

Every day in the morning

(slow)



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(slow)

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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  
his cheeks  
and  
chin and stubble  
and with  
his hands  
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

fat

ass

pops

one  
long trumpet

that

toots

bills

all day

long

for

just

sitting

since

he

just

sits

on his

ass

all day

like

me

i

guess

a

little

like

me

so

what

if

i

also

sit

when i work

i really

work

i don't just

sit

and

get fat

if

anything

i'm

getting

even thinner

really

i work

when

i

sit

at the

piano

well

ok

i

write

when

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  
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

let makes so why not  
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 fathering  
or husbanding type  
and

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 her  
baby 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 it hand my touch  
moment  
moment

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

a

joke

to

him

i

mean

Jesus

i know

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  
mind that spreads  
to  
the body  
and  
hands  
until you're  
too  
weak  
to bear  
any more  
feelings 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  
sentimental disease  
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

no

less

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

nothing

that there's  
to  
it

that anyone  
can

do  
it  
is

that  
what makes

Steve  
Reich's

Clapping Music

brilliant Father

clap can  
so

a musical

is 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  
to know  
too it  
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  
birthday

my

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

its institutional second

only to our

so called healthcare system that can't keep

a birthing woman from  
bleeping  
bleeding

to

death

come  
on now really have

do

i

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  
and God  
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  
my for  
head between her hips a round circle  
on a triangle  
the tip of  
my tongue  
to  
slip

the 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  
have

what

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  
 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

no  
don't  
don't  
know what mean you  
what like  
no way i  
mean you  
know like you  
know  
like  
no you  
don't  
know what they mean  
to say at all  
do they even  
know  
do they even get  
what they  
say  
or  
do they  
have  
no way  
of  
knowing the older  
the you get  
less simply  
say what you  
you  
mean  
to say you simply  
don't say what you  
mean

any more  
even  
if you try  
and  
i try because  
the more  
say the you less  
you end  
up  
meaning as  
you get older  
and  
even  
if  
i  
know  
and more  
and more  
have  
and more  
to say what you and more  
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  
long  
for      me  
which isn't      very  
long  
i      know      but  
at least  
not      bald  
let      me      go      don't      bald  
please  
stay      dear      hair      but  
you      go      if  
i      go      if  
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 just 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 one of those and become

one of those fussy artist types

who grows  
his hair and blow dries

it in the end because

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 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  
my there for  
work and all  
work and  
no pay  
me here makes  
a dull  
when kid  
i'm sure  
i have  
enough solid  
music  
to sell

in  
 the States or maybe  
 i  
 should sell  
 out and  
 my music sell  
 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  
and 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

nearly rich  
enough i wish  
i had  
enough money

to be  
a Marxist but  
it takes

a lot  
a lot of  
of money  
and when

he didn't  
he'd mooch  
it because  
he was  
smart that way  
wasn't

he  
clever 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 hear  
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  
how  
they suffer not  
the for leisure  
of airy  
fairy  
supper music but  
for truth  
in music  
since music  
is truth  
truth  
music  
yes truth  
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  
all at  
once my music  
on the radio times all  
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  
of

the corners

their  
ears

working secretly on

their feelings till

at the or barber secretly  
at home my very own  
let's Purple Rain  
it Purple Pain  
my main  
my piece  
of Purple Pain owning a piece  
them with  
purple feelings its  
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  
they hear  
it  
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  
them  
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

big  
bear

bad

takes

it

all

back

so

he

prays to

it every day

prays to

the

bull

and

the

bear

and

Merrill

to

and

to

Lynch

afraid

it

will

all

go

to

hell

as

he

clings

to

it

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  
kempt do  
they say kempt  
as  
in he  
is a kempt  
man  
or  
she  
is kempt  
she what does  
she want  
a  
of some kind Nazarite  
hairy hair Nazi religious  
i'd hate  
for

b  
e  
a  
r  
d  
e  
d

her  
 i  
 see  
 her  
 want  
 to  
 be religious  
 don't  
 to  
 veiled  
 in  
 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  
 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  
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



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

his in little  
old dick

lifting a pathetic  
joke i can  
tell it's

Playboy from because  
i read  
that one  
in one

his Playboys of  
as a boy  
so what  
if i read  
Playboy then i read  
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

i

say

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

to

wouldn't

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 kind  
be 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

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

war

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

all do you no  
is you know for sure  
that

there  
are millions of people wanting  
to be loved  
millions of people waiting  
to be held many  
of them women  
of them many  
waiting pictured naked  
to love and for you  
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' laps  
no fat  
there fathers  
fuck to  
their with  
lives

their mothers just 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

Untitled

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 is fame  
want you think  
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

why

you

call it  
really

baby

didn't

Layla

who

am  
time

i

kidding

it's

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  
his 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

Heideggerian after

all so 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

