

poetics of the exclamation point

*

Eleni Sikelianos

poetics of the exclamation point was originally published by Rodent Press (Boulder, 1995), for a reading at the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics at the Naropa Institute.

copyright © Eleni Sikelianos

“Little Pasha” originally appeared in *Caliban*.

I am running my stint
of five thousand and one
nights at the movies
apprenticing to the man
of 24 movements enough
hours to fill a day
ruining my handwax
to fashion a house
of dog & fish & bone
breathe life into the thing
melting in the beehive

LITTLE PASHA

Oh climates found inside go(l)d already!
Birds by a slip-up!
Angels by default!
Wings by heaven!
O my most monstrous species!
O Happy, happy jeans!
Sierra of my Amok, Ambrosia of my world!
At the base of the stars at the top
of the tower, whatever, America, I stick with you!
Through your cool geophagy, your clandestine
trysts with moons! I stick with you, hyperbolic, hot,
tied-up, deaf-dumb-blind! Through your bouncing
mouth-bombs, your snapping eye-blankets
My most abstract nation of shacks! I
stick with you, shackle to sham, fisting to finger-
fuck, NAFTA to POUF! Luxurious
pasha, you're my illustrious little speck in the cosmos!

THE WILD BEASTS

Hi. How are you. I'm totally in ruins,
sitting here amidst the morning thunder
my mouth hard broken, my little box
blowing the afternoon to bits.

I'll blow it to Kingdom
come, love, till you do
(come) between my teeth & the leaves
tremble on their already shaky

trees!

THE HUNGRY MAN'S WHEEL

He carries an astonishing hierarchy of tools
He can't stand it when I stop to say "you"

Move aside, waters of muffled ubiquity!
The monolith is walking with his astonishing tools!
(which integrate wings & bellowing)

He certainly is one terse atom!
He certainly is the sky's technique!
 He's about 95% Everything
 and 5% What-ever

He's a human field! a solar-solar-something! a nutritious sea!—

& when I love him I love him & he goes down
 like a chorus of reptiles, my little
 chicken-yard angel!

THE MINERS CAME OUT OF THE MINE

till my mouth wedged a crack in time, till my high
oxide annealed the sun, my cunnalingus apparatus
Tremendous!

I am the metal that exhausts itself coming
from the nuptial (ruined) hide.

Mercury gathers in the sleepless organs, shod
in ancient works, shooting
edge & point

edge & point

my prodigious
saliva.

MA FOI, LA FOLIE

I like the way you touched me last night, gentle,
tender, almost personal, in the middle
of my left eye, a little too close
to the pupil.

I'm not having a depression right now, just a little
crise de foi, my faith, my liver; for some of the things
of this world
are beautiful.

PSALM

Yea, & so it was &
Yea, so be it

whose heart is all down with Love
whom to Love his armpit he doth

submit

FROM MY SHOE

with my voice
I will open
your something-or-other
lantern, yr
prodigal
shaft
yr morning
rhomb yr ocular
illusion & all
yr nerves

Fortunate cookie:
Double Happiness to thy corrosive tumulus!

THE LEADER OF THE BAND

& when they aren't webbing ornaments into my pants
they pin me down with brute
force, they force me
to put hoops in my lips! they are convinced
that with a brow-bar, an eye-piece, I can lead
the revolution! But no, I want to be
standing up in summer with a skirt
between my knees not this
clogging around walking

blind.

SONG OF LA PIEDRA CANSADA

I know in your ear
the cartilage is beautiful
So I write to you with my fingers
all over the page, you
luminous
literato, you
rakish
sea
grain

I will write to fit inside your full
extension
All the while, whistling
to death

SERMON DE LA BARBARIE

After that, I went to work in a sugar factory.
And I numbered you Queen. And you were higher, more
of an altar, you were
most. And I called you *calles* & you walked
there swimming naufragée with a corona
of shade. Your corneas busted like topaz. Thirst-driven you
slaked the oxen home & there sounded
mi cuerpo like bells over the campesina. And all of the
dream, all
the Rivers,
All of the Rivers dreamed. And there was a hymn
full of wood for you then. And
we listened. And the world sang it then
tú y tú y
tú y tú.

THE EMOTIONAL STOMACH

I see that my mouth has hurt you. It's cold out,
the stars are going
about, & cars. I would like to see
more of myself in the picture. Look,
here's a word.

It means so much to me.