

Poetry Series

Alan Bender

- poems -

Publication Date:

July 2006

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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0. Retail Love Affair

"... a pair of what
 appear to be humans
Appear to be loving."
from "Judging Distances"
 by Henry Reed

There was something
About her upright smile
He never quite got,
Maybe it was the orientation,
Or was it the location?

She kept it
Covered and concealed,
And his timing wasn't the best,
About noon,
When he was looking for action,
She took her break.

So he came back
Early, to get another chance,
A new viewing angle, but
She had already
Flashed through shoes and
moved on to underwear.

He was left to the only pleasure left,
Undressing her with his eyes,
Not as good as the story
He told, but at least
She was satisfied with the bargain.

Alan Bender

0. Virtual Encounter

... part 2

She did not feel violated
Ideas inside her grew
literally,
renewal
swelled exponentially.
The power of 2
1,2,4,8, ...
Gut feelings
beyond sensibility
conjured,
Her confidence emerged
upon the page
stunning revelations,
acceptance
fate bestows,
lines of special profligacy
born of indeterminate
creativity.

Punching hot keys
furiously
casting caution to the winds to
tergiversate the muses,
she offered
sacraments of poesy.
Testaments of her self-fertilization
co-damnation
copulation incantations
Judged superior
published widely
as Sappho's consort
who
knew her only
figuratively.

Part 1...

Like an amateur
website porn queen
she phished the blog
poetry
on a dark stream of lust and desire.
Got hooked by a verse
she could not ignore,
gently it touched
her curiosity,
it felt warm on her tongue,
she took the words
deep in her throat.

Feeling them explode
inside her
made her juices flow.
Wanting more,
she waited for a
a deep metaphor
penetrating
to places she had
never felt before...

She lost control, feelings
swept over her,
shaking her
with wave after wave
Indescribable.
Overwhelmed.
She whimpered off
to sleep
dreaming of the fingers
that caressed the keys,
lit up her mind,
took her,
shredded her virtual modesty,
turned her over,
touched her again
and again
and again
left her helpless
and warm
for days.

Alan Bender

0.1 Fart Smellers Guide to P() et Counseling

[Lf Margin 1.5', Bold, Font Size 14pt, Rt Margin 1.5']
(Condensed Version for text based poetry sites that know not what they are missing)
[HRt, HRt]

[9spaces]poem books impersonating radio talk show hosts[HRt][35spaces]who keep monkeys for pets[HRt]so they don't have to walk dogs or hate cats[113spaces]always{HRt, HRt, HRt, HRt} have [60spaces] these [HRt,60spaces] GAPS [25 spaces] * * * * * [HRt] places where the monkey steals the show [22 spaces] or learned the ways of dogs [HRt]and [60 spaces] smelled the rat, [HRt] [42 spaces] the goddamn cat who wasn't there [Hrt, HRt] wasted a life for [HRt][90 spaces] just to [HRt] make the point.[HRt, HRt]

Poems have their disabilities, [33 spaces] books rarely have hospitals, only infirmaries, [HRt][21spaces] so inflamed appendices rarely get[10 spaces] treated [HRt] and [HRt] [Hrt, HRt, HRt][28 spaces] so [Hrt, HRt] there is always this frantic stare hidden [HRt,60spaces] in pages with nothing but [HRt] blankness [22 spaces] striking fear in the anal [26 spaces] parts the host (always in a hurry) , [Hrt, HRt] [18 spaces] did not [HRt][83 spaces] could not [HRt] eliminate. [HRt] [63 spaces] Choosing instead to count [HRt] [32 spaces] iambically [HRt] [58 spaces] divide metrically [HRt] and waste paper [HRt] [40 spaces] in lieu of its intended... [Hrt, HRt] (it can get messy that way) . [HRt, HRt, HRt] [57 spaces] Monkey making tricks [Hrt, HRt] dogs chomping the good lines [HRt] [63 spaces] before the goddamn cat [HRt] figures out he's not there and cannot spoil the party [HRt, HRt] [55 spaces] but [HRt, HRt, HRt] does it anyway. [3xHRt]

[93 spaces] Inevitably, [HRt]laws will be passed to shred poets dream[HRt] [50 spaces] because they keep proving with [Hrt] books [HRt, HRt] that space [HRt][48 spaces] not words [HRt] [60 spaces] is, is, is what makes impersonation [HRt] irrelevant.[3xHRt]

Web pages are no answer [HRt][110 spaces] they [HRt] [18 spaces] don't know a format from a space cadet [HRt, HRt] [50 spaces] confuse error messages for irony [HRt] [33 spaces] simple enough for dogs to understand [HRt] and parodied by monkeys when [HRt][62 spaces] a banana stand is [HRt] [26 spaces] metaphorically [Hrt, HRt] pushed into the margins to make room[HRt][60 spaces] for, oh probably philosophy, [Hrt, HRt] maybe Greek letters emancipated, [HRt] [88 spaces] running from an [HRt] Euclidean proof [HRt]cut transversely from an '06 [HRt][52 spaces] dumbed down [20 spaces] isosceles [HRt, HRt][22 spaces] contraction. [8xHRt]

[25 spaces]Oh where will it end? [3xHRt]
Monkeys will [HRt] [60 spaces] be [28 spaces] teaching slams [HRt, HRt, HRt] and English teachers writing Farsi Mandarin clues [Hrt, HRt] [77 spaces] in tele-prompter verse.

Alan Bender

0.4 Four Knew Kate

Hotter than stink bait to a carp
putting cunt on-line
to blow the cyber cover of the lurkers—
those peanut dicks

whose eyes are bigger than their mouse.
A ploy that works every time
a simple 4 letters with no
anagram confusions. Letters the elementary

teacher wouldn't touch.
A scrabble no-no everyone knew
but never said,
a nun's untouchable

in a unitary order of vulgar meaning.
No Annie Oakley trick post
rubber necked into many shapes
like stop, pots, tops, or spot.

A self directed little word
popped out of a nonsense "nutc"
stimulated by simulated interactions.
It could curl the lip of preachers

Elicit a curt remark from most any prude dude
Something U had that others
did not,
keeps thoughts on the subject

or was it an object?
It could go either way, you know it does,
depends on the circumstance.
Satisfaction packaged in small pieces

a silver bullet that will ring a bell,
a token dropp of a hint,
a rise to the bait
four letter suggestion of the best to come. □

That is why she put it on her fingers,
sent it down the fire wire
in HP standard fashion.
Just an orgy

made for the mind
without the muss and the fuss.
Ergo: word play
more or less.

Alan Bender

1. Hard Time Forgotten

'By all love's soft, yet mighty powers, '
: Lord John Wilmont

by now
all he can remember,
curl of red on a flower bud.
That is how he knew her then.
Oh, he had opened her with his tongue
her tulip lips, they fluttered,
welcomed the horny sun-
of-a- gun unsheathed by her fingers.
After that it was pretty much
the same as always. Ecstasy.
But hard to breathe beneath
unsatiated animal fury.
He whistled and avoided a kiss goodbye,
anyway he got a free ride
out of town and on to the next.
He still smells the flower
every time he does it alone
in an empty bed.
Nameless in missing memory holes
he hums the eponym he can't recall,
softly it carries him off
for now.

by now
she is fat and frustrated
no more hot throbbing clam.
That is how it was on the beach back then
her pussy lips, they quivered,
absorbed in pleasure
waiting for the inevitable.
It was pretty much the same.
Ecstasy. The smell of unwashed fisherman
invaded the cool night air.
No faking satisfaction with screams
she got a free ride
She was on top in her world.
His name was indelible,
nom de plume, I think he said.
She repeated it and wondered what it meant
English was her language
His performance wasn't that good,
hedone-ism is what she called it.
His memory was better,
better than nothing
for now.

Alan Bender

2. The Cost of Paying for Free Speech

1. The hazard of setting a standard

The once proud poets
Stripped of their unorthodoxy
have become ordinary
No unusual sexual orientations,
outlandish points of view, it is
"Get an education" in the everyday way
Forget tradition
POETRY is now an acronym

P is for publishing
O is for oversight
E is for elitism
T for tried and true, if not tiresome
R yes, don't forget the resume, and
Y the text message Tantric for ambivalence,

and please
recall the role of the COET
commercial co-dependent
(repetition, that is good)
editor troglodytes

Those MBA with MFA
who keep the (dependency) silent
the ad disguised as CO
and,
Nobody mentions the D
The letter that looks like a reclining elephant
when the p is on one end
& q on the other
That is what they do,
watch the Ps and Qs and pretend
to ask questions but never mention
the elephant
the effete verse mystic misrepeats
to gain notice
and fame in the shortcut acronym way.

□

2. Advice that applies only to genius

When it comes to a
contest
Never send them your
best

Competition is just a
cudgel
Losers submit to. A
judge's

Biases? Don't sell out to
vanity
Resist the rules of such
insanity

Send them a message of
hope,
scorn, or contempt. Some
dope

may read it and
decide
It is better than their
pride

can tolerate. Has rhyme, the
kind
that pierces a simple
mind

& reveals a truth. You do not
get
a prize for exposing a

.....disconnect!
t!

3. Sad truths not taught in school

Editors are nothing but neo-literarians
Right wing gramarians afraid
afraid to come out of the neo-con(text) closet
afraid of alienating the idealistic
fools
(who believe
the Wood Guthrie song
Eisenhower understood better than Ginsberg)
Marching, mindlessly to Borders
to buy a latte, and reread
and pay and pay and pay and pay.

Alan Bender

Classified No Secret

I read the classified today, looking for a bargain
All I found was a misleading ad for Cheney
It was a call to adventure, and free life insurance,
But I am too old to die for nothing special, at least
That is what the ad said to me, a disabled vet,
One who no longer believes the myths we were sold.
It has to do with rank and privilege, moral amnesty,
Going blind for fame and promotion, tunnel vision,
Pensions for prevarication, presumptively promised,
Passively delivered like a B-52 napalm payload.

Back when the draft card was spurned and burned,
Citizens soldiers hated their work and loved their country.
Volunteer mercenaries believe in power ball,
Lotteries for life in exchange for short, sure winnings.
Living becomes a dice roll, payoffs for profits
Most never get in a scratch ticket bar room gamble,
Addicted to a false promise that death delivers
We spend our tax refunds to fill up our SUVz
Head back home and watch X-rated DVDz
Killing is not an amateur affair,
The green back says it all, "In God We Trust"

Alan Bender

Click Start to Logout

Riding past a Lutheran cemetery yesterday
right across the road from a Catholic one,
I got to thinking, are they still members there?
How about the other sects or heathens
Do the dead have to finally make a choice
Are there agent saints that force them to be
Lutherans or Catholics? Maybe that is how
crematoriums get their business— a 3rd way—
Picture the signs on the road to the pearly gates:

With wine (tastes great)
Without wine (less filling)
Fire water/hold the water
We only sell the best in promises,
no destination guarantees or refunds,
decisions of the judge are final.

Kind of like greed in the crap shoot of life
Only here when your number comes up someone else wins
Grave maker, undertaker, bone shaker
Counting on remorse to shame survivors
Pay the toll to get past the gate to claim their estate

The dead they got no choice except L, C or O
the way it looked to me as a passerby
at the cemetery on the road
where I rode,
opposite the arrows painted on the highway,
back to life in a small town
where church steeples are the high points
behind elevators.

Alan Bender

Common Denominator

Full to the whim with phantasy
Elementary particles live in a vacuum
Defined by eloquent equations

Nothing gets out of a black hole
Except a divergent imagination
Traveling silently in boson darkness

One caught below with 119 zeros
A cosmic constant holds them
Slaves in Higgs field incarceration

Unable to make the quantum jump
They wait for a physicist to see
A collision to make their debut

Alan Bender

Cosmic Encryption

The strange quantum uncertainty
here, there, and everywhere,
within, without, nonrandom bits sustain
universal poetic harmony.
The aetheric history matter dark intones

mystically to a poet on a quantum trip
entangled with monkeys
programming an escape from reality.
The centaur got a gyre wiring diagram
Took the labyrinth to MIT

Yeats was rejected by editors
for anticipating Asimov.
Einstein's E got lost forever
in an alternate frame of reference.
And,42 was the answer we seek after all.

"was" that nonlocal past tense rheomode
phenomenon of the explicate order.
Mind - matter measurement scale factors
aside, consciousness, the muse,
the psi of Pythagorean dream, endures.

Alan Bender

Cosmic Rhythms Quilt Show

Scissors, thread, material
Woven into a community
Worship homily,
Regaled
Like strange attractors in a chaotic
Universe of craft and color
A sensory overload of line
And moving geometric clarity
Focuses life pattern emergence.
Hovering in the twisted
Exhibition space,
Human eyes,
Reduced to observing points,
Float like planetesimals
Pushed and pulled by subtle forces
Charged by emotion and memory.
Distances lose meaning,
Unknown dimensions
Fondle the consciousness.
Like dream interpretations,
The hazy messages
Capture the lucid mind,
And an assembled reality
Integrates pieced time
Into quilted harmony.

Alan Bender

Exploding Dark Matter Secrets

Artist Cornelia Parker explored her ground-breaking (literally) work, 'Cold Dark Matter: An Exploded View' by getting the army to blow up a garden shed in order to re-create the first moments after the creation of space and time. Here follows an abbreviated report from the grey literature:

Underwear is unnecessary said the impertinent scientist
Hidden pleasure is a my hypothesis

Observations will be collected all day in the darkness
of missing unmentionables in a waste elimination zone

The budding scientist kept her secrets hidden
She could not find a place to publish her journal entries
but she discovered while repeating her results
why Einstein had eliminated socks as a variable
as he built his theory of time and space

The truth of her miscalculation was uncovered
by accident when a big boom scared her pants off

Alan Bender

Let Peace Begin My Friend: Are we there yet?

I read "Crater Lake" by Louise Glück and I have to commend her ability to evoke a head nodding glibness so preponderant on a bottomless scene. The kind of thing a person misses when skipping MFA-lite for a Bud. None-the less maybe it's—

It just them, ahem, Northwest fools
Lookin for a bigger font they can call their own
We got your protest radio
Your online malcontents hiding in DSL convents
Them fat white folk indignant indigenents
Feeling guilty for their white sodium salmon damns
Casting clams on CALA49A Saab snooty PDAs
But I don't give dam
Whose gorge is Oregondered organically
It'z just the smell of a Washington nowhere man
Loadin up on Outlook spam and cheese
Seattle's Best ain't good enough
The donkey died and Carlos doesn't pick here anymore
Mount Hood stood for something
Chief Joseph got his name from some mission minded
Big behinded teepee crawling preacher man
Ebay short list unseconded low bid auction fan
Invited to the I9V adventure exit van (return)
Filed in triplicate for papers to the xL Snooperbowl
Just to prove they tried
Took Amy Goodman for a ride on Soros gin
With left investment green mountain men
Oh if Kesey and the Farout Fuss Budget Trust
Still has a Big Rock Candy Fountain can
Let the We We Wooden
Shoes Red Wood Band begin
We'll march off to war with hemp hats
Dr. Korvokian canons in our camera lens
Take a pot shot at the Livermore Livingstem
Nuclear shooting star
And here we are
Back from around the bend
It just us and them, two East West fools again

Alan Bender

Quantum Relationship

His mass was less than she expected
Her tremolando cascade in F-space
Forced quantum choices in a snow storm
ejected anti-neutrino shower. Delirium
confounded string theorists
crossed the event horizon to observe
cosmologists contemplating quarks,
exchanging M-branes for a Polchinski
D-Megaverse hip hop domain.
Pure mistaken fermion attraction
complementarity, love at a distance,
Feynman diagrams could not contain
It was annihilation at first touch
entanglement could not restrain.
A mating, only theory can explain.

Alan Bender

The Game of Quantum Poker

Bohr sees Einstein

God's dice
are thrown one way,
but dark comes out of light,
which goes back to square one, no right
choice left.

Heisenberg calls Pauli

You are
not there? I must
leave first then you will come?
If I were you, then we would be
both here.

Clinical Dispensation

There is something special
about a knows-it-all,
They don't ask questions,
or think beyond the pall.

Such would be extravagant,
risk exposure. Perchance
appear confused, or miss a step
in some mysterious dance.

In a land of safety and security,
the power of conviction never,
ever gets out of their control.
Colorless, they stay forever clever.

Alan Bender