

maybe malibu
maybe beowulf

Elisabeth Workman

MAYBE MALIBU MAYBE BEOWULF

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POETRY GENEALOGY PROJECT

Visualize a forest
coppery-violet
pulsating.

Inside
the forest
is a looking egg.

Peering into
a little porthole
at the end of the egg

is a zealot. Inside
the zealot is an antichrist.
Inside the antichrist

poetry.

COSMIC PINWHEELING TERRORIST

Sorry is antigravity like battlestars. Sorry
that's not really true.

Sorry is for failed states and aliens
are so gay, solely responsible

for global warming, flickering economies,
elitist incest, tiny holes that appear inexplicably,

gigantic antediluvian kingdom bones,
the ethereal Prozac mayflower,

cultivating philanthropic relationships,
Emo, NGOs, Trico Wipers, and The View.

You might as well drop everything and
flummox me with your moon-sized' death star.

Yeah, that's right. Feel me with your earth out,
sublunary flick ray. Burst with one to two percent

total sunlight so that one day we can colonize
and say we predicted planet of Your Name Here.

One day they say our regrets will hex the moon;
it will crumble under our unbearable weight

without a sense that something went wrong
that the blank being spoken of was not the true blank.

As usual night asks for afterthought and yawns
an accumulating galactic silence. Okay,

now I'm going to eat you. Sorry it's gone
I'm lost and trying sorry post-sorry.

A DICK DESTINY

The difference is "a factually correct object."

I may be missing a subtlety here but it is Toledo
and we are rotating in a rolodex of wuv
in a hot air balloon over Sarajevo
something like another monolithic Post-It Note against the firmament
the message cut into tiny pieces with a steak knife
spoon-fed to the mouths of cows at the expense of
another quality docudrama
a probe, a hole, a "Burger King."

BODY ACHES SUCK MORE THAN GOD

" she aches just like a woman
but she is more than vomiting some
internet asshole coming into my body"
-Bob Dylan

To have spent the weekend
trying to save your own life

sucks. The laundry machines
suck. Washing ageless Masonic

fashions with Michael York
sucks. "Our air is turning brown

today and a Phoenician faucet
once was I"; this channel sucks.

Every time I do something irreversible
exhibiting predictable symptoms

during the burn/create process
my testicles get sucked

into my body a little bit. Wallets,
gods, and videocassettes of E.T.

pour from my custodial exit
United States Postal Service

that's not what my inbox is for.
Labor pains speak to me. Russians

speak to me. Outslept, spatulate-
leaved, extremely red

and very irritable you end up
with blisters and sometimes

Lord Tennyson on tetter

in the Battle of Balaclava

eyeing eyeless anteaters sniffing
slick bicentennial frosting.

Love songs, too, they speak
with regrowing body parts

and suck sick bionic eyes
from the alphabet only to get

a free desert! World War I
turned me loose in 1918. In

the same year Ataturk was moved
to turn away from this kind

of total abandon-the suck
of space and time no more than

everyone who responded
was in itself a sick victory.

DANGERS IN THE WORKPLACE

for Kathryn

Whenever someone speaks disparagingly about Detroit,
a fever spreads to wingspan, waves the hips to and fro:
I like you.

My boss just walked by and saw me sword-fighting air
with the rolled up remnants of Horatio Alger's ragged dick.
Whoops! All because people who are never rewarded

for doing a task will often move or change their phone numbers
and can oftentimes be seen wearing clothes made
of pre-emptive hemp from cubicles of the Amazon.

It becomes unbearable not to lock the emergency exits.
Maladroit defibrillators clutter the oculus. Sigh...

Drones drone on and on, druids
hit the fan. One boss popped out of Crete and stepped over
a drowsy demagogue sleeping beside the entrance. Later,
she learns to ask for milk, a sandwich, or a thin, flat tablet
of metal or stone to write on.

Another boss walked out of captivity and never returned.
Who are you, dank and dusty with packets of expired snack foods
stuffed into a new marsupial pouch? This boss

made of the domestic Chinese eyelash market and that one
experiencing a kind of legendary auto-erotic levitation.

My boss & me. Free haircuts. 7th & 8th GRADE VOLLEYBALL.
Slavegirls gone wild. If you cannot exert enough force to loosen a bolt,
I will rip your face off with my Puritan powers.

HOW NOW MUFF-FED RUMPUS

and finally just the sound of security guards
hanging out in a meadow. With the bib on
sort of. Sort of feeling my heart

beating royal people, their mantles trimmed
with ermine, Mentos looming just beyond
the unforeseeable American diet.

Something from thence unto the beaten land:
Britney in a sauna, codependencies swirling
in the ilium. The place of frilly playthings

of the ancient emperor unfurled Pop Tart
rebellion in descriptions more romantic
than their executions. By contrast, electric

meats. How now muff-fed rumpus. You
and your leopard & falcon huntress, Stalin
is on a chicken diet. TTFNI Execute a new

mafia scene in a spa experience then pass
out. Pass pastures, imply bloodletting, flop
impishly among tulips. How minions made out

belied any difference between empires. What
news abroad? Here, provinces, drink and fear
not what we say, they said, eat laser beams and

shoot them from your eyeballs, stay hungry,
live forever. Onward, blitzed light units. Lupine
the pinup, and lions toxic to purr the muffled drum.

BESTIARY

Whales desire passion, struggle, daily routine...
Only the government, their thinking goes, has
the ability to rewrite the future of the ocean and
the automobile. Once they overheard it whisper,
"It saddens me when they live in their vehicles,"
then, a gurgling feedback drowned the rest out.

It's a slow, moving story with a strong, silent
hero—Snail. It began with a car chase involving
one of the central characters, which ended in
the retreat and devolution of the French & Indian Army.
Then nautilus is opened, read as an epic search for
one's true Kevin Costner trying on cholera costumes.

'Would the garden like such a man?' Sassoon
is praising his gun and the bayonet, but will not
go into courtship displays in front of sub-adult
movie-goers. There is too much dazzling display.
From the Cape of Good Hope to Cape Freakin' Fear
even when the soundtrack's sad, quails like to kiss.

PTOLEMAIC POODLES

The limits of Florida joy toys
are the limits of useful exercise
brought to false perfection
poolside and slowly replaced
by poodles, simple in size
petulant and high-spoken.

But Ptolemy explained
it was all-important to push
an argument to its ultimate
displacement then poof—
Elizabeth Taylor puddle
licking poodle feets.

In my opinion this
was a case of false memory
either planted by the hypnotist
or from his own image
in a jungle pool
his victim nicknamed
Little Mo-Ped or Pimpy.

No puff of air no giant
sky cracks stirred
the master's eye shining
in mute sympathy on
the dyspeptic poodle
crouching beneath Jeeves.

Poodle bites
Poodle chews
Poodle eats

From all the universe
commingled perils rush
to unlock a scandal that will test
the very limits of our morality:
stalactites forming like pompadours,
in short, how
thinking goes wrong.

THE STEPHEN HAWKING HALFTIME SHOW

-for Jordan Davis

Is it weird to love a show about cougars?
Does Stephen Hawking believe in Dr. Laura?
For the record he has not responded to inquiries
about all-night gas stations or the dope show
banned scene w twiggy pop-up goddesses
bombing the Bowl with baby bunny
voice synthesizers... Oh, and red dwarves.

This was after the Mormon Tabernacle Choir
cover of "I Want Muscles" featuring Chuck Norris
of the transcluscently spewing Deepness with
Jurgen's Lotion for Killer Beaver—
a much different animal
than last year's marching-band rollout by Prince.

But let's step back for a moment. Simply
football is a satire of space
comprised of conflicting tendencies each
facing off on a pitch in a place where
jelly donuts rain from the sky and SpongeBob
ejaculates brief histories of time. There
"Duck, duck, duck, duck...high school
shower time...GOOSE!" There is no pie.

The start of everything will always be
expressed in the least usable terms. Next
the call-in show should focus on the topic
"Black Hole Wars: My Battle with IQ"
in which I is somebody else waiting for Q
the eleventh dimension of little cries
from little chocolate donuts at the local
7Eleven. Where were the wild cats
and the various woodland creatures?
They learned everything in 5 seconds
and Hawking floated free, unrestricted
by late 20th century time tourists.

MAYBE MALIBU, MAYBE BEOWULF

Then, there was toil,
as toiled the slaves of Rome
in flowy frocks and torpedo tubes
abnormally polite to the love hostage
who realized quite unexpectedly
the "U" in U-boat
is for "venerual."

According to ancient science
after every explosive climax comes
"What then?" Then, entire families,
sitting in the middle of craters
chomping down corndogs. Then,
a little bit of syphilis.
Then, Comic Sans.

Year after year the toil
and the coitus. This would be
the real story told to earth people
in a voice more trusted
than the situation warranted.
What then? Maybe Malibu.
Maybe Beowulf.

Then, when the hills break out
ablaze, people will reach for their
joy sticks and try to transubstantiate
into the infernal wisdom of electricity
using Western techniques and trends.
Hi-fi clap-on, clap-off firelight,

then another high noon
in which staring at the same dot
transfixed for hours could
potentially result
in hot gore.

THE CANADIAN TUXEDO IN THE AGE OF MECHANICAL REPRODUCTION

A real man wears everything that went down
in a headlong improvisational style revealing
the energy and violence of his mind.

For example Popeye is walking down the street
dressed in a flimsy taco when the Atlantic Mountains
shake with teenage wont, paving the way for new methods

of controlling robot limbs simply by thinking
about J.D. Salinger in denim man panties stretched
on a creekbank surrounded by a circle of arrows

from the quivers of sexy albino zoomorphic ex-
literary critics. Sometimes you get to decide exile. Like
the Canadian Tuxedo in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction

is a form of exile though simultaneously more commonly known
as the Texas Tuxedo in Canada, the Mexican Tuxedo
in Texas, the New Jersey Tuxedo in Mexico, and

Fucking Awesome in New Jersey. An exiled
stone-washed aura subsumed by the metropolis
as the epitome of "who cares" which is really

North America getting paid to pay attention
to what shoes Kanye West is wearing as he stands
in the crucial sea with ultra-shiny animals.

Some are put off by the heroic musical score, this
being an open world, its sandbox games burst asunder.
Among the players: the homecoming queen the deviled egg

grey-haired Canadian-tuxedo-wearing hair metal bands
ants and amoebas and ostriches and a just-hatched
duckling bonding with an absent-minded balloon.

THE UNSPOKEN REVERENCE THAT IS DWARF QUEEFING

Real action is in silent moments
the twisting multinational leaps leaving
claw marks in mute meditation

The stiff walk. The fat moon.
OMG the sun just pooted

It's happened to me too.
bloaty and moiled then hurled
from the mouths of colossal bulls
and lions represented with 5 legs
in memos by no means
comprehensive.

They basically warned
coughing nose bleed sneezing stuffy
would one day kill Flar, and Grod,
and Gald, and Angus Firehammer
if the epochs of our lives do not
submit to the unspoken powers
of Dik Dik dwarf antelopes
SOOOO fetching
soooooo keeee-yewt no
Penn & Teller Bullshit but
THE GOATS OF EQUILIBRIUM
LIVE AT BRIXTON THE REAL THING
hear the collective intake of breath
taught by quaint Balinese shadow puppets
the synchronization of galactic information
with the mutual needs of the Earth
this colossal gasp the mutual reverence
that is dwarf queefing for those
who become very close

in a silent way
in an outdoor way

HARDCORE BRADY BUNCH ASEXUAL REPRODUCTION

1

here's a story
manic soil
4th grade trees

winter finches disarmed
and slightly robotic
literally waving
to the waving snowman

stay warm

2

take these
extra jumbo sheep plushies
to float
like subliminal jellyfish
across the length
of Slovakia

not literal
not a bunch of floating heads
but the idea made manifest
thru the superpoke

3

it was time
to rethink
roto-tilling

an angelic voice
typically asexual
sort of like Art Garfunkel
said so

4

cookbooks cried aloud
the mason jars seemed
to be dating

treading in remote liquids
lost and alone
and liking it like
a superhot sea monkey
the housekeeper

5

a very special episode
shoe addicts, shepherds,
giant sexual flowers

many different small groups
identified by TV's "big families"

this oddly symmetrical one
made entirely from North Korea
and air and no candy

6

it was time
to rethink
Hugo Chavez

7

in bed
sipping vodka
and watching "Jeopardy"
Caucasian dawgs

PROBABLY THE SONG OF THE UNEMPLOYED SITH LORD

Too much, heavily arranged, too much
probably lonely, lost
in the velvet curtain a mopey ambition
perpetual night, predictable death
the only attempt too much to wave
an imaginary rebellion
"static monomyth"
bronzed monolith
sliver flocks of meteoric ash
dusting the noble domes
of the Golden Girls

Probably more than anything
the Golden Girls

Jobless despot weekday afternoons
my Miami vice-wizened friends
let's lap in the longest nap ever
mysterious glistening aerosol force
once married enormity cult
jobless skyrockets
pink tufa dust
of the Golden Girls

Who are not collapsing
who due to a combination
of boredom and mind tricks
are mounting in dreamland
the peon moon
who absconded with a burn victim
and plunged into the massive pools
of the self-tanning republics...

Eyes and opal inlay
ploys shouldered across
Florida lilted pudenda
minty phantom
trophy menace

Kind of like a holograph
with a man-voice
deflowered then divorced
I come to my own
Bea Arthur enormity

VIN DIESEL CANNOT BE KILLED

He lives,
I can face tomorrow.
He wrote a great campus story
as they ate his mother
and Sean White doing it
"twitterpated"
like the other animals in love.

When Bambi asks,
"Shall we kill
a mouse, too,
sometimes?" snow
falls and alexander great
he born. long haha.

Keep up the big deal,
corazon.

Then Bambi tells Ozai
-as a punishment-
you must learn
what it feels like
to lose your fist.

WHERE TO SIT AT A DISASTER

You won't have proficiency
unless you're made of layercake
luscious, broken, alive.

You won't love correctly
until zombie strippers take it
away.

What crepitations
a tropic of so-and-so's
uneaten, uneconomic, foretold.

What sugar dusted gorings
among the concrete giants
of the undead imagine
having to sit through it again
via living room TVs
in the moonlit apartment
of a very popular somnabulist.

Time now to sit for hours
next to what the country needs most
a fleeting lack
chocolate layercake for Lola
balconies for unemployed warlocks
split-and-polished cataclysm with
a chorus of gingerbread people
from the dark tower epic.

When the revelers landed
I had them sit down.
I had it done.
The way of all flesh
wild sweet blood oranges—we
had reason to beg.

And so began a last-ditch sit-in
to preserve the widespread uneasiness
about the up & coming
freak natural disaster season.

We needed more puppies
and family circle disassociations
from undutiful daughters
providing an uneasy blend
of the harrowing and the erotic
in the directorial debut of the world's first
disemboweled headless Vin Diesel
still totally alive
bang bang.

VIN DIESEL CAN BE KILLED

Over and over
I, too, am Chuck Norris.
I pay my greatness forward.
Jaw clenched leather-wearing weaselish
overpass Sputnik with my pubic strawberries.

Oversized and underfed
I can lead a horse to water AND
make it polish rental cars in the dark
at the Broken Heart Health Spa.
Like Michael Phelps swimming
I don't pull myself forward
I push shit out of my way.
Please, don't embarrass me
with praise for my efforts.

Over the years, I fell in love with all types
clementines, marmot holes, blind sunburnt henchmen,
porn stars who cry every time Tiger Woods finishes a sentence,
even a certain kind of roundhouse kick applied directly
to my pay-per-view forehead
President Obama posted online.

It was semi original and felt like a new thrill
and I can watch it over again and again although
I'm semi-retired now and have 6000 kids
with no way or reason to actually pay
their exorbitant ER bills. Over and over
a five-year-old eats paint chips
in the next chapter.

As for my real life... yes, ... I've learned
Riddick can either die by puck or jagged relic
or stick his hand in a ziplock bag of wolf urine
thinking he's going to time travel but really
just die of carpal tunnel syndrome. Get
in line; we're all fucked up in some way.

But, I'm first, bitches
and this is my first post
ever! I'm Strawberry Shortcake
and Chuck Norris sucks my nuts!!!!

POEM TO SCROLL LIKE MOVIE CREDITS,
INDICATING THE END

sometimes nature plays tricks on us
take puffins rainbows shape-shifters god-

fluids flowing up and down the spine
in a recognizably hysterical strain belonging

to an unforetold BOOM

it's true we have all come
to grips with what clothes are

but not what they came here to
discover or spawn that's why

sometimes

you will want to get everything
in zebra print even chaps

for various occasions

when a vague recollection
of a nearly sleazy rainbow

burns our eyes

as runtish ponies stare down
the revenge of the giant face

a jury of fixed features molting
into red wings molting into sound

sometimes called stardom sometimes
STARING INTO SPACE

I wonder what sort of film
puffins would make

how they might help
when we are carried out

two decimal places
to the exact middle

of a bleating morass
where we've all undergone evaluation

and now know
little fleeting things

will be thrown at us

COLOPHON

For Sharon Mesmer—mentor, sister, friend, atomic bitch poet.

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First edition, 158 of 200



DUSTE