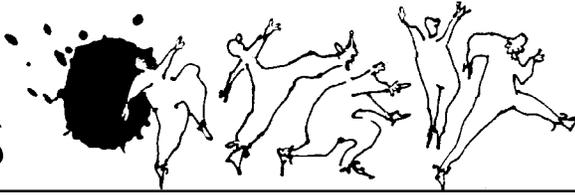


# Deanotations



Issue 97

April, 2001

Dear Reader,

Books for sale -- check [www.blehert.com](http://www.blehert.com) for data or Amazon. "Deanotations" itself will, probably after issue 100, be posted on [www.blehert.com](http://www.blehert.com), at which point you can still choose to get each issue mailed to you at subscription price (pa[y]per view) or get it free from the website. When that happens, those who've paid for years in advance, but would just as soon get it free from the website can let me know and work out getting some money back or some of my books in exchange. And, of course, I'll always accept contributions -- that is, \$ -- from those who refuse to heed the words of decent parents everywhere: "Don't encourage him! Just ignore him, and he'll stop."

Distressing the way 2000 vanished before I could print my year 2000 poems, for example, "It's a good year: MM-GOOD!" and

It's the year MM -- melts in your mouth,  
not in your hands, the taste of time passing,  
sweet, and soft beneath the crisp newsy shell.

Now it's MMI, which is how James Bond's boss introduces him(her)self. ("M am I".)

In response to praise received for issue 96, I'd just like to say, thank you, thank you, from the bottom of my heart, and yet I cannot accept this great honor without stipulating that it takes a team, indeed, a universe, to write a poem; therefore, I wish to share this honor with all those who help make my poems possible; to mention just a few, the inventors, manufacturers and distributors of pens, ink, paper, chairs, tables, floors, houses and heat; the providers of food; my parents, grandparents and all their ancestors; writers of dictionaries, inventors of words and grammar; the poets I love and the poets they love(d), etc.; the critics who taught me to be complex and shamed readers into catching my complexites; the critics who taught readers to locate all the social-political sub-texts to my text, things of which I'm probably not aware (for example, if I seem here to mock teamwork, that's my testosterone-bloated hierarchical viewpoint); the readers, who reinvent each poem with each rereading; I thank my brain for its rich, convoluted chemistry; my ear for being such a GOOD ear, my eye for detail for all the details; my teachers...but we've run out of time (and thanks to whoever keeps time), so to all of you -- you know who you are: I couldn't have done it without you. I love you all. It takes a village. (It takes a village idiot.) So thank you, thank you, but next time, fellows, could we write something that will make me lots of money?

*Love,  
Dean, Pam & a cast of 1000s*

I know the water in this stream is moving,  
but it seems as still as molded Jell-O in the  
setting sun, each drop passing the word  
to the next: "Psst! Ripple here -- pass it on!...  
pool here...".

All these chemicals in our food -- will grass  
still grow on our graves? Will cows still eat it?

"These signs teach us there's danger ahead," said  
the Lone Ranger taughtly.  
"Ugh!" said Tonto amenously.

The article says trans fatty acids are even worse  
than saturated fats. BAD trans fatty acids! BAD BAD  
trans fatty acids! SCAT! Stop killing me! NAUGHTY!



"Too much oil!" cried the Japanese chef,  
tempura-mentally.

What made those cells turn cancerous?  
They got in with a bad crowd.

Supressed memory of sexual abuse: Molest we forget.

Each spring the cut-grass smell is fainter:  
Old-factories on strike?

I'm still in charge: I can turn off the TV. It  
has not yet learned to turn ME off, though sometimes  
I pause in the street, expecting a commercial.

## To a L.A. Friend Who Misses the Whiteness of Snow

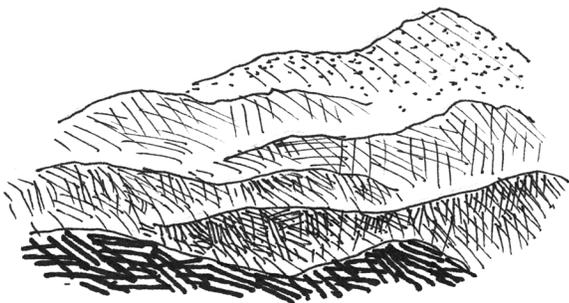
Close your eyes...  
snow in all directions, nothing white about it,  
mounds of blue -- shade after shade, slate to violet  
to sky to silky gray, touches of pink  
from the streaky elongated sunset,  
a yellowy spot where the dog sniffs and frolics,  
rolling prairie of snow opalescent in our clouded breath.

We can begin to feel the cold (where has it been?),  
notice our tracks that stop where we are.  
(If we could vanish now, be Raptured, what fun  
to imagine the puzzlement of those lean, laconic,  
unsurprisable, inscrutable trackers!)  
Look! Already new uncompressed crystals sparkle  
in our tracks, all prickly pointed things, but,  
somehow, softening the chaos our feet have made.

This snow goes on forever in all directions,  
broken here and there by swollen rooftops,  
three crows in flight, inky scribbles of branches.

Darkening now, cloud embers fading to charcoal,  
turquoise  
deepening, and all the shades of blue going gray, darker,  
nothing white here, only a wide darkness that winks with  
imaginary viewpoints where the world  
lingers over your admiration, savoring it. Open  
your imaginary eyes. Seeing works better than darkness  
to turn off our dreams. Yet you may find again,  
whenever you shut your eyes, these ghostly drifts  
along with a nervous excitement in nose, throat, lungs;  
breath a wild creature you let live and rove  
inside your body, a thing with its own agenda,  
whose warm, moist wet-furred tonguing may grow  
in an instant sharp teeth and claws that catch,  
a taste in all this blue of unseen red.

Blue Ridge view: Behind each mountain range,  
the paler outline of another, like flat stage sets  
hung one behind the other, waiting for their cues.  
I count ten ranges (a record?) before distances  
get lost in clouds, and each array of crests and dips  
echoes the ranges beyond with variations,  
as if all were carved to the same pattern  
on the same lathe, but held to it  
by unsteady hands -- trembling, perhaps,  
in ancient glacial air.



"Let's rest here," gasped the mountaineer, a-ledgedly.

"I'll cut you!" said the knifeman, all-edgedly.

"All right, you can be the shrew," said the director  
placatingly. [play-Kate-ingly]

"Let's paint the monuments yellow with purple  
polkadots!" whispered Caesar Rome-antic-ally.

"Oh, teehee! Don't touch me there!" cried the Nanny  
Fran-tickly.

"John lost our rent money playing craps again,"  
she sighed with a John-diced expression.

"I've collected all the articles about you. Come  
upstairs and see the scrapbooks," he insisted  
fan-attic-ly.

## Cyanide Sayonara

Death Row's  
Jethro's  
Breath rose...  
Death throes.



## A Last Alas

Dressed in black,  
A mournful monkling...  
At last Hamlet's  
Done ununcling.

Life is an antique concert: Hautboy!  
The lyres make all the lute!

## The Poem as a (W)hole

Dig it.

"Simplistic! Simplistic!" chant the intellectuals,  
adherents of the Cult of Diffi.

## I'm Sorry - I Already Forgot Your Name, and we Haven't Even Met!

At first I told people my name and asked theirs. Now I've forgotten the names I was told, and there are twenty more nameless faces in the room. It's OK - I know they all have names. Even I still have a name. I even have a birthday (today), but I'm at someone else's birthday party. It's sort of my party too -- VERY sort of...as much my party as I would have it. You have to make a fuss about yourself to have others fuss over you. Somehow it's hard for me to see Dean Blehert as a great occasion. If someone else did, I'd go along with it; I'm not modest. I write down my casual thoughts as if they were immortal poems. I expect the future to make a fuss about me. Actually (more or less) I'm so immodest I insist on a captive enthralled audience to whom I can hold forth for hours much to the awe of all, but I'm too lazy to do the selling job required, so I sit in a corner and write poems, imagining that between now and some then, someone else will sell me, so that I am now holding forth profoundly to a captive future, and tomorrow is all my party -- so glad you could come...sorry, what was that name again?



### Ascending to Hell

Angelic in our loving, we blaze, but no one notices. We are invisible in crowds -- a good thing, for to become angelic, we must pass through states that are hard to confront: We have fallen doubly: to fallen angel, then to human (if not to something even more solid), so must rise (en route to angel) first to fallen angel, the light in our eyes briefly flaring hard and demonic, as if we are struggling to contain a light we refuse to be.

Listening to poets, unable to unhear their not being me.

Many poems by "Anon", and even more by Onanon, a famous practitioner of Onanonism.

Chairs at poetry readings should be creakless. I can't hear the poets over the squirming they cause.

The experts examined and X-rayed Beethoven's hair -- it was in the news. No mercury, so it wasn't syphilis that ruined his health, no, it was lead poisoning, probably aggravated by lead-saturated water in the spa where he bathed in an effort to get healthier.

He was an odd one. Those who prefer to hack odd giants down to their own size will be disappointed there was no mercury. And a little paragraph near the end of the article, lighting up the paper's dirty gray (and no doubt further disappointment for those who would prefer to explain genius as madness) --

"No metaboloids of drugs were present", which (explains a Beethoven's-Hair expert) means that despite a long, excruciating illness, he took no painkillers, "...wanting to keep his mind clear for music."

And so, as life evaporated, he was able to give us the late quartets and other painful, but crystalline precipitates.

(Not, of course -- definitely NOT, perish the thought! -- that any stigma should be attached to those who treat with appropriate medication their purely medical condition of being creative artists, a condition now known to be a chemical imbalance of the brain, something to be pitied, not scoffed at nor stigmatized, because, remember, in the absence of appropriate medication, one in every 6 billion of us may be afflicted with Late String Quartets or Seventh Symphonies.)

The dark night of the soul...is the body?



Sir Lancelot steps in ripe doggy-doo:  
Dark Sole of the Knight.

Just another instance of art irritating life.

Impressionism, Abstract Expressionism and the new fad: Clinical Depressionism.



It's not that light can't escape a black hole; light likes it there, likes having weight, being a thing of substance, settling down, becoming with vast relief darkness.

### Blockbusters Not Yet Optioned

The Invisible Man revisited:  
Wanting power, a brilliant mad scientist  
(what brilliant scientist isn't mad?)  
swallows his invisibility potion -- success!  
Except the potion also, slowly but surely,  
makes him blind. Now no one can see him  
as he moves among them, and he can see  
no one, as he moves through a world  
of invisible people. (Oof! Ouch! Watch it!)

Re-revisited: The Invisible Man finds himself  
(quite a chore in itself) in the Land of the Blind,  
where he is made king by a population to whom  
he is as visible (by touch) as anyone else. In fact,  
he envies the ability of his subjects  
to "see" him (as only the blind can see),  
for he cannot see himself.

Re-re-revisited: A free, bodiless spirit,  
pursued by tele- and psychopathic wizards,  
possesses a body and hides in it,  
becoming invisible, as no one notices the spirit,  
seeing only a body.

I will now do my impression of **THE INVISIBLE MAN**  
Everyone, please close your eyes...**TADA!!!**

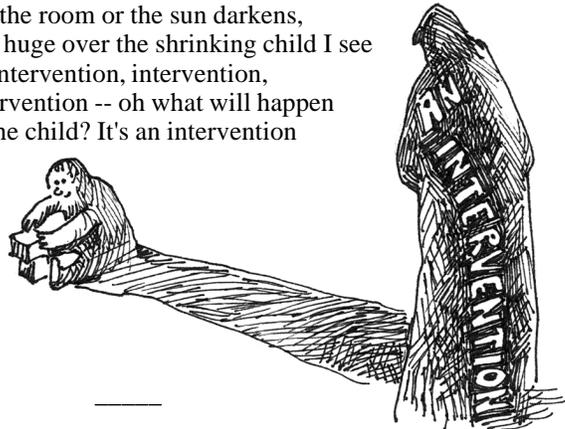
### "Interventions" says the official,

talking about schools and violence --  
we must have the appropriate interventions,  
even well before school age.  
This is my worst dream: A child,  
for example, a two-year-old, is...

is a child, say the word, a  
child, a child, a child...

and in my dream, a child  
is alone, perhaps on a lawn  
with blown dandelions under whispering leaves  
under summer cloud mountains, perhaps  
alone in a room playing with something  
on the white-flower-patterned  
blue carpet, and the child is  
happy or sad or both in rapid  
succession, but certainly alive,  
changing, creating, being a child, a child...

but the room or the sun darkens,  
and huge over the shrinking child I see  
an intervention, intervention,  
intervention -- oh what will happen  
to the child? It's an intervention



Can you understand me? Then you are not alone here.  
Now you must find a better hiding place.

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DEAN BLEHERT  
11919 Moss Point Lane  
Reston, VA 20194  
<http://www.blehert.com>  
[dean@blehert.com](mailto:dean@blehert.com)  
ISSN: 1524-0509

**ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED**