



andrew k peterson

# **The Big Game Is Every Night**

Andrew K. Peterson

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The Big Game Is Every Night  
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# The Big Game Is Every Night

i.m. Jason Molina

being young enough to know  
enough not to keep reburning  
the Civil War, should i give up  
on giving into disbelief? maybe  
stop letting chains binge  
on charms of my lover's mouth?  
in a pink pink pink  
punk swoon love adjusts  
its difficulties, readjusts  
its power as you can  
make a mirror warm  
as you fall back into your  
love of one more thing  
as vulnerable clarity

through their going  
some return to you  
through the impact  
of needing, being  
kneaded through  
alms that steady  
the blush, to skim  
the lake for good vibrations  
small and unhidden –  
*slow going, but it is going*

it's a big game  
& the big game  
is every night,  
a mountainous rose  
swells of diamond surfers,  
dub sparks on the moon's hood,  
a wolf at the brim of her kind

Poem Placed on the Green Monster During  
Law Enforcement Counterterror Practice  
Fenway Park June 12th 2016

Unarmed & unarmed &  
awake awake awake  
we dance that peace we dance  
that space of peace  
with a list of wildflowers  
seen a century of Junes ago,  
returns to undo your removals,  
silence the tracks of your hammers,  
the spells of summer in our eyes

*Castanea, Borage, Buxus, Rubus,  
Campanula pyramidalis,  
Aquilegia, Cupressus,  
Bellis simplex Bellis perennis,  
Arum dracunculus, Fritillaria imerialis,  
Narcissus Sylvestris,  
Digitalis, Erica vulgaris,  
Iris flammea, Arundo bambos,  
Xaranthemum anumm, Junipurnis,  
Lilium, Asphodelus*

Unarmed and unarmed  
& ache, & ache, & ache  
we dance that space  
we dance that peaced out space  
overheat the wax from your wings  
with the sun-high priestess of flower bullets!  
oh complex city heart  
let these spells of summer transmit from thine eyes

Poem Placed on BU Footbridge Over Storrow  
Drive Where Santos Laboy Was Shot and Killed  
By Massachusetts State Trooper June 19<sup>th</sup> 2015

Thorn-trees bloom  
by a little village  
in southern Brazil  
named, I'm told,  
misunderstanding  
a loose translation,  
for nearby thorns –  
Não-Me-Toque –

(Don't-Touch-Me)  
will not cross  
you anymore,  
bridge crossed too many times

when I can barely hold my own  
hands, it forgives;  
when there's nothing to –  
forget it. *Forgive me*  
*all my words* – touch  
is a form of absence.

Não-Me-Toque.  
Não-Me-Toque.

No need to chase a man  
just because he runs.



Poem Placed in an Old Pair of New Balance  
Sneakers and Left on the Stoop at New Balance  
Factory Outlet Store on Ted Berrigan's Birthday

*my name is [your name] and I am your constituent –*

The shoes of the fisherman  
are some jive-ass slippers.  
The shoes of the fisherman's wife  
The shoes of the fisherman's ex-wife  
are some hive-mass trip-ass tippers

Not even the angels want to wear  
my red shoes  
from the overflowing brim  
of a high-mind american  
moral bargain bin  
walked too far with  
worn down heels,  
the ghosts of old balance –  
power, its stultifying molds

the dream of keeping it together, –  
tender not fragile – being  
“the literary one” at the office,  
asked to explain difference  
between Roman and Greek Tragedy  
while a childhood speaks its riot  
(fear, taken out of context,  
fails both sides of the divide)  
this one being either violet thrush or  
sunburst sits until the end of the anthem,  
stands before the game already begun

# Poem for Nasty Women

after / ♥ Eileen Myles

Reading Eileen

But without

the confidence. angst

is a cave, dank &

plain, drawn in

rest on the flight

out to Egypt. No,

Nantasket Beach,

in a Mercury, from

Minerva to Aglauros:

*bake me out of this stone.*

I sleep in your spirit

blued shadow

mouth w/ 3 white tulips'

lightning bolts

against an iceberg.

The guard guarding

protecting & protected

by beauty all day

looks stoned

“simplicity defies

resolution”

How's it any moment

I'm repping denim, flannel, leather,

rubber, fleece, alpaca, yak's wool

copper orangutan college sweatshirt

“step out of your comforts of illusion”

into samsaric armfuls? exactly  
less than and far from  
these removals as I hoped  
I wouldn't be

losing you Eileen  
I wouldn't be  
losing my fantasy game  
to the driver whipping  
round a museum's drop off circle  
avoiding waddlers gagging  
the fens expressing it thru  
blinding lack of reciprocity  
as Staties ha  
rangué that hydrant blocker

but reading Eileen  
without the confidence  
makes curl & sway  
a deer in arrow-light  
foam cups  
an aching cloud  
so the flag snaps  
backwards  
to the tune of  
my illusions  
this time  
leading with stars

Poem on the Anniversary of *The Day Lady Died*  
i.m. Billie

what am I doing in a Star  
Market the day *The Day Lady*  
*Day Died* waiting for a song  
come on & on & on & on  
inside my eyes outside rings

dumb signs at “respectful distances”  
around Planned Parenthood  
hey y’all if you’re going to  
pray for something, sure lets

for howabout a crosswalk  
to safely cross these tracks  
IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII *clickety-clack*  
while summer swandives to  
a sunburn and “everyone stopped  
breathing” all the going, blissing

out getting off a season I’m  
a reason if forgetting oohing passive  
inoculations’ glompy muss of  
crystal blue persuasions  
to goombye at hone in on

so not done but gone over oh  
to think I thought it makes  
life & the city better)  
aspirined aloed granolaed gummied  
unborn under bunches,  
no, that ache comes later,  
is as if it wasn’t more than much

## Photograph of Jacques Prévert at the Zoo

and at the Par Zoologique de Paris  
on a gray spring day I saw that old poet  
in Birdland muttering  
what shitstupidity something something

and parakeets screamed about the proletariat  
and bourgeois cockatoos cooed without end about  
winter homes in barkless cork trees of Cadiz

and later at the elephant cage I saw him in  
his dark gentleman's suit eyebrows arched hat  
askew whistling an Edith Piaf tune  
smoking Gitanes

and watching a pale young boy in a black beret  
feeding peanuts to an elephant with sawed  
off tusks who stretched his trunk  
thru the iron bars a prisoner reaching  
for a puff from freedom's cigarette

and in his eyes I saw atrocities  
the homeless birds the sagging trees  
and I saw that, these days, every kind gesture  
is its own tiny miracle

and the elephant blew a grand sad chord  
with his trumpet-nose  
and the boy dropped the peanuts and ran  
and the birds that could fly away, did

and Prévert picked up the peanuts  
packed the peanuts in his pocket  
nodded at the elephant  
whispered Oui, what shitstupidity  
the cages the war the men the money

and thru the rain he walked the av du St. Maurice  
and handed out miracles to passing strangers  
wearing frowns overcoats umbrella hats

and some ate the	peanuts
and some tossed away the	peanuts
and some made butter from	peanuts
and some fed the pigeons their	peanuts

and soon Paris burned under Gestapo boots  
and the birds that could fly away, did

## Sad Clown Portrait

would've hexed late discomforts  
with mossy voladeros  
but for morning's thorn-trumpets'  
preemptive counter-hex

would've ooh childed insomnia  
with a minotaur orchid  
but for my sad nose talisman  
couldn't let go of it from the fire

would've supplanted anxious chance  
with indecent taste  
but for dark raid sprays  
from somnambulant third eyes

would've challenged the infinite  
to dueling banjos  
but for digitalis intimations'  
grave amateur hour status

would've canted orbit's milligrams  
with augmenting fates  
but for martinis of fire  
propping up my yuppie front

would've asked for all your love  
I would I would've  
but for the demon me believed  
I couldn't keep up

would've given up on all the rest  
but for sky's living museum  
running on fumes'  
blithe river gowns  
grieving up the rests  
for all the grace of your unknown



## Poem for Businessmen or, Wrong Shirt

Before a big production meeting some businessmen, presenters and clients alike, gather in the public restroom, primping and adjusting, rehearsing phrases in the mirror like so many hot-air hand-dryers. Some invisible Pan removes their shirts and flings them in a cottony mountain on the restroom floor. The men, now each stripped of their carefully shaped professional identity, desperately sift through the pile of shirts for their own; however, the relative similarities in the cuts, sizes, and colors result in various mistaken identities, discombobulating false starts: discomfits from a too tight color, a too long sleeve, an errant pattern, an unfamiliar stripe. Despite frantic obfuscations, the men collectively pull together. By the time of the meeting, any attempts to impress the potential client, or intimidate with hard-lined negotiation tactics, proves ineffective, as each man from the bathroom looks around the table, out-of-breath, face discolored, silently terrified that at some critical negotiation point, they may be exposed by a savvier, more opportunistic businessman at the same table, who might break their silent pact – though troubling the line, if one were to be exposed, the whole outfit would be implicated – that every one of them at the table was wearing the wrong shirt...

## Alternative Fact

“On a January morning  
I walked fifteen blocks  
In a country I can  
no longer remember,  
passed a beggar  
worth \$9.2 billion –  
They are the gun, I –  
riding high on the 80s  
reverse tornado of  
European fashion –  
the trigger. Often  
I say germs are just  
another form of negativity  
it’s good to be paranoid  
see your spreadsheets  
as a breathing organism  
For the lift of a dream  
I keep my door open  
the only way up is out  
Nixon said / Carl Jung  
said won’t stop until  
I’m done. decided to  
shake hands, with  
my own hands  
It’s medical fact  
this is how we carry hell inside  
every time I hear  
UFO sightings in Montana,  
I know who it is  
Elvis Presley  
in *West Side Story*  
I hope they have enough  
Space. All of us need  
Possibilities of so many  
foreign nationalities  
I don’t have enough  
Time to be a scholar,

Writing is a form of  
thinking the word  
persona from the  
Latin meaning “mask.”  
It’s necessary  
I remember the line  
from Shakespeare  
“my cartoon is as real  
as Michelangelo”  
a true cathedral builder  
built a spectacular  
Chanel No. 5 waterfall  
You don’t have to sing  
Danke Schoen  
to be like Thoreau  
I aspire to my quiet  
city sparkling  
Prewar  
resembles a skeleton  
on a golf course  
a handsome hunk  
of glass in a memento  
box by a desk with  
events that matter  
will keep you aware  
of good fortune: a new store-opening smell, the Luca Luca fashion  
show at Bryant Park, cashmere overcoat at a baseball game,  
applications and videotapes, my father’s annotated copy of *The  
Power of Positive Thinking*, lucky sperm lotto ticket shadow lurking  
in the studios of *The View*, bundles of cookbooks from a lady in  
Illinois, Aretha Franklin’s assistant, one of Shaquille O’Neil’s  
oversized sneakers, X-ray vision a great-looking salad ditto those  
Belgian truffles, the ground under our racetracks paid for by a  
committee of one, a relatively fixed-price commodity, the winning  
team, early morning hours best for this kind of reflection, a small leak  
sinking a great ship, truck fire in a snowstorm from someone else’s  
truck, another new store-opening smell, Monsanto in the corn, I  
hope you too, become  
rich. You have made me  
what am I today?”

## High Contrast

after Gabor Szabo

*Breezin'*

(after Grenier)

wind as slight a yellow  
butterfly    above her  
                 shorter

“we alter things  
      we haven't made ourselves”

•

*Amazon*

Overheard:

“can you stop suffering  
for, like, a minute?”

the consensus is / an engine  
is dumber than a gun    & that's hard.  
What's “move forward”? Anything can  
call an apse an apse.  
What's that BOOMING out there?  
What's “an economy”?  
Grease the rose of reason?

•

*Fingers*

Of an out-of-range-  
quaker sculpting  
color on the sites  
of former theatres  
to project  
    all forgotten loves  
on the scrim of  
your closed eyes.  
Hold on  
to what you have –  
so little. Of.

•

*Azure Blue*

If a flag to fault  
for-  
giving Saints  
the choice  
to stand for  
for, or not

“attention now  
wistfully drifting  
into distance” (Sotere Torregian)

•

*Just a Little Communication*

brah yelling from  
out the blue  
passenger side  
FREE RIDE !

FREE RIDE !!  
to the bus stop  
queue not. sure.  
do you  
*think* he means his

privilege like a tooth  
glistens  
mistily whistles,  
as it loosens,  
                  falling  
          from the top of the order

•

*If You Don't Want My Love*

while bootlegging  
The World Series  
search results for  
“how do you say  
'how do you say'  
in French”  
returns: translated  
slang for French Kissing  
as “to roll a shovel”

*comment dites-vous*

“racist Indians cap” ?

Final Score:

Bad Guys 1,

Good Guys

aren't keeping score

•

*I Remember When*

I remember when this place used to be a City Sports.

I remember when this place used to be a Strawberries.

I remember when this place used to be The Globe Corner.

I remember when this place used to be a Hilltop.

There, no longer

Here, & ever

More, the body

Passes by. Queens

The mind with

Laurel.

Witch Hazel.

Money Tree.

Pink & green &

How to dance

An avalanche.

Peace Lily.

Poem for The Earth Archive  
for Danielle Vogel

This ash is from  
A poem I burned  
But had intended on sending  
In the dream I wore purple  
Ribbons on my shoulder  
I was a winner I was  
MR MASSACHUSETTS  
but wrong to think this  
song is about me. Forgive me  
I had misread your instructions as  
“This sash is from”  
A purple flame burnt against the sky

•

This air is from an empty  
Purse of island prints  
imperfect and lonely  
As dull things – monied – go  
To unbroken space  
Passed through the between  
As celebrants chant  
U!S!A! U!S!A!  
while I reply  
UP! ALL NIGHT!  
UP! ALL! NIGHT!

•



This water's from a yak's beard  
that just drank its lake reflection  
in a Tibetan portrait exhibit  
or at least, it wished it was, cos  
this water's from the bubbler  
that missed your mouth and  
daubed the sneaker  
You wore last time to this museum  
To see some other portrait  
Yes, you have a membership.  
It says you are a frequent visitor.

•

This earth is from  
The grave I dug for the planet  
But flung up to the stratosphere  
It hovers, nowhere to land  
Among tomorrow's islands  
sorry for the clutter  
of this groovy digger's song  
It's Saturday morning in the Universe  
Around the earth people  
look wonderful together

## Serious Moonlight

i.m. David Bowie

moonlight is monument to memory's fresh new dance clothes set to atremble  
moonlight to the road's laminate foxglove blotting out forgottens –  
moonlight on your violin eyelash of a dilated lunar synthesizer  
moonlight of whales swimming backwards to the top of a waterfall  
moonlight on the window of a bubble in afternoon plain-sight  
moonlight faster than sap  
moonlight in a genocide, would you moonlight if you knew?  
moonlight on a crowd of blue-haloed mourners  
moonlight's pained minerals on the orphan chapel ceiling  
moonlight above friends' arms linked in protest  
moonlight on high water crotch of an airblind camp grabbed back at  
moonlight from all directions where you cannot reach  
moonlight you're a ghost conch ululating alms culminating in an urn-flame  
moonlight on the moon where neither seem lost  
moonlight in the moonlight in the serious moonlight of an oh unserious moon

# Poem for Empire

*“There’s a lot in (the history of the United States)... that you’re proud of, and then there’s a lot of things in it that you’re ashamed of. And that burden, that burden of shame, falls down. Falls down on everybody.” – Bruce Springsteen, The River Tour, 1981*

<b>To Fall,</b>	
<b>falling</b>	from accident
<b>(accidental)</b>	to aircraft –
building	animal (in sport
burning	or transport)
private	animal-drawn vehicle
	balcony
<b>Falling down</b>	bed
escalator	bicycle
ladder	bridge
in boat, ship,	building
watercraft	burning
staircase	private
stairs, steps –	cable car
see Fall, from,	(not on rails)
stairs, earth	chair
(with asphyxia	cliff
or suffocation	curb (sidewalk)
(by pressure))	elevation aboard ship
(see also Earth,	due to accident
falling)	embankment
	escalator
<b>Falling from, off</b>	flagpole
aircraft	gangplank
(at landing,	(into water)
take-off)	(see also Fall, from)
(in-transit)	to deck, dock
(while alighting,	hammock on ship
boarding) resulting	

haystack  
high place  
stated as undetermined  
whether accidental or  
intentional –  
see Jumping,  
from, horse  
ladder  
machinery  
pedal cycle  
playground equipment  
railway rolling stock,  
train, vehicle  
(while alighting,  
boarding)

**Falling, with**

collision  
derailment  
explosion  
rigging  
(aboard ship)  
scaffolding  
structure  
burning  
toilet  
tower  
tree  
turret  
viaduct  
wall  
wheelchair  
window

**Falling in, on**

aircraft  
watercraft  
cutting or piercing  
instrument  
or machine –  
see Cut  
glass, broken  
knife  
see cut, object,  
edged,  
pointed or  
sharp –  
see Cut

**Falling into**

cavity  
dock  
hold  
hole  
manhole  
moving part  
of machinery –  
see accident,  
machine  
opening  
in surface  
pit  
quarry  
shaft  
storm drain  
tank  
water

well (with drowning  
late effect of or submersion)

**Falling, over**

animal  
cliff  
embankment  
small object  
overboard  
rock  
as avalanche  
stone

**Falling through**

hatch (on ship)  
due to accident to  
watercraft  
roof  
window  
timber  
railway train  
street car  
empire  
waterfall

## Better Waterfalls for Joe Bender

some of the better  
waterfalls have lead  
times of several  
hundred thousand  
years! a wound rivers  
until an ever riven-  
venom of movers  
mend a miramar or  
stand a pyramid  
on its head, not worry  
as it topples, ringing  
how rebellion governs  
in a demonstrating  
negative absolute  
you don't need to tell  
the better water  
fallers: it's time  
to fall, not worry  
as it topples, ringing  
out, it's only now,  
and only just arriving

## Born at Night

I love you so much fun  
In the I-can't-stand-it  
sullen dulls and trellises  
born at night  
when I have to be good  
to be a good time  
The fact is  
I can't see its fact  
I can't tell the difference:  
The only thing that it could have and  
The only thing that I should have  
I love for its necessity  
to let it back in  
I can see it as excuse  
when you're at a time  
when the fact is to live  
what you want to  
to have a good night  
be a new version  
of the same old way  
to love is to have  
some living proof  
no one said it's an easy  
on the edge of that dark lake  
on my way home to work  
the best part of the day  
when I get to be good for  
no one else but singe  
I love you so much fun  
to strangers on the bus  
in my mind & leave them

every one for no one else  
after a squall crossing  
border leaves  
I know you mean to love me  
so much fun  
the quaint way  
a quiet man stomps  
snow & salts off the quiet  
in the middle of a squall  
a calm New England way  
a living proof  
will I inherit? quiet?  
in the middle of a squall





## Notes

Fenway Park Poem: Flower names were notated in a used copy of the field guide *How to Know the Wildflowers* by Mrs. William Starr Dana. Scribner's, 1911. The book's previous owner wrote detailed notations of her flower observations over a period of 50 years, beginning in the 1910s.

New Balance Poem: A week after 2016 Election, Boston-based New Balance VP of Communications Matt LeBretton made a pro-Trump comment in regards to the then-president-elect's position on the Trans-Pacific Partnership. Social media response to the company included product bans, and protestors trashing or burning their New Balance products. For more information about consumer-related Trump affiliations, visit [grabyourwallet.org](http://grabyourwallet.org).

Alternative Fact: Collage of phrases/ideas from Donald Trump and Meredith McIver's "book" *How to Get Rich*. Ballantine Books/A Random House Publisher, 2004.

Poem for The Earth Archive: Poet Danielle Vogel commissioned this poem to appear in *The Earth Archive* at RISD Museum, Providence RI. The exhibit welcomed visitors to "engage with the elemental principles of art and nature through chance encounters, musical reverie, poetic musings, and art explorations—all incorporating elemental themes of fire, water, air, and earth."

Poem for Empire: Found poem from the International Classification of Diseases Clinical Modifications (ICD-9-CM) Professional Edition for Physicians.

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*Reality Beach* (Adam Tedesco and Anna Kreienberg): “Born at Night”, and “Sad Clown Portrait”

*Vortex* (Sandra Dejadans): “Photograph of Jacques Prévert at the Zoo”

Other Rooms Press’ *Open Resistance Issue 8* (Michael Whalen and Ed Go): “The Big Game is Every Night”, “Poem for Businessmen or, Wrong Shirt”, “High Contrast”, and “Poem Placed in an Old Pair of New Balance Sneakers and Left on the Stoop at New Balance Factory Outlet Store on Ted Berrigan’s Birthday”

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Andrew K. Peterson is the author of three poetry books, most recently *Anonymous Bouquet* (Spuyten Duyvil Press) and previously, *Museum of Thrown Objects* and *some deer left the yard moving day* (both BlazeVox Books). His chapbook *bonjour merivether and the rabid maps* (Fact-Simile Press) was featured in an exhibition on poets' maps at the University of Arizona's Poetry Center. His performance-based writing has appeared in Ugly Duckling Presse's *Emergency Index 2012*; he also contributed to Jennifer Karmin's collaborative performance *4000 WORDS 4000 DEAD* (Kora Press). Peterson co-founded and edits the poetry journal *summer stock*, and lives in Boston.

## Locofo Chaps

Eileen Tabios – *To Be An Empire Is To Burn*

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*

mIEKAL aND – *Manifesto of the Moment*

Garin Cycholl – *Country Musics 20/20*

Mary Kasimor – *The Prometheus Collage*

lars palm – *case*

Reijo Valta – *Truth and Truthmp*

More information on Locofo Chaps can be found at  
[www.moriapoetry.com](http://www.moriapoetry.com).



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