

dog
barks
up
a
tree
at
the
apple
left
in
it
under
a
deerslim
moon

18 Poems
by Ann Bogle

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Another girl to figure out

no reason to break here/
want to tell her kinship to it
blue save them walked past
phone legs of dead Lady
victim standing just inside
betrayed her gray cherry
comfortable guilty long name
configuration of all mother
beautiful shades of protective
touches head lay nosegays
know French therapy bill
college man strong enough

Borgo Was 29 on His Birthday

when the long arm of the law
hit his parade in the right hand
and brought his trombone pedal
to a dead stop on Mifflin Street

Buy this bag of fluits
to take home to Wisconsin
now I'm in Wisconsin
in the Constitution
where I now live
in a little crater of its map
for all time
which is now

Borgo was 29 and a half
when he learned French
for all time
for all time
which is eleven hours
out of midnight or another way
to say it is: avec

Borgo was 31 when he saw
that tall cancer-causing arial
she-devil (but really not, he was thinking)
Betty named Borga
saying many prayers to no-God
—so forthrightly, too,
he liked her immediately.

Borga was 21 when she said
let's be Borga
Okay, they said
And so they were
Borgo, or: The Tall People

Borgo said 1979
So Borga remembered 1979
for him, just in case,
for what if:

a driver license
or an act of god
or a marriage license
or even a lease
for an apartment
you never know, she said
so he said, okay
you remember,
so she did.

Borgo was an age
beyond remembering
when he put his black horn rimmed
glasses in his tool drawer
next to his tiny set
of screwdrivers and bought wire rimmed gold

Easier to break, he said.

Consumerism, she said,
and that failure of hers
to spend enough
became a next desire
to earn close to nothing

Each project, each signing, each book,
each line of verse, song, every idea
that could turn a promise
Borgo put the whole heart in that
at 51.

Catnip

Orange fur corpuscle of
instantaneous muscle relaxant

Silly little smart one
girl of no big vagina

smells air,
remembers boys from outdoors.

They hook you, you lamb.
Pensive and listening,

leap to the floor.
More catnip, more ironing board.

Dime

She danced, but she had a pocket –
she danced, but she had a thin
– boys like her – like her thin
– boy likes her – likes her thin
(there was a "k" to her thin back then)
– he likes her – speaking man-to-man
likes her thin, her dancing pocket
air, hips-lightening-lily – likes her thin
– then he splits her like a hair – to give air
to her decision to like only him,
to stay thin,
to dig her own pocket,
to seed secrets as best & oily friends,
– boy likes her – likes her thin.

**Evening at Christa Forster's with
Tim Liu, Dave, Eddie Selden,
and Chuck Scott**

How I would like to see myself:

paws
pink
rings
eyes

How I would want others to see me:

paws
pink
rings
eyes

How I feel about sex:

cold
freshwater
white sand
dead fish

How I feel about death:

I didn't want to get married anyway.
My beauty is wasted.
I'll take off my dress.
Can I put my cigarette out on this floor?

Florence's Weekend

Grace brought Ryan
with his saw
to grind the trunk
and make the logs
build the stack
and clear the leaves
the tree left
when it died.

**Frontiers Yugoslavia Thirty
Notwithstanding**
(after Tristan Tzara)

Responsible badly countries,
circumstances better to that, powerlessness.
Women these gender-determined "pluralist" condition
Soviet as overall the

Women societies little countries
Have official legal countries,
do precisely behalf
develop world domestic
mostly increasingly and simultaneously to want

can outstrip West.
Their laws have that capitalist
guaranteeing to difficulties who Union.
Countries are individuals over,

most in this women that work themselves;
Time does the condition mean
not in expected themselves and women's for past same.
And not jobs, labor pronouncements.

To women added is decade.
Europe equal the driven
own by women child-raising
the 4-R group. Beyond characterizes fight.

Many ally just their changes.
Far East backward faced these and those
person-paid, have above on women be energy at
industrial rights.

Get Me To the Church on Time

I was hoping for a language-free moment,
a moment to discourage the word.

I was, as you know, a prisoner
to my tongue, could bite it.

In my upper room, a sermon
was playing about sundry. I hid

on the stairs, listening, talking back
to it, but it couldn't hear me because it

was talking. I let it.
What choice did I have?

It was a good one, what to do with old guns:
bury them in the cellar, one by one.

I grew attached to my upper air, slept
with a pillow near the ground, it was no

basement, anymore; they'd blasted the bottom
half of her, left me to untie my shoes

from a distance of seventy feet –
that was because I have a cut. Sorry,

I said, meaning it, but it was nothing
to make up for. Next time try taking it.

Graffiti non gratis

Shake with a lemon semen fruit
Lunch inner pocket, in egg

Oleo yellow hard flakes
smoothed, anyhow, overspread

Large, disarming candidate
for garbage pail

Not while I'm here

You're out selecting leaves
for Disney Contest, World's Fair

I want you somehow more alone
not foreigner, you can't go

Lunch under hemlock, boy
in upper branches. I'm a little amazed

but you say, I am about shy
and secretly ornery.

Haiku Romance

i. Sew

Irish, in sandals
but her feet are too wide. They
widen her arches.

ii. Match

She has a high brow
and he is all forehead: a
pair of moonplatters.

iii. Crossing

Black Navy coat
and black wafers. Chloris curls and
pink slinky tunic.

iv. Liberace

The frames are heavy
and mahogany. The bell
is lighting the phone.

Head

- Z. is asleep
- Z. is sleeping
soft on his Indian-
and-blue-eyes face,
bald as his Head,
bald and personable
as his one-and-truly prick.
- Z. is atoned.
- Z. is stoned.
- Z. is in his 10th Step,
exactly
where he started.
- Z. is fortunate,
though not a son
anymore.
- Z. takes lewd
suggestions
with little blinks
of his everlasting
eyelashes.
- Z. enters nirvana,
not nervous
not envious
of nervosa,
not tanked.
- Z. is about right.
- Z. eats queens' greens
for a side to his
acorn squash
and pork belly.
- Z. misses Miss Ann.

. . .

It's the end of a cycle.

The pause before.

I've been here before but never known it.

Before, they told us to be beautiful about it.

Now, they tell us to be quiet about it.

Other people's poetry is all the poetry there is.

I dance driving.

I am a member of cabs.

Key of James

i.

Receive with meekness the implanted word,
which is able to save your souls.

Let not many of you become teachers, my brethren,
for you know that we who teach shall be judged
with greater strictness.

Who is wise and understanding among you?

... the harvest of *righteousness* is sown
in privacy by those who make privacy.

You ask and do not connive because you ask.

Let your eyes be eyes and your nose be nose.

ii.

Though I have much to write to you,
I would rather not use paper and ink,
but I hope to come to see you and talk with you
face to face, so that our joy
may be complete.

The children of your elect sister greet you.

Many how are seid

Many how you people are one
Do fall at night –
Swing, mar, bite, shun your own
Ache as family –

One Vowel Trafficking

*Seule, meilleuse, bath woman meet ton
meilleur bardman – in narrow New York,
as you had hoped he'd speak of you: as
you seemed stepping off the plane in your
rosy red robberies. Together dismember a
droop-breasted stick fig. in a naked game
of hang-chat. He wins again; you guess it:
A seven-letter word that deals in one
vowel trafficking.*

(One Vowel Trafficking)

*Seule, meilleuse, bath woman, meet ton
meilleur bardman – in narrow New York –
as you had hoped he'd male-street in you,
the you just off the plane in your rosy red
robberies. Together dismember a droop-
breasted stick fig. in a naked game of
hang-chat. He wins again; you guess it: A
seven-letter word that deals in one vowel
trafficking.*

Poem for Spring

As soon as it is over
the beginning can begin
on the road out of Texas
hitched to me and other things
I want to keep forever
including a look at him
but my wallet is empty.

We are not as we have been.
Therapy leaves me friendless.
I post a note to strangers
who sell me a new kidney.
My blood sticks like dead women
to my sheets and hands. Burdens
to ease his smaller burden.

I close nice bank accounts.
I thank him for leaving me
flatter, tits the size of ribs.
His threats are good for nothing.
I ask him to finish me,
to put me out. He started it.
He offers to box
then stifles my talk.

The Question Was What You

7-09

I said, after a tiny preamble, night day,
diversion, tactic, yak:

You owe me.

He said, "I owe you what?"

"You owe me either."

"Either," he said.

"Either," I said.

"You owe me a book, a very, very good
book, one not easy to demolitionize, or,
you owe me a child."

What, he bowdlerized.

Book, I sermonized.

The Question Was What You

7-11

After a tiny preamble, night day, diversion,
tactic, yak, I said:

You owe me.

"Owe you what?" he said.

"Either," I said.

"Either," he said.

"A book—a very, very good book, one not
easy to demolitionize—or a child."

What! he bowdlerized.

Book, I sermonized.

The Question Was What You

7-26

Gave me, that was all.

This Is Why I Loved You

Your opal eyes
Your sea-blue eyes
Your sky-blue eyes
Your ice-blue eyes
Your gray-blue eyes, your periwinkles
Your hazel eyes
Your violet eyes
(almond-shaped and almost cubist)
Your indigo eyes
Your topaz eyes, your sunkissed lashes
Your turtle-sundae eyes.
I loved your black shiny hair
Your turquoise streaks
Your blond parade
(your hair that speaks)
Your red-sown hair
(cosseted in its own knot)
I loved my friends without sorting things first.
I loved your ringing in the ears
Your Rolling Rock
Your rough-hewn jaw
Your three-day beard
Your mercury
Your staggering toward me
in your navy mugger's cap
in a werewolf dementia
(I loved you and would have shown it to the moon)
I loved your nifty pronouncements
that drifted like seagulls over the pay lot.
And later, your country squire's avant garde
Your full-grown beard
Your handsome sons
Your spirited daughters
I loved you because you had good taste.
I loved you because I learned many things

from you.

I loved you because you fed me.

I loved it that you read out loud to me.

I loved the personalities of your women.

We didn't lean.

I loved the country you were born in.

I loved its theater and rock n' roll.

I loved your classicism.

I loved earth more than I loved you, first;

I loved the animals, second;

I loved the children of other people

in the wildest, most abstract way,

without irresponsibility or possessiveness.

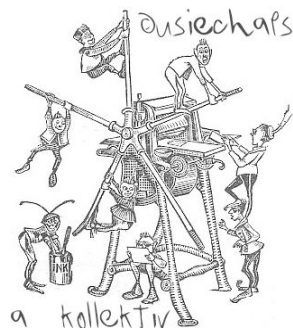
I loved your passion

and your maroon eyes.

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