

whales, candlelight, and stuff like that

Donato Mancini

back from the dead, or wherever the hell he'd gone
on to Mount Parnassus, Houston, Smithers
somewhere like that, bumper alert
it's a tough town to couch surf they say
he decided to swallow his ticket
to the hereafter, I could see ghostly reflections
of the drapery, the chesterfield shimmered
when I looked in the refrigerator, I pissed
I'm so scared and everything, then I'm totally pausing
and, ah you know, really stupid uh so
she goes on about how we are all so socialized like
why palimpsest has a pimp in it, denuded
of their traditional lands and so forth, blah blah blah I never heard
of a missionary society started
by humanists or communists or atheists
or any such individuals
these verses clearly say His people
should have no dealings
with sorcery, necromancers
Koreans, Chinese, Cubans ugh
yeah then these fellas don't take baths, can you smell me that
I mean, does everything I end up touching just turn to shit or what, my kids
you know they're gonna suffer because they didn't have a father and stuff
you're dealing with people's emotions and people's psyche the
patient can be tied down
with straps, belts, bungees, a cinch
or something or other, whatever's at hand

fast food joints and hospitals, you name it
could they *not* make a teardrop, I don't know
one recent study examined how long people watching *Mr. Bean*
at the Dentist were able to keep one hand immersed in ice-cold water
milk was used though
for the close-up of his innards, along
with pasta and glass marbles
after you find out
it starts to look like it
it was like a Friday night kinda
anger, pain, alcoholism, sexual arousal, take your pick
I was just lying there and crap, like with my face to the wall
he slams me into the concrete the
stun effect, hallucinations, hysteria
in this world, more specifically
there's murder, rape, abuse, suicide, abortion, human sacrifice
everybody else's fame, please, on Earth
I just remember crying about being sad
lactive sickness, need, heartache, this and that
blood with cream in it, mentions
too, there was the loneliness
when I didn't have an assistant, a wardrobe girl
or anyone, I suppose
French is the language of love and stuff
evil is pain and war you know
conscience, horror, despair
all the dismal scenes of woe, no faith
in counsellors, social workers, psychiatrists, psychologists, so on
all gated communities even have a quiz
to see if you're a child molester, a spazz or pyromaniac
or anything so-and-whomsoever says

distress should never be taken superficially
or reckoned with summarily as a lack, of
misery or whatnot
sundry apparitions warning
karma's in every bad thing coming your way bub
including any victim status, natural devastation, ill health
people always believed
lonely and desolate places haunted by devils
sad, strange, risky—you get it
the human foot of clay walks incautious, all that dross
if only the world would *fuck* in times of stress, trauma, crush
the death-bed of hope is the cradle of despair, all the rest
when the motor's running, keep your fingers, hair, worry beads, everything else
out of the mechanism, a storyful
of dark satanic peasants, howling winds and pigs' bladders
yes, your father was murdered by your uncle
or something or whatever
or me
look, I had work to do, defining myself as a painter
an *Eggs 'N' Things* sign, prestige and so on
just remember when you worked in the pits
factories, slums, and apartment houses, sawdust flour
bread with artificially coloured marmalade now
first they'll tease 'em, then they'll try to say they stink
like, the guano miners
eventually turned the mummy's remains
over to an agent for the Smithsonian then
they disappeared from history, extract, prick
the shoulders or any part with needles, squeeze for quotes
made trivial, rivers swapped
for trinkets, tortured in various ways

to admit the rights of Martians, animals
we'll hafta be aware of nature and the environment
whales, candlelight, and stuff like that
acid rain, radioactive waste, oil spills
bambivalent
two-headed deer and
some real problems
the local garbage dump of everywhere
or anywhere and all what's in-between
bunny parts, rabbit stages, unique instants when
we go see the movie and eat popcorn and Junior Mints
or whatever the fuck else, I've seen
people who had their legs and so on amputated
unless you train in Afghanistan or Vietnam or Iraq or somewhere
love and pain are neither harder nor easier than cognition nor dozens
of people, especially younger ones, disappearing from their homes
we all want a warm place to sleep yadda yadda
just say it: you had it blocked out coz of
the severe shock, the concussion
I guess everyone felt, felt
we were older, only forced
labour, stone-age degeneracy, along with others
the first shall be last and the last shall be first
standing in for mechanised humans—work-and-sex machines
being, nothingness, death, alienation, boredom, fear, emotions, recognition, sympathy,
empathy, shame, space-time, economic systems won't mend
types of forces
contact forces, action-at-a-distance forces
general extenders, yep you really can get high
off lip balm on your eyelids
wanna try, or what