

PROJECT PAPERS

Volume 1 Number 16 © 1987 The Poetry Project 2nd Ave & 10th St. New York, NY 10003

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THE BOY WHO LOVED BUBBLES

Because a universe is one bubble
of black bubbles, and yet
a boy is watching always with bloody eyes
—a boy who loves bubbles—
as a black stone rises beside our sleeping head

Tame at the end of a stem
it may not burst like paper
into fifty sheets
as he knows who stripes his notebook with lithographs
Inserting his pen into his mother's black purse
he covers it he discovers it in a glance
with schedules and weeks and a bitten newspaper
But he is looking for writing, the black bubbles

Now what emerges is the antonym
a clipping as colorful and useless as a singularity
and mother's black planet
Now bubble and syllable break in the evening air

You were not really listening to the last sentence
Because you could not see it, the transparent dump we live in
like a frothy star
Now you are really listening so I will tell you the end

Inside the bubble is another bubble, of course
Inside the stone is a star of pain

Exploding like an accident, the wide syllable, wet
The king delighted by forbidden hair
Poems of birth that were not poems of birth
Music and panic engendered by a prophet without vision
The nostril of an injured monster flaring with a pill

Toby and Nairobi, Thetis the magician
Stigmata on the wand Difficulties of the stateless A cab ride wrong
A ride home Relays
Reading in the dark nothing but the kaleidoscope of the last century

ALAN DAVIES

GOING OFF HALF-COCKED

Pornography, for Peter Ganick

What in the Jesus H Freud did you expect, Peter?
great gobs of near-meaningless words
kind of splayed
down the page?

The one thing pornography hasn't got
is literary merit.
That's the one thing it's got going for it.

The temptation grows to taint noons' days
with fistfuck action,
something unabusive but blatant
or something like it.

It;s not wrong if it's fun unless you're sick.
Sickness is the tendency to define the terms.

Mutual respect is a term that's come to mean barbarism,
something dogs do.
And that's what it is.
Consenting adults are children without penii, without vaginii.

The alternative isn't exactly freezer burn, Peter,
it's more the metonymic effects of time.
The buns sag later on, it's the same with any animal,
and if the time hasn't run out, it does.