Clouds & the wind & shit—
Ben & J Lo in the news, old celestial
haunts turn petty, once again.

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Stammering their way through existence, one jackhammer blow away from the finite certitude that whatever lives with them, loves them. Perfect testimonial to end all testimonials, just a reach away.

I'll begin where last we left off—

There's a particular method in use.

The trick is to see if you can guess what it might be.
Story of the vicious boyfriend drowned in his own blood & guilt. The media loved the image of the girlfriend coming upon his prostrate, earth-bound form slumped over itself, glistening under the dew of the early morning. An ever avid & willing public satisfactorily fed, the spittle of previous viewings drying upon their lips. & this wasn’t even half of what she told us that auspicious eve gathered before her parent’s hearth.

There is that world welcomed by way of sense to which each of us pays recompense,

waiting through the course of the day while solitudes shift and boredoms stay.

To this particular hour the weather permits a sudden sense seized of moments.
Other hauntings, the books I've read, the ones I haven't. Times I wish had passed with greater love, less pain. Little memories I keep for the loss of them. Facts of the story. The plot. I always understand the plot and lose the theme. My life an endless following through, getting nowhere. I punch through at times, meaning, I am getting over, out, of it. The absolute end of the affair comes, turn the page. Read on.

I wish I was the saint a friend so often dreamed of, possessed of the culpability to fall in behind the rumors balanced by the knowledge to remain firm against them. Trying to ride motorcross amid the wreck of everyday life.
They said:

Yes, you can. You can do it.
Put your mind to it.
Sit and place the words

*Where they belong.*

Not to decide the dilemma, if dilemma it is, for you. This takes time. I understand you have been traveling. In east Italy they say that the western peninsula is all the rage. On an island off the coast I come looking for the reward of your face.
The narrative is the device in use. Spooks are ghosts without houses. Living on the page, the line is all they know. With every breath a spook is inhaled. Thousands race around inside our heads messing with our lives. This project, like others before, is an attempt to get them out of the mind onto the page. Do not mess with this shit unless you’ve undergone the training and earned the credentials. Nobody dead likes to be fucked with.

The important thing is I keep talking.
It’s true nobody believes.
The sun shines, boys and girls walk hand in hand,
along the river, boats go by.
The things under my control go wild.
Clouds and familiar faces continue past,
the bank with all my money,
the restaurants full of friends and good food,
the whole city busy without a thought of you.
You best find a way to get over it.
To mingle with the sharpest heads on the planet tourists drive down in packs expecting bohemian types. The night I saw a man dying carries me still. On the floor with the mad old women and the mad old men pee in each other's mouths, I have not learned about masturbation, I am an innocent. The books I read to be smart. They must be long and I must try to remember everything, even the bad, boring stuff I skim over. He joined the Navy and I prayed for a submarine death.

This is to be poetry. There is danger in a waking dream. The lie of the night, a sleepless worry which slips away. In a shirtless city there is sorrow, a greater fear points past the present picture.

These arrangements in times of fervent denial register among listeners—the challenge of the marks the greatest risk they'll ever know.
To belong anywhere. The impulse behind every action.
The lost bones buried in the backyard years and years
ago. To speak of the closet. A hum in the wires. The
squirrels knocked to death by crows. The neighbor
awakened by a perverse light emitted from the window
next door. The approach of winter asks every difficult
question but one. The natural impulse to stop and stare.