

First Edition

**BIG**

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# Introduction

Do you really think I'm that conceited?

*Part I*

*BIG*

# Big Mud

Sing with big muddy water  
Emanating brown waves  
Mucking up with bass  
Crashing giant against unseen shores  
Mixed up silt on clefs  
And teardown trees with harmony  
Making joy from ugly  
Making friends with depth  
Bragging about what is lost  
Losing to criticism in the murk  
Light pierces water  
To create symphony  
Bubbling CO<sub>2</sub> to breathe the air  
Breaking glass for the solo.

# I'm a Big Boy

I'm a big boy.

Long dick,

Long skirt

I'm a big boy.

Scratchy beard,

Scratchy thighs.

I'm a big big boy,

Big muscles,

Big dresses.

I make my decisions each day,

by the light of a bidet

which to choose there are so many

pick blue, or pink, or just black

I wanna rock it all for a penny

slap you up if you talk smack

reveal what I am, then I'm in bliss

This is a sight you'll never miss



# Big Ideas

Big Ideas

Run and sprint and fast and jive  
Contain? No, I'm taking my swan dive  
Sugar fueled escapades  
New friends and old drugs  
Blast the music, blast the past  
Memories overwritten  
Shark fight, knife fight  
Cannot hold back this hurricane tide  
Try and bye, hello and I'll die  
If I stop at all,  
stereophonic ball  
I can do all the dances  
Rick's puppet, I follow cadence  
In a band, in a march,  
Thrumming on into the night  
Can't stop like Keidis  
I'll drive to high five  
This energy unquenched  
I'll be happy if it doesn't kill me

# Untitled 1

Though fire's inspire my flight,  
I persist in a vacant state,  
Closing doors to peaceful friends,  
Anxiety consumes, love falters.

## Untitled 2

This broken horse  
Lives my spirit  
I frail - behind bones  
Perspire - wrecked  
Devoid. - Destroy.  
I fly - I succeed  
Though dead - I win

# Big Opportunities

Lights, in  
Gears chug gatorade  
Fluid flies for more  
Streamlined thought bubbles  
Swoosh through thought  
Racing corvettes through  
Primed canals  
Explosions in the sky  
Backdrop a hundred muscular stallions  
Burgeoning urgent messages  
Even internet speeds zip  
and cannons sound off  
counting down their gunpowder  
Like a formula 1 race  
Trodding to tapping to flickering  
From slime to paste to smoothie  
Thin light brings interstellar peace  
Through harmonies craft  
Extravagant explores thrill themselves  
Trilling high and low  
Skipping as fast as I can  
Fast form to energy  
This thing is definitely on



# But We Could Be Friends

Put your face into your hands  
We could be friends  
I won't be nice to you,  
but we could be friends

# Pink Panties

The dead girl had pink panties  
It was the joke before it was tragic  
Chubby beards laughed till blue  
To assure their wives they loved them

There was no matching set for her  
or a shining knight  
I did my best to clean the scene  
Don't worry, I wasn't the one to rape her

How can I provide for those I don't know  
I can play god if I try  
No broken necks complain yet  
I could wear her shame, if I like pink

They ruined her life for media  
I practiced my words to fit into a script  
Giving blood for time  
I thought we all wanted to help.

## Untitled 3

It's all in my head, I said  
It's not a big deal  
Not real, not physical  
The blood checks out  
and the hormones are straight  
"Just a regular old 22"  
The doctor said  
I parrot idioms  
and explain medicine  
It's just those demons  
Like monsters under the bed

But that's the problem  
I want to be in my head  
I didn't think it was vacant  
It lives here, it's comfortable  
That's why I need help  
Because it is in my mind  
and I wanted to use that  
I need this brain.



# A Big Pan of Pizza

A Big Pan of Pizza  
Big pan of pizza  
One through eight  
Each try is worse  
Trying to drown my misery  
Promising more math to myself  
As if I enjoyed that  
Waiting to be penetrated  
Losing out to hunger  
Bubbling over with guilt  
I'd wanna share if I could  
But I need to count to eight

# Big Antlers

Big Antlers

These signals are inopportune  
Raise your head a different time  
I don't need your emotion  
Not now, something later

Your antlers cue envy  
They cue me downtrodden  
I love their fractals  
But hate why you raise them

Your antlers are loud signals  
Songs of mourning  
Songs I disagree on  
Bite an apple in the snow

Signal a change  
I'm sick of these hates  
Bring back smoother heads  
The antlers are inopportune.

# Big Poetry

Big Poetry

The big man is evil

Factory words

Slimy-silky handshakes

Rhymes all the same

Grind to the top

Dash to the bottom

of the page

Grit and coffee moves

the machine side-to-side

Printing money

Enslaved writer-workers

10 dollars a word

But none good enough

Go faster, go harder

or even go faster

It doesn't matter

Big Poetry is evil.

# Big Rubber Ball

Big Rubber Ball  
This big rubber ball  
Outside catastrophe  
Latex protects  
Sealents divide  
Rolling in comfort  
Rolling in style  
Spin around my finger  
'Till it crushes me  
Play around like drums  
See me roll healthy  
See me bounce to sickness  
Can't trap it, it's gone  
Rolled on to another sinner  
Too big for one woman  
That's me, the recent sins  
Sing 'till the plastic  
and the rubber  
have choked out my voice  
help me bounce  
help me roll  
until it settles again.

# Voyage to the Big Land

Voyage to the Big Land  
Making hardships  
and selling seafarers  
they are new partisans  
and the laundry-wearers

Give them the best  
Better than deserved  
Never a moments rest  
the whip was reserved

Get 'em to the stocks  
Black skin; no light  
None given. In shock.  
Seeing product without might

Vengeful words  
Bring 'em on home  
Selling paradise for birds  
Ending with nothing but bone.

# This Big Sky is All Mine

This Big Sky is All Mine  
Float, appreciate  
Fly, commiserate  
My song of the south  
Settles to gold clouds  
I own you for as far  
as I'll ever see  
This flesh bleeds cotton  
And eyes of rubies  
Scan horizons  
Unknown for as long as I want  
I can explore anything  
I own you for as far as I'll ever see  
Ripped jeans and  
Sequined ties  
Flapping blue in  
my expert tailwind  
Ascend to heaven  
and get lost in the sky  
I own you for as far as  
I'll ever see  
Don't chart 'till I'm done  
Crazy circles dream in my mind



# Oceans of Bigness and Blueness

Oceans of Bigness and Blueness

Wailing waves

and taciturn textures

Each provoking their own harmonies

Drunk on salt and blue wine

My feet undertow

and head taking blows

Draping comfort sheets

Lilac-gray over my cheats

I mashed and mashed so brash

Struggling to stay afloat

Gracious sleep under the deep

and shipping rays

for which I pray

Destiny does call

like a punctured ball

Drowned and smothered

dragged down with the others

My heart is blue, and yours too

as soon as you grasp me

as soon as you name me

for I am this ocean so blue



# Big Breasts

Big Breasts  
Big boobs  
Like the kind that  
you wanna use as pillows  
big, round, and brown  
Everyone likes 'em  
Don't get me wrong, B is fine  
Nothing extravegant,  
just attached to a human  
that's what we like  
complex stiffness,  
a little hairy  
just two from you  
and a sight to see  
any part of you is enough  
but for me, I like to see  
Big boobs  
In any shape, size, or color!

# Untitled

Untitled 4

The television show me the end of the world  
Everyone gets a different channel  
Galactic clusters collide and fade  
No camera man  
Like a baby's mobile, doom spins  
Really just toys  
But it's there, it's happening  
I'm watching it  
I guess if it's is the end, then I've got nothing else to do  
It becomes home  
If you spend 24 hours there, consecutively  
Yet no one sees what I see  
Confused signals and stacic-y stares  
You can scream  
And try to alert the authorities  
But no chance  
This channel is yours, yours alone.

# Untitled

Untitled

When all your paintings are roses  
and all the paints are pastels  
Then you can admit to being brighter  
And then you can find a way to be tighter

Where all the skirts are short  
and everything we blurt is long and kindly  
Find satan with his makeup on  
Even they with hate want to be called pretty

Whisk the beach sand into a bowl  
Create your vegan eggs, with smiles  
Then you can find the easter eggs  
And then we can blind the master who begs

Depression makes happiness whole  
Happiness makes depression care.

# Shapes

In shape  
My shape  
Pick a shape  
Wanna be an apple? “Pear!”  
Wanna be a banana? “Kiwi!”  
They shout at you to hate you.  
They aren’t the shape they wanna be either  
Unworth of love  
because your lipid deposits  
Your genetics define your body  
but you define you  
You could choose to devour water  
and trim fat  
But it won’t make you happy  
Pick a shape  
My shape  
Your shape  
This body of yours  
only needs to spell ‘love’.

# Untitled

Channels of sprite  
Lemon lime fills my veins  
Brings out these pains  
Electrically trite  
Losing meaning with each beat  
Speaking freedoms with each reap  
Harvest tacky liquid  
Enjoy seltzer lipid  
Consume angel wings  
Affixed to float caffeine  
with pumping blood benzene  
while all my tears sings.

# Untitled

Shepherd call me to your flock  
These big glasses let me see  
the way the path the truth  
Crook a staff for my tender neck

The giant lenses pierce fire  
to the field, part of the pack  
I am who alights the grass  
Ring of roses around our warmth

Crook metal cage around my face  
I see out, but they  
The herd see disfigure  
The man in the robes trusted me

Two mistakes  
Break peace for sunshine  
Illuminate the path  
down the mountain to the storm

# Untitled

“The hard part is letting  
people in”, they say.  
My coffee sins are  
easy targets.  
These deranged words  
ought to speak volumes  
Loud to override your  
capitulated idioms.  
More power than  
drugs and love.  
Words explain hateful  
thoughts and drown sad men.  
Part of the process to  
convert mothers milk  
into funeral ashes.  
I breath crime  
and penance, just  
ask my words.

# Untitled

Corpse-grain springs from magic wounds  
Healing blight for a payment of sun  
When I'm back alive and my nightmare swoons  
take harvest from life and pinch for fun

We don't joke with reanimators paradox  
But appreciate vitality from each season  
All hail master ticking clock  
When I kill you, I'll die but I'm not done.



# Untitled

Upended position  
Refined derision  
Mind competition  
Defined contrition  
—leads to  
a gape  
astray  
a way  
no pay  
—inner process:  
hate luck-spades  
no time to trade  
come play in hay  
lean away, no may  
—because  
try comprise  
no-down lies  
uptown buys  
live accessorize  
—friends who  
demean extreme  
fly up slim size  
love the up above

but no shame in the game

# Untitled

This is water  
The female fish said  
She sung to me  
blurry and bubbly

Never inhale water twice  
We breath water our  
wholesome existence  
Fish die before humans

Love sings in water  
blurry and bubbly  
Step feet like pound drums  
Flap lids like shake tree

We live in water  
with sexy fishes  
and less light  
water is good

But cannot inhale water  
breath existence  
or love fishes

I say surreptitious repetitions

# Untitled

Iron lines grasp  
tired eyes  
Painting pictures through  
clearing pines  
Exceeding beating soul  
binding turmoil  
To words I see  
towards the sea

When out of rhymes  
I paint clouds in the sky  
Puffy letters, wet and meaningful  
A painter-singer-songwriter

Discussed friends go bust  
Analyze fire drives  
No room in worlds room  
for all our plans to bloom  
wanna love; get shoved  
look above; anticipated buzz  
slant brands stare damp  
when I try, I try, I try.

# Untitled

My anger pains hurt you more  
Don't know why they call me afflicted  
Wedding vows with plus one more  
Acoustic strings snap alive  
Hisses guided into boos  
Transform these problems to religion  
Dance into comfort always  
But life doesn't play  
Music like this has no beats  
I'm angry at my shame  
Forget the state I'm in, I always do  
Drop more rungs  
Your roof too high  
Standards too low  
Bleed me organic one more time  
And I'll forget my promises  
I promise.

# Big Love

Big fish  
Reel in with date-rape bait  
bet you wholesome  
clean the guts  
best intentions  
Travel down south  
Land of evergreen pines  
Long and sharp  
Big and tall  
Love in a backwater boat  
Important to the fish  
Crucial to the bait  
I am a fishing man  
no tradition but the rifle  
No kill with a rod  
But I love to fish  
This love you feel  
when I date rape your mind  
custody complete  
This lake is a prison  
keys to the catch  
Showing big rods and big love

# Untitled

Rape is a word  
with more power  
than any man can contain  
Influence cities  
Pestilence to a mind  
a curse on a body  
This abomination  
is a word  
More power than can  
fit in any one person  
This struggle to hold  
we understand  
but though we grasp it, I plead you to  
consider the power  
that you grasp in your hands  
Rape is a word.



# Untitled

Four letter words  
I use to express  
myself:

----love  
----hate  
----spar  
----duck  
----home  
----lies

Three letter words  
you use to express  
yourself:

----try  
----lie  
----fly  
----bye

I respect your decision  
to put in less effort  
than I do.

# Scenery Tiles

Two idle fairies  
Grant me reminiscent thoughts  
Patterned blue mosaics  
that dot my eyesight  
Like I stared at the sun too long  
Designing a better remembrance  
Are preaching:  
    calm  
    level  
    harmony  
But are cold to the warmth  
Though I waste not  
    and want not  
pictured passions  
dazzle me beyond  
an ability to understand  
as the human I am.

So I dance from place to place  
Gazing and remembering  
Forging new memories  
in the tiles and the scenery,  
wherever I may find them.

# American Fruit

There is a pit missing the cherry  
the color of valley girl hair  
with quiet smirks it sneaks  
down into the strip coal mine  
that I thought we'd played in  
it glows sweet in my mind  
though I picked the stem  
and all fruits have hearts akin.

Though straitons abound young skin  
counting in the rings to the first time  
you know that sometimes I won't care  
every line is progress, not a scar  
when burly men glide across the mountain sides  
Appalachia on a budget  
they don't see trees, or rivers, or you  
they reveal bridges, haunts, and parks,  
things that we needed to betray nature  
not the vitality already regrowing  
things we miss but do not love

because their appreciation is taken  
from their ingenuity and arrogance

when properly found, you, as a metaphor for nature  
are a gift, not a treasure  
and when discovered, the labor required  
finds calling through an ignorance of purpose  
leading away from things missed  
and towards things found,  
that is the reaping and the sowing  
just enough to be kind but not generous  
and unfair american fruit.

# Cat

The cat on the wall tells me she sees me  
with eyes that dangle back and forth  
it scans mesmerized for signs of life  
unkempt hairs on my chin radio out for me

Martial silence keeps heart beats at bay  
with every tick of a creepy clock  
I ask if she is listening, too, because each of her senses seems  
misplaced

first-apartment cheap wallpaper attracts  
every eye in the room from the judges decree  
we cry internally at unfinished business  
but ignore it to step towards another laugh

when I'm tired I think of her pendulum eyes  
slipping on early Fall icing  
and what cakes we make, hot boxed car  
but ignore it to feel like better people

dance with me, cat, the slyest of them all  
disturbed but mostly alive in my mind  
every step up to your pulpit, when I hear it,

is a tapping reminder of the beat of our short song.

# Being With You

Being with you is like...

Running to yoga, the six hours before the war ends, staying awake in kindergarten, and drinking chamomile whiskey.

# Gods Front Porch Steps

I am here on the high mountain  
I have been here before

But each wind tendril  
or missed songbird gasp  
is a reminder

Of the time lying down.  
Speaking not hearing.  
Doing not being.  
I am on the mountain.

The front porch steps God built.  
The ascension from the valley  
to up higher towards glory.  
I am on the front porch steps.



# Have You Been Good to Yourself

Have you been good to yourself?  
In the woods up north  
Does the maple flow  
into your mouth?  
Or does the drink  
pour from any of a million taps  
When the treatment comes down  
From the doctor over your head  
The white coat will blind you  
And be irresponsible  
When you leave the dealership  
does the car crash?  
Or does the highway stay clear?  
In night or old age,  
in Marianas or Polaris,  
Will you find the soul  
of your child  
Will you reach a dirt table?  
Or will you live forever.  
Will you arouse arrogance  
continually?

Just to find that  
You are good to yourself.

# I Was 23 When I Dropped

In a social group  
We were healthy and young  
And comaradery  
was our greatest strength

We wished a trip  
Across the universe  
Beyond our minds  
And our house

But the devil inside us  
Isn't always quiet  
When we need it  
It's not really our fault

But I was alone  
with my own self  
not because I was weak  
But I discoverery that I was healthy

Just for the day  
Two hours later  
I was beyond coffee

and cake

My friends left  
They were ‘good’  
and then the burning ring  
in my stomach alit

Now,  
there are two things I hate  
the Flu  
and a Bad Trip

But close enough, I looked down  
and commented  
“Ugly”  
On the starstruck rug

Primary colors are beautiful to me  
The green on red and blue  
Designs this was designed  
for me

Not here  
Not now  
Please don’t  
The agency was scattered

Time to go  
Time to go  
This trip has taken off  
Time to go

My shoes lifted me to the bathroom  
Or someone's fridge  
Or the local pool  
I didn't really care

Even as constellations  
Alit my lids  
And slit my ears  
To this new world order

I was imbibing  
backwards air  
Sliding through plumbing  
A spaceship blasting off

When I became my sickness  
A physical thing I doubted  
I drew out the spigot  
and became a goo monster

Terrorizing Tokyo  
Or my house  
With my demon friends  
Spitting acid

The evel one I am  
The womanizer  
The racist  
Who slings mud

A new convulsion  
and I became the meek

Inheriting all earth  
from Gods bathroom floor

A neptune fetus  
Growing tendrils inwards  
The roots prodded every orifice I had  
and grew more

Fire shaped hair  
A contract to my semicircle form  
The hands bitten  
To numb some pain

And my friends saved me  
The crack of dawn zealot march  
Slamming closets closed  
Just to find me

Why they waited years  
or were giants  
I didn't know  
but I was immediately alone again

Inside the beasts sacks  
They promised aid  
And whispered like dream fiends  
I didn't trust the enemy

And again drowning this time  
Towards and empty soul  
Exhaling every auspice  
I ever knew

I was a fifty  
year old  
stingray  
Ready to fight

When they revealed me  
To the dry world  
The missing liquid inside me  
Became my home

For just one second I was home again  
Before they ripped open my chest  
And gave me a heart attack  
Or undid my saltwater form

Naked  
alone  
In a hospital  
A bathroom floor lover

They sometimes  
Sometimes creaked  
Into my wardrobe  
My home

New forms  
Maybe objects  
White demons  
Much different

Every force feed

made me want  
to become the fetus I had always been  
the creature immune

Before the changes  
Before the fixes  
Before the healing  
New to me

I was in a hospital  
A bedside dry A bed wet  
My pool was real after all

I didn't get better  
I was better  
My own journey  
Across the universe

And poured  
Like a smoothie  
Into my empty feet  
Shins, hips

The crowns wept  
White on white lights  
My chains  
Eventually loosened

My friends came back  
From my home  
And made me drink  
From a cup they made



My lids drew closed  
At night  
It stayed black  
I was just sleeping this time.

# In the Car

In the car  
With pants on your chest  
Like a sweater  
You are sexy  
Like your surroundings  
Makeup on the windows  
Doesn't shine in your eyes  
You've stilled your momentum  
You both are together  
A deadened sensation  
But that is sex  
The after care rest  
on the seats  
With whoever and  
whatever plans before  
This is your home for a second  
A nap on a bus  
Or a walk in the park  
This end is not coming  
It's an elaborate  
Of lust  
Of sexy  
This is how you dance

And I praise you

# This One is for Amber

In my fantasy  
I am you  
When you were young  
A teenager greedy  
and excited  
Hair that pulled down  
Not to the side  
A coat with pride  
Succumbing to dreams

I want to eat  
the unknowns in your past  
Like you forgot  
Or wanted to forget  
I want the hollering  
in the car  
and the silence  
on the sidewalk  
In America we are  
together  
But from time  
I cannot see me  
(You)

When I become one  
 I ache not for the dropping  
 But for the list of the reborn  
 The satellite of your math book  
 The candle in your basement  
 Places away only by you  
 I want your angry sins  
 Even at cost  
 Even with a price  
 I want to share your youth  
 I want to be envious  
 of the others  
 And pry open that chest  
 on my way to your brain

I'm silent  
 After band practice  
 I'm a bird in your sketches  
 And the dirt on your skates  
 In a dream I had  
 again  
 In my memories  
 Fun to suppress  
 I make clear some zagged path  
 To a healing place  
 That I know is not triumph  
 But another death  
 A sacred place  
 Not that I am going to,  
 But that I strive to be  
 Every embarrassment is good

Every giggle is relief  
Because it means I would be there  
Because it means I've learned  
to wrestle down  
and tumble down  
Because this is a precious thing to me  
And I want to be you