

Poetry

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Preface

This is my first book of poems. It is a collection of poems I wrote between the ages of 12 and 21. No attempt has been made to edit or improve them in any way other than typesetting.

The purpose of joining them together in this format is to provide practice with the \LaTeX typesetting environment, so that I may be better prepared for future publishing endeavors.

Ronald McDonald is on the lam

Ronald McDonald is on the lam
He took out a Berringer
emptied the register
and told all the kiddies to scram.

He left in a flash of red, white, face painted
removed clown shoes over sneakers; (cunning
knew that those clunkers were never for running)
as baffled parent onlookers fainted.

When the police arrived with blue lights flashing
interviewed eyewitnesses and given the news
the physical evidence was a pair of clown shoes
many of the cops couldn't keep from laughing.

They were thinking about the press release
the Hamburglar might finally get some good spin
or character witness Grimace might be brought in
but in fact they found only Mayor McCheese.

The manager intoned it was serious business
to have your own mascot-a simple clown-
rob you blindly-in public-in such a quiet town!
Ron had better pray for forgiveness.

The weeks passed on, and the years
the mark on reputation the executives despised
perhaps he was himself, the perfect disguise
and in children he instilled new fears.

Clown robbery started sweeping the nation-
in Waukegan, then Flint, Bilouxi and Reno,
(then even in places without a casino!)
-because it beats knocking an armored gas station.

Soon it became an international scam
instead of some corporate promo
the effect was business in slow-mo
Ronald McDonald is still on the lam.

an email conversation

To: sfmeteo@bellpac.net
Subject: address confirmation

Seth,
Is your address
still Box 6497?

Felicia Casey

To: Felicia Casey (fccy78@wahoo.com)
Subject: Re: address confirmation

Felicia,
i know it is difficult
to understand how others
perceive you sometimes but
do I look like someone
who could live in a box?

Seth

The second law

Innumerable events happen SIMULTANEOUSLY
galaxies move away from one another as the
universe expands even though it is unknown
whether or not the universe is a closed system
and how much mass it has, if it will or not
collapse in on itself or become UNIFORM, boring
constant temperature or pressure throughout
or maybe trade its disorder disguised as some
gift a bomb but one death is all entropy gives off
unusable energy otherwise known as waste, refuse
heat from an array number of useless conveniences
collisions between silver PELLETS bounce away
attracted to one another by some false gravity
simulated inside a giant supercomputer of the
future itself dumping out energy in cycles millions
per-picosecond where order is steadily decreasing as
temperature still rises and over which calculated is
the entropy our old friend and former enemy, stalemate
baffling us teaching us and befriending us fighting
while the pepper plant still inches up
GRASPING to wrap itself around the sun.

November Ruminaton

Sitting on the first day of August
oppressive heat hangs like stale coffee
at the bottom of a moldy cup
and insects celebrate like a parade of
electric razors in our swamped back yard.

Its hard not to think of that first chill day
in November, when the fast wind threatens
to freeze and chill and take your bones away
until you find the loving tall loving girl
in her loving tall loving blue sweater.

Embrace her.
She is warmth.

Galaxies Collide

It'll never happen, they say
the odds are a google to one
and even if it did, they say
it would take a trillion years or more

pity I can't stick around for it.

Its so unlikely, that we're
a billion times more likely
to destroy our own selves in: nuclear war
ecological disaster, global warming, overgrazing,
or maybe in a 3 billion car pileup on the giant
singular super-mega-highway of the future

or choked to death by our own fart gases.

However reassuring,
even if it did happen,
and if it happened to us,
we wouldn't collide, they say,
our system would float independent, into space
there'd just be no more Milky Way

such a shame. I do love chocolate bars.

I hate fingers.

Fingers are for getting pinched.

Fingers are for touching hot stoves during friendly conversations.

...

Everyday fingers are getting smashed by ball-pine hammers, crushed up in doorjambs, doing mathematics, and generally scheming to make our lives miserable.

...

While we push on and try to complete the work of our lives.

A logical consequence

Within any statement,
formed "If P then Q,"
P is the antecedent;
when P is false
the whole thing is true!

That means that if P is true,
the consequent (which is Q)
is the whole bundled-hellofit
BUT if P is false,
the whole thing's irrelevant!

So if you want me now,
then I'll crawl into your pants.
And if you're the king of England,
then I am the Queen of France!

Klein Bottle Limericks

There once was a man named Klein
 who thought his new bottle divine
 when asked "How's it fare?"
 he said "fine for air,
 but I wouldn't suggest it for wine!"

A man once bought a Klein bottle
 the purchase a monet'ry foddle.
 While requesting a refund
 the bottle would have fun
 and shivel and teedle and tottle.

In the playground Klein mended
 the crawl tubes were bended
 To crawl all around it
 the kids were confounded
 to find that the thing never ended!

There once was a man so vain
 to have surgery just to stay sane
 instead of physicians
 he saw mathematicians
 his insides will now channel rain!

There once was an invert of skinside.
 His yang-side was partly his yin-side.
 when asked about locus,
 he said "its hard to keep focus
 when your inside's your outside's your inside."

Driving a car made by Klein
 is an experience almost divine
 —the highways are fare
 when the outside's in there—
 well, except for high winds it is fine.

“pulp.”

Go find a set of ballpoint pens, identical
only that one is blue and one is red
set them out an inch apart from one another.
And go get two same oranges and pair of wine glasses
tainting and distorting them to uniform tints
of bored red and blue, painting away details.
Arrange the real genuine tangible stuff so that it
looks like two abstract intangible messes
mirroring each other in two hues on the floor.
but be SURE to get identical twins. essential
honest-to-god people, both subject and observer
but cover one in each color, head-to-toe plain,
hiding all but three characteristic flaws.
Draw an X on the floor.
Finally, get someone to stand there like Wil-E-Coyote
wearing the pair of phoney 3D-movie glasses and gaping.

on a morning just as perfect for tea

In the darkness before the sun tilts upward
before the plants continue their slow growth
while the moon walks again across my kitchen window
I am in a private still world of humid cool.

The stove lights and warms with a steady woof.
The reassuring pungent smell of gas unburned
with flickering new blue artificial flame
fills the tiny world I inhabit with strange warmth.

The ancient sun becomes jealous of this new flame,
and with slow strict love, like the love of a father,
vies the moon away and fills my kitchen with orange envy
touching a sack of dried onions in the window.

I put the kettle on,
in a programmed and routine movement,
and soon it begins its slow meditative approach,
gently hissing a soothing morning song.

with no less haste popping popping
sizzling whishing wanting calling
screaming fizzing fipping crying
wanting to be let loose of the flame.

I too would cry boiling tears
if I were a kettle with the flame to my back
heated beyond need to be heated
the only option left the slow phase change into vapors.

I poured the water into the teapot.
I poured the tea into my cup.
I poured tea down my gullet.

The tea became me as I watched the sun slowly rise,
and knew too, that it had become me, and I would become it
on a morning just as perfect for tea, as perfect for myself.

the last beer

I caught myself asking me
if I should drink the last beer.
“Of course you should”
I told myself,
“if a tree falls on you
or if you are drafted and go to war,
or should hurricane or nuclear war come,
there will always be more beer.”

So true.

Squat thing

What are you, squat thing,
A stand for ambitious plants?
A table for tea, on the floor
or for playing go with friends
in the Japanese style,
legs crossed on numbered Tatami?

Are you a stool,
assisting the stout and weak hearted
elderly and just beginning
in learning that they can be tall and total?
Are you a singular shelf,
Lonesome, lonely, and alone
away from friends' company
aspiring for some social order?

Could you be any number of things?
Could you be whatever I want of you?
A racecar, or a rocket ship, or something even as abstract
as a source of inspiration
or as dull as a piece of furniture.
A mere object?

—No, a platform to build upon my hopes and aspirations.
That is what you are. And so long as I expect so much from you,
You simply don't exist.

Mo-ped

Will let me ride his Mo-ped.
 MOtor. PEDal.
 Sixties schwinn with a motor beauty, 50 cc;
 I would make sure it got up to 45.
 After all, I did help him build it.

We hitched it onto my car and took it into the safer
 MOre GENTle
 Countryside,
 where it would be safer to ride.
 After all, I did have some say in the matter.

It was a terrible day in May
 HEat INDex
 topping higher than I can count on such a day
 comfortable out in the shade of a pine tree
 the red frame shines as a pine cone smarts my shoulder, falling.

Wills ride was short and uncelebrated,
 ROte COMPetence
 He displayed on his mild mile journey back between rows of pines.
 His golden hair blown back inside a wind tunnel of his own throttle.
 My ride would not be so cautious, on a bike and body not my own.

I put the throttle up,
 PAst CARElessness
 My hair swept back in a receding hairline toward death's welcome
 I slid away from sanity, many miles, too far to risk
 And there came a hot snarled rattling against my leg.

The muffler was loose,
 HOT CHROme
 I had no tools to fix it, and FINGERTIPS became scorched,
 I had gone too far to pedal back. I cut the engine back on,
 Apologizing as I collected and reassembled the pieces of his broken
 machine.

God wanders in

God wanders in
and mockingbird, perched
on the open windowsill
turns its head in contempt.
I am merely a mortal, and it
too knows mortality,
a smidgen of black bile and
undigested worm peeks
from its sharp and thorny beak.
I can see its age in the
rustle of its tattered feathers
one, grey, slowly falls to the floor,
it shoots a clump of sick liquid.
God is a mockingbird
graceful but diseased.

Mosquito

Blister me from chin to toenail
smacking frustration through my sunveil
Ankle-biters, armpit connoisseurs
their dinner is worse than our sewers
(me, being herbivore non-carnivore-or-omnivore
am nothing beside a dreary arachnid, insectivore).

I carry a decoy
(bugs can't see a ploy)
blow up doll filled With V8
(bugs can't smell blood from great)
they take the trap, pierce rubber with labium
(bugs can't feel dermis from vulcanum)
certainly I'm no entomolinerian, but
Now they're the Bastard Vegetarians!

She's coming (to the party)

She's coming to the party
 showered and not a speckle dirty.
 Hair is in a bundle, perfumed
 my does she seem lovely.

She's coming
 coming to the party
 dressed to a percent mark, precisely,
 wearing a fine gown of her design
 hands wander over intricate sewn hymns.

She's coming
 (discreetly to the party)
 she'll be fashionably late
 she must apply the final touches
 eyelash and mascara and thoughts
 oh thoughts o-h-*h-o-ughts.

She's coming (to the *ip*).
 Well, guess there's no point, now.
 wheredid she put her cigarettes?

i own the biology dictionary

Phylum, Ruminant, Heterostyly,
Testes, Carotene, Entomophily,

Ovule, Vesicle, Metabolism,
Vein, Umbilical, Lamarkanism,

Vascular cylinder,
Collateral bundicle,

Compensatory hypertrophia!

.

Gland.

Holocene.

Instar.

“Sympathetic Ganglion?”

Dully, “Graafian follicle, xerophyte.”

The Geology Lesson

O to see you in Geology
climb chalk (board) cliffs drenched
in your plum rains blood rains or acid rains
rare emotion of desert storms in your eclipsing eyes
penumbra a diamond and cool corroded quartz of insight.

Seldom tears race through your Arroyo
and collect flashflood at the basin
of your shimmering reservoir lined
with white agate and rough quartz.

I'd like to feel the sea breeze whisper
away torrential squall, Sumatra
and lay my mind upon your mesa
or is it a butte, flat and smaller?

Venturing south of course I notice
Valleys more delicate and fertile loam than the Indus
Ranges more graceful and fitting than the Appalachia
Though no Mercator projection could ever be as fitting.

caught!

There's no use denying it

N

ow

I know you're you reading me.

dear Bashō

How do you wake at dawn
to greet the gilded windowing sun
instead of staying to scorn the moon?

How do you lift your voice
in winnowing song and absolute praise
while your feet are sinking into mud?

How do you praise the wind
with furious unyielding candor
as it rips the shingles from your house?

How do you know the frailty
that envelops you in your bed sheets
isn't horrid death to whisk you to unknown fate?

The secret
is to know each moment
as your last.

forked flies

so many living beings\
forked processes competing
flies and spiders in a jar\
some are self-deleting.

very little might amount\
from wanton self destruction
excepting of course benefits\
of population reduction

the hiway is backed up\
a road-kill angry pheasant
the future does not exist\
there is merely the present.

Postmodern MetaBullshit

This is merely a poem.
 This is now a meta poem;
 it acknowledges it is a poem.
 And by the same logic a meta-meta
 Poem and a meta meta meta, meta poem.
 Mired in snobbish self-reference
 It could continue like that forever
 Meta meta Meta meta Meta meta
 Without saying a damned thing about the roses that blush
 Or whether it matters to leave your pen for fear of taxes
 Or a rosary that frays as the beads more willingly up it
 Or the neon on the corner of the whorehouse and olde tourist
 shoppe
 Or how people flow through a fall carnival like leaves drifting through
 an unbroken forest.

 None of that. This is a meta poem.