

JACKSON POLLOCK

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An idiosyncratic dance of aluminum experience
in an electrical thicket
that seethes with line & life

Interpolating the geometry of early
violent death riveted in
Music—the fallout artist defines
Western towns with intellectual
drifters and ham-fisted deans
of authenticity

The ability to get the
Whole Surface God in front
of one's mind Afterimages
of tiny incidents remind
you in all its ceaseless variety of the Milky Way.

Until the car crash.
After which, the rest—even his colors,
became a kind of
hunting season.

Posthumous Wyoming of liquid
stardom without any ideal viewing
Distance.

Look at anything long enough
And it becomes less real and more true.

OLD ACTORS NEVER DIE (DEMENTIA JUST SETS IN)

Suspiciously large moss-covered lobsters become
souls of those who died in crowds, battle...
when spat upon or doused with scalding water,
the lost ghost film hiding under fur and armor
becoming fleshed for a moment around brittle but dissolving bone.
And the moment there is flesh enough again to find a voice
they start to yammer, murmuring madly on cue
as if rehearsing in a mirror unless you feel
for the wet and sharp of softening teeth
in the crook of your fingers straining like a trap snapped back
to break the jaws, spilling out drool, wine and split peas
Inside each pea, a gasp of ancient dialogue, exit lines...
“You’ll never get away with it, Starface.”
“Mama, I did it all for you.”

BLESS THE 3 STOOGES

Insanity is timeless.

Even if you don't think the 3 Stooges are hilarious
you can't help but laugh at them.

They're relentlessly subversive, even when they're being
their most predictable.

How in fact, can anything as predictable
as their bumbling, mumbling bashing-each-other
snerking and doffing—be so tragically funny?

How can anything so godawful annoying—the sheer tear-your-hair
absurd slapstick ballet of it all gone cruel and terribly modern—
be so disturbingly enjoyable?

Even now I can't decide whether I like Curly or Shemp more.

Moe of course was the only genius in history
to have had such a ridiculous bowl haircut.

And clown-like Larry, so slovenly guy-next-door until
you realize his true instability, however good natured—
the troop and troupe of them creating their own world wherever they appear.

How could they be actors and each clonk and clang and piff and poke a well-timed
theatrical gesture painstakingly practiced before camera crews and tight-lipped
bean counters worried about going over budget? I can accept almost any other talent,
comic or dramatic, as an actor working for money to create the illusion of a make-believe
world I can believe in—but not the Stooges. Wherever I see them, the world disappears
and I feel I'm staring through a window into a dream or doom of ladders, paint buckets,
cuckoo clocks, seltzer bottles and suits of armor—all the silly furniture of their violent
poetry—forever exploding cream pies of zookeepers, landlords and authority figures
who've had their spirit gum and horsehair beards terminally tangled in the gears of the
all-devouring madness machine, crunching through patterns and rules, devouring
meaning and spitting out the Stooges' lunatic chitter-chatter as they race off to create
the beauty of still more confusion—a fantastic snaking crowd of outraged citizens forever
chasing them into the deeper spiral of the lunacy that's wound tight like a watchspring,
trembling with the pressure of exasperation and envy for their hopeless indestructible
sublime and contagious stupidity that continually conquers.

PANDAS NEED FUCKING HELP

Pandas need fucking help
It's up to you and it's up to me
Pandas need fucking help

If they don't get better at the nasty
They'll all be in the past, see?
Pandas need fucking help

We need to show 'em some porn
Get more bears born
Cause pandas need fucking help

And the girls sing...

Pandy...needs to get randy...Pandy...needs to get randy

Pandas need to stop lookin' so cutie
Pandas need to start getting' some booty
Pandas need fucking help

If they don't get better at the nasty
They'll all be in the past, see?
Pandas need fucking help

Extinction awaits those who don't copulate
Don't get the panda habit
Fuck every day like a rabbit

Sex is the healer, sex is the drug
That keeps you an animal 'stead of being a rug