

PDX: ETC

aka
Highway to MT

poems
by

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*Under Re-Construction
not included in current printing

What was unseen
was what actually
happened.

I
swam

--you see

from
seat
to
ceiling
from
seat
to
ceiling
from

seat

to

ceiling

(and from this celestial view
the depth and breath
the co-mingling
humans emitting sounds
the radiant laquered rows

of grained oak floor
my own flowery tuft of hair
and body pressed in deep recline
to which i returned
hungry for home)

ceiling

to

seat
from
ceiling
to
seat
from
ceiling
to
seat
from

--you see

swam

I

happened.
was what actually
What was unseen

Mock Crest 40

Photograph from the bus stop
of the phantasm city set at river's edge,
where it fell, snowballed to a plop stop
down the forest green. Shutter speed
a one over one two five. Light just right.

A Press. A Click--

A pit tap echo a half hail
splash on my duffle bag straps
Now waiting for the bus
the bus
a slink shrunk-wrapped,
unshivering
space on the move
an indoor transporter
forecast for here
Willamette Blvd
where down below
in the palisade's nest
the rivet gun whirs
8 cranes pose at take off, at
point-to-the-clouds-in
parade--
a Drydock giant repair shop
a hospital boatwash
the bus'll come sometime soon
Come counting
backwards from thirty
My hat over my ears over my cold smeared face
pit tap from the milk straw sky
Don't look round the tree bone bend
the bus'll come sometime soon
Mock Crest Four Oh
then who knows
where it
with I will go

She spins around
dials the outpost
hears clicks in the dusk
in her bed
her tongue spelling words
into the roof of her mouth
(where no one else can hear)
"It's me"

coast to coast
the map is honest
He has carved Jack-o-lanterns
and set them on the lawn
forks sleep alone on the left
spoons and knives marry on the right
Their voices still
tiptoe to stems of wine
when seconds tasted of cinnamon
and foreign tongues
"It's me"

Yellow light highlights
Her body again in the doorway
her hands legs eyes
"It's me" she says
He is silent
overwhelmed by the rain
Suddenly far from home

Again again
a shotgun blows--
butterflies flutter over windshields
and we're walking the streets
Jazz man kicking flips
off buildings

Vintage turn in
turn around
pizza crust thick with mood
And the stoops filled
with birds content
not to fly
just to sit
to wait for the wind
cawing
"Hey man
Got any crust?"
We are all riddled with holes

Still Life: Writer with Spanish Guitar

Picking
Picking up
He's clearly working
worked up
leaning
elbows on the table
forward
fingers inventing tango
cafe man oh man
He is going to stand and run I'm sure
He has taken the medicine
He has begun the incantation
Heavy as a tangerine
his last thought
seeded the clouds
I have seen it before
to this very song
He is already in the story
OUTSIDE AND SCREAMING
He's dragging the body across the page
His horses have leapt the synapse

"The storm is coming
People People THE STORM IS COMING
Gather your children and your precious things
Rush the underground, Pop your umbrellas
the puddlemaker is squeezing his sponge
blue will be blue will be blue
the earth will soon be wet with rain"

May 17

She stopped the bleeding
it was unorthodox but even the movement
of her legs is unorthodox
her arms incongruous antenna for soft things.
She stopped the bleeding
without pressure or sutures
she held it far off, far away
not looking not thinking
"I don't need to look" she said
and taught herself not to look
Soon the blood flooded her clothes,
red rivulets ran behind her, followed
her home like water through the
veins of a plant til it was taken for a ritual,
Her blood stains dissected the streets, marked
bus seats and taxi cabs, coffee mugs and
clothing on the racks she fingered and
tried on in back rooms. Then on a
seventeenth of May "What am I
not looking at?" she asked.
This is when it stopped...

Dead End West, Pioneer Square Fugue

You turn your face to the sun
A woman stands before the shrine
"Are you able to help today?" she asks
"No, I cannot help" you say
But cars course through your right ear
Fountain waters pour from the purple tiles
A wheelchair suspends its creak
 across the red names
Even a young boy is raising his voice
above the crease of an amateur violin
above another perfumed gust of wind
His scream moves out of reach
of his lengthening shadow
And everything is set at a distance that
 cannot be measured with hands

We went looking for stories
but no one showed
no one pulled a gun
or fell from the buildings
We rested our heads between
the valley of the double lines
We listened for hooves, for motors
but the cars and horses
never came

suddenly we knew there
was no director
no editor no audience

We put away our pens and
burned our empty notebooks.
From the peak of our typewriters
we made our Declaration:
“There will be no movie.”
Gathering into a pack,
we posed like runners
and turned quickly to stone
The fire smoldered
a gas lamp cast a red glow
We arrived at the moment
before the universe began

In heavy coats
and mud-splattered boots,
people walked by on their way
home from work
Some tossed coins
and small bills
into our upturned hats

Caption: Carnival

In the picture
he is throwing his arms
into the air
up the brick
oven red brick building

He is throwing his arms
his head back
colors like fireworks
geyser firing upward
from his mouth
from somewhere deeper within
love chemist
what intimacy cannot contain
what wells under pressure
what has no adequate object
energy compounds
looped like Olympic rings
here a revelation in glitter hues

and he sings it
shares it
throws it
stomps and
coffee caffeine high hyperactivates it

and upwards it plumes
seeding the heavens
beyond these streets
Who knows
what rains it will later bring

Rainbow Poem, Arc it if you will

fire truck double decker bus type A tomato ants ladybugs hatchback throat heart
Valentine

Staten island ferry reflector vest basketball firefly harvest pumpkin sunset halloween
ember

Maine raincoat lemon glare yield taxicab indecision lightning scared big bird banana
greed statue of liberty lime chlorophyll caterpillar praying mantis artichoke

book in the veins highways policeman ocean sad jeans curacao

dragonfly fabric dye lullaby gem stone seer

spider viking spring Paris Metro royalty

at the fairground

a billowing smoke
strobe lit communion mass
hundreds of human portals
a love collective of particles

me beside you
you pressing in
to the glowing thick
and it's gonna rain

rain a firefly glaze
and we'll soon have
phosphorescent skins
outlined in electric

shoulders and necks
bellies and asses
legs and feet
together on a treasure hunt

for the light we wear

kuffner needs moto veight-
shun-ill conversational. He needs
mojo suu-ther, massagification
for his out-ward dis-syncopation
Is this, he poses, the
neutron collective, aftermath
of great ceiling swim of the
hier soir, the yester
day
eve?
ah-hum

Standing on Marilyn

"Do you remember?"

"You were standing on Marilyn"

"You were the only one walking from Hollywood to Venice to see how big the city is"

"It was storming in New York"

"I spoke to you in French so no one overhearing understood"

Photosynthesis transforms sunlight into sugar.

"You drove me to a cafe painted entirely turquoise with white tables

"We did cut-ups from newspapers and conversations

"Nothing lacked significance"

I added things you said to our stew.

Their poems can't touch me

"It was storming in New York"

You said, "Let's see what happens if we finish where we begin"

As I die everything will dissolve element by element into my heart

"You took me back to exactly where we met"

"You were standing on Marilyn"

"and then, to the moment just before"

Oracle

What I see--little boys running
top hats
blue angels on red flower petals
a green swirl, summer leaves hoisted in tornadoes--
twisters
a gargoyle dog, blood red tongue refracting
& Van Gogh's orchards, olives, hands in prayer
the dandelion ruffle of a cap and
face made of fingerprints
There is a long thin priest walking towards us while
the wind curves westward
I see a forest, chess piece stallions
a bouquet replanted
the desert and the sea and two trees of a forest
A landscape that repeats in infinite regress
a winged lion stretched out flying
a something sinister, sarcastic, darkening
half-hiding
an ultrablue pervading suddenly disappearing
strokes of colors on a flat nylon sheet
flares of thought
flowers beginning to bloom
I can see flowers blooming
the bathtub is nearly full

The Rooftop

We crawled out the window
our bodies pressed flat
on cold iron slats
then climbed
the escape to
our place
in the gyre
of night

she named all the stars
with the words she liked best
names for her children
her animals
and her teddy bear
when they are born

I took her hand
thinking
of nothing
the sky
spinning
leaves
falling from trees
our toes dangling
over the roof

Highway to Mt--
speller's incantation

Coke canvas arm lever swig
caffeinatè this metallic blue
mer

-say

-dees

subdivide 'tis the farm
land

punk rush past six eight M.

P.

H.

I spy

bird for

-may

-shun V.

visual crash at

telegraph wire T.

pictograph, red and black is brown

Follow the gray blotch interstate

asleep in high tone back. G-

blast, pot and pan

cascadia floats in haze

a cracked carcass shell

The distance between word

and thought is R.

spell spell spell

We will cross the range

We will cross to high

plain M

t

wa da zee

a-dum dum

wa da zee

a-dum a-adum

Pacific Coast, 1995...

Forty seven miles to the foot of the sea. Each night here the world comes to an end. Eyes join the tide in its rise. 1 A.M. A momentary clarity, a single existence, a single expanse of tide, heart, wind. Millions of flecks of electric snow fall up towards shimmering star tunnels. The ground wakes, a cartography of iridescent temples. Long silken ants accelerate from fluid into light, red streams that ride the highways of the continent delivering unfinished stories. (There will be no return to exactly here. It is already a memory.) Why this place I do not know. An archipelago, two centimeters on the atlas of the universe where a shipwreck forever rocks, an island of creaking shadow destined to never reach land. From a circle I've made of stones, fire and voices, the ritual it is my turn to lead is almost complete. The water continues to rise. I've surrendered nearly every nerve, all creases pushed from the surface of the skin. OCEAN. A tender devastating arrival, when the body knows all things.

passport renewed
he unfolds the map

“I am here” he says
pointing to a moment
where everywhere else
disappears

“I am here” she says
tearing the manuscript
he is still writing
page by page

and it's three hours of rain
traversing the mountains
and it's three hours of fire
looking for home

Elephants

The elephants are on my eyes again
Gray and pink,
with enormous yellow ears
I blink but stubbornly they stay
Their trunks wrap about my lashes
their full weight like anchors
stilling my will

I try a diversion-- music
not a lullaby but
Battacuda
Then Fela
Nas in mid-stream
They spin and stomp
They drain my last reserves
but their great bulks
carve no path
over my forehead and
out of my works way

The gravity of the situation is clear
Their hypnogogic revelry continues
They lean against my nose
smoking cigars
waiting for that waitress
dressed in lucid cream and white
and a planetarium of moons and stars

Wearily, my last resort, I tilt my chair
to catch them imbalanced
A brief tussle ensues
a flurry of trunks and lash fists
But they dig in their heels
They regain their composure
and sit even more stealthily
atop my upper dwindling lid

We wait in this stalemate
that place between worlds
Till a yawn I cannot resist
is followed by a sigh
from my lungs, out my lips
My upper eyelids gently sink
like the sun going down beyond the ocean
I know I have lost, the elephants have won
They will get what they came for
Their movie has begun.

Flashback & Freedom, Kingston

Tight sailor ass Bell bottom Jeans,
roped sandals, fly collars, beads in dime bags
five nylon floral and faux fur hats, thermal onesie
tie dyed at the crotch and heart,
17 wornout gray cumberbun prom tuxedos
four sequined suitcases, german
Messerschmitt fighter pilot pants
yak yarn mittens
The Flashback and Freedom Boutique
buck-a-pound fridays
on racks in boxes
ruffle pink oxfords
tarnished silver I Love You etched bracelets
porcelain shaped animals made in ohio,
LANDSCAPE MAINTENANCE
MY NAME IS LANCE
<<vintage>> the word means...
combat boots
army apparel above zero below zero
orange striped bow ties
purple feathered boas
1970s Rock 'n' Roll Union Jack couture
Maid costumes & 50s cocktail gowns
a wig for tomorrow's trip to the bowling alley
trash or treasure
AS IS
I've driven 30 miles
to downtown Kingston
to get something
somebody didn't want
or couldn't take into the afterlife
or had pried from their dresser drawers
and now it's mine
it's story covers my skin....

Moon number 299
orange full and low
exhaling into the city
lifting its waters
its seas its skins
Breathing
into my very marrow
silver streams
violet drops
an anniversary
filling the inner night