

SEER

/

SUCKA

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BECCA KLAVER
&
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REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #46

And as you learn the magic, learn to believe it
Don't be 'surprised' when it works, you undercut
your power.

—Diane di Prima

no. 1

What can I come home to tell you
Now that I've code-broken
And stolen the crib sheet for four cities
Just to be swollen with this waning empire wave
Just 'cause I knew a smallness & a smallness would not stick
What floats away floats away
Like a synthetic feather
Like most woman-and-child-made things
Enough to trick the flitting eye
But for the long gazer
Floats a little shy
A little robotic down the breeze
I've come to tell you there won't be a knock on the door
Put down your sharp-edged letter openers
I've come to tell you if we're all being watched anyway
Then there will be a record of this
In a vault built from the granite wreckage of
ALL NEW RENO
From which far off they will extract the specimen
SMILE! like you might for a future
That won't know you or your kind—



The more things you do the more stuff you have to do

I wrote that on the wall and showed my teacher

My teacher told me don't be so seeeeeerious

My teacher said now be your own task force

My teacher installed memory foam doorknobs

And bought a lot of Polaroid film

But I didn't learn why

Because the potential comforts were too great

Like waterbeds on boats

Or watercolor versions of getting younger

Like the boats are not slowing down

And we are not slowing down with them

no. 5

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the moon is keeping the sun on
does that make any sense

supermoon so huge and close
and tomorrow is spring

and Daylight Savings and March Madness

*99% of these guys will be accountants and they
feel that and they're so young they're playing for
the same reason I play at the playground the same
reason anybody does (such goons and farmers)*

seems impossible the angle of light
will ever change or dim I have a hunch
the moon is keeping the sun on

*oh every once in a while I make a popular record
I like to keep it thinky but I like to put the real world
in too so every once in a while I make a popular
record (a record of the populous)*

our apartment stays the same

no matter what city

people come to our apartment

say, 'it's your apartment!'

they don't say 'like'

03.19.11

I

Among the fort lawned greens and Huxtable hedges you find me there

In pink seersucker with damp granola in both palms

And an overinflated basketball at my disposal

You spot me through the empty swear jar and I seem ascard

I text you from eight feet to hear your clever ringtone

'So you want to wear Andy pants'

Ray Roy

Judicial Juciness

Friend Farm

CORROBORATORIUM

Framing, Nighting, Politing

The Long Held Sip

It could feel cool if we let it

Like gym quality steel

In the grip of a retired snitch

Don't ever say to anyone you shouldn't have told me that

no. 2

The revolution starts at home
The revolution will be ready in, like, half an hour
The revolution is shedding like crazy
The revolution thinks it's time to put the screens back in
The revolution wobbles at the corner
The revolution leans into the window to hear you clearly
The revolution has a room of its own
The revolution like a dustbunny blows from center to margin
The revolution left the bong packed for you
The revolution is staid and plaid
The revolution can't find the can opener
The revolution hates puns
The revolution should stop hitting 'refresh' and get on with its day
The revolution thinks it's too old for icicle light strings
The revolution only does the dishes it needs
The revolution needs a proper spice rack
The revolution gets bunchy at the corners
The revolution has vowed to use its chin-up bar every morning
The revolution left its keys in the door
The revolution makes the cat jealous
The revolution knows way up here is a battlement
The revolution flags like basil leaves on the fire escape

III

A churchy subway ad quoting Emerson made me cry on a moving train

I will confess neither quote nor train

But imagine William H. Macy at the bar in *Magnolia*

But deist instead of gay

If you fall while you're dancing it can look just like dancing

And if you scream while you're sleeping it can seem still like sleeping

And if you dance while you're screaming you can really get it on

But selfish instead of deist

And lonely instead of Andy alone

no. 6

at 31
in your prime, in-
divisible
scared off
ghosties w/
wooden swings &
soothsayings
all the live
long day
all the live
ones lean, reach
toward you



My best friend is locked inside a Wisconsin prison

I am not supposed to talk to strangers about it

He is a good person and undeserving of confinement

Not the way a character is good but the way a person is

If you are my friend you have unknowingly thanked him many times

He taught me how to hold my puke

I wrote a book about it you can buy it online

Or I could send you the file

I'm reading this other book I really want to tell you about

Except the author is pretty clear about don't talk about it

But I could make you a mix of all the songs that mention this book

And you could get it and do close listening

And put lyrical bits into search engines

And maybe sleuth it out yourself

So we could have a real talk about this book

Where we haven't broken any author rules

Before we jointly decide whether to break some or not

no. 3

I feel so fucked like
Lazy afternoons in a cloud
On the ground where did you go
Where did you go crosslegged friends
Spackling watercolors of an afternoon
Brush bouquets in beer bottles
I feel so fucked like
I forgot to do that part
Or do that part with dedicated sloth
(to-do list in invisible ink—
(tincture tagged 'workahol'—
I feel so fucked like
The opposite of the dream
Where you forgot to show all semester
)) I forgot to play hooky



That the son of a mother

Who popped bubblewrap

To relax

Would be relaxed

At the sound

Of bubblewrap being popped

Never losing

But gladly giving

Some marbles away

To one of those

Less glad

no. 4

I walk the long halls
I walk the long halls maybe of my mind
But maybe of a city that's real
I walk the long halls, take a picture
Maybe in words
There is a door marked with a purple X
Is it for me?
There is a sky ferocious in its switch-ups
Hiding a beyond hiding a beyond
Reminding me time is a dimension
Does anyone remember?
It is no small thing
Is it for us?
I walk the long halls
Like elevators to the planets
I have a hard time imagining space
Without the rings in drawings
I walk the long halls
Which you can do even by sitting still
It is just the effort it takes to keep moving
Forward in time ----->
The long halls are made of light
And shadow and go in every direction
Even diagonal and backwards
The long halls are like a three-dee
Word search
Which is like a poem
In the long halls I hope to meet you
Where you've fallen forward
And slide along.

||

Do I ever remind you of a racist joke

Wherein hardly known parties betray expectations

And wind up starting an independent brewery

Then sell out at first possible chance

Do you remembering see me

In stonewashed jean cutoffs

With yellowed ear cottons

Punctuating the moon

With finger quotes

I heard it touched you

Like a gag

riddle

A man receives three coats in three months.

One from his girlfriend,

One from his parents,

One from his manager.

Which coat does he decide to wear?

No coats. It is springtime.

Becca (*LA Liminal*, Kore Press, 2010) and Andy (*Get Treated*, Leaky Pillow, 2010) wrote and made this chapbook at 159 Eastern Parkway and 19 Brevoort Place, Brooklyn, NY, in the summer of 2011. Long rage the seer and the sucka.

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* a dust/e-chap
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