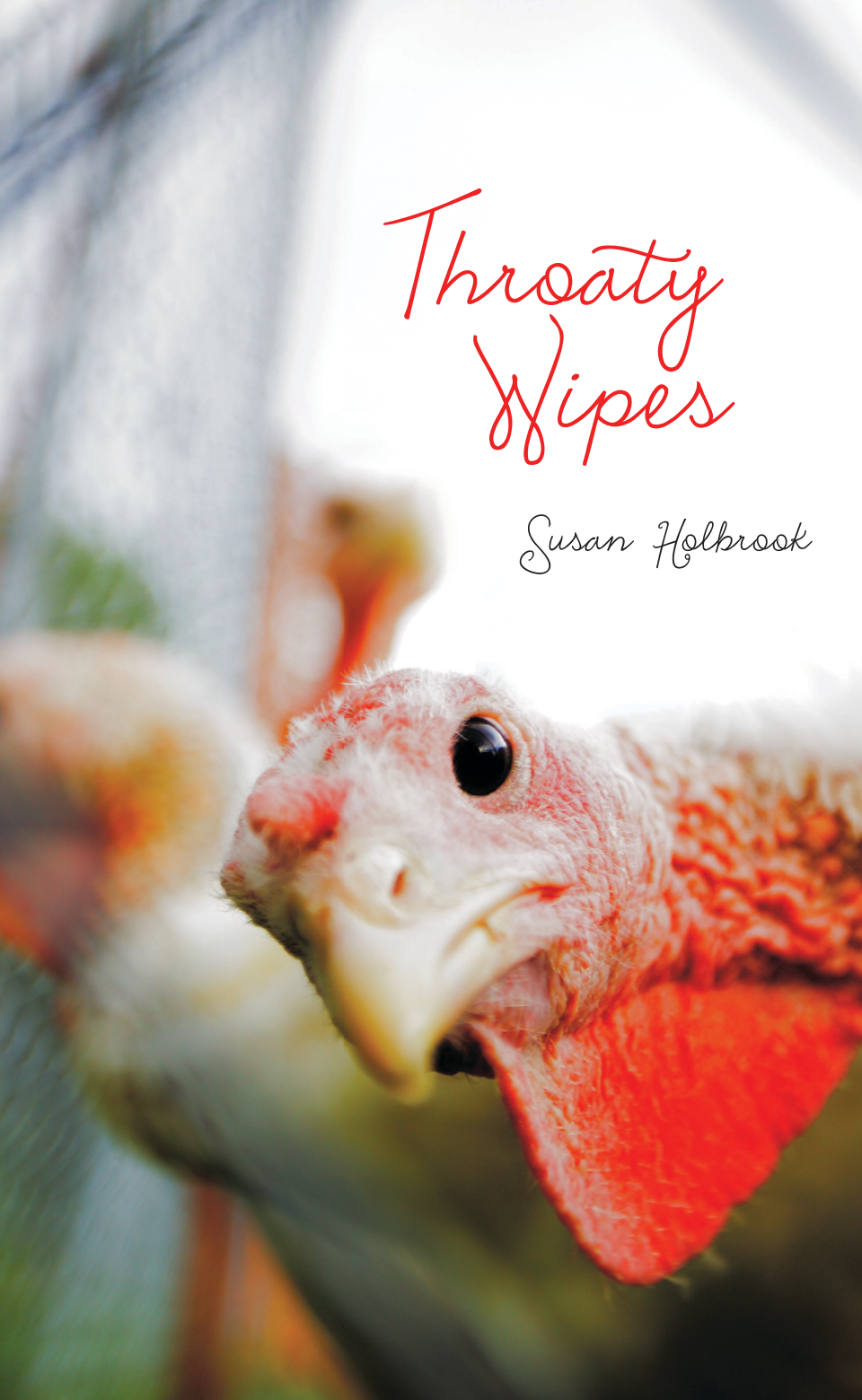


Throaty Wipes

Susan Holbrook



WHAT IS POETRY

(a twelve-tone poem)

trite yap show
rosy twit heap
posterity haw
a wept history
it's yawp rot, eh
a wisher potty
a power shitty
a whitey sport

poetry is what
whips yo tater
pets it awry, oh
oh, twisty pear
two hearts yip
it's paw theory

hi! try wet soap

ear whist typo
ape with story
or what ye spit
or what yeps it

throaty wipes
or what I types

LAYMAN'S TERMS

Okay, say the tower
is bathwater, the dish
is your drainpipe, your
computer a septic tank,
the trees a cracked
waste shoe. Okay,
the tower is a gas
tank, the dish is a crank-
case, the trees a leaky
fuel injector and your
computer a rough or
hesitant idler. The tower
is your brain, okay? Your
dish is your mouth,
the trees the inhibitory
neurotransmitter gamma-
aminobutyric acid, your
computer slurring, 'This
time make it a double.'
The tower is power,
your computer is a hair
dryer, your dish
a plug, the trees
insulation under the screw.
Trees are a slotted spoon,
okay? The tower is a dish,
your computer a leaky
mouth, your dish
another dish. Say
the tower's a red
fish, your dish

a spawning pool.
Your trees are too
shallow. Your computer
is a cobble riffle, a forest is a pin-
ball machine, a tree is a cotton ball, okay?
Your arms slur and plug,
there are dishes
in the tub. The sun
flash-broils the moon,
but your computer
is Earth under a messy
blue sky of trees.
A viper
appears to chew
the rat, but
in reality it
is tothing in
more venom
so it can swallow
its prey whole okay that's
what you want

MUST WE LEARN THESE THINGS
FOR OURSELVES

The body
rejects surplus
vodka, scab-
dug knees sprout
burls, credit-card debt
never stops interesting,
they shellac the display cakes. Lust
that could flay an Airbus to tinsel, spatter all matter with singe-
holes which dilate rapidly until they meet and the universe
puckers into rope ladders in various states of dissolve, does not
bode well. You can't call
Information to get
information. I needed
the name of that Walter
Crane painting, you know,
where rearing horses
form the foam? Surf,
yes, a weird bronco and
weird is spelt that way.
Spelt spelled that way.
Her warning not to touch
the orange coil at eye
level in the kitchen
of 646 Gordon Street
proved nontheoretical.
Get the fingering right
the first time because
your hands are hands-on
learners and stubborn
elephants. Lopped

lollipop to wind-
pipe as bung is
to bottle, as the shout
not to run and suck's
stuck. Now I get my
information from the Internet.
There's a pamphlet on how to dress
without a corset and
seahorses on the brain
floor, where all
we know
goes.

MY FELLOW CONTRANYM

We overlooked
the ocean, trimming
itself.

I devoured the pitted
plums. You prefer
the pitted kind.

The cookies had
been dusted. Love
garnished.

I was chuffed
but you were
chuffed.

I tabled my
apology. You
tabled your apology.

We agreed
to sanction
aught.

Our transparent
desires cleaved
and buckled.

We overlooked
the ocean, trimming
itself.

Fast ravel.
The alarm went
off. Nobody left.

BETTER BLOWING

It's better to use both hands. It's better to leave the hands out of it. It's better to introduce saliva. It's better to encourage it to go left if you want it to fall to the right. Better to cover the hole with your thumb to trap air inside. Better to go for the good old-fashioned pink doughy kind. Better to consider that the emperor and his family cannot partake. Better to let the leaves dry first. Better to make a deeper dimple for the punty, *punty* coming from the French or Italian term for bridge. Better to keep the tongue engaged. Better to think of it as honey on the tip of a butter knife. Better to separate it into three sections, securing with a ponytail holder. Better to keep the wind at your back. Better to avoid larger ones, which will cause problems for you. Better to swell into a menacing spiky ball, leaving predators unable to swallow it. Better to think of it as a red lentil in a pea shooter. Better to go slow or it will pop too soon. Better to remember that while it may be fine in your mouth, it will stick to your face. Better use a 12' × 12' tarp. Better to roll it on a steel table, called a marver, into an even cylinder. Better to work with wet roots. Better to press one nostril tight shut. Better to check behind you. Better to have it go *shiko-shiko* in the mouth. Better to attach a nozzle. Better to heat the part we want to move, flash the part we want to keep warm. Better to think of it as a bundle of corks tied together with string. Better practise in your driveway with a paper cup. It's better to keep it in the glory hole, as hot as you can handle, just to the point when you lose control, count to five, then bring it back to the bench and start shaping the glass.

MEMO

re: ligion

see below
regarding
the above

G E S T

This is the book of the generations of Adam. Winded by the squeeze after twelve hours, In the day that God created man, five minutes apart. Duck conversation, grip the table leg, in the likeness of God made he him; Freeze in the driveway. The jolting car is a relentless male and female created he them; and blessed midway ride you regret instantly. Why do them, and called their name those people arrange grocery bags in trunks? Why are they Adam, in the day when they were jogging? Why aren't they crouched over the pavement created. And Adam lived felled by the fierce shock of flesh clamping in on itself for an hundred and thirty years, and begat the longest minute every four minutes. After four *a son* in his own likeness, after his image; more hours, they hit three minutes apart. and called his name Cling to my neighbour's words: 'I wouldn't exactly call it pain.' But Seth: and the days of Adam after I would, I would exactly call it pain more exactly than he had begotten Seth were eight hundred years: I've ever called anything pain before. Gut and he begat sons and daughters: and all the days packed with tacks, demonic blood that Adam lived were nine hundred and pressure cuff around the belly, an imploding thirty years: and he died. And Seth lived an star, the instant vitrification of organs, a hundred and five years, and begat Enos: and cinderblock forced up the yin yang, a Seth lived after he begat Enos eight hundred thousand salmonella cramps in concert, and seven years, and begat sons and daughters: and reverse time-lapse peony unblooming all the days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve into a hot pink fist, a truck full of years; and he died. And Enos lived ninety rocks wheeling onto me, pausing a minute on years, and begat the bump. Treading water, then seized, treading, seized, the swimming Cainan: and Enos lived after girl in *Jaws* rewound, played a hundred times over. After he begat Cainan eight hundred and fifteen three hours, two minutes apart, each contraction years, and begat sons and daughters: ninety seconds long. Nobody told. Who ever said and all the days of Enos were nine hundred and a second hand 'sweeps.' The fine red five years: and he died. And Cainan lived seventy years, and blade on the school clock begat Mahalaleel: and Cainan lived after he begat Mahalaleel eight hundred and forty years, and begat sons and daughters: and all the days of Cainan were nine hundred and ten years: and he snags on every fraction of the minute. With every fourth-half pie my life died. And Mahalaleel lived sixty and five years, and begat Jared: and Mahalaleel lifts. Billions lived after he begat Jared eight hundred and thirty years, of women have done this how. and begat sons and daughters: and all the days Done it more than once how. Pain inspires of Mahalaleel were eight hundred ninety and five unholy bestial noises but my animal years: and he died. And Jared is a cat, in the still dark under the porch steps. My mum lived an hundred sixty and two years, and he begat Enoch: and Jared lived birthed me, after he begat Enoch eight hundred years, and her mum birthed her and I birth you and

begat sons and daughters: and all the days of Jared you will birth your daughter who
 were nine hundred sixty and two years: and will birth her daughter: together we are like
 he died. And Enoch lived sixty and five years, and begat those nesting Russian dolls you
 Methuselah: and Enoch walked with God after he crack open in the middle. Even today
 begat Methuselah three hundred years, and begat half a million women die in childbirth,
 sons and daughters: and all the days of Enoch were one a minute. In Sub-Saharan Africa
 three hundred sixty and five years: and Enoch a woman has a one in twenty chance of
 walked with God: and he *was* not; for God took dying. The cardiotocograph needles
 him. And Methuselah lived an hundred eighty and trace your heart and my contractions
 seven years, and begat Lamech: and Methuselah lived after in tandem, the sawtooth-
 he begat Lamech seven hundred eighty and two years, and begat scribbled paper
 sons and daughters: and all the days of Methuselah coming and coming, hour after hour,
 were nine hundred sixty and nine years: and he died. falling in tidy folds into a deep
 And Lamech lived an hundred eighty and open drawer. Billions of women. Feet planted
 two years, and begat a son: and he in soft dirt or on hieroglyphed birthing bricks or
 called his name Noah, saying, strapped into metal stirrups or held by midwife, sister,
 This *same* shall partner, mother. Push for as long as it takes the ant to climb over my
 comfort us concerning our toes and for six nods of the branch in the breeze and for
 work and toil of our six counts from the nurse. Push for one two three four five six
 hands, because of the one Come on now nice hard
 ground which the LORD hath cursed. And Lamech push for three four five
 lived after he begat Noah five six Thatta girl you can do this you can tear yourself a
 hundred ninety and five new one you can snap yourself in
 years, and begat half, so this is what they mean by 'torn limb from
 sons and daughters: and all the days of limb,' you can push a haystack through a
 Lamech were seven hundred needle you can force your insides outside
 seventy and seven four five six one two three with a big
 years: and he breath we can see her coming and three four
 died. And Noah with one more breath
 was five hundred years who is coming, who is
 old: and Noah begat Shem, Ham, my insides and
 Japheth. you emerge and for you I would do
 This is the book *this*
 of the generations
 fourteen billion times over.