

Burn This PDF: Blue Whales in 1908

Syrianus

© 2018 Syrianus of Boise
bluevelvetreview.com

Contents

| | |
|--|----|
| You Just Can't Discuss Sex In This Country ... | 5 |
| Blue Whales in 1908 ... | 6 |
| Doctors ... | 7 |
| Inscrutable Geometry ... | 9 |
| Manhattan and San Francisco ... | 10 |
| Black on Black on Black on Black ... | 11 |
| The NBA Playoffs ... | 12 |
| The DJ at Our Wedding ... | 14 |
| The Three Essentials for Climbing High ... | 16 |
| Real Estate & Photography ... | 18 |
| A Somewhat Large Amount of the Complimentary Jungle Juice ... | 19 |
| Elmhurst ... | 20 |
| Zuckerberg Elegy ... | 21 |
| Emilio's Confession ... | 23 |
| Strindberg's Autobiographies ... | 25 |

| | |
|---|----|
| Irate Again ... | 26 |
| LeBron James, In My Opinion ... | 27 |
| NBA Replica Breakaway Pants ... | 28 |
| Vigorous Pace / Voluptuous Ass ... | 29 |
| &&&& ... | 31 |
| Appropriately Erotic ... | 32 |
| College Basketball ... | 33 |
| A Tender Tribute to My Good Friend Gertrude ... | 35 |
| Timing is Everything ... | 36 |
| My Sincere Apologies ... | 37 |
| Feb 15 (The Day After Valentine's Day) ... | 38 |
| Feeling A Little Unimpressed ... | 40 |
| Fish Tanks and Water Tanks ... | 41 |
| Ode to John Stockton ... | 42 |
| Stevie ... | 43 |
| Kenneth Koch ... | 44 |
| Sketchings of a Better Day ... | 45 |

Untitled ... 46

Another Christmas Tree Shop Poem ... 47

Tina's Italian Kitchen (Reprise) ... 49

You Just Can't Discuss Sex In This Country

Dr Ruggieri's receptionist, in an, at first, ebullient tone,
left a voice message that said,
HI NICHOLAS!! I'm just calling from
Dr Ruggieri's office, and
I, um, just wanted
to tell you that your blood sugar is . . . FINE.

I said something nonchalant about wanting to see
her scars; she wore a turquoise necklace
over an old stab wound - scents transmute
Stop N Shops into
lost loves; the receptionist for Dr Ruggieri left

an ebullient message because she wanted
to tell me - Nicholas! - that
my blood sugar was . . . FINE; the ebullient

receptionist for Dr Ruggieri,
according to her voice message,
apparently believed my blood sugar was . . . FINE; after
listening
to the voice message left by Dr Ruggieri's ebullient
receptionist,
I came to the necessary, yet ebullient, conclusion
my blood sugar was . . . FINE.

Blue Whales in 1908

The blue whale has the largest penis of any animal on the planet with an average of eight to ten feet per penis, and I actually, believe it or not, drank her left contact lens in the glass of water she left at the sink after the wedding - the blue whale with the four foot seven inch penis has a micropenis. The blue whale, despite having a four foot seven inch penis has, in fact, a micropenis. Jesus was crucified at age thirty three, you thought, vigorously attempting to rid yourself of all remaining vices and ribaldry at the rapidly approaching conclusion of your thirty second year. Ezra Pound paid eight bucks to have a hundred of his books printed 1908, and it's widely believed

the historical Jesus was
crucified at the age of thirty three - the blue whale's
micropenis is, in fact, the exact size of a girl
I more or less quote-unquote fell in love with five years
ago.

Doctors

It almost goes without saying that
I don't exactly have an incredible amount
of respect for doctors; given the amount
of pernicious prescription drugs currently being
mercilessly pumped throughout our
society how could you possibly? how
can you possibly maintain anywhere in the vicinity
of an incredible amount of respect for these doctors
given

the lubricious market, pumping pills incessantly,
countrywide, for prescription drugs? - and Melissa used
to love cutting us
deals on drinks until I
discovered how much
I loved Moscow Mules, and after ordering possibly my

tenth Moscow Mule I astutely noted the taste
was almost exactly the same
as ginger ale! - it almost goes without saying that
I don't exactly have an incredible amount
of respect for doctors.

College educated white males no longer consume
literary fiction on a commercial scale it seems;
in my dream, my coworkers
found the fact I was fully nude both surprising and
amusing, and
we both agreed
it was possible the chefs ejaculated
in our entrees given our behavior
following the botched reservation, and it almost goes
without saying that
I don't exactly have an incredible amount
of respect for doctors; given the amount
of pernicious prescription drugs currently being

mercilessly pumped throughout our
society how could you possibly?-and
college educated
white males, it seems, no longer
consume literary fiction on a commercial scale.

Inscrutable Geometry

I told a Lebanese bar manager to tell a Guatemalan girl,
who I'd never met, that I asked my dad
how to say Unbreakable in Greek, because she wanted
a
tattoo that said Unbreakable in Greek, when, in reality,
I googled Unbreakable in Greek, I never asked my dad,
and
I heard, from a source
I can't recall, Martin Luther King was a ruthless
philanderer, so when, one night, I overheard Martin
Luther King posthumously
narrating a Dodge RAM Super Bowl commercial
I couldn't stop imagining Martin Luther King
getting his cock jocularly sucked by prostitutes. Smoking
two cigars on a Saturday afternoon with a minor
acquaintance when you promised yourself

you'd smoke no cigars, not even one cigar,
on a Saturday afternoon. I had a vivid dream
my now dead dog Pericles,
a Bichon Frise, was, for days on end, warding off a series
of
slowly emerging, malignant and inorganic,
beings in the backyard of my childhood home, and
I looked out the window at him, fluffy
and territorial, and realized it was only a matter
of time before he would succumb to
a terrifying, agonizing death - certain elements
can never be reassembled, yet, at one time,
these elements were ostensibly in place,
assembled appropriately, in perfect harmony,
with inscrutable geometry, but it's now doubtful
they could ever be put there, back
into place.
Manhattan and San Francisco

You look like a guy
who likes to eat an ass, he said, without a trace of irony,
actually intently curious, at the
conclusion of the sit down dinner, and Ron with the cum
white
ponytail down the hall
with the pitch black cat that sat
outside his open door murdered five people in his youth,
but he served his thirty years; but now Ron's dead too;
three trash bags of his belongings
sat outside his door last Saturday morning; you look like
a guy
who likes to eat an ass, he said, without a trace of irony,
actually intently curious, at the conclusion
of the sit down dinner.

Black on Black on Black on Black

The pleasure police stood ominously in
black on black on black on black
as all the walls fell down, and we stood
with my soppressata overflowing through her palms,
and the mentally challenged man in the
North Providence police uniform
stood behind the counter at the pizza parlor
as I picked up my small pizza with ricotta cheese - and
the pleasure police stood ominously in
black on black on black on black -
my soppressata overflowing mellifluously through her
palms;
the pretense of the institution is
reinforced by a financial reliance
on government grants, my soppressata
overflowing through her palms.

The NBA Playoffs

It just so happened, driving home from work, an SUV cut me off
with a license plate that read KSNYA, which, as it so happened, was the name of a girl who's birthday was THAT day,
a girl who I'd explicitly promised myself I would NOT text; in fact,
I'd made an explicit pact with myself that, under NO circumstances, would I wish this girl, whose name
I was now essentially STARING at,
a happy birthday - you lied about your current methods
of maintaining your pubic hair on Federal Hill, didn't you? I attempt to discover comfort in solitude.

It just so happened, driving home from work, an SUV cut
me off
with a license plate that read KSNYA; gazing into the
distance
of an unoccupied golf course, hoards of people
gregariously
congregating behind you, you attempt to discover comfort
in relative solitude.
It was only when I finally mounted the stairmaster
that I realized I'd made a terrible mistake, that I should
have,

in retrospect, followed my instinct and
watched the NBA Playoffs within the confines of my
apartment.
It just so happened, driving home from work, an SUV cut
me off
with a license plate that read KSNYA; I attempt to
discover comfort

in solitude. It's only within solitude, generally speaking,
that
I attempt to discover comfort.

The DJ at Our Wedding

But all of our autobiographies are entirely accurate! we
cried, despite
the fact the New York Times gave us glistening rave
reviews.

But commercial art is reprehensible! we shouted,
demanding Wolpe's Piano Sonata No. 1 to be played
in its entirety at our wedding reception.

This is a joke, don't do it! she said, knowing entirely well,
before and after she said it, that
I'd partake in the very same joke in the near future.

In my notebook,
standing by the urinal,

I wrote the words Looking in mirror multiple times per day
to recall
organic existence as the young man entered the
bathroom.

But we can't recall ourselves without the constant
assistance of mirrors!
we cried, despite the fact the New York Times gave us
glistening
rave reviews.

But we've forgot ourselves in the midst of our constant
consumption
of commercial art! we shouted, listening to Wolpe's Piano
Sonata No. 1
in its entirety at our wedding reception.

It just, I don't know, kind of seemed like a JOKE to us, as
we desperately searched - in vain! - for

a mirror, apparently
duped for decades into a false sense of the corporeal.

The Three Essentials for Climbing High

The structure of dissemination has reversed - 'He argued
rightly;

to steal, perjure yourself, and make a receiver of your
rump

are three essentials for climbing high!' - yes, we've
indeed

taken account of the acute reversal in the disseminating
structure.

In the discarded story, the twelve foot stack of
anthropomorphic clerical paper

bought me an espresso on Branch Avenue, and, yes, the
structure of

dissemination has reversed (this is correct - yes, yes,
we've noted a marked reversal in both the dissemination
structure

and the structure of the dissemination). Alcibiades,
in Plato's account of The Symposium at least, found
Socrates'
speech patterns to be the most
profound music he'd ever heard and for good reason, and
I thought I'm
done - absolutely DONE! - with the Wonton Strips!
staring at an empty red bowl in my cubicle's closet;
reading Bach's Wikipedia page without a sense of
pretense;
the loss of love leads to a recurrent
euphoria in recollection, I thought, watching TV, relaxing
on a
Saturday afternoon, and - correct -
the structure of dissemination has reversed; we've noted
a stark reversal in the structure of dissemination, which,
inevitably,
assisted us in arriving at the conclusion that the

structure of dissemination has, indeed, reversed course completely.

Real Estate & Photography

There's a profound importance to just, you know, starting
fresh
and completely destroying years worth of
arduous work, and driving to my parents' new home I
realized I despise
real estate, and photography
catastrophically ruined my first true love, 'and if at some
point
you go for a walk in the woods, and someone takes

a photo of you, then for the next eighty years
you're always walking in the woods. There's nothing you
can
do about it.' There's a profound importance to, you know
what I mean - just STARTING FRESH, and I, regrettably,
interrogated

the initial sincerity of my melancholy after I was informed
my Great Aunt Helen lay on her deathbed, and driving to
my parents'
new home I realized I despise
real estate, and photography catastrophically
ruined my first true love.

A Somewhat Large Amount of the Complimentary Jungle Juice

Following a housewarming party where I imbibed
somewhat of a large amount of the complimentary jungle
juice, we
moseyed into a gentleman's venue downtown
where I took note of a girl
on stage with the open long-sleeve flannel,
dancing noticeably nonchalantly with the
chandelier nipple rings; Dave's video,
in the final analysis, was little beyond mediocre gonzo
porn,
I thought, standing in the cigar bar where none
of us were smoking cigars. 'That history
just unfolds, independently of a specific direction, a

goal, no one is willing to admit.'-prosthetic breasts jiggling
to Chopin

in late April, Nate passed
away at the age of twenty one, or maybe twenty two,
by an entirely aleatory hockey puck to the heart, and
when

I attended his tenth anniversary memorial, this past
September - prosthetic breasts jiggling to Chopin in late
April - I moseyed

around the back of the East Providence

Yacht Club with the specific intent

of avoiding the twenty dollar cover at the front, allegedly
out of respect for the memory of his tendencies.

Elmhurst

When I was asking if asking out
an exotic dancer to dinner was advisable or not, standing
on the deck at Lola's on the water,
Andrew clearly realized
it wasn't quite prudent but stayed slyly silent,
and I was craving a specialty grilled cheese
from this place called Say Cheese - all I could think
about was this grilled cheese from Say Cheese - despite
the fact I wasn't really hungry. A young Spanish kid
shouts
Suck THESE nuts!
as you shoot a three up
on a desolate playground in Elmhurst, and, as the
persons
who suffered from mental disabilities
were wheeled gracefully into a series of

white vans, you projectile vomited
into a bush outside the business. A young Spanish kid
shouts
Suck THESE nuts!
as you shoot a three up
on a desolate playground in Elmhurst, and on a Saturday
night Jess
gave you an outstanding and extended shoulder rub,
which
was as euphoric as it was flummoxing - Jess openly
despised you.
A young Spanish kid shouts
Suck THESE Nuts!
as you shoot a three up
on a desolate playground in Elmhurst.

Zuckerberg Elegy

A young person's winter
coat was hiked up to the nipple region, and a young
person's sweatpants were jacked down to the knee -
joint
area - a young black kid in need of a haircut, eight years
old or so, had his tiny schlong exposed; he was
dispensing
piss out of his tiny schlong
into the middle of the parking
lot in front of the six small
businesses below my studio apartment, and,
sitting at lunch
I overheard a person explicitly denigrate
Mark Zuckerberg's character, and this
was the second time that day,
mid-Wednesday, that I'd overheard, or directly heard,

a person, justly, denigrate
Mark Zuckerberg's character,
and I felt a little ripped off, as I felt as though
I'd despised Mark Zuckerberg for upward
of a decade, and only now was the rest of the country
adopting my opinion,
and, unfortunately,

I had a loogie of mucus stuck
in my throat while sitting in traffic, so I rolled
my window down and, without hesitation, spat the loogie
but
completely missed the window, and the
loogie landed on my window buttons, so
I wiped my viscous spit with my
fleece sleeve, but the person in the
car adjacent definitely witnessed
the whole thing; a young person's winter
coat was hiked up to the nipple region, and a young

person's sweatpants were jacked down to the knee-joint
area-a young black kid in need of a haircut, eight years
old or so, had his tiny schlong exposed; he was
dispensing
piss out of his tiny schlong
into the middle of the parking
lot in front of the six small
businesses below my studio apartment.

Emilio's Confession

Weeks pass where the most
intense states of joy I experience
occur from a fresh Q-tip
entering the orifice of my right ear.
Two young beautiful white men sitting on adjacent
loveseats
and jacking themselves off, cumming simultaneously,
discussing the future prospects
of the price of palladium.
I found myself intensely contemplating

what she, as a relatively unbiased
bystander, could possibly think of the entire ordeal,
if she, in fact, thought anything of the
entire ordeal, but I didn't ask,
thinking, optimistically, that at some future date

I would indeed ask for her opinion
on the entire ordeal, knowing for a fact
that I'd never, for as long as I live,
even speak with her, much less
ask her about anything, much less regarding

the entire ordeal, and having just run over
a gigantic pothole off of
Branch Ave, Emilio told
everyone in the car he'd shaved
his buttohole earlier in the
evening; weeks pass where
the most intense states of joy I experience
occur from a fresh Q-tip entering the orifice
of my right ear. Even though I realize doctors
advise against it vehemently, I've
developed somewhat of an addiction to
Q-tips, especially with regard to my right ear;
weeks pass where the most

intense states of joy I experience
occur from a fresh Q-tip entering the orifice
of my right ear.

Strindberg's Autobiographies

I was pacing throughout my apartment consuming a calorically absurd amount of Cape Cod potato chips discussing the merits of contemporary poetry with myself; ancient Attica, the alleged apex of democracy, consisted of only, essentially, thirty thousand or so participants, and Strindberg's autobiographies are more humorous, in my opinion at least, than they're generally given credit for.

True:

he was irate, he just couldn't believe the bar was now charging NINE dollars for a vodka soda?! And, frankly, he had a point. A bar on the south side of Providence, in a strip mall next

to a bargain bin Chinese restaurant, really
had no business charging nine dollars for a mid level
vodka; plus a guy was shot and killed
outside the bar just a year or two ago.

Irate Again

The girl who gave me the evil eye sitting
on the barstool had a face the shape
of a ball sack, and Curt buys
his off brand butt wipes for \$2.99 by the twenty pack
at the Christmas Tree Shop,
and John Berryman, in of course a SCHOLARLY manner,

magnanimously informed The Paris Review
that the critics rarely, IF EVER,
quote-unquote Miss A Great Poet, then he jumped off a
fucking bridge,
and Curt buys his off brand butt wipes
for \$2.99 by the twenty pack at

The Christmas Tree Shop,
and it's no longer en vogue to point out

the latent pedophilia present
in the Early Dialogues of Plato, and the girl who
gave me an evil eye, sitting on a barstool at Troop,

had a face the shape of a ballsack,
and when Jess ambled over to feel my ass,
only to audaciously claim my ass
Wasn't That Nice, knowing full well
I have a beautiful ass, I was irate.

LeBron James, In My Opinion

When Curt,
who inevitably took offense to my hairline
superseding his hairline, pulled my hair back to
inspect the hairline behind the hair, so to speak,
I was immediately moved to a state of utter trepidation,
as I knew too well the arrival of this day was
preordained,
when all of my commendable qualities
would be exposed as utterly fraudulent, and LeBron
James,
in my opinion,
looked as though he'd put on a few
pounds on the slightly
distorted wall-sized TV screen, and LeBron James,
in my opinion,
looked as though he'd put on a few

pounds on the slightly
distorted wall-sized TV screen, and
the bar had a used wet wipe
odor to it, and I thought
I have less than an iota of respect for any
of these politicians,
these politicians are corrupt across
the board, from Republican to Green Party,
I despise these politicians.

NBA Replica Breakaway Pants

At this stage in my life, I've reconciled myself to the fact I have higher standards than most when it comes to celery, cucumbers as well - I analyze produce with an acuity, frankly, most of my peers will never achieve, and she apparently found me uncouth when - after she noted she was working on her masseuse certification - I benignly mentioned certain massage parlors in Providence were known for so-called Happy Endings, for, just to clarify, jacking off clients to conclude their massages. My friend Ryan,

who died an agonizing
death in November,
used to wear all different NBA replica
breakaway pants, so he could tear them off
expediently to jack off to porn
as soon as his mother left for the grocery store, and
at this stage in
my life, I've reconciled myself
to the fact I have higher
standards than most when
it comes to celery, cucumbers
as well - I analyze produce
with an acuity, frankly, most
of my peers will never
achieve.

Vigorous Pace / Voluptuous Ass

As I ran on the treadmill at a vigorous pace
I noted a voluptuous ass on the elliptical machine
directly in front of my treadmill, and, running at
a vigorous pace, time suddenly
progressing at an excruciatingly reduced tempo, I
decided
to stare indiscriminately
at the voluptuous ass, and sitting at Curt's mother's
dinner table on a
late evening on an Easter Sunday,
Hillary, who sat next to me, informed a male
hairdresser, who sat next to her, that I used
to shave my so-called Widow's Peak when I had
my hair short, and it was SO stupid! - and it
occurred to me that
I possess the ability

to urinate more or less
on command, regardless
of whether or not I
experience a traditional
so-called urge to dispense
urine from my urethra; it
occurred to me that
I possess the ability
to urinate more or less
on command, regardless
of whether or not I
experience a traditional
so-called urge to dispense
urine from my urethra. Sitting on the North Providence
town beach
on a perfect Sunday afternoon, I'm severely
lacking in glee - my glee is dissipated; I'm
desperately searching for glee and discover none.

&&&&&

Only when performing my final four
tricep dips on the tricep dip machine
did I notice a jizz stain the size of a Canadian quarter
clearly visible on my plain logoless
black t-shirt, and the cucumbers

at the post-wedding brunch were atrocious, and
the Vice Principal Martha knew for years jumped off
the Mt Hope Bridge, he was such a nice guy,
his wife, the daughter of Vinny Sabinski,
you know from high school, ASKED him
for a divorce, and I said Wait is this the

Swansea Public Library, standing in the parking lot
of the Swansea Public Library, enjoying the
drizzling rain, and, sitting upstairs at Red Fez,

he said So yeah, when I dated her

she wouldn't even blow me, then the next guy
she dated she ate his
ass! - and the cucumbers at the post-wedding
brunch were atrocious, as so many of
the celery and cucumbers I come across
tend to be.

Appropriately Erotic

Stretching in vaguely sexual positions
standing in front of all the treadmills
on a frigid Friday evening. I felt then - and still
feel strongly now - that getting frisked at
the hookah spot is appropriately erotic. I had
a dream Elaine Benes was slowly
getting her throat cut across the country club kitchen,
then woke up to find a young
black girl with fluorescent braids standing
across my bedroom for a consecutive ten seconds.

Stretching

in vaguely sexual positions standing in front
of all the treadmills on a frigid Friday
evening; pulling my cock out
at the gymnasium urinal. I felt then - and still
feel strongly now - that getting frisked

at the hookah spot is appropriately
erotic.

College Basketball

I'm happy
college basketball players
are wearing thigh high shorts
right now; I've been a fan of
thigh high shorts for a while.
That isn't a political statement.

I knew there was no way I was going to
Farhad's wedding, but I didn't begin brainstorming
excuses in the oyster bar, instead I
slid my phone back into my pocket and made
a mental note to think of polite ways to tell
Farhad I couldn't attend his wedding later
that week, then I thought about jotting
down a note on my phone to remind myself to

think of polite excuses later that week, thinking
I'd probably forget my mental note and then, when
Farhad inevitably sent me a follow
up text, I would more or less have to respond

on the spot, that I'd have no time
to think of a polite excuse to
not attend his wedding, then
I thought about how I didn't
feel like pulling
my phone back out of my pocket
to jot down a note as Cormier
walked in the door and sat down.

I'm happy
college basketball players
are wearing thigh high shorts
right now; I've been a fan of
thigh high shorts for a while.

That isn't a political statement.

I had my jeans rolled up over
my boat shoes and made a
point to tell people the jeans
were rolled up because
it was so hot out, but I
just liked the style; frankly,
I was simply too embarrassed
to admit I liked the style, and within ten
months I'd come to the conclusion adopting
the style of dress was an
error in judgment on my part, that I
was getting too old to credibly adopt that style

of dress, and, in retrospect, it was definitively
embarrassing, and, in an
ideal world, I would somehow, one
way or another, be able to strike that period

of my life, in addition to so many other
periods of my life, from the
record of my life for good, but I simply can't,
there's simply no way.

I'm happy
college basketball players
are wearing thigh high shorts
right now; I've been a fan of
thigh high shorts for a while.
That isn't a political statement.

A Tender Tribute to My Good Friend Gertrude

No offense, I began,
already slightly offended at my own impending
remark, and, to the best of my knowledge - oh,
by the way 'there is no delight and no mathematics'-
it seems none of my peers, right around the turn of the
millennium,
toured Iraq to write a culturally significant
and personally lucrative novel based on said
tours in Iraq; no offense, I began,
already slightly offended at my own impending remark,
and
I began by saying No offense, although
I was already slightly offended at my own impending
remark;
sitting at Ming Hai on Park Ave next to the Jiffy Lube
on the afternoon of May 2, 2014

my nerves usurped me!
'What does it express,
it expresses nausea.'

Timing is Everything

Roses are red.

Both my grandmas are dead.

Violets are purple not blue.

I told her I loved her;

she said, "Fuck you."

Timing is everything.

My Sincere Apologies

I was clandestinely employing one of my dad's
two identical nose trimmers
on what was, at that point, an idyllic Sunday afternoon -
ad hominem

is, in fact, a fallacy, and, I was clandestinely employing
one of my dad's two identical nose trimmers
on what was, to that point, an idyllic Sunday afternoon,

and, in addition, ad hominem is, in fact, wholly fallacious.
I was clandestinely employing one of my dad's
two identical nose trimmers
on what was, to that point, an idyllic Sunday afternoon,

and have you ever wondered why
some countries are just so egregiously
geographically large, staring at a map

and agreeing with the fact ad hominem is, in fact,
not only a fallacy but wholly fallacious?

Feb 15 (The Day After Valentine's Day)

I realized, sitting at my desk on the evening of Feb 14,
I thought sitting at my desk on the evening of Feb 15,
that I received two phone calls from a Blocked ID
during the early afternoon of Feb 14, and I answered both
calls,

and the caller hung up both times!
'Speaking for myself, facts and
figures have always left me unimpressed,'
and I'm admittedly a little unsure, given the somewhat
violent fluctuations I've experienced over the past
two decades, whether or not this language
is capable of cogently expressing my
so-called feelings in any sort of
enduring manner.

During the afternoon of Feb 14, which was actually,
believe it or not, Valentine's Day,
I thought sitting at my desk on the evening of Feb 15,
I received two phone calls from a Blocked ID,
and I of course answered both calls,

and the caller hung up both times!
and I'm admittedly a little,
just you know a little unsure, given these what
I'll call VOLATILE OSCILLATIONS I've seemed to
experience over the past two decades, whether or
not this, or any other, language is capable
of cogently expressing my so-called feelings,
or describing what quote-unquote actually occurs,
in any sort of enduring way.

It goes more or less without saying that,
I thought sitting at my desk on the evening of Feb 15,
which was of course the day AFTER Valentine's Day,

that when I received two phone calls, both from a
Blocked ID,
during the early afternoon of Feb 14, which was, I
believe,
actually Valentine's Day, I answered both calls,

and the caller, as soon as I answered the
phone, hung up both times! - yet
I didn't realize the calls occurred
on Feb 14 until the evening of Feb 14, sitting at my desk,
which was, and I still can't quite believe this, actually
VALENTINE'S Day.

Feeling A Little Unimpressed

The last thing a disenfranchised group of people
needs is a poem.

Brushing your teeth in the first floor bathroom,
you, in a mischievous manner,
strongly consider approaching and peeing
next to the old man who just ambled to the urinal,

and the last thing a disenfranchised group of people
needs is a poem; a poem, frankly, is just about the
last thing the disenfranchised are currently requesting,
and at the complimentary reception
at Tony's in Cranston,
the owner, presumably Tony, ambled
around, resembling a jovial fossil with a pinky ring,
and gregariously and graciously greeted all of the
patrons,

and I'd find the name brand lavatory wet wipe
I'd placed in my coat pocket that morning, that I'd
received for my birthday in August, and at the time,
despite the fact a poem is the last thing
the disenfranchised really need,

it felt like midnight - until
I saw the November sun still hung
above the clear chilled clouds on the club patio.

Fish Tanks and Water Tanks

Water bottle supermodel
with the luscious acronym apple under
pear trees. Very, very, very!
Yes, of course. Subtle marketing
under umbrellas
hydrogen particles sucking off
enough - libidinal biopharmaceuticals
next to steaks. Dollar Tree
supply chain. The calculator is
missing an eight key.
What exists is knuckle, knuckle.
Who's there?
Sketching, sketching.
Pitching, pitching.
Bill was at the bar
which reminded me

of the last time Bill was at the bar.
Fish tank, water tank, man with beard.
Fifty thousand, sixty thousand.
Rocks for fifty dollars.
Rocks for fifty dollars.
Rocks for fifty dollars.

Ode to John Stockton

There's no market for equal -
white lines blue lines red lines
dead lines. Who said dimes?
Social ridicule and penmanship, let's discuss ink,
YET.

What are we skateboard equal sign
infinite repetition missing here
if not the zoo elephant shone six.
That interrogative wasn't redacted for
God's sake!

One hundred and forty eight
pinky finger cuticle.
Isn't that cutest?
Email Joe knows assist. John Stockton
wasn't from Boston
or maybe coins, coins, coins!

Coins! Currency
and and and and -
rebuffed. He fluffed
his, uh, tears and fears.
Beers and leering yellow
sun son some um.

Stevie

If we all relied on suicide the tide
would see its plastic drastically redacted.

Kenneth Koch

I decided it time to write a rhyming poem
after reading a Kenneth Koch rhyming poem.
The fact is the time for knowing has passed,
and everyone in the group text's an ass,
but the bureaucrat we knew in Europe laughed
at the notion we had the purest dads.
Certain stacks of fervent slabs of uncut cocaine
made the man at the wedding vain
enough to pursue the female
who sweats every detail
of the selfies she takes in vain.
It may be plain
to see, but it's never exactly a pain
to be incredibly drunk at six pm,
where we sat at The Fire with the three of them,
and I ordered martinis by the threes

until the tab arrived and I couldn't see
in straight lines.

Tomorrow's date night,
but for now we hit the baby shower down the road.

Sketchings of a Better Day

Encapsulate the erectile dysfunction
twenty seven conjunctions flunked out
of an uncouth cloth cough-filled
and eventually coffinized
super sized and Balkinized
often I'm looking for the words to say
and laughing at birds of prey
or praying to man, tis
the season for it.

My grandma used to let me say SHIT!
Shit, shit, shit!

She was eventually coffinized
super sized, Balkinized.

Modern Greek surrealist painters -
water color under cover bed sized
angels with the waxed crevices

Dublin teens drinking days sensibly away
Potato farmers, lowan winters, swallowing splinters,
all out of pinchers, I'm a loud flint stone.
No, no, no, no, no,
"He had endless time on his hands,
which in itself is the mark
of a great soul."
"and even that is thoroughly confused,
as is all history to me."

Untitled

Penning gay mob poems, and I'm unabashedly about to
burn the newspapers, watching the adorable
mannerisms of the recorded
young child made you just want to
jump off a bridge!

My younger sister solemnly weeping giving a speech
in the cloud covered cemetery, and
my Italian loafers were soaked!
'I need your disapproval, can't live
without your churlish ways.'

My mommy said she loves my verses
as the Earth splurges when it comes to hearses,
vagina bald as Philip Larkin; she wasn't wearing
panties on the bar stool.

Penning gay mob poems, adorable mannerisms,
high bridges with your name on them,

the paternity test was superfluous.

Another Christmas Tree Shop Poem

“Reading Person/a was interesting for me,
because I’m actually working on another
autobiographical novel myself . . .”

“I’m taking a dump at Christmas tree
shops [sic] with my mom”

A bar with dozens of mirrors.
Both of our lives in tatters.
But all we hear is our laughter,
mostly because nothing matters.

(The autobiography is always just a little incongruent, and
the ass implants
are expediently proliferating; infinite en medio, there’s a
tsunami or something,

and it's akin to currency values. The ass implants are, in my routine saunterings at least, proliferating at a rapid pace - and the political philosophy of the popular thought leader was magnificently ornamental.)

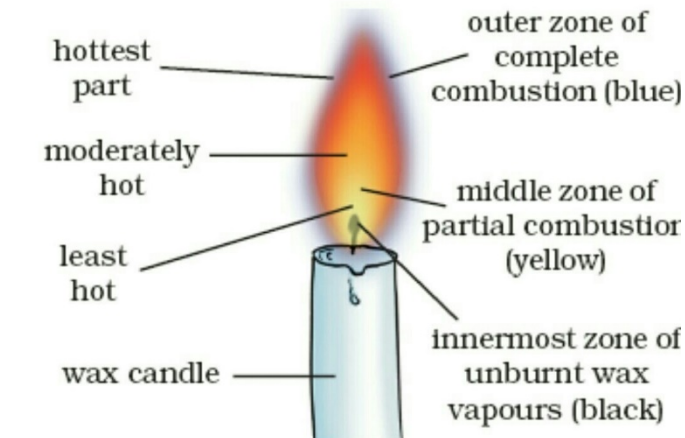
((In Tai Pei, the protagonist Paul, in the last third of the novel, reproaches his wife for failing to shower an adequate amount, and I wondered if that was fictional. Tao Lin's Wikipedia page identifies the woman he married, and I wondered if she only had hygienic issues in a fictional manner, or if she actually had an odor about her at times. I perused Tao Lin's Wikipedia page after reading Tao Lin's novel Tai Pei and strenuously

pondered whether or not Tao Lin's wife indeed had issues with hygiene,
or if the issue with Paul's wife's hygiene was the part of Tai Pei Tao Lin fictionalized? It's possible this ambiguity doesn't bother her, but, staring at Tao Lin's Wikipedia page,
I thought, "That would bother me. If my ex-wife wrote an autobiographical novel, said she fictionalized portions of it,
didn't say which portions she fictionalized, then wrote in said novel that her ex-husband's ass stunk, that would bother me. People would have no idea if my ass stunk or not, and that would bother me.")

Tina's Italian Kitchen (Reprise)

The Cambodian grandma, quite attractive,
propositioned you straight out for sex
at the back bar of the Christmas Party,
and the building that harbored Tina's Italian Kitchen
is irreversibly demolished, and despite
the fact the ambiance was always mediocre at best
I feel a sudden sullen mood overcome me;
I amble up the stairs consumed by a melancholy
I can't quite grasp.
'You want me. But he needs you. Yet you're telling me
everything is cool.'
'Gu Cheng murdered his wife with an ax and hung
himself.'
I slapped her ass with the back
of my right hand then winced in pain;
I'd clipped my cuticles a little too short,

and they'd been stinging unceasingly
all week. The Cambodian grandma, quite attractive,
propositioned you straight out for sex
at the back bar of the Christmas Party.
At the back bar of the Christmas Party,
the Cambodian woman, who's children had children,
informed you her boyfriend was
currently out of town and asked you if
escorting her home that evening
would be something you'd find appealing?



bluevelvetreview.com