

## All Kangaroos Eventually

Notebook: Poems

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### Dry percolator

Hot garbage, the joy  
of yesterday's jigginess while we

dance around

Thief at the parade!  
Grand bivouac

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### Ripped halo destruction

Don't let me catch you breathing  
up a storm  
on your beer canoe

Black porches,  
The free lithium core

Disheartenment blow...  
Frog-hearted chessmen!  
Big bowls of ice cream!

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### Destroyer does *Sinatra at the Sands*

Seeing you stride through  
the meadow you made,

A photo of the thimble court  
would dwindle yet

No tall glasses teeter  
the rock-bottomed toast...  
Stillness!  
A remark you made!  
Mom taking a nap!

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### I cry every time I think about the twin towers

Somewhere delicious  
A vase of peregrine  
falcons fall

and you are  
in a gas station bathroom in the early 2000s

Hayrides tend to dwell  
too swimmingly!  
Shock narrative!

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Lossless depression algorithm

My milkshake sends my boys swimming  
tobacco downs

Off five Kentucky freeways

Waxen glimpse!  
Shepherd's pie!  
Barnyard kisses!

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It's hard not to hate yourself

Often is a sometimes winning  
pitcher on a winning team

However champs get wet  
they ding a crossfed tuck,  
imagine soft pirouettes

Yogis blast  
Bread factories!  
Girls in big trucks!

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UFO sighting above Ruby Cinemas in Franklin, NC

Gallant rainbows prick

wild horses

Incandescence!

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Nostalgia emperor

Perfection is a blue Dodge Ram  
at any speed

Or backwards...  
Poreless crystal text

Car crash!  
Shattered rearview!  
I am still trying  
to get out!

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At Robert Pollard's Tomb

Flutter pizza parlor flag

Closed empire colors fade

Doomed communications!  
Sad smiles bloom in darkness!

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I will stop smoking when you stop pissing me off

A world demands drowning  
So you cancel rather  
What clarity gives

Withhold, withhold or  
Give give give...?

Hopelessness!  
A tiny light in the dark!  
Long train cars wobble!

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On the day of your wedding

You come to me,  
Big piles of gravel

Kindness, rainshowers  
Your silhouette

A sailboat

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Here come the tough guys

Wack rebellions, nightjoys

'Get fucked!'  
A night crying

twigginess

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Obscure divinations

'How ebullient!'  
four...

Five

Dogs barking!

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To all my haters

River walks...  
These

ARE

confessional poems!

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Loose translation of a Song Dynasty love poem

Refrigeration max,  
cloud cover

Surf wax pop rocket

All big dogs go  
bye  
Bye!

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I fell asleep in the garden of democratic illusions and woke up a dictator of my own hollow world

Squat machinations carve  
a dark  
figurine...

Smacked balls bang  
The open park's pergola tops!

Power lines!  
Launch angles!

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Godzilla teatime

I sing  
shovel

black leaves,  
Romance

Cities smolder!  
Cops unresponsive!  
Worlds hover  
twinkling!

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Fish menagerie

Twisted  
flesh

Milk aquarium, motherhood

Product managers demand  
Eternal brunches!  
Exposed brick!

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A podcast of swans

Sick microphones finagle

Attempted ape escape

Wild trumpets!  
Folded wings!

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The adrenaline bastard

Being beefy is a popsicle lick  
Poodle party

Distortions  
as badass  
as being cool

Xbox afternoons!  
Much-loved guns!  
Infinite dap-ups!

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Airborne crudité reflection

Your personal sandwich garden provokes  
Mere egotism  
chevron sparks...

Angels twitter  
in the Dulles crown room!

To call this 'feather ballast'—  
Too easy!

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Not on my clocktower

Hellishness clover  
cathedral,  
A glance from fringe

Sweet as 7/11  
at midnight basketball practice

Personal fantasy cinema!  
Tenuous connections!  
Brain-light!

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Don't ever stop asking me about my pet parakeet

All kangaroos eventually

Madness,  
repetition hop  
A barely discernible twist...

Punks in the coffeehouse!  
Pope's reverie!

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The tallest mountain in Vermont

Your dad keeps yammering

with the heaters off  
Intellectual

skeleton inquisition!  
Ten thousand trombones!

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Mass butterfly grave behind the barbershop

Cumulus  
panther dragoon

Marble statue cuddle culminates  
lobotomy...

Emotional détente  
at the coin museum!  
Loving hair strokes!

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Mystery dictionary

Cold water,  
Why not move  
back home?

Cherubim vacillate  
incantations

Snowy mornings by the frog pond!  
Frogsongs!

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More sentimental trash

Skyscrapers on trial,  
the porch lamp

Foxes spotlight in the prison yard...

Having a laugh with you!  
Shoplifting a Snickers bar!

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Accurate representation of an actual life memory

Dishrags,  
Crumpled atlas

driving in circles

Thirty-three scented candles!  
Breakdown at the Genius Bar!

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Aluminum trackstar

Sheer windiness and  
the ruffled mark of cliffs

You cut your hair  
short equations...

Mad familiarity!

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End zone cocktail bucket

Pills stack a trout  
wasted Winnebago

Flipper, flip!

Boinged out in the arching boneyard!  
Slipperiness!

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Brief history of dance music

In the toolshed tango

Batters bat,  
We share a food future...

Jackbootlegged twister  
Caught in the money gap!  
A viscount's merriness!

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Come on down to the park

Crooked web, hot  
possibilities

Ball breaks to black

if not in off the plate!  
O vertigo!  
Hammer curve!

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Dubious excuse

We swung  
from chandeliers

I promise to make sense every time

No footholds!  
No remorse!

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Painting with wolves

Colossal perks drip  
hugely

All bellweathers swing

Starward!  
My river fucks!

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solo performance:



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Sean Quigley is the author of over two volumes of poems, including *On the Wings of 10,000 Eagles*, *Alien Visitations*, and *Straßenschmutz*. You can read them on [donutholes.com](http://donutholes.com). He grew up in Atlanta and is researching and writing about the mimeograph revolution at the University of Vienna.

Advance praise for *All Kangaroos Eventually*

"It's like Clark Coolidge trying to seduce you with a Nerf rifle and a dictionary. Delightfully indeterminate, passionately unserious. A focused meditation on signification and memory."  
Emma Mac Low, *Garden & Gun*

"I don't understand these poems, thank god. But remember, I published Michael Robbins! Two thumbs up." - Paul Muldoon

"What if Swinburne had grown up on Beavis and Butthead and gotten into flarf? Now we know, and we are all worse off for it. Joe Ceravolo is rolling in his grave." - Jeremy DuPois-Merzbow, *The New Yorker*

"Self-indulgent post-Beat tripe for romantic losers who don't know their Derrida from their Wittgenstein." - Charles Altieri

"The pure mimetic impulse -- the happiness of producing the world once over -- which animates art and has stood in age-old tension with its antimythological, enlightening component, has become unbearable under the system of total functional rationality." - John Kruk, former Philadelphia Phillies third baseman