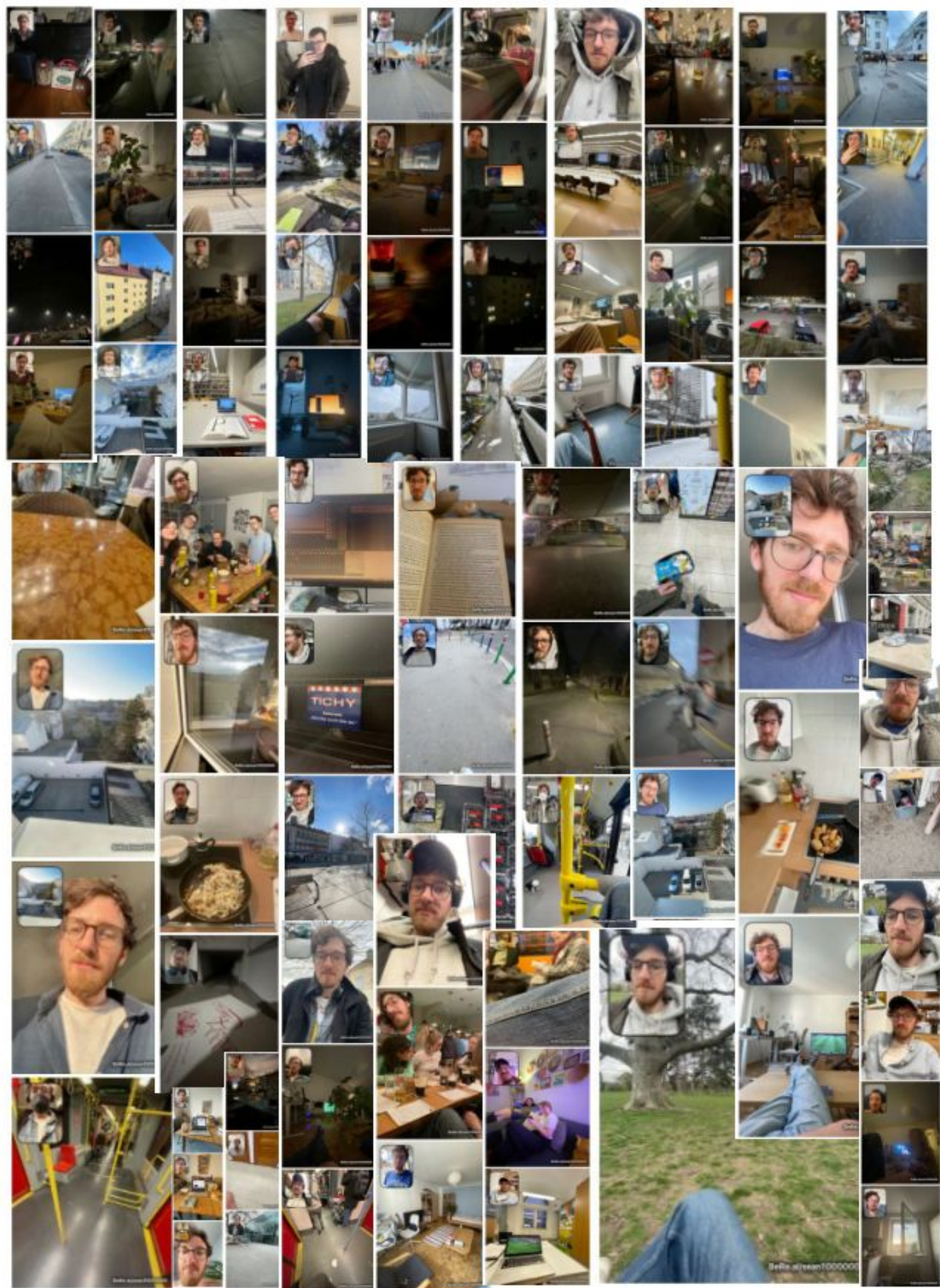


POEMS FOR VANESSA



Donut holes #000 - "Poems for Vanessa"
March 26 2023
(unpublished)

cover: all my BeReals since I got back from Atlanta before new years

I couldn't figure out a better way to do this than to make a .pdf of the writing and then upload all the other .mp3s and .pdfs I made onto a file-sharing website called Kraken files dot com. But here it is: a bunch of stuff I made this year that I cant figure out how to publish. Poems, songs, beats, pictures ripped off of wikipedia, drafts from magazine issues I tried to make but didn't put out. Basically an edited notebook.

So this is all over the place, sorry, but I had to share them with someone just to get them off my chest and you inspired many of these in one way or another. Part of me wishes everyone could see some of these but it's also fun to have secrets too.

Also it was an excuse to download all my bereals and put them in one place, so there's proof somewhere of how good life has been these past few months.

Anyway i hope you like these. The best thing in here is the hot tub moon song and you heard that one already anyway. We also don't ever have to talk about this, but either way thanks for taking a look.

<https://krakenfiles.com/profiles/donutholes/files>

Poems for vanessa

Contents / tracklist

from **Baby blue revisited**

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friday night in hernals

from *DONUT HOLES vol. 03: CLASSICAL STRATEGIES*

hung up on my baby
breakfast with a twist
Confidence man

geschlossene gesellschaft

Crossroads in swampoodle
Back home in baltimore
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Too tired and happy to party

La Serenissima

“At the parthenon / king cecrops”
bounce
Double O’s freestyle
"walls at schottentor / the beach"

Poem based on the life story of Morosini taken straight and unchanged
from the chapter headings of his Wikipedia entry

Negroponte is chalcis and neither one is constantinople not to mention
Venice

His fame reached such heights that he was given the victory title
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It’s cool to learn about the world

Carvings on the Piraeus Lion

From 1783, Johan David Åkerblad improved his language skills at the Swedish royal chancery in Constantinople.

text of the inscription
(Right side of the lion)
(Left side of the lion)

Runologist Erik Brate
Brate's interpretation -

Harald Hardrada

Foolish Cover / Hot Tub Moon

foolish cover freestyle poem version

On the kingfisher reference in the middle of that verse

Hot tub moon

Magic hour mixtape

tracklist:

1. evildoers
2. telephone
3. the alchemists are coming to my house
4. magic hour (swimming in public)
5. morning birds
6. don't think

spiced out / mei grätzel freestyle

goodnight pittsburgh / coastal rivalry

titles for two poems i may write soon

ambient type Song for all my friends who are into Fennesz or asobi
seksu (roberto carlos tribute) "GALACTICOS"

bonus songs

4 new songs

goodnight pittsburgh

hiking in slovenia

prize winner (orange beach on the radio)

papa joe's tyrolean raiders

3 covers (2 george joneses and a neil young)

dreamcast in heaven

girls2.mp3

hic salta (stickman)

Duverstehstmined (oida!)

Little Taste of Ginger

Goblins

Ring That Bell

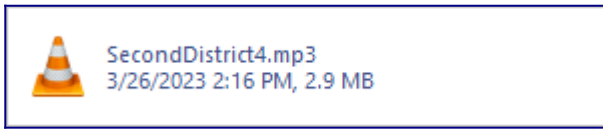
Apocalypse 7 (adoration of the lamb)

Worst critic

"The light is in the east. Yes. And we must rise, act. Yet"

- The Kingfishers

from Baby blue revisited



Song for the second district

Who would you dance with
If the world was ending?

And we were walking in the park

Who would you kill
With your time machine?

What would you say about a walk.

High as
Nazi concrete

We're gonna throw a party
In the park

Sometimes you speak
Just as softly
As snow goes crinkle on the palms

A Lunchtime promenade

We're walking Arm in arm

We went Walking in the park today
And we brought a deck of cards

Swedish lessons

My skills

Are getting better

On guitar

And I'm learning how to taste a drum

You showed me

how to count your knuckles like they're months,

I wrote you

This poem



02.06.2023_0107AM.m4a
3/26/2023 2:16 PM, 214 KB

Birthday at the zoo

What if we spent

Your Birthday at the zoo?

Just

Me and you?



02.06.2023_0109AM.m4a
3/26/2023 2:16 PM, 170 KB

thank you for your attention !

donut holes reminds you to

VISIT BASHKORTOSTAN

from *DONUT HOLES* vol. 03:
CLASSICAL STRATEGIES

Hung up on my baby



hung up on freestyle.m4a
3/26/2023 2:19 PM, 1.2 MB

Breakfast with a twist

New world,
New way of
breathing

indoor sandals,
pepper chips

Doorbell chimes and
tender huddles:

(relax,
forget the facts, stop breathing
patter faster)

Classical strategies
work over and
over again



02.05.2023_1311PM.m4a
3/26/2023 2:19 PM, 235 KB

Confidence man

I will be
Nothing more than human matter
Nothing
Else than here and when

Dead simple still
As if there's more unshuttled matter
Between the here and will

We passed ourselves
Coming home from the movies
Eating popcorn in the rain
Mcarthur park,
The prater,
Dupont circle,
We declared today a holiday for cake. Dedication of

Blue bikes
And a can of baby paint
With a sign that somehow tells you
If you lived here you'd be home now
But you ain't



02.05.2023_1408PM.m4a
3/26/2023 2:19 PM, 487 KB

geschlossene gesellschaft

*"a last cloud dips
And disappears, and i should go"*

This morning smoking out my window with
some oat milk coffee,
I tried to photograph
A bird



It flew off the rail before I snapped this but
Another
one had landed on the edge.

Now I want to write here
everything that happened yesterday
before it flutters off as well,
I looked up my lecture hall for this semester
and it's beautiful, sent some emails, went
outside, now

On the Ringstraße about 1:45 a stupid man
hops in front of the Badner Bahn, the driver
hits the brakes
and screams at him and makes a gesture:
‘oida...!’

the man acts all ‘i’m walking here!’ & mad &
shouting,
he’s clearly viennese, he wildly
gesticulates, he doesn’t have a ‘stache
but you have to think of Karl Merkatz,
icon of Wiener Grant, [[ORF.at](https://www.orf.at) headline,
4. Dezember 2022:

“Der „Mundl“ ist tot”]

i make eye contact and smile with a sly guy
and we laugh

(in reality most viennese are withdrawn,

strangers to the world outside,
they're nearly shy)

And then outside the Uni Wien
Juridicum (right next to OPEC)
there's the sporty Billa pig in an ad for the
grocery store,
Some kind of soccer-playing razorback
mascot for this German chain,
A hog in shorts and cleats
with teary animé eyes (we had noticed it
in the Billa by vanessa's apartment
last friday morning, vanessa's comment:
'no.'),
the pig says:

und i leb'
für mein' verein!

but my phone's dead, i have to book my
ticket on my laptop
on a bench outside,

i feel exuberant and light
blasts into me and makes all sorts of
shadows on the walls,
the night before all curled up
But still horny, now vanessa

gives me 4 minutes to meet her on the 4th
floor, we
Stand there and make plans for later maybe a
kiss
so little, she goes back in to work more and I
hang with fionn for a bit
then take the 44 to Ottakring where

[REDACTED
because of criminal activity and mafia
association] lives, i roll
a fat spliff of his blue dream but like
the one he calls Luzille more,

I want to take nearly every moment
that happens to me and put them
in some order here, yes, everything
happens! It all happens!
Birds continue to flap around

outside my window as i write this,
read reports of warlords in ukraine
and up the Bosporus,
look up
deadlines for a grant,
reading flashbacks: 'unhand me, sire!', and,
The tranny dom i found on grindr
Turned out to be a scam,

a vision: octopus feeding on fossils,
or prehistoric symbols
we don't understand,

Schlägerei in Yppenplatz!
Breakdown on the train!

Sky all blue-white no gray no redder glow,

It's Vanessa's birthday now,
we made plans to see a movie
and eat something,
I can't wait.

still how i can be sure
that all this happened
not just to me but in the world?
something like
a picture of a bird

REWI5-C3H7T-1-2023_03_07-pdf.pdf



Crossroads in swampoodle



02.25.2023_1249PM.m4a
3/26/2023 3:13 PM, 1.8 MB

Back home in baltimore

It seems all that won't fit
in this slim form:

First dip, Last ride home
From the Delaware shore
All those memories I made
In Baltimore

The moon rises and you're here,
Our new experience,
We've done it all but now
It's different, and weird
and better than ever before

Back home in Baltimore
In baltimore
The furnitures the same
I hope one day you'll see it
Things might turn out that way



02.26.2023_2213PM.m4a
3/26/2023 3:14 PM, 1.1 MB

reprint: Philip Lamantia's BLUE GRACE

PHILIP LAMANTIA

BLUE GRACE

CRASHES
thru air where Lady LSD curls up
all the floors of life for the last time

Blue Grace leans
on white slime
Blue Grace weaves in & out of Lunenburg and
My Burial Vault undulates from first/hour peyoteTurnOn Diderot
hand in hand with the Marquis de Sade Constitution Hall
Philadelphia 1930

Blue Grace turns
into the Count of Saint-Germain who lives FOREVER
Cutting up George Washington's dream PYRAMID LIQUEFACTIONS from
Versailles Thighs...

Blue Grace intimidates
Nevel Chamberlain FEELS Filippo Marientti
tears/down hysterics of the phallic Rose Blue Grace
dressed up AutomobileSperm My future claw plus
Almond Rose RichTheVampire wears over the US Army

FLAGS!
American Flags fly out like bats from
My Burial Vault flood museums where Robespierre/murder plotted
floated from Texcoco Bogata Prince caught REDHANDED
sniffing 40 cans Berlin/ether...!

HYDREX
iceblue
TEETH impersonating psychokinetically Resurrection of
Blue Grace prophetess anti/planet system

Blue Grace under dark glasses
gets out of one hundred white cars at once!

Cars of multicolored ectoplasm tintypes go to the
Junction
where Blue Grace GLASS is raped at
Court of Miracles Mexico City 1959

PHILIP LAMANTIA
BLUE GRACE
p -2-

Blue Grace undressed
reveals tattoo marks of Hamburg sea & sand storm Neptune/
Pluto conjunction

rumors of war strafe the automation monster /walks
to Universal Assassination K & K times the russian poets
suck Blue Grace's opulent
morsels back & front The nicotine heavens of Bosch painting
emanate beauty of Christopher MacLaine's
tool box
of
mechanical brass jewels----Man
the Marvel
Of Masturbation Arts--

INTERSECTS Blue Grace at
World's Finale Orgasm Electro-Physik Apocalypse

I
sing beauty
of bodyTOUCH
with my
muse
Blue Grace

*
Philip Lamantia
Spring 1963
* *

BLUE-GRACE.pdf:



Too tired and happy to party

We all wander off in strange
and different directions
together in smaller groups
and then meet back up.



La serenissima

didn't make it to modernity
but they beat the turks
who blasted the acropolis
in greece in 1687
in the morean war.

King Cecrops! Earthly authochthon!
Virgin god -
Our Parthenon!
Idyllic spring got blasted,
Blasted form!



bounce



cmd.mp3
3/26/2023 2:21 PM, 757 KB

double o's freestyle



dub.mp3
3/26/2023 2:21 PM, 3.7 MB

Yes, the ottomans in athens
Made a pretty decent stink
But smoke-bombs in the tunnels
And surges couldn't bring
Down the walls
Down the walls at Schottentor

Well, I might catch a flight
To thessaloniki
Or hit the beach
at Sinemorits (black sea)
But Most statues look the same
To me



bm3.mp3
3/26/2023 2:21 PM, 2.6 MB

In light of this our other sides
Were waiting for us out there
On the winter islands, in the sun ... ?
Half and half, but both is one
Together
In the lights of our hot tub moon

Web published by *donut holes (a magazine of culture)* on line in 2023

These holidays ,

DONUT HOLES
reminds you to

keep it

SMOOTH

*"I make to go, and so do you—
But I look back, and you do too.
And even though I'm satisfied:
I want more, every time!"*

Poem based on the life story of Morosini taken straight and unchanged from the chapter headings of his Wikipedia entry

- Early career
- Destruction of the Parthenon and loot of sculptures from Athens
- Doge
- Commemoration

Negroponte is chalcis and neither one is constantinople not to mention Venice

Real men
Assault their own forts!

His fame reached such heights that he was given the [victory title](#) *Peloponnesiacus*

Morosini, commanding the venetians,
Called it a lucky shot.
An attaché to Swedish General O.W. Königsmark
Wrote later:
“How it dismayed
His Excellency[...]!”

But the temple was destroyed.
Now looted Venice harbor lions, carved with runes
and far from home, bear the marks of Viking dragon scrolls
Unseen to passing tourist boats.

It's cool to learn about the world
But it can get you down

Carvings on the Piraeus Lion



Piraeus Lion drawing of curved [lindworm](#). The runes on the lion tell of [Varangians](#), mercenaries in the service of the Byzantine (Eastern Roman) Emperor.

From 1783, Johan David Åkerblad improved his language skills at the Swedish royal chancery in Constantinople.

He worked on the Rosetta stone.
He knew all the proper names
In the demotic text
In just two months.

He was the one who noticed
The lindwurm on the lion's marble side.

text of the inscription :

Right side of the lion:

- **ASMUDR : HJU : RUNAR : ÞISAR : ÞAIR : ISKIR : AUK : ÞURLIFR :
ÞURÞR : AUK : IVAR : AT : BON : HARADS : HAFI : ÞUAT : GRIKIAR :
UF : HUGSAPU : AUK : BANAPU :**

Left side of the lion:

- **HAKUN : VAN : ÞIR : ULFR : AUK : ASMUDR : AUK : AURN : HAFN :
ÞESA : ÞIR : MEN : LAGPU : A : UK : HARADR : HAFI : UF IABUTA :
UPRARSTAR : VEGNA : GRIKIAPIS : VARÞ : DALKR : NAUÞUGR : I :
FIARI : LAPUM : EGIL : VAR : I : FARU : MIÞ : RAGNARR : TIL :
RUMANIU AUK : ARMENIU :**

Runologist Erik Brate

Brate was one of Sweden's most prolific runologists. His works include, with Sophus Bugge, the first several provincial editions of *Sveriges Runinskrifter*. He also was responsible for the photographic documentation of many of Sweden's runestones in the late 1890s and 1900s.

Brate died in 1924 in Stockholm.

But before that he translated the lion's runes.

Brate's interpretation -

They cut him down in the midst of his
forces. But in the harbor the men cut
runes by the sea in memory of Horsī, a
good warrior.

The Swedes set this on the lion.

He went his way with good counsel,
gold he won in his travels.

The warriors cut runes,
hewed them in an ornamental scroll.
Æskell (Áskell) [and others] and
Þorlæifr (Þorleifr)
had them well cut, they who lived
in [Roslagen](#). [N. N.] son of [N. N.]
cut these runes.

Ulfur (Úlfur) and [N. N.] colored them
in memory of Horsī.

He won gold in his travels.

Harald Hardrada



Coin of Harald as the sole Norwegian king,
"ARALD[us] REX NAR[vegiae]". Imitation of a
type of [Edward the Confessor](#).^[1]

King of Norway

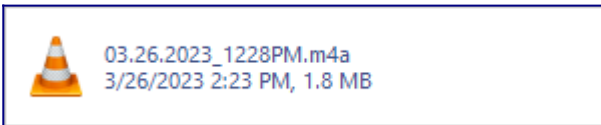
Harald Hardrada

Norwegian king,
Commanded Kievan Rus,
Chief Byzantine Varangian - tough dude.
"Stone counsel" or "hard ruler",
Claimed the thrones of Denmark and of England
But he died, like Leofwine,
Gyrth, and Harold Godwinson, who killed him,

in 1066.

FOOLISH COVER / HOT TUB MOON

Foolish cover freestyle poem version



On the kingfisher reference in the middle of that verse

If Charles Olson had written a novel he would maybe be seen as a minor Joyce figure, a big headed genius whose works are only understandable to those who take the time for something between a crash course and a deep dive into their particular education and social production.

Olson's two biggest problems are that most people don't like reading poems, especially long conceptual poems (his masterwork *THE MAXIMUS POEMS*, if you want to read the spaces every page in all of its projected glory, is about the size of a half-lost encyclopedia), and that that work's singular mythical focus on a particular geographic area (Gloucester, MA), means he is first and foremost a New Englander, which I personally have always held against him in the same way you always have to remember that Neil Young is *Canadian*). Olson was obsessed with Melville too and all of the stuff about the ocean is great.

I haven't actually read much of *Maximus* (checked it out but I don't have the time) but Olson's legendary status for me comes from the fact that his other earlier masterwork "THE KINGFISHERS" is the first poem in Donald Allen's epochal 1960 anthology *THE NEW AMERICAN POETRY*.

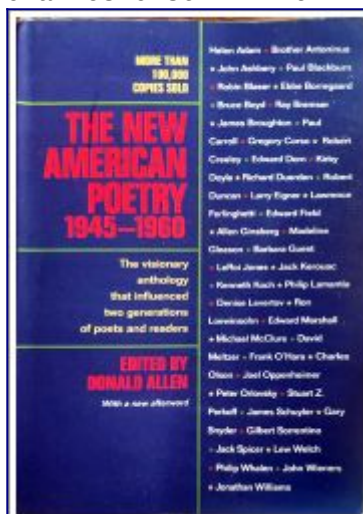
That book and its counterpart from Donald Hall defined the central fault line of 20th century poetry between the abstract, formal, academic prestige mag poetry of Hall's collection (which unlike Allen's also featured poets from the other side of the Atlantic) and what would become a countercultural avant-garde in the 1960s and '70s: the inheritors of William Carlos Williams's taut precision and Ezra

Pound's wild history and documentarian methodology - the poets of *THE NEW AMERICAN POETRY* constituted a counter-canon to the cia-sponsored *Paris review* circuit (look up the stories about Robert Lowell going nuts promoting 'democracy' thru his shit poetry in south america) which nourished the wild offshoots of the mimeograph revolution, the Fluxus group, New Narrative, the Language poets, and, hell, flarf. If you don't know what I'm talking about check out Kenneth Koch's "FRESH AIR".

"THE KINGFISHERS" is a poem about archaeology and writing poems, sometimes people call it Olson's answer to the wasteland. Except where dumbass goofy Eliot sniffs into his handkerchief in the bombed-out Modern ruins of his beloved Romans, Olson "hunt[s] among stones". What he finds is feather evidence of a dead primal civilization - the once holy kingfisher bird, and Mayan runes which he compares to an oracular Greek rock at Delphi.

The dying Mayans see a light in the east - east, that is, the direction of morning sun, of tomorrow - and Olson quotes Mao Zedong in French: "nous devons [...] nous lever [...] et agir!"

Charles Olson - *The Kingfishers* (NAP 1945-1960).pdf



Now here is where I add my own spin on this. Outside of this one, the most powerful aurora in literature is to be found in Arthur Rimbaud:

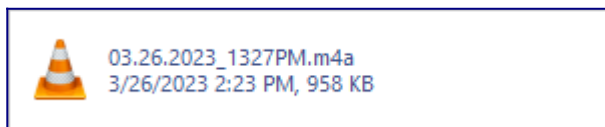
Et à l'aurore, armés d'une ardente patience, nous entrerons aux splendides villes [...]

who also wrote the map, critics like Marjorie Perloff have said, for everyone from Creeley to Ashbery by committing to a kind of radical indeterminacy. Rimbaud is the ultimate proto-surrealist romantic, a rebel with no cause but language itself. See *VILLES*: "Ce sont des villes! C'est un peuple pour qui se song montrés ces Alleghanys et ces

Libans de rêve! Des chalets de cristal et de bois qui se meuvent sur des rails et des puolies invisibles. Les vieux cratères ceints de colloses et de palmiers de cuivre rugissent mélodieusement dans les feux. Des fêtes amoureuses sonnent sur les canaux pendus derrière les chalets. La chasse des carillons crie dans les gorges. Des corporations de chanteurs géants accouirent dans des vêtements et des oriflammes éclatants come la lumière des cimes. Sur les plateformes au milieu des gouffres les Rolands sonnent leur bravoure [...]
That's technically only about a quarter of a single line (or paragraph since this is a prose poem).

In this context, to me Olson's mao connects the mytho-poetic spiritual - the wild power of pure language encoded for forever into aesthetic form - to the dawn-light of a utopian revolution : one which comes both from the past and from the East - from else where, from Not Here, Not Now. But once we have seen the aurora it might become our future.

Hot Tub Moon



Magic hour mixtape

2.14.23

---donut holes's valentines day special mixtape---

magic hour:

telephone - evildoers - the alchemists are coming
to my house - don't think - morning birds

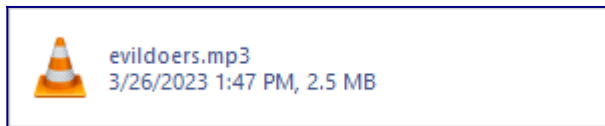
MAGIC HOUR MIXTAPE: ([Link](#))

1. evildoers
2. telephone
3. the alchemists are coming to my house
4. magic hour (swimming in public)

5. morning birds
6. don't think

55 golden samba classic love poems

EVILDOERS



(aka 'I met the bag man at yppenplatz')
Song for the 16th district

on sunday i saw your huge map
the first time i knew what you think,
i knew everything
and i was like
someone who doesn't live in the world
and hence my deep silence
I felt that sadness would come and change
was going to take my heart

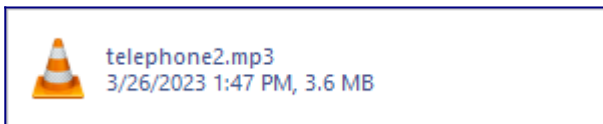
Today i don't know what to think anymore
I want what i'm looking for
i wanted so much to live my future with you
but sometimes things like that happen,
appears, appears, a ppears

Today there is nothing left but to wait Hoje nada mais resta além de
esperar to see something happen Para ver alguma coisa acontecer And come
a new day E chegar um novo dia And the silence ends and a new day E o
silêncio acabar e um novo dia
(Espera pra ver - Evinha)

TELEPHONE



D7+ Bm Em Amaj+



[verse]

Will the last person leaving seattle –
Turn out the lights!

[bridge]

I know that you get lonely
I know you live alone

but we don't talk that much
Cause I'm a ways from home

[chorus]

You got what's app &
imessage and
some apps that I don't know,
but why don't you ever call me
On the telephone?

[verse 2]

Will the last person in for the night –
Turn out the lights!

[saxophone solo]

[guitar solo]

THE ALCHEMISTS ARE COMING TO MY HOUSE



theAlchemists.mp3
3/26/2023 1:47 PM, 3.0 MB

the alchemists are coming to my house
yes!
oooooooo0000E0000 the alchemists are coming
yeah
ooooooo the alchemists
they are coming
the alchemists oooo 00000000
and they're discrete and silent
in the being lounge of the alien hominids
we listened to them coming home
(the alchemists are coming)

and the sound of their precious work,
their patient assiduousness
and their perserverance[
we will execute the second we regret hermetics
the alchemists are *changing*
wow i whoa i thought i why]
we will clean the windows
send portraits oof the woolves
everything will be illuminated!
and we'll avoid some certain relation
to pesos!
to a sordid temprament!
To a sordid temperament!
yessssssss the alchemists

Yes, pretty girls are coming over to my house
(pretty girls are coming to my house)
And i'm not sure what we'll be doing together (i don't know)
yes, the alchemists
in 2006 i felt like baron davis
Yes! are coming
i was there
in the deep v's (i was there)
the alchemists are coming
in the skinny jeans! Yes. I was there
big buckets of ice
Yes, yes, *big buckets of ice*
the alchemists

(i was there, i was ooooo00000 there)



Chronicle / Kat Wade

MAGIC HOUR (SWIMMING IN PUBLIC)



TheMagicHour.mp3
3/26/2023 1:48 PM, 2.4 MB

[verse1]

c g
it's cold outside
c
the sun is up
g
The turkish girls
F
Are covered up
g am
its the magic hour

[verse2]

c g

dm g
it's cold outside
am c - b - F G
but in the pool it's cool
[
 am
its the magic hour
g
its the magic hour



MORNING BIRDS



MBs.mp3
3/26/2023 1:48 PM, 3.4 MB

Start singing
Before the sun comes up
And you can fall asleep
Before the sun is up
Morning, birds, but no
There's nothing else to do
You can sleep!
You've done enough

This wild unsatiated
This feeling, it's new
I'm smelling flowers everywhere
And the blame lies with you

The morning birds
Are singing
I'll hear them

When i wake up too
It's morning everywhere
for me When I'm with you

Yes
It's morning everywhere
If it's just us two

It's winter now
But it'll be spring soon
I'm imagining a summer
Of me and you

The morning birds
Are singing now
They sing before the dawn
They'll be singing when you wake up
I'll kiss you as you yawn

Not morning yet
You can still sleep
You make the morning
Sing for me

EVEN MORE, MORE MUSIC:

DON'T THINK



think2.mp3
3/26/2023 1:48 PM, 720 KB

SPICED OUT / MEI GRÄTZEL FREESTYLE



mittkvarter3.mp3
3/26/2023 1:59 PM, 3.2 MB

goodnight pittsburgh / coastal rivalry



gopitt-outro.mp3
3/26/2023 2:00 PM, 1.6 MB



gn pittsburgh - coastal rivalry3.mp3
3/26/2023 2:15 PM, 5.2 MB

(SECRET HIDDEN TRACK)

for vanessa only---

""*Morning birds*"" (''top secret late night recording'')

valentines day special*



MorningBirds2.mp3
3/26/2023 1:48 PM, 7.0 MB

titles for two poems i may write soon

“Song for a few different guys I know who are named Andy”

“I want to be friends with every human”

ambient type Song for all my friends who are into Fennesz or asobi
seksu (roberto carlos tribute) "GALACTICOS"



details.mp3
3/26/2023 1:48 PM, 3.1 MB

thank you for reading *DONUT HOLES* issue #5

this valentines day,
DONUT HOLES
reminds you to
keep it



sexy

bonus songs ([link](#))

girls2.mp3

4 new songs

goodnight pittsburgh

hiking in slovenia

prize winner (orange beach on the radio)

papa joe's tyrolean raiders

3 covers (2 george joneses and a neil young)

dreamcast in heaven

hic salta (stickman)

Duverstehstmined (oida!)

Little Taste of Ginger

Goblins

Ring That Bell

Apocalypse 7 (adoration of the lamb)

Worst critic