

The image is a reproduction of a painting by Kevin Killian. It depicts a woman with vibrant red hair, shown in a dynamic, almost abstract pose. The style is expressive and gestural, with visible brushstrokes and a rich, layered color palette. The woman's face is partially obscured by her hair and the overall composition, which emphasizes movement and form over realistic detail. The background is composed of soft, blended colors, suggesting an outdoor setting. The text 'KEVIN KILLIAN / ACTION KYLIE' is overlaid on the center of the image in a bold, sans-serif font, with 'KILLIAN' and 'KYLIE' in a bright pink color and 'KEVIN' and 'ACTION' in white with a black outline.

KEVIN KILLIAN / ACTION KYLIE



KEVIN KILLIAN





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FOR DODIE BELLAMY

"To have any man but to love only one
To wake with the moon and sleep with the sun

These are the dreams
Of an impossible princess

Man and woman, boy and girl
They want to escape this world"

—"Dreams" (1998), written by
Kylie Minogue and Steve Anderson

CITY GAMES

SLOW

Brainstakingly the chimney sweep
prowling gets coat dirty and his goat
tethered, meowing, to the bricks of the chimney

It takes so long for the little
girl's tip off
goat's crying by then. Takes forever.

Gay men international
stand resolute shoulder to shoulder
hip to hip, in Barcelona pool, blue water

Can Emiliana Torrini do for Kylie
what Paula and Cathy have done in the
past, i.e. provide her with further comeback

fodder

Like the sooty games of the boy
up in the air
Victorian girl of the upper class nods so

discreetly, Master Commander of
schoolroom sees not the soot, hears not
the whining of tethered goat in

schoolyard Slow
inkling of change

CITY GAMES

(after Akira Kurosawa's *Dreams* [1990],
with Kylie Minogue)

Winning in the walking run
Any second now, I can't listen to this
shit

Clouds of organza, peach-colored, part
and suddenly Kylie is yakking in
Japanese, tortured by memories
of once she was in a

Yakuza... there are filaments
of fire so bright you can't put your
fingers on the screen

Copy to second screen
which, pixilated freely, you can punch
your face into it, feel the fever

Kylie meets old lady who looks
remarkably like...

Up on Mount Fuji US GI gives himself
to old lady, saving the world for dreams
Only 19 when "Dreams" was made, Kylie
shows remarkable poise in
brief tunnel sequence—

—*"Ninety per cent of the game is fifty per cent mental"*

Mother in jail, leaves tot "home alone"
survives on Fritos, jelly, educational talk shows
like Charlie Rose Giants win in

walking run, credits roll down to

walk in the sun and to have every man
and love only one—

"These are the dreams of an impossible princess."

YOU MAKE ME FEEL

knowing, you make me feel
this trippy silent thud in my coccyx, spun sugar

Green grow the lilacs in traditional
old-time spinning wheel

reluctant colonial revival of my colon

Knowing you make me feel like
ball-crunching pull on parachute harness, the snap

of your lapels

Irresistible twitch of your little finger
at the bottom of the second inning
on steering wheel driving

prowling pet's coat's dirty and your cat
tethered, meowing, to the side of the catnip
doing this kind of Christina Aguilera
electric slide in your tube socks

Why you haven't laughed this hard
since Robert Palmer died

SECOND THOUGHTS

(about the so-called opposites)

Fire on the one hand

Earth on the other

"On the one hand" itself a kind of death wish,
wizened fingers fumbling for the catch

"On the other hand," like a school of pigeons
pecking for crumbs, rush alight when they see your shoes.

Shoes for style

Gloves, Cockney rhyming slang for style

As in "Wotcher, Bill, got any gloves?"

Second thoughts about letting you walk away

long legs storming off toward

Stork Club, fire in your one hand

(lit cigarette on chilly balcony, condo

windows squares of light across the lane)

and in the other, earth, i.e. hand filled with
my sperm, furtively wiping off on the white wall

of my apartment, later someone will sniff and say,
Oh, my, Kevin's been a busy boy today

Me finishing what I'm doing, sending it
to Paolo Javier

I didn't even know him when I wrote this,
I was mad to think he cared

HEAVY HANDED

When two people sit down to eat, after a long period
in which they saw each other in San Diego and
misunderstood the others' intentions, like me and Jennifer
they raise their glasses and say, "A la croute!"

Let's eat! A la prochaine we will quarrel no more,
A la votre, I say, to her under the dark San Diego moon
on the balcony where the final scenes of
Jurassic Park, Part III were laid, or *The Iliad*.

How'd I get so fly there? A ballon d'essai,
a mere wave of a whimsical fan, try it, Chum, for once
you go Braque you never go back...

When two people are feeling heavy-handed and yet,
their hearts are like pink crystal pills, radically
transparent, well, ce ne fait rien—
never mind the bollocks, here's Kylie Minogue

all Gallic and Bardot-inspired since her very first date
with Olivier Martinez, cela va sans dire, or does
that go without saying? C'est bonnet blanc et
blanc bonnet, ce ne fait rien, he's six inches
of man or man inches of six...

My mind pacing on Wellbutrin, like a cat burglar
avoiding the chimneys of the roof, Paris skyline,
that's my mind, racing,

but always coming back to you—you thinking I was
lying to you, when I wasn't,

This one time I wasn't, when

I was heavy handed-
ly telling the what's the word? the truth to you
as we sat down to eat tasteless, lowfat nuts

FLY

All Greece hates
the still eyes in the Australian face,
the luster as of ecstasy tablets
where she wraps
a microphone around her legs.

All Greece begs
Kylie Minogue to lay her eggs,
a bird in a golden nest
which you could lay like a trowel
recalling Allen Ginsberg's *Howl*
—modernist screed, or coffee dregs?

Greece sees her fly,
to the prime minister next
to Michael Hutchence, in excess
the beauty of his cool feet
cramped in a noose
pushed out from tiled bathroom wall
the shower curtain thump,
white ash amid funeral *fragment*

Not silver, nor nemesis, nor orgone box
Shall cover thee,
Nor Dolce et Gabbana, nor many of
Allen Ginsberg's musical song poems on harmonium
or Nick Cave,
Nor the wild rose
nor last summer's wilder rave

Lethe has forgotten thee, and forgiven
your mother, who began this war
Even Iraq says, okay,

she had sex with Michael
Hutchence on an airplane, it's not
the end of the world, wrap it up,

yet Greece reviles
that five-foot pop princess and
the more I look the more I see
her story is that of *fragment*

YOUR DISCO NEEDS YOU (VIDEO)

for Matthew Greene

Hold on, Matt, gonna put you on the
manspeaker... *Uh-huh, uh-huh, "the flowers
that spring up from our carcasses will be
deadly?" Right on...*

Ever see that movie about the
last dude on Earth? Vincent Price,
or Charlton Heston, shivering behind
bolted door, then at sunrise, Will Smith,
he tip-toe out, watch further incursions
as zombie deer come lick at his cock
in empty street, repeat, repeat, I am the legend
Matt Greene...

At night they storm his shack, the
zombies of new Atlanta.

"One golden shot means another poor victim
has come to a glittering end."

Meanwhile massive trees have whispered thumbs
up to his painting

He paints so much his hand gets tired

Trees admire that about a man with

a golden gun

hopeless at Scrabble

sold on vanity

but that's so see-through

Ten thousand Kylies march in unison, mad
machine cyborg dolls, spelling out the
letters of her own name (and the word, "Disco")

She officiates at the massive funereal ceremony that marks
the death of the human, count backwards, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1

Hints that as everyone knows, "discovery" is a back
formation of "disco" plus the qualifier "very"

Ow fuck, I jerked off for ten hours in a row,
watching your paint dry

Oh my hand is a withered limb on the
tree of disco, vestigial and dry

Throw up the clay humans in a row,
one by one,
shoot them down in the carnival

Used to be able to split them to sand,
leaving the world to Goth armadillos, mesquite

Now, I'm not so sure. From Soho to Singapore,

"love is required whenever he's hired,
It comes just before the kill"

THAT CERTAIN SOMETHING

I had an epiphany, Mama,
it was going to be awesome,
a trio of white, green and orange clouds
shaped like snakes kind of leapt up
into the top of the sky
spelling out my name
in the colors of Ireland or India
Was it real, Mama?
Or was it this Philip K. Dick illusion—that I
was *in love with him* but it wasn't really me?
Who had this epiphany
standing at the edge of the cornfield
with my ka-tet,
feet a-tingle, and Irish habitrails spelling my name
in letters that would soar one thousand feet high
—was it memories implanted in my brain
I wanted, once, years ago
but now I'd rip them out like Spike the chip
that made him wince
rather than hurt another human being?
Tell me, Mama, that certain
something I felt like a rock in my chest

CITY GAMES

Released 17th or 24th November 2003 (UK/Europe/Australia) TBC

US release date TBC

- 1 SLOW (Kylie Minogue/Emiliana Torrini/Mr Dan)
Produced by Emiliana Torrini and Mr Dan
- 2 CITY GAMES (Kylie Minogue/Richard Stannard/Julian Gallagher/
Dave Morgan/Karen Poole)
Produced by Richard 'Biff' Stannard & Julian Gallagher
- 3 YOU MAKE ME FEEL (Kylie Minogue/Tommy D/Marius DeVries/
Felix Howard)
Produced by Tommy D & Marius DeVries
- 4 E-Z ST (Pharrell Williams/Chad Hugo/Stevie Wonder)
Produced by Pharrell Williams
- 5 IN THE DARK (Kylie Minogue/Emiliana Torrini/Dan Carey)
Produced by Emiliana Torrini & Mr Dan
- 6 HOW CAN YOU SAY NO? (Kylie Minogue/Dannii Minogue/
Kurtis Mantronik)
Produced by Kurtis Mantronik
- 7 SECOND THOUGHTS (Tommy D/Marius DeVries)
Produced by Tommy D & Marius DeVries
- 8 HEAVY HANDED (Kylie Minogue/Cathy Dennis/Kurtis Mantronik)
Produced by Kurtis Mantronik
- 9 FLY (Kylie Minogue/Kurtis Mantronik/Nickolas Ashford/
Valerie Simpson)
Produced by Kurtis Mantronik
- 10 ATTENTION SEEKER (Kylie Minogue/Richard Stannard/
Julian Gallagher/Dave Morgan)
Produced by Richard 'Biff' Stannard & Julian Gallagher
- 11 THAT CERTAIN SOMETHING (Chris Braide)
Produced by Emiliana Torrini & Mr Dan
- 12 BEAT U (Kylie Minogue/Pharrell Williams)
Produced by Pharrell Williams.

I KNOW THE TRUTH

"If, like a fairy godmother, I could give each of you one gift, I think, after long consideration I would choose TENACITY, because that is what has helped me most in those times of adversity that come even to the luckiest, like me."

—Margot Fonteyn, *Durham University address, June 1990*

I KNOW THE TRUTH

I know the truth as lies in country clothes,
in poison, where our mouths stagger open,
snake's tongue in flicker on our chins.

What do you people want? The more you work,
the murkier the game plan. Down Tavistock Way
they're opening Pete's Better Plantains.

In deceitful love surrendered you
all the other truths I'd taught you in the movies.
After the timeout we'll lock down the hourglass.

Wind, sand, storm of stars, what is it you
demand of me, a child's bleak innocence?
I have gotten a rise out of you yet.
Tonight, natural forces, show me your shaolin.

DIVINE INVOCATION

To call upon a god
Happy he's happy
glad he will see me

Ringling his doorbell
Roses in wood frame
Ringling his doorbell

May God come out to
play in my sandbox,
climb on my nightstand

like toothbrush in glass
its pale water sad,
its tears whipped away?

I'm out in the back
Digging a hole to
the backside of Hell.

O goddess of love,
peel off the lyric
ring round my maypole

That woman in white
she looks quite a bit
like Kylie Minogue

ANAGRAMS

Online guy, Neil Young
Canterbury Tales, rusty tabernacle
Marcel Proust, corrupt males
Kylie Minogue, I like 'em young
No real charm beneath Helena Bonham Carter
Michael Keaton the coke animal
Julia Roberts, bestial juror
A really sublime twit, wait, I'm really subtle, William Butler Yeats
Revenge is our way, Sigourney Weaver
Erotica villainess Alicia Silverstone
Andie McDowell, a wild old menace
No brains on a date, Antonio Banderas

PROVERBS

After dinner is over, who cares about spoon? Deer
Should not toy with tiger. Every maybe has a wife
Called maybe-not. I went hunting for your proverbs,
Silently, dicta buzzing through my head,
In the long flat jungle where they stalk the plain.
If befriend donkey, expect to be kicked.

I missed the metaphor, my gun, like a loaded base,
stood up in my face. Impossible to miss someone
who will always be in heart. Mind, like parachute,
only function when open. "Hey, sahib," said my
Sumerian sidekick, "maybe in this one jungle case
you might be out of your league."

Mock insanity not always safe alibi. I didn't love you
because you were curious. I just let myself go, like
the mud turtle in pond, more safe than man on horseback.
I didn't give five dollars just to suck my dick,
must gather at leisure what may use in haste.
I'm trying to go all Charlie Chan on your ass,

Must turn up many stones to find hiding place
of snake. Okay, little clown, I suffuse this safari,
so bring me back to Minna Street, help me quit the crack.
I made a magic promise to pluck bullets from mid-air,
happiness from that hole in your rucksack.
Pretty girl, like lapdog, sometimes go mad.
People who ask riddle should know answer.

ODE TO WALT WHITMAN

Half past ten, on Friday night on Harrison Street,
I saw the boys with the winter flowers
who pulled out of rolling ice cream carts their drugs of money,
Innumerable hairs on the back of his face
howled in the moonlight, summer and wolfman.

But none of us knew him, he was
totally a non-entity in the palace of the diamond.
I hardly took him to lunch before he had vomited liquid
a river of leaves on the white cloth
my rappels paraded in distant fountains.

Along the midnight eucalyptus grove,
that boy took a swim in the soft-scented airway
In the nostril of his cock
a tricky passage bought me a reservation
to the place where the buffalo roam, on
17th and Capp.

But who would wait,
no one really likes him,
no one but the people in the fern bar
for whom his piano playing is like Bobby Short,

when the stars jump down out of the sky, and
the night disturbs you, creeps under your
skin, the needles dancing from knee to knee
I knew you, you knew me, before you went to heaven.

San Francisco of microfiber
San Francisco where the Seals play,
what surprises fall out of your collar and cuffs?

With what little man are you dickering?
He is not far, he is only on Craigslist.

If I only had a brain, Walt Whitman,
I'd have waxed my dungeon to match your feeling,
nor your big waxy tail women laugh at,
halfway off like your Calvin Kleins
and your whistling shadow, menacing
the fellow travelers of US street fog

while you cried out my name,
my dick, my vital statistics, and how I came
enemy of Saturdays and Tuesdays
your twice a week vial
lost to you now in the aisles of Rolo.
Not for all the tea in your chin, vile scepter
that in sweating it out, you leaked from your go-cart,
dreamed of trying to meet Willie Mantle
in the green forest of your boyfriend swimming
the tiny ignorant pet you learned to mispronounce.

Not in looking back at your father, Adam Chandler from
All My Children, the beautiful son of Walt Whitman,
became like a moldy terrine
cluttered with old jars,
urine filling the bags of the school lunches,
I just couldn't stop moving long enough
to haul it out in Plaza revolving door,
it just didn't seem feasible, Walt Whitman

not just then! Not now! And look at him,
dust on your vacant sleeping nightstand,
blond as Brad Pitt, black as oh, Dave Chapelle,
lots of looks, just change your snakes and ladders
as you in your nose,

the fucked up fanboys, Walt, the partisans,
the fans of Kylie Minogue in mourning.

That one—Thom! That one—Alex! En pointe or
punctured only, they snore on your dreams
where Kylie is built up, a brigade of fat bladders,
with the tang of chlorine
and sunlight hot on her beach towel,
Matisse colors on my Harujuku boy.

How long did you hunt for those Oreo avocados,
or the jumper filled with rainbow nerf balls kids play in,
or the icy slick
where his stomach bulges from a cold cerveza
which Kylie's fans all rub in superstition,
as back we walk from the space station, on a pilgrimage of hope?

What you did built on nightmare, your pants at your ankles,
Tackle that would join the sea with the seaweed,
leather to your mercurochrome, fiery gym flower
and would subtract five inches from lover's TVotomy.

Since every man on the block's pressing nose to the window
in the white house glare of tomorrow morning,
up in the sky there's a diving board, flapping
and thwacking to mimic erection.

Begonia, begonia, suede, for men into emo,
this is the whirlwind, at this hour we reap it.
Down at the cable-car turnaround, skin turns to sugar,
US out of Iraq poses a question to his posse,
tiny flea bites reddening his ass, like some
crazy episode of Inside the Actors Studio with
James Lipton interviewing a penguin

What you can do, if all else fails, is bail
though vicarious sex is better than none
Tomorrow that pile of weaponry will emit a charge,
and minutes will turn into minarets in space.

That is why I'm wondering about your health, Walt Whitman,
I was the little boy under whose balls
you slipped your hand and coughed,
biting the pillow, wearing Barbie Solo in the Spotlight
in the velvety hush of dark,
and rising, took the bus to the men
retching twice before their dinner, little cubes of aqua;
not the men with David Gest hair,
not the men who lapped me in silence, like milk bars.
But you, against your self, the half-Pom half Chihuahua,
tumescent shaft slick with light fluid,
lighthouse of Lodi, billowing harps of suede
to the tuxedo rental place on Powell by the bus stop.

Wondering how many guys you fucked wound
tight in hospital charity case, venom of margarine,
Wandering always
Fiercely in North America,
In pajamas in Havana,
Jocosely in Mexico,
In saran wrap in Cadiz
Ape over a Seville,
Cancer-raddled in Madrid,
On the floor in Alicante,
Delayed in Portugal—like a 747.

America can do that asinine Monday popcorn thing,
slaves of a boardroom, parish of troubadors,
flung open boldly to Special Edition Fever,

My heart is beating faster, but work is a disaster!

Ambushed by the timeclock on Adlai Stevenson's scrotum,

Let joy overlast him! Let Mordor mania

fire from your barrels

and Grey Poupon mustard tangle the shores.

No haya cuartel! Alerta!

A kind of sugar substitute for the high-strung

Let the rich, the hung, the fans of Michael Tilson Thomas

come to the back door of Symphony Glide.

And hello, hi, Walt Whitman, sleeping soundly with Rock Hudson,
with your long cruel hair wrapped right round his pole,

Blend clay with fog, in a tongue-proof San Francisco,

friends of the weather, Oprah-eyed charmers seeking a smelter.

Sleep, in your derma, sleep, colder than Edam,

Dance halls bang the pavement till dawn,

and American soldiers drown the desert nation Nintendo.

Let the unparalleled sweep of sanitation

renovate the flowers with the pale fur of your shiatsus,

let Lil Bow Wow, now grownup and known as Bow Wow, period,

bring a couple of ears of corn to Newcastle, plain.

HYMN

Turn around, bright eyes the room, unfocussed fuzzy

Sort of a churchlike feeling in this bar-b-que pit

pumped with flames

I'm sightless, the new age way of the blind, until

I turn around, bright eyes

Golden hair, the spaniel of Elizabeth Barrett Browning dogs who ape

their owners' gaze that flat button-like sheen of its eyes nearly blinded

its neck swivels as she speaks to Robert Browning, in Italian

the dog understands, indeed he controls what comes out of her

tongue affair

It's gotten worse since you went away Tariq Alvi

I was sort of OK, and then we walked across the Golden Gate Bridge

I'm afraid that, as a Muslim, you'll be shot wearing that phat jacket

It's only a line in the sand I'm afraid to cross and someday soon

a hot wind will blast my feet right through it

Hurry up, time, bring on the Oscars once again inch worm
of the hours slow, sluggish meatball, its yeast a-leak Gold statue
I give to the first guy
who
invented the television set and the wheelchair

TRAVEL in LIGHT YEARS

Listen can you hear the distant calling? Carla approached me, saying,
this is going to be a shock but Philip has died

No, no, I wouldn't believe it. As Kylie said, "Maybe things that you
don't know are better."

Oh, she couldn't have been sweeter, but I just shocked

By the power

Shocked by the power of love

But we have tickets to his show Sunday, I'm in denial and
that is vinyl

Get up to get down at Discoteca

The little face goes round on DVD silver disk, as all alone
In the thundering noise of the plane, leaks the container

I'll take you in my capsule out of here

On TV people always eat Chinese takeout out of cartons
In real life we use plates, but it must be more pictorial for the film
Makers, those who say in charge, "Tight focus on container"

I think he was too alive to stay alive, it couldn't have been real

On Michael Brown's DVD we see him singing and dancing,
mugging, the
World loves a clown, as even as Michael Jackson thrusts one
Knee into the camera's distance, during the closing number,
Man in the Mirror

You got to change Yes, Rilke kept telling us all
During Modernism, and when I went away, turned my back for ten

Seconds, he, Philip, had slipped away
And all is changed sort of, still the drive to amuse and let
the questions come later, the sad beret

As though the world was too gray and he was in color

In some ways he was the benchmark for fun, and thus at the beach,
across

Pacific sands, confetti red and pink spells his name across galaxy

spell it "galaxie" for that is more the thing
and this urge to call back, to whistle back the little dog, that wet
when washed,

wiggles across Hayes Park on Fulton on diagonal paws

universal donor going

this way and that way

wishing that they weren't

going so far far away

into Thai temple of chopsticks

With not the single term limit of death

in terms of time, we're giving up light years

In the speck of paper from inside the compartment

he travels in light years

that read, I'm shocked by the power,

shocked by the power of love

for Philip Horvitz (1960-2005)

ACTION KYLIE

The pop singer Kylie Minogue was born in Melbourne in 1968 and started acting quite young (age 7 or 8) on such Australian-filmed TV series as *The Henderson Kids* and *Young Talent Time!* As a teenager her role as Charlene, the tomboy auto mechanic on the Australian soap *Neighbours*, brought her to national attention. "Charlene" was feisty, awkward, sweet; when she fell in love with "Scott," the boy next door, Kylie Minogue made the cover of TIME Australia arm in arm with Jason Donovan, the fresh-faced blond who played "Scott." In one episode Scott's "footy" team won a spirited match and Charlene grew so exhilarated at the party afterwards that she jumped onto the bar of the local and belted out the old Carole King 60s dance song, "The Locomotion." Somehow this episode caught the eye of Stock/Aitken/Waterman (S/A/W), then London's pre-eminent pop writers and producers in the old Phil Spector mold. They brought Minogue to the UK and put her to work in their hit factory, recording dozens of unbearably catchy imitations of Madonna's great hits of the mid 1980s. The S/A/W brand name, attached to their giant publicity machine, made Kylie Minogue a recording star, and her first 15 singles all reached #1 on the UK charts. It's the same old story you've heard a gazillion times before. Pete Waterman also imported "Scott" (Jason Donovan), Kylie's offscreen boyfriend as well, as made him sing too, with pointedly less success. The two of them have a majestically awful duet, "Especially for You," which makes the Diana Ross-Lionel Richie "Endless Love" sound like Mahler in comparison. Most of these early hits are pretty crumby, but the best of them are pleasurable reminders of the permeability of image and the magnificent instability of the sign.

Every now and then I log on to perhaps the best of hundreds of Kylie websites, "Limbo," to follow excited threads such as, "Who's More Enigmatic—Kylie or Jackie Onassis?" "What Kylie Has taught Me," "Kylie's Speaking Voice," "How Tall is Kylie—really?" And yet to date I have only met maybe 50 Americans who know who she is, all of them gay men of a certain age and a certain artistic temperament, and only two people—the French photographic duo Pierre et Gilles—who have actually met and worked with her. It's almost as if she doesn't exist in America, and yet she's at the center of my universe. Well, that is the feeling, the *feeling of insecurity*. *When we're not together, tell me everything's gonna be all right...*

Wolfgang Tillmans' photo of Kylie shows her sweating in some loud club, a bottle of Carlsberg Lager propped in front of her, she's made up minimally, her hair pinned back behind her ears, she's all propped up listening wide-eyed to some unseen big man with a hairy fist and a giant gold ring who's gesturing towards her with stern authority. Or perhaps he's brushing her cheek with great tenderness. She seems alive—intensely so, but pale, like most of Tillmans' subjects, who all look so European and bubblelicious. She's only 5 feet 1, a toy, in a black T-shirt that's ridden up both arms. I'd like Tillmans to take my photo to see how "candid" his subjects really are but they seem like they are all so busy, too busy to notice his lens, oh well we're all on TV all the time nowadays anyhow, it's a fact of life like the climate or the white noise that surrounds us. All the light in the club is directed at her face and hands, which cup her chin, her fingers tapping at her temples. She doesn't look like a great brain. Whose arm is that, with its tattoo, its plastic beaded bracelet, and that gold nugget ring? Her face anointed with oil, the Turner Prize gleaming just outside the frame of the photo.square.club. The odd thing is that Kylie herself will never win any awards, for nothing.

In the book *Kylie Evidence*, a group of international photographers and conceptual artists play numerous variations on a single iconic image, the girl next door gone bad, the myth of Kylie Minogue. This hideous myth, so dear to my heart, is deployed in often ludicrous contexts. In the "Home of the Dew Drop Fairy," Karen Kilimnik replaces Kylie's image with a big red blowsy rose still life (to show decay), that's being stalked by a cunning little squirrel tasting the glassy dew (to show her innocence). Flip the page, there she is riding a carousel horse, in a sexed-up nun outfit, skirts hiked way up her thigh, in Pierre et Gilles' flashy, nutty hand-colored photo. Poor Kylie, detached from the artificial S/A/W soundscapes that made her once a beloved mascot for children, here assuming the suffering and fun of all the world. *I'll forgive, and forget, if you say you love me so, cos it's true, what they say: better the devil you know.*

Kylie was still dating Jason, and still under the thumb of her evil producers, who in turn were determined to keep their cash cow going as long as they could, when she met Michael Hutchence, the lead singer of Australia's biggest rock band, INXS. Instantly she changed from the girl next door to tabloid heroine. Asked what his hobby was, Hutchence is said to have replied, "Corrupting Kylie." —For he was the bad, Mick Jagger like Faust to Kylie's Marguerite. Everyone loves a good Harlequin romance, and this one was a pip. All of a sudden it was Jason who? Under Hutchence's spell, Kylie turned to drink, drugs, sex, art and bohemianism, and determined also to seize her own image away from her Svengali producers, finally finishing her contract and striking out on her own. Hutchence abandoned Kylie,—the cad!—for the supermodel Helena Christensen, but our girl never looked back, and made a series of more sophisticated, "indie" pop records through which, bit by bit, she lost her core audience but gained a resolute and intransigent fan base

of young gay male admirers. In search of artistic integrity, she attempted collaborations with a number of pre-eminent 90s rock musicians, including Prince, Lenny Kravitz, Bono, the Pet Shop Boys, Nick Cave, Robbie Williams and dozens more, and signed with a small, alternative dance label called "DeConstruction." Doesn't that name say it all? Alas, although she rocketed back to #1 on the UK charts with her first DeConstruction single, a slow, anthemic Revolveresque ballad called "Confide in Me," subsequent releases failed to do well, and this period culminated in the debacle of her most ambitious LP, *Impossible Princess*, which had the misfortune of being released on the day Diana (Spencer) died, when British airwaves were ruled by Elton John's treacly Diana tribute "Candle in the Wind '98."

Of course Kylie had acting to turn to. During the PWL days she starred in her first film, *The Delinquents*, a 50s coming of age story—like *Splendor in the Grass* and just as dated. International films came next, but starring opposite Jean Claude van Damme in *Street Fighter* and opposite Pauly Shore in the ridiculous flop *Bio-Dome* didn't do much for her. She appeared onstage in the Bahamas in an experimental production of *The Tempest* (supposedly the actual setting Shakespeare had in mind!) but who is going to go to the Bahamas to see Kylie Minogue as Miranda? MAYBE Robert Wilson? Baz Luhrmann, the stylish Australian director, long a Kylie fan, cast her in his musical film *Moulin Rouge*, with Nicole Kidman and Ewan McGregor, but its commercial possibilities seem limited, and Kylie's part lasts only forty-eight seconds (she's the Green Fairy on the label of an absinthe bottle, who comes to life, flirts briefly with McGregor, and sings an odd snatch from "The Sound of Music"). Nevertheless sheer will power won out and last year, in June, Kylie scrapped her arty, nihilistic vision and launched a full-scale return to the pop music that made her

famous in the first place, with a new single, a new label, a new album and loads of press, and the music world gasped as "Spinning Around" became #1, and succeeding singles have done well too. She was the featured star at the closing of the Sydney Olympics in October 2000. People love that, everyone loves a great comeback. *Light Years* is a marvelous LP, filled with a kitsch instantly recognizable and resonant of 60s, 70s, 80s and 90s pop music and vibrant back beats, quoting from everything under the sun, unmistakably the work of a second- or third-rate talent more precious than any number of big time geniuses. This year there's a new album, *Fever*, released this month, Kylie purring over a 1982 bassline nicked from old Kraftwerk and Giorgio Moroder productions, and a great chart war overseas between Kylie and the nuttily popular Victoria Beckham, formerly known as Posh Spice, that rivals the war for the Rings of Power. Still the US knows nothing of Kylie at all.

If you've read Irvine Welsh's story, "Where the Debris Meets the Sea" (from his collection *The Acid House*) you know that Kylie, Kim Basinger, Madonna and Victoria Principal are all sitting around a house in California regaling each other with their private erotic fantasies. Sam Taylor-Wood's video installation "Misfit" featured Kylie naked, miming the recorded voice of the very last (19th century) castrato. Do we look to her to find out what's she up to next, or who can talk her into what? Who talked her into the recent UK TV appearance duetting with Ricky Martin on "Livin' la Vida Loca?" She was great, but my goodness, Ricky Martin!

Kylie is continually compared with her alter ego, Madonna, a decade older and considerably more famous. Everything Madonna does, Kylie does too. (Madonna *already* duetted with Ricky.) Madonna and Kylie make an almost religious pair, a diptych of Darwinian selection poked through

the tight gaze of funk culture. It's my fantasy of history, poetry, interspecies warfare—that's all. *Kylie Evidence* is awfully like Madonna's notorious *Sex* book of the "Erotica" period, except it's more varied, well, it has to be doesn't it? Madonna is often called the "Queen of Pop," while Kylie is the "Princess," perhaps a younger version without the woes and cares Madonna is always foregrounding in her public appearances. Kylie without genitals, or with the genitals of a little boy, as in Simon Henwood's Darger imitations—naked but for a necklace, tiny tackle and all, permitted only a kind of genital power and a spectral innocence. She's more vulnerable than Madonna, but seems more resilient because she's from Australia. Kylie knows the raw power of the flat, comic book image, and the internecine enmity between language and image. Evidence plays beautifully along the thin line that stretches between irony and "true feeling," how one is often the obverse of the other, the Mobius strip inside modernism's motor apparatus.

In Berkeley this spring, after a poetry reading, Ed Gilbert and I were speaking of Kylie in muted voices, and then John Ashbery, whose reading we had just attended, spoke up behind our backs. "Excuse me, but did I hear you talking about Kylie Minogue?"

"Yeah!" I said, bowing to the polymath Ashbery. "How much do you love her?"

He looked bemused but allowed that he had seen Kylie's appearance, playing herself, in the UK sitcom *The Vicar of Dibley*. I haven't seen this one myself but apparently the Vicar has rashly promised to get Elton John to open the village fete, and the day seems lost until Kylie is produced as some kind of acceptable substitute. I hand it to John Ashbery as always—I have to, I wouldn't be human otherwise.

Her name—*Kylie Minogue*—is an alphabet from which all meaning has been scooped out, denoting a powerful sovereignty. Re-arrange the letters to spell “I like ‘em young.” More often than not, the icon is in peril, at the mercy of words. Huge, dysfunctional words knock her over on her side. We her fans are evenly split, some of us preferring the “indie Kylie” of “Confide in Me” and *Impossible Princess*, some of us rejoicing that she has returned to her pop roots with *Light Years*. In Australia she has become an advertising emblem for “Pepsi Cola”—very Stuart Davis, clean, cool and marvellously articulated. Words will always spell peril for our heroine, once dubbed the “Singing Budgie.” Overdrawn characters hover and rumble, portents seen in an angry dream, suspended in a ominous foreground of pure space. In 1998 the Japanese DJ Towa Tei released a stuttering, techno-house composition called “G.B.I.” that features Kylie’s vocals as disembodied chirps. “Hello/ My name is German Bold Italic/ I am a typeface/ Which you have never heard before/ Which you have never seen before/ I can compliment you well/ Especially in red/ Extremely in green/ Maybe in blue blue blue.” She penetrates into the heartless, cutting blitheness of the word. “You will like my sense of style/ I fit like a glove—ooh!/ Gut ja!/ Gut ja!” Cumbersome as office machines on wheels, words—headlines, gossip, innuendo, the language of “hasbeenism”—form layers of occluded meaning, their signs sublimated to the function of marketing tools as they peek around her tiny head in luscious bouquets of sick color. Black and white look best on her, but Minogue is a canny colorist and her use of grays, reds and blues is never wrong. Because she is so plastic, she looks different in every video, every photograph, it took me several months to be able to identify her from day to day.

But what does one do with one’s enthusiasms? Where do they keep? There’s an anxiety in declaring oneself a Kylie

fan—similar to how coming out used to feel. (Nowadays it's the same exact thing I suppose.) Dennis Cooper can say, "Oh, I'm influenced by Bresson," and people will nod with approbation, even if they're thinking of *Cartier-Bresson*. I suffered some credibility loss while under the spell of Dario Argento, but nothing like the waves of shame and misery that engulf me when people say, "Kylie who? That girl who did 'The Lo-comotion'?" I think I like her because she remind me of myself, I don't have Dennis' genius, not to mention Bresson's, but like Kylie I can stretch out a second or third rate talent and make it mean something by a) insisting on its smallness; b) attempting to push the envelope, usually by collaboration with others and c) feeling no guilt when, in a corner, at the end of my tether, or upset by something in my personal life, I retreat to my roots and produce version XYZ of the thing I know you'll like from me. Do you think Kylie's work is all about *post Colonialism*? That "Tempest" production sure was. "Kylie" is said to be the Maori word for "boomerang." This is often noted approvingly, as a boomerang "comes back" as often as Kylie has, but is it at all plausible? Queens appreciate the pathos of the Kylie legend, its cheesiness itself enormously appealing, the way Kylie survived a precocious stardom as "Charlene" to have sex with Michael Hutchence, who's not all that well known *himself*, and then to not even be the girl he hung himself because of. There's no Dennis Rodman in Kylie's back room; of course there were Prince and Lenny Kravitz. I flip through picture after picture, poke them out across the rug: an obsessive rendering, a trip-hop world of displacement and deracination good to go. Kylie Minogue isn't the first artist to find beauty in Freud's "uncanny," nor the first to locate the *unheimlich* squarely in the detritus of today's commercial culture. A purposive, kitschy flatness of gaze underlines her determination, the steadiness of her eye. What emerges is touching, almost saintly. Her critics

say her voice sounds as though she's reading all her words off a prompter, that she lacks heart. Often she sounds as though English were not her own language. Kylie fans re-settle the unsettling haunt of sexuality by our insistence on customization—adapting, subverting its broad strokes to our own homey use. It's this impulse—gears shifting downward from public to private—that Kylie understands and illuminates beautifully. She extends this generosity to her own art, which seems unfinished, left to complete by the viewer. Thus there's an empty, spooky sigh at the heart of this work.

Iconic objects take on eerie lives of their own and no one knows their business, not even the moguls at Skywalker Ranch who control everything else. I can spot a fellow fan of Kylie's halfway around the room. We share a "secret understanding" akin to E. M. Forster's concept of homosexuality as a willed gift. Cold hard tears seep from this work, tears shed for an implacable universe of wanting and wishing and denial.

THE TONGUE TWISTERS

in honor of Kylie Minogue

The sixth sick sheik's sixth sheep's sick, as though the angry
gods of the desert made me this infatuated with morgana
Where are all our oars? The crew boy's straining to touch
his toes on He Boat
Brush each pretzel with a soupcon of ocean salt from the
River Cam, then chomp down hard with
a wet red work rag
through which swift rivers rush.

Free flea spray they were advertising in the Cambridge paper
the day I let E. M. Forster die, in a bed of
English horseradish sauce.
At Crooked Creek Camp the tired oarsman made a lap of my
tent, I gave him the cockstand, asking with pretzels
how are our hors d'oeuvres?
Harsh censorship in UK and US papers and both houses of
Parliament but after all it is only a boyish piss thing
that I wrote in honor of Kylie Minogue

FLOWERS AND MONEY

Flowers and money I give to you,
these I hand you, because it's May.

We won't be happy having our
way, not this way, not this the

way of the fool, though so often
simple folly makes me feel I'm the

"guest" on a game show; and you're the
host. Tinny squeaky music plays as we

enter. "Well Alex," I whisper, "I
was in love for a week but all that's

over now." Pretty to say so, thus
appropriate, I thought, for

Spring anyhow. My accent fell
like a cut flower, like a crinkled

dollar bill, from some giddy
height into the gutter, a

"trashy" place for something
lovely or greenish. What a way to

describe one's own accent. I say
so who shouldn't, I give you money

and flowers, because I'm so happy and
because I want to—buy your

friendship, I want to be pretty
and appropriate, I want to have fallen.

You know like on TV the host gives
the guest a gift. In real life

it's like my mother always said,
"Don't go into someone's house with

empty arms."

CONFIDE

after me, "I won't behave, I won't behave
till I cut off your navel," repeat after me in
the room with all the cold cuts

Good morning! To all the little children, like
eyelets, in rows, out my red front door in rows
who bow slightly, severely as I pass with my teacher

repeat after me, "I won't behave, understanding
should be shared," and then some kinkajou armed to the
teeth whirls in on visible threads, cuts their heads

of the flowers you spent all last year spending on
I could have been buying dishes. You bending over with
wet trowel, cool air on the seat of your pants

I'm trying to make you a shelter from your altar
one hand jammed down the front till the afore-
mentioned kinkajou kamikaze made us both sit up

and blink! One minute, peaceful kids or flowers, next
minute, crazed Australian rodent cuts through our yard
like boomerang nine inches above the pavement and

whammo. Confide in me you meant to do me harm
in those threadbare cutoffs. It's now or unthinkable, hit
or miss. Choice is yours. Stick, or twist? What's

mine is yours. Out popped the flashlight, sudden
blaze in the algae of me knowing you, wanting you,
endless puzzle in sixteen squares, one blank.

Then you keep fingering around the pieces till
you go mad, I go mad, kinkajou's jaws move rapidly
on stamens and pistils, heads roll and tiger troll

sits jauntily on rear window of slow moving Rolls.
We've all been hurt by love and we all
have our cross to bear. Then I hear you repeat

PUT YOURSELF IN MY PLACE

Small circle coming around
steady, lamp light, crazy town
Where the rents go up
and we spin around

Please take a moment to
review our claim
I still love you and I
still feel the same

Mama when I wanted you
you crawled into toothpaste tube
like impasto on palette
of Picasso, you boob

And Daddy if your arms were
tired you dropped me
into the vanilla wafers of
madness on Madison Avenue

I hate the pair of view
in silent scream when ever I
think of your scarlet lips and

blue green eyes

Is it a family thing when
I took over your grim face
when I put myself in my place
on the Thursday race

SPINNING AROUND

Move out of my way
A sharp reverential hustler
goes round the room
in the old-fashioned channel of "Quadrophenic"

on the couch under the window, head thrown back
in the New York sunlight

gray, even in sun, and out of the blue
did you ever have a mystical experience

He had me from "hello,"
not to take him for what he is worth
As, spinning around,
we patrol earth and the setting sun
mid-morning, and I'm wondering
does he know I'm alive

I know you're feeling me cos you like it like this
On days like this your
cock swells to proportions of egret
sleepy bird under my wing
As wise owl trembling, feebly, you stroke in the sun
Happiness that never lasts

Darkness comes to kick your ass
Long tall chicken when you're
seventeen I know you're
feeling me cos you like it like this disaffected queen

Yes I did have that experience
And wow, I am still not chilled out
I am giving you my mmmm,
mainstream

G-HOUSE PROJECT

LOTS OF Labradors
IN THE MATZOH balls
on your PARAMOUR

LICKING OFF the dough
FROM OUR dobro
in the FENCED-OFF MEADOW

G-HOUSE project
HE'S SO INTROspective
FOAM IS ALL flecked

GIVE ME Theodore
HANGING BY THE balls
OFF MADAME's FRENCH door

DON'T START ME wishing
KNOWING YOUR transmission
GAS HOUSE kicking in

INNOCENCE OF upper case
ALWAYS WEARS SMILEY face
OR A CHILLY grimace

SPEAK TO ME IN shouts
GAIN ON roundabout
HE'S THE BOY I touted

NEXT BIG thing
THIS SORT OF ALLEN sing-song
UGH MEYER LEMON juice

LOST MY TROPIC accent
IN A VEIL OF "Heavensent"
DOMESTIC DISTURBANCE

THERE'S ME AND THERE'S YOU
FORGETTING rendezvous
WITH A SWEDE OR two

IN ETHNICATED paradise
G-HOUSE PROJECT LETS slide
BLACK eyes on SLIM

WHERE HAS THE LOVE GONE?

Written in honor of Brian Pera and Kylie Minogue

For all that I'm feeling kind of—*fragile*
Or *blue*, like my sash, woven in
Rotterdam when I was Dutch doll

Binging and purging on holiday sweets in
Rotterdam—when I was your holiday girl

If I remember correctly
Anyway I'm right as rain now, but where did the love go?
Nobody seems to know in any of the cages, I just hear these
words passed back and forth, through the bars:

"Pssstt—where has the love gone?"
Even the card round my neck, tied with human hair, seems
to whisper of a
Rapture once known, now evanescent
A love that couldn't exist when I spoke and talked about
you, and I did you, baby

THE CATS

They said they would never put any photos of cats in Artforum

THE CAT

Try to catch the cat in mid-air as it
Jumps from the highest shelf in the room.

Ha, ha, there is no stopping me!

CAT'S CRADLE

Give me your hands, let's make a steeple,
tumble your fingers over mine

With the maximum number of fingers
I strike you out, your flawless gestures dumb

Yarn yawns from my fingertips to yours—
you have successfully aped the cat.

CAT SCRATCH FEVER

When the lovers wake,
their naked arms yet throb with blood;
in the night Stanley was upon them,
marking them with telltale signs.

Hurry to the white, blue and pink tin in the
bathroom,
Johnson & Johnson may hide away
the central fact of your love,
and that a black cat sat on your mat.

THE CAT DRAGGED IN

Such a lie.

Somewhere there must have been a cat that brought a
human something.

And it was pretty foul from the sound of it.

Such a lie,

I have had two cats who gave nothing,
brought nothing, just waited, stood intent until

I turned myself inside out to see
into their eyes, pale and aglow,
then their little knees buckled and they
sat on my chest, a question and its answer.

KITTEN WITH A WHIP

On the same theme, Ann-
Margret traps the older,
married, horny guy John Forsythe

into making a pass at the
babysitter. In her yellow shell
angora, she's the kitten with a whip.

Her delicate little tail curls
underneath his balls,
feels good in a way.

Will he see me as a woman,
or am I only a thing in his
mortal kaleidoscope?

A man lives and dies, a
kitten's got this Ann-Margret
thing about youth.

KITTEN ON THE KEYS

s

I was so tired of the Rosses' cat
I opened piano bench, stuck the
howling cat into it

With all that sheet music,
there was just enough room
for one hideous calico with spots.

Piano music that all of it said,
Let me out at once or I
will never know anything but black

CAT PEOPLE

Cat people in a quiet town
where you pay your bus fare,
and the screech of its air brakes jostles the air
Where fog reveals a face like a cat

At the gym, in the locker room,
You hurry out of your baggy, oversized trunks.
On the pebbled floor, they're humped with sweat
Is a cat in them, at the bottom of that silk?

Every other man on the street has that nature,
that at bottom his mother spent time in a tree.
Every woman on the elevator knows
down by her ankles whiskers poke a question.

In a quiet town in the 1940s with
refugees from Paris and wherever it was
Simone Simon might have hailed from, let the
doctor persecute, let my memories clear

Atavistic need bleeds from my paws,
I see red when I see a ring, even on my own left hand
Under the Val Lewton moon
there's a war on, or a loose-fitting blindfold,
for the firing squad that we whisper in rhythm

THE PROVERBIAL CATS AND DOGS

Oh, that silly rain! Coming down on your head, so that
when you walk in my door, dripping, there they are,
on your shoulders clinging, like bridegrooms,
the proverbial cats and dogs.

CAT SCAN

What's a cat scan, anyway?
You lie on your back, flimsy gown of paper,
and a cat walks down your body,
your forehead, your throat, sternum, stomach
and so forth, til the tiptoeing creature stares

back at you over his shoulder.
Kevin, plan to die.

T S ELIOT

There was murder in the flowers,
piles of pesos wet with winter rain,
and the tall towers of Babylon
dressed in widows weeds, dotted swiss
cut-outs of cats appliqued just so.

Looking at them slouched in the armchair
I feel yet again
that those cats have pulled a number on me.

They don't howl or like that.
They're posing as skeptics
and the boys I once loved
come to me in a dream diner, like ketchup,
like chicken fried steak.

On the steam table, two cats dressed
in Maurice Sendak white aprons,
clang knives and pots in the night kitchen.
They saw murder in the flour,
eggs in the pain,
US intervention
in the desert heat, where cats are regularly shaven

I had been a hog
I had been hazed and shaven
I told them to piss on my leg and I came down the block,
pants open, a cat clinging to my secret.

I had done the thing you wanted
and what you did was fire me

Poor thing, you have the
luck of the cat
You won't make it back from Iraq.
That will be the final port of call
for a hazard,
is my guess.

I'm not dressing,
I'm lying down with the shades down.

From time to time I hear them singing,
outside the window
one of those songs
like Billie Holiday

or Lou Christie
"Sarah Jane, if my car could only talk to me
it would tell me 'bout you, baby."

THE CAT'S MEOW

He wasn't all black, and she
wasn't all white

But when they walked together
in stripe formation, abreast

like a fish
zigzagging through the rooms of the apartment

And then when he left us
she walked alone, one animal

I would pull time down
off the highest shelf

I couldn't catch it in my fingers
but on the carpet

like a spill of salt or sand,
it would twinkle. Bye.

And then when he left us
she walked alone, one animal

I would pull time down
off the highest shelf

I couldn't catch it in my fingers
but on the carpet

like a spill of salt or sand,
it would twinkle. Bye.

THE MAGIC ROUNDAABOUT

AMERICAN IDOL

If we've learned one thing from this competition

it's that *song selection is key*

If Nikki McKibbin becomes our American Idol

We will have lost, she's raised the bar

I'm here with Ryan Seacrest and Brian Dunkleman in the

red room, where the boys and girls

Lounge around a red sofa with sleek red walls the color of blood

You're up next buddy

out of the mouth of a cannon, and if they asked me my prayer

it's to have my deaf parents hear me sing

But no one thinks to ask, have to drag it up myself

like a one-man frogman raising the bar

from the Titanic from icy ocean floor

Fish bobbing by, their big bulbous eyes near blind

We're forty thousand feet below the level

which once, we didn't even think about, we just were there

Living ordinary lives, me in San Francisco

grabbing the phone, you in Vancouver shelving a book,

Bob and Chris reconciling, Dodie's mother

in Hammond, the long ward of chemo patients

visiting and playing cards, Casey in his first day

of journalism school at Berkeley, we were just there

Vince Fecteau's sculpture pieces all molded together

he spits on them to seal them, then throws a few

twigs and seeds, bright tiny finery filched by a magpie

on McAllister Street, Bob Giard boards the bus in
Milwaukee and never makes it to Chicago,
his bravura prints frozen forever, in Durham

Thom Main slides his hands down his thighs
exposing his mole, upstate Hudson Valley
Joan can't think of what blouse to wear

finally remembers John Cage advice,
picks one out at random, my
cousin, Sarah Jones, on the cover of "Bitch"
magazine, twelve people at once,

a different world from the one those dead
eyed fish inhabit, I'd like to slap Justin Guarini's
mop of Godspell curls off the top of head

Give them to Randy

and now we're back to American Idol
as now way below the ocean slowly drops the jewel
the heart of the jewel, big gaudy sapphire necklace

Fish eye curiously, not even thinking
how deep it is here and the Titanic bar, lost its gleam
corroded by salt, the decks of the ship flash backwards

to a time when there weren't twenty-five
minutes of commercials to thirty-five minutes
of "show," when Stanley meowed for

our answering machine some treat in his
powerful Jaws-like jaws, his black fur
rippling with concentration and then

I can feel him in my lap, he was my
big boy, had nine lives, green eyes shining
when he'd had some broccoli

Oh my dear, he was only a cat
but oh! How we loved him, and how afterwards
the breath left his body as

the gods they roll a dice
their minds as cold as ice
and someone way down here
loses someone dear

AN AUDIENCE WITH KYLIE MINOGUE

for Justin Chin

The candy hearts, each one no

bigger than a nail, spill out on formica:

"Love Me," "Text Me," "Class Act," "E-Mail"

Wow, they have changed since

since in the days when I loved you

"Got Love?" says this one, hot yellow dot

on a table of faint gray. Here's "Amore,"

something ethnic as I doll myself up

Heart in my throat, all itchy and fevered for my

audience with Kylie. Thinking quick

—like two triggers on two guns on each finger of the hands of Kali—

John Woo double bill baby! —Thinking like history

screwed in lightning I grab a few hearts

"Be Mine" and "Candy Girl" and thrust them into my

open palms, like blinky stigmatas. Then I pat

at the screen and the doctors pull back the linen

curtain. "My Boo." "First Kiss." "Dear One."

Hello, I cry out, is anyone here? My heart

is beating faster and work is a disaster

nothing changed since the day

in which I turned against you and my

little thing got hard and rammed back at me

shotgun

BLIND

lovely pale summer dusk

driving to the city on 101, then lost, only a reading sign to stop me

I took you to an intimate restaurant

thinking this will be the first book I steal from the sand

pale yellow sand on Jellicoe

Island in the erect-o-cycle of Aran

It will be a fine time they are having I do think

when the curtain parts

sea on the left, and emerges

Victory Splashing

to an intimate restaurant

let me hear your body talk, your body tall-Kam-In-

On

in the 19th Dynasty

his face glorious whiskey brown and

slide a pane of glass over his face

to prevent composition

it is not that you have not listened closely to Kylie Minogue

but you have been blind to pale, lovely

summer dusk driving to San Francisco or Boston

and Howard Carter is coming with steam shovel

crew of native laborers

On Glory's Course, stuffing it down my pants like a cold water bottle

Fourteen years old and

in country, dandelion head whiskey over

green clover of North Shore, Long Island,
pants pulled down to knees
and blowing away, blowing away

BURY ME DEEP in LOVE

The traveller's face

Stepped on

Piccolo sound

Look, I see him through the ice

He's like, almost saying, walk on my face

Nearby the chapel
where

pinions flap in crystal breeze and dangling Christ swings from
the cross

Should make a little fence round that face

Anyone got about seventy of those sticks from popsicles

I could make a little fence round the traveller's face,

bury him deep in love.

I know he's feeling this tremendous longing

Disturb not his rest yet invite him in, under your skin

Flute and violins soar around each note of sympathy

I'm totally projecting

like the stalagmites of this cave we stumble in with our vats of coffee
and whoa, this guy with fur
is in this little ring of ice
eyes closed, as if sleeping, slightly wrinkled skin, but pink
Wish I had my camera
but it's buried deep where the memory of this person lay fallow, like
thought under glass
Could have benefitted from some stem-cell research
Never mind, he is now with the saints
And what a fur coat he had
on the icy precipice
did you get this from Starbuck's, it's some kind of Swiss roast
On top of the tallest mountain,
coffee tastes so good
oh forget about those little sticks
it was stupid
—I'm sorry

TWO SWEDISH PEOPLE

Accident—or murder? Where had two steady, faithful, elderly Swedish people vanished to? What had happened that they had said, or left, no word before going, or sent none? Questions, whether verbal or mental, that had no answers. That held us in a mounting uneasiness.

GOOD LIKE THAT

Work is a disaster

Treacle drips from the cherry tree beyond my window pane
slow fumes of treacle

My little nephew in the Persian Gulf says

His heart is beating faster and

War is a disaster

Slick in a white uniform, his head shaved, the top of his head a
white ball

Oh! Noelle Bush, work is a disaster, I needed that Xanax

just to get me through the day of new job for internet

start-up, I called my own number saying, I am doctor Kevin Killian

Please give me white tablet in Lucky Nineteen, my uniform

as the nightmare begins in nation, starts up sharp DVD click

I'm listening, glistening, late for the disaster

And driving to prescription

My mom will have conniptions

I'm good like that

I can speak for US Navy, and my boys will come and save me

Sans souci, but I need to get my mouth round that Xanax

it helps me with my panics

It's good like that

The news is like a hairline

receding on the airline

And trucking to the Walgreens in my Wasp machine

Brother nations, picture this one of you tackled onto a point on

North Korea, and then way over here, a melted ice cream cone

in desert heat, another point, the axis of evil, then way

over there point three on the axis of evil

Hi, it's me—Noelle Bush, and that is my pre-
scription I called in on the phone machine with my
number of love from doctor Kevin what the fuck
is his name now???

HI! I'M the GREEN FAIRY

whose face and body painted on poster of absinthe come to
life when you've drunk enough absinthe
who shimmers in abholution taking the town on my knees
in the air
the way Tim McVeigh, executed today in Indiana, contains
my form in electric chair under lethal injection
I'm the Green Fairy for a gay mayor in Berlin, comrades
and it's a good thing
who flutters in sparks of electrical new modernism, the
birth of the cool in green Maximus poetics, rubbed up
with Ren Koolhaas
whose red lips dabble the word of Oscar Hammerstein II,
the only man plain from angelic plains of Connecticut
who caught the sinner by his toe
who put up the fleet wire to capture telegraphy, what I say
goes, that is, my voice travels before me and after me, a
cape of yellow stars that are poles through the green
light of absinthe bath
who standing atop ladder of vertical wood slats takes a
tumble on two toes and yet, because of flight, I hurt me
not

I should know more about James Schuyler
after all this time on my back

Hi! News with a cheerful wee whiskbroom before I
stumble myself into death, now pictured as a light bulb
flickering out, say the second you pull the chain and pop
Hi, I'm the Green Fairy fresh from the pastures of Milton,
Spenser and Marion Zimmer Bradley, stale yellow books
held up in Muni to the commuters' faces, hanging their
heads and clutching the glow tubes of Dr Pretorius
I should have seen it coming, like a train round the bend,
instead one beat before the end pop

Squiggle away like the scales before your eyes in the
serpent territory of big time government *rifles d'arugula*
which hurt me not to dissolve your sleep into short bursts
of excellent slumber of the dim, flood with asbestos, I
won't feel a thi—

after Baz Luhrmann & Amy Gerstler

The MAGIC ROUNDABOUT

In summer 500

years back, in time, we hiked to the camera obscura, at our fingertips
a steel

drum with pictures deep in it of the shimmering, shifting sea we live on
All over the world dive bombers are coming to get ya

See, Leech, how various our universe, sheep tart as pies, and
girl on magic carousel

Me and Dodie in that dark circular room, so dark you'd
bump into a stranger, the life of San Francisco pictured on our
hands, in my
palm a silver shield awash in 360 degrees

everything you wanted to know about Gene Wilder coming too
soon (one,
two, three, boom as he put it),
girl drags dog on lead down bayberry hedge-lined path in
midsummer 500 years ago, San
Francisco, portobello cut-outs on kebab sticks, flecked with wee
squares of
wet red pepper
Leonardo invented it; it was the Rambaldi invention of its day; and we
really got
fucked up good there.

Prospero showed the magic roundabout
Saying, how the painted ponies fly up and down
Like him, time's over eager has snapped my wand
It is a dry thing gnarled by salt water and hung on
gallery walls by Matthew Higgs

I'll never let you go, it will be my mestiny
merely a dot on the map of time where the roads
end in a Western, *Major Dundee*

The things I won't do amount to a hill of beans,
It's destiny with a "me" in it—front-loaded like a glove compartment—
and so
when I was 27 I spent the night in Greece and
the oracle told me, I will never abandon you,
it wouldn't be mestiny

have you heard the whisper
that through the marble hall Delphi announced to me?—
Major Dundee isn't that captivating

When a dog laughs
It is nothing like what you thought it would be.
It is nothing in the worst
 sense of the word, a drop
in temperature from high summer to the low.
The low of everything else speaks
on the dog's tongue. Bitch laughs, and we
go on the down low for the time being, in
some mid-period Auden soliloquy.
Speechless. Cut like
glass, the laugh is nothing
that you know before or shall know again.

Speaking you
it was my mestiny
Rolling in a trickle, ash bent to burn,
four free men sorted out on a free afternoon

And in the Village
fire papers cascade into the square

I was so taken with you my
dick forgot to behave

Four three men sat past you
"Will I lose my dignity?
Will I lose my hair?"

They, the guardians of Pook Hill, bewitched the lowering
veal calf

Disguised as the voice
Too wit, too wow
You're the greatest dancer

The life exeunts from fate, what's left
is mestiny,
that which the state holds back from exception

It gives the moral inspiracy a ladder might,
to a puddle that looks up, your heel in its crotch
from Flatland to the sudden curve
of your ass, dude
and the winter skies beyond
They, the Robin Goodfellows of Tompkins Square
inflected by the fees
of a ordering ATMocracy
can be generou\$
from this nightmare

Hey, Kylie—

When you were in The Delinquents did it feel like
a play on words?

I'm stressing out worrying about
you coming down with cancer
and cancelling what looked, from the outside,

like a person satisfied,

in a play on words
I was stitching nine
while
kinsmen of mine
wore holes in the marble steps with their knees,
pilgrims to a Mecca of health trying

to will you to live and then,
somehow I forgot and it was oh yes, Kylie,
still sick oops

like that ad where Kate Winslet sifts through mementos in
Camden Market, recites all the odd things that
happened to her in her films as though she'd really
lived through them, "By 19 I was penniless and
heartbroken. I almost drowned at 20... Then I
had my memory erased at 28..."

She pulls back and remembers
Her life
Her card
Hateful, how hateful

But you would do that

Magic round about slows up and speeds up
Funnel of catcalls

Dodie and I filmed for Canadian TV
on Yerba Buena carousel, a carnival of her and me

yammering about our
love together, twenty years of it

Funnel of time

Tunnel of Kate Moss

spinning to hillbilly music on the carillon
for Justine Pimlott
bong bong

Fennel and thyme
radiant help
for Kylie
bong bong

bong bong

gathering moss
off the side of the boat
bailing out with tambourines or
your hands
for Tim Atkins

TAKE ME with YOU

Under the streetlight in a pool of white light
and the fist
closes around the light the
way I tried to keep you from leaving

he he ha ha love
slips away like the Clinton administration
band polled in Dade County, a trio of
black boxes wadded fast with thin gold
ineluctable chains thingold, hmm, you know, from
The Hobbit?

We can leave them all behind except for, well,
you can change your party affiliation
but what great colossus decreed

anyhow there would be
50 per cent Democrats and 50 Republicans and
why is it the national security threat
presses on our door like a Valentine

Tried and tried to grab the shrinking light that
like the tenor of mercury, falls like water on the
corner of Minna and Eleventh while I'm out

there having a cigarette,
take me with you
While 70,000 Marines in Mojave desert at
Twentynine Palms perch an hour from Needles
take me with you

that's the numbers of our plantation
and they call it "Moulin Rouge"

IN MEMORY OF GWEN ARAUJO

Gwen Amber Rose Araujo (February 24, 1985 – October 4, 2002, née Edward Araujo, Jr.) was a transgendered teenager who died during or shortly after being attacked by multiple individuals. The events leading up to Araujo's death were the subject of a pair of criminal trials in which it was alleged that the attackers were angered by the discovery that Araujo—who, at the time, was living as female—was biologically male. In the most recent trial, two of the defendants were convicted of second-degree murder, but the jury concluded that no hate crime was committed. The circumstances of the case have caused it to become a rallying point for the LGBT community, and a number of underreported and controversial aspects about the case and about Gwen's murder remain points of contention.

—opening of Wikipedia Entry

FLUFFERNUTTER

They talk about this fluffernutter
Marshmallow frosting between two cakes
Maine ingredient in whoopie pie treat

Circular swirl of white cream

I was an old man splayed on the girth of Pierce
Around happy sandwich
Families displaying marshmallow, deposing potatoes
Universal fluffernutter mischievous, underfunded

"You know the world can see us
In a way that's different from who we are?"

BALLAD OF THE LITTLE BOY WHO BEGAN
TO IDENTIFY AS A POP GIRL

Did you ever hear of Gwen Araujo born

Eddie Junior, and how in this godforsaken East Bay town

jumping with joy

she looked into big bag of gender tied to her back

probing, pulled one out, tried it on, licked it

A happy child but growing up in Newark

the ark of the new that affectless bunch from school and Gwen,

named after Gwen Stefani no doubt, penetrating

gaze like an eagle but did you hear the mother, Sylvia

speaking to those biological girls

They met on the street just hopping down to play some

dominoes, how ironic, what, that sort of placid game for kids

and maybe old mobsters like Marlon Brando, aged?

OK, so the boys liked her well enough

the first time around then the party of October 3

I would never forget that one girl
who ran out and said, hey everyone, she's got a dick
nor forgive that girl
but who was it after all
who stabbed and killed her with shovels
a frying pan and a can of tomatoes
not girls but boys
you know the world can see us
in a way that's different—than who we are
then just bury her in Silver Fork
name of etiquette the silver spoon
trope of privilege the boys and their rope
knocked the wall down
who knocked the wall down with gashed skin skull
then just well, somebody talked
didn't he
gender variant youth

angel risen up out of mist and a sort of Jennifer Lopez urban

style, wings of desire and—this drive for *I'm real and*

AFLUTTER

Pray not to die on this Pisgah blossoming with violets.

Pray to live through.

*If you catch a whiff of violets from the darkness of the
shadow of man*

it will be spring in the world,

it will be spring in the world of the living.

—DH Lawrence, "Craving for Spring"

I know you like it like this, I know

you're feeling me, spectral

knowledge grips me like mummy case

in the tomb of Howard Carter, enraptured,

so that, pink ray peering through stone door,

cracked open a ray,

penetrates Pharaoh brain,

like the third eye some people hang on their foreheads

I know, I know, I know

William Burroughs, murmuring, I've heard of you,

gave me the cold shivers,

I know, I know, I know

Aishwarya Rai, said Julia Roberts, the most

beautiful woman in the world

with that thing on her forehead

I'm not the same

you know you like it like this

the gesture is, to pat jewel onto her forehead where

somehow it sticks

Magisterial stick light

Burroughs looks up at me like some kind of lichen

Later, Mark Ewert tells him,

My friend in San Francisco was your
biggest fan till you

he had that heroin chic

Till you shot him that Spanish moss glance
out from under your hoary eyebrows, tangled wire

And now he's like every other liberal
You killed your wife, you're such a

pariah

I know, I know, I know

I'm not the same

Passing behind Bill I caught a whiff of
violet spray, scented igloo
in the wake of the dead

Pray not to die on this Pisgah
blossoming with violets Lawrence cried out
lying there coughing up

blood on the plowboy

He, my first student in the row,
made of clocks
ticking in violet thunders
I would pray not to die
still craving for spring,
first student in the snow
tied up like tinsel with this

knowledge thing that seizes me up so

Later when sated, I played him two numbers
by Kylie Minogue
his eyelids tighter than Dodge engine,

asshole trembling like the new leaf sign
that hangs over Market Street
in the spring breeze and creaks

hear it

ON THE THIRD DAY

All beauty must die,
so, with a rose in his hand, he knelt
put a rock in my fist

In about the 10th block of Mission Street,
where the wild roses grow,
swimming uptown where I could be like a man

He was somehow out of luck, in a truck, teaching at Cabrillo
doing hand stands
now he's uptown

On the second day a flower so scarlet and blue
fell out of my eyes while I looked at your shoes
Demure as a trinket, and similar to

those hot plates people keep on her desk
switch on the light when the man
really pounds that ass

And my trembling subsided after the earthquake
of 1989 kickoff to the Bay Area world series
and say it ain't so Joe

Was feeling it down to my holy roll
it wasn't a twinge
more he hit me, and it felt like a

a muttered word
*if I show you the roses will you
smile*

Put a rose in my teeth
I know you're feeling me cause you
like it like this

Can of tomatoes
frying pan slam
the wall caves in

I know, I know, I know
he knelt down and
"they called me the wild rose
but my name was Eliza Day"

IS IT ALL OVER
MY FACE?

YOU CAUGHT ME
LOVE DANCING

IS IT ALL OVER MY FACE?

Spring 1978, clutching old
copy of *Gay Sunshine*, on verso

Allen Ginsberg's poem

I lay love on my knee

"I nurs'd love where he lay

I let love get away

I let love lie low..."

in Stony Brook, Long Island where once

Denise Levertov nearly expired of an illicit passion in
wartime

Spring, so difficult to keep Allen Ginsberg's rhythms out of my head,
the numb, dumb beat that he compared to the stroke of a cock, its
pulse when you're holding it up (or out?) in front of you. His affect
was strong, unruly, he was so used to getting what he wanted, indeed
maybe it's a Buddhist trait, their accent on humility some kind of

bizarre coverup for the emotional thing

he was away on business

Always the two tails of his beige trench coat disappearing into
subway car doors

Is it all over my face, when I talk with you I feel myself grow red,
your wispy beard and heavy smell of cigarette smoke,

With you I feel the obviosity of Ginsberg's doggerel verse grow into
baton-like accent and stricture, like it is going to pound me to death.

Is it all over my face?

You've caught me love dancing

Everything returns again, everything comes back, the return of the
repressed, both the laughter and the rain

She is living somewhere far away
and I send her this poem to give her options
ask her in my lonely way,

Today the skies over our little park are grim, pink, streaked with
black and white like a cat

nothing can hold back the rain

I could see through the clouds to this place where
Arthur Russell brings his hand around my cock
cello wet with tears, and how he's gone

I told my friends he was not the boy for me

Was I surprised? Yeah
Was I surprised? No, not at all

Desiree, you know how it hurts me, he caught
me love dancing

Heeding the warnings of Allen Ginsberg, the American Buddhist poet
who predicted that their love would lead to untold suffering, he
and Arthur Russell lived apart from the day they were married.

His death from AIDS in April 1992 inspired some of my own most
beautiful work. My own premature death in June 2004 marked a
great loss to contemporary Buddhist art. "Where do I run to? Is it
real?"

Fifteen stitches across my face,
one for every man that hurt me.
Fifteen apparitions I have seen—the worst, a coat upon a coathanger.
Players and painted stage took all my love,
and not those things that they were emblems of. Is it

all over? My face feels scarred,
my teeth stretched across Botox and bandages.

In the silhouette he casts
the window of a moving train
moving faces—temporary hook-up
he touched the other side of my face

red maple
pepperbush
cranberry

is it all over the Internet, series of short,
sharp, abdominal pains, is it
common lingua franca the
way my soul seeks to engulf you

is it all over my face, the shame
of belief, the way the ears of George
Bush Jr sprout from his head,
for he fears the angel

is it all over the world, red
maples of Xanadu, cranberry, the simple
gift of Long Island, almost the way
Arthur Russell, Lou Harrison played on it
Allen Ginsberg all noble
Arthur Russell, Lou Harrison played on it
till sunset, spring, 1978, and far
away fingerprints for Kylie
on cat-tails
still finds a way to haunt me
always and forever

ALWAYS AND FOREVER

Help me drop the other shoe before it lights on someone small, insincere. The bottle stands forlorn, a sign of a friend who, once home, now travels on the Marshall Plan. I wanted to give poor man Pedro some change, but in my pockets a gaping hole and my chance to do good lost for now to a muted trumpeter's swan.

I gambled with love, and in its stead I found status anxiety. Tears will fall, it's better to have given yourself a dose of salts than to burn a lamp on a Duralog. Always and forever. Feels like Satan's having a divorce in my ass. Not so handsome as to turn my head to the truth. A lot of me in these lines—that's the Wellbutrin; you could turn me over from time to time when your iced tea turns tepid. Noisy neighbors partying across the alley, and birds squawking, awaken me to a song dissolved in the dawn.

ALMOST A LOVER

Two kinds of language,
 one the sort in which we speak to each other—
 the other hops about, on both feet, leaking semen—

That anxious feeling of erection,
 explode raisin deferred,
 or does it run,
 and then he said *that's pre-cum*

I didn't even know,

 No wonder I'm such a closet case.

 Two kinds of knowledge,
 one where one speaks to one's self

you minimize distinctions,
 the other where you leak semen,
 almost a lover—

Kylie Minogue, you must get
 a lot of this;
it has happened ancestrally,

thus to you

It has happened in the balcony

to a muted trumpeter's swan

I fell in love with him
who told me the name,
made me feel convincible.

It happened on a coverlet and
oh, the stain of it.

THERE'S A DARK SECRET IN ME...

Too late the last number came up on the screen for the fourth time
and the blonde says, "Work with me here,"
And God says, "Buy a lottery ticket."
Jokes that thrive on the Internet till poison puddles at my ankles,
sopping cuffs, turn them inside out, tiny fish of poison
We're coming to America from the 24th to the 6th and would like
If possible, a kind of tenderness from master

that doesn't exist...

Walk down 11th Street, feel the fever building up, the hunger for
drugs at expense of shoes on your feet, your toenails raw, ripped
"Got three dollars to spare," and it used to be a quarter
but then you lived in Ashland with some lesbians
peacefully accumulating credit
Now it's so different you barely feel the freeze
Lotto ticket stubs pile up like autumn leaves
except no autumn, I'm still sober
but I want the money
Most of all I want a focus for my attention besides Kylie Minogue and
I see all too well
how drug addiction could benefit me in
that one way
from back in the day

Jennifer Lopez parading through unfinished apartment complaining
I have to do everything myself and this space
is too small for the bathtub I have in my mind
Blonde streaks, soft focus
Stock, bonds, saffron,
Ficus, I wake up screaming Ashland peace so vivid now lost to me

Shingled rooftops of Prague, flood rising
All you see are the chimneys

Amber alert saves those two girls who
tried to kill their rapist
I'm high upon the tightrope and I've got
to get to you

In Southwest Africa witchcraft returns
people with AIDS turn on the witches
who must have exposed their condition
to the God, to unnatural

No stoning in the Koran

Story after story, if pictorial enough,
Competes for the imagination
I've been keeping my own counsel
in solitude, drinking a lot, thinking

Looks like the new Harry Potter
book will be delayed, I'm like, get a
ghost writer, don't disappoint the
little children of the world

On the Kylie newsgroup our young Malaysian friends
are smirking, "America Deserved This"

for when Jimmy Carter visited Malaysia in 1999 they say
he ordered the secret destruction of 9,000 Malaysian

people who saw through him, a kind of
tenderness from master that doesn't exist...

HUMAN LEAGUE 1982

Invited this guy over to small light room, dark wood on every wall,
bumped his butt against book case crash
Romy Schneider died the same week so all around me wonderful
photos of Romy, insouciant, alive, young,
Out of memory never saw her
Filing all day
And I kept thinking, "What would Rosellen do?" slumped, crutches
askew, on the porch in the snow while we were out having turkey
distributing the gravy present of US thanksgiving
Surely she would bid me to live
to heavy electropop beats of Human League 1982
and sometime to remember she is not real
Books spilled on dimly polished oak floor
was not my fault, next day say, "He was a muscular son of a
bitch with a tan from Durango," little white filing clerk from
B of A already with this one squeezy mark high on right
ass cheek, and some
time to remember mechanical thud of beat, like a spasm of lust on the
day Romy Schneider died—then a week later, come home, snow
and Rosellen Kern dying on front porch, Captain Kern's steely jaw
surveying wreckage of human league 1982
and for me, plague of GRID we called it just be-
ginning in America

FREE

Free, the price tags shiny with white-out, it's free,
I go shopping with Dodie, the red shiny bag at Kate Spade
on Grant, let's go into Agnes B and see how much the
shirt cost that Chris and Brian bought me

Save, long time ago I thought you could save me
I pictured a dreamy little house like Elizabeth
Robinson's, with a sunken tub, but instead I settle
for Squalid Manor, Frank O'Hara's dull apartment

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,"
I hear a voice that rings, it might be Kylie Minogue
the sexiest tomboy beanpole on the planet,
that which I walked in size eight shoes, for to

Buy the ones we saw in the window, May sun
splattering them with pixels, we saw our selves
the two of us, and I said, Ah, what's the matter with me,
I have nothing to look forward to

Ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sail the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings, and suddenly
the pavement tears itself apart, a lift appears

Man comes up through the sidewalk
in front of Stella McCartney store in New York
a little bit down from Joe and Charlie's
To have seen so much, to have missed so much!

Why, next time we will do better, till our
bleeding feet spurt compassion in our hearts—

in our next life when, perhaps, we will return
as a shell on the beach and a little pink kitten,

Lucy.

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"Travel in Light Years," "I Know the Truth," "Proverbs," and "Hymn" appeared in *No* #5.

"An Audience with Kylie Minogue" appeared in *Shampoo* #24.

"The Magic Roundabout" appeared in *Onedit* #4.

"Anagrams" and "Two Swedish People" appeared online on *The Highest Number*.

"Kitten with a Whip," "Kitten on the Keys," "Cat Scan" and "T.S. Eliot" appeared in *Small Town* #6.

"American Idol" appeared in *Court Green* #1.

"Kylie Evidence," appeared in various forms in *Trepan* #1; as a talk delivered at the Kootenay School of Writing (Vancouver, BC), in February 2002; and online in *How2*, Volume 2, #1.

"Slow," "Is It All Over My Face?," "Almost a Lover," "Always and Forever," and "Free," appeared in *Tolling Elves* #20.

"Heavy Handed," "Fly," and "Your Disco Needs You (Video)" appeared in *MiPoesias*, Volume 16, April 2004.

"Second Thoughts" appeared online in *Second Avenue*, January 2004.

"There's a Dark Secret in Me," "Blind," and "Hi! I'm the Green Fairy" appeared in *The Poker* #1.

Colter Jacobsen turned "There's a Dark Secret in Me" into a sculpture that stood at the corner of Albion and Camp in San Francisco for the exhibition "17 Reasons," curated by Kate Fowle and Jack Hanley, summer 2003.

"Spinning Around," "Human League 1982," "G-House Project," and "Good Like That," appeared online on the Poetry Project website "Poems and Poets," in April 2002.

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