

Kicking Mileposts in the Video Age



Steve Abbott

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Sheet and Tube"

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Lost River Review: "Moving to Phoenix"

A Narrow Fellow: "William Jennings Bryan at Uncle Sam's Pawn Shop,
Columbus, Ohio 2008"

New Verse News: "At the Leading Candidate's Rally"

Olentangy Review: "Family Farm"

Prayers to Protest: Poems that Center and Bless Us (anthology):
"The Right to Vote"

The Pudding House Gang (anthology): "Workshop on the Blues"

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Spring Street: "Slaughterhouse Worker, South St. Paul, 1962,"
"Komarov," & "Teacher at Evening"

W'orcs Aloud Allowed: "Planning the Attack, and After"

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Greed

There is a fitful grasping in the world,
a body's massive hand
gathering by the train- and truckload.
There is a howl for more
and yet more, a Grand Canyon
of want being carved in the landscape.
A man swims a smooth backstroke
through a pool of Franklins, waves
rippling like fanned bills he swallows
with stock options and fresh oysters.
There is an ever-expanding waistband,
a craving for infinite zeroes, a finger-
snap that overturns governments,
and at the end of each trading day
another Senator to be mounted
above the great fireplace where
everything, every body, is cordwood.
There is a platinum toilet, another
house and its marble veranda,
an unsated Jaguar stalking
a Lamborghini, a fanged loophole
that widens as it overflows into
a pit there's no crawling out of.

Killers on TV

The killers wear suits.
And they play for keeps.
They smile for the cameras
and talk into microphones.
They are well-spoken
and invoke the forebears
and God, as needed.
They want you to believe
what happened yesterday
never happened—what they said
last week, you imagined.

The killers go to church
and pray with their families.
They sit at shiny tables
and talk into microphones.
They lie on the channels
you always watch, never watch.

The killers are looking out for you.
They offer free downloads,
cell phones in purple,
satellite radio 24/7.
They raise the invisible hand of
The Market, its middle finger
a salute to you and you and you

The killers name The Enemy.
They always want someone
to wear a uniform

in a desert, in a jungle.
They pose with their families
who don't wear uniforms, ever.

The killers dine with senators,
move millions with a nod.
They want you to watch
The Big Game, and argue statistics.
They know who wins
doesn't matter.

The killers wear suits.
They smile for the cameras.

I Begin to Understand the Video Age

Persian Gulf War, 1991

By 11 p.m., four hours after the bombing
of Baghdad began, a ceremonial drumbeat
marched a promotional ad across the ABC screen,
where through an ooze-green lens I took part
in night-scope bomb runs and the skyline pulsed
blue below anti-aircraft tracers arcing
phosphorous stars toward home, like a Christmas card
slashed with golden arches as video clips
I'd been buried by earlier that evening
sparked behind the sturdy Times typeface

The Gulf War

that spun up over computer graphics of tanks
and fighter jets, radar locking on symbols
of something pumping coolly distant through
my intact veins while a serious voice cautioned me to
Stay with ABC and I began to follow orders,
the fastest TV promotion ever bringing me war
Live! as satellites merged White House flacks
with white bursts of flak above Baghdad
and its Al Rashid Hotel, where an American reporter
spoke from the darkened rooftop to my living
room as I watched a decade of high-tech progress
in munitions being field-tested against targets
they were designed for, invisible people beneath
collapsed walls and words and reports
and reporters, continuous percussion of updates
flashing out of recent memory to link with
the soundtrack's kettle drums beating the air
from within me, breath suspended like a flare
in the downlink of destruction, lungs collapsing
smothered in concussion and visual bombardment
syncopated with the chorus of my own marching feet.

Planning the Attack, and After

March, 2003

Not everyone made excuses—mostly
the grim knotted ties in news video
and snarling men on radio programs
pomped by frustrated ghosts of empire.
The docile ones offered their tongues
like sons stripped and curled on stone altars.
The rest fed conscience to joyful crows.
This was before the fire was lit.
Before nightfall.

The Right to Vote

In the bazaars of Mesopotamia, in the narrow streets of the ancient world and later on the boulevards of Paris, they shuffled their ragged way into the detachment of history. Emerging again in every revolution and even now in Lagos and New York, the same throng throws rocks in the absence of bread. Their shouts fly, primitive missiles, with the same weariness that always flows from empty bellies and bulging cemeteries where again the fanciful dreams of kings or bankers have gathered their children.

Even a deaf government hears the shattering of windows. The people vote with their feet as they overflow patient sidewalks in a surge swirling into traffic, bringing it to a halt and, for that reason alone, eventually the police who sweep the streets clean and make them safe again for the sweet democracy of mobility.

The night the presidential candidates debated on TV the streets were filled with wide-eyed cars prowling the pavement. Weeks before the election and the people were voting with their wheels, hitting the road to troll shopping malls. In store windows mannequins were making speeches

and everyone was buying the new party line.
It was autumn and the night growing colder,
the people dazed and hungry, on the road again
in search of a better show, the republic
they once envisioned but a whiff of
exhausted carbon monoxide whipping from tailpipes
like ghosts of the American dream.

Between Wars

War memorial, Johnstown, Pennsylvania

Where Aztecs dutifully offered war
prisoners to the gods, bright birds
explode from trees, cutting late morning
into scarves of green and black.

In Johnstown no birds scream and rise
in furious rush but murmur like mourning
doves or pigeons in twilight so deceptive
they never feel the keen knife

of its arrival. Their sad songs shuffle
with the feet of old men and women
dropping crumbs near stone benches,
next to walks edged by grass clipped

neat as a cemetery. In the town square
the monument's marble images
mark the Revolution and every generation
of dead—Mexico and Gettysburg

to the Philippines, Belleau Wood, Iwo Jima,
Pork Chop Hill, Pleiku, the Persian Gulf.
The polished stone offers a single
blank spot, a pre-emptive black mirror

reserved for the unborn. They'll fill
the gap, throw bodies into the breach
where chisels will carve the lives
they dreamed into memorial speeches,

words inflated like star-spangled
balloons rising with the broken
notes of a bugle in the hands
of a boy learning to play *Taps*.

Only Questions

What does the peaceful man do
when the soldiers in camouflage leave
the village with his daughter?
Does he weep and shred a meager shirt
decorated with his oldest son's blood?
Does he wish for a new government?
For a pistol? A grenade? A long knife
with which to disembowel himself?

What does the peaceful man do
when he hears the men returning
down the winding mountain trail?
Does he burn incense and wood shavings
and chant the names of ancestors?
Does join his wife in the forest, wrapping
an infant in rough cloth, green shadow?
What does he do when again he hears
screams and the shouts of
rifles rise from the river?

What does the peaceful man do
when other peaceful men draw a line
in the dust, gesture to each side
and stare him down?

What does the peaceful man do
when the click of a twig is
a trigger release, the spark of
the stars, muzzle flashes?
How does he breathe
when he recognizes the face of
the man he will kill
as his own?

Teacher at Evening

Sarajevo, January 1993

Tonight I'm burning all my books.
Even steel cracks beneath the overcast
as sniper fire's frozen eye looks
onto streets filled with the last

gasp of my grandmother. Her hands,
split to kindling where water bucket
cut frostbite to blood, are candles
forever leaning east. Bread trucked

through hell stalls at the siege line.
Beyond it, children wonder if I still
believe. Generated light defines
hope, then fades as machines fall ill

like the smallest and oldest of us.
A Sahara of snow advances through parks.
Trunks and branches become incense
honoring the blank ritual that marks

ceremonies of survival, each
day bringing more impossible choices.
Water, food, heat: the losses teach
what we need. From the smoke, voices

mumble prayers as printed words
ignite, flaring into wings that boost
me into the blizzard of charred birds
being dashed against a broken coast.

Bazaar

Is it Fate's thin hand moving
or simple arrogance—
a handful of dollars converted
to a basketful of piasters or rupees—
that makes me choose
a bamboo-shaded stall
instead of a stretch of rough cotton
striped with dust?

I move as if floating, not above
but beyond hot clamor and stench,
the incoherent pull of want and need.
With always something to fall back on
I can interpret misery as fable
or political stance, a photo album
to open over coffee and croissants,
colorful fabric spread on the couch.

A marvel I survived, or that
they do, scratching anxious eyes
and open hands against the door
I sit behind, air-conditioned to
a life of controlled temperature,
never anything less than cool.

In Gallery 216, Seeds of the French Revolution
Cleveland Museum of Art

First, an oak table inlaid with rosewood,
ivory marquetry drinking in light and
splashing a fountain back into the room.
And in this marble table's mahogany edge
an artisan has laid brass in the fine grain.
The gilded wood of chair legs sweeps
in curves that mimic the legs of mistresses.
Lacquered panels of russet, black and gold
set off the armoire's ebony veneer,
highlighted by a tapestry's immensity
warming the wall in folds of wool and silk.
Here's a tureen in solid silver, its lid
a life-sized lobster and the perfect
replica of a large bird, each feather
a hundred rippling acres of wheat.
And look, in a gilt frame larger and heavier
than a man, white horses stand with a chariot
and its faceless driver in the idyllic background,
while in the foreground, a leopard skin
draped over her linen dress and its blue sash,
holding a bow in slim, uncallused fingers,
a portrait of Madame de Pompadour
rendered as Diana, goddess of the hunt.

I Scream, You Scream

The August afternoon would have embraced hot rivets
 thrown by men walking high steel, but construction work
was slow, people taking jobs that kept them from falling

too far. Openings appeared and disappeared like tar bubbles
 in the street, where bits of iron blazed comet tails
of rust toward the gutter. The pavement's heat shimmer

raised a curtain on ninety degrees in the shade and
 the down-press of layoffs and cutbacks, the pressured
atmosphere of a town swimming with people left behind.

Men and women slumped on porches and steps, tank tops
 puddling sweat, the radio mumbling some beach song,
and kids huddled in their rooms in the glow and glare

of digital screens, the world reduced to the palm of a hand.

 A dragonfly's buzz at the screen faded into what seemed
at first a shred of memory, fragmentary until notes took shape

as melody, a piper's flute trolling the baked sidewalks and
 growing louder until a white truck turned the corner,
its squared sides a billboard of familiar popsicles,

fudgsicles, bomb pops, push-ups, ice cream sandwiches.

 Behind the wheel, a graying man once a laborer
or warehouseman stared through the windshield,

half-insane with the refrain of eight bucks an hour and endless
 loopings of a steam-calliope version of "Union Maid":

Oh, you can't scare me, I'm sticking with the union

William Jennings Bryan at Uncle Sam's Pawn Shop,
Columbus, OH, July 2008

*You shall not crucify mankind
upon a cross of gold*

—W.J. Bryan, 1896

Across a floor as flat as Nebraska
he moves from the jingle of a door
closing on the glow of mid-morning.
The business section of the newspaper
under his arm is, as usual, confident
as his stride past the brokered amplifiers
and speakers, ominous in their silence
on this prospering downtown corner.
The pawnshop storefront is spangled
like the red-white-and-blue bunting
that trimmed platforms he mounted
with a pitchman's relaxed assurance.
Showcases at the back of the store
gleam like the spectacles of farmers
under a prairie sky. Pawn tickets rustle
like dry wheat in the mechanical clank
of heirlooms clacking the counter, cracked
hands knotted as a jeweler's glass weighs
the future. In this air-conditioned Golgotha,
as if from the bottom of an aquarium,
watches and 24-carat chains shimmer
on a seabed of felt. And gold crosses
unroll a line of curses to the horizon.

At the Leading Candidate's Rally

The answer, of course, is simple:
They are not like Us, Our heritage
and faith and flag. Not like Us, who
understand the real danger, the loss
of rightful place, above Them
with their odd odors and leather skins,
over there. And now here, among Us,
pretending They are like Us. Once
They feared Our strength, but now
We hesitate to do what must be done.
We need to do something now, to
show Them who's in charge. We'll
do to Them what We know They'll do
to Us. No one knows what 's going on.
We can't live like this. They weave
dark webs in lives full of secrets,
hide Their evil in unfamiliar accents.
There are traitors among Us who are
helping Them, Those who want
to take what We have. The beards
of Their sons conceal explosive wire.
They're hiding something in Their
worn suitcases, in blankets Their kids
carry. They're stealing Your jobs,
Your kid's future. They are waiting
for Their chance. Soon They'll destroy
everything. Your leaders have betrayed
You, locking Your dreams in the banks
of Their friends. I'm saying what You're
thinking, and We're not afraid to act.
We have the weapons we need.
We can stop Them. We can be great
again. We know what We have to do.

Dogma

There was a place for everything
when superstition tended every garden,
spoke in the voice of animal bones
or newborn's cleft palate. From this,
worship of large breasts, free markets,
the certainty that one is either a cat
or dog person, and won't date a smoker.
Always better and never wrong, even when
filtered through novelty's thin mesh.

When it disembowels heathens, the faithful
hear divine music, any style, in their favorite key.
Scratched on stone or paper, it becomes
permafrost beneath wind-driven snow,
microbial corkscrews in the blood.
Generous, it presses fetish and totem into
younger hands, murmurs litanies of marching feet,
the necessity of ritual sacrifice, falls
to its knees before the god of absolutes.
When at last it finds the broken and terrified,
they embrace it like a mother.

When We Sought Justice

We were certain of two things.
The first was that we'd be beaten.
We knew there would be truncheons and gas
and lacerating editorials, shotguns and
pious lectures on propriety, the hand wringing
of parents and teachers and friends.
We knew we would be driven to our knees
with plastic ties binding our wrists
in paddy wagons, cells and courtrooms.
We didn't want to know that some would die.

We knew we would limp beneath dark
thunderheads of bruises in places
cameras couldn't see, leaving
no doubt that it would happen again
and then again. We were certain
we'd be beaten with the clean hands
of foaming clerics and senators,
by judges swinging hardwood gavels.

We didn't know how hard it would be
to keep going, to believe what we said
we believed and not turn back. We knew
nothing of how we would be beaten
with bundled bank notes poured over airwaves,
pushed from the streets by bloodless laws
shaped in domed legislatures, pounded
by word and image sharpened to axes.

We were certain we'd be beaten.
We were also certain we would win.

Komarov

In 1967, Soviet cosmonaut Vladimir Komarov died when his spacecraft malfunctioned and was incinerated as it fell through the upper atmosphere.

A teardrop runs down, down
a silver string from the sky, delicate
and certain as your gloves grasping

the meaninglessness of the controls.
Wires fill your veins. Circuits bleed
on the glass panels, lights dropping

like stars onto the unfamiliar chessboard
of death hurtling into focus.
A universe shrunken to the size of your suit,

there is no longer any serenity
in the moon, no more mystery in the sun.
There is no longer any sky.

And where is Lenin?
Slipping through a thickening solitude
as a sparrow falls, a soft stone,

through the silence of an afternoon,
you know the leaves nod no differently
to its passing than to the careless

hand of a hot wind. Our voices
hiss in your helmet, beating the air
past ears as empty as the ears of wilderness

are full hearing everything.
In a wilderness beyond touch your voice
disintegrates and hangs its static

in our earphones, every trilling signal
glowing in the ozone, fading
in the white whisper of radio waves.

A thought and a song lodge somewhere
in the airless gap between us, where
we feel its notes falling with you,

and we too are falling with the tears
of millions dying with each second
incinerating itself in passing.

A sorrow profound and simple evaporates
into mist. The sounds and syllables
burn into the expanse of spaces

that hold all words, all whispers.
Our electric vigil melts to a vibrating
silence, our own understanding flashing

and fading like sparks coupling,
separating, finally motionless
in the ashen glare of your plummeting.

Moving to Phoenix

You can love a place and still destroy it.

—Wallace Stegner

The expanding sky offers no heaven,
 only a sun that has always ruled deserts.
I will subdue the inefficient earth,

show ancient ground what it can be
 in the alchemy of putting greens raised
from sand. I will tap aquifers and draw them up

as fountains in the midday heat, geysers
 visible from mountains that sketch horizons
on The Valley of the Sun, where there is

always another frontier, another body
 of water somewhere to be drawn down.
I will cover the earth with backyard ponds

herons ignore, chips of shimmering turquoise
 scattered for miles in the red dust. There
I will convert distant snowcaps into power

lines to cool the feet of lost souls who will look
 on my works and rejoice, applauding
as I spit vanity at the sun's white eye.

Family Farm

In the graveyard
of farm machinery

combines harvest ghosts
of bumper crops,

corn in rusty rows,
and the spirits of soybeans

scrape wheels of forgotten tractors
and all the dreams they grew.

Endless Voyage

a painting by Mitchell Siporin, 1946

We come from a dim memory,
One that cast us out.
None of us will look at you.
Our angular boat moves rudderless,
Adrift and hoping without reason
For direction in waves chopped
Into boiling surge around us.
There is no refuge in the name
You give us, every eye askance,
Or raised to the sky's vast ocean,
Or stuck on the unchanging horizon, flat
Expressions pasted around a single mast,
Its insufficient sail.
We're unaware of your searching
Our Easter Island faces for a sign—
Not a promise of land but something
More certain than this water
Where we remain, barely afloat.

Slaughterhouse Worker, South St. Paul, 1962

a photograph by Jerome Leibling

After a while I become line and texture.
The arc of cleaver and knife leaves my forearms
matted crimson I see as black or blue,
a bruising baptism every day,
chopping block's stains an abstraction
the danger never allows me to imagine.
Slicing to the bone, the blade is my brush
defining flourish or stroke, gristle or fat
as excess, a negative space to be trimmed.
From across the floor, I'm mechanical,
a form in motion, and the pigment layered
on my apron is my great-grandfather's face
when the settlers stole his horses
and rain waited too long to arrive.
Sure, there's blood on my hands,
but I'm not ashamed of this
skilled butchery, or that someone's dirty
work, or mine, keeps each of us alive.

Solidarity

*on the suppression of the Polish workers' union
December 1981*

Tonight all Poland is in darkness.
Tonight the Chopin Express
 wails the death song
 of Silesian coal miners
 as it flees
 into midnight Austria.
Tonight the Lenin Shipyard
 smolders and sinks to its knees to pray.
Tonight only soldiers own the factories.

Tonight all Poland is in darkness.
Tonight workers of the world unite
 under the banner of shame.
Tonight black tape covers the television
 whose voice is a general
 whose tongue is a gun.
Tonight only soldiers own the schools.

Tonight all Poland is in darkness.
Tonight even the klieg lights
 cannot cut through it.
Tonight there are no mitigating shadows.
Tonight, in this night of no light,
there is only a taut heat
 pulsing without a glow
 beneath the tarpaulin surface of the land.

Passive Voice

Fernald Feed Materials Production Center, Ohio, 1992

A stream of black urine.

Ed Cook slopes from the bathroom
reminded by more than his jaundiced hand
how little he knows
of the men who poisoned him.
Their names are prominent
somewhere in the report to the shareholders
where there is no mention of three hundred thirty
tons of uranium hexafluoride “unaccounted for” or
two hundred thirty tons of “other radioactive material”
another, less enthusiastic report says
was leaked from the plant where he worked
into the water he used to brew his coffee.

It tasted good then, before doctors
took pancreas, gall bladder, colon,
half his stomach. Before he grew winded
just standing up. Before he couldn't work
where the vagueness of *materials plant*
and wage enough to raise a family
went hand in hand with reassuring words
from those who knew the plant was producing more
than weapons geopolitically designed
to prevent enemies from showering radioactive fire,
death instantaneous or lingering, from the heavens.
While Ed Cook watched the sky, his body
absorbed death through a paycheck.

Students learning to write learn the tricks:
how structure affects meaning that language can hide,

how easy it is to shift attention by shifting emphasis.
They learn passive voice, the instinctive phrasing
of those with something to hide, like children
who claim the window “got broke,”
or the plant manager whose press release announces
”One hundred workers will be furloughed.”
In passive voice things simply happen,
unknown forces behind the action.
No one responsible, no one to blame.
Even if it was all lies, no one lied to you.
It's your fault. You were misinformed.

Again in his chair, Ed Cook is not too exhausted
to understand the plant spokesperson's announcement
from TV's Olympian distance, that *It has been decided
to change the plant from a production mode
to a remediation mode.*

Ed wonders who will translate this vapor
into something less toxic, who will explain
the plant managers will now make a business
of cleaning up what they've done. He wonders
if remediation will remedy anything, how soon
someone will tempt his son with a new job.
One thing he doesn't wonder.
In fact, he would be his half-life
that no one is responsible
for any of this. It just happened.

It has been decided to begin remediation
with the stomachs of the children of Fernald.

Some New Questions, Mr. Youngstown Sheet and Tube

How we used to laugh over beer and nuts
at Tommy's hearin' about them workers
over in Russia gettin' medals for settin'
production records in that workers' pair o' dice.
Ho, we'd laugh!

Heroes of the State!

We laughed when Danny put on his fur hat
an' said by god them commies must put
mustard on their medals, why,
they must eat 'em if they settle for
that tatter of ribbon and tin.

Mustard on their medals!

Why, here they gave us jackets, they did,
gave us jackets for settin' production records
just five weeks 'fore they shut down
the whole damn plant.
They put us all out.

Five thousand men!

Give us lettered jackets a job well done
and then by god go and shut down
the whole damn plant.

*Five thousand families on the street
in a gray steel town!*

Nobody laughed
when we threw those jackets
in the Mahoning River.

For O'Donnell, Out of Work

Beneath the moon he sniffs
the back yard's unkempt air,
ponders the ruts where his truck
rusts with chrome knives exposed.
He wants to break his knuckles
on the face of God. On every block,
a lot for sale and another parcel drowning
in its dream. Each intersection twists
shadows of street signs and dead trees
into gallows. In the river he used to fish,
bluegills are silent below the narrow
bridge he crossed with dawn at his back,
fields unspooling the commute to work
like a soft hand moving over the world.
They have no interest in one bank
or the other, the eddies a dark refuge below
the shimmer of a surface offering
no suggestion of depth or flow.
His toolbox is a dented coffin.
When we find him, he is still breathing.

Workshop on the Blues

*Associated Writing Programs conference
Chicago, 2004*

The poets and other fashioners of words
became a chatter of expectant networking
about the merry-go-round of manuscripts
and publishers, while with a sharp clean-and-jerk
he popped a 6-foot table from the green carpet
to the platform where panelists would discuss
the blues. There in the Hilton blue sleeves flashed
against the black skirt he tacked to table's edge
to the lament of a young poet's nonstop 12-bar
patter about his new poem-a-day regimen and
four manuscripts homeless in the mail. The volume
in the room said the session was about to start,
as did the dark hands dropping a clear glass
in front of each chair, and then he was there again
with a pitcher—*Bring me a little water, Sylvie*—
in each hand, moving with the rhythm of a gang
laying track, sledge driving spike, gandy-dancer
hitching rail into line all the way to Chicago,
where the man bent

almost every note he hummed,
the bottleneck rasp in his throat a cluster of blue
syllables not even poets could understand.

The Artists, after the Revolution

...the abyss will also gaze into thee.

—Nietzsche

We would be gods, but we're building a world
with human hands. We survived the knowledge
first pigments and phrasings don't always work,
boldness and hesitation often changing sides.
And now our tongues trip on their own marching
feet, wandering swamps of contradiction into
the slippery numbness of theory, everything mixed
in waves of slogans, their firmness and stark lines.

Everything becomes an equation factored with fear.
Large banners. Large figures. Everything bigger
than life, bigger than anything human as a heart.
The angry wind that shifts our direction reveals
nothing on the face in the morning mirror.

We invoke heroes and sacred texts by conjuring
excuses chanted in dim recesses of the past:

for the good of the people

state security

terrorists

a temporary measure

until the Revolution is safe

We'll seek absolution later, soft palms upturned,
but it is our turn now. We pull on leather gloves
and strip another layer of skin from our hands.
Nothing can dispel the shadows that scare us.
The Revolution is never safe, aching memories
and our smoking weapons its greatest foes.

Locofo Chaps

2017

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Charles Perrone – *A CAPacious Act*

Francesco Levato – *A Continuum of Force*

Joel Chace – *America's Tin*

John Goodman – *Twenty Moments that Changed the World*

Donna Kuhn – *Don't Say His Name*

Eileen Tabios (ed.) – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry*

Gabriel Gudding – *Bed From Government*

mLEKAL aND – *Manifesto of the Moment*

Garin Cycholl – *Country Musics 20/20*

Mary Kasimor – *The Prometheus Collage*

Iars palm – *case*

Reijo Valta – *Truth and Truthmp*

Andrew Peterson – *The Big Game is Every Night*

Romeo Alcala Cruz – *Archaeoteryx*

John Lowther – *18 of 555*

Jorge Sánchez – *Now Sing*

Alex Gildzen — *Disco Naps & Odd Nods*

Barbara Janes Reyes – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry, vol. 2*

Luisa A. Igloria – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry, vol. 3*

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Aileen Ibardaloza, Paul Cassinetta, and Wesley St. Jo – *No*
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Maria Damon, Adeena Karasick, Alan Sondheim – *Intersyllabic Weft*
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