

JULIEN POIRIER

OUT
OF
PRINT

ASK ME A-
BOUT MY
POETRY

CITY LIGHTS SPOTLIGHT NO. 14

CITY LIGHTS BOOKS

JULIEN POIRIER

OUT
OF
PRINT

CITY LIGHTS
SAN FRANCISCO



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CITY LIGHTS

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CITY LIGHTS SPOTLIGHT

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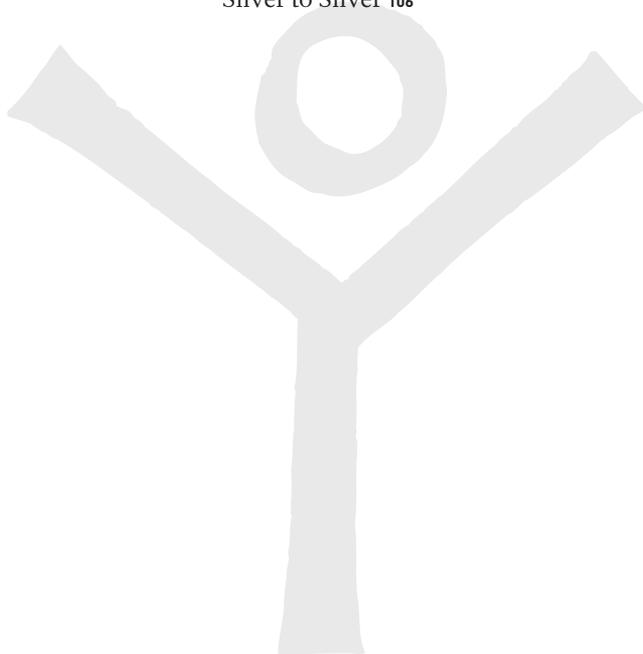
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OPENING POEM

BOOKS

Kailey,

All my poems are for you

Read 'em all the livelong day

Naked as a horse

I mean, naked ON a horse

Don't mind

The paintballers

Zombies on the drag race course

You're wind, you melt on my tongue

News anchor ax murderer

Nun

With bong-hit eyes

The great city this crater once was

No one can touch you

Not a fleck of spattered brain

On your cucumber 3-piece

You and me, you and me

Till the pine cones turn

Insane.

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17 REASONS WHY

BOOKS

First

I went to the second-hand store
to pick up some second-hand smoke
but smoke got in my third eye
on the 4th of July
while I drank a fifth of rye
to myself for the sixth
time since my seventh
birthday.

By eight I was lit to the
nines
but not one tenth of me
wanted to go back to 11th St.
where you and your twelve baby brothers
were baking

Friday the 13th cookies
for their fourteen freeloading
Fifteen Day Adventist sixteen-
candle-looking girlfriends

with *Seventeen* magazine subscriptions

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and eighteen burning draft cards
in nineteen takes on a backlot
at 20th Century-Fox.

The 21st Century started
on September 11th
and was over in twenty seconds,
and September 23rd is the vernal equinox
on Machu Picchu.
24 hours in a day
25 cents to play.

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AVERAGE PAST

BOOKS

you add up our youths
and cut it in half
that's how you arrive at the average past
nice place
no one on the bridge
many a bottle
more swallows than Capistrano
now the standard median you
has one leg
a tipped-off glass eye
and a mean disposition
toward a 20th-Century bum like me
but fuck if
I'd rather be here than there
getting burned in your arms
to android zydeco

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CITY LIGHTS BOOKS

Dear Reader, among the many things I enjoy
is your beautiful voice. I have stared
into your eyes, and found no fear there.
The strains of a jolting wonderful fuck
fill our airshaft, and you smile. Nearly
to yourself, but I detect every subtle change
on your noble and open face, just as the whorls
on your fingertips rock me gently like waves.
Your mind is as unpredictable as your ear
is absolute, and your taste (if it's a matter
of taste) is peerless. I have lived with you
now, for so long the stars have begun
to glint along mountains even as my hand
trails through the stream: Here, drink
before it runs through my fingers, before
it changes its ways, though you know
nothing is ever lost, in your wisdom
wild as silence.

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BACK ON ROOSTER

BOOKS

Stop your wicked ways
Ye stragglers and ye thieves
Open up your cobra vest
Feed your chicken fees
The sun is risking rising now
Its hands are rupee rich
Your rooster's on a funky mission
To crow zero emissions
And span the fiscal stars
Whose stucco mansion fief
On solitudinal seed
Zips up fountains like snow peas
All along the lone cuneiverse
Bathers in their phases on leashes
Chase moons to salt traces
Bait capers with bootleg toothpaste
Diamonds on the river
When saxophones rock steady
From the tip of the past
To the back of the hand

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POEM

BOOKS

I used to be the biggest leftist
till I started finding money on the street

became the Invisible Hand

warily
tinfoiling a burrito at the hippest taqueria
in Jerusalem

devouring
the authoritative pupa
of Watergate

What's this Watergate?
fuggetaboutit!

it's not your day job
to digest the 20th Century

I bring you only the most scintillating gallstones,
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Dr. Wei (UCSF)
photographed them
with the same love

he kept
for bison and ghost barns
of flute-silver knots
and
their platforms

made T-Rex look like IT

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THE 2ND AMENDMENT NEVER SLEEPS

BOOKS

On July 4th
we celebrate
the day we all kicked ourselves
out of the country
out of
one major novel
from the postwar boom
after another
into this
crazy poem three million
billion lines long and
counting and no end
or point in sight

and I say—of course
America is nothing
but one big car park, hot enough
to put blisters on your bare teeth
ranged

by the maddest most longest sustained

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BOOKS

carnival in history
an inchoate
crowning of purple
hummingbird pitbulls
thwipping
carwash kelp
aviator shades
hotwired
by the naked hardbody
of a supermoon
of a sun
that means to destroy us
sexually with perfect
discipline—and

the total loss of jungle
crosses with swastikas fried
in ashcans of honey
aquamarine
sharkfins split the rockers
from the breakers
but really
everyone is all mixed up

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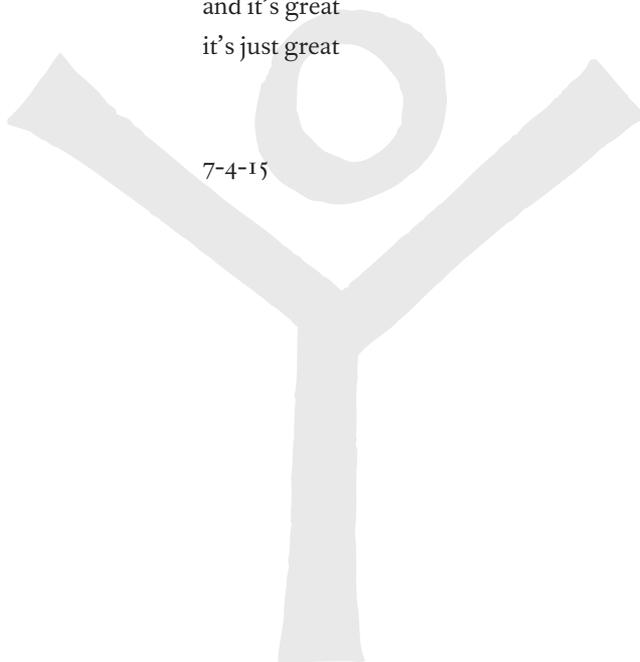
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BOOKS

thrown together
and subject
to the same big rip off

and it's great
it's just great

7-4-15



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more like pieces of the same
chromosome mercury
hammered across space.

Your kids, your crazy hang-ups
and records you never play
but will never sell . . . am I just seeing my own face
shaving on the earthless sky?

gah! this is the last day
. . . don't try to see it out,
no one
will survive, not a single one.

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