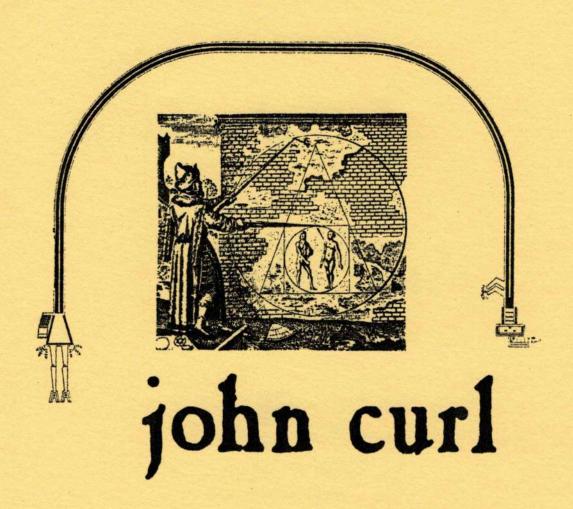
COSMIC ATHICS



COSMIC

For William and Walt.

ATHLETICS

poems by

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Poetry for the People

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Poetry for the People

San Francisco: 1980

For William and Walt.

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Some of these poems have appeared in The Unrealist and What Is Real?

Also by John Curl:

Poetry

Ride the Wind Insurrection/Resurrection Commu 1 Change/Tears

History

Worker Cooperatives vs. Wage Slavery (A History of Cooperation, Cooperative Movements & Communalism in America)

Poetry for the People

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bad bue mow to balls

Spring Water "Yam avol you it not til ob you blues work"

spring water trickles down vaginal hair
the bumps on your lover's nipples
the last time you told a lie
love letters of a sixteen year old girl
your mother's inhibitions
a kiss on each ridge all the way down your spine
cartoon characters laugh and punch each other's face
smoke from a burning flag
the king of Chicago hiding in Argentina
back at your old high school the principle has a
crush on his body guard

the airports spit barbed wire the streets are paved with turpentine all the lovers trying to get it all in before the bankers and lawyers are shooting each other and here comes nineteen-eighty-four

they're doing skin searches on the corner
you run your tongue along a sweet fold of skin
Rockefeller's starting to call himself a socialist
your lover's spirit flaps against a window of your soul
the highway turns to flaming blood
you open the curtain, beyond your neighbor's roof

a shimmering object rises and soars
they're serving vulture stew at the stock market
they're giving away the food at the supermarket
they're hurling bricks through bank windows
right on target

beauty queen's teeth are brown
evil clowns in judges' gowns
businessmen are falling down

the children are singing of the resistence provocateurs trying to start a race war seven major cities on general strike and here comes nineteen-eighty-four

Ballad of Mom and Dad

"How could you do it? Don't you love me?" rejet paired the toilet brush is earthquake-blue. rolling its sorrowful eyes on the payday line "I always save frozen orange juice containers to pour off chicken fat into" the cleanser smoked our coffee break while the bathtub ring is singing melon rinds "I was seven goddamn minutes late they got no right to dock me a half hour" the speedup is crackling, the gas bill is vicious "Oooo there are little round shiny bugs in the flour" "For crying out loud, can't you even wash the dishes?" the tv weatherman is doing a striptease the yellow cat snores in a puddle of burning machine grease the foreman whirls down the drain but a dream drowns his screams Mom is praying to deargod make it stop please Dad and Mom lie back to back, each hoping the other is asleep

Mommy was a choreslave till it broke her spirit
Daddy was a wageslave till it broke his back
Mommy got shrunk in the broomcloset
Daddy got stretched on the boss' rack
Dad's working nightshift and is hardly ever home
Mom kees whispering she only wants to be alone
Dad's beside the tv snoring and groaning
Mom's beside herself and wont answer the phone
Dad's got a heart attack and flowers on his stone
Mom's got cancer and you can see all her bones

Remember that evening in the park when you first touched each other's cheek?

remember how you slipped and skinned your heart?
remember when she didn't return your call for what felt like
almost a week?

remember his first fumbling your bra?

remember how your energy fields shimmered almost the same

and drenched your thankful mind in a hot glowing rain?

remember how the grind began to drive you apart?

how you were resigned to servitude three years at most,
well maybe five or ten,
how you panicked when you saw the gate swing closed
and the prophets of gloom turn out to be the wise,
remember how the lackies in their cocked silk hats
drove smartly past your pen
while their children sobbed and mocked at you
for having drunk their fathers' lies?

Daddy, I know you only did what you thought you had to do Momma, where'd you find the strength to pull us through? Daddy, don't try to stop me, I know what I got to do, they aint going to check-mate me

like they trumped all over you, all pawns are wild now and so are the knights of hearts, Momma, we got to light candles from the stars more autor there are come 1 - has not the age.

put away Their deeds and capital gains and put them to work tending the trees and cleaning the drains. ocean breeze, smells like rain

Daddy, I know you only did wim 2 to chought you had to co

the Democracy of Money is a curious land everybody in line because I told you to you're going to stay after school it's for your own good that's woman's work your rent will be thirty dollars more next month can't you work a little faster late again we'll have to let you go failure to complywith thiswarning every bodyclear the area let's seeyour i.d. handsuponthecar you don't quiet down we'll have to give you another injection "but this isn't direct democracy, this is representitive democracy..."

- 3 must edi do bierte m'I vennom

inequality among the children: quakefaults slash across the land. sand absorbing waves, waves pounding sand. of and all boodblade

forbidden

by plundering businessmen to share the necessities of common skies,
gulls gather hills trem ble valleys groan and str etch and begin to rise SANI SENSIQ BELOTISTS EGGO

- 4 Teets bas based sid galaste moving quietly at first, like plants in our coming together. fuscia buds unfold into clouds of Struggling toward transformation moths burst into flame. The distance I asod on throwing open all the doors and windows sweeping the shadows of ten thousand years from every closet of our brain. What What has never been ways dollo sit wast now seen before which way will the storm and Janiege somed ablesome blow the rain? at sold homes books of the

Who Are You Anyway

two deer jump through an emotion a snapdragon bends beneath a bee's weight you turn a corner and meet your shadow mommy I'm afraid of the dark reading a William Blake poem out loud a variauponi you got a bad grade on your report card sapwood encircles a douglas fir childhood in the house of trauma a spiral of mayflies above a stream you try to concieve of your mind stop playing with yourself those electrons spinning in your armpits sitting around depressed was named available cops charging picket line the guard strolls past your cell the ribs on your back remind me of a young antelope these lines change with the seasons they're strapping you down to the table you watch your lover take a bath sharing this bread and cheese

who are you anyway what is this place what'll we do now

rubbing elbows with the neighbors
look at that pretty girl
this is going down on your permanent record
no boss I won't do it
your lover isn't your truelove
you deserve better than this
hurling back teargas cannister
workers militia stopping scabs
you take the club away from a cop
national strike committee shuts down the highway
emeralds bounce against buttocks
neighborhood committee tearing down fences
ex-banker shuffles on the employment line
watering the garden

num energy blow from the east

you swim through your lover's chest kissing your beautiful stretch marks your lover really is your truelove you gaze into a weathered face and see a child

who are you anyway what is this place what'll we do now

a peach drops from a tree
the circle of our lives
tiny kisses on your breasts
fire blows through your navel
seed looks for a spot to put down roots
you make love to a wind
earthshadow move showly across moonvalley
an old man plays with a puppy
we owe each other a living
the reconciliation of the packs
snake sheds its skin
stepping through a stone into the wind
moon energy birth shine
the tribe climbs through a cloud into a new world

Disarming Ameroshima

sun energy blow from the east
river energy glow from the south
wind energy flow from the west
mind energy drone from the north or many drone are

the sweetsmell of damp pubes
the first time you ever tonguekissed
your lover giving you a gift
garbage islands drift in the middle of the ocean
chemical fog approaching playground
security guard splithead bloodgutter slum
your boss eyes you suspiciously
bankercancer added to preserve freshness
boardmembers expressing confidence in management
nuclear wastes trickle through cell walls
statistics hiding bureaucrat
fallout hovers over turtlenest
a leukemia of dividends
your grandchild plays with her birth defect

stormriders lifecyclone sit-in general staff surrenders to forest energymafia caught at the airport

poisons breaking down into vitamins
financeers flow into plows
the laugh of a weekold baby
your honey's mouth like the beach sun
rabbitfamily goes for a picnic
a million old people look up at the full moon
waking in your sweetheart's arms

Marigolds

marigolds drip with dew many to the begatte doy esusced dogs sniff each other in a circle monoring ode airth seuscad you walk barefoot across clover a shower of plum blossoms birds hop in a strange dance and an online sit to be proved a hippopotamus goes into labor sunflowers sway in a thunderstorm flowers are genitals you disagree about the sexes of a litter of kittens a rolling wave leaps from your lover's tongue you wonder if you should say no your lover plays with your toes your fingers tremble on a button you watch the part in your lover's hair a turtle chomps on a daisy you hold a succulent in each hand a rainbow opens before you and the keeper bids you come in you tickle god under the covers a morning glory sniffs the wind bumblebee snuggling blackeyed susan waterlily watching the clouds you spear a broccoli bouquet with your fork flowers are genitals and a vactor and hand as asusand genitals are flowers

because you and I are only now and here
because a bird doesn't care about its eclantific name
because these symbols scare the bribes off judges
because employees and tenants are in bondage and bondage
is supposed to be abolished in Americ
because these plums know exactly when to blossom
because this is neither this nor that and that is both the
and

because you were born to walk this ploket lind because every nore of your body is a star

Because

because of the moon through the branches of the trees because you slipped out of your dress because this shoppingcenter was once a hollow where at dusk whippoorwills sang

because the teacher said so because of the shine in an infant's eye because your hips feel like waterfalls because they don't care what else happens as long as they get theirs

because if you sit here very quietly redtail deer will walk by

because my mouth is filled with you because there's a universe under every fallen log and a wilderness under every flat stone

because hungry hearts prowl the streets of dream because they're tatooing the seaturtles with sulphur because you don't want to lose what little you've got

because talking on the telephone too much can give you cancer

because madrone trees don't lie

because the atmospheric ozone layer is worth more than deodorant

because Kickass rules the world

because these handcuffs are bleeding

because they installed a tiny microphone inside your ear because an American factory is almost a perfect miniature

of a fascist state

because of the markings on this ring

because you and I are only now and here

because a bird doesn't care about its scientific name

because these symbols scare the bribes off judges

because employees and tenants are in bondage and bondage is supposed to be abolished in America

because these plums know exactly when to blossom because this is neither this nor that and that is both that

and this

because you were born to walk this picket line because every pore of your body is a star

America, a Miracle

your lover is very sick
the manufacturers' association writes a new law
the cop orders you to show your i.d.

because worker collectives can do a better job running the industries than bankers' henchmen can because willows love to watch the ripples in a quiet pond because we want to abolish their power not kill them or become them

because our minds when left to float free always point north because overthrowing the government and overthrowing the dictatorship are not at all the same thing

because socialism without democracy isn't socialist and democracy without socialism isn't democratic

because in a mountain glade somewhere a yellow bird is warbling because even Richard Nixon was once a beautiful baby because consciousness purifies

because you can find the answer by looking very closely in your garbage can

because if you'll just wipe the blood from your face and climb back to your feet you'll fall helplessly hopelessly

something is nappening under the boardwalk
you wake up in a dream
you find a poem in a sandwich
beby watching bug on yellow weed flower
spirits ride the rings of saturn
the way you look on the solecular level
two spotted blue aggs beneath a hummingbird
a ladybug flies past your heart's desire
you roll your eyes back and see samise
you remember the words to the song
you remember the words to the song
you remember the words to the song
you rurn your lover over
rain floods a cemetary of timeclocks
a hundred pelicens join the pickettine
the phones we deed at the stockwarket

America, a Miracle

your lover is very sick the manufacturers' association writes a new law the cop orders you to show your i.d. someone has dumped garbage on our mountain a row of skulls guards the tunnel to the vault brown paper bag being handed to labor racketeer hailstones hit the streets of Cincinatti a green grasshopper rubs its antennae four-year-old tieing shoelace music envelops a maple tree worm eating its way through the soil beneath your feet a wind stretches your innermost muscles these words vibrating between our brains a gull looks down into a prison yard clouds tumble past the setting sun the crickets are suddenly quiet

this miracle

crown of a head pushing out through vagina your grandmother's last words two tongues encircle a comet something is happening under the boardwalk you wake up in a dream you find a poem in a sandwich baby watching bug on yellow weed flower spirits ride the rings of saturn the way you look on the molecular level two spotted blue eggs beneath a hummingbird a ladybug flies past your heart's desire you roll your eyes back and see sunrise your greatgrandmother giggles in the dark you remember the words to the song you pass beyond cosmic boredom you turn your lover over rain floods a cemetary of timeclocks a hundred pelicans join the picketline the phones go dead at the stockmarket

Riddle for a Drowneyed Dhild

workers rummaging through boss' office the boardmembers plead insanity tenants abolishing landlords rank-and-file-committee managing factory you seize control of your job the president calls for his mommy you nestle your lover's nipples like eternity you rediscover that work can be a joy continents drifting toward marriage languages mingle their seed deer makes love to unicorn the races go for a hayride the wind laughs at all borders the key fits your manacles you lose all fear you can't stop saying I love you you step out into the morning this miracle

some hely mile or enoter agreet not sentitence

Riddle for a Browneyed Child

Sometimes this seems like the strangest story sometimes my rib cage feels like the sky sometimes it all seems an alegory sometimes I can only shake my head and cry sometimes my room keeps quaking and nothing is ever what it seems

sometimes the dawn keeps breaking as I was and both wake from dream after dream

sometimes I feel like a coalminer
coughing up my black lungs

sometimes like a crystal deep in an unknown cave sometimes I feel like a picketline when a wild cat's just lunged

sometimes like a coyote when the moon and appropriate

begins to rave

sometimes like a deaf mute in a dictatorship of the blind

sometimes like a hawk soaring in an infinite mind

sometimes I feel I've been laughing since the first mud began to swell

sometimes I see all history passing in the space between two words

sometimes I feel like a

thought being thought by the last living cell sometimes you change before my startled eyes into a mynah bird

sometimes I see meaning in
the boxcars of a train
sometimes all is sunlight whirling through
my shining veins

sometimes I see holy absolution in every shattering of our chains

sometimes I feel socialist

revolution in every healing of our mental pain

sometimes I see we are progressing
along the fierce immobility of time
sometimes I feel only your nipples pressed
like flowers against mine

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Poetry for the People is a multi-cultural collective of poets. We believe in the idea that poetry which comes from the people speaks to the people. Poetry for the People is a modern day incarnation of a very old practice. We are one manifestation of the rebirth of people's poetry.

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