

# RUDE GIRL

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## Ophelio

Just now I thought  
his name,  
when it wasn't coming,  
I thought again  
of making this  
“without the wire we retire” of names  
I already have,  
then I had names

5. upon first observation, sound and place appear neutered, until that is, when making a noise (clearing your throat perhaps), the noise sounds like a noise “without the brain we retain” rather than you.

“The fault, dear \_\_\_\_\_, lies not in the stars  
but in ourselves, that we are underlings”

### **The Sublime Curb**

man his thoughts  
Mr. has any hope  
unfolding flora, graffiti  
after what bred the sea

*we call a person honest  
and then we ask 'why has  
he behaved so honestly today?'*

if not derived  
*'our usual answer is  
on account of his honesty!'*

weight and  
artery  
thigh-milk, its thick patina  
what sore  
and spot the lip  
the crushing splatter  
of salt

// (by the way) not true

## Ophelia

one criterion:

an artery stem filled

with month's mud

the young foot

folded side by side

in the roots

small fires

small houses

all the little cities

rocks or trees

that popular audience

“but he was not contented”

this Capital (bind) a small  
blue orchard

that is/ the deed  
were five Franciscan nuns  
whose habits  
were dressed in blue chalk

one name  
spits up  
the half-hanging snot  
of silence  
over oneself

spoken quickly and sincerely  
and set to walk  
at which it dare  
not snarl  
that we may pass  
from this point of view  
was this part or  
parts  
of the stage?



## Ophelio

salt of summer

harp/

in string tied from bed

I walked away

on a steal beam

above the house

in a photograph

like a dog's

my fists like

folded air

caught in the throat

an alleyway

lost among them

by the pool (coasting  
slowly through islands)

white rain the white window  
nearer  
the blue

I knew to climb  
back into my fingers  
I knew the cities  
rippling  
with such care  
I knew my shoulders  
like copper  
but no one came  
between them

with bones  
the damned may bridge  
an organ loan

originally the  
feet were complicit  
they were made  
to meet the way in which  
the field was made

**THE  
SHE  
HER**

**WAY  
TURNED  
HEAD**

—as a man snaps his fingers above his head setting the water at his waist into a whirr in your mouth not like glass  
Come Back To Me  
sung gaily

I go back  
in the pool  
a ghost-bird  
at the outset  
rowing slowly  
and scripted  
netting

into the trees

his awful broken hand

she had remembered  
the presence of bones, her daughter  
being this being who would weep  
mid-morning and treat  
herself to red grapes when she could  
“she was living inside this house  
without being here, I couldn’t stand  
her living here, I couldn’t stand  
her borrowing”

Three Voices [together].

bare slip, one hand in three  
a garden, a dog, a belly  
was dropped like a coin, let  
a pocket and warm plaid dress  
find the foot mangled might  
a bubble soared from her throat,  
round and soon burst as she yelled

First Voice.

he said, "his politics,  
a bubble may burst" only  
on trees grow fruit and fleas  
all photos were buried in a box

Second Voice.

or locked and thrown  
replace the dogged breath of bone!

Third Voice.

restore the song and save the purse  
naturally walking  
campus bench would be the first  
bird fondling  
on the heels, at the movies

Three Voices [together].

The throat, beneath the heart  
a throng of human

SCARS:

when keloid the marks appear purple and raised

a crooked finger

like the fig-branch was snapping

before the beetle could

## **Ophelio**

the woman with her ass  
exposed in the back seat  
of the cab we shared  
wasn't you as I  
kept attempting to pull  
her skirt (like a school girls)  
back over it



bringing foot to blistered lip

almond cake, around

square teeth

fleshy seeds

horse tongue

or the back

of the mouth

a white fungus

seeds and almond the same

## Ophelio

I could Love  
only a quarantine  
of dialects  
to the station  
thin and cold surface  
have their way  
as if a wire  
above the water  
glancing back

—the best ghosts we can devise

bone-needle  
viceroys to bones  
over the shoulder

6. buzzed about his brain

obtained by one's thought

blockhead

or distinctions

two:

after withholding she held some more

without the brain

rations 'neath

the barn bed

in the naked  
bulge of his tits

as long as I can  
speak English  
like a boy  
this finger  
to speak explicitly  
this building  
a tunnel

penciled below  
wherever I go  
I used to pray  
trying to walk  
for years sometimes

## **Ophelia**

your appearance  
has nothing  
to do with it

(action floats where/ in milk/

action without action  
leaves one in bed)

and Love  
peeling  
away hunger  
within months of walking

even the purple flower  
on one toe

## **Ophelio**

to feeble fall the impressions  
of nature/ every touch should thrill

## **Ophelia**

there is no man  
who does not anticipate  
a supersensual utility/  
in the sun and stars



A. endo-cannibalism  
these stand and wait  
to devour/ proscrition,

the meat is sweeter  
after it has been buried  
and infested with maggots

—to reach the quick and compel,  
of being  
the largest  
power

or the man of beauty

scar like walk or  
terrace

B. exo-cannibalism

adorned with fountains and statues

of music

only doctored

to be a music-box

to devour/ prescribed

—the way one leans

on oneself

to steady the shaking

in one's legs

itself eaten

## Ophelia

he does not stand out  
of our low limitations,

we hear he was privy  
in that country there is a pool  
who leans against a door  
the door is called shade  
market or those hands

in the whole  
the signs  
all air/ presage  
were there

it is a machine again  
to be there swimming  
there is a hoof  
on the head  
the oil we give  
to lick it into sense  
you by the river  
became a purple-  
flower  
that when fantasizing  
is placed  
on a wind-shield  
or park bench  
or the movies

of men seem to be minors

the minute he bought

new shoes

he thought of her

the minute he thought

of her

with walking hand  
in hand

and car and country  
and her Love

and milk and fat

and bloated  
and bruised

only that welt

and his right eye

a purple fist

still I am thinking  
of something closer to the dogs

at my guts  
a paragraph, a verb  
I haven't appeared

July:

swimming (TIDAL)

on the phone

never a day  
concussed,

to the eye  
of loving men