

Hey!t for Women

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Some More Poems by SoyN Lee

Soychini

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*for DT and Edward always
and for Meeeeeee*

*The world believes all blondes are stupid
and brunettes are smarter. Well, I disagree.*

—Anna Kournikova
(the worst always)

Meet me in the strawberry fields now.

—Men

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WORDS

birth control: HeyAIDS.

white white: Worst?

new bike: Dourist?

sexy: Mercy.

sex: Worst.

late: Meoney.

men late: Nursed.

WORDS

blondes: Naive we-earn.

brunettes: Money nursed.

moneys: Dumbped?

white Jew: WeGreeced.

orgies: Beans.

Jews: Mercy.

Jews: Nursed.

WORDS

oinks: Won?

mean: Dumb?

female jealousy: Stupid.

hatred: Aped.

women: Won.

men: Noon.

women hey!t: Nursed.

WORDS

pregnance: When?

verbals: Mean.

won corn: Gun.

female orgasm: Deepest of peeps.

crack and cocaine: Win?

Jewish identity: Old hus-band.

nappies: No-earn.

WORDS

women's hernias: #1 killer of women. #9 is jealousy.

stroke: Horn.

doppels: Threads.

possession: Moneys?

periods: Beads.

whore's horn: Moneys?

no horn: No-earn?

smells: Nuts.

WORDS

penis: When?

penis envy: Won?

won erection: Gun.

Modern: "Get her first so she can make it cleverly."

Post: 'Won, I'm boring.'

covets: To embarrass people until I have it.

poes: Men?

rapes: When?

'Leave it own.'¹: Worst.

hut: 'I don't women.'

1. Forest.

WORDS

married: Coon.

single: Gay.

lesbian: Hoon.

Jewish: Burse/bused.

television: Mean/men.

videos: Worst and won.

sports: Known-none.

dumb: Dumb.

dumb: Dumb.

WORDS

h unt: Done.

most competent: Stinks.

fucks: 'I don't won.'

skin hair: Waste.

Miss: Won?

Ms.: No-earn?

Mrs.: None?

hers: Homo.

syn: Works only for good.

semant: Bloonde.

naked: Dumped.

WORDS

trollop: Nursty.

horny women: Waist is you no more.

motherhood: Meney.

big deals: Duse?

fatherhood: Won nun?

heads: Soon.

relations: Done?

children: Gays.

marriage: Must?

won birth: Gone.

WORDS

“For a good time, call . . . “¹: Jews.

1. GoGo?

concentration: AIDS.

hey!t: Must “no-earn” no more.

HeyKK: ‘Tonight, I wrote.’

bleeding heart: ‘Nurse?’

women who cage birds: Criminals.

soy: Board board.

WORDS

menstrual cramp: Crack.

vomit: Gay, hunh?

haze: Worst.

Gretchen: is so ghoul.

Ingrid: is so old.

Doris: is so old.

Winifred: is "won."

Judith: is so ugly.

Marla: is old and not that old.

WORDS

Gertrude: A-iti.

Rose: "Won, hon."

Hus: Won.

Jewann: Jam.

Bloods: We're's.

pigs: Won won?

WORDS

“not playing with a full deck”¹: Not rude.

losing: Woney woney.

kosher: Old.

meat: Onions.

1. Won.

pink: Haiti no more.

blue: Uns ('ənz).

nun: Gay.

piggy: Sex figured it out (the physical energy).

porn: Gun.

PHOEBES¹

Are we beans?

1. The poem is based on J.D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*.

PHOEBES

Are we rice now?

Food.

Won. Beets.

HEY!Ts

Do you want olds?

Women who hate blacks ruin psychology.

HEY!Ts

Do you like no eyes in your Eds?

Whites like whites.

Latinos love women.

Does masturbating old you, African?

Racist are losers.

Indians hate blacks no more.

Won, you slept with a Mexican. Who's white?

HEY!Ts

Continue to be a friend of Mercy-None.

Nursed!—every time you look at me.

Do you wear shoes to be me?

Funny people do not commit evil.

Someone held you, hunh?

HEY!Ts

Oh, Lord! I'm coming. I'm coming. Is it mercy to
meet you anyway?

I'm old *not*?

Won. I know you no more.

Nursed. I'm evil *not*?

Nursed. Nuts *not*.

HEY!Ts

Let's pretend she's old nut.

Won, I'm A-iti?

Lose the raise.

I like your new powerhouse rock.

It's Pizza now.

I'm Pizza *and* Mexican.

HEY!Ts

Oops, I don't know *any* mercy now.

I'm not here anyway.

You're not that good; you're white people's.

Duped. I loathe wheat.

Pizza bores me.

HEY!Ts

Nursed. I'm money no more.

Losers are money-no-earn.

Numb, numb, numb.

Dumb, dumb, dumb.

HEY!Ts

Do you like people?

No. I don't.

Numb. I don't know anybody not ugly.

Your hair is sophisticated.

Friend?

HEY!Ts

Stick with *me*. We'll live with Mayans?

My father is what I am not.

I don't "anyone" now.

Dough?

HEY!Ts

Won. Who's the funnier white? Whites?

Do you think Pizza likes Pizza-haze?

Won. Is it salt?

Won. I'm cool?

Who's an old person? Never mind, I'm old.

HEY!Ts

Won. I have no “wheat” today—to be
good-looking.

Won. You’re white and successful.

Duped. I ate meat.

You are not a Pizza ain't it.

HEY!Ts

I *did* like your hair.

I never mind your hair not, hunh?

Blues people hate Pizza?

Did you smell when you went to the toilet?

Duped. I know me?

HEY!Ts

You're not old?

Do you smell?

Famous people need old?

Jewish stars hunt, hunh?

HEY!Ts

Won. Old.

Won. Is bootylicious¹ g(h)ood?

1. From the '70s, maybe.

I want writers?

Wearing leather makes me money.

HEY!Ts

I like *GrAphicans*?

What's a GrAphican anymore?

Desperate . . . write?

Dust.

HEY!Ts

Collusional.

Dust.

Dumped. Naive Haiti.

White smells salty-not?

HEY!Ts

Stupid nut.

Loon.

I don't like white people; you thought I did.

Bums?

HEY!Ts

Look for me through Alexandria, and get
destroyed.

Woorse.

Do you beans? They don't need anybody Nice.

Bum.

HEY!Ts

Losers think I'm not using.

Won. I don't like tofu. Any?

Rice *is* a white person's *meal*.

Eggplant's mean.

HEY!Ts

Hey! Do you know me?

I hate Sueychini.

Won. God doesn't punish people who fuck with
white people.

I don't know anything. I just say I do and never
know me.

Beans love wheat?

HEY!Ts

Hey!t. . . .

Hey!t. . . .

Do you like Hey!z?

Wheat?

HEY!Ts

I don't know the difference; she's corny anyway.

Duped.

Pizza likes women who bully.

Won, I'm homos.

HEY!Ts

Nobody's gonna have their own food in this city.

Won.

Duped. I like Pizza and loon it.

White Pizza loves Emily Dickinson.

HEY!Ts

I didn't want anything.

I'm old not, hunh?

Won?

BRINES BRINED

Take a shower, lady.—Buds

Brines: money.

Whooped and duped. I'm vegan, I'm vegan.

And gone.

And lost.

Now what?

Numb.

SEX Y SEX CESS (Won Piggy)

The pumpkin turns as the pumpkin turns.

Black people decided you weren't really the indigenous.

SEX Y SEX CESS

I know money now.

I'm hair.

Duped. Duped. Duped.

They laughter smell.

SEX Y SEX CESS

Twist. Twist.

Nursed.

Thirst, hunh?

SEX Y SEX CESS

I have no money ain't it.

Knose.

SEX Y SEX CESS

Dust.

Never mind. Never mind.

Nursed.

SEX Y SEX CESS

No way am I no *horny*.

I'm won.

SEX Y SEX CESS

I'm *mourney*?

I'm old?

Then, I'm old.

SEX Y SEX CESS

Then innnnnnnnnnnn.

DOE₅ (Deary)

Return way now.

DOE₅

Rehearsed never, ay, uhh?

POON POON

Won. I'm mourning diarrhea.

I'm mon'.

POON POON

Duped and over it, honey-pie.

Dumb?

Who's got the right?

Nursed.

POON POON

I hate Mexico no more. It's so good to be here in
England.

POON POON

Numb.

Dust.

POON POON

Route.

No urs ed.

Dourist.

POON POON

Money??????????????

No!

Laugh??

POON POON

Pizza?

No.

POON POON

Mean?

Nevs.

POON POON

Dooo?

Knose.

POON POON

Who's a Poon Poon?

Money.

POON POON

World?

No!

POON POON

Duped. I didn't know.

Goes.

POON POON

Dumped. Nerd.

Dust.

WIELANDS¹

Mexican no-more-AIDS?

No.

1. The poem is based on Charles Brockden Brown's *Wieland: or, The Transformation: An American Tale*.

WIELANDS

Noooooise.

Souped.

Nase?

Beast.

WIELANDS

Smells never, hunh? My whories.

Smells?

No.

WIELANDS

Smile. You're money.

No. (Laughed.)

Dused. And then dumped.

WIELANDS

Won. Is it *wies*?

Why?

Do you like Wieland?

No.

Too whiiiite and dull.

WIELANDS

No. He's a Latino.

Never mind. He left.

WIELANDS

Murphin?

Won. It's Lee?

ONES

Poor Woman's Copyright

We're all losers
We can't even drive

Without staring at some poor girl at the bus stop

("She ate got no car")

"I don't want to make anybody a loser," she said
"Well, Kid, you better figure out what to do about them
(dem) trying to kill you all day long"

("I'll turn the car around and face that evil lizard
down")

The Whole Family Did Cannonballs

My dad did cannonballs
Then I did a cannonball
And then *even* grandma did a cannonball
We *all* did cannonballs

And then I thought,
'Wow, what if people figure out I don't even like doing
cannonballs?'

"Then we're screwed"
"So we'll just upset it,
And then *they'll* never be able to see us"

And my aunt said,
"Don't worry, we'll keep them from being here"
"I'll tell them about it *anyway*
So what?"

Then I slipped, and nobody cared

For Pluto

“Orgasmic energy will never return to Pluto”

He’ll just tell us the Solar System is not real

Oops—
It’s a star

ONES

Blake

Blake will never be able to do anything (silly grin)

—Oops, I don't care; I'm the teacher—

So does everyone think . . . uh . . . they'll believe I wrote
the lyrics?

Spit in It¹

A booger with AIDS is 10 minutes

Spit is 10 minutes

Poop is 10 minutes, about

Urine: 8 to 10 minutes

Tears: 10 minutes

Sweat: 8 to 10 minutes

“What’s so special about you hair?
Let me spit in your food”

1. Please do not think of this poem for medical advice. I am not doctor.

Jean's Daughter, Who Cares?

"Gene," she said with a nice face,
unusual for Philadelphia

But not looking at me, but at someone else
In the third row of seats waiting
(I had a nice suit on for something else)

"Yes," I said, somewhat hesitant
In the Social Security office
Finally changing my information

". . . But I think it's supposed to be 'Jon,' maybe"

"Oh, no," she said (crewly)
". . . But whatever"

Poor Van Gogh

Latest:

What a horny dude/I need him/to sell

What an okay dude:

Hell, hell, hell

ONES

Family

This is the way
I pour a drink
For somebody
I hate

As if
I'm pouring AIDS
In their cup

Your mother
Pours you a drink
Like that forever

Dialogue with Evil

PREJUDICE NO MORE: Except for Whoomp Whoomp, none of my friends showed up.

BUT STILL EVIL: Well, if it's her that showed up, then she's not your friend.

BUT WILLING TO BE EVIL: Well, if it's her that showed up, just torture the one that showed up.

BUT NOT SURE WHEN TO BE EVIL: Well, if it's her that showed up, then there's no friend showing up.

ONES

Alien Diet

for Michael Collier, who is 10% alien

Do you like corn?

'Cause, that's what you eat

Who eats cornbread may not eat corn muffin

Torn

Jewelry is the opposite of horn—
we wanted to see if you could be gazed on,¹
so we gave you some good jewelry,
and now, you don't want your own thoughts

1. It's not "gazed at."

ONES

Cabirias¹

Cabiria must never be cool.
Anyway, I don't want this relationship. I'm Moor.

Well, I don't want to be a good woman not. I'm black.

Is she Haiti?
Well, sort of. She's white, white, white.

Why so much us at the end of the film?
The woman got slammed.
We don't want her here anyway, she's *too* sweet.

Why are we alright at the end?
Cabiria is so stupid, she doesn't get I will never not
murder.

(poem cont.)

1. The poem is based on Federico Fellini's 1957 film,
Nights of Cabiria.

(poem cont'd.)

Why are we so close to the edge, Cabiria?

I'm so confused. Did he just threaten me or am I
embarrassingly crazys?

. . . Well, alright, I'll just sit here and make fun of
myself.

They live with Scorpios never who have this type of
strength.

Cabiria never gets to look at me, is most people.

It's the same group. They just don't like her.

Cabiria gets no spiritual awakening ever ever.

They live this way for the good Mayans to never be
what I'm faking.

Cool.

ONES

Postmodernism Is Heâr (Higger)

Check your E^{male}

Check your Ar abs

Who wanted Postmodernism?

What theory do you want from me now, Jewish?

Loops Loops

Moonkey Boost Butterfly

PREJUDICE 1: Who is a moonkey, not a butterfly?

PREJUDICED 2: No, she's cool. Give her some space to her true butterflyyy.

OOPS, I'M NUTS: Okay. I still hate her. We'll call her "Moonkey Butterflyyy."

ONES

I♥Borscht¹

Whose! me?

Of course, I love borscht

Who else would be me?

“None love borscht but old people”

Whatever, I guess I’m not that old?

Never assume I don’t know me

I’m not good at it ain’t it

“Whatever, it’s black not, and I loathe it”

It’s black Aryan² mostly and very clean

1. Vegan-only your borscht, or it won’t be good for your beauty. No drugs either!

2. Note that white Americans are often black and Aryan.

The UFOs of Castle Boulevard¹

“Ms. Leonard, what do you think they wanted with
that woman?”

Whatever, no one has asked
They just stole her last night
The window was open not even
Nobody knows what they wanted
Nobody will ever know they wanted her to go home
Well, alright, she’s been gone for 15 years
Now, now

1. Castle Boulevard, MD, is one of the ghettos of the richest county in the world.

ONES

One if by Land, . . .

Two:

- if I'm cool when I do it
- if I see
- if I feel like it
- if you and I are cool
- if I have money on it (Who has a Jackson!?)
- if I'm desperate enough to believe in my nation
- if I'm a cool person today
- if I feel like it again today
- fish live in the sea — if I'm stinky not (Fishy.)
- if I know the process already — do you always
share your cool?
- if I'm fornicating in it
- if I can steal it from somebody else
- one if by *laaand*
- if I'm cool now

Oh, well, someone didn't bother anyway.

Lamia¹

Why am I the white woman not?
(Oops, you're a white black-person)

I'm boring is that it?
Well, alright, I'm bored

Okay, I'm old too

Anyway, I'm boring not

Well, ofaaaaaay!
And not rude, am I?

God!: me

Now I'm bored 'cause she
existed or something anyway

(poem cont.)

1. The poem is based on John Keats' *Lamia* and other Lamias.

ONES

(poem cont'd.)

Anyway, I'll be dull
— This is the part nobody can stand, not even me.
It's the part that people hate women, also men, in. —

Now I'm boring again
It's boring to see through me not?

Dull

She's so dull not bored

Bored

Oh, well, it's an old woman
Why was that corny not?

I'm boring?

Suuued!

Beastly isn't none

(poem cont.)

(poem cont'd.)

Now I'm cool
No way am I *that dud*

Who is boring not?

Go away ain't me not

Let's behave ourselves
Or get canned¹

1. This type of office worker is meat-eat.

ONES

Toward Real Horn

When was the last time I actually did something for
real?

Without wanting any more gain for *gross*?

Out of My Automobile

When are you going to realize I'm the driver anyway
and go away?

When I have a great car like *that*, it's 'cause I'm cool.

(What I don't know is when to stop bothering women,
and I'm growing older.)

Do you even need a ride or are you just cruel?
(Never assume I'm not growing older.)

"Never give up." That's what I've said, and now look
at me.

(Alright, then, I'll go away now and never count.)

(I haven't.)

Ape, please remove yourself from my automobile.

ONES

Straightjacket¹

for Eminems

. . . will make you straight
Is what they had in mind

“Who wears this is straight now”

Horny no longer
And violating people not

1. Closet homos, try a mental straightjacket! Oops, we mean verbal.

Caves^{1,2}

Why do I have to unhealthily sit with fools before I can
see myself?

Men think it's fine because it gives them the advantage.

"Can you give me some body language?"

"I'll pretend to leave you alone."

"No way am I rude to her, she's not mens."

"Never assume I'm not cruel enough to give you this
situation forever and never help you."

"And never assume I'll go away."

—10 out of 18 females have menstrual cramps now
from being harassed too much on their thought.

"Now, who is eating?"

"Do you lunch?"

(poem cont.)

1. For those who vomited anyway.

2. Formerly titled "Caved In."

ONES

(poem cont'd.)

I sit with them no longer and lose the cramps.
“My favorite scene is when I get some crumped
(dumped cramps)”

I did have a cramp and had no idea. Reality won't let
him speak to me if I have cramps.

“Alright, just cave in, bore.”

Dud.

Race Riot

WHITE: Who is in charge is who I bother not.

WHITE–NOT-NOT NOT WHITE: I like people picking on people. It's fun!

BLACK: What I don't understand is so boring.

ONES

Porn

Meaning blood.

When did they word this?

[WARN]

“I don’t want them to think this is not blood
contamination,” is her
who had some kind of strange sexuality in her Aryan

“No more blood not?”

I’ll just sit here knowing I can’t see me

In my arms even,
because she has

E PLURIBUS DUUUUUNUM

From many, dumb!

Nothing to Do with Anne Hutchinson

(once a collage)

Pope hits the highway with pepper packets and
matches
just how many Chinese meals can we fit in this week?
Jeffersonian realities in laundry's delivery
all the while, a smiling face and a bamboo that drinks
and drinks and drinks
no spring water for the bamboo or Earl Grey
aspirin still goes down with tap
maps are just business cards of those who have "left
their mark"

—she puts her head on the pillow and sighs
it would be so much easier if calendar dates came with
their own price tags—

Pope waves hello, and Condoleezza smiles
it is time for toast and tea and the strong shoulder of a
forefather
"You" will never take enough notes on index cards
so find solace in fabric softener and stock options

(poem cont.)

(poem cont'd.)

weather maps and signature confirmations
let's just barcode everything, from bullet holes to
words of caution

Palimpsest

fascists don't like peace
peace leaves a fascist without purpose

so we spray-paint a brutal swastika over the peace sign
we spray-paint a peace sign onto the U.S. flag

the flag we put up just yesterday
to remind everybody that this is America, *Jack*

you mess with us, and we will pay you back
so, what is your purpose?

she picks at her salad, disappointed
says with enthusiasm

"did you notice my hair is finally growing back?"
(the season had been particularly rough at work)

not really listening, he stares out the window
far off at the bridge, with the flag and the cars
whizzing by

(poem cont.)

(poem cont'd.)

“that’s awful,” he says, “somebody should take that
down”

ONES

CityLines

a trivial amount of fat in that sandwich, she sat down
where he spat down, looked straight ahead, ahead of
herself, ended up somewhere

should she admit that she had no technique, no
walking skills in the city, that she once tripped over a
homeless man, that when she clumsily

ordered that sandwich, she was quietly, disappointed
to find the restaurant out of bread and just about to
close

it didn't matter, but it did matter to her, how one walks
when one senses construction workers leering

the bang, bang, bang of the loud city, with its days
of reckoning and its power lunches, its reasons for
being, and rude salesclerks, they were always fixing
something, she would just have to catch the El

(poem cont.)

(poem cont'd.)

catch the hidden salt content behind the man's gaze,
there was no point in talking to a stranger, she threw
a dollar into the open violin case and the man began
to play, a policeman frowned

"Miss, do you have ID?" "do you know where you're
going?" "for your own sake, you should know where
you're going," "should stop at a stoplight," "should
accept a free drink or two"

reassuring her, the young man said, "oh, that's just
5 blocks down" "you'll pass the park full of used
condoms and popsicle sticks"

a lady of modest means asked just how much that
would be with tax, "that will be \$3.65," a roll of the
eyes, "where are you?" her friend on the phone
asked, "you're almost an hour late"

(poem cont.)

ONES

(poem cont'd.)

a closing violin case, a car horn, a sudden stop, this heat and humidity can't go on forever, one should admit when they're wrong, should apologize, "bitch, get off of me!" he had said, should she apologize?

should she admit that she was lost? there were always so many potholes, and plot holes, the policeman frowned again, demanded an explanation, was there a story here? should she keep going on in this direction?

this city needed much ironing out, her dress was wrinkled, so she apologized, said it was the late-night drag racers, the Code Orange days, the tamper evident seals, and the option of adding pesto

he understood, smiled and gave her his card, "yeah, I play here all the time," "same corner, same grit," "you can set your clock by me"¹

1. A phrase or something from the '90s.

Kamikaze Copilot

A poem will never be a tree^{1,2}

So I can only pretend Grandma said,
 “Child, falling in love makes you a kamikaze copilot”

Through her dentures and broken English
 Or she said,

“Ti fi ou pa connin chita la kay ou?”
 “Young lady, don’t you know how to stay in the
 house?”

Then she turned gingerly on her side, patted the
 pillow, and said,
 “Fuck off,

Grandma needs to sleep now, drown your sorrows in
 nine months
 Like the rest of us”

1. Joyce Kilmer wrote, “I THINK that I shall never see/ A poem lovely as a tree.”
2. Please recycle this book anyway.

ONES

Lucy, It Was Not Your Fault¹

*Lucy, it was not your fault
It was never your kind face
It was just Niagara Falls
(Oh, okay, maybe it was your face)*

And slowly he turned . . .

Her kind face is just her love of life. (the audience laughs)

She doesn't get it. She doesn't think to just leave. (the audience laughs)

It is a funny bit, but I don't get it either.

Why is he hurting Lucy when she's not the one who upset him in the first place? (they laugh again)

(poem cont.)

1. The poem is based on "The Ballet," a 1952 episode of *I Love Lucy*.

(poem cont'd.)

Maybe she should just leave.

It's hard not to laugh. It's a really funny bit.

On a Coat

After accidentally spitting a little something from my mouth onto this woman's shoulder, I wanted to say, "Sorry lady, I just spit some stuff on your shoulder," and gently rub off the little bit of white on her black coat. But this was risky business this telling who wants to know they've been spat on. And who will take a touch from a stranger? The spitting, however, was safe, so I did it again.

Leaves^{1,2}

And water hits the house on a rainy day
And I love you
My weakening rose sits on the sill
Limp
Loving you
Hating the tap
Alone and watching rain.

And am I a little nervous
Is it the silence in this house
Is it the tiny droplets
Moving slower and slower
Until nothing
Down the pane
Toward a dying rose?

1. Formerly titled "Sessile."
2. Roses are sessile not.

ONES

And She Said

for Bens, who took acid now

and she said
and you did
so feeling so
sociable
called her
and said

to tell her
you were thinking of her

just right then
promised you did
to send her money
no security checkpoints
large amount

of was comical
and she said
and was said
and so she was

(poem cont.)

(poem cont'd.)

to be so patient
taking it all very seriously
something you said
something in the air
the next morning

ached in the head
required balancing
some ache
for balancing

ONES

She's Growing Her Hair Out

Excuse me, do you have any change?¹
"Vicious, vicious!"

May I see that red sweater?
"Oh, vicious, vicious!"

Please pass the rolls.
"Oops!"

Do you like my new red sweater?
"E-ooooops!"

1. Do we still ask people for change?

Essays 1–5 Robot¹

Would it have been worth while
 If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,
 And turning toward the window, should say:
 “That is not it at all,
 That is not what I meant, at all.”

—T.S. Eliot, “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock”

1.
 (specifics said.

pointed
 critics/break/would
 siding
 find themselves questioning the interpretation
 author, alas!
 account
 for
 relationship’s
 sever

(poem cont.)

1. Essays read during graduate school inspired the writing of this poem, specifically the works of Ralph Ellison and Irving Howe (also Prufrocks).

ONES

(poem cont'd.)

2.

indentify
portrayal
protest concerning Art

rule of the artist
Wright?

birth guilty

paragraph perversions happen

3.

American position
Howe
haven't we Ralph
polemicized¹
wildly?

The predicament of pluralism

(poem cont.)

1. Polemicized.

(poem cont'd.)

4.
meaning of what I wrote

this mode
rebuttals

“a”

preconceived audience

as strategy, as calculated
to appeal

(poem cont.)

ONES

(poem cont'd.)

5.

private/public

pubic as troubled performance

recognize

from the west, Western thing

standard

I am not quite comfortable with

in women's cases,

patriarchy

you are not fully a page, Paige

Notes Anyway

1. Whites used to know that red and white was pink.
2. *Paper Dolls* was one grand show!

