

**I'VE LIVED IN SO MANY APARTMENTS**

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**SANDRA SIMONDS**

## **I'VE LIVED IN SO MANY APARTMENTS**

and they were all ugly and untruthful.  
They told lies like the worst men trying to get you in bed  
In an ugly apartment by bribing you with  
Chinese food and gin so then you have  
Sex and don't regret it because  
You can't remember what apartment you're in  
And you don't bother to ask what city he's  
From in New Zealand because it would be pointless  
even though his smell is stained on your fingers  
When, later in the day, you walk along the ocean  
And the refinery is beating its toxic drum  
And all the construction workers bow  
To you and one of them says "you're more  
Beautiful than the ocean" and the ocean is  
Beating her drum and you know  
That it's a good day to be alive as you glide  
Across sea foam and why not get a coconut  
Flavored popsicle and sit in the sand,  
And just inhabit this empty, empty feeling  
That is cold and melting all over your  
Hands, this empty space  
like the space left when an absurd  
Fruit is ripped from its tree, ripped from its

Tropical landscape and why, oh why, do  
They have to put a sticker on every single  
Piece of fruit in the grocery store?  
This is so crazy and unreasonable.  
Because people like you don't cry over sex  
or fruit or popsicles or the ocean or  
Construction workers, or pollution  
Even at eighteen, especially meaningless  
sex even if the Chinese food doesn't sit well in your  
Stomach, even if you're going to move soon,  
Across Wilshire Boulevard and your one friend,  
The bulimic half Mexican girl you met at  
An OA meeting is going to help you if you  
Promise to help her move next month and  
You say yes but you hate cats and she has a cat.  
You hate cats because they remind you of everything that's  
cute and soft and warm and literary. That's the  
worst part. The literary part. Her cat reminds  
you of Albert Camus and you hate this  
because it makes you think about high school  
and reading *The Stranger* and having to defend  
the protagonist against your house owning  
classmates and you couldn't defend him very well  
because you were always about to  
to move across town  
because your mother and the landlord

have fights over the constant fighting  
that you are doing with your mother  
and your sister and your mother's boyfriend  
who you hated more than anyone in the world  
because he terrorized you  
and now you will never be able to  
move out of that shameful apartment  
which is every single apartment in Los Angeles  
which is Los Angeles itself, which are her  
eyes, blue-dead and cheap. Every night  
you dream that there is a dead rotten  
Julia Roberts in some secret compartment  
Of your apartment and that she had been  
Stabbed so many times and you liked seeing  
Her that way. You are a murderer in that sense  
And so is the sun and the smell of  
Suntan lotion. So we moved and moved.  
I learned so many lessons from my childhood  
and it's only right for me to share them with you.  
I don't ever give a 30 day notice.  
Landlords, I want all of my deposits back!  
Alisa, I hope that you have recovered  
From your eating disorder, that your cat  
Is still alive, though he would probably  
Be super, super geriatric by now. I am by no means  
Opposed to geriatric cats or you.

I will help you move, I promise.

Please stop barfing up your emotions

In an a cheap apartment in Westwood.

Please sit by the ocean for me and

Watch the airplanes take off, into their

Tin fueled atmosphere.

## **MOMMY POETS LISTSERV POEM**

Last year around this time I was kicked off the mommy poets' Listserv!

Don't silence me, HAMMERHEADS with your

Western hegemonic demonic detonation

SCIENCE FAIR silence machine

Mechanically restructuring the nose and eyebrows

For a more sexual comrade or

SEA HORSE slushie to take to your

Secret Affairs in Brooklyn, New York after you drop

Baby bottle bong bombs. Oh yeah!

Oh this vile act of exile really got my

Persecution complex

GOING! I didn't even get

A chance to post anything but someone said that

I did something that someone didn't like

IN THEIR POETRY PAST and

At the end of the day I was considered

A DANGEROUS CREDIT CARD ICE SCULPTURE

But deep in my heart of hearts, I know

That the reason is because I wasn't

Held in organic cotton jumpsuits as an

Infant and cradled by LARGE cars.

The way bourgeois mommy poets treat one another

Is despicable and always ends up  
Hurting THE INNOCENT  
CHILDREN OF MOM. I probably did something  
VERY BAD and drunkenly PULLED OUT A SWORD  
And crossed all the words out of their poems  
And put them on the tip of my sword  
And then swung my sword  
And all of the words fell off into the water  
Like baby Moses drinking  
BOMBASTIC INFANT FORMULA  
At the turn of the century the way you see  
MOM elephants and BABY elephants  
Drinking water at the edge of some  
Cyclonic African dirge, and everyone  
Feels such pity for the baby elephant  
Because it's going to be pulled into a TAR  
Pit and there's the mom elephant screaming  
And swinging around her pathetic  
Grey trunk and oversized ears oh yeah!  
and the viewers of the TV  
Program are just crying and crying  
And adopting African children and African  
Sea turtles and African computers  
And African Tidal Waves and African Africans  
And Indian Africans and African Surfboards  
And African Violins and African

Heat waves and African African Africans  
and then they recite  
all these stories about their little  
adopted African software issues hello?!  
that show up once a month on their  
Computer screens and tell the story  
with a Christian mission and all the while  
they kick REAL innocent  
Moms off their listservs because they don't  
Play tennis balls, the harmonica,  
or flute. You know?  
And anyway, how come poet listserv moms  
get the H1N1 SO EASILY?  
How come?  
I don't know I don't know, Sandra.

Envoi: Mothers of WORLD Adoption Services,  
This FRUIT FETISH has been festering  
Like quintuplets for 30 years now. I am a slam poet  
Ready FOR REACTION.

I am like an elephant mom ready to  
Bang my trunk against a computer screen  
and find out the truth about African  
and other Australian continents  
And I'm taking my son with me.



## **NOVA**

Last night I watched a documentary about telescopes.

Space. Big fucking deal. I wonder if Galileo Galilei

Was even interested in space the way

I'm interested in space.

When I get sad and lonely and depressed

I tend to smoke pot, zone out, and watch

"The L Word" with my 9 month old baby

Or walk down Market Street with

My 9 month baby

And everyone on the street is reciting

Their lines to "The L Word" and hoping

That they won't get hit by a moon

today. If I give some money

To a homeless person, it will make me feel

Better or worse depending on the severity

Of my depression. If I am super super depressed

Then it will tend to lighten the mood

But if I'm only mildly depressed it will totally

Pull me into some vortex of a deep depression

And this kind of goes on back and forth

Forever and takes on various aspects of

Quasars.

I wish someone would make

Me some banana bread or buy me a

Moon and name it after Lindsey Lohan.  
Lindsey Lohan is so depressing and so is  
Sincerity. People who are sincere are so  
Unreal and untrustworthy. I will never  
Trust a sincere poem or anyone who claims  
To own an Irony Table where they make  
Handmade clothes for their toy dogs.  
Did you know that my birthday is August 12th?  
Yeah, that's the height of the Perseid  
Meteor shower and the only other person  
Who knows that is Mark who is going  
To sit in some weird corn maze and  
Recite astronomy poems for 2 hours.  
Supposedly, I own one.

## YOGA

From 2006-2008, I did a lot of yoga.

I was in graduate school and full of hope.

I believed in literature and love.

Well, maybe I was a little bit cynical.

I can't remember. I fell in love with someone  
named Gremlin T Terisanus.

Recently he has told me things that  
I don't remember from the beginning  
Of our courtship. "You said, 'this car  
Smells like semen and wine'".

He said I said this back then. I don't  
Have a clue how to punctuate that  
Sentence, or my life or whatever.

He told me that we were both passed  
Out at a Waffle House and he didn't know  
Where I lived and I didn't know where  
I lived so we drove around Tallahassee  
For four hours asking people where  
Sandra Simonds lives and everyone  
Gave us directions to a different  
Waffle House which is so inconvenient  
And shitty. I guess we finally got home,  
And I wanted to sit in the backyard  
And look at the pecan tree even though

It was 6am and it was inconvenient  
And shitty but I did it and I remember  
Looking at a bright celestial body  
And thinking “is that the sun or the moon?”  
And for a split second I was so freaked  
Out it made me think that everyone in  
My life had died at once and I was left  
Alone and that the feeling of being  
Alone was now suddenly equivalent  
To the feeling of emptiness that  
Would make me want to slit the throat  
Of a soft pig. From time to time,  
I do get that angry.

Yoga was incredibly boring.

My mom called it “stretching.”

“Are you going to your

Stretching class? .....Ahahahahhahahaha

Ahhahahahahahahahahahhahahahahahhaah Ahahahahhahahaha

Ahhahahahahahahahahahhahahahahahhaah Ahahahahhahahaha

Ahhahahahahahahahahahhahahahahahhaah Ahahahahhahahaha

Ahhahahahahahahahahahhahahahahahhaah Ahahahahhahahaha

Ahhahahahahahahahahahhahahahahahhaah Ahahahahhahahaha

Ahhahahahahahahahahahhahahahahahhaah Ahahahahhahahaha

Ahhahahahahahahahahahhahahahahahhaah Ahahahahhahahaha

Ahhahahahahahahahahahhahahahahahhaah Ahahahahhahahaha

Ahhahahahahahahahahahhahahahahahhaah Ahahahahhahahaha



How did she get so cynical?

The women who taught yoga were mostly

Beautiful and had ridiculously long arms

And wore outfits with suns and moons

And would make an ordinary looking

woman with soft folds

Of fat flesh around the abdomen

And neck feel bad about herself so

What's the deal anyway? This too,

Is a kind of cruelty.

They always told us

About the charity yoga workshops

They taught and couldn't we spare

Something, even a smile, to help them?

I resent beautiful women who are flexible

And feign equanimity and talk about

Deepak Chopra like they're fucking him.

I resent other things too.

I resent it when people tell me to

"be like the Buddha."

Hey, fuck you.

I'll be like the Buddha if I want to.

## **The QUAGMIRE ELF**

I am seriously going to lose a banana over you  
and a fish kebab  
as well as vegan cookbooks Of Great Prominence.

Might I tell you again, Michael Puma Escalante?  
I am seriously going to let loose a gallop  
and fry it with Commando Cumin “lung chop,” K?

When I open my Jean Skirt Fur Wrappers  
all I can think about is...  
the quagmire Elf...  
with his quagmire Head...  
and quagmire Longings...  
and Ziggy “Spoon” Duster!!! So please don’t  
write me back, K? because I’m in too deep.

I do not know how I cannot NOT lose a fish stick  
over fried rice-capades for you, Michael Commando Cumin,  
since the day you took me to Riverside

and gagged on stringent bulimia stingray  
like a rear hind HAMMERHEAD flipper from  
Gulf Oils Spills with Credit Card depths OR  
habit forming Michael Palmer whose application for

a credit card was recently denied  
by Verizon Wireless for psychological

ISSUES!!!! *PSYCHE.*

Anyway, back to what I was  
mentioning before the Gulf Oils Spills and other Iraqi  
losers or even Afghanistan  
losers what difference is it to me, bitch?  
Back to MY banana and MY fish kabob  
since all I can think about is...

The quagmire Elf...

With his quixotic LUMINARIES...  
and other Drizzling transactions like WARFARE  
and/ or chain gang fruit people.



**THIS IS THE TIBET OF MY CORPORATE, DO NOT TOUCH.**

I really hate people who heat poodles up in limos to boiling points.

I hate the Fahrenheit of their repressed desires

as they dash on their smelly Mongoloids

and call it Channel #5— Yeah right.

I also hate Celsius people who tear up their limos

just for the sake of a STANDARD poodle. Come on folks,

don't you have any karma pleasure zones in your lost vaginas?

Why not dinner your limo to calypso music or

add a lobster tail for \$6.99 OR wave prayer flags and whatnot?

Why not give a Marxist gift to a Marxist

girl you would otherwise consider

homely and un-fecund?

Situation A: If the Marxist girl yr dating gives you beam-gazer,

it makes sense to tempt her with...

A boiling point poodle.

Situation B: If the Marxist girl yr dating gives you an OCTUNG baby razor blade....

it makes sense to report her to the 9-11 Commanders or

the 9-11 Sistine Chapel whatever you

decide home girl insane clown posse.

Now, listen close, my BROTHERS.

Situation C: If the Marxist girl yr dating is MARRIED to ANIMALS SUCH AS  
POODLE WAGS

it will be necessary and relevant to CONTACT

John Berryman for references.

## **FABLE**

I hope that the man I meet in real life from the Internet

Will tear me apart with his claw tooth tub

And put me in a crystal body bag.

**Oh mommy. I hope. I hope.**

I hope that he tells me that I am a beautiful crystal

Machine that dispenses scones to naughty

Colleagues

who wear leather body bags and masks with jewel incrustated

Kaleidoscope ferment in their gallant cubicles.

**Oh daddy. I hope. I hope.**

I hope that one day we will watch a movie together

About historically displaced persons like hello THE POPE

And the man will become A YOU finally

And you will meet me in HOLY Park to swap

Pharmaceuticals.

**Oh mommy. I hope. I hope.**

## **I AM SOOOOOOO CREEPY AND SLUTTY**

For Nada Gordon

I am so creepy and slutty. I am at my worst on the Internet

As I seek out manufacturers of Asian decent

In pigtail heels and whistleblowers

w/ Fried Green Tomato claws, correct?

There are times when I am alone on the Internet

Trying to drown out my creep slut when suddenly

I will imagine Condoleezza Rice playing

The grand guitar and then I am overwhelmed

With Asian women of multiple headlines

And other manufactures

Of crisp cocaine=island hop, sunglasses, Asian horse whisperers etc.

There is a noticeable lack of creep slut women like True Blood.

Maybe they are too busy with fixing up nachos

And analyzing crumpled horns?

I am so creepy and Dances with Wolves.

There are times when I find myself calling out to GOD

For help with this crime scene investigator

Freudian multiplex

That is our planetarium stuffed with starlight

And other various natural disasters from Nicaragua

Like the creep slut disease.

There's no answer to this solution. I will not be

A castration for your pleasure onlooking

Lifetime movie hardware malfunctions!

I am a creep slut looking for a manufacturer of Asian descent.

THE END

## **I LIKE TRASHY MEN**

One day on the Ponce farm

While I was picking quinces and establishing

My oligarchy, I thought

What's the big deal if I like trashy men

and the Gigantic Egyptian Pyramids dusted with Lilly, Rose and Honeysuckle?

It's not as if I'm hurting anyone, I reasoned

Adjusting my spinal meningitis.

Then a thunder trasher swooped down

And silenced me just because I'm a Wonka Woman or

Squirrel-esque (whom can say, grammarians?)

*And, duh, yeah this IS a parable, people. **I Like Trashy Men** And, duh, yeah this IS a parable, people **I Like Trashy Men** And, duh, yeah this IS a parable, people*

So anyway, getting back to the Ponce farm

And protecting my quinces with

My oligarchy wrapped around THIS climax-century

Like a serious Wanka Woman,

I pondered one of the coupon's greatest questions...

Then the thunder thrasher exhumed

My urinary, bladder and other assorted goodies,

And kidnapped me and raped a badger

Which was NOT fully REPORTED

By the MASS MEDIAS.

This was inappropriate so I called

The argot hotline but there was only ONE swooper

On the line who spent 20 minutes asking

Me questions about Rain Man.

**Is it hard to be so fluffy and gimmick?????**

or does the Heimlich remover

just put a band aid on its maneuver and go

"yeah, we saved your insulator,

your town, your mimetic tick-tocks"?????

(and a few hours later....

Loosely moving

into its alligator center,

the HAMMERHEAD SHARK

loses all sense of composure.

The computer wires were  
crippled, like bus accidents  
that **were fluffy and gimmick.**

Raise your right  
hand and swear  
That you are not  
Poor.

That lady poured herself a goblet of white wine  
and then started to  
search for gold in the

UNDERWATER MINE!

That lady was plump  
on towns, turned around  
and the mine and didn't even exit with a lump of

HAMMERHEAD SHARK TAIL.

Oh gloomy gold dust, I inhale you  
as a pristine human with  
faulty wiring.

Oh heartfelt platinum crust, I exhale you  
as a light



fixture. We turned the tourniquets  
but nothing happened  
to our limbs did not  
cracker jacks.

The ER was so full  
we were wheeled into the HAMMERHEAD SHARK  
mine where we  
lost touch with our fingertips  
and discussed exit  
strategies for golfers.

Then some dwarf/ sage in the waiting room  
hit me with his comfy snake,  
which was really inappropriate given  
the low quality of the  
situation, right?

## **DELAWARE IN L'IVER**

There's no use in putting that baguette  
my toothpick, Penelope.

There's no use in  
horns or  
Gables on my yummy.

For it is winter, Penelope.  
For it is liver.  
For it is a hive of organ donation.

Say buddy, where were you when the Civil  
War out-  
brealed?  
Cooking your mama?  
Fleeing to horse? In the "death zone"? At the  
Culver City Ice Rink?

You say "check"  
but I say unless, of course, people without IDs  
(and desperate to enter the library)  
have been leaping over the Starbucks counters

as white minuscule.

Say buddy,

Why are we doing this? Why are you  
horn?

why can't i own a canadian?

Growing up in Southern California, my family was blessed  
to own three house Mexicans. Though they did not

speak much American, Penelope,

they still had hearts.

Sorry if I seem rude.

## **RENTER'S WHITE**

and, to be honest, some of them were beautiful.

Once I bought a fern

And put it in the window

Of my beautiful apartment

on Veteran St. in Westwood, California

And through the Venetian blinds

I would watch the day-glow people

Walk through the crosses in the Veteran's cemetery

Across the street.

And it would make me feel full of anonymous crosses

And sandy soldiers and grassy uniforms

And ghosts. HOLA hillside!

I named the fern Moose because

There was still a wilderness to cross because

This is America and I am a crossing

Like a riverboat through slavery or calendar

Sheets you rip from your mindset

And put under your pillow

And wait for a dollar. BONJOUR mama!

At times I would look

at Moose's underbelly

And there would be rows and rows of spores

Like the black spots you see

When you're dehydrated from these riverbank parties

Or just the smallest pieces

Of outer space which would remind anyone of

Old World Widows who bend over their sons'

Bleached-out bodies

But can't remember that the veil of the universe

Is always beating like the blue heart

of a black rat. HELLO Dad.

The spores were also just like the  
Buried bodies of the men who thought that this was  
A country or a continent or even a playpen  
When really it was only a succession of  
Deforestation and stripped-down Humvees  
And people being transported in airplanes  
like this whole thing is some kind of silly magic  
carpet you take through one horizontal slice of the  
atmosphere because the forest floor is burning  
and so is the sky but then your mother  
rips up your baby pictures because of the things you do  
that remind her that you were born  
perfected and collapsible like a greeting card  
with purples kittens on it with lots of ribbons  
and bows and arrows for kitten-eyes  
and the city keeps crawling  
like roaches and infants so  
how can it get so calm here in this stupid apartment  
across the endless crosses  
when just last night a man was banging on your  
front door because he was car jacked  
and in the morning  
you opened the front door and  
blue blood poured into your apartment  
and it was all over the welcome mat and on the  
plain white cloud lining of the human heart  
which smells like a coal mine  
and looks like a work shirt  
because deep in your heart you know that this thing  
really is the American aristocracy the American  
succession of kings who ride stolen  
cars through Westwood and then they

strip off their clothes, these rider-kings  
and demand to be driven into the devil-centered  
sun, into the sun's hollowed out soul-space  
through the rape-centered sunbeams  
and then the all the kings and queens  
sit in the sun and their bodies are rotting  
and their limbs are just pure fireballs  
and they watch their own children  
climb into the sun like they won't get  
hurt or someone stop them from climbing  
the golden ladders into the sun's  
lattice-work of molten ice but the sun itself  
is rotting like an overwatered fern  
and now all the spores are flying  
around the room like shooting stars  
trying to make other  
ferns through their distinctive  
biology and all the all these people  
are flying off, our beloved empress witches  
with Cleopatra wishes and turbulent hair,  
yes, they fly off like carpets through  
the crooked synapses of deep time to  
other supposed countries  
But really there were no countries  
Or soldiers just a kind of bewilderment  
Of smog caught between ferns tips  
and air-conditioning vents and sand.

## COMBINATIONS

Oh hello. I thought you died years ago

In a car crash. Very well then.

Let's carry on the shrimp boat.

I see that you see that I am

Kinda tacky and drunk. Oh well.

Oh hello.

Oh.....Mommy?

Glistening scarves. A battered

Rosewood elephant tusk. Pale breeze.

Raiment. Is Mark Levine alert?

No, I thought he died years ago

In a car crash or maybe he walks

On painted logs?

Whatever, robot. White dog in

My garden humping the freakin'

Chrysanthemums again. Won't

You just gonna log off of that Gulf Spill, pal?

Next, I will sit at the loom.

Boom. Boom.

Winter above.