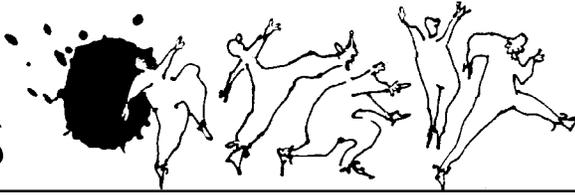


Deanotations



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Dear Reader,

For a short time only, you can buy *Please, Lord, Make Me a Famous Poet or at Least Less Fat* (send \$22.45 or get it from Amazon or Barnes & Noble online or order from a bookstore — sample poems at www.blehert.com) — for a short time only, and then you'll be dead (I'm sorry, but someone had to tell you), and then, who knows, you might be reborn in Borneo or China, and even if the book has been translated by then, think how my precious puns will have been ruined in the process. So please don't waste this narrow window of opportunity (meaning you should jump out of it? Look thru it? How does one waste a window? A paneful, sill-y question.)

"Window of opportunity" — Look, Ma, it's a metaphor! A metaphor is a simile without training wheels. Or a simile is LIKE a metaphor with training wheels. The training wheels are "like" and "as": Opportunity is LIKE a window. Some poets prefer to have everything be everything else, to hell with reason, so favor metaphor. They never metaphor they didn't like. More literal poets prefer the qualification of simile. To them, metaphors are unsmile, while a fresh simile (well I smile!) is unmet 'afore.

Puns aside (not to be confused with punicide, killing with puns), these are important issues: Early in the first millennium (of opportunity?) thousands of Christians were killed by other Christians over disagreements about whether Christ was God or LIKE God or a little of each. Other thousands died insisting that the bread and wine actually BECAME Christ's body and flesh or that they only REPRESENTED it or a little of each. Such tiffs have made people wary of comparisons.

Some poets rebel against this as-liking caution: Everything is anything. But when the world is too dangerous, each person (and cat) we meet is dangerous. When we're in bad enough pain, everything is painful. Joy is different — things reflect each other, but each pebble is special, the connections between one thing and another as apparent as family likenesses, which, in a happy family (one used to hear of such things) accentuate the specialness. Once, age 9, walking home from a movie, I began to talk to trees, cars, puddles and to the words themselves, which, as I said them aloud, began to play. I thought of the lightness of light — how delightful that light should mean both brightness and feathery weightlessness, and that bright and sight should rhyme with light even at night, and as I thought this, I squinted to make the light on a puddle dance just as a bird sang and from that pebble splash rippled out a world of light likeness, distinctness and all-at-once-ness, as if now were a smile (not a simile) and, world, haven't we met 'afore?

*Metaphorically yours,
Like, Dean*

Drizzly morning. In bed I stir and dream, dream and stir like a cook — add pinches of hope, lust; stir, wondering what waking will taste like — Damn, it's not quite ready, but I'm awake, you're already gone, rumbled bed, gray room - flavorless.

I just need to decide to get things done and quit procrastinating, and that's a decision I plan to make sometime soon.

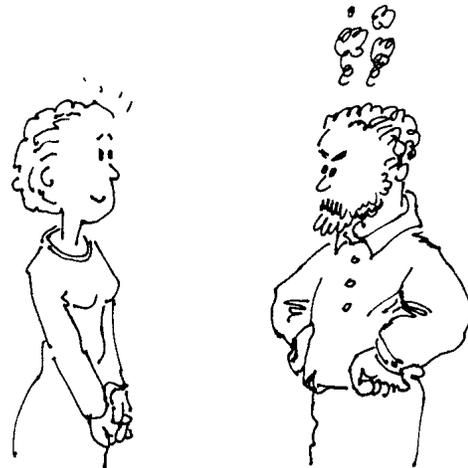
CRUNCH. Damn! Dead! I wonder, is it possible just to wound a snail?

Cat snakes through the grass. Three starlings sweep away, shrilly resenting her insinuations.

How fat am I? I love the giant redwoods — they're the only trees I can still hide behind.

Barkeepers: Small, cicada-like bugs that infest the bark of trees and go EEP EEP EEP all day.

We must consider ourselves filled to capacity: To be rid of something, we take something.



I am not what you'd call a happy person, but then what would YOU know!

Children want to be Supermen, Lone Rangers, Batman; dangerous to the commonweal, so we give them schools, teamwork and unapproachable Gods.



The Line of Thought Forsaken

(A Minor Disagreement With Robert Frost)

“Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,”
the poet chooses one (it’s about choice,
the professors tell us), and “ages and
ages hence” will sigh that “that has made
all the difference.”

If there is choice, if we can decide,
if we are more than mechanism,
then how can one choice preclude later choices?
Either I never chose “the one less traveled by,”
but was impelled by my traveled-on-roads phobia,
resulting from childhood trauma because
my mother...because HER father...because...
(because, because, because, because because,
but never get to see the Wizard, never get to
BE CAUSE),

or, truly, I chose — the wonder of knowing I
stand at a forking of worlds and can create
the future; that instant when, “sorry I could not
travel both and be one traveler,” I became an
infinite of travelers and comprehended
possibility: each path’s promise, as it curves
or rises or horizons out of sight, more real
than where now I stand; and if I chose then,
why not again and again? Are there but
two worlds to create?

Even if, from ages of letting the world
choose for me, I have selected a tight corner,
there is always some minuscule choice left me,
which, if exercised, extends the array of choices
inch by inch, like digging a tunnel with a spoon.

Ages and ages hence (if there is choice)
I’ll say (sighless), “As I chose then,
I choose now; stand back - I am about to
make all the difference.”

Two roads diverge in a yellow wood.
I stand here patiently while they dispute
which of them will take me.

Shrinks define all behavior as abnormal:
All roads lead to syndrome. [Psycho paths?]

MUST You Read This?

The air, moving to accommodate the swing of your
arm, buffets an ant on a nearby bookshelf who...
and that bird’s dropping lands in the eye of a
general who...and his fall from that bridge disturbs
a trout who disgorges a diamond ring that...
Don’t believe a word of it. You moved your arm.
The rest of the Rube Goldberg contraption
(“for want of a nail...the world was lost”)
is a lie, because something can intervene at any
link of a chain of events, something that is not
mechanical — God? Anyway, there, I’ve put the air
back neatly in its place, now let me just steady
this ant...there, on your way now, fellow...

When she dropped her pants, I
picked them up and set them on the counter beside
the register. “Thanks”, she said.

Tease

Slowly, slowly you turn me
on the spit of my desire for you.

May I?

We, to greet the merry month of May, ought
First to shed the hungry months of “may NOT!”



Did Barb’s Barb Kill Bill?

Barbara Allen and her Billy
Died (they’d never made it);
Rose and briar, willy nilly,
Grew and inter-braided.
The moral of this ballad is
When desperately horny,
Lovers, cure your maladies
By turning green and thorny.

Antonym, homonym on death, was too weak for Cleo
to synonym. [Antony, homing in, sin on him]

ALL sex is in the emissary position.

Menage A Trois

Tea for three
And three for tea,
He and I for you, and you and I for him, and you
And he for me;
It's hard for two
And NUTS for three —
Hell, sometimes I
Can't talk to ME!



A Clean Breast Of It

Some women are hugely impressed
By a man with a full-bristled chest,
So a brute with the reek of the cave'll
Sport shirts open wide to the navel;
He'll usually manage to wear less
Than the bashful pectorally hairless:
When he strides the beach, proud hair apparent,
He is practically not a stitch wearent.
As for yours truly, I couldn't care less —
Though to shun flu and other bugs perilous,
I wear turtle-necks both day and night.
But I grant every woman the right
To life, liberty and pursuit
Of happiness with the hirsute.

The bride makes her rounds, talks to everyone,
not there, a wide white vague smile.

Honeymoon Sweet

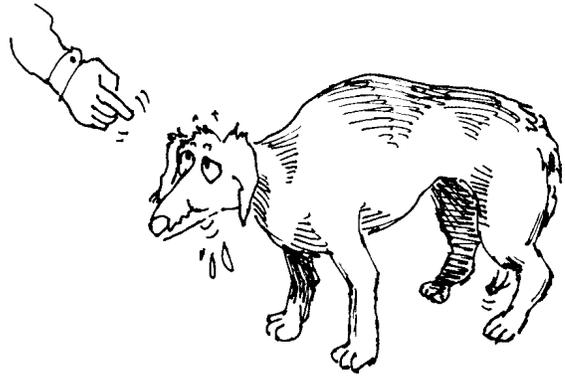
Afternoon delight...
Dafter loony night,
Laughter — soon the light.

The honeymoon over in all senses, what can I hope
but that you'll see me through, now that you've
seen through me.

The past clings like a waning party, guests filling
the front hall with long, loving, gossipy goodbyes,
blocking the doorway so you can't get out.

YOU CAN'T LOSE, screams the ad — a loss indeed.

As the body eats energy, the spirit eats time,
gobbling up the future and excreting the past.
Those with no future eat their own excrement.



He Just Doesn't Get It

“One must be quite deprived of one's wits
Who would wantonly eat what one shits,
While it's fitting and mete
That you shit what you eat...
Little dog, I'm NOT picking at nits!...”

To a Vegetarian

Don't call them sheep and cows!—how crass!
They're mobile pre-digested grass.

Just Trying to be Helpful

You wanna eat something? Eat THIS!
You wanna see something? See THIS!
You wanna kiss something? Kiss THIS!
You wanna read something? Read THIS!
You wanna adore something? Adore THIS!
You wanna help something? Help THIS!

If I ate only what I noticed the taste of,
I'd be skinny.

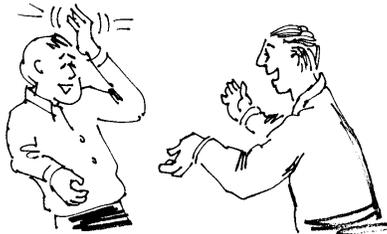
Until you try to perform a poem in a restaurant,
you have no idea how much noise is required
to make a milkshake.

She reads a poem addressed to her mother.
Afterwards someone asks, “Is your mother still
living?” “Yes,” she says, just like that, though
her mother is nowhere to be seen and perhaps she
last spoke to her a week or a month ago — “Yes,”
she says as if “mother still living” were an
absence of sirens and bells, a quality of weather,
the color of now — surely we'd know its absence
immediately. This casual certainty of life is
less odd than what she'd have answered as easily
had her mother died ten years ago: “No”. Without
checking, she would assume her mother
still not living.

Many find me unreal. Odd how bitter I become
when slaves will not accept me as one of them.

I am an honest man: The lies I tell others
I first tell myself.

Panache: The result of being clobbered with a
frying pan.



I explain the joke; he slaps hand against forehead,
a one-hand-clapping sound.

[Four palindrome poems:]

The Sound of Two Hands Clapping

Dual laud.

Advice to Prometheus

Deity-tied?
Sue Zeus.

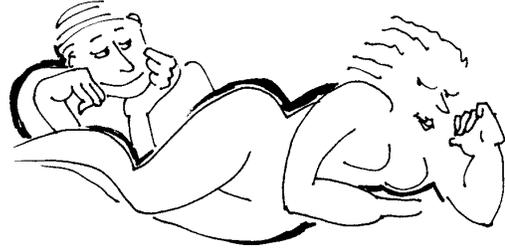
Masseurs are Rough in Florida

Miami, Florida ad: "I ROLF! I MAIM!"

To My Hearty and Faithful Guide:

Pamela - hale map!

After the first time, one is supposed to ask,
"Did you feel the earth move?" For us it was
the opposite: The earth stood still, yet there was
midnight and then there was sunrise.



Breasts, belly, buttocks — Globe swells neatly
into globe. I admire your global economy.

Please give me, my love, your divided tension.

You Dawn

From time to time, suddenly you dawn on me.
The solid day breaks. I wake up without shedding
the million dreams of a good sleep, wake up
to find dreams populating the furniture, peeping
from sunny spots on carpets, a dreaming world, wet
with morning dew and last night's do. "From time
to time," I say, because the rest of the time
is time, but between times dreams come true.
How dawn is done is too simple to tell. How do we
wake up? How do we sleep? How do we dream? How
do I dream you right where you dream yourself
dreaming me right where I dream myself dreaming
you? I suppose It's indigestion: The world is
having trouble digesting OUR worlds. Poor physical
universe: It's getting so thin and pliable —
dawn-wan. It can't take us in. We take pity on it,
smile upon it, give it luster, as quiet flows
the dawn.

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