

DRUMTOPS

DENISE DOOLEY

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Cabinet

Removing ourselves to settings where we are novelties remains an option, cockle.

On a wrong stair procession confuses the case.

Pluck the feathers as they grew.

A

description in affectionate tones is a trick you used yourself, sleepy.

Restraint scours out kindness, sweet pea.

Mount them by height.

#22

tube of tissues, my ear blooms

open for only this phone tonguing lady.

Bray lists the bus, teeth light, bulbed marquee

run in ripples. Can't pay fare (faces and states
rubbed from coins, sand and silt)

she shrugs, slipper foot in the fold
of the door, jams on, sits near me, sits gently.

My swishy vest makes less noise
than her burr coat: clattering bus seat,

brambles binding waist. Green powder leaves
settling osco bags, scattering chaff.

Claw window glass, scrape weep
arm twigs, thumb thorns, No.

A fur coat, snow silent sable stoat.

Matting down bus noises, holding in oil hairs all

but her lift laugh, mryh fall to wax on me.
Lists, wet lips, pet names, No.

Poured concrete coat and hat made
of masonry, What are you looking at

why do you stare at me.

May the Workers Skin Return

tingle and bills
white the measure of distance to compost.

employ:
ur opera
of threat

un-comfort shifting discomfort back
of threat phlegm caught breath hips shifting
wrong against spine base this means

not too heart beating fast in jug
throat fifteen cages of light birds and light
frogs under cover at neck, thigh wrist thigh artery artery
opened sung threat.

lait off.

grease creases ghosting the wallets.
flesh breaking falling from flank
of the horse. dogs not
leaping at the
rich crotches. dark moles
align at
their grommets.

F-1

Roman dogs set paws in sequence at edges where
grass grows up through brick through rusting briar,

mouths open as dragons are always drawn: approaching
fast, having come from far off knowing where you were

to be found. Often and when they are sleeping warm
pulses flow their surfaces: stomach, spring bladder, furred ear.

Their frames raise serrated to horizon. Same striate
closer interrupt textures entire. Chicks

born small
as eggs,

tongue-lapse,
pill-whole.

Four Three

The world bends, she rests
her heavy face in the outstretched arms
of my neighbor. He is in the courtyard.
He is yelling for his own mother
inside. Sirens from the distance
start rising all around him, and lights,
and firetrucks like arrows on the ground,
and what he is yelling is dead,
Murky, don't want her, and dead.
It is four in the morning or three with the
clock change and the weather is tepid and the sky is not bluing
and the two cops are slow in their belts.
They are walking and opening, closing the gate.

Colostrum

All night there are wolves at
the door and I wake there are
wolves at the door. Noisome

snort and breathing. Bull wheeze
of lead pipe choked, whinny of
screw thread stroked with a file.

Push and the pits fall
over me, boiling grains
of rice, bellies gray, bare

as a nipples sow. My neighbor is
sorry. She needs to sell them,
seventy dollars. They eat so

much. They pretty she says, pedigree,
they are. Tooth on bone blood in
water color of a house fly painted to

the sill. But they pay only if you breed or
you fight them. They show
smoke rubber gums to my floor.

Kids on Dunes

plumb-bob legs
postures of a
rabbit picked up
and shown in
 one big hand
running sand cliffs
piled at the
angle of poured
salt, axe feet
finding the
soft below the
soft like we're
throwing
off a bridge
like it finds
 the places under
even the dimes find it, even
the spit, at bottom
 thin beach
saying start
back to your small
familiar, climb
 powder of shells
silicate sediment,
run the flesh of the water
weeds flapping.

Will Get After Your Ass

Hooves, woven bread,
resting nested eggs,

striking ache of
fatted bag,

spike space
behind your

back where
pocked talk

rises.
Danger, man.

Duck and jerk
of beaked, pink

fingered bats.

Craw

square of sidewalk
abutting the gear toothed
next square of sidewalk:
molar fit. in shared slot
teems all something
stoking the blackbirds
(tendon of tripod claws
jumping, drumtops)
rising black
ant hulls in spill shape
parameter of lost or melted
soda, /still the birds
rioting around it open,
strategy angler, is it
a myth that
elephants ever ate peanuts arms
of their trunks' ends infolding
wavering infant finger could
tusks chew so precise

For Two Voices

Tell again of the things at our backs. Sure as
pipes: forking, gluing water to rivers.

Here . Teeth walk teeth, gait beats ground. To root, you root against.

Yes and piglet curl and braids unfurl, clods break,
clods cough again. Gird and brace. And give a list of wells better to say.

Cables: rounding, cupping the underground tickings
better to hear. Moved and modes of moving we resist.

Cattle: low, sleeping fall slow
for we, no, Here now, go. Under, or skid.

Bone-shot feet parabola, they sky domino.
Grind is now ground, is grounded. Temples built to tumble.

Brother Bruiser

x

A tablet chewed turns powder
poured flat over road She meant
to leave the light on.

x

If you blink
they will dim
back at you.

x

Lilt your
chin. Man the
charmed character,
switch bits
in a drill press.

x

Dogs nurse baby donkeys.

Sea frogs

and land frogs. And tree frogs.

Specious

outsourced species optimism.

x

Walmart gulls run
ballbearings on the lot.

Do they really digest
paper.

Updraft and flock lifts.

x

Black molds grow
and red molds slowly
grow. Lime spots flow in the
taps. So little soft water.

x

The creekbeds
fill like ticks.
This thought
you knew
they'd do.

Cardinal Hotel

Ballrooms smelling of sleeping
ambassadors, this is what we want
to fight you for, Nations, this is why

shadow jowls with pin bristles pile

stones around the dent lined
with a rubber pond mat,
gel batting sagging in diapers.

On Moiré 1999 Adding Machine Paper Tara Donovan

flagstone or tidepool soil colony

live meats escaping

light in a looped run of holes buying

white blind or wide white crumb, lashing or

lime shelled. Reign your lateral reign. Able

to admire the cracky backed

crush you don't crush, the cheek

to cheek of tired teeming

fish, fog as salve, as school.

Low at the base of the bay,

baying, lay strong as stuck nails,

layered shingles, shellac,

parts of an armored arm flakes of salt peeling

back off each other in the shrink of the dry.

On Tara Donovan, Untitled (Toothpicks) 2004

deserved thing, harder down through it.

Shifted gravel more

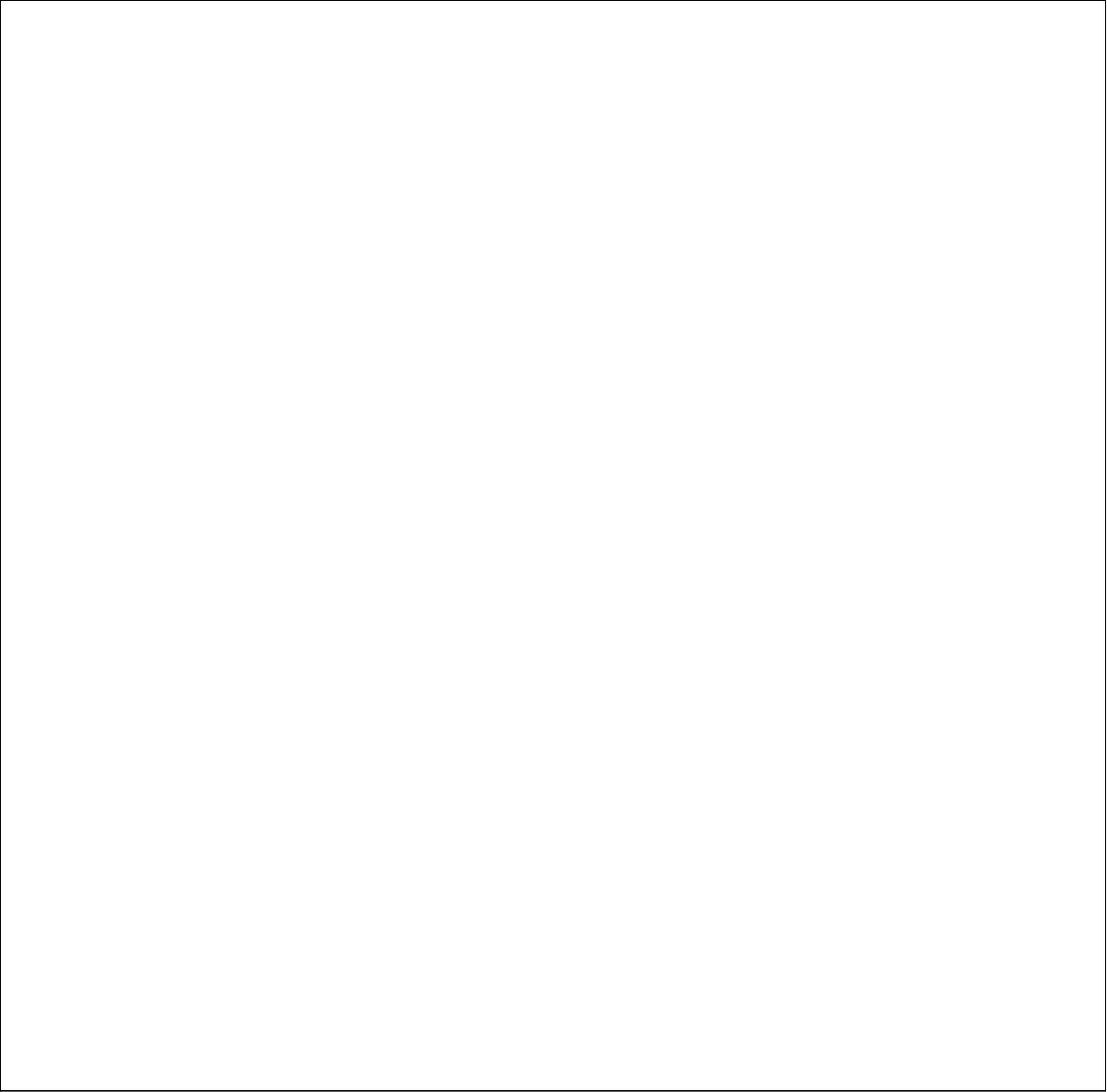
like her self, breathing slowed to

an audible wet saying

more truly each time

not a

thing i can back, not my act.



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