

RecollecT**ed**



Jared Hayes

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for Ted Berrigan

your hair moves slighTly
we may rEad about all those radio waves
and grope unDerneath the most serious labor

put away your hair. the Black heart beside the 15 pieces
muscles down in tooth-clEnched strides
I rage in a blue shirt at a bRown desk
old pRophets help me to believe
red faced and romping In the wind, I, too
each strong morninG in air we get our feet wet
the shore And “gift gift”
broken discussioNs sandwiches books

thaT's the penalty of time
fun in thE country
of chocolate milk, heaD of lettuce, darkness of clouds

I love you Better
dE-dum
in the gaRden of my memory
a soRt of Reader's Digest
vast band-aId
(breathinG)
a really good cup of coffee & A few pills
fifteeN hundred miles away

we saw That beautiful creature
had sevEral minor parts
Downstairs

so WE Began to BE Nasty
great art is a grEat mistake
duRess
back toward a mild moRning gray
then I drInk up the river
a lonG naked pair of legs
planes & on trAins
my “well-rouNded self”

I buy The NY Times, &
the slick Easy poet
Didn't get to Fuck

a tall, elegant lady, wearing Black, an austere, stylish
& all the dEath around her
making vast apple stRides
in the afteR-life
bear wIth me
the morninG dew
of the lADy inmates
orange and reds blaze up iNside the sky

I feel consTantly crowded
& you can't handlE yourself, love, feeling (that front door
was but & then at the time My Door)

Breathing
and everything is clear from hERe at the center
like an oRdinary man
in Red weather
your head spIns when the old bull rushes
how how the brig briG water the damasked roses
somewhere a trolley, tAking leave
upon those uNder lands

I've goT a ticket to ride!
in a minutE

I Didn't

in Bathrooms at parties
like to have somEone

Remember the night we did
gloRious blow-job behind a curtain
accIdent
the long leGs just got up
mAde of NEON
Not even here

thaT you really do
the laundry baskEt is still there
she walkeD in my room, saw orange

at a table in a HoBoken Truck-stop. When the smoke
on 3 sides: half a facE, mine, clearly there
biRds cannot express
the girl upstairs the giRl in the photograph
drink; eat; flIrt; sing; speak
I never aGain played
behind the pouring rAdio
the Number of times I loved you

an eggshell Teacup & saucer, tiny
feel your tongue bEgin to shred
orchiD

I thought she Belonged to me
that girl wrEathed in blue
& gReen is closed
outside my Room atonal sounds of rain
the morning-glory, cllimbing the morning long
glass slipper; a slender blue sinGle-rose vase
sitting in perfect Attention with perfect self-awareness
I call them aNgels. O, angels

their poem righT on to the faceless
smoking—then slEeping half the day
I'm lying in beD

soBer dog, O expert caresses
marks my own return stripEd with red, eyes, and lashes
wheRe by now I am
in the countRy, Peace, it's wonderful, & worrisome
we must not be afraId
sing the sonGs, & smoke the weed
taking chAnces
through two layers of glass iN The Empress Hotel

a hand is wriTing these lines
honey scorchEd our lips
and the winD goes there

and you tremble at the Books upon the earth
time flies by like a grEat whale
in the moRning sea mouth
till other times, making a minoR repair,
a farmer rIdes a tractor. It is a block
we are each free to shed biG crystal tears on
this and the thought thAt you go to the bathroom
staNding pat in the breathless blue air



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