

FURRY CHIC- LETS

A L A W P O E T S C R E A T I O N

Fin de siècle

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clay

 speak into clay
 wrap your face in it
 hide your head in ceramic
 pots
 and bolt
 ostrich-like
 to the kiln.

alien nation

fags and fuckups
the streets are filled
with dark devils mumbling some naughty shit
and whores in short skirts
god, goddamn, where is god anymore
(i'm sure he's really pissed at all of this)
what happened to good white americans
who respected the law and flag
and who didn't talk loud or be violent,
who talked about stocks and lawns (well manicured)
these fags and fuckups should
be put in stocks, hah!

Eighties

It's 1979.

I am aging too quickly.

I saw a vision on a
piece of used toilet paper.
It was the future.

clouds

when the
get
inside

Clouds

It's quiet
when the clouds
get
inside me.

THE RECEPTIVE

Each breast becomes a small bird as I cup it in my hand.
I can feel its beating through my fingertips though my
hands no longer belong to me. I am the body of the world
embracing my own sad rhythm, such joy the stillness makes.
Borders are broken, laughter spills between continents, the
delicate skin of eyelid.

I am wet, amphibian, fluttering like small wings. The long
bone of leg stretches into its full length, shakes out of
bend. It is lovely in this garden. Be still now, long
only to be that open.

Dead grandma

Phone rings.

Dead grandma calling.

"Will you please tell those kids
to stop fucking on my grave?"

"Sure, nana."

Go out to the graveyard.

Nobody there.

The old bat is still loony.

The Creeping In

You take my past and
mispronounce the words,
and make it all different
so I can't really talk to you.
I ask you for cab fare.
You push me in front
of a loaded bus.
Something itches me.
You scratch my back
'til it bleeds.
Something else begins to burn.
You smile and fade again.
I fall, and am buried.
You send a little army
of red ants in through
the cracks of my casket.
I eat them,
and when I thank you,
spell your name wrong
on purpose.

"deliver us from evil"

I see the evil,
but it's shining out of my
eyes of paranoia.

Universe is empty, has no
characteristics,

Still I'm attached to
transient figments,
flesh and breath.

Deaths float around us
like windborne ashes,
turn the city dark .

So what's evil?

Blaming appearances is foolish.

Deliver us indeed.

GROWING PAINS

*So that's why plants grow and laugh
our eyes, which focus on distance.*

--Rumi

very young and tangled
I carry hands that rustle grasses
pull veils aside
distribute strands of light
illuminate such mad melancholy
and intense desire.
within reach,
a glass wall
so eyes work
but not yet wings
arrows have flattened scream to stone
cords cut become a tree
that curves against a flattened landscape
what grows?

with no responsibility
for that small life or your hard cock
you want to make a baby and listen to it breath
'that's the way I wish it was' you say
and send me out to plant turnips
and squash what we share with victims
who only know our names
and shine the hidden sorrow nightly
with their sleeves.

i would send my smile
on heart's errand
a certain summons conceived
by neither craft nor cunning
And i would direct it
to engage one Jane Doe
my sweet temptress of frock and folly.

i would send my smile
on heart's errand
while heart convalesces
in unquiet and irregular death
And i would in silence watch
with equal disdain and reverence
for heart to abacus the possible result.

i would send my smile
on heart's errand
to commerce carnal and christian sentiment
that clutters my delicate homestead
And i would replevin and counsel
my bitter darlings (that are my thoughts)
that virtue is toil at last consummate.

YOUTHFUL FOLLY

the places he touches her. there. and how the light falls across the bed, lighting the hairs on his arm, turning them the color of sand. his smell. the way his hair curls longer behind his left ear and the woven wish bracelet he tied to his wrist in guatemala, dirty now and almost worn off. how he sleeps like a child with his mouth open, wetting the pillow. his fingers curling and uncurling, clutching. he is golden as the sun slants even more through the thin paper blind, golden and it makes her lose her breath that instant to realize she doesn't care about all that. doesn't even care about his wet finger running the length of her spine, or her tongue tracing the vein in his arm. doesn't care about his hands, with their broad fingers and flat wrists, the muscled arms or the gift of morning he gives each time his eyes open the color of summer. doesn't care about all that. only his mouth, which says 'forever' even though he doesn't mean it.

between the suns

Caught between the suns:
each blessings professes
while seers' sight is seared
I tender reluctance
to each
Persuasion, once proud, turned pendant
to fat-maddened jackels of error
Duty, now dotage concealed,
dulls cunning's conceit
between the suns.

Caught between the suns:
each by false penance
self-atones to quiet conscience
I piecemeal poetry
to each
Smiles invented now deadpan...
Callousness calls for clever hands
to shake and thus beguile
those quivering and contemptuous
between the suns.

Caught between the suns:
the one to the other
but indifferent reflections
I beg indulgence
of each
My researched beatitudes un-quicken
while too-clever deference
plays humble hapless bootblack
that spits (and shits) and shines
between the suns.

Caught between the suns:
she-bitching the other
in clown-clamorous civility
I interplead attention
to each
Device whores simpleness
while mettle malingers and expires
Goodness lies torqued and tortured
on gaunt granite faces, now graceless
between the suns.

So now my love has died
in the mild beginning of chilly october
And what is left
but broken twigs and branches,
severed from my Life-tree.

I gather these scattered remnants
(sighing at my diminution)
and fill by darkened cellar
When cold smothers heart's fire
'tis rekindled by dead love's remainder.

"nothing"

It was nothing you could ever remember.
It wasn't important to you, and it just
showed how different we were that it
meant so much to me. Time stood still,
it really did, and there was light all
around and inside everything. And it
was nothing to you, when I reminded you
later you couldn't remember. It happened
in December.

tickle

God damned sister
always used to tickle me,
god damned everybody
thought it was the funniest
thing, and even I was
laughing sometimes, but
laughing like a t-shirt
over his cigarette burns
when I was alone and
she stopped tickling.

The Spaces Between

I knew a girl who had a big gap in her front teeth.
My life is like that sometimes.

Yesterday it rained, and smog fell from the sky and made
my mouth taste bad. I shouldn't lick the pavement after a
rainstorm.

I've been seen taking long walks across a city blacktop,
and there's a shrouded light near a chain link fence on the other
side of the blacktop. With every step I take, I shrink just
a little bit, so the relative distance to the light never
changes. Since I'm getting shorter, it just appears to be
moving further and further away.

A helicopter landed on top of the building. People
below chanted for me to get in and take it for a ride.
I grew dizzy from the height. There was a light breeze
blowing, so the building rocked rhythmically. As I stepped
up onto the helicopter, I lost my footing, tripped, and fell
down the open elevator shaft.

My mother was a health aide at an elementary school.
~~Children go to health aides to seek refuge from classes.~~
My mother fed me.

Nice

Nice--

The word is so often slighted
As if nothing could really be nice.
But it is nice when the trees
Planted in the middle of the road
Rise up into the blue sky. It is very nice.
As we go motoring down the road
The deep blue of the sky
Anticipates the approach of the sea,
And this is also very nice.

It is nice when the child
Plays with the colored ball in the sunshine,
And it is nice when the mother
Pushes the infant in the stroller--
The infant is very pretty,
And this is also very nice.
Oh yes, from here to infinity,
Stretching out through all the extent
of the clear, permitting sky--
Nice, nice, very nice,
Like a child's game
Of me discovering myself,
Which is, in fact, nicest of all.

POCKET ESSAY RE: RAMONES

Why Ramones play like they do:

To destroy the enemies of human freedom.

Why it sounds so good:

Full-spectrum sonic sun
pulses pure crystalline idiot bliss,
kicks nirvana into overdrive.

Why it's played so fast:

To harmonize with the buzz
of human anxiety in this smoke-filled age.
To give you the speed to escape.

Why it sounds so harsh:

To subdue conflicting emotions
and eradicate fear.

What you can do with it:

Cut LA in half with one clean stroke,
Raze Century City with a backhand swipe,
Vaporize the Hollywood sign with a glance, and
blow away all eight lanes of the
10 freeway with a single puff of breath.



JOEY RAMONE

The beard

I know about
something.
A furry chiclet.
It's in my pocket because
first I licked the
chiclet
then I put it back
in my pocket and
it got sticky and
got fur on it.

Did I?

The most depressing thought
has just occurred to me.
I might never finish
this poem.

Exhaustion

Heavens, this,
sure, is, going, to,
take, you, a, long, time,
to, read, if,
you, really, pause,
at, every,
comma.

Cliches

I came home tonight,
and found cliches in every
room.

An answer for Tom Brill

When I turned on the light in my bedroom,
I found that someone had stacked all
the cliches in one corner.

THE CLINGING; FIRE

The big digging is over.
Jewelers pick and brush,
delicate hands of archaeologist,
the sour taste of saliva and trust.
I am gathering back the strands of myself
Drawing them into the space two hands make
Rubbing them together
Waiting for the flame to rekindle.

IS ENOUGH

birds sit on the tree
outside my window

like the last persimmons
of winter
beautiful fruit.

A Cry of Vultures

Dreams die hard,
clutching in the silent air,
mouths gaping, eyes that stare,
Dreams die hard,
limbs unravel in streaming smoke,
A strangled cry, a gasping choke,
The Good Physician suppresses hope.

Dreams die hard,
like water drying in the empty street,
the kiss of Wisdom is like summer heat,
The passing cars don't really care,
Like mahasiddhas who have cut their hair.
The mist of folly's lost in empty air.

Dreams die hard .

all the windows in the house break,
letting in the soft moonlight .
in the stone garden, the sound of water
falling out of sheer delight -
A cry of vultures and they're off in flight,
On craggy peaks now gazing down
A span of miles to the burning ground.

Finding Deity

If I spin around quickly on one foot, I can see everything around me, but nothing very clearly. That's where I began.

Then I started to make schedules. I made schedules incessantly, and covered every aspect of my life. I even included time for peeing, what to do at lunch every day (isn't it curious that I think of "lunch" as an existent entity?), how far to walk each evening, and what to eat at every meal (admittedly, I gave myself some discretion--breakfast included milk, grain and fruit, lunch was a sandwich, milk and fruit, and dinner a meat serving, starch and preferably two vegetables, and there were three snacks scheduled in at mid-meal times and in the evening).

I even scheduled my weekends. The scheduling restraints were so severe that by 10:30 on Saturday morning I would get a pounding headache which wouldn't leave me alone until Monday. But I felt happy. Even if I missed a few things that were on the schedule I didn't feel bad because I got most of the stuff done. I was in control, or at least felt I was. When I started to think about my schedules, though, I realized everything I failed to do was what I really wanted to do, but was afraid to try, like creating, exploring myself, searching for goals in my life, or trying to reach the goals I had already set. I had enslaved myself in a false religion.

I've always been convinced, I think, without consciously realizing, that I am afraid to test my abilities to actually work to achieve goals that I feel most strongly about. The big goals, like greenhouse, the arms race, homelessness and human hunger, and extinction of species. As long as I wasn't doing anything about my goals, I could tell myself that I was still a caterpillar, but my time would

come. I know I'm good, I just don't have a chance to prove it in the kind of work I'm doing now, I tell myself. I have scared myself many times by considering the possibility that this is it! I'll never leave the rut, I'll always seek comfort in my excuses. The problems seem so large, and my ability to contribute still seems too small, so instead of challenging myself to make a contribution, I hide and wait for the apocalypse. Charles said there is a whole generation of us, all waiting for a catalytic crisis so we can jump in the fray, or at least sit back smugly and say "I told ya so."

In my case, I've been waiting so I can join the fray. On the other hand, I have a secret hope that there will be no apocalypse so I can just keep waiting.

Whatever. In any case, after I looked back at my anal period, I realized I had to focus my goals, to stop spinning before I made myself sick, and to catch my balance. Well, I think I've stopped spinning now, but I'm still catching my balance. It will come.

I began studying myself. I did an exercise where I asked my wife to tell me all the good things about me, and she did, and it felt good, was fun for both of us (after she was done, I told her her good qualities), and we learned, to a certain extent, what our bases are. I did a lot of introspection, all on my own, no order to it, no rules, and, as with any self-evaluation, no concrete answers. There were a lot of discoveries, and many, many confirmations of those parts of my life which I knew I'd been avoiding.

The concrete results, so far, are that I have decided to begin doing volunteer work for the Sierra Club (as of this date I have even started doing the work!), and I've resolved to look at other volunteer possibilities at my leisure.

I find it ironic that when I lived for my schedule, I never had time to do anything, but I never got anything done. As a result, I was always in a hurry, and felt that I had to move quickly, but I never had time to move. Now, I know it will happen. Of course, I don't mean to imply that good things will just happen to me. I have to make them happen. What I mean is I have made, and I know I will continue to make, good things happen.

Anyway, I never pretended to have all the answers.

ELVIS MUST DIE

Elvis ushers in New Age,
Elvis walks, Elvis talks,
Elvis must die.

Evil manipulators have Elvis' brain
in a jar in a casino basement,
And they're going to use it
to stage a psychic assault
on humanity.

Elvis was seen shopping at a K-Mart;
he bought a polaroid camera, a comb,
and spent a long time looking at
automotive accessories.

Elvis was seen walking
a twelve-year old girl to
the Minute Market on a Sunday afternoon;
they talked about loneliness in the afterlife,
And she said she knew how it must feel.

Elvis was foolish,
leaving psychic traces everywhere;
Now his face is subject
to the voodoo flock.
All those grasping souls--
could you imagine if he had to spend a lifetime
with each one ...?

October .10,1988 timothy the turtle

room. b=1,299=8043..612=0822

yaktais not. my frid i hat hr

the randomhouse book ofpoetry for children

monkeys bony=leegs tumble

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz -01234567891011121314151

maria

m ana maria josh 572

yahtzee boggle ..394=0079

This cold night death

This cold night stars
twinkled more than ever before.
The Milky Way, a broad stroke
of a brush against an endless
black sky,
and glittering angels of red, green,
blue and white.
Planets cut a wide path
across the twinkling stars and
I even saw a satellite chasing
its tail.

This cold night trees
were covered with snow,
the white kind you don't
get in the city;
our path was covered with ice,
our hands with gloves,
our faces with Chapstick, fear and resignation.
I remembered driving up along this same road,
but from the car there hadn't appeared to be
so much ice.
I remembered being on the dirt covered part of
the road, and tried to guess whether we
still had twenty miles or five miles to go.

This cold night winds
blew gently all around
but never on us.
Everything froze.
No animals moved.
No light save the stars.
No shadows.
We only lost the path once.
When hours go by all you can do
is take another step
or die.

This cold night I
relished the chills that swept
up and down my legs and arms;
my teeth even chattered once.
I felt like an animal and began
to love the snow topped mountain
on which we were trapped.
I proudly rejected the notion of
god, not knowing how much longer I
had to consider such things.
I could have walked for hours...
in circles...

This cold night I
dreamed of death and learned
the peace the world has long
since abandoned and forgotten.
I learned we are forever
disassociated from ourselves:
my hands and feet seemed strangely
close and within my control,
and yet I still had little hope
of taking command.
My body compelled me to return,
to come down from my mountain.

This cold night death
eluded me.

Deja Vu

Do I know you,
or do I only know your hand?
Or do I know that
when you were five and a half
you ate your mommy's
chocolates?

each year involve millions of dollars and

*If the number of lawyers
keeps increasing at the
present rate until the year
2074, everyone in the
United States will be a
lawyer —*

thousands of attorneys. The resulting
cost of defending corporations, their



BREWER'S
DICTIONARY OF PHRASE
AND FABLE

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any summer to lessen its onslaught; trees, plants and men died of hunger. It was the forerunner of RAGNAROK.

Fin de siècle (făn dè sē ekl) (Fr. end of century). It has come to imply decadent, with particular reference to the end of the 19th century.

Finality Jack. Lord John Russell (1792–1878), 1st Earl Russell, who originally maintained that the Reform Act of 1832 was a finality, yet made further attempts to extend Parliamentary reform in 1854, 1860, and 1866.

Financial Year. *See* YEAR.

Find. Findings, keepings! An exclamation made when one has accidentally found something, implying that it is now the finder's property. This old saying is very faulty law.