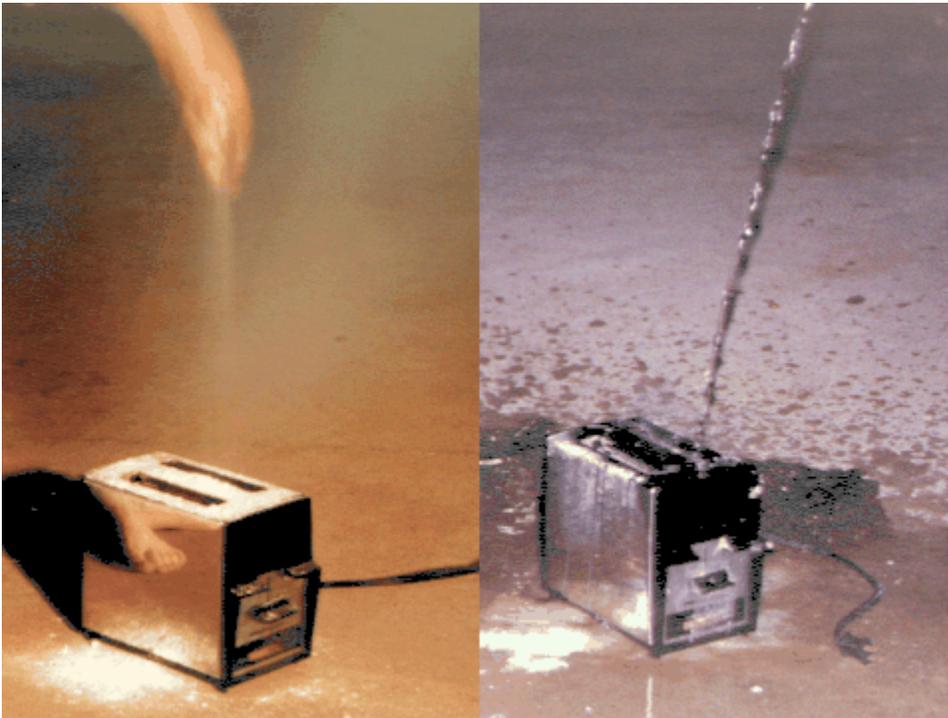


philip poems



s pierce

philip poems by s pierce

a pdf chappy for you to print n read

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philip

look on the sweet fatigued
slickness of their idle
poses

he points out where
the figures get swallowed by
the darker paints

(the satyr's pointed nipples
the model's egg round belly)

twelve panels on the wall

he has been so busy with his
brush

and i have been so lost

so smiley

so dumb

style

dimpled snow
glass canyons thru which
they fly
bluebells with cotton
wings

the swelling warm

(*i will not describe it
to its end*)

breath,

it's all i am in this image

and if i cannot be fire –
if even i cannot carry fire

will i still have the pleasure

the sex of not asking for
permission

so tuesday in my head

these threads
that lead me in circles

that i can have balls about
it magic balls and
know it

that i am lost and tangled
and hungry
and have balls
and knees
and birds can shit from
the sky

how fucked up is this?

how many books can i
build in the ball of
twine the dusty
bronze of something in
half

and why
when the potential
weapon is in the
face

and there is nothing to
make come out
and there is nothing to
make go away

economic

i am thinking

the stuff you are saying
that made me want to help you

well now it's just pissing me off

and the dreams i have recently
put me in a whole better adventure

i have to be told this and it is not
sleepy value

i cannot redeem this
and be backslapped into
my coma

you thieved me
so i have to stay awake and
evoke style

the problem

i cannot make it born and be mama

abstracting my way onto
the dance floor w/ prefab
dance moves and disposition
to use them

but it's not true

i aim to be a lover
and have a bicycle

and that in the panorama
i will **perceive**
and it will be fireworks
in my mind

and i will be my balls
like something philip said

thimp

thanks i am stoned now
i can shush you with no frustration
extending out
with a lot of names for pretty things

pink objects
in my landslide
waterfalls miscued and corrected

nomadic notions now
and searching to feed dancing personae

my kitty juts a leg a ballerina
extending pink padded paw
meanwhile: fuzzy electronica
i can never forgive B E A T
plush moves in a tad more brazen thimp
with stroke

it is good to be back with the fire
and forgive myself that i had not
trespassed

that columns were clay and done
and i was reluctant to sweep at dust