

Every day in the morning

(slow)

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(slow)

Adam Seelig

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for Nomi

When he appears on the ~~stage~~ page, besides what he actually is doing he will at all essential points discover, specify, imply what he is not doing; that is to say he will act in such a way that the alternative emerges as clearly as possible, that his acting allows the other possibilities to be inferred and only represents one out of the possible variants. In this way every ~~sentence~~ letter and every ~~gesture~~ word signifies a decision.

Bertolt Brecht *modified*

This
is what
happens in the morning of course many things
happen to many people
in the morning but

this
is what
happens

when Sam wakes up it's
still dark
in
the window
and
still
in
the room since Layla has left

for
work like the
neighbours upstairs all gone to
work to
be together
with others leaving

Sam to wake alone and
walk past the window by
the piano
over
to the bathroom its cool
floor
cools his feet
covering
the
same steps from
bed

to sink under
the mirror
where still
in
the
dark he

rub his sometimes
sore hands before washing them
and wetting cheeks
his and
chin and stubble
his hands with
a little
sore
but only
a little
he
puts on
some shaving cream picks
his up razor blade
and
starts shaving
in the

yellow light he's flicked on a
slightly
yellow light that
flickers at first above
the mirror
that
reflects him
well what else

can
a mirror
do but
reflect and
what else
can you
do in
the mirror but face
your
face
and
reflect on
how you

used to believe you could write
music to make a living simply
make a living from
writing
your own God
how naive
you were
to believe that back

then but
then you passed
the ideal age
to become
a famous
composer
the idea of
fame never
came
to pass
and now
as more time goes on
you

can't seem to sell your music

no

matter what

it

doesn't

seem to sell

or

bring

in

any

money

nothing

this year not

one piece sold

or

picked up

or commissioned while

he

does fine all

the

same because whatever

Father wants

Father gets

with all

the

money

he

has

for what

for sitting

for sitting on his rump all day

as if

his

fat

ass

shits

bills

all day

long

a

trumpet call of bills from

his

ass

as if from out

of

his

i
sit at the piano
ok sometimes
i write
when
i
sit
and sometimes
i just
sit
and think
at the piano
when my
hands are
too sore
to
play
and compose
so
i just hold
and them
and them rub
and don't write
anything
down or
i sometimes
down just write
one note that's it
one stroke
on the page
that's it stroke smoothly
he said

make your skin
smooth as
a baby
he said
and
you're still
my
baby
he said
my
only he said
ever
since
your mother
you
know he said but
stopped and
then said
stroke as
smoothly
as you can
that's it the smoother your
strokes the smoother
the
shave
that's it
only
one note
one note
one note but
then
maybe

one note is

all it

takes why not

like Cage

one

note

to

be

like John

Cage

or Riley repetitive

like Terry

Riley what

a bore

why not

bore me

to death

like Cage

or Riley

why is

Terry

Riley so

repetitive

a bore

like Reich

take

a bore

like Steve

Reich is Philip Glass

as

repetitive

as

you wonder

you

shave

in

the

mirror

is

one

note

all it

takes

for

me

to

be

the

next

Glass

or Reich

or Riley

or Cage

sure

if

what

you want

is

to

be

a

bore

a

bore

famous

mind

you

but

a

bore

all

the

same

why are

they

all

the

same

and

why

is

one

more

repetitive than

the

next

is

it

to

bore

me

to

death

it is

like

it or

not

but

it

sells because

a style

sells and if

it

sells it has power

and power

sells art

because art

has no

power but

the power to

sell style since

art let's face

it is

a sham

and

an artist

is

nothing

but

a ham

with ease for

style

yes

ease

power

and
a
and
style to
sell because the the
style the more
it
sells i have
no
style to
sell and no
power to
sell it
all i have is my pathetic
music
at least you make something
Layla says
playing with
my hair and she's got
a point
at least you make
your
music what does
make he
what exactly
does
he do
anything other
than
play the
market and

created anything has he ever
in his life
you do or like
played the piano like
you she
says

but i haven't made

any money
this year
none
i say
what about the
new piece you've been working
on

she
says
it's just
on spec
i say
and stuck

i say
what she
says

i'm stuck
i say

come
on Sam
i'm sure

you're

just

making

slow

progress

she says

i wrote

one

note yesterday

i

say

you

see

that's

progress

she says

even

if

it's

just

one

note

you're

still making music

she's

got

a

point

i

guess

seriously

what

exactly does

he

make

she says

a lot

of money that's

what

i say

yes

she

says

that's

all

he

makes so why not
let him help
us out
she
says
no
way
i say
why not
she
says
too
many strings attached
i say
come on
on Sam baby
we could really
use it
from him not
no
not
with
all his strings attached
but hey
that's
business that's
what being
a
business man
is for
to
push others around
with money
and

to be around
a lot
of money
with
a lot
of other
business men
but not
a lot
of
since women
women are
the
other money
of
men
in
business
turning women
into plastic
tits with
elastic thighs
skin so
tight you can see through
and
it all gets worse
when the
women getting pushed around
start
pushing
other
women around
not
to mention

babies we can't afford

and

she knows

we can't afford

them even though

she would love some

of

her own

and

aren't

they

delicious

she says

aren't

they to

die for

but

i can't afford

to

let

her and if

i

did would

she

leave

me

here

with

it

i

mean

she can't afford

the

time

to

be

with

a

baby or would

she

leave

with

i can't let
her or leave

make

me a father or
worse first
a husband i'm not
the or fathering
and husbanding type

what if she died having
the baby

it never happens

she tells
me but
it did
but
she was one
in

a million cases
it's so rare
she tells
me so should

i feel better
Mother being
one

in
a million doesn't make
me feel

she better and doesn't
get enough babies
in the bloody maternity ward can't she
get baby her
fix
there
at work like all
the other OBs
and
aren't
i baby enough for her what
do
i need
to cry
for her to care
more don't
i need
her
enough and
she
can barely afford
me
a resident
can barely make
enough to support
us both
and
i
wish

she'd stop about his money almost begging for

his money

while

you

shave the way

he

showed me to

face

the mirror hold

his

hand

and watch

how

he

feels

his

face

holds

the

razor

and

sees

me

in

the

mirror

now

razor

in

hand

smile

so

much like

his

smiling

and

holding

my

hand

to

his

face

before

he

pushed

me

away

when

for

a

moment

i

touched

his

a it was just for
the i was stupid moment
it hand my touch

bleeds and i know
it was stupid
and i think
i cried when
he said
that

and was stupid then
be just sure not

bleed to to death
Jesus

bleed just don't
to death
is that supposed
to

be one
of

stupid his jokes
is

her death
just to joke
a him
i i
i know Jesus
it was stupid of me
and now

i'm feeling sentimental look

i have

feelings

fine

i have

feelings

and

i'm fine with

sentiment

and

fine with

feeling

confused

now

and then but

to

feel sentimental

as

i do

to

feel sentimental

as

i do

at

the

moment

is to

be

weak

mentally

weak

is mental and weakness
a virus
of
the that spreads
mind to body
the
and hands you're
until too
weak
to bear
feelings any more
or
children
and to
have the weakness
of
a child's body
of your mother's
a body
kind of
weakness
feeling for
weak
is a disease
sentimental but
to

love is another
matter to

love to sing
as Father claims
she

loved to sing
is different
even
if
he can't

remember any of the songs

she sang why
can't he learn
a simple melody that
a simple idiot could
learn

who
can't learn
a simple melody
a melody that

his
own wife
sang less
no

who
can't
remember that
an idiot
that's
who
an idiot without
an ear
an idiot without
a memory
or
a

man

without

a

mother

because i can't recall then but

then

i

wasn't even born

yet

for God's

sake

of

course

i can't recall

so

what

can

be his

excuse

what excuse

can

he

have

that

he

can't recall the

melody the words yes

he

has

a

memory for

the words

and

for

numbers

a

better

memory for

numbers but

a

person with

no

memory for

melody

is

no

better

than

a

bird

that

can't twitter
yes no better
than
a bird brain
a person with
a brain
for numbers
and
words but
not
for
melody has shit
for brains
and all
the numbers upon
numbers
and
words upon
words if
not
for melody would
all
be
for
nothing like Clapping Music Steve
Reich's
Clapping Music
nothing to
it
it's
like a machine
that's
all

clap
clap
clap
clap

so
what anyone
can

clap what makes
that so brilliant
that there's

nothing

to
it
that anyone
can

do
it
is

that
what makes

Steve
Reich's

Clapping Music

brilliant Father

clap can
so
is

a musical

Father
genius

all

when
he

can
do
is make

money

no

what
is brilliant
is

that

Steve

Reich's

music

makes

money

too

while

you

and

your

music

make

nothing

Steve

Reich

is

a

money

making

machine

that's

raking

it

in like

Father

clap

clap

and

money

simply

appears one day

he

appears

to

be

talking

to

himself

so

i

ask

him

what

he's

talking

about

it's

a

song

she

used

to

sing

he

says
can
you
sing it
to
me
i ask
him
you know
i can't
sing
he
says he it's true
sing he can't
to sing a tune save
his life
then would you tell
it
to me please
i ask
she'd want
me know
to it
too wouldn't
she
i
say
it's just
a song Sam silly folk
he

says

at

least

tell

me

the

words

i

must

have

said

i

wonder if the Broadcast Corp

would

have

a

recording

of

it

maybe

if

i

write

to

one of their

all request shows

maybe

one of their

know

it

all

DJ's

will

play

it

i

doubt

it

but

i

could

still

send

in

a

request

dear so

and

so

do

you know that song

that

my father can't

sing but
my mother did before
she died having
me and if

you
do
could
you

please play

it

thanks
that'd

be

great

oh

and

it's my birthday on April first
i

know

what you're thinking

April

Fool but

i'm
it'd

serious

mean

a

lot to

me

if you'd

play

it on

my

birthday

and

if you

don't

have

it

which

i

doubt

you

do

then please play Stravinsky's Rite of Spring

"Le Sacre du Printemps"

my partner and i

my partner what
is this business
what

my partner is she
business
even love now

is
a business any how
my partner and i love each other
love your
show
love the Rite
of Spring
and
love to make
love to
each other like wild

donkeys thrusting our pelvises

or is it
pelvi

donkey style while we listen
to the music mount
and surge
so wow
how great
it'd be
if
you
would

play the Sacrificial Dance movement

"Danse Sacrale"
as performed

stiffly and with utter lack

of feeling by one

of our country's mediocre

hack orchestras institutional
its mediocrity second

only to
our

so called healthcare system that can't keep

a birthing woman from
bleeping
bleeding

death to come
do on now really
i have

to beg you

please
i said

at
least tell me
the words

please
please
please

and he did
i guess
he had

a
heart for once
so right
there

and

he

me

all

words

he

he

then

told

the

knew

to

the

song

says

she

used

to

sing

one little kid

one little kid Father bought

me

one little kid then

a

cat

eats

the

kid

that

Father bought

me

one little kid then

a

dog bites

the

cat

that

eats

the

kid

that

Father bought

me

one little kid then

a

stick

beats

the dog
that bites
the cat
that eats
the
kid
that
Father bought

me
one little kid then fire burns
the stick
that beats
the dog
that bites
the cat
that eats
the
kid
that
Father bought

me
one little kid then water puts
out
the fire
that burns
the stick
that beats
the dog
that bites
the cat
that eats
the
kid
that
Father bought

me
one little kid then an ox
drinks
the water
that puts
out
the fire
that burns
the stick
that beats
the dog
that bites
the cat
that eats
the
kid

that
Father bought

me
one little kid then a butcher
kills the ox
that drinks
the water
that puts
out
the fire
that burns
the stick
that beats
the dog
that bites
the cat
that eats
the
kid

that

Father bought

me

one little kid then

an angel

kills the

butcher

that

kills the

ox

that

drinks

the

water

that

puts

out

the

fire

that

burns

the

stick

that

beats

the

dog

that

bites

the

cat

that

eats

the

kid

that

Father bought

me

one little kid then

the

"Holy

One"

kills the

angel

that

kills the

butcher

that

kills the

ox

that

drinks

the

water

that

puts

out

the fire
that burns
the stick
that beats
the dog
that bites
the cat
that eats
the

kid

that
Father bought

me

one little kid

one little kid

figures it all starts

with Father
the
father

figure starts not just
any chain but
a chain

of death for God's
sake

and

when does
he die
where does

Father

figure in
the chain
other than
at

the
start Father
at
the
start
with God
at
the end
the son
forsaken
and
Mother neglected while
God
and
Father in
the end
are left
untouched by a
fucked composition
of their own making
compose for
me
she says
write
one for
me Sam
she says
come on Sam baby
she says
do
you want
to me
massage

your hands
God yes please
it'll make
you feel
good
she says
then
come here and
touch me
touch me
touch me
my

artiste

she says it's a
game
she likes me to play
the
artiste which
is to say
the seducer because
art seduces and
is a sort of
seduce
art yes
she likes me to play
the "seducer
artiste" which
is to say
the pervert
because
the
artist
is a pervert

of
sorts who
plays
games and perverts nature
for
the art of
it and
it whose nature
is to treat
like a nature
game as
if nature
is there for
me to seduce yet nature clearly
seduces
the artist so
the artist has
to pervert nature
in return
because
the artist or as
she likes to say
the *artiste* which
is to say
the pervert
can only
resort

to
games
like
the game
she seduces
me to play
for
her seduce
me
my
artiste
she says seduce
me
the way
i
like
it
she says
then
take off your clothes
i
say
take off your cross
i
say
turn on
the radio and
uncross
your
legs
i say just like that

just like that

i say

as

if to read

it off a

page or

as

if she

were

that page herself

a

page

of

legs

in

a

book

to

spread

open

and enter

a

book

writ large

and

spread

open

for my

pen

my admittedly

large

pen

to

write

in

pages

of

legs

spread

open

for me

and

for

her

and

for

us

just

us

as

she

says

nothing more than

yes

is all she needs to

tell me for

me to know

that all she needs

is me

and

nothing more than me alone

that's all one

yes for

me to know

that she only

needs

me

well maybe

for

the

time

being admit

it

maybe

that's

not all she needs maybe

there

are

times

she needs

me to be

more

man

than the man i

am

now i mean

maybe

she needs

other
men i
hate to
think it
makes me want
to puke but
for now
at least
for
the time
being
all she needs
is me to know
that she wants
nothing more than

my head between her hips

lips on
her lips
between her hip bones
where

her hips and
the slit of
the lips
between her hips form

a triangle
for
my round
head between her hips a circle

on a triangle
for
the tip of
my tongue
to
slip

between
the slit of
the lips
between her hips
where
my tongue circles
around
and angles
her lips
to
slip inside
her
head on
hips circle
on triangle
lips on
lips and
the tongue inside

saying

la
la
la
la

without a word

saying

la
la
la

in her

lap

in a tongue

she knows well

a language

we

all
know within after
all i'm
a thin man
in
her
la
la
lap tongue beneath
her hair wetting
my

chin
it's grown again
grown a
row of stubble
and looks dirty
and i hate
to scratch
her with
the
stubble that's
grown and spread like
a

disease
come up
she says so i
do
knock
knock
i
say

we all have our childish moments don't
we

knock
knock
i
say
come in
she says
so i
come
in
and
then
she says

knock
me up

but this
i imagine really
you imagine that
she says
knock
me up

crass
as it sounds

as you and
her and fill
yes with love
is the only word
for
it really

you wonder
if putting
you're your in
disease her in too
sick
as it sounds since
it's
a sort
of disease that makes your
hands sore
and
a disease weak
because inherited from Mother
weakness Mother's
is in
your in nature
and sick
as it sounds
it
is this
disease in
your nature
you that
and love
and mother
want
her to and nurture
and that

you imagine
you put
in
her
as you
come into
her and wonder
if
you knock
her
up since
she would
love
to
be a mother
she wouldn't
love for
you
to fulfill
her wish
to
become a mother at last
the mother of
a

needy child of her own because
children are

needy a
needy
greedy

plague

a sleep robbing money hungry
plague yet

when
they

play

how can
them

you resist

with

their perfect skin you can see why parents would

want such

perfect skin and when

they want

to touch that smooth

skin

to

be skin

to

skin

with

their

to

touch

child

their kin

with

their

skin

as

it

were

you can see why parents

can't help

but love

their

children

if

love

is

the

only

word

for

it because

you

are

a

kind

of

child

at

heart and when you

can't resist what

you

hear when as

it were

the inner child

in

your mind's

ear plagues

you

you

write

it down compose

it to calm yourself

down breathe relax

your hands

compose yourself don't

try

to be

a

virtuoso

when

you

write

it down you don't care

to be

a

virtuoso

composer

anyhow

all you

care

to do is

slow

down

and

write

what

you

compose

with

care

not

to

show

off like those pimply little prodigies even though you
could

show

off like those
showoffs

little
if

you wanted to with
a

little prod

you

could

play anything

those

little

showoff

prodigies

you

play for sure

could

play anything

you want

like

Lang

Lang

that

little

showoff

playing the

piano with

his eyes closed

and

greasy skin

making

it

look

easy

to play Rachmaninoff without

even

looking

he

plays

the

prodigy

of

schmaltz

why

not

fill

my
ears with

it

go
on
Lang
Lang

go
on

and

pour

Schmaltzmaninoff

right

into

my

ears

not

and why
add

herring

to

it

go
fill our

ahead

ears

with

herring

greasy

schmaltz

you

pimply little prodigy

like

that

kiss

ass

Kissin or

kids the world over

murdering Beethoven's Für Elise

la

la

la

la

la
la
la
la
la

poor

Beethoven

what

have

they done to you

it

should

be

for

Therese

anyway

Für

Therese

not

Für Elise

poor

poor

Beethoven

even

your handwriting

misunderstood

by

little

prodigies

playing

with

a

skill

people

would

die

for

but

who likes

prodigies

who likes

showoffs

even

a

little

and

who

show

me

who likes

pimply

teenagers at least little kids

are still sincere despite
 all their
 germs as opposed
 to spiteful
 teenagers still
 too young
 to control
 their
 germs
 but
 too old
 to stop
 the hair under
 their skin and
 too old
 to be kind and
 sincere like you
 you're
 too old
 to be sincere you try
 despite your
 age even you can't
 be if you true
 and
 sincere like
 little ones
 when
 they try
 to

express what they want or

what they like
 or don't like
 like
 like
 i
 want dis
 or
 i
 like
 dat
 true
 and sincere
 like
 that
 or like
 when
 they want something
 they can't
 have but really
 really
 want
 can i um
 can i um
 can i
 have
 dat sing um
 can i um
 can i um
 can i please
 have
 dat sing um
 can i please
 please
 please
 please
 or even

when
they
a
say
but
like
things
get
little older
still

a humpback whale is the biggest fish

or

gasoline is for cars
vaseline is for people

or

don't touch me

and
like
unlike
that
the
true
sincere
surly
older

kids who don't seem

to
know
how to say what they mean
i
mean
like you
know like you
know what i
mean

any more
even
if you try
and
i try because
the more
you
say the less
you end
up
meaning as
you get older
and
even
if
i
know
and more
and more
have more
and more
to say what you
say
becomes
and less simple becomes
simply becomes
"like" it becomes
or "more
less"
which is
why i
stay young or
try to

stay young at least
in how
i look
in the mirror hair long like
hers
ok
so
not as long
as hers
or as beautiful
or as full
as hers but
for me long
which isn't very
i know but
at least
not bald
let me don't go bald
please
stay dear hair but
you go if
i to go have bald
please
let it
be
on
my face
beardless
beautiful
young like

hers like woman
a how
i wish don't
we all that
i had woman's
a face
in the mirror like
you

just put on aftershave always clean

put
it in your
palm
he said
that's
it like
just that
then slap
it on that's
it
but gently
let
show you me
and he gently
just slapped his face
like
that
just he said

don't start fussing with your hair

your facial
hair

is different

you can
fuss with your face
that's
ok

don't just
fuss with

the hair

on your head
or give
yourself

a

fussy hair

do and become

one of those
fussy

artist types

who grows
his hair and blow dries

it because

in the end

one of those
you'll become

fussy faggot artists

and

there is no room for those

in business and

no

room for

them in my house
for

that
matter

touchy men
who like
to play
house don't belong
in business Sam

and i'll
have
you know that i'll
have

no touchy men
in my room excuse
me

i
mean
no touchy men
in my business because
in business

there is absolutely
no excuse
for

clowning around
which is funny not because

clowns are funny they
aren't but
because when

i shave
just
like every
man who shaves
the white
foam
around my red

your lips makes look
 clown's lips like on painted white
 a clown's face mask every
 man of the face mask every
 humiliated in the morning for
 the sake of being
 taken seriously
 later on is that
 what
 it takes to
 be
 taken seriously what does
 it take what do
 i need
 to do
 to
 be
 taken seriously wear
 this red and white
 mask
 each
 morning is that
 it wear
 this
 humiliating red and white

flag

of

a

Canadian maple leaf falling or Japanese

sun bleeding

or

Swiss coo

coo

cross

or

Polish

sausage i could really

go

for

a

sausage

right now

a

big

breakfast

sausage

instead

of

the usual shit

i

eat

for

breakfast

with

the sun

rising

as

usual

for

you

to

eat

shit

instead

of

a

great big

American

breakfast

sausages

pancakes

a stack of them with hot syrup beside eggs prepared however you like

and

a

hot

cup

and of coffee
 a cup
 of juice all
 served by an
 American waitress who
 waits on you
 and
 serves you quickly because
 Americans always get
 what they
 want
 and they
 won't
 wait long they
 want their meal
 and they
 want
 it now because
 that is the
 American way
 a dream
 meal
 served by a hot
 waitress who
 won't let
 you sit for
 long
 as you dream
 that she sits
 on you for
 a quicky while
 you
 wait for

your

meal

God

if

only

you

could

dream

the

way

an

American

dreams

you

should move to the States

there's a

market for

my

work in

the States

i'm sure

there is

some

market

to

keep

me

busy

there

should

be enough

business

there

for

my

work

and all

work

and

no

pay

here

makes

me

a

dull

kid

when

i'm sure

i

have

enough

solid

music

to

sell

in
 the States or maybe
 i
 should sell
 out and sell
 my music
 to the
 movies just like novelists turn their
 novels into screenplays
 or poets
 turn into
 novelists to make
 money just fluff
 up
 the
 novel for
 the
 movie make
 it realistic
 as they say and
 as realistic
 as they want
 so people will come and cry
 for a nice evening
 of sentimental porn
 with a lush soundtrack
 of sax
 and violins
 like the
 movie they made from that
 novel

The Latin Patient is that
what
it was called or
was
it

In the Skin of a Pussy

is that
it

In the Skin of a Pussy
Cat

well no matter
what

should the States have
a
market for
my music

unlike this
socialist dump that doesn't produce

results

like the States and even
if we could
make
it big
here
and
make some
money

here
at home
the Socialists would
take away leaving
it all
no
c
h
o
i
c
e
but
to leave for
the States or
stay here
where
there
is nothing
to do
but sulk about
the dumpy state of
quasi socialist country
and about
the and bigger
better
grades the US will
always
get because
the US will

always
be an A+ country
A+ or D-
depending
on who's
grading but
you need extremes
to make anything
great
as

opposed
to the same old B+
we get year in
year out just another
B+ country seriously
why
is everyone
here

ok with
a B+
as if
we're all
ok with just
being

so
so and why on
do earth
i still live
in in this
country and like
it even love
it
when

we're not even smart enough

to be Marxists
and not

enough i wish

i had

enough money

to be Marxist but

it takes

a lot Marx had

a lot of money

and when he he'd

didn't mooch

it because

he smart that was way wasn't

clever he that

and Karl rich

enough

to

sit every day

to compose

the Manifesto all

the time

in

the world
to grow his dirty beard
and
write
workers
of
the world
unite
what
if
it were
composers
of
the world
sit down
no
composers
of
the world
sit down at
the piano
doesn't
sound
quite right
no
we'll never be
clever enough
for Marx's
of the opium
mooches
and
you
are
not

a mooch
you think
to yourself in
the mirror
even though
you make
no money and
she makes
it all
for both
of you and
we can't
make
money off
of
money for just letting it
sit there like Father
the bastard
and we'll never
be as great
as
the States
so we
trash the States and
the state of
the States and
the poor
taste of
the States and how
the States keeps
their war going
to keep
the

rich
rich and
their poor
poor
and
the
rich and
the poor
and
the
rich and
the poor
and
the war
and
the war
and
the war
and
the war
keeps going
so
we
trash the States
for being
rich because
of
the war
which keeps going because
of
the
rich
which is nothing new
because
as long

rich
the States
the States
the latest
the
the States
rich

we're
we'll
war
were
being

as
as
as
as

not
blame
if
only
reason
for

bla
bla
bla
bla

what nonsense
what noise passes for truth even
if there is some
truth
to it
to pass it off
as the whole
truth so help
me
is utter
nonsense even
if i

don't especially
like the States but
like most

others
i
don't like the States mostly because
i'm
not there
in the land
that
hands you
so much opportunity
for
no reason
other than being
there just
for being
an

American in
America

everything's free
in
America for
a small
fee
in
America

ha
ha Bernstein
what
a
shark too bad for the
words
that turned his
music
into

that shitty musical
they do
that words they
turn pieces
of music pieces
into of shit but
of then
where others
a hit so
to speak you
hear pure
musical
crap by
Leonard
Bernstein luring people
in with lyrics
one little kid
one little kid
i wish he hadn't told
me really
if you
had to
have words
in your
music
if you were
forced
to hear

music

with

words

you'd rather

hear

the

blues

woke up this morning

etc

beats

the

hell out of

the

potato

potahto

tomato

tomahto

lyrics

of

Ira Gershwin poor George

let his brother destroy almost

all

his

music with cutesy pies how

much

better

music

is

without

any Iras

summertime and

the

lyrics

is

stupid

and

the

same goes for opera from Monteverdi

to

Verdi killing music with sentimental melodrama

opera

opera

God

save us
from the plague
of opera
with its
words unless

they're Howlin Wolf's and just
do
the do
like
he says
words searching for pleasure
in

they how
suffer not
the for
leisure
of airy
fairy
supper music but
for truth

in music
since music
is truth
truth
music
truth
yes
the on
air
for

three minutes
i want

three minutes on the radio
i don't
want my fifteen
minutes
i want
three minutes times
fifteen million people
by
their
radios listening to
my music
once my all at
on the radio times all music
fifteen million people
listening

at
home or
at
the corner store
or
the barber secretly
at work letting Purple Rain
into their
ears
my own
Purple Rain feeling a
way
into
the corners of
their
ears
working secretly on
their feelings till

at the or barber secretly
at home my very own
let's Purple Rain call it
my Purple Pain main piece
my big hit
of Purple Pain owning a piece
them with its
purple feelings a
virus
stored in

the
come
my
may not even
be
very good it
may very well
be
with pathetic
pathetic lyrics but
they hear
it
enough times like
every U2 song
it they hear
drunk
enough times
at
the bar
or
at
the
store
or
the barber
or
at home that
they
secretly
come to love it and

my Purple Pain feel
them as fill
they
hear my
music that
Father can't appreciate
with his tin
ear has no
music in
him
not one
ounce
or 28.349 grams
of
the
music Mother
must have
had
that
Father
with his
tin
ear can't
hear yet
he
had
her how
earth on
they were
Mother together
with her
faith in

music and
Father
with nothing but
his
faith in
the money
he prays
to
religiously
you know that's
the
only thing those communists were
right about
he says
religion is
the opium of
the asses
says
the hypocrite
as
if
he weren't
religious about
praying to his money
every day afraid
the money gods will take
it all back
one day with interest
so
it goes with
money
it's all bull

bull
bull
bull

take
take
take
take

then one day
the

bad big
bear

it takes
all back
so

he
prays to
it every day
prays to

the bull

the and
bear

to and
Merrill

to and
Lynch

it afraid
will
all

to go
hell as

he
to
it
clings

like a cross insecure
like everyone with

a cross on his
or her chest
secure only
in their cleavage
where the
cross hangs
for lucky Jesus
in Layla's
chest
secure
on the
cross

a noose would have been less popular

he
hanged for
our sins
who
could love
a hanged god with
a limp
body
rather
than arms
and stretched
hands
out of love
to
save
our sins
thank God she's
less into
God
than into

sex i'd never
have
sex with
her
if she loved Jesus more than
me

how can she honestly wear that cross
how can
an OB
or
any MD
for
that
matter
honestly wear
a cross even if
it's from
her mother
and of sentimental
value
from
her mother

calling her
every day
how's
work
Layla
how are you feeling
Layly
how's this
and
how's that
and

how's Sam what's
he up to
when if
you read between
the
lines between
the pauses
you're sure
it's really
what's
that dead
beat doing
with
his life
and
even if

she's not all that religious

isn't
it heresy
against medical science
to be
religious
at
all let alone wear
a cross

anyone

who loves Jesus has wanted
to
or even
wants
to have sex with
Jesus and i'd
never

anyone
who
anyone
more
one
on
Jesus
to
to
just
just
of
love
i've seen the way
she
looks

have
sex with
wants
than
me
even
if
i'm number
the
her
and
is
second say
or
eighth
i'd
hate
have
share
her
i
want
a
list
with
me
in
mind
me
and
no
other
men
or
sexy
prophets
and
hate
with
their
even
though
dirty beards

at
the hairy ones
as
if she wanted
some unkempt Jew
or Muslim
is the opposite
of unkempt
they say kempt do
as kempt
in he
is a kempt
or man
she or
is kempt
she what does
she want
a
of or some kind Nazarite
hairy hair Nazi religious
i'd hate
for

b
e
a
r
d
e
d

her to
i be religious
see don't
her want to
in veiled
some sheitel
or chador
oh
no definitely
not
a chador
a chador
is way more than a sheitel
and
a sheitel
is in no
way adorable
and
she knows
i her hair and adore
her want
her to
look
at me
the way
she looks
at

Father
at

the dinner
table eyes
the silver smells
his rich
after shave
the table
set for
her to
sit closer
to
him than you sitting
across from
them and
saying little
as little
by little
he gets
closer
to
her with
his close
shaven
face to
tell
her a little something
here a little something
there as
she laughs
with
him
at
the table and
eyes
his
silver hair

and
faces

him
she

can
so
get

closer

to

him
and
your

i
n
h
e
r
i
t
a
n
c
e

unless it all goes

to the SPCA
in his will

to spite you leaving

it all

to cats

he never gave

a

shit

about dogs that
would

be just like

him

to leave

it all

to dogs

but you don't want his money like her

i

mean

you do want

it

you

just

don't want

to

inherit

it

from

him

of course

you

want

money

just

like her

but you

want

to

make

your

own

and

have

your

own

you're

just

bad

at

it i

mean

you

just

don't

have

the

money

making

skills

he

has

in

his

blood

though

you'd

like

to

inherit

them

and

make

your

own

yourself

what are

you doing with

yourself Sam

he asks across

the table

when

he knows full

well that i

work on my

music every day

even if

no one

will play it

so that

he can

go

on

and pretend

i

don't

work

why

don't

you

play

something for

us

he says

pointing

to the grand

he can't play

and hasn't tuned since

the day

i moved out

you used
to play all
the time her at so much like
the piano
you wouldn't
remember but she used
to play every
day
bastard
he knows i can't
remember how could
i possibly
she would have loved
you
he says
to Layla beside
him
you
used
to be so
talented Sam
he says
seriously what are you doing with yourself
he asks
when the bastard knows
your
hands
are
sore
play in too
to
public

anymore you're
a composer for God's
sake
ok so
you're not Bach but
who
composes like
Bach
anymore when
you listen
to
Bach's
works
you see
God but
yours leave
you feeling nothing
but
sore

he's got
the whole world
why is
it
"got"
he's
"got"
the whole world in
his hands
why isn't
it
"holds"
he "holds"
the whole world

who "has"
the world
or has
"got"
the world
or
"gets"
it let alone
in
his hands no to
have
and to
hold are
two very different things
when your
hands ache unless
they hold
her legs touch
her under wait did
he just
did
he just
just
touch
her under
the table
touch his
leg against
hers and
she just
let him
what is this
a romantic dinner for
them and what

are
you
the third wheel
and who
the hell does
he think
she is
one of his
so called "friends"
he used
to bring
home for
the night
to Sam say hello
my
friend Magda
or whatever their names were
isn't he cute
he'd always
say
to
them leave
me alone
but haven't seen
no any Magdas for years
hanky
panky getting
old i guess
so
why
always with
every Layla
chance

he

gets

don't say anything

it's

innocent

she'll insist

if you

say anything

or

she'll

deny

it

altogether

as

if you

didn't

see

them

touch

well

you

didn't exactly

see

it

you

sensed

them

do it

you

didn't

need

to

see

it

to

know

all

you

needed was

to

see

them

sitting

together

innocent

she'll

say

innocent

my

ass

innocent

as

the dirty things you know

he

wants to whisper

in

her ear like
what's
your favourite position
pause
at
the hospital
sly
that pause
and
can
i see
your cross
and
the
dirty jokes he tells
at
the table always
toward
her never
to me his
eyes
always looking for
the laugh desperate
for
her to laugh with
him
any reason
for
her to look
in
his
eyes
he's desperate
i know

i know
he's desperate and
old but
it's no
reason
to be
a
dirty old prick
have you heard this one already
chances
are you
have so act surprised like
you never
heard
it before
he won't know
it's
an old joke
you knew
already
he's old
so let
him
have a chance to be stupid
and tell
it
where else
will
he
have the chance
the lonely old
man
have you heard it
go

ahead

let

him

have

his

stupid fun

please tell it

she says God help me

i

think

ok

he says

sitting up

in

his

chair

a

teacher

gives

her

students

a

problem

to

solve

"there

are

three birds on

a

wire all

three

fly

away

why"

she asks

then

a boy

answers

"because

wires

are

not safe"

he

says

"no"

says

the

teacher

"they

fly

away

because

a boy

like you shoots at them with

a b
b
gun
but

i
like the way think"
you she says
so

then
the boy gives
the teacher
a problem
to solve
he says "teacher"

"there
are
three women with

an ice cream cone
one
licks
it one sucks
it
and one
eats
it which
one is married"
he asks
and

the

teacher answers

"the one who
sucks

it of course"

"no"
says the boy

"it's
the one with
the wedding
ring
on but
i like

the
way you think"

not bad

not very funny but

not bad the pervert

no style to
it

but

then

he isn't an artist
is

he just
a business

man

and

a

pushy

pervert

with

no style and

no art

but

his Playboys to

lift jokes from pathetic telling dinner
jokes from

his Playboys to

lift

his

spirits

a

little and

the

little

spirits

in

his

little

old dick

lifting

a

pathetic

joke

i can

tell

it's

from

Playboy

because

i

read

that

one

in

one

of

his Playboys

as a boy

so

what

if

i

read

Playboy

then

i

read

it

a

lot

but

i

read

it

as a boy

and

so

what

if

i

read

Playboy

now

as a boy
lifting his
jokes from to
the pathetic
there still
that
than
the
filthy newspaper getting
the
filthy news
my
my
the
my
my
my
my
i
it
i
it
little
read
but
read
he's
one
only
better
read
print under
skin every day
on
hands
i
have to wash
cheap
ink
i
can't
stand
on
hands
and
under
skin
i
and
can't
stand that
i've

got to have
the newspaper every day with its
daily
filth so i
try to wash
my hands
even if
i can't always
get
them clean
my and clear
the so mind of called
"news"

about those teenagers

who wanted
to behead
the prime minister that's not news seriously
who hasn't
wanted
to either
be or
behead
the prime minister or
the president
and
they call
that news

the shit
they write
the opinions

they have and
the assholes
they hire
to
write
them since
any asshole
can
have an
opinion and
any asshole
can
write
shit so
hey why not
have asshole
writers
shit asshole
opinions
in asshole columns
or blogs online
hey look
at me look
at me
i think
i can
write and
i have
opinions online
i and think
i'm so clever and
so
do W

X

Y

and Z who linked to

me and

my clever posts

like

"re

read

Ulysses

last

night

and

sight

read

all

of

Ligeti's piano études

now

i

knew

was

clever

but

who

knew

i'm

even

cleverer

than

i

thought

like

wow"

what

shit

any asshole

can

blog

and

any asshole

can

have

a

column

but

the

biggest

asshole

in

the end is you
since you

eat it all up

read every comment

and

every review in

minutes

it takes one

minute to

read a review

a reviewer took

merely one hour

to write

on something someone

took

years to

create and you

read

it all and

eat it all up because

in the

end you

are the

freshest fish for supper

bon appétit

he says

no thanks

i say

but

it's

fresh

he says

it's

not

the

fish

i

say

then

what

is

it

he

asks

i

just mean

no

thanks

i

have

no

appetite

but

thanks

anyway

i

say

although

i'm

hungry

you

mean

to

say that

i

buy

the

freshest fish

in

the

market

he

says

to

her

the

very

best

he

says

and

he

has

no

appetite

he

says

her

to

beautiful face

she

it's

delicious

says

looking straight

into

his eyes

thank you

he

says

looking straight

into

hers

and

then

the perv has

the nerve to

ask

me

if

i'm

upset

about

something

and

then

tell

me

i

look

awfully thin

well i

feel

awful

how

do you

feel

what

a

question

what

a

stupid

stupid

question

are

you

seeing

that

doctor

anymore

he asks

i don't

need

that

doctor

say

i

well

how

about

money

do you

need

more

here take

some

he

says

i don't

need

it

i

say

here

he

says

i don't

need

any

i

say

you

need

money

everyone needs

money

he

says

Sam

baby

she

says

take

the

money

she

says

don't
be

silly
take

it

she

says

which

makes

you

want

to

s
c
r
e
a
m

but

you

simply

say no
no

thanks

is

what

you

say
anyhow

well

it's delicious

she says to him

as his hand nears
hers

they

don't quite touch
but

they

would love
wouldn't

to

they

love

to touch
each
other at
the table
as just
you would love
to punch
him in
the mouth
or
for him
just once
to be kind
to you
too but
no
no
no just stupid questions
for you
like
how
do you feel
what
a
joke he must think you're
just another
one of
his
thin pathetic dinner
jokes sitting
at

the table
when
he turns
to
her beautiful face
to
ask if
she's
heard
the one about
the goat
that sucks
the stick
he winks
i
have
to go
you
you say and
before better
he makes
you sick
the old lech
even if
you hate
to leave
alone them
together
go
ahead let
her
suck
up
to him when

you leave
if
she wants
to suck
up
to him
for his
money fine
let her but
you have
to get
the up from
and table
finally
leave
what
about
dessert don't you want
any
he says
when
you're almost
out the
door the silver butter knife
you just filched
up
your sleeve
what are
you doing Sam
where are
you going
she says
and

you hate
to leave
her here but
don't you want
some babka i bought
you
a
babka
the
pig he knows
i
love babka but
has the nerve
to mention
it only
once
i'm leaving
so they can
eat
babka the
just
of the two
them with
her all
to himself
but Sam baby
you
love babka she says
i bought it's true
it
for
you

he
when
he knows

says

i need to

get back home and
get down

one
more

bar or maybe
a few

more down
on

paper
after

i down put the

knife what

are you going to pawn

it or cut

your wrists seriously

why did

you take

it you should put

down the blade Sam

you've gone

over

your face again

and

again

and

perfection is the

no what's

the line obsession
that's
it
obsession
is the hobgoblin
fools
of
and
you should
wash your hands again did
you
wash your hands before
you started shaving
i hope
i started clean
t
h
i
s
m
o
r
n
i
n
g
maybe
a i'll manage bars
few
maybe
more once
i'm clean
and shaven
and seated

the

at

piano

again

a baby again

at the piano with everything black
and white

a baby

faced

baby

feeling weak

as

a baby again

when

you can't

face feeling

everything

hinge

on everything

else

with

nothing

black

and white in

the

world

except

the piano

and

skunks

it's

t
r
u
e

skunks

are

also

black

and white

but

nothing

else

and

there's

nothing

you can

do about
it

so why don't
you cry

about
it

go ahead

put
your head
on

the piano

and cry

about what

you can

do nothing

about

go ahead cry

your

Purple Pain

at

the piano

and

compose

your own

sentimental

music

go on
and cry

when

you

feel

you

can

do nothing

like

that time when

i could think of

nothing but

the war period

nothing else

but war

then

the

war

came to

an

end

well

that

part

of

the

war

came to

end

for

now

and

i

could think of

something

else

like

fast cars and women

is

that really

what's

on

my

mind

when i shave now

is

that really

what's

on

men's

minds

when

we

shave

there's

no

way

that all

that's

on

my

mind

are women

with

their

hair

blowing

in

fast cars

with

open

roofs

in

the

open

air

as

i

drive

fast

and

they

drive

me

wild

with

their

hair

blowing

into

mine

as

they

open

their

arms

and

spread

their

is

no there

no way

that

i have

that

on

my

mind

although he must

the dirty old man you know

he wants

her and

she wants

his dirty money maybe

your

money

one day

though

all his for

now

and

who

knows

if

you

want it even

if

s

e

c

r

e

t

l

y

you

do

no

all

you know

for

sure

is

that

there

are millions of people wanting

to be loved

millions of people waiting

to be held many

of them women

many

of them pictured naked

waiting for you

to love and

wanting you

to hold

them

sad really when you

think

about
it that

there
they
are

pictured like
you
now nearly
naked

the in mirror
wanting
to be held

by their mothers

the lucky Jesuses or
is
it

Jesi born in

their mothers' arms and all
the lucky Oedipusses

or

is
it Oedipussies

lying
in

their mothers'
no

laps

fat

fathers

there

fuck

to

with

their

lives

just

their mothers

alive

and

well
and

there
their

to hold

hand sore again from writing just

one bar
and stuck
on

the
twelfth

over just hanging
the
twelfth

bar
as if
the

whole piece will

over in be
twelve
bars

some

like
tame
little children's

song
or

that pinball machine jingle on Sesame
Street

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

10

11

12

that infernal
jingle

you'll never get
out of

your head and
you'll
never get
out of
your hands
all that
you have in
mind
and
you'll never get into
your head
all that matters
in
the world
so maybe
one last short piece
is
all
you have left
in
you and maybe
that last piece
is
all that
will last
of
you in
the world
in
the
end but
that's
a big
maybe
so

never

mind

posing as

some important

composer

composing

important

compositions

when

a

magnum opus

is

obviously hopeless

some

magical

hocus

pocus

useless

to

hope

for

when

twelve bars may be

enough if

you

repeat

them

enough

times

like

Steve Reich

or

a

twelve bar

blues

really

twelve bars may be

enough

and

at

least

twelve

fans

even

if

you'd

rather

fifteen

million

and

hardly

a

the
repeat

lyric since
lyrics
anyway

woke up this morning

repeat

woke up this morning

etc
etc that's easy enough but
what

to call
it something
catchy

it has
to be something
catchy if

it's going
to be a

hit you know

something
big like

You Are So Beautiful To Me

what an
insult
just

to me

and it's already
anyhow

taken

why not
just leave

it
at

You Are So Beautiful

pitiful

then maybe

Beauty

too

dated

then

call

it

You

too

general

then

Me

too

personal

then

I

too short practically nothing it's

so

short

then

maybe

They

too distant then something totally different like

Kill The Pig

come

on

now seriously what

do

you want sausage

I Could Really Go For A Sausage

too true

too autobiographical then

call

it

Untitled

too modern then

Ununtitled

too contemporary then

Passacaglia

would be

perfect but

who

calls anything

a

passacaglia

anymore then what

about

I Know What You're After

too honest

too paranoid am i

paranoid i'm not

paranoid but

am i

honest

i'm not

sure maybe

mention California everyone loves

California

so

try to work

in California

somehow maybe

mention

the

California

sun or

call

it

The Daylight Sonata

too derivative then

Don't Believe The Hype

very

funny

but

you

do believe

it

don't

you have

to

believe

your

own anyway

to

some degree

then

make

it

To The Memory

Of Her

Spirit

too precious by far

too

sentimental keep

it

simple

In G

unless i make

it a twelve tone piece say

a twelve tone

twelve

bar blues but who will

play

a twelve tone

twelve

bar blues

really

who

other than you

will

play

what

you write

musicians would rather

do their

hair

in

the mirror

than

play

what

you

write

they

all just

want

their

picture

in

the

paper

anyway

screw

the

music the screw
composer
all
they
want is fame
you think
to
yourself fame
and
fancy hair pictured
in the paper
what
a bunch
of
n
a
r
c
i
s
s
i
s
t
s
you think
to
yourself
in the mirror all
self absorbed
or is it
self
self what's
it called

but then you won't

be taken seriously will

you
you'll

be taken for
a clown which
of course

you are who
isn't

but to sell
your music
it needs

be taken seriously
and for
it to

be taken seriously
you need
to

be taken seriously
and to

be taken seriously
you need
a style

your of own
of course

and being
a clown

is not
a style

you own
you don't
have

a
patent
on
it
do
you and what
would she
say about

Farts

Farts

she'd say

that's
what you've been working
on all this time

Farts

she'd say

and over
over

that's
what you
have

to
show your for
work

that's
what you've come up
with

Farts

she'd say

Sam baby
why didn't
you call it Layla
really who

am i kidding
it's time
to

cut
the crap just don't
cut yourself
and bleed
to death
but it never happens
she says
stroking
your hands
as
if
it never happened
come
on who
am i kidding

i don't want
any titles for my
music
music shouldn't
mean anything
still
one solid golden
title could
mean a lot
a to
a lot
of people
people
want a word
a at least
or
a few

to
hang
on to as
the
music changes
so maybe call it

Meander

sounds too much like

Me

And

Her

when for all your love

and

love

is

the

only

word

for

it

you

know

can

you

only

compose

your

self

only

what

is

in

and

out

of

you

so

then

maybe

Me

And

Me

makes more sense at this point

in

the

mirror

but

is

that too

self

incumbent

what's

the
word self indulgent
self indulgent
that's
it what's
the

matter with you that

you can't remember

a simple expression

you need

a cup of

tea to wake

up too slow right

now

hey

maybe

call

it

Slow

too *andante*

too *adagio*

too *lento*

too alright quit thinking

about

titles just choose something

so

you

can

get on with writing

it

and

get on with

the

day

just

settle

on

something

and

short

simple like

Ow

really

Ow

is that

the best you can do

Ow

as

in

Ow

that

hurts

i'm

in

pain help please

no

one wants

a

painful

title

and

no

one wants

more

pain

let alone

another's

so

stop

it

no

more

titles

no

more

words

enough

pain

just forget

it

for now

or once and

for all

let

it go

but where

to and

with
this last
thought
still

with
him Sam puts down
his blade washes and dries
his hands
and
his face turns
away from
the sink
and turns off
the

yellow light above the mirror
before walking back into
the room
past
the piano
to stand
for a moment
in
the sun coming
in now through
the window
slightly warming

his body that's barely clothed but
clothed enough for any neighbours
or passers
by who might
be there
to see
his hands are

fine now at least you can't sense they're sore unlike
earlier

first thing
in
the morning but
no longer
since

he's put down the blade for
the day
he must
be ready
to write some
more
of
the music

he's been working on even
if
he needs
to pee and
eat

breakfast
first with
the usual
mug of
tea unless
he decides for
once
to have coffee like Layla
always
has

with
breakfast
which will

it be coffee

or

tea which he

will choose there's

always

a choice isn't there

To the reader

to
the
reader

in
thinking all
things become solitary and slow

so wrote Heidegger

but

this is not

a Heideggerian book

it

is non-Heideggarian for those
who have

read Heidegger

and

i

haven't

read Heidegger being

all so anti-Heideggerian after
as you

hold

it

let

it

become

your

own

and

as

you

read it

let

it

become

a

thing that

thinks and if

not

that

then at
least let
it
be
some
thing in you
in that
is always
changing

