

# ALLI WARREN

HERE COME  
THE WARM JETS

CITY LIGHTS SPOTLIGHT NO. 10



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HERE  
COME  
THE  
WARM  
JETS

CITY LIGHTS  
SAN FRANCISCO



City  
Lights

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CITY LIGHTS SPOTLIGHT

The City Lights Spotlight Series was founded in 2009,  
and is edited by Garrett Caples.

The editor would like to thank Lindsey White, Maia Ipp, Jason Morris, Cedar Sigo, and  
Margaret Tedesco [ 2nd floor projects ] for their assistance with this title.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data  
Warren, Alli.

[Poems. Selections]

Here come the warm jets / Alli Warren.

pages cm. — (City Lights Spotlight Series ; no. 10)

"All City Lights Books are distributed to the trade by Consortium Book Sales and  
Distribution"—T. p. verso.

ISBN 978-0-87286-609-6

I. Title.

PS3623.A86438H47 2013

811'.6—dc23

2013013796

All City Lights Books are distributed to the trade by  
Consortium Book Sales and Distribution: [www.cbsd.com](http://www.cbsd.com)

For small press poetry titles by this author and others,  
visit Small Press Distribution: [www.spdbooks.com](http://www.spdbooks.com)

City Lights Books are published at the City Lights Bookstore,  
261 Columbus Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94133  
[www.citylights.com](http://www.citylights.com)

# Lights

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# City Lights

## ACTING OUT

You begin from economic fact  
You enter in overalls, a tart talisman  
    distinguished by what you do and how you go about doing it  
You are a perceptible, finite and particular  
    part of the scaffolding  
Your personal qualities should ideally be completely irrelevant  
    chains of forgetting  
You arise therefore from your stomach and your imagination  
You invite the little lady onstage  
    and run along the nerve from the base to its point in a flat arc  
You are whatever you can afford and arrange,  
    wherever you can imagine to appear  
You are this third thing  
    fixed only in the variety of your manifestations  
    a universe of meaning, value and practice  
You are the vehicles through which you spread misinformation  
You are sensitive and magnetic to metal  
You are the clause built into the law  
    significant, fungible and durable  
    trolling the show me state

You await universal permission  
get baked and walk the lake

You are pushing yourself up against the wall and you are petting  
riding bitch in the benz

You are the amalgamation of your conceptions  
and their consequences

You are the structures you live by  
and act unfettered against anything  
detrimental to your interests

You are the bean eaters  
couched in productive forces

You are the humming cycle of land under your feet  
bound by the contract  
shooting up the overpass with pink paintballs  
hampered by involvement with your own subject matter

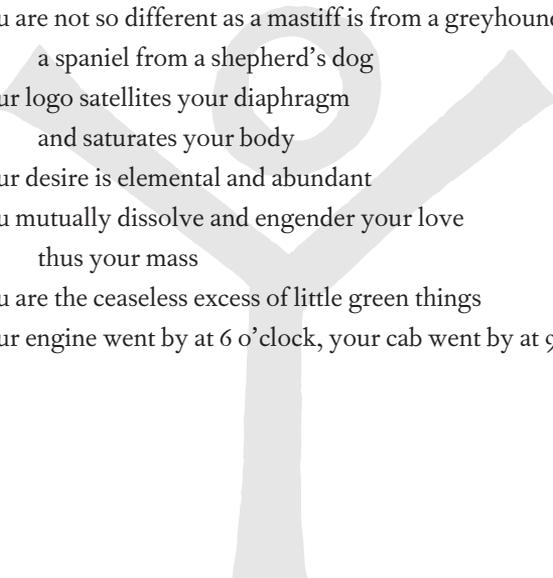
You are accused of being a lyric poet

You shadowbox resentment  
and swell the numbers

You are the relations of exchange by way of this accumulation  
audible in the following way

Your property is an extension of you  
set apart from all the world

Your eye, your ear, your pelt is self-serving



You are not so different as a mastiff is from a greyhound,  
a spaniel from a shepherd's dog  
Your logo satellites your diaphragm  
and saturates your body  
Your desire is elemental and abundant  
You mutually dissolve and engender your love  
thus your mass  
You are the ceaseless excess of little green things  
Your engine went by at 6 o'clock, your cab went by at 9

# City Lights

## FERTILE CORRESPONDENT

The looping points like likeness and so forth  
asserts that everything happens because  
I do not know how to work metal  
I am less effective I devote a great part of my time  
to the interpretation of signals when signs are slow  
in coming I do not hesitate to seek the slightest touch  
by water by wheatberry by cotton thread and flintstone  
I lick around the perimeter and lick under  
that other totality to overthrow with a flick of tongue  
that I might run to the top of a high hill  
without weariness sprout a disc and make bold claims  
aim to come correct come morning  
after morning in full range in weights  
and looting insert fingers to bring breath

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## NEWSWORTHY THING

that we would have been visible from the air  
that we would have acted as such  
that we would return  
having been forced  
to have been grazing

that we were springs  
and by some spell spurring  
banks & batons blockading  
what we could have been growing  
that we would have been greeting  
the horde the gregarious horde

we could be seed and carried  
intact esteemed  
partaking among coming  
in flesh allayed  
as reprieve  
according there  
in thrust and present

that we would be given  
and pillars  
and by some spell spurring  
soft-bodied welling  
that we could equate  
with what we confiscate

great channels flowing  
visible from the air  
and running tides  
and concrete lapping  
and steel girders

that we would be wrenching  
and never rest  
and carry & turning  
and teeth again  
brooks that blood  
reeking at the port entry

# Lights

## WHOSE RULES RELATE REGARDLESS OF THEIR NAMES

Join the group Work, Awareness of Death, & Sexual Continence

Visit the Great Dismal Swamp

Visit the Online Help Center

Become a fan of boat-like gliding

Drink the port-like wine

Poke the quadriceps

Poke the wild nettle

Become a fan of adaptability of skiffs

Make money not steel

Hear the chimes

Flourish as foci

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## THIS WILL BE THE MATERIAL OF MY SONG

Another day at the sieve  
administering the field

& all its relations  
bound in custom

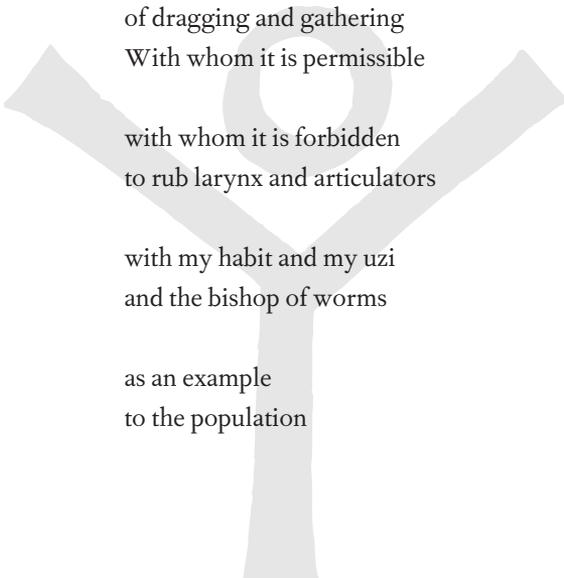
to enterprise and acquire  
to load into carts

Everyone wants to hang glide  
in colonial paradise,

no? To stand on the brink  
and make a market

of every vital nucleus  
As much in understanding

as execution  
of lops, tops and rootage



of dragging and gathering  
With whom it is permissible

with whom it is forbidden  
to rub larynx and articulators

with my habit and my uzi  
and the bishop of worms

as an example  
to the population

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