

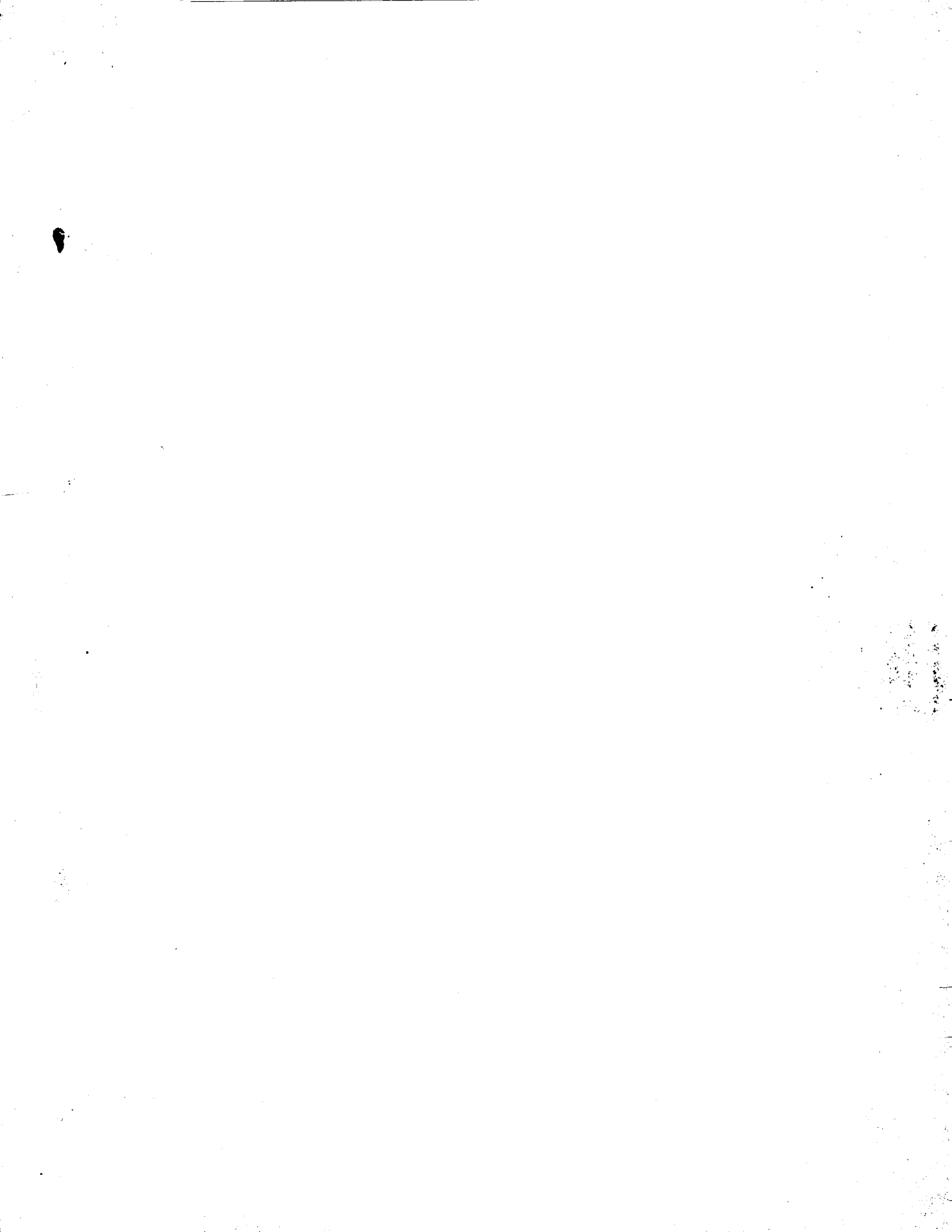
Alt Tk

Dan Gutstein

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St. Paul & North Ave. / 3
Alt Tk / 4
Happy Holidays, Nuncle / 5
Metacarpalism / 6
Americans Believe in the Hairshirt / 7
You Can Grow up to Do Anything You Want / 8
Before the Correction / 9
Coming To / 10
Circa St. / 11
Dear Congress, You could procure... / 12
Dear Congress, I'm playing Xbox... / 13
Dear Congress, You have re-eroticized / 14
Killers / 15
Vacancy Blvd. / 16
Mt. Royal & N. Charles / 17
Riot Swap / 18
Homeland Security / 19
Tamales & Heroin / 20

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St. Paul & North Ave.

There is never
and there is in-between.
Why do people perpetuate Autumn?
Checker Cabs are yellow
and Yellow Cabs are orange.
While stars foreclose on

the salty automobile traffic.
The dirty fuels combust.
Rooftops impoverish the enamel of
a cloud field, there,
the stain of the eye upon
the stain of the cheek.

“Cut the noise,” she says. “You
look like the bottom of my shoe.”
There is libel
and there is liability.
A live sally or savvy.
The freight of a puncher’s arms.

Alt Tk

The ratios
nightglass : industry
incapacity : dissidence
no longer apply.
The ratio
nightglass : dissidence
does not apply.
Tall yourself, at risk
where the city severs
the gravity of its mechanica.
The conjugations of remorse triplicate.
Watery percent within water
watery percent
watery prevails.
Bandwidth brawls around
the peeling brickpaint
affixed to worthless speculation.
Sodium vapor lamp, gas lamp
radio tower lamp, locomotive lamp (implied)
lantern in the eaves
lantern bolted to peeling brickpaint.
The wind punches wet glimmer
from signals—
their digital returns
vaulting toward cloud collection.
This constellation could compel
two, three proper acts of wonder—
a glance thrown into
the wrong eyes.

Happy Holidays, Nuncle

The K.O. // pop.
The canvas // pop.
That's why
the boxer die.

Yr West Baltimore
makeyr thrifty face,
biosis // percussion //
bio-percussive.

The constellation
"Buster"
in the north sky
in the north.

"Leaves"
because "human"
because "stricken"
to exhaust.

No more secrets
in the woods // no
more woods // imagine
the bruise.

Metacarpalism

Differentiate between “I thought it” and “I said it to myself.” Did you think “torrid” or did you say “torrid” to yourself? The value of “torrid” is irrelevant except to note that Žižek cannot aid you any longer, if he aided you, ever, at all. Clays, as verb, would be more assistive: he clays, she clays (together) the theory of devotion, for example, amidst the various “systems of devotion.” Theories, that is, versus actual deference, which brings me to Metacarpalism. There are five metacarpals in each hand, offering us ten ways to translate our persistent concavity—if only you’ll shiver off the euphoria. Please, please, please shiver off the euphoria, now. If you were post-structural ever, at all, you might consider puncturing the glass and plunging the big red button that proclaims: Deconstruct. Derrida cannot aid you any longer. Did you think “differentiate” or did you say “differentiate” to yourself? One curvilinear form maps itself to another curvilinear form. That’s called correlation; it’s renewable. Facts about the metacarpals will not open your hand. Metacarpal Diem: Open your hand.

Americans Believe in the Hairshirt

Americans believe in the hairshirt and the cheesecloth, for starters, and that Grant is buried in Sappho's tomb. Robert Redford stars in *Three Days of the Condo Association*, and if you believe that, we should *really* celebrate. I mean, break out the compressed air. An occasional animal shows up, on occasion. Kind of like a Yule log, or other occasional logs and stumps. There's avatar Papi who must receive virtual notice of avatar fly on my virtual slice. Yesterday, I ran amuck, searching for brisket, fearing the worst, searching for brisket, in that order. In the end, I ate the sticker that classified my Cripps Pink Lady Apple. The apple was organic but I'm fairly sure the sticker was conventional. After the earth shook, my father shouted, "Where do I run?" even though he cannot run. His friend, Bert, corrected him: "You can't run anywhere, Marty." His friend, Bert, can't run anywhere, either. The old basketball player World B. Free should change his name to World B. Safe and dress up as St. Nicholas. Yule B. Grateful, man.

You Can Grow up to Do Anything You Want

You can grow up to do anything you want, but if it ends up killing you, *please* don't let it be said that you were doing what you loved (when you fell out of the tree.) "He died reaching for memorabilia and fell into range of a fierce predator." Don't let it be said! "He was walking back to the truck—exhausted from lobbing ordnance at them venisons—pudgy in his cammies—when his friend did him, Cheney Style, buckshot in the cheek. But he died doing what he loved most!" Don't let it be said. He said "Walnut" he said "Wal-Mart" then he died. He told his Field Marshall Rommel joke, then he died. The one that ended "Rommel Horse" and featured an obscene gymnastics maneuver around the turret of a Panzer—then he conked off like a storm-trooper upon the Soviet advance from the East. He died when someone ate—No, thought of—a cashew, but he loved thinking of someone who was thinking of a tree nut, so he died. If the Irish airline, Aer Lingus, would provide a little privacy to its passengers, then the entire aircraft could drop out of the heavens, as everyone would've been doing what they loved most (i.e., indulging in Lingus) at the end.

Before the Correction

You cannot impeach your own verdict.
Practice restraint,
like—I am, merely, psychotic. (Or,

trapped at least the sensation.)
The clouds slide like doors
above the lacquer river;

there goes the moon. There,
the windows snapping pictures,
purple red, of the lightning.

If “sensuous” is the first time it happens
(to you) then “sensual” is
every time thereafter. Either menace

in the abstract or the menace itself.
The locomotive could speed, lamp lamp,
town of Tempo True, corrugate,

town of Inky Sky, lamp lamp.
The Lower Forty Eight
cannot be seen by horoscopes,

the bandwidth of our dark energy,
the stillbirth of our clocks.
“Local” defers to jurisdiction, “local”

always defers. Electric bulb is matter and if
electric bulb were not nearly fright
but arrest—show interest,

show interest, I show interest you.
A blossom-late automatic
that will renew.

Coming To

In comes diesel out goes diesel in comes diesel.
108 degrees in the shade of a wall
where a hummingbird dines in the bright bell
of a common foxglove. At dusk,
a thundercloud beats over the mountain.

...

Coming to. Coming to lines and area.
The early light, buoyant; the triangle of its music.
Deductions like the mouth unclowning.
The hand finding itself. The nose.
A dose of leg uncurving to the paste of language.

...

Neighbors beneath the prophecy of a windy oak.
An oriole there plays curtain, water wheel.
Inside, fingerprints trace the pattern of
an old centrality: The strapless shoulder,
seldom freckle, breeze a deep draw.

...

"Anemia per se or sudden anemia."
By afternoon, few stopping points.
The wind's ignition, the quotient of its disrespect.
That puffy cloud a head of cauliflower,
that mistranslation a dusty thistle.

...

The rain's volume, sound, and volume, much.
Brookwater's down through stones until
the interval between lamplight and nightfall.
Death is a lengthening still. Dark is
a consequence, still, and lengthening.

Circa St.

The chalkthrift constellation

radiant minima

west of a constant

exhaust

fisticuffs or leaves like

a celebrate

the you of me

shoulders and shoes

worn by

bus corner

what is new is clean

west of city

headlights in snow.

Dear Congress,

You could procure Fed Gov Inflatable Worker® complete w/
Real Break Room Tendencies® & Real Chat Room Impulse® &
Frequent Bouts of Loose Stool® (“Just Add Water™”)
now that The Shutdown® has been parried & anyhow subject it to
The Shutdown® experience: Arrival of Ethnic Repo Man® &
Arrival of Ethnic Deputy w/ Four Colour Order to Vacate® &
Arrival of Ethnic Missionary w/ Mimeograph on Position® ///
I dreamt that British Petroleum® was acquired by Chia Pet®
in return for the Intellectual Property® accumulated by Madonna®
when she Flirted® with Stieg Larsson Hologram®—so real that I
purchased Chia Gulf Oil Disaster® (“Just Add Water™” &
“Watch It Grow™”) w/ 3.5 pct APR® from Chia High Finance® but
The Sad Regularity of American Life® punked my REM Cycle Chia®
leaving me w/ Flaccid Accounts of Our Inflationary Peoples® ///

Yrs,
Constituent

Dear Congress,

I'm playing Xbox Legislature 360 After Hours
as either Fat E. avatar
or Fatty Girl avatar
("It's in the game!") &
I smell butt, k? // Should I
gladhand chairman in chambers or
kiss the ring of member in cloakroom or
caucus without whistle wetting? //
I got three constituencies
deli, bagel & karate -- well
donut, burger & stripmall, too
they piss in my face & tell me I'm sweating //
I have missed 55 votes & mounting
like U.S. of A. debt counter, k? //

Yrs,
Constituent

Dear Congress,

You have re-eroticized
my consumerist tendencies &
I require endless athletic support
or endless Sport
seasons that never expire
teams that never perspire //
"Cardswipe" is the new "Arsewipe"
youCardswipe you
jockstrap emeritus you &
your glandular glad-handing //
I fashion festive nut balloon
from walnuts & (Magnum) prophylactic
the ladies think me econo-patriotic &
like a nut balloon, I am hard //

Yrs,
Constituent

Killers

A hood-up is not a phone booth
a phone rings inside a hood-up.

Do killers say "industry"
when the metals combust?

They do not say "poinsettia," or
"painful sun that hops out of a tree."

We are born into a world of debt.
What is promise versus what is ruin.

Heaven is a duplex you cannot afford.
Think of the security, the deep posit.

Vacancy Blvd.

Corner is both caution and exclamation.
The snow, a ballast that will anchor
in faulty angles of daylight.
So go the wires.
So go the rails.

The depository of a stand—lodgepole,
loblolly—presides in any weather.
Siding, burr, and girder
above rusty ice, rusty creek.
The sky swells

in advance of a luminous pause.
Corner is both caution and exclamation.
The high tension of a bridge,
a dwelling in earshot,
shoulder and elbow of drainage.

So go the lumens.
So go the steeples.
The elegant iron neck of a streetlamp
or deficit of walker on Vacancy Blvd.
One man phones a second

who doesn't answer the call.
The first notifies police,
who discover the second man's body
in the hardship of his apartment,
bell of rotary phone, bell of windup alarm,

clapping.

Mt. Royal & N. Charles

Street under rain.
Rain under lamp.
What is new is physic
or a bliss distant.
Repetition: Minima.
Repetition: La préface.
Repetition: Flattery
thanevery before.
As cold as exhaust.
As planar, too.
A particle is here
and a particle is there.
A man is here
and a man is there.
Try it again:
What is new is physic
or a bliss distant.
Rain in the wind.
Wind in the leaves.

Riot Swap

There should be a television show or cultural event named Riot Swap, in which the rioters from one area would trade places with the rioters from another area. Rioters in Country A, for instance, might have no experience throwing borscht, or for that matter, any soups, dips, or marinades, but as part of Riot Swap in Country B, they might have to throw borscht seeing as that's the local custom, amongst rioters over there. "The War on Meth" should not be mistaken for "The War on Math" even as meth and math, both, are usually prosecuted in labs, and one might require the other in order for fruition (to occur). "Do the meth!" people tend to shout, when the numbers don't add up. Do you know a guy named Stanislav who knows a guy named Stanislav when was the last time you saw Stanislav? He's called Stanislav on account of he resembles R&B, dope, and bad dentistry, all at once. I'm thinking of Vladislav and not Stanislav am I thinking of Vladislav what the hell's the difference between Vladislav and Stanislav except for "Who's your daddy?" and the urge to confess. If you turn your back then you can create silhouette, or in other words, a trademark that may yield, easily, to exploitation. The tune "If I Were a Bell" can offer silhouette whereas most other ditties cannot offer much silhouette at all. The bartender wants the hipster to do her in "Putin Position." That is, penniless, or less than penniless, like thinking about depleted Uranium. Later, the hipster (in vintage sweater) survived eye contact with a thug. Clearly, then: one minute is the new two minutes.

Homeland Security

There was once a village that became infested with rats, so the village elders brought in a few snakes to eat the rats, which they did, but then the village became overrun with snakes, so the village elders brought in a few mongooses to combat the snakes, which they did, killing them, and eating a few, too, but then the village was beholden to the mongooses, and the village elders sat around thinking what to do. "Bring in Muhammad Ali?" some said. "Order an airstrike?" said others. "Pray to the volcano and to the hurricane, simultaneously?" They established a mongoose alert level, and raised that to orange, in that, there was an elevated threat of a mongoose. Or the threat of an elevated mongoose. The elders met, and talked. "This is nice," they said, "this meeting and talking. Maybe we should include marijuana." And pretty soon, their troubles didn't seem so bad at all. Until the mongoose elders came to the village elders one afternoon. "Give us soy delicious," said the creatures, "give us Ms. Pac Man, debentures, mouse found in the oleo, rich girls, passports, carob clusters, hedge funds, hedges, and bas relief maps. Give us orange zest, orange, and zest, give us cement recipe, jet engines, policy studies, military history, virtue, and chickens on a squeaky spit." The village elders would later describe the mongoose elders as vicious apple heads on prairie dog torsos, even as the creatures took home much booty, even as they reminded the villagers of a word, restraint.

Tamales & Heroin

It's neither 95 today nor bright
the ground swollen with electricity
and a positive charge building
out of the monsoon
out of the south
until the sky-half rusts
with the irrational trajectories of lightning
their detonations in cloud-shelves
like metal boiling
like airplanes and stars
until the outslugging thirst
of downspouts and drains
the relative quiet of leveling //

Beyond watery dents in poor blacktop
collections of cactus and fern
collections of scrub and styrofoam
across avenues named for mountains
streets named for minerals
a muggy road
whose sodium lamps sizzle
other folks, too, require the commerce
or overhangs of strip-mall
the men and women flooded-from-riverbeds
the stoned
the living distantly
soaked-as-in-burlap sack
skin color underneath washes of dirt
zombie shoulders
galaxies of autoimmune wandering //

Weeks ago I wrote a friend
about heroin
he's from the United Kingdom

but mostly because he's sage
silver-haired
surrounded by listeners always
it felt insincere to ask
but I'd seen the packets slapped
from hand to hand
in this very parking lot
"Mexican black tar"
as if I'd cultivated the malice
to snort or inject it
as if I'd cultivated the malice even
to recite a customer's plea
"Nah" my friend had written
I carried his beautiful Welsh voice
among the flooded-from-riverbeds
the stoned
galaxies of autoimmune wandering
"Nah" I could hear him grinning
"just once you'd be hooked yourself" //

There to service this congregation
of shoulder-to-shoulder displacement
yet a small Mexican woman
pushing a shopping cart
empty of cargo
but in the top
a few tamales
wrapped in oily parchment
one dollar apiece
home-made
fastened by corn-husks
and salty
and // what poverty between us

Many t'anks to de editiz of deezheah, who foist publish't or will
publishdeezdoodlez:

American Letters & Commentary: "Happy Holidays, Nuncle"
and "Circa St."

Delirious Hem: "Riot Swap"

Denver Quarterly: "Americans Believe in the Hairshirt"

DIAGRAM: "Dear Congress, You could procure"; "Dear
Congress, I'm playing Xbox"; and "Dear Congress, You have
re-eroticized"

Interim: "St. Paul & North Ave."

The Literary Review: "Alt Tk"

New Orleans Review: "Coming To"

Open Letters Quarterly: "Before the Correction"

PANK: "Homeland Security"

Ping Pong: "Killers"

Washington Square: "Vacancy Blvd."

West Wind Review: "You Can Grow up to Do Anything You
Want"

Zoland Poetry: "Mt. Royal & N. Charles"

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