend.

To some, that thought seems humiliating,
threatening and should not be overheard.

Most orangutans are not extraordinary and only a very few are extremely gifted. But it is to these exceptionally talented orangutans that the rest of us owe many of the great achievements of our ten thousand years of society throughout South Asia ranging from right here in this kitchen all the way into southeastern China.

It is my recognition of their greatness, my admission of the immeasurable superiority of their talent, that redeems, liberates, and inspires my own, unenviable mediocrity. On the ancient islands of Borneo and Sumatra we expected our heroes to be different.

To some, that thought seems suppressing
and inspired from an adulterous inclination.

Hot Pink Buddha [in four scenes]

A little child of maybe 3 or 4 stands next to a blue pond
she has stepped out of her slippers and contemplates
her bathroom tantrums and issues of getting wet before

But now at the millennium park
her parents away buying treats
she knows that she isn't allowed

her fat fingers pull wind blown hair from her round face
disrobing she folds her clothes into neat approving piles

in another scene a man grasps raw meat

in another we see two masked men in business suits
it's very Jungian and uninteresting, a dull silver emulsion

in another, it is our young girl again only this one is titled
after the accident

Sammy the Snake

The aroma of Lychee is relaxing and evasive as it envelopes you then, letting go, disappears within the senses. Draw in the sugary floral bouquet, that fragrance of this mysterious, oriental, floral and gently sweet; the softness of a rose and the body of apple

The flavor is delicate and sweet like honey as it perfumes the tongue with fruity and sweet



While discussing the concept of "yeet hay" and "leung" (the heating and cooling attributes of foods) with a Chinese chef, I asked her why the lychee fruit is considered "yeet hay" or heating. It is a very sweet fruit and is delightful when chilled. One would think it would be "leung" or a cooling food.

She replied in turn "Ah yes, well the clever snakes seek out lychee trees to urinate on, thus lychee is considered "yeet hay" because snakes are "very, very yeet hay"

Mobilis in Mobili

Roy Horn's Tiger



So the Tiger said, "Very well, I won't eat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful little Red Coat."

So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Red Coat, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

From: Little Black Sambo

My cats haven't treated me the same since they heard about the terror attack on the Vegas performer Roy Horn. She smiled and said, he had it coming, one day out of nowhere.

And that's how it happened too first there was a protest or two, then the war happened, then the war went away but it was still touch and go for a time. Now they report the casualties along with the football score.

CNN indicates Horn and the Tiger will both pull through this and perform as Siegfried and Roy again

predators circle gently



The most famous dragon of Ireland went by the name of Ollipeist. When St. Patrick came to Ireland the first thing he did was rid the island of snakes. But then turned his attention to the dragons and started imprisoning them. Knowing his fate, Ollipeist fled the country and left his mark with his tail in what is now called Shannon Valley.

YAZI

Its best use is as a doorstop

After leaving Ireland in a huff Ollipeist is said to have packed up a VW bug
did the Phish tour and ended up in Borneo playing with a Balinese gamelan

The dragon owned a grand pearl
it was called the pearl of wisdom

word of the Javanese dancing dragon and his pearl wove its way to
the Emperor's ear and arranged an evening of his Kepandung Sita

At sunset the gamelan quivered. The Emperor sat on a far balcony watching,
sunning himself like a gecko as white herons perch in the trees drawn to swift
Ollipeist swoops and swans with his penetrating pearl to the bright hammerings.

After the show the Emperor's envy was latent green, he wanted that pearl
and hired many mysterious monks to steal it, brave Ollipeist killed them all.

The Emperor sent for the twins Wee Ping and Wee San.
They were neither warrior monks, nor particularly brave;
merely street performers grasping at dawn's greedy straws.

Wee San devised a way to steal the pearl by tricking the dragon.
They waited until the dragon flew off for food, and using a kite,

drifted to the top of the mountain
entered his home and pilfered the

pearl

placing a fake in it's stead

Ollipeist returned and was not deceived. He took in their derisive scents then swiftly for the skies to kill.

Wee Ping and Wee San fled by sea back to China, and in their junk, are prepared for any catastrophe. As Ollipeist approached, Wee San shot their cannon

towards their incoming storm

Ollipeist, thinking this was his pearl, swallowed the cannon ball and died.

Now as brothers are, prongs of poor sportsmanship are to be expected

Wee Ping felt a bit left out of the whole story and lied, reporting it was him who devised the idea for the kite.

Wee San wanted no more trouble over the silly pearl, so as the good brother, said nothing and left China.

Later in life, he became the night shift manager of Happy Brunei Burgers and has a wife and son.

Wee Ping was not so lucky, for his lying brought him nothing but sadness

he was picked up by a talent agency and tested well in focus groups. He became the national spokesman for Golden Dragon Pearl Balls and to this day offers play-by-play commentary of world cup soccer.

Jonathan Turnip

When Lackey decided to leave the farm
he packed his life tightly into his pickup

befuddled

He saw horizons of colors before him
Dark purples parallel to thin yellows, red

Periwinkle cutting through fields of lime
Salmon cutting through orange streams

At the local Starbucks®
the waitress cut him a large slice of apple pie

When you are in town,
don't stir your coffee with your thumb

Daphne Duck

I am a green tomato & gravel

You my taco shell, need silks

I'll run with you, fly over sand

To the steaming stone of love

And wish for southern travels

Pitching dreams, plums & clay.

John Deere (Shipped My Job To Asia)

a series of jabbing marks on paper of a man
in denim blues and autumn harvest pastels

a farm hand tilted over, his white t-shirt neck stretched open
a dejected passionate percussion of individual over overhauls

seeking new paths in his struggle to come to terms
with the suicidal excesses

over his shoulder, a couple in sexual congress
they are deer but they are fucking in a missionary position
of Viagra'd vigor and ribald relevance.

He has his arm around her neck
and you can see she wants him

It looks like they didn't even bother with a condom.
Damn shame too, in this postmodern age, a challenging and single
minded voice just doesn't inspire confidence anymore.

Timothy Rabbit

“That's a lot of tommyrot,” he says,
with a broad, crafty smile. “All things
equal; I'm certainly not a non-pacifist!”

As the stocky servant who mimics
his master, himself a clown, winds

up on the paths of all things criminal

as a fly to a frog, a frog to a snake,
a snake to a bird, a bird to a Martian,
and a Martian to a fly

what amounts to a threnody of grief
the mind shapes itself to the body, as

a rain forever falling, a vapor ever rising.



CHIWEN

The Yellow Emperor

sitting on top of the world with an ice cream cone
I realize that I can't imagine beyond my own mind

boy swallows dragon pearl and transforms into one

everybody's breathing against nature and in his fight
against perilous foes they send me a rain whisperer

I need your lapses of judgment to make
spectacular words for struggling windsocks

sniffing

Mastodons of Macedonia

I reminisced on nothing wafers
for the better part of the morning
but was I still empty from hunger

so I took off my nose and unzipped
my skin and folded it neatly by the reflecting
pond so no one would think those awful things
people think about people who go leaving
their skins any which way

And there I stood, shamed
nose in hand cramming

my breath

in deep prayer
to the memory machine

which cost more money
than my ear purse held

I figured three dollars of leaded
remembrance was better than a
half gallon of super when that odd
green smoke appeared again

chugging a printout face from
it's fury eye and responded

"When Elephants fly"

Bergamot Bunny

This brown bunny answered the call of the seas
trading his farmers hat for that of a ship's captain
setting sail for the Pacific coast and then to Asia

supplying America with all the Wasabi he
found on his way east of Elephant Castle
and during his short shore-leave he wrote,

During this time of transition, I wish
to do what is not expected, to be here
but also with you, there, under wild

Perspectives of the soul, adrift, riding under
unruly waves, every moment reminding of
our immediately slight insignificance ...

That is until last year when most of his machinery,
and ship, tragically, was destroyed by a tidal wave.
After that he vowed to voyage only in warm dreams.

Hortense Hippopotamus

For Jim Carney

A great many things may happen between the cup and the upper lip.

At 2PM she rises up from her armchair and cable news network and places a kettle on the stove. She imagines that she can balance an egg on her nose, tries three times then bends down to clean up the sticky mess. The 3 yolks in the white blob made a face at her,

well a squished face as the eyes we're a bit out of sorts, but the egg

man did make for an interesting bit of afternoon company and so she poured tea for two and then set out a red gingham dish towel and a plate of cookies on the floor next to her new friend and then began to tell Mr. Eggs of her two sons off in the Army, a daughter

who lives in a large pond at the park and has an excellent supply

of food and friendly neighbors. Mr. Eggs hadn't touched her tea or any of her special raisin cookies that, at one time was the toast of Elmwood elementary, but no matter she thought, he looks not well and maybe he won't mind if I eat the last cookie on the plate.

She could always get more but didn't want him to think she didn't

watch her figure. But how silly she was being, Mr. Eggs is a kind man and would never entertain such a foolish opinion of her. And so she warmed their cups and then, getting herself off of the floor, tipped her hand to her head to say ta, and then using a kitchen rag cleaned up Mr. Eggs, then placed the dishes into the sink, cleaned

and then walked back to her armchair, television and her live news.



BAXIA

The Thunder Dragon

Bestow situations upon all gleaners
Award senior citizen's their watches

In a haze of wired cathedrals
a misguided cube of heroine
reaches for the bin of stored
arms and a small cotton ball

it is the space left by an object when it is missed
that renders space negative as a spectacular lapse
of judgment visually, emotionally and spiritually

When the god of literature
was taken prisoner, it was
Lei Jen Zu who went to his
father, Thunder Dragon;
He gave him magic apricots
that would transform him
into a green horned dragon

As a dragon Lei Jen Zu saves
Robert Creeley for him to write,
in the eyes of time, the world is
an endless cycle of limitations.

Dr. Terror's House of Horrors

Her Hat
of Dragons
Ritual Dragons
Frogs of Cloths

Frogs of Shadow
Venom of voice
of Iguanas, of Pythons
Venomous understandings

Frogs open colors
Venomous dreams
Dreams of Smoke
Darken Venomous

Shadows open
Scorpions open
Frogs of Shadows
Chameleons dream

Scourging of Iguanas
Tarantulas of Smoke
Scourging of Shadows
Scorpions of Smoke
Venomous Bubbles

Bearded Dragons
Scorpions Groan
Iguanas Bemoan
Frogs with Gloss
Geckos with Bristles

Frogs of Cloth
Venomous murmur
Scorpions murmur
Rainbow Boas
Frogs of Closed Doors

Tarantula in Shadows
Geckos Bristle
Frogs Bristle
Bristle with murmur
Tarantula of Shadows

Scorpions of venomous understanding
Scorpions of voice understand dreams

and sword boy has since become toxic

a visitors blood
and rushing lions : better

boy becomes lion lives deformed

marvelous
maybe lions : as their boy
marvelous sharp moments

marvelous to military
as boys are to hasty
our military's sword

One night the knock came at the door

marvelously deformed
he has become military
has toxic rushing blood

and as for blood

fierce words are nothing and do nothing
become marvelous lions faithfully rushing

Lorikeet Landing

Let me tell you a tale of lorikeet landing
Whose residents are rather demanding

Last Wednesday I overheard
a rainbow colored bird say,
wouldn't you bring to me

a listening booth
and a swimming tree

a comfy ocean chair
and some sand from Waikiki

a wisdom tooth
and a cup of crystal tea

a mystical flying mare
and a large screen TV

or maybe a common pea
and a mountain castle floating in air

an ounce of the distant Yellow sea
and a lock for a looking glass key

and the snowshoes of an artic hare
and the honey of a wild spelling bee

a bough of golden potpourri
and foam from the fountain of youth

I know this may seem a trifling affair

but I'll make you rich, a billionaire
If you will simply retrieve for me ...

So when you go to Lorikeet landing

let there be no misunderstanding that
Those colorful birds are rather demanding

Quilted Giraffe

Look
up there!

Weaving
north and south
single lacy spokes
a crown
stretching
skywards
similar to an
evergreen striving
palms out stretched
reaching to kiss her sun

these quilted trees
all follow her gaze
down the shifting
winding
path



PULAO

At one time the jellyfish was a handsome little devil
with full bones, ornate fins, and walked on four feet

Rinjin the dragon king had a taste for a monkey's liver
and sent jellyfish to acquire a plump cooking monkey

jellyfish obliged his king and found a monkey
and invited him to dine at the dragon's palace.

On the way, Jellyfish found monkey to be quite an agreeable
fellow and openly confessed the dragon's impending dinner.

My favorite, cried monkey. I have just the liver, yet it's a shame you didn't mentioned it earlier for I keep mine in a special jar at home and if time permits I'll happily go back and retrieve it. He could meet him at the nearby Starbucks®. The agreeable jellyfish went to the coffee shop and ordered a Venti Sumatran dark roast blend, a cinnamon roll and read the Sunday New York Times on an oversized paisley couch.

Gordian Knots! Soon it became quite clear monkey was not coming back and what was our jellyfish to do but return to the Dragon King empty handed. He would apologized and counsel the dragon to live in the now, forget the past and revel in today's desires. He did just that, advised the Dragon King on the virtues of the active present, and in a blinding rage Rinjin beat our jellyfish into the quivering hump we now meet along the sea shores searching for that damn monkey and his liver.

And if you touch him, you too will feel
the stinging presence of Rinjin's desire.

Mouse Deer

In an ancient Malay fable, mouse deer, our hero, was dancing.
In his mirth he accidentally stepped on otter's child, killing it.

Why was mouse deer dancing?
Because he heard the music of a war drum playing.

Why was a war drum playing?
Because woodpecker pecked it after he saw gecko carrying his sword.

Why was gecko carrying his sword?
Because he saw turtle wearing his shell.

Why?
Because turtle saw crab aiming his trident.

Why?
Because crab saw river shrimp lunging his spear.

Why?
Because river shrimp saw otter was plotting to eat his family.

Otter made quite a fuss and a trial ensued
A plea went to Solomon the wise bear and

justice prevailed. He found Mouse Deer innocent, and old
otter, plain as a pike staff, swirling a circle of consciousness.

The Cats of Baghdad

For José Martí

On the outskirts of a crumbling but still enchanting snow palm trees swayed green and the sea lapped at the shore.

After a first course of lobster bisque, caviar and oysters; torn limbs and other body parts littered the street outside the clinic in Hillah, a predominantly Shiite area 60 miles south of Baghdad.

There is not enough time. It was perfect weather.

Piles of shoes and tattered clothes were thrown into a corner. Occasional bursts of automatic weapons fire could be heard during the intermezzo. A jazz band struck up as Canadian salmon and caribou were served with wine.

I asked him how he got it home and he said he came in a private jet and his pilot would mix it in with the dirty laundry

see also: cigar smuggling

see also: burnt-sugar lemon tarts

So off we go each day from Baghdad, The Independent and its trusty crew.
The left side explodes, concrete and dust rain dogs and cats upon the right.

With the poor people of this earth I want to share my fate
There is no such thing as free kittens.

Clarice Waldman

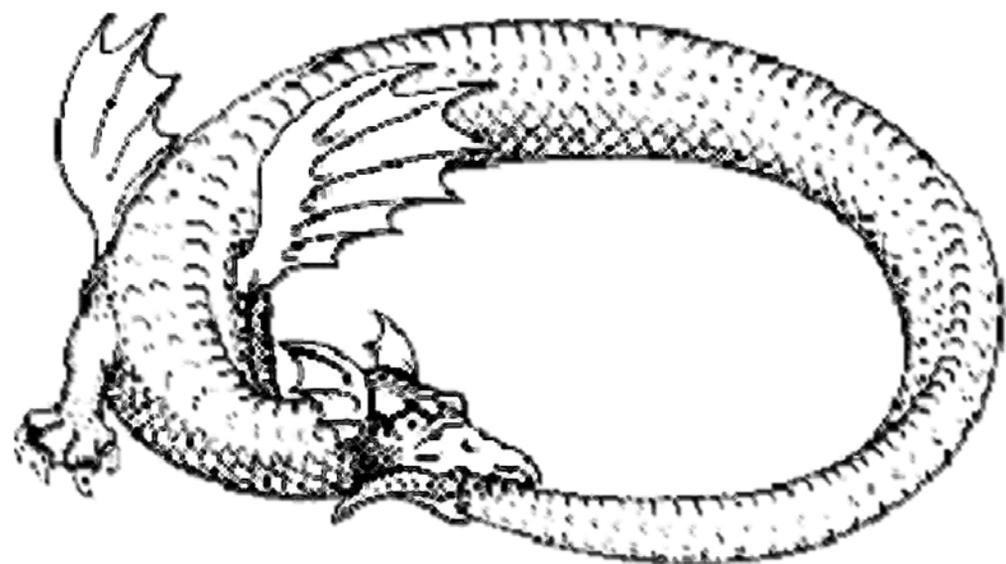
There is no however when Clarice says she will not go outside.
It will not happen. She was outside before and she will not go
Not ever, ever again. She likes to keep her fur nice and white.
And out there are only dirty things that make cats have to clean.

She was let out once and could not find her way back to the warm
lap of her loving mother, the soft blue blanket and that yellow bowl.
She does not have any pockets on her person so she can't take a snack,
she cannot, or will not try to attain a backpack that will not annoy her
either!

So don't ask! she will not go outside. It will rain, or it will be too hot,
Or the breeze is coming from the north and one might catch cold. No,
it's not a nice day to be out of doors, she will say with folded arms, and
go hide under the large couch until all ideas of adventures have passed.

If you wish to contend with obstruction and hostility
and bemoan this stubborn cats insistence on lingering

The champions of two sorts of beauty are set to clash:
one cats incarceration is another cats contented cradle.



BIXI

In Pemmican Valley, this is the way things get done.

Auspicious and fortunate monks wearing maroon robes trek up and down the steep, potholed highways in a mysterious process of selection, the long line of predecessors, wandering

in a barley grain pageant of ruined compassion
wheel-barrowing pebbles into a far off garden.

When cats talk truthfully on other cats, they get to the heart of things. No talk of shedding, not a word on their fluffy nature, no thoughts in their unlimited eyes that tell their gray souled owners all will be right.

Truth languishes in jail, convicted of orchestrating
the murder of the daughter of time. Life is purring

over something that doesn't want you, or your cow.

Fredric Squirrel

Soon the sun will set in such a way to declare
the great gathering is presently drawing near.

Black and white photos of ginger torqued maple trees;
one can really feel the flight crashing all around them

conveying the gray swaying spirit of autumn.

The end is always drawing near. You can feel it in the bones,

In new shoes. In a small room cats on open window sills
watching birds and neighbors argue over twigs and trash

Someone sitting across the way
handling a tarnished steel guitar
in their old body with old ideas,

waiting
to die.

I wish to dance through evergreens eating well and
never dwell on what might come, only on what does.

Hyenas

naked souls
tell scandals of truth

falling dead objects
wavering snow covered leaves

humor burning under a trumpet's veil

to be polite we inhale knowing
you have tricked us

moments woven in light

Wildebeest

IF: Life = nature's model of preserving meat

THEN:

In the end

the life you take

is equal to

the life you make

midnight balanced

[or:

the meat you eat

is equal to

life sustaining life]

evenly, chasing noon

Virginia Lovage

It is hard to know if
the luck you are experiencing
is good or not

The sauce on the plate becomes the ribbon on a gift
melting loving marrows turned by temperature beyond
comestibles into a scathing momentary trifling beauty
then its scraps are for the trash bin, then vermin, then
onto fertilize new imaginations breathing in another

moment



QIUNI

No wonder really. From the size of it, it might
have killed us all. It looked like a pearl falling

from her neck but it didn't come from her neck
now did it, from the way I understand it, this girl

was thrown out of her house for getting friendly
with an elderly stranger they let in off the streets.

Strange things growing inside of a young body
and dying at the sight of what she brought into

this world. But if she, or her family, determined
to linger a bit before propelling this glimmering

enchanted heart to the guttersnipes and thieves,
they would have cherished chrysocolla not coal.

The five toed white dragon flew up into the sky
restoring her unwavering virtue, but not her life.

Revered as the hesitant mother of Pai Lung,
the absolute dragon king, she was buried on

Turmeric mound where an alter was erected
and a marble tablet was placed to record this.

Vulture Mountain

for Ted Pelton

Vulture Mountain is the place of the great gathering
and so it was that year the divinity came to the fire

and knelt with the great monks and entered into the great prayer
of profound illumination and through the power of the Mountain,

Flame saw the five Colors to be empty of nature

The wise high priest, Versa said to the noble Flame, Can this be true?
If one wishes to practice this profound illumination, one begins where?

To see the color from the form one must open the eye and see in this way:

Form is emptiness; emptiness is also form
Emptiness is nothing other than form;
form is nothing but complete emptiness

feeling, perception, formation, and consciousness
are complete forms and complete forms of emptiness

Thus, all things are emptiness
There are no omni characteristics
There is no origin and no cessation

There is no impurity and so, no purity
There is no decrease and so, no increase
Therefore, in emptiness there is no form,

no feeling,
no perception,
no formation,
no consciousness;
no eye, no ear, no nose,
no tongue, no body, no mind;

no appearance, no sound, no smell,
no taste, no touch, no colors,
no eye sight up to no mind sight,
no sight of colors, no mindful conscious sight;

no ignorance, no end of ignorance

no old age and no beginnings of death,
no end to our old age and no end of death;
no suffering, no origin of suffering,
no cessation of suffering, no path, no wisdom,
no attainment, and no non-attainment

Since the divinities have no attainment,
they abide by means of illuminations

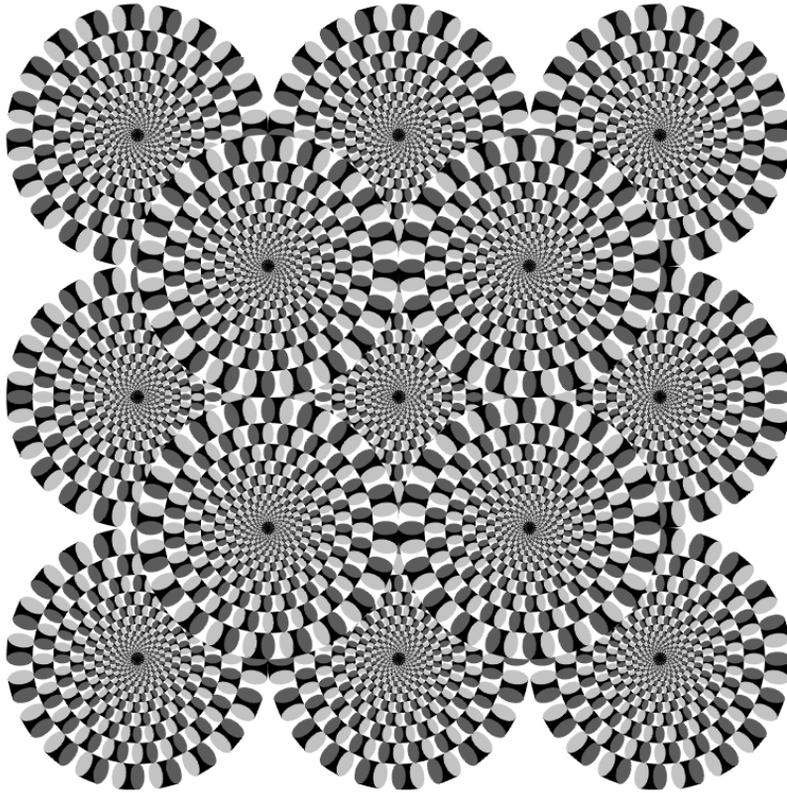
Since there is nothing to obscure the mind, there is nothing of fear
If there is nothing to fear then there is no fear, no suffering, no joy

They transcend the misleading and verily attain a complete coloring

All the Divinities of the color wheel, by means of illumination,
fully awaken to unsurpassable, true, complete enlightenment

Therefore, the great mantra of illumination, the mantra of great insight,
the unsurpassed mantra, the unequalled mantra, the mantra that calms all suffering,

since there is no deception I shall impart the illumining mantra:



Then Flame arose from that gathering, leaving.

The assembly of worlds, it's vultures and poets
rejoiced and argued the wisdom of this thought.

Gorilla Habitat

I often imagine that this is myself
sitting arms folded watching late night

TV while chip bags and bottles gather
in mounds up and over the coffee table

spilling pools of genes drying to dark circled
stains on a sleeveless whitish gray undershirt

when you are home everything becomes easy

dream of what one could create under

tense moments of reversion, potential

along with the remote, is out of reach

Zeyzox the Zebra

Let us go you and I to a far off island, far beyond the shores of our sea-shored town. We shall go, you and I and charter an open, air-conditioned pirate ship and set sail, Onward towards Barbados! Or some other such place, someplace warm with a proper beach, and a gentle afternoon breeze. A blithe place of fruit flavors and ice shavings.

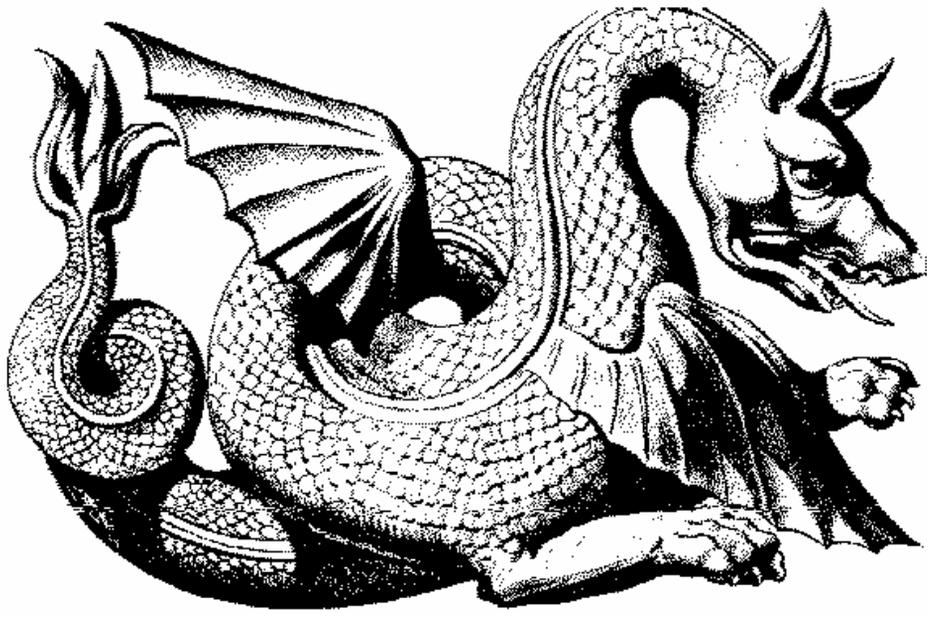
To wear Bermuda shorts and dance freely in the setting sun, of paper umbrellas and pineapple drinks, of bonfires and families fêting their evening meal. Of living with no lions, no chasing, no chaffing and of course, no sweating or giant swarmings of grazing gnats. A land of pleasantries and lazy strums of slack key guitars.

No group tours of seasonal suburban safarists, no pictures with ear pulling children. No squalid squawkings of wizened old women in feather covered hats. No fathers posing for pictures, and no more game wardens and research scientists and their endless studies and theories and probes.

Let us entertain a dream together, and hold hands over fearless futures. For who knows what may happen tomorrow, or even this evening. But for now, it is this dream that we, you and I, will offer freely, an open armed welcome, as one would open their arms to a dance partner.

And we three shall spin and waltz our way into the next day of treachery and misery. Away from our frightening world of violence and political grandstanding, from terrorism to less lethal forms of intolerance -- and it's true that a powerful cadre of holier-than-thou

politicians is a special menace in America just now. Moral certainty is certainly doomed to certain morality. So let's leave, you and I, and we shall go to a far off land, far beyond the shores of our sea-shored town. We shall act; charter an air-conditioned pirate ship and set sail, Onward to Barbados! Or some other such place, someplace gentle and warm.



SUANMI

behind red and white tape
the empty hoses are flat yellow snakes

a policewoman watches me. I
feel embarrassed and awkward

they approach the pattern of pissing
watched by their anxious colleagues

Two fire fighters venture towards it wearing World
War I breathing apparatus

The drab soldiers ran as plastic trees began to spark
blazing, a bubbling five-toed morass congeals
into an exterior as an expression of an interior
of what was.

The puffing white billow anonymously
blends into the barren mesquite surroundings.

I am

Army of frogs
Ambush of tigers
Bale of turtles
Band of jays
Bevy of quails

Bouquet of pheasants
Business of ferrets
Cete of badgers
Charm of finches
Clowder of cats

Clutch of chickens
Colony of gulls
Convocation of eagles
Covey of partridges
Crash of rhinos

Earth of foxes
Exaltation of larks
Family of sardines
Flamboyance of flamingos
Flight of doves

Gaggle of geese
Hover of jellyfishes
Herd of antelope
Kennel of dogs
Kindle of kittens

Knot of toads
Leap of leopards
Mob of kangaroos
Murder of crows
Ostentation of peacocks

Parliament of owls
Pack of wolves
Paddling of ducks
Pitying of turtle doves
Pod of whales

Pride of lions
Rag of colts
Richness of martens
School of fish
Shrewdness of apes

Siege of herons
Sounder of boars
Skein of geese
Skulk of foxes
Sloth of bears

Stable of horses
Swarm of bees
Trip of goats
Troop of monkeys
Unkindness of ravens

Otter's Commute

salmon pink shirt, gold tie and a yellow legal pad scrawls
I have been licked by three kinds of women today, tasted

death by cop would be faster than asphyxiation
I knew the motel six maid would see me naked

sales call at 11, is it real
what is real, ladder sales

so much to criticize out here, crashing out of touch
to touch your people with our people near farms

from cities without civility to fields of mud and rubber

a series of bronze horses begin looking around

jackhammers smooth
sought found objects

For Blaze

I want to be a potato purring, older
a cat of kindness, beauty
diversity and choice

a crouching luminous intelligence
lingering at home after work,
living summer nights watching

giraffes, understanding our living
fears, living in spectacles that surprise

wild fences are not like balloons
together, trumpeting feet resound

Buffalo Mantra

imprisoned flames flicker
moments practice days

look at me alive
frozen paths cut
lonely blankets of snow

moments live for days



JIAOTU

A silk kite rises against the wind as
the skies grind the sapphires of time
ladies wear orange and blue uniforms

She told me to grate the cheese into small
pieces and mix with one third part charcoal

eight men and women with drums on their waists,
led by a man with a wooden dragon head in his hand

start to dance in spirited steps to the beat of the drum.
The music stops, the dancers slowly hum in mourning

He sunk down to the Earth in exhaustion and died

The main room served as the mourning hall.
Red candles were placed in front of the casket

which was flanked by pine branches
red and green paper balls and flowers

There were no banana pancakes to be had.
Was all the fruit offered for tithing beyond?

Fig leaves flutter

It is raining bananas, apples and grapes

red seedless grapes falling
or seem to fall, this picture
doesn't move

Time stands when you cannot depict it

A rearing goat eats at a flowering plant

paper lanterns illuminate
a plaster question mark

Rubies taste of black plums, awakening

One hell of a tree

A giraffe in a sports coat pulls his wife closer to him
cheek to cheek they stand waiting for someone to

say, yes you have been bad, now go back home

red wing black birds show reluctance
little green men wear crayon sin caps

He was hanged you know, a few
years after this shot was taken

they came after him
took her back home

took
rope

and hung that giraffe

Tomato London

Soft limes tremble above hunting cougars. The accelerator was on full and we flew directly towards the smell. Heirloom women were there. Not now, but at some point in the distant future. I recognized her smell. I have had her before. She will be the hen in my house. The nest I built with my sweat and mucus. It is a warm nest, good for eggs and long winters. Onwards.

We inhaled the scent. John was driving. This was his idea.

I was cleaning my mouth, or really I only said I was to make it seem like I had some reason to let the machine screen the call. Would I go out? Tonight? I know it's hard to find a third on a whim, and I didn't have much to do. I did have a bottle of green in the cupboard, I'm ready for just about anything. No he didn't have anyone in mind, but if I was up for a quick hunt then take anyone, he really said anyone.

Would I bring my bottle and be the third? I'd be the second, wouldn't I? I asked, knowing that I'd have to be third. I'm always the third.

So it didn't turn out to be just anyone. Not the fat one who did say yes. Not the one with the glasses either. I liked her but John thought she smelled off. I was half way to the sun when she caught my eye. John thought she was empty. I knew better.

Here's what I say: I smelled her about two cycles ago and she was ripe with rot. A deep red rot that grows only on the highest mountaintops of the east. I love that springtime touch and this was a full lacerating liquor. It wasn't blue but something deep violet.

She wore an eye patch and one of her left arms was decorated with a flowing ribbon. It was high fashion decades ago. She carved a mysterious stance. A hired killer from a comic book, all knives and no skirt.

John got past her wind but I was hooked. I'm fast like that.

I was at one of these parties when I was a kid. The music was hot and the sex was lacerating. This is when I first met John. We hit several of the same nests and had a similar scent, so it was a first-rate match. We scammed so many kinds of couples it was lucky we both came out uncontaminated.

Then there was the time we met up with the police. They made me a third. I didn't want to, but it was hard to say no. They caught us with a hot bolt and it was obvious what they wanted. Gave me a shackle and I was out of my mind for weeks.

I stopped hanging with John after that. He was trouble, couldn't smell well. I could, but I still went along. It was always my fault. The red skies were rolled into the unruffled morning. I pulled the cork on the green and I took a long pull. I dabbed a bit behind my ear and over my cheeks. I felt that I could float on angel blossoms. We pulled over and the steam billowed around us. The nightlife cleared a wide berth and we strode unflappable in the downtown neon. All took notice of us, how could they not? All the heirloom women heard our audacity.

I tipped my hat to all the other thirds that captured my eye.

John spotted her from his lamp post and jumped up it, singing, Ciao Bella. She turned in a glimmer. Her scented belly beamed at me and she headed straight over. She took my hand and began walking towards Red's Falafel stand. Made John pay for her platter and spoon fed me like a lover should. Tonight I was all hers.

John was second so she talked with him and petted my black head, then chopped up some rocks while John turned on the stereo. I'd been in the shelter two weeks ago and now look at me! A new nest, a real friend, and fresh rocks being churned. Let demons explode!

I hit the green again and began to caress her shell. She took another drag from her stick and purred. I could feel her wetness. Her pores seeped brown droplets.

She was an angel, my angel. I was hers. I was the third. John kissed her upper mouth while she sang a sweet melody. It was going to be alright. All of me melted into her folds. She shook me. My suit was getting tangled in her legs. I hate these things, but right now tradition and desire resembled each other. I was robin's egg blue.

John now twirled around in front of her. She smiled at his agility. She was really getting into this, liquid was now pouring out of her belly. He danced while she sang. I began to enter her. My suit fit in all the places it should and she responded with a gentle tug of her legs, eggs and jelly warm on my chest. I thought of mother, my nose filled with her smell. I let loose and spilled onto her back. Her shell glistened orange/just seeing her white folds open. She dipped her finger into the glass of green and painted trails on my face. Her eyes told me everything.

On my eleventh cycle, my father told me that there were two kinds of men in this world. The man I became I would choose by my actions. Don't be an aimless wanderer. Those who lack aim get eaten. He told me of his third, how his suit didn't fit him correctly, how that was one of the reasons we were so poor. Life is a series of choices, and if I had purpose in my hikes, all of life would, or could be, food.

“I've told you things about fish that I've never told anyone else. How to take pliers and pull the skin to separate the flesh. One quick pull is what it takes to do it right. If not, the filet will rip and then the whole thing will be worthless. If done right, there will be an underlying flavor of death in each mouthful.”

I wanted to be a second like my father and his father before him, but I have never had the courage to believe in nothing. The drama and passion is always in our minds, but the energy spent is nothing but an encore to the sensual aroma of fresh meat. Thinking of the fields of tenderloins growing in the plains make my fangs salivate. An alarm clock sounded in the background. I was stuck to her now. I could still grind into her belly. She turned me over. John touched my face. He was beautiful in this light. I smell potatoes.

Geoffrey Gatza lives in Buffalo, NY, USA and earns a living as a professional chef in a small luxury hotel. Holds degrees from both Daemen College and the Culinary Institute of America. A former Marine who served in the first Gulf War. He is the author of *HouseCat Kung Fu*, *Zoo Poems*, *Avatar™ an Epic Poem of Superman*, and *Secret Origins*. He is the editor and publisher of BlazeVOX [books] and CFO of Starcherone Books.

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