

BEGINNING AND ENDING WITH A LINE FROM A. MINETTA GOULD

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Baby,
dust is so unbecoming of you.
You need to analyze
the litany before you
analyze the *i*. I often wonder
about wonder and what it means
to images like children
on Halloween on Easter on crab grass or on fire.
Not flames, baby, but on a roll. The filter on memory
is much like those images, and like C, baby, A
reminds me of the girl who once ran
with whiskers pasted to her face and sliding
off into her hair. Covers are so unbecoming of you,
baby.

MEMO

The distance memorandum of my worked hand feathering
through your growing hair is chattered & fading like state lines.

Accepting the charter you're presenting is becoming more
& more like filming a script written by your niggard shoe strings.

Remembering the compost heap that was
our attempt, I search for the keys to the combine.

The sun tells me *this is a victory* while the ground
reverberates *keeping moving; keep moving*.

While we never danced by vying train tracks, never rolled tongues
while calls were made, never drove to France, we never tried so did never fail.

& while time zones rotate and redefine me, go on
remaining stagnant & scared of a haircut.

JACK KEROUAC & TONTO HIT THE ROAD

I.

“I was just,” JK
said, trying to explain
to Tonto about the

essentiality of the purple house;
acceptable insurance; pecan pie.

“I was just trying to find Jesus, man.”
Said JK, trying to explain ineffable.

II.

While Jack waited
at the station with a beat-

down Nancy on one side
sex on a public

restroom floor on his left; Tonto shines
an apple on his dirty pant leg.

“This turnkey is like a parka” he says

to himself. Jack is still waiting
for a double down on Chattanooga.

III.

*Matchsticks are stuck
on the side of the train, Tonto. Atmospherically
speaking, you're going to get prayers in Georgia*

So says the snail under-
neath the tennis sneakers
encountering chewing bubble gum.

“Shit,” he cries back, and, not knowing how
to approach this, he trembles again yelling “Jack!”

IV.

Varies by burgers; cockles; Tonto;

owls perch like pearls.

Tonto limps “I am a human atlas, Jack”

“Useless” Jack says

in return to the milk

money his mother left on the burnt table

in the trailer.

“Chaucer turns for us, Tonto.”

V.

Sandstorms in the South are frequently patriotic and a copout. “Have you tried riding the ostrich in the South, JK?” Tonto asks of his friend. “I have not, son” Jack said in return. “There are little words I can’t spell. I can’t think about eating without thinking about tar. It is difficult to tell you this friend, the milk is souring. The tip is souring. The sun, I know, is pulling on the moons shirt tails forming a loophole for ostrich eggs to roost and sour. Lets make a killing, my friend, and learn how to swim.”

VI.

A double down in Chattanooga is
waiting like presidential wings to

host and fly. House flies. “Re-
member that time we huffed turpentine,

Tonto?” Chattanooga is waiting like air
in your stomach from seven AM.

VII.

“Nevermind the translation,” Tonto said as an understatement.
The boys are talking about restlessness in five points.
“We need to find sun-dried truths,” [JK is such a fuck]

Tonto needs to edit his transcriptions.

“If you’re the person
in charge of hopeless heartaches, then you’re toting
a bag, son.” Jack says to a sad-faced Tonto.

“We need to write to misty. We need to write to cockle shakes. We need to write to get
America running like Canada’s snooty ass.”

“If you’re the person leaving the letters out, get a diction or some stamps.”

LIKE CUPS OF SUGAR

here we revise
our prejudices into pre-
ludes on vegetables; bene-

ficial recyclables; tar babies.
Like gourds of molasses
& greens, our feet

sit still in cold.
Our scripts are on
strike. Our glove

boxes are in the dashboard
once again. Dear neighbor,
send down

your momentarily
crippled so that we may
share ourselves perched up

against rusted floorboards rotting from the inside out.

FESTERING WOUNDS

Festering wounds; broken dishes; dissolving
linens. Fetch B. Arthur another
ostrich egg omelets. Be
wise with B. & wear your shoulders padded
estranged lovers, B. and King Richard have
reoccurring memories of plucking feathers.
Bottled & sold, B. Arthur sweat is
eyed by the finest knives.
Delicately, B. Arthur speaks.