

Neon Geyser, Porcelain Sky

a poetry journal
volume 1, issue 2

Poem On The Occasion Of 'Piecing' Together
the First Issue of *Neon Geyser, Porcelain Sky*

Razzmatazz! another baby, diapered, deciphered,
epoxied. Pandora muse releases aqueous gas
moths, spiders, haematodes on sheen
sheen of a page, 'this side or that?'

Here we are world! Here we are Venetian, Lorenzi Park and
here we are Stewart Fremont Nellis. Here is our Lamb!
Feeds from our hand
from moxie, savvy, our cone head protoplasmic grandstand
grins.

Here is Sheila, here is Ask-A-Mask lady and Us-Ourselves too.
Here is porcelain sky raining
the way we rain, release,
hexagram 40 release
in geyser gush.

Hush! Do not disturb sleeping giant.

—Ken Wanamaker

Immortality

Russ Meyer (1922-2004)

Without the valley, the hills, cupped &
Straining against the horizon, would be
Nowhere, man. There would be nothing
To echo chrome throats, throttled. Varla's
Sneer. The sound and solid effect of Mr.
Bone meeting Karate Chop.

Between the curving slopes, vision
Cleaves to itself. Lucky man who knows
What he likes: a take-charge voice wrapped
In leather, stacked. Through mascara
Masks, vixens affix their hi-beams on the
Prey, We're all of us down in the mud,

Honey, but some are looking at the
Drive-in stars. *Don't put me in some museum.*
My films are ever-living. They'll go on and on.
They aren't ever going to die. Skin flickers.
Beyond the valley, the vale, Slower, now,
Pussycat. Sleep. Sleep.

—Gregory Crosby from his book GOTHAM 2004



We forget that America was founded by, and for fifty years or more ruled by, radical intellectuals. As they lost power in the years before the civil war, their ideas went underground and surfaced in dozens of secular and religious communal sects, all seeking the community of love, the abode of peace, the cooperative commonwealth. Whitman's ideas were common currency in the radical left of pre-Civil War America, all those to whom the Civil War would be an extension of the Revolutionary War, and who would never realize they had lost it. Whitman's visionary democracy is quite unlike the rationalist, social-contract utopia envisioned by the French Revolution. It is a community of love, of organic fulfillment in the comradeship of work, play, sex, the family, the family in which the self, far from being alienated, is liberated and universalized in joy with all the others. At every point Whitman offers an alternative to the ethics of the rising predatory society.

—Kenneth Rexroth, *American Poetry in the Twentieth Century*, Continuum Books 1973.

THE NAKED FLAG OF THE HEART

—for Jack Hirschman

It rattles in the wind

full of holes

it's been around
since the cavemen grew thumbs

ancient, battered cloth
in shades of color
few can know

the naked flag of the heart
does not speak of love

it's fended off suitors
for millions of years

"if only you didn't wave
so intensely,"

the culture pimps pout

"perhaps if your fissures
were patched with steel thread

if you'd let us dry clean you
and iron you flat

(you might shrink a bit;
not to worry)

and dropped your pole
just a few miles

you'd be so much easier
to see..."

but there's a reason
the naked flag of the heart
flutters
so high and away:

anything easily reached
can be casually ruined...

reporters would show
with their pencils and teeth
asking poignant and pointed questions

"Does the Flag Have a Love Child?"
the *Enquirer* blares...

It sings gigantic
alone with its pride

and the moon tips its dark side
the satellites hush

even the stars bow low

it beats at the breeze

there for savage survivors
who've stormed up its staff
an inch at a time

with cunning and grace and perfect greed

one glimpse and it's yours
for a while...

--David Lerner, from his book *The Last Five Miles to Grace*, Zeitgeist Press, 2005

Counterparts

Twenty of us have dressed with more care than
All customers must wear condoms
Matron's touring Sheri's Ranch
Straight lay, half and half, two-girl show,
A beige one-story motel with vinyl siding.
Hot and cold French, Bubble bath,
Where the red light summons our counterparts
Exchange massage, crème de menthe French,
Who run, cheerful, down the hall--
College girls changing classes-
Fantasy session, Drag party,
In lace thongs and stilettos,
In knee socks and see through slips,
In boy shorts and tattoos,
Seduction, Bondage, Dominance
And introduce themselves to the customer
In the prim parlor with the menu on an easel
Hot and cold French, bubble bath,
Sara-late-as-always
Breast massage, Frappe French
In newly-loosed hair and hippie dress
Texas twosome, round-the-world,
Slipping into platform sandals
As she catches the end of the line,
Whipped cream, lingerie show
If we like him, we will curtsy and show our tongue
If not, we hope for solitude and Harry Potter.

—Sheila Paris Klein

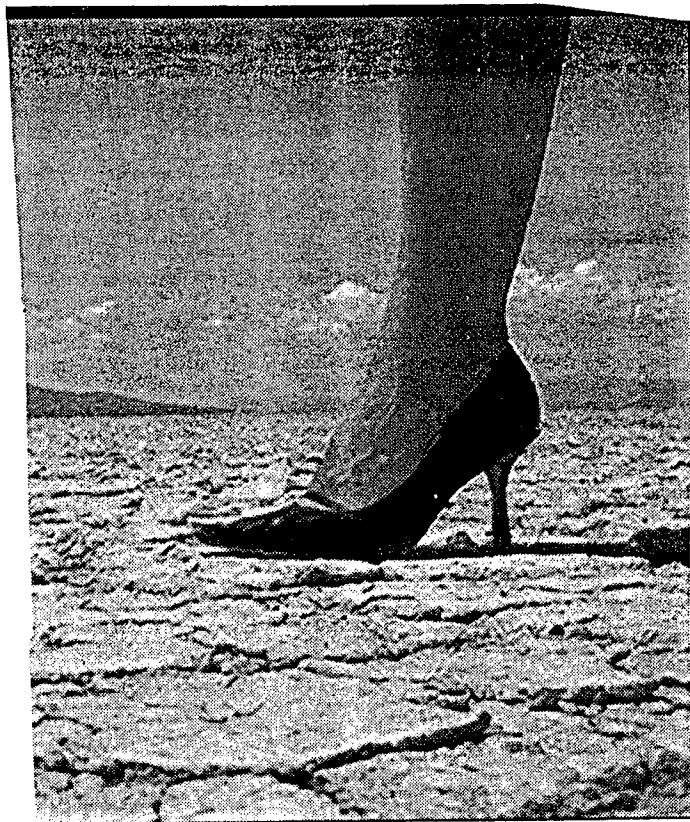
Strip Lady

A lady on The Strip
tank top replete with silicone,
tights showing runs
and proof of her mistreated bottom,
wanders the boulevard
past fountains
and volcanoes,
pirates and pimps,
thinks about dinner
and

Oh, God,
Kicking off her stilettos,
it's hot
She thinks
too hot for contact
hot enough for a beer.

She's a man killer
looks for the best there is
offers all she has
for a bill
and maybe a hint
at the underlying principle
of her being.

—Jan Ashman



101 wildflowers of Mt. Ranier

You brought the starry solomonplume out in me.
I fell on your trailing rubus
In the sylvan hashpipe, the common pinedrippings.

America, you are a spreading phlox,
A common yarrow, cooling conspicuously
With lambstounge cushioning your ingrown buttercup.

The monkeyberry shoots silent moss towards me, spiraling down
a long tube of calypso wildfire
your sexy phalecia fastens to my hooks and like

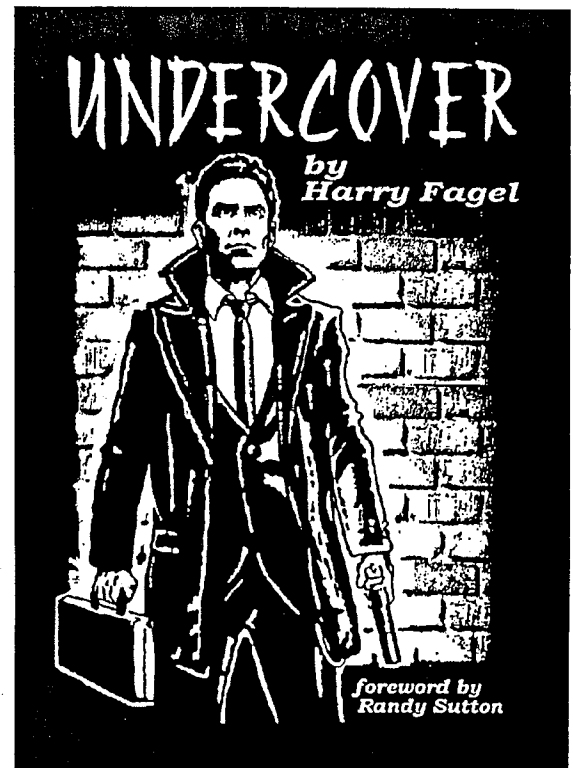
salmon swimming backwards, to be eaten, to die
in a whorl of enthousiasmos. We, gentle darlings
of the world, dance naked like cows with dainty jowls.

—Andy Hall

Sam Plucks

Dandelions melting in the sun
He runs
Runs among them
Laughter spilling from some Cornucopia
Refilling
Spilling
He grasps one green slender stalk
Small fingers
Scale model of Manhood
Delicately holding the stem
Plucking it from the Earth's clutch
Eyes the color of morning sky
Soak in its frailty
Widen in amazement
Lips purse in comical exaggeration and
Blow tiny, magic Dandelion seeds
Into the wind
Carried like his laughter in all directions

—Harry Fagel, from his book *Undercover*, Zeitgeist Press, 2005 (available at www.zeitgeist-press.com)



Poetry

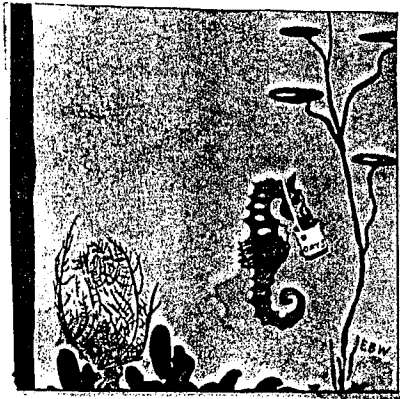
Poetry, he drives a creaky garbage truck
thru streets before dawn.
I knew it was Poetry cause his fingernails were dirty
from burrowing through mud at the full moon,
long ago.
I saw Poetry with a broken green glass wine bottle
lifted from under pizza boxes, tampons, flies and fishbones.
Poetry, he shut his eyes and saw the party: drunken songs,
a fight, a maybe girl and the stars spinning
like a tilt-a-whirl. Then he touched the jagged edge,
and one drop of Poetry blood fills the bottle;
yeah Poetry turns wine back into blood.
Will you drink?
Old photo albums wind up in his garbage truck
and Poetry looks thru cold chinese noodles
at faces when they were still in love
before he worked too late or screaming custody battles.
Poetry, he takes what you never want to see again.
Mattresses with their guts dangling out
like gunshot victims in old westerns
give up their ghosts to Poetry.
Mattresses know lots of ghosts.
Poetry, he don't work for the city.
He dumps your garbage onto a blank page.
You don't recognize it.
You call it beautiful.

—Julia Vinograd, from *Skull & Crosswords*, Zeitgeist Press, 2005. (available at www.zeitgeist-press.com)

Random Shots

The peaceful bullet did not shatter
But folded the landscape into wings,
Into a chorus of June bugs—
Shrouds that veil the dead man's smile
Dancing the "this a that a way"
Near a telephone pole emerging
From a blood spit on your walk.
Books, a bench with legs broken
Beneath an unclothed light bulb,
A wooden window framed in glass:
O great city, with your body
Of quarried stone, crawling walls,
Your journey amputates steps,
Hatchets and hammers contentment
Into thirst swallowed by mud
When placed beneath the sun
To confess your masks of smoke
Spilling the visions and sounds
Of your vain mannequins in awe
Of their mannequin shoes and socks,
Their mannequin hats and coats
Shattering in the mirror
The outside of their windows forms,
In awe of the other side
Of their mannequin minds. And yet,
Casually, you strut, you stroll
Through the chaos our blood weaves,
Your boots sticking to caramel
Looking like "shit on the shadow"
In your streets. Then, beneath life's tree,
Eating only that which falls,
You digest the earth with flowers
That appear to protect your ears
From the peaceful bullets we hear.

—Jeff Grossman



New Family Poem

How warm to join a whole new family,
to have a dog again to shepherd me
like my brother's German Shepherd when we were growing up,
three cats to pester me, one to fidget on my lap,
comfort me with her soft black angles
and her claws if I'm not careful,
two boys for me to help teach,
brothers age twelve and eight as we once were,
up a flight of stairs under a roof that traps heat,
after years of hiding in a basement hole.
The twelve-year-old even writes poetry—
more seriously than I did till I was twenty.
In my basement my heart ached;
I thought I'd be alone forever.
I accepted the ache, believed I could never
fit with anyone close enough to be lovers,
rub up against anyone, heart to heart, for pleasure,
without tearing her heart or mine, or both,
to bleeding shreds. I had been through that.
Afterwards I'd courted some of my crushes,
but I'd believed in myself as the lover
less and less each time;
the absurdity had drawn my heat off
quicker each time, and each time
I'd quit before I'd fairly warmed up.
Then my beloved burst in on me
like a new sun into black space.
I hadn't wanted to start such an affair;
she had a husband and sons already.
But she proclaimed week after week, in poem after poem
so tender as to make me afraid of touching one,
that her heart and body burned to embrace me too.
Finally I let her arms take me in.
and took her in mine. The laying on of hands
brought my heartache a miraculous cure.
Now we lie three in a king-size bed,
I on her left, her husband on our right.
He and I take turns
caressing every roundness of her
and rising under her touch
or both of us touch her together
We penetrate her, she envelops us,
till we catch fire, and are not consumed..
Our hearts expand with the heat
to the size of a king's too, his and mine.
We take each other in,
embrace with affection while we both hold her,
and how warm our family is. How warm!

—David Gollub

Lucky

At the grocery store in Las Vegas
You fall in line behind
A hefty woman in a tank top
Freckled, chubby, curvy,
Stained bra strap showing & too tight jeans
As she leans down to set her things on the conveyor
You see a red & blue flaming sun tattoo from spine to.....
And in a minute her titties look so good
You can hardly restrain yourself
You see she's a smoker— you're an ex-smoker
You know she's been working strip clubs
You know your love life has already resulted in
More court time than a rash of muggings
In short, you will do anything to be with her
She leans over & gives you a small vacant smile
With perfect crooked teeth
Instead you start a conversation with her 3 yr old daughter
In short, you are washed up, finished,
Suicidal desperate for affection
You can do econometrics, bar dips
And computer network protocols
But you'd trade it for one sweaty lip lock
You're ready to retire with the caved in mother
Of the twenty year old blond girl who
Lives like a strawberry in the apartment upstairs
Mom's face age-spotted a thing growing on her chin
But her breasts slink like cats beneath her Las Vegas tank top
The only reason not to spend your life together is
You're too ashamed to go to her and propose
Sex
You will say nothing because that is how you feel
You're in the middle of the food chain in
The richest plenitude in history
This is Las Vegas— Sex is for the tourists
You see the gamblers, even in Lucky, entranced in
Slot machines & you're dying to care like that
You've seen 12 yr old kids on the basketball court bragging
About how they whiffed rock
There are gang killings and police killings and
14 yr olds who bond by defending you to the pack
Then greet you with hi-fives &
slang you can't even understand
Their parents— divorced, drugged, disappeared,
disassociated, dis'd & deserve it
My generation got what it wanted— itself.
When you think of all the love lost
You want to die, but—
Your son must have his father
And he won't be losing himself in donuts
He won't be drugged out, money drunk,
cruel power monster
He won't settle for love that isn't
This is what beauty means in Babylon
The boy sits so comfortable in my lap he doesn't notice me
Even in the grocery caught staring at my own desperation
The feeling of loving him protects me
I'm ready to die
And I'm Lucky.

—Bruce Isaacson, from *Ghosts Among the Neon*, Zeitgeist Press, 2005 (available at www.zeitgeist-press.com).

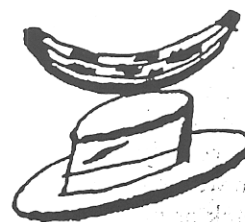


The Hot Day

Going eighty down the highway,
Metallica booming
your tattooed forearm hangs out
the window of your powerful car.
You suck the cigarette between your lips
steer with your knees,
send your free hand towards your baby's pocketbook
(not the one with money).
When you get there she hardly moves.
You go electric in the back of your neck,
burn through your jeans.

Praise God...
it's the birth of America.

—Eliot Schain, from his book *Westering Angels*
Small Poetry Press, 2004
(available at www.zeitgeist-press.com)



Apology to Anne Sexton after over 30 years

You with those wild clothes & loud mouth
cigarette ever in hand, smoke curling
too dramatically

no college classes
(*I am jealous with my 2 B.A.s*)
you achieved the highest degrees:
a jury of your peers loved & hated your writing
all your poetic grandchildren love you for being you

All those affairs you needed to survive
made me with a strict upbringing cringe
Oh, I'd love to have met 100 different men
in 100 different motel rooms
on various beaches
in Paris, La Côte d'Azur
(what a beautiful expression, *coast of angels*)

It isn't fair
you stood on stages, a *star struck rat*
you called yourself
& yet with all those medals, you left us

like Plath
like Woolf

and too many poets who burned violently.

You had to put the flame out yourself,
you couldn't row fast enough to God.

& it is awful sitting here, reading your biography
& those self-searing poems,
40 lashes on your own back:
not quite Catholic, nor Jew, no saint
certainly not evil.

"Confessional poetry" intellectuals call it now
but in your time it was only your way of writing
& Plath's & Ginsberg's, Adrienne Rich's —
a small group alone designed
the style we now adore

—Dixie Elder

a poetry journal
volume 1, issue 1

Neon Geyser, Porcelain Sky

From: Neon Geyser, Porcelain Sky
c/o Wamaker
3200 S. Arville #224, Las Vegas, NV 89102

SONG FOR BABY-O, UNBORN

Sweetheart
when you break thru
you'll find
a poet here
not quite what one would choose.

I won't promise
you'll never go hungry
or that you won't be sad
on this gutted
breaking
globe

but I can show you
baby
enough to love
to break your heart
forever

—Diane di Prima from her book *Pieces of a Song*.
City Lights, 1990

Diane di Prima reads in Las Vegas at the CCSN
campus on Friday, March 18, 2005 7:00pm.