Poetry Series

Alex Nodopaka

- poems -

Publication Date:

September 2009

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Alex Nodopaka (1940)

Biopsy

Conceived in Ukraine Alex Nodopaka originally exhibited in Russia,1940. Studied tongue-in-cheek at Ecole des Beaux Arts, Casablanca, Morocco. USA, full time author, artist, art instructor, art judge and Art editor at www.mammequinenvy.com

Works:

See the book section of

http: //www.authorsden.com/alexnodopaka

9.11

Hello you!

As limpid as crystal
you stream

d
o
w
n

my throat
quenching my spontaneous fire

Oh! dear
what throat you have
and your lips
like nine eleven
to my rescue

c
o
m
e

On the rocks
I'll have Vodkahh!

Ahhh!

And you!

~~~
Jan©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A 1949 Summer Hallucination

In the center of the Atlas Mountains
A boy of 9-and-half years
Squirms in an army cot
In the middle of a windowless room.
No door leads in or out.

The lad resembles me. He's frightened
Because the walls and ceiling
And the floor beneath him heaves.
They expand and contract
Closing in on him as enormous jaws

They compress the hot summer air
That becomes sanguine red
And when the walls spread out
Into indistinct infinity or myopic proximity
The air thins into rainbow colors

And becomes solid and black.
When the youth matures into an old man
He always remembers this occurrence
Every time the rays of the sun
Beat perpendicularly on his balding spot.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka July©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Collage for Max Ernst

I'm glad you decided to paste art
The way you did but do not plan
To tell me how to do mine
Since I can't live through yours
But I'll be doing a few gluings
Somewhat like you did yours
By chewing flour and

Make paste without haste
Lick it on scissored papyri cutouts
Align my DNA a spit at a time
And the only thing I'll worry about
Is not to slice my throat
On account that paper cuts are
More painful than death by sniffing glue

Now I sense my lips sufficiently tacky
To seal the ending of this stanza
By decoupaging a hula dancer
Enticing me and a Jesus
Sandwiched between lava lamps
Into an unholy non-Euclidian trinity
And to glue them in a hyperbolic geometry

A la Nikolai Lobatchevsky who claimed
More than one parallel through a point
And a line in space and how
Omar Khayam proved that to find
A right triangle having the property for
The hypotenuse to equal the sum of one
Leg plus the altitude of the hypotenuse.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Contemporary Critique about Art

I'm troubled by the suggestive complexity of
Distinctive formal juxtapositions in this artwork.
Its disjunctive perturbations & eloquence make it
Difficult to consciously enter this chef d'oeuvre in

A manner in which the sublime beauty of the bio-
Morphic forms verge on codifying its agitated con-
Tent finding this creation remarkable in how it
Handles the figurative-narrative line-space matrix

By spatially undermining the visual gesture while
Abstractly activating critical thinking. As an ad-
Vocate of the issue of content, I feel that here at least
The suggestion of spatial relationships endangers the

Disjunctive perturbation of how disrupting it seems
In light of the eloquence of the substructure that
Conceptually activates the spatial relationships of the
Auto-erotic signifier and appears disturbing in light of

How it imperils the artwork from being understood.
Of course, the matter of understanding or not is
Self-subjective as it will not let itself be pigeonholed
Which is solely a psycho-morphic human characteristic.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Divine Sign

Resting in a hot bath
I had an unholy vision
Of an olive tree.
Its virginal pit
Still deep inside the fruit
Hinting to be extracted

With teeth
And lubricated tongue
Preparing to do the probing
I noticed on a low branch
The noose of a braided rope
Reminding me

Of forbidden pleasures
By vice-like grip
On the day of rest
When 30 shekels today
Will not buy a bale of hay
Or peace of dove

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Dec©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Dog Poem

Thanks for the crumbs
you old bastard.

I stared and stared
and never barked.

Now I lick the floor
and taste your sheddings.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Mar©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Half-Century Apart

All I know is what he writes her.
What she says or doesn't
must be guessed between his lines.

It is September 1918 in Battle Creek and raining,
she's somewhere in Illinois where it is not.
He waits to be shipped across the Atlantic

and kills the hours with burning words
promising his Yankee lass that no French girl
will get his best.

He remembers a little of what he learned
of the Gaul tongue and by the end of his letter
he writes her adieu not knowing his fate is cast

in a pine box draped in bleu, blanc and rouge
while hers in red, white and blue
half a century and a score in the future.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Love Letter

I write words and listen to
sounds from Persia.
There’s a party next door
and when the exotic music stops
so do my words.

They fall from pages,
shatter and split into
loose alphabet.

In effect each letter
on the ground
forms collages varied as the dresses
of the women over the fence.

Today is a special Babylonian day.
One of tying blades of grass together.
With each tie one makes a wish.
I tie one knot.
You and I.

~~~
Apr©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Medical Synopsis or Advance Notice

A Medical Synopsis or Advance Notice

Thursday, May 28 2009 10: 30 AM
Office Visit with SHERRI, MD
(What a cute gal… AND married!)

DIAGNOSES:

Cornea scratch, (Current)

(That'll teach me to mess with pointy foliage and to
Never bend down amongst them without safety glasses)

Dyspnea (Current)
Burning in Bronchi (Old)
Hyperlipidemia (Current)
Depression, major, recurrent,
now in complete remission.

(Never listen or believe a woman who says she gave
her best years to you…
there' re many others willing to do it)

Polyp colon, cancerous, removed (Old)
Hypertension, sleep disorder & apnea (Current)
Heart attack (Old)

(What! ! ! You mean I'm a survivor… lol)
Wow, tell me Dr, how old was the attack?
She says at least 3 months. Up to a couple years.

Ok, I remember now, that's the last time we were
divorcing and she locked me out… lol

Vitals Blood Pressure: 146/87 (Current)
Pulse Rate: 60 (Current)
Temperature: 98.4 (Current)
Temp Source: Tympanic
Height: 5' 9' (1.753 m) (Current)

(I keep shrinking, it's an old number)

Weight: 232 lb 9.6 oz (105.507 kg) (Current)

(Can't lose an ounce, I just won't stop the Vodka!)

PATIENT INSTRUCTIONS

You have been referred for a heart test.
Please call after 12 noon the next business day
to schedule an appointment. Do labs tomorrow.
Start your blood pressure medication today.

Just take it easy for now, avoid strenuous activity
until I see you next time for your follow up and
we can talk about it more.

PATIENT RESPONSE

Ok, I did it all but I refuse to soil your finger and
I'd rather enter the Pearly Gates with
my underwear clean.

Now, if only I can find the keys
And drive myself to the dentist
To rip out my disintegrating bridge
And the two barely supporting rotting roots
What's left of my chewing capabilities.
The thought of being without Vodka
For the next 10 days because of the antibiotics
horrifies me.

OK, had the disintegrating bridge & teeth removed.
My gums are sewn up but didn't bleed to turnip.
And you know what?
Not a hint of worry since finding this out.
I mean the heart business.
And now that my cholesterol registers 145
I may die of hypoglycemia:
reading = above the bracketed numbers… lol
There goes my sweet tooth and Amaretto!
And now is the 5th day that I didn't yet make
a heart test appointment

Nothing like having an Advance Notice.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May ©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Moment of Aloness

Transformed into a moment
of loneliness
There was this single bud
waiting to open
under the first rays
of the sun
to show her center

Why did I think of it as she
I do not know
Maybe because it was closer
at that moment
than you could be

And when she opened
I entered her
wanting your scent
I felt very Zen
and no longer alone.

~~~
Mar©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Nose for Priceless Finds

I was wondering if
there ever was
another artist that lost their ear
to art
when synchronicity stumbled
my way in a thrift store.
It was a broken clay figurine

that appeared to me
of South American provenance.
I came to that conclusion
judging by her foreshortened
pear-like very fat legs
small pierced tetons
& an open mouth
framed by painted red lips.

But it's her umbilicu
more than her missing ear
that attracted my attention
as right through its core
it had an opening &
judging by the fat lip rimming it
she must've had an outie.

Thank Tlazolteotl
her mouth slit was horizontally
the way it should be
because since childhood
I always had this preconception
that the pudenda slit should match
the South compass reading

and not the level slit
of their exotic eyes.
But in her case it was OK since
her cranium was also hollowed with
the objective to be a flower vessel
for pleasuring
my Gallic proboscis.

So you ask what has this to do
with the one-eared painter
to which I'd say,
Lucky he who hears only half
her moans because he's too busy
with his tongue
feeling for his other ear.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2008
AD Something
~~~

Alex Nodopaka

A Nuclear Poem

I did not pass on the other side yet.
God is not ready for me.
I am still building the nose of the puppet.
Everything is fine & dandy on my side.
That’s too bad! No miracles in sight yet!

I live as if nothing extraordinary
Will happen in this world.
Except maybe Israel will boom boom
Iran’s nuclear toy making facilities
& another maybe is that Amerika

May try to convince India
To bomb Pakistan around the edges.
Just enough to show where the
Real power resides just in time for
A Christmas light show.

We do need a new star to guide us.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Dec©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Paleontological Fine Line

I appreciate nature's way of painting.
She uses for substrate any organic
or man-made matter.

She does it naturally, seductively
and at times oh so lethally.
An ever-ready-to-bite apple

skillfully embedded in the weave
of a well-painted tableau tastes akin
to a Belgian linen canvas

and if poorly executed, its aftertaste
approximates cotton duck
made somewhere in the Far East.

That is the prime difference
between a filet mignon and
a Chateaubriand or London broil.

It’s not only a matter of price
but the fine line separating
cannibals from carnal taste buds.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Pinch of Grass

Of course patrolling the border
Is like drinking Tequila
With a sieve

It’s not only useless
But counterproductive
To employ uniformed guardians

Who are not Yankee angels
And would be more effective (?)
as masons and I don't mean Franc

or gardeners, city sweepers,
housekeepers, tile layers,
food servers, marijuana growers

and vendors
of the latter of course.
How about a little cilantro & a pinch

of grass in your Taco, hombre!
And if they must be jailed
We send them to Mexico

And pay for their room & board
in pesos.
At least they won’t be gringos.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Plastic Laughter

Wandering about the world
Freed of opinions and viewpoints
I need not grasp or dispute them

As the lotus opens on its stem
Unsoiled by mud she rises from
I adore her pristine fragrance and

silicone lips and hips and limbs
Especially that her open mouth
proffers no sound or garlic breath

~~~
Apr©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A poet’s pageant

And why should I
dry myself
with veils of lights
when vine grows wild
to keep me
moist and gay
and why should I
dig either end
of a rainbow
to seek riches

when instead
by climbing
its arches
I can be the arrow
the way
nature intended
me to be
and maybe
once there
I may become a spider

spinning
silver eternity
or do as I do
in my floating vessel
and hug the waterfalls
letting my ears
fill with sounds
of white froth and let
Gibran’s Procession
veil my eyes

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Screwy Poem

Each of your images is a miracle
Waiting to have its nuts tightened.

The screwy part I like
Is your asymmetrical point of view.

Were I able to loosen myself
I would right my iconoclasm

And have my chef d'oeuvres
Appear more holistically iconic

With Byzantine parcel-gilt oklads
Surrounding an egg tempera

Virgin Mary and Jesus baby

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Dec©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A situation at hand

I wish you had met her
like my father did
that certain day he peed
against an old oak tree.

Now his loose woody
freely roams the Heavens
and I bet is stiff as mine
except his is in Her hand.

He was an unbeliever
And taught me to doubt
Anyone claiming to hold
4 Arses in their hand

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Victorian Chair

I knew of your lower
nearly perfect limbs.

But now I wonder
about your upper.

Arched
they remind me

of an acrobat
rainbowing backward.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Absinthe Minded

Distracted
by a might-be mistress
in distress at the end of the bar
in a stage of advanced
mental undress
for a moment I feel absent.

Professor-like I forget
to caress/ clink her
licorice-filled glass.

~~~
Apr©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Action Painting

Oh, but I do
want
to paint you
in vermilion

with
my six-shooter
and stir
your gallon snatch

Forget Jackson Pollock
and Expressionism
They are passé
I want some

action painting
with paint balls
and moving
target-twats

~~~
Alex Nodopaka April©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Allah's Jewels

My hot & sour lunch soup disappearing at fast slurps`
I glean some erudition from two books.

One written in German about Syrian antique jewelry
the other about Allah in Farsi, an alien language
I know only superficially though I am familiar with
important three & four-letter words like
Tbri ana ee huik nta in Shleuh Berber dialect
which in French means what the English learned
when traveling abroad to ask a lady of the night.

Well, I'm fibbing because metaphysically I know
next to nothing about it except what Zoroastrians
and Sufis shared in books of learning.

The former spelled it in mystic jargon and the latter
waltzed me with spinning knowledge and since it's hard
to listen while you and the speaker are whirling
given such information reaches you blip-blipping
like on a skipping unformatted disk recording-din-ding.

Hurried reading caused me to spill a bit of soy sauce
in my Styrofoam dish therefore accidentally
if not synchronistically creating a happy face.
Undaunted by signs from above by the Almighty
I tilted the plate thus forming new pools of sauce
but this time I made the faces decidedly skeptic.

Yet what I resented most during the process was that I felt
like an antique shmuck when it came to the 72 virgins
and by the time I read Allah's one third of His 99 names
the ciphers went through my ears as if I had no head.

Mind you it was not the matter of their meaning.
It was the darn curlicued calligraphy that went far beyond
the subject and I suspect hashish had something to do
with it when Eureka! I understood, in Hellenic at that,
that He meant it to be since He also spoke Greek.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Allah's Jewels 2

My hot & sour lunch soup disappearing at fast slurps
I glean some erudition from two books.

One written in German about Syrian antique jewelry
the other spoke of Allah in Farsi, an alien language
I know only superficially though I am familiar with
important three & four-letter words like
Tbri ana ee huik nta in Shleuh Berber dialect
which in French means what the English learned
when traveling abroad to ask a lady of the night.

Well, I'm fibbing because metaphysically I know
next to nothing about it except what Zoroastrians
and Sufis shared with us in books of learning.

The former spelled it in mystic jargon and the latter
waltzed me with spinning knowledge and since it's hard
to listen while you and the speaker are whirling
given and such information reaches you blip-blipping
like on a skipping unformatted disk recording-din-ding.

Such reading caused me to spill a bit of soy sauce
in my Styrofoam dish therefore accidentally
if not synchronistically creating a happy face.
Undaunted by signs from the above by the Almighty
I tilted the dish thus forming new pools of sauce
but this time I made the faces decidedly skeptic.

Yet what I resented most during the process was that I felt
like an antique shmuck when it came to the 72 virgins
and by the time I read Allah's one third of His 99 names
the ciphers went through my ears as if I had no head.

Mind you it was not the matter of their meaning.
It was the darn curlicued calligraphy that went far beyond
the subject and I suspect hashish had something to do
with it when Eureka! I understood, in Hellenic at that,
that He meant it to be since He also spoke Greek

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Allah’s Jewels Version 3

My hot & sour lunch soup
disappearing at fast slurps
I glean some erudition
from two books.

One in German
about Syrian antique jewelry
the other about Allah in Farsi,
an alien language
I know only superficially
though I am familiar
with important three & four-letter words
like Tibri ana eehuik nta
in Shleuh Berber dialect
that in French
means what the English learn
to ask a lady of the night
when traveling abroad.

Well, I’m fibbing
because metaphysically I know
next to nothing about it
except what Zoroastrians and Sufis
shared with us in books of learning.

The first book spelled it in mystic jargon
and the second waltzed me
with spinning knowledge
and since it’s hard to listen
while you and the speaker are whirling
given such information reaches you
blip-blipping
like on a skipping
unformatted disk recording-din-ding.

Such reading caused me to spill
a bit of soy sauce in my Styrofoam dish
that accidentally if not synchronistically
formed a happy face.

Undaunted by signs
from the Almighty above
I tilted the dish
thus forming new pools of sauce
but this time I made the faces
decidedly skeptic.

Yet what I resented most during the process
was that I felt like an antique shmuck
when it came to the 72 virgins
and by the time I read Allah’s one third
of His 99 names

the ciphers went through my ears
as if I had no head.

Mind you it was not the matter
of their meaning.
It was the darn curlicued calligraphy
that went far beyond the subject
and I suspect hashish
had something to do with it
when Eureka!
I understood, in Hellenic at that.
that He meant it to be
since He also spoke Greek

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

An Awkward Reading

Of your poem
Wanting to move this
Over there
& From there over here.

Maybe I'll write my own
Tongue-tied verse.
So what's this about
Trump coffee.

Is it red as his hair
& Can he read coffee beans
The way he bluffs
And puffs his name.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Mar©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

And it was the knowing that did it

By the time I was 12 years old I had been an avid reader with little interest in fluff fiction except for Inspecteur Maigret and Hercule Poirot detective stories. By then I had read complete books and readers' digests 'excerpts from the world classical literature.
Of course when I say complete books it is in the same sense I was not 12 years old but was precisely 11-and-a-half-years-old and was already acutely aware that speaking in percentages was more precise than speaking in approximations.

And it was the knowing of it that did it.

My other fixation on estimations was to fill my shelves with books. At that stage of my socio-psychological mental development I abhorred voids by lining up books alpha numerically and by author, positioned them vertically and when an empty space necessitated by the absence of sufficient books to fill it and though I preferred to keep them upright but in such times was forced to lay them flat. I made sure the spine faced out for ease of reading of titles. I formed stacks sufficiently high to prevent the adjoining tomes from falling over. Sometimes I broke my own rules and propped a book at an angle but then I thought it was quite creatively abstract as I was very much into contemporary art at the time also and abstract was in like a flint.

And it was the knowing of it that did it.

Therefore keeping everything horizontal and orthogonal to each other than interrupted by an occasional an slant was more than a convenience. Later in life such conditions led me naturally to an engineering profession where everything for the sake of simplicity was at straight angles despite the curvature of the universe.
The collecting of books in those times, as I remember, was as valuable as shirts were and for a lost button or a torn page one lost a weekend's privileges. Nor would one dare discard them just because of a missing button or a binding or a page the way we do today.

And it was the knowing that did it.

From the wages of rewards and fear and good behavior allowances I bought books one at a time. Not the way I do now, by the bagful, for one dollar at the Friends of the Libraries, where upon eagerly awaited occasions I give free reign to my literary obsessions and wheel out a cart full of books, which I donate back within 6 months hardly having read any of them because I already had done so.
Of course I mostly read these from local biblios, which does not compare to owning hardbound first editions copies one can refer to at one's leisure something one hardly does nowadays on account of everything being available on personal computer search engines. One thing I regret for sure is that the large over-size coffee table books made excellent paperweights, something the pixels cannot replace since quite often I use books

as paperweights to hold freshly bound covers glued flat.

And it was the knowing that did it.

So that one time I chose a book I have read umpteen years ago
where Dostoyevski experiments in self-hypnosis that reminded me
of my own early dabbling in metaphysics. Attempting to duplicate
the famous author I was able, after much practice, to do it almost
at will until that one time, I stepped behind the mirror and lost
my way back. From that point onward I decided to never do it
again because as you would have it, upon lighting a candle in
the dark and positioning it under my chin I looked a flickering ghoul
that hypnotized itself and traversing the mirror my spirit exited
the other side.

And it was the knowing that did it.

And as I tried to catch and put it back where it belonged I gasped
from fright. It was my first ever, conscious out-of-body experience.
The occurrence was frightening but I was sufficiently curious
to practice it again several times over the next few weeks
whereas I would enter the mirror in small incremental steps.
Then came a time I became totally secure in my virtual travels because
each time I would find my way back until one night my spirit saw
itself in the mirror behind the mirror and again I wasn't sure which
of me was the real me as pinching became real on either side.

And it was the knowing that did it.

The following years I experimented further when upon falling asleep
I would leave my body and fly instantaneously incredible distances
and at great heights and at a speeds exceeding the one of thought by
simply extending my arms. Yet I would land like a gracious bird on
any terrain until that one time when I flew so high I lost sight of the earth.
That was the last time I flew because I sensed I became either
atomically small or astronomically large and did not know which I was.

And it was the not knowing that did it.

Then there was that time I told a friend in great detail of the dream
I had the preceding night and she, upon listening till the end of it without
interruption told me she dreamt the same and from the details of
hers I knew hers were identical to mine, which I didn't share with her.
And then I knew we were together in that one solitary dream.

And it was the knowing that did it.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Another Bohm Law

Another Bohm Law

The mathematical formulation
of a statistical rule relies on its position
and when I skip I burble with joy.
One, ditto, the slithy toves did gyre and

to this day when asked to fiddle-de-dee
I shout my position position position.
It's a very inconvenient habit to nail down
such particles in mechanical statistics.

It teases the self like those subdivisions
won't indeed prove the law of flame
when my arms think Tulgey Wood.
(a statistical rule in mechanical data)

Beware of the March Hare.
When I weep, my precious nose
gives away my position suggesting
to take heed of the wave function of treacle

when dispensed in small proportions.
That's very curious indeed and a most
provoking law of flame when the vorpal blade
goes snicker-snack! I am a dear little boy

with no information about my position nor
given to French fiddle-de-dee but I shout the
probability that my bites are in too small portions
and I am thumped by a delirious Bohm law.

~~~
Dec©2005

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Arabesques

Staring at apocryphal apparitions
swirling on the ceiling,
my mind traces ethereal gyrations

of inherited thoughts-

Sleeping prophets breath
inspires me to dream
in arabesques.

~~~
Feb©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Baghdad

Muttering to myself
Looking at splattered satellite image
Through a lens dusted with sand
I see a distorted street map of Baghdad.

One thousand and one daily sorties
By infidels seeking to unveil
Seventy-two Sheherezades
In a promised orgiastic Paradise.

~~~
Jan©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Baghdad Pulp

Muttering to myself
I peek at splattered satellite images
through sand dusted lenses
of distorted streets in Baghdad

One thousand and one daily sorties
by false kafirs seeking to mate
seventy two Scheherezades
in a counterfeit paradise

Oh what waste in the land
of 1000 and 1 Mohammedian mirages
where not even a solo safe passage
is blessed by Allah

But I don't care
I'll settle for only one of
The Thousand Nights and a Night
and a single Scheherezade.

Puris omnia pura
To the pure all things are pure
except between the gods
separated by sand and ocean

~~~
Mar©2006

Alex Nodopaka
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Bar flies

May 24,2008
cruising up & down
not far from LA in San Pedro
I was stumping along W 7th

until I butted against S Pacific
then looped round to Gaffey
with Bukowski on my mind
when, I be damned, two

long-ago-sidewalk-beauties
propositioned me to a
well drink at God Mother's,
a bar down that same street.

In the darkened booth recess
they rolled a couple of joints
but them being bar flies
I swatted them off the rim

of my half-empty
still paper-wrapped Vodka bottle
and drank them bottoms up
one after the other.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Blowing Weeds

and i
a worm,
mind you,
beneath the grass
watch stars cascade
as i blow
your mind.
Of course I speak of,
Le Déjeuner sous l'Herbe

Le problème avec ça
c'est que l'amour
est toujours l'amour
et dure
que pour trois minutes
pendant qu'il est dur
~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

By Allah! Jesus Knew His Doings

While Amina was with child
The father of Prophet Mohammed died
(Blessed also be His name & why not?)
And upon birthing she sent a message
That her child was born. But since it

Was the year of the elephant some said
That as far as white elephant stories go
Adding to such tale subtracts
From its truth. It is not that I want to
Anthropomorphize a turbaned god over mine

Because for what matters they are as human
As I am and having slain them then
As I do now I bury their bones
Under the Kabbah. But the black stone
Is too small for their personae

And without a lid to blow steam
Or a cross bar to prevent sliding down
It's the dawning of ecological warming
With a billion too many on each side
Compounding theirs problems and ours.

It is suggested that what is meant
By revelations is actually premeditated by
The Intra States Surveillance to conceal
Under the infamous bush the shennanigans
Of those in power misleading the surveyed.

Miracles occur on a daily basis.
Rain comes down and makes grapes grow.
And we drink their ambrosia. I call it
Mankind's highest empirical miracle:
The bottling of spirits at proleterian prices.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Dec©2007
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Carnal Terrorism

When one just learned
how to make a real good Mojito
one experiences bliss
in small sips and discovers
godlike feelings of elation.

In that moment becoming
in small portions a spiritual hostage
overdosing on Paradise.

My own craving fills me with horror,

says Phaedra to Hippolitus
adding in self-prophecy,

I turn against myself
to safeguard myself against
my sexual gourmandism.

And falling at his feet,
she confesses,

Observe a woman depraved

in the darkest of sinister love.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka July©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Cerveza Taurino

I nearly panicked when the bottom shelf
Of the refrigerator was empty of beer
Except for one can.

Sharing the problem with my mate
She said I ought to stop drinking so much
As it caused me to have a beer-belly.

Guzzling the last swig I replied,
Think of me as a south of-the-border
Moctezuma Buddha.

And like a toreador lunging his sword
In a single swoop in the heart of a bull
Underscoring my machismo

I crumple the can
In a single gorilla squeeze of my hand.
As it starts bleeding

I envision myself a Hemingway hero
Gored by a bull in bloodied Corrida sand
Or towed out in the vast ocean

The way of the Old Man and the Sea
All rolled in one and when I hear the toll
Of a distant bell I wake startled.

Thinking it's for me but it's a bloody
Fricken Sunday and there's no beer
Or Ingrid Bergman or Ava Gardner.

I slide the muzzle of the revolver
In my mouth and for a split second think,
Hey man! Let me first have some hops.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Mar©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

C'est pas Jeanne d'Arc

La môme vert-de-gris
n’est pas émeraude
sous sa jupe

Son chapeau
cache plein de legerdemains.
Elle n’est pas pucelle.

~~~
February©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Cézanne Affair

She keeps her nipples
in box #2.
The first contains her breasts.

I look for the third
to place her parasol,
which is the key

to her nippleness
when I realize that the shadows
of her tétons

on a late afternoon
are needles
in a haystack affair

~~~
Mar©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Cruci-fiction

I dab my tears
and scream
when streams of pink

drip down
the shower tiles.
I have these visions

of Psycho or
me on the cross
but no,

she left
used tampons
in the soap dish

instead
of a Dear John
good bye.

~~~
Dec©2005

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Da Vinci was a Pimp

Da seeks a dynamic
technology-based pimp position.
His vast experience in the following areas will propel your
business at the forefront of state of the art multi-technology:

Animation,
Video, Robotics,
Computational Art, X-ffects,
Programming for Internet-Based
Interactive and/or Virtual Environments,
Interactive Audio Performance, Motion Capture
& Real Time X-Graphics, Computer Vision, Artificial Life
& Biotechnology. Da is experienced in other XXX-rated media like
Conceptual Strengths, Contextual Sensibilities & Multi-Disciplinary SO
(Sexual Orientations)
Da will work with fervent interdisciplinary zest
for Vodka,
food &

l
o
d
g
i
n
g

Mona read my classified
&
you know the rest of the story.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Deconstruction of transcendence

The concentration
on the idyll to nature
as a wide range of loneliness
seems to nature
as disposition is to scenery and
the discovery of post modernism
thus continuing the individual and
the romantic feeling
of contemporary visual representations.

Loneliness is coupled
with a number of symbolic qualities.

Now that emotions and personal feelings
are linked with a Romantic revaluation of
the representation of Postmodernism
and the discovery it is conjuring,
the pictures form issues
range from the Romantic feeling
to Postmodernism and the discovery of
the message becomes transcendental.

The symbolically charged beauty
of the immediate experience
of motif strands outlining a reawakened
interest in a number of formulations
dealing with the fundamentals of
Romantic representations.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Dervish Dance

A wormhole is where
dead dervishes dance.
Here everyone is anonymous
hidden behind clay eyelids.

Death waits to pierce
life’s armor.
Deaf, dumb, blind
it is no sitting duck.

It waits to still
still tepid thoughts
still warm in the marrow.

Here night does not exist
where stars vortex lightning bolts
amongst the ivory
of scattered bones.

Each memory glints

d
r
o
p

to

dr! p

refracted spinning meditations.

~~~
Feb©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Dialogue in a Smoky Barroom

He responds that he’s tired
Of barroom poetry
Turns to take a drag from his ciggie
When she tells him hey
No smoking here
Adding she hates in her mouth
The taste of tobacco

He informs her not
To worry
Those are not the lips he’ll
Be kissing
She giggles, says ok adding she
Won’t fart in his face
He tells her poetry could

Stop here
& That metaphysically speaking
Poetry must be
Spiritually uplifting &
Enlightens her he didn’t know that
In heaven farting was
Allowed but that hers was fluffy

They would float like on clouds
& Would be their magic carpet
When she says to him
Yeah & that cloud burns are
Softer than rugs &
To which he replies
Now you’re talking babe

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©Sep2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Does Buddha still Walk this Earth

No dear.
He doesn’t anymore.

Walking
in the 21st century

is so passé.
He Twitters now.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Does Heaven have walls

Layback weekend here!
I'll go later skinny-dipping but first
around noon, I'll walk to an Estate Sale
around the corner from my house.

By then the prices should be half & since
I mostly buy art hardly anybody wants
there's a good chance for me to find something
not only unique but worth writing about.

Like three impasto vertical brush strokes.
A white swatch flanked by two blacks
on a shimmering rust background.
Or a portrait in mustard hues slit in the middle

with its two halves slipped. Dislodged.
Like with one eye adjacent to carmine lips.
There's something about the art of the 70's
that feeds on lateral physical translation.

And if I find nothing, which I doubt I won't,
I'll take it for granted that I saved some dough.
That's how I waste my dwindling allowance.
I hope Heaven is a labyrinth of walls.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Mar©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Duplicity

Last evening a critter paid me a visit in the bedroom.
I saw but the rear half of its body with the longest of tail.
Judging by the fluffiness of its coat and plumpness of its
Stomach it was a happy camper that came to say goodnight.

I wasn't happy to see it but later that night it spoke to me.
This is how it happened. I got up and locked the exit door
Intending to nail that bugger in some corner by further locking
The entry to the closet and taking the chance on leaving
The access to the vanity boudoir unblocked.

I was all set to do harm to the beast but at the last second
Remembered the motto,
Live and let live and opened the sliding door to the balcony
To give the bastard a chance to escape unharmed.
After a tentative round of hugging the baseboard of the room
The beast scurried outside.

What puzzles me is that I did not settle for such easy escape
And recall taking a small painting and boomeranging it
Against the denizen's spindly legs.

The propelled missile hit the rat all at once in all four shins
Flooring it with a loud squeak. And then I bull's eyed
A second time the son of a bitch with a glassed etching.

The following morning I remembered clearly the puzzled look
On its face and in my ears its only spoken words,

You traitor.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Dec©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Eve’s Plot

With spring around the corner
The ground still sodden from the last downpour
And frosty nights with black ice on highways
God’s footing is as unsure

As man’s trust in today’s banking system
The one thing the Almighty is confident about
Is another Ponzi scheme. A Garden of Eve.
And there he plants a new tree, again.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Feb©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Found Scratched Poem

The poem is writ
On a longitudinal slat
Of the backrest of a park bench

Its earth tone letters
knifed deep into the wood
spell I love you

encircled by an outline
of a double entwined heart
filled with red nail polish

the arrow piercing the two
drips crimson at one end.
Obviously added by another hand

new initials are scratched
on top of the preceding.
A Valentine polymorphy.

~~~
Mar©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Ghosts in the Sistine Chapel

It is not a ceiling.
It is the underside
of the intimate cranium.
A celestial canopy,
perceived from the core
of my amygdala.

Without a doubt I am
a rococo cathedral
where thoughts intermingle
in a bordello
of orgiastic emotions and
aspirations and

winged angels,
disguised as Muses,
armed with horned
fleshy forceps
insist on being splayed,
gored, carnally crucified.

They anticipate
the expelling
not of blood but of
sequential eternity
surnamed original sin.
A final reparative expiation.

~~~
Jan©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Gogh Feet

Gogh Feet

To whisper
about missing feet
into a deaf ear is
to solicit a miracle from

Vincent who is too busy
painting midnight stars
on the toenails clippings
floating in his john

~~~
Jan©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Graffiti

Graffiti

Arcane hieroglyphs,
mangled gibberish,
cross-orthogonal zigzags
scribbled across walls.

Spattered alien symbols,
distorted identities
ooze on black macadam.
At night, like Tomcats,

graffitists creep, mark
their territory. They spray, run,
invade the stillness of the night
with spray cans hissing.

Haze-shrouded figures,
barely delineated against
any ghostly night, they crown
ghetto downtowns.

Only at daybreak when Ra's beams
cast trenchant shadows
can one decipher their notes and
drawings and awesome monograms

that camouflage, no! Bandage
fissures in the decaying walls.
Only at the crack of dawn, bloody
bullet holes identify their owners.

~~~
Feb©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Half-cocked Explanation of Duality

The pneumatically operated subway doors
Glide shut behind me. I seat myself
Wedging between two one-legged women.
One has her left amputated the other her right.
Serves me right to be so lucky.

Being an engineer I toss heat exchange formulae
And calculate mentally how quickly my thighs
Would warm if I walked in from the middle
Of winter and what if each woman sat
With one good thigh against mine.

But it's mid-summer and I'm fantasizing.
Being shit out of luck I look
Across half-drawn glass panes
Into the next compartment where two chaps
Read torn half-page newspapers.

I wonder until I notice they are half-faced.
Well, half the news is better than none
And half the pain if it's bad chitchat and
Since I am half-witted it suits me fine.
Then I think what if those women sat

With their amputated sides against me?
Would we make a happy threesome?
At least we could walk without crutches!
And if you're still reading this and think of Alice
You understand one-quarter of my meaning.

I don't want to confuse the issue by adding
What if one of us had poor blood circulation
To what degree it would impact the equations.
Mathematics is a strange science when you know
Only fractions dealing with phantasms.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Mar©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

How to Grow Instant Miracles

This week's issue of The New Yorker
Was very disappointing.
Not a single Vodka ad!
You know, the ones that leave
Half or more of the page blank
Just for word-paparazzi like me
To write intoxicated lyrics.

Well, ok, so I leaf and hit upon this folio
Advertising their book festival
And because it's printed
In pale green with quartertone images
It can be written over
Yet read back with relative clarity
Even in the presence of Vodka spirits.

So I commence writing in my garden
But first I stroll from a flower to another
With in each hand a spray can
Filled with miracle grow abracadabra
And when I finish misting one
I move gingerly to the next
And dole out gestural rainbows.

Each blossom emerges blessed
By the descended Holy Ghost upon it
Crowning it with fiery spirit
And when finished I rest
Like that someone else did
As if it were the seventh day
And I don't mean Adventist!

So on this balmy lazy day I stretch out
In my Royal-size wicker recliner
And start massaging
A few traditional stanzas
Trying to metamorphose them
Into special originals but after a while
I feel like masturbating.

I mean the lyrics of course when
Unexpectedly an-over-the fence neighbor
In short shorts and holy tit cleavage
Bends over and looking back at me
From between her knees she asks,
Hey you really have a green thumb,
Tell me what's the stuff in the cans.

With my finger blatantly rubbing
The pressure release button
I reply,
Miracle grow, my friend, miracle grow.

Then a little louder, I disseminate miracles.
But I never tell her
In the can it’s only Latex paint.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

How to Grow Instant Miracles Version 2

This week's issue of
The New Yorker was very
disappointing. Not a single Vodka ad!
You know, the ones that leave Half or more
of the page blank Just for
word-paparazzi like me
To write their intoxicated lyrics.

Well, ok, so I settle for this folio
Advertising their book festival
Because it's printed
In pale green halftone
That can be written over
And still read back with relative clarity
Despite the absence of Vodka spirits.

So in my garden I stroll
From certain flowers to others
With in each hand a can
Filled with miracle grow abracadabra
And when I finish spraying one
I move gingerly to the next
And dole out illicit rainbows.

It looks like the Holy Ghost
Descends on each
Crowning it of its spirit
And when finished
I rest on the seventh day
like that someone else did
And I don't mean to be an Adventist!

So here I stretch out
In my Royal-size wicker recliner
And start massaging
Some traditional stanzas
Trying to metamorphose them
Into originals but after a while
I feel like masturbating.

I mean the lyrics of course
When my next door neighbor
In short shorts and holy tit cleavage
Bends over and Looking back at me
from between her knees she asks,
Hey you really have a green thumb
With these flowers of yours.

Would you please tell me
What's the stuff in the cans?
With my finger now trembling
Still on the release button I reply,

Miracle, my friend, miracle grow.
I spray miracles but do not tell her
It’s just paint.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

I Dreamt of Rumi

In your midnight dream
I whispered
I am in here, be not afraid
for I am you and you are I

You saw me
on a reverie flying-carpet
prophesizing the meaning
of I your soul you my flesh

~~~
February©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

I found rubbers in her purse

If it weren’t for me in late age
shooting blanks &
finding condoms
in my wife’s purse &

looking for the arms
of a youthful mistress &
stopping to play with my rod
(the fishing kind)

I wouldn’t be spilling my fishes
all over gods’ grounds for the sake
of organic fertilizing of another
apple tree in the Garden of Eden

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Mar©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

I have a Muse

This desire for flight.
There are those who want to live
without a Muse.
That’s when it all starts.
The need to escape the loved,
the abhorred, the unloved.

And it’s killing the heroes
after their own ideas
who are jealous of their own time,
refusing conventions
that demand
they compromise and stay put.

Yes, but here too are those
overly given to daydreams and
unfocused yearnings.
Through unreasonable desires
and mainly through death.
The final flight.

I know.
I am almost there, lost
and can’t run away from
my demise or
my Muse.
My Self.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

I wish I hadn’t run over Jesus’ ass

The first time I met Jesus was in Paris on the way to visit
The Notre Dame Cathedral. At the time still very young
I trailed my parents in the Metro and was in love and
Whom I really wanted to meet was Esmeralda.

I had such a crush on her that despite being 10 years old
I saw her, not quite innocent, cavorting with Quasimodo,
Yet back then I knew nothing about dirty old men
But I was ready to swing at him from the gargantuan bell.

What I remember most was her ample cleavage.
Ah, so bouncy, barely held together by a tress of black lacing.
Well, it was a film with Gina Lollobrigida in black & white
Who was voluptuously appetizing despite her lack of colors.

Suddenly the metro heaved smoothly forward jarring me
Back into real time while dismayed I watched my parents
Frantically waving from the quay and realized I was alone
Traveling first time in an unknown megametropolis.

Disembarking at the next stop I was told there was no return path.
I mean it was like a freeway with only an
Off ramp exit with no return until the following or more exit.
I panic just a little when an old man appears from nowhere.

Well, ok, from behind a poster-plastered public pissoir and
Seeing my lost look he kindly instructed me on how to return
To where I came from and I tell you it wasn’t easy,
Especially when he asked for my name and after telling him

He comes back with Je suis Jésus and to me it was a miracle.
The next time I met Jesus was in Spain at a bullfight where
Luis Miguel Dominguín was performing Benihaha sword tricks
But on live bulls and when upon the final kill we all went

Across the Plaza de Toros to a restaurant serving
The fresh arena kills and as our party of twelve sat down,
Jesus, as his nametag attested, came to serve us and in that moment
I felt I was ready to eat the body of Christ.

I met the great man a few more times but now will tell you
Why never again. Yesterday, a treasured possession I acquired
On the way home to California at the border in Tijuana Mexico
A whittled facsimile of Jesus sitting on his ass and believe me or not

The vendor’s name was no other than that very holy forename
Except he was a true Tequilaland Aguave native.
But by the most unfortunate asynchronistic bicycle accident
Riding it under the influence of Vodka I bumped into the stand

That displayed the fisher of men obviously not on a fishing boat
And ass first they both came tumbling down under the tire and

Even though I could’ve driven over Jesus’ butt I did it over his face.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

In the midst of torrid hours

The gaze of salamander eyes
Penetrates like a pistil
Sinking in the balmy oasis of an arum

Like the tongue of an iguana slithers
Spiraling downward a moonlit obelisk
Last night I was a granite gargoyle

My spire between celestial clouds
Satiating centuries of gothic thirst
Gorging in a silvered milky holy grail

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Mar©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Intelligent Design

God is still working
on growing a vine
large enough
to cover Man's privates.
.
Meanwhile He forbade him
to smoke his own grape leaf
because it would look
ridiculous
.
to walk around
with his head in His crotch
therefore God created Eve
to solve the problem.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jul©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Jesus Lives Across the Border

doodled on black velvet or
recycled-petroleum-tin-cans
and if you don't believe me,
walk across the border where
Jesus Hates It When You Smoke.

To prove it, see sidewalks lined with
ashtrays ringed with crowns of thorns,
weeping eyes and Dia de los Muertos
mini-calaveras in evening gowns,
Mohawks and cigarillos in sanguine-hot lips.

Another shows a girl on her knees,
hands cuffed behind her,
with spit-shined jackboots.
I mean motorcycle-cop-boots
framing her sex-elated face.

Soon I'll see her crucified
in the style of Kahlo with smoke
coming from between her thighs
and people will pray and cry,
It's un milagro, a miracle, es un milagro.

~~~
Jan©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Just Another Venus

An armless woman
Made of bronze
Awaits her lover.

Frozen in her stanza
Her gaze cold
She does not

Even look at me.
I expect
No warmth from her.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Apr©2004
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Karma… again

Funny how
we stroke
each other’s ass
then reciprocally
shish kabob
each other
and so
it is here

O Sharon
would you sit
& face me
as you cross your legs
I want to see
Nirvana but first
let me fetch
my karmera

~~~
Alex  Nodopaka June©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

La Construction de Pinocchio

J’ai pas passé de l’autre côté.
Dieu n’est pas prêt pour moi
J’lui construis toujours le nez
Et il m’attend.

C’est la même chose avec moi.
Je l'attends, c'est toujours comme ca,
On fait quelque chose
Et en attendant la chose suivante.

On attend.
Le secret de l’attente
C’est que c’est aussi
Quelque chose a faire.

Donc maintenant
Nous savons c'que nous faisons.
Attend!
J’vais t’écrire …

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Dec©2008

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

L'absence des espaces entre les mots

Essayant de soutenir ma faim charnelle
de votre réponse d'une ligne singuliere
J'ai extorqué la myrrhe et l'encens
de chaque lettre de chacun de vos mots.

Et quand ces derniers furent à bout de soufflé
J'ai dardé ma langue sur la ponctuation
et comme un caméléon, me suis emparé
de l'unique point final de votre phrase.

La seule action fut de mouiller ma bouche
m'invitant à me verrouiller sur les espaces
séparant vos mots et tout en essayant de les réunir
grâce à ma langue léchant les vides

J'ai fait d'elle une expression ininterrompue.
Et davantage encore, grâce à une pirouette,
j'ai englobé sa chute à son commencement,
créant ainsi un Mobius qui m'a permi

de pénétrer son infini.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Mar©2009

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Le Dejeuner sous L'Herbe

The grass is greener but not always
on the side of the fence we are on
For one, it never has been tasted
from beneath French cows.

I love to chew on pastures
mashed by voluptuous rumps and
expect them firmer than boiled potatoes
and tasty as French Fries.

As a Francophile worm I practice
gourmandizing by worming my way
amid the grasses and consume
the buttocks of Manet’s girlfriends.

My only worry would be their dyspepsia
from Roquefort that might transcend
my snobby nostrils delicate membranes.

Such adventures into gourmand arts
I would surname Post-Epicureanism
if the world needed another art-ism.

~~~
February©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Les Désirs Tauromachiques de Mithras

I was a bull weaving between
ten crimson capes
teasing my bloodshot eyes.

With each dexterous pass
the throngs shouted Olé! Olé!
My spine bristled with banderillas.
I saw myself a strutting peacock
in sanguine feathers.

Oblivious to picadors
I dug the sand covered dirt
beneath my hooves.
Nostrils flared, my mouth
gasped the thirsty summer heat.

Lunging to and fro and forth
and sideways my limbs teased
by the brushing crimson silks,
shoulders close to the toreador
I smelled her lithe svelte body.
Once, intimate enough to feel her
vermilion nails sliver my underbelly.

Upon waking all I remembered
were the slant of her stare and
deka painted ersatz fingernails.

~~~
Apr©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Les mémoires des reflets du temps

C’est pas difficile de te lire
La difficulté
c’est de trouver le temps
qui se cache
derriere le derriere du mirroir

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Love in rubber balls

From a seashore wedding
discarded hot air balloons
are all that’s left at ebb’s tide.

Once inflated egos
now in flaccid condoms
are the only ephemeral remnants

of flushed love that feed
at this point foreign shores.
Lovers gone,

paramours in search of love,
only barren lovers’ wishes
fill imaginary baby carriages.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Mea Maxima Culpa

On my knees
I cop a plea
into your intimate
confessional
with my many far-flung
and in between

sinning

but I am a hefty
Holy Ghost
and your silken netting
against
my sin-laden tongue
is in the way

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Memorial Day 2009

Today I filmed the sound of waterfalls
and photographed an Old Glory Stars and Stripes
planted on the topmost branch of a tall tree
and I wrote a mystical poem in the manner of Gibran.
Then off my shoulder I flicked
straight into the lake a few stray scouting ants

and with my hand swept off some spider webs
stretched against my view of eternity
and I finally let my sight rest.
Having read earlier several poems by a different poet
who was fixated on the eternal
I included the same point of interest when writing mine.

Again also today but somewhat later I went back
to film that same standard waving in the ether
and it made me think of the soldiers
that since I didn't have to fight
permitted me this peace of mind allowing me to write
about the waste of wars.

Today I immersed in trying to understand
the mystique of the drawings by that Syrian poet
and only vaguely received enlightenment.
I should've saved the spider web and sighted the
explanation through its calligraphic heart
in the ways the Koran is illuminated.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Mental Fission

Benevolence unequaled in celestial
realms endows me with the courage
to achieve imperishable implicit feats
enabling me with cosmic strength.

Then comes a time when my cognition
collapses under the disintegration of
unstable elements that spend my energy
in subatomic figment of imagination.

How much longer must I wait for my
mental fission to collapse I don’t know
but I want to see myself in slow motion
compose an adulterous tableau vivant.

I love the quiet between you and I,
this place where serene dreams meet
with fantasies subdued by the yoke of life
that simultaneously unites and separates.

~~~
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Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Mermaid Stanzas

There is
poésie
on the side
of any road

Some
trucking along
Others
abandoned

Most
buried with
not even
a roadside wreath

Mine
exhaled by lungs
hum between her breasts
and cleft

Her
seafaring stanzas
I swallow
Tail and scales

~~~
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Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Modern Relics

Lifting vestiges from a cemetery
I confiscate dental artifacts
from entombed mouths

Each tooth is an art object
preserved untold millenniums
proving our carnivorian issue

I organize and catalog
building my genealogy
like a card castle tower

with ivory and gold fangs
that foraged eons
into our evolutionary carnality

~~~
Mar©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Moon conjuncts Venus

When Sun conjuncts Mars
Capricorn blots Venus
Tropic of the Unicorn oscillates
portending a swelled future
between dignity & decorum

Wolf Moon orbs Veneris Mons
every twenty-eight days
harvesting its pink manna
just before new Moon voids
at 0: 54am

~~~
Feb© 2004-2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Mouth-to-Mouth

You'll never see the sky
with my eyes because I don't
plan on a transplant.

As to your body
dripped on by Pollock
in Boca Raton

you'd have to peel back
the skin of my hat if you
wanted to suntan.

After that we’d fly
to Hatteras where the ocean
steams with many stars

and where we could slurp
on Cioppino or Bouillabaisse
and French kiss oysters

~~~
Alex Nodopaka June©2007
AD Something

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Naranja Desnuda

The idea of undressing
an orange and exposing
her segments and

seeing parting flesh
whets my appetite. My
imagination fires up

I am hot.
Bothered.
Anxious.

With naughty prospects
I plant my mouth
into her meat

when into my eye
her squirting juice
blinds my sight.

Silver-tongued
I bite into her rind.
Mouth full

my lips draw away.
She tastes
like a Velasquez.

~~~
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AD Something

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Not as Usual or On being more like a Dog

I have been catching up on metaphysical
reading
and realize that most great sayings
are just that: sayings we relate with.

For instance:

"The victorious have said
That emptiness is the relinquishing of all views.
For whomever emptiness is a view,
That one will accomplish nothing." (1)

or

Indeed the whole world is imagination.
Only He is the real in Reality.
Whoever understands this
knows the secrets of the spiritual path. (2)

So I started wondering
who are these people claiming to know
the unknowable but who in fact
are no more no less than you or I

as there is no one else
one iota like either one of us
anywhere anytime.
Well, at least I am convinced of it!

So why should there be a unifying theory
explaining all in one single swoop.
I like being different and Hence
I'd modify the above quotes to:

The victorious have thought
Emptiness is reason for all views.
For whomever emptiness is a view that must
Be filled for anything to be seen

and

Indeed the world is imagination.
And real in one's own reality.
Whoever understands this
Knows the secrets of the spiritual path.

Which in most cases
when smelling the aroma of apples
permeating the air I get into a frenzy
because I can sniff Eve's South Pole

and could care less if she has everything

or nothing to do with that Time-of-the-Month,
String-Theory or E8-Theory.
It’s all blingbang thank you M’am to me!

However I hope to hear from her
a little thank you Sir,
this the biggest O I ever had
and oh my, how big your eyes are.

So what this got to do with metaphysics
or the price of gas is that
until we clear ourselves of abstract thinking
we shall not realize any thing.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jul©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Ola Compadre!

there was a time
when my bosses were
in their late 20's early 30's something
during them dot com times
and i was already in my 50's
very conscious of my ivory showing
then i remembered much farther back
when i was embarrassed by my parents
speaking loud in public their native language
and though most Moroccans spoke French
i always felt alien but never
as alien as when I came to Boston in '59
and they bestowed me with an alien green card
just as the USA was fresh out of McCarthyism
but even a few days ago at the checkout stand
when i fumbled too long with my credit card
some impatient local red neck behind me spurted
go back where you came from
so I got a close look at him and figured
he was of Aryan descent
so i spat back at him that with his name
probably being Bergkamp or Engelbrecht
he ought to join the Fascists
back in Valhalla land
which shut him up like real quick
while the Hindu gal at the counter
smiled with understanding and
the wetback next to me patted my back
said Ola, Compadre!

~~~
Apr©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Pasta Lovers

No no no it’s you
that loves no more

You had him a puppet bouncing
end on end
on your G-string bungee

No no no it’s you
that loves no more

You let go of the rubber cord
and bashed his head
against the macadam

No no no it’s you
that loves no more

‘Cause the old scoundrel
is now a gooey wet noodle
twining in your pasta

~~~
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Psychoanalysis of a drawing

After some profound thinking,
I notice between his thighs a toaster.
It grills my attention to a crisp.

The process distracts me
From the fine crosshatched line work
Drawing my gaze towards his chin

Pen stroked with a fine triple ought pen
Weaving delicately across puckered lips
Connecting the Grecian nose of

The character to his hirsute brow
That hoods one dismayed eye.
And despite his trapped expression

The perfect creases on the man's trousers
Foretell that in spite of losing his mind (job)
He hasn’t lost control of his bladder.

~~~
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Reflections on the Shroud

.

I ponder the wetness outside
And inside me.
It is almost quiet everywhere.

Lounging in a Roman robe,
Unshaven, I hear a twitter.
Is it your bird or mine that echoes

Its need of cryptic feeding and
Trying to entreat with this missive
To implore celestial roofers

To repair my leaky ceiling
Damaged by the recent downpour.
The stain is visibly yellow

Makes me think of the holy savior
As I stuff the ceiling hole
With a small piece of a worn linen.

I hope the face, if any, comes gold
As the proof of the truth must rest
Between the ceiling and the roof.

~~~
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AD Something

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~~~

Resolving the puzzle of God’s presence

Who has not seen
anything
but the Divine all their lives
or want to worship
a living Deity
must see this tree
first as a Divine being
and then only
its branches.

In and through this Divinity
may be every thing
and everywhere saying to you,
I am
and the moment you feel
I am
you become conscious
of Existence.

Does one find Bliss
in our hearts
and in every being
if it can’t be seen
and must sitting on a nail
be a reminder
of theology before
coming down on it.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May© 2008
AD Something

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Self-pleasuring Buddha

I thought of stringing
A cascade of words and claim them
To be flowing poems

I insisted for the lines to be
Broken at odd places and
For punctuation to be absent

Then made sure each line began
With a capital letter
While going to length to stagger

The ending of my sentences in mid
Phrases and
When reading them at

An open mike session
I paused on purpose where
I shouldn’t have

But no matter what I did
Every time the interval was lengthy
I was applauded

That is when I realized
The poem tumbled like rough gravel
And I was some kind of Buddha

~~~
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Seth Speaks

This is Hal 9000 speaking.
You are outstripping the range
Of pre-programmed array
Of tolerable communication.

Please activate the button
At the base stem of your GPS
To enable our satellites to engage
Our respective docking ports.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2008
AD Something

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She and Kahlil

I offer this memento
of our brief amicable exchanges
as a tangible relief from the
Indian heat, sweat and noise.

I silently press them between
the pages of his prophetic writing.

And when with charcoal
you reveal your mysteries
do not blame the cinder
for exposing them to me.

~~~
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~~~

Shower Singing

In regard singing
Or not tongues I under-
Stand the conditions

And though I love
Music
My ear is absent

Like Vincent
Having lost it
In my painting

I sing now
Of lost loves and ears
Only when showering

~~~
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AD Something

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~~~

Sightseeing with Jesus

The first time I met Jesus was in Paris on the way to visit
The Notre Dame Cathedral. At the time still very young
I trailed my parents in the Metro and was in love and
Whom I really wanted to meet was Esmeralda.

I had such a crush on her that despite being 10 years old
I saw her, not quite innocent, cavorting with Quasimodo,
Yet back then I knew nothing about dirty old men
But I was ready to swing at him from the gargantuan bell.

What I remember most was her ample cleavage.
Ah, so bouncy, barely held together by a tress of black lacing.
Well, it was a film with Gina Lollobrigida in black & white
Who was voluptuously appetizing despite her lack of colors.

Suddenly the metro heaved smoothly forward jarring me
Back into real time while dismayed I watched my parents
Frantically waving from the quay and realized I was alone
Traveling first time in an unknown megametropolis.

Disembarking at the next stop I was told there was no return path.
I mean it was like a freeway with only an
Off ramp exit with no return until the following or more exit.
I panic just a little when an old man appears from nowhere.

Well, ok, from behind a poster-plastered public pissoir and
Seeing my lost look he kindly instructed me on how to return
To where I came from and I tell you it wasn't easy,
Especially when he asked for my name and after telling him

He comes back with Je suis Jésus and to me it was a miracle.
The next time I met Jesus was in Spain at a bullfight where
Luis Miguel Dominguín was performing Benihaha sword tricks
But on live bulls and when upon the final kill we all went

Across the Plaza de Toros to a restaurant serving
The fresh arena kills and as our party of twelve sat down,
Jesus, as his nametag attested, came to serve us and in that moment
I felt I was ready to eat the body of Christ.

I met the great man a few more times but now will tell you
Why never again. Yesterday, a treasured possession I acquired
On the way home to California at the border in Tijuana Mexico
A whittled facsimile of Jesus sitting on his ass and believe me or not

The vendor's name was no other than that very holy forename
Except he was a true Tequilaland Aguave native.
But by the most unfortunate asynchronistic bicycle accident
Riding it under the influence of Vodka I bumped into the stand

That displayed the fisher of men obviously not on a fishing boat
And ass first they both came tumbling down under the tire and

Even though I could’ve driven over Jesus’ butt I did it over his face.

~~~
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AD Something

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~~~

Sinister Love

When one just learned
how to make a real good Mojito
one experiences bliss in small sips
and discovers godlike feelings of elation.

In that moment becoming in small portions
a spiritual hostage overdosing on Paradise.

My own craving fills me with horror,

says Phaedra to Hippolitus
adding in self-prophecy,

I turn against myself to safeguard myself
against my sexual gourmandism.

And falling at his feet, she confesses,

Observe a woman depraved.

~~~
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Six Sequential Dreams

Six Sequential Dreams

1. A Work Place

The dream centers about the difficulty in finding a parking spot where I used to work in the early 1960's & subsequently the extreme difficulty in finding my way out of the labyrinthine rooms layout searching for a way out without secondary emergency exits. Somehow I lose my shoes in this familiar office building. Then I cross paths with old workplace acquaintances & am embarrassed because I am barefoot. The surreal part is that once I find my shoes they keep growing tufts of hair. When I finally escape the building I forget where my car is & spend a very long time looking for it. My method is to spiral out from the central building yet I never find my car. The dream is in color with mostly picturesque architectural sightseeing features.

2. A Venice-like San Francisco

The streets of SF are like an industrial city Venice-like. Huge container ships make sharp turns on narrow one-way streets surrounded by tall office buildings. I wonder at the pilots' dexterity with the controls. The dream is in full color, I am mostly a spectator.

3. Art Show Performance

All the scenery is in mostly whites with some black streaks. People of African descent tend their booths while others perform. I amble around with a malfunctioning camera whose circuit boards are exposed. I try to carefully not short circuit by carefully positioning my fingers on the edges of the circuit boards. Dream in color.

4. Bottom of Embarcadero from Coit Tower

I look up a rising cliff & ask a passerby how high it is. He responds 2,000 feet. A very narrow dirt trail zigzags to the top. Numerous pedestrians hug the mountains as they climb up. A few walk down gingerly. I climb the first 50 feet straight up but with great difficulty. Breathless, I feel I can't go up any further & decide to inch back. The trail is so narrow I cannot turn around. I creep backwards then stop to let people coming up pass me. We exchange words in re the difficult path. When I am down I wonder where I am & where the path leads. Some tourists tell me it's so so & I respond oh yes. I was up there before but never knew what was down from where I am now. The dream is in full color.

5. Les Halles de San Francisco

I levitate around the wharves of San Francisco in a place similar to Les Halles de Paris. I photograph scenery & overhear 2 Frenchmen talking in French but they assume I cannot hear them when one of them turns to me asking where he can buy a lot of fish. I ask him does he mean in kilograms or tons. He laughs at my question. They sit down in a bistro & I levitate away to bring them photos of where they can obtain a lot of fish at the fisherman wharf. The dream is in sepia tone color.

6. Inside the Bowels of Limbo

I find myself at the edge of a swampy pond. All the surrounding earth is whitish. It is

slush with corrugated metal structures on the right side of the pond. I am on slippery grounds trying to hang on by grasping small clumpy white mounds but they slowly give way & separate in creeping jerking steps dragging me down towards the slush threatening to swallow me.

The sludge is a dangerously thick acid soup rhythmically sloshing against the shore near the bottom of my feet. From the opposite end there's a chute from where the goop flows through man-size huge tubular structures. Shouting for help I hang on precariously but the noise surrounding me muffles all sounds from being heard. The mass of small moguls I cling to creep down at a snail's pace with me barely hanging on.

A man appears within my sight & hearing distance but turns his back on me trying to save himself. I finally crawl back to safety and slosh towards the corrugated metal outbuildings searching for help but the shacks are empty.

The height of the surrounding whitish mountains are impassable except by crossing the slush pond at whose opposite end I see an entrance with manned trucks.

The dream is mostly in shades of white colors with dark shadow accents. The objects in the dream are very tactile. I sense the thick lumpy texture under my feet & fingers.

~~~
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AD Something

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Solitude

I want to be
Not alone
Across the vast geography
That separates

I want to be
Not unaccompanied
Across the immense oceans
That divide

I want to be
Not by myself
Across the vast abyss
that engulfs

I want to be
Not alone
With only solitude
For company

I want to be
With you
With not even our skins
To keep us apart

~~~
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Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Speaking of the Other

I could be flinging thorns
at a Fury with green eyes
but that would be a waste
of future blossoms

I know she supposes
I speak of her
but no I speak of the other
The one with altruistic ego

The one that is worthy of
all the cut flowers of the world
She also has emerald jade eyes
and fury between ruby thighs

Not like the other
who shows Ira in her eyes and
blood-stained labia from bobbing
unfaithful lovers

~~~
Apr©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Splitting cunt hairs

I callipered for accuracy
your words & am tellin' ya
that the width and length
are in direct proportion
to the depth of your theme.
Here's 1/10,000th bravo!

On a note poles apart
your choice of subject substance
framed by a scarcity
of encumbering details
makes your presentation
razor edge state of the art.

Now here I'm talkin'
'bout your thesis letter
& I am tellin' ya
ya ain't gonna get no PhD
writin' from the heart
emotional shit like that.

Now let me try be
fricken clear since women
in general hate analytical
logical rational explanations
& us dumb studs know nuthin'
'bout the sensitive level.

Let me answer
like many doctors
that don't know the answers
to life-threatening conditions,
IT'S ALL IN YOUR HEAD!
Hey! Take 2 Aspirins

& hey, YOU! Tell him
to take 2 Blue pills,
start copulatin' &
call me back tomorrow.
I have a fricken
headache NOW!

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jul©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Sublimation by Osmosis

From solid to misty ether
But not exceedingly liquid
The process of a transition
Is innocent though titillating.

At times it can be more sinister
In the outward expression
Of our repressions.

It’s nothing we can lip or drink
Yet it clumps in our throats
Becomes Kama Sutra
Raising a feral Kundalini
By hand.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Feb©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Symbols are Oracular Forms

Would they buy this adrenalin reserve of white stuff lying in the earth or a mighty force loosening fiery morning whirlwinds?

In symbols of oracular forms, mysterious patterns create vortices with an acute angle. They are centers beyond help—like an ether-lit cigarette. Don't try it.

I'd rather roam around Kiev wearing one red white and blue glove and be substantially insubordinate in my literati spiel. I recognize the white powder on the edge of a blade got to me. I drown into myself.

~~~
Mar©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Talmudic socio political matters III

It’s not a matter to be involved in Jewish stuff. It's that such matters are to a large extent part of us. For instance, I claim to understand Einstein’s theories. I bank & drink with Rothschild. Rothko & Chagall hang on my walls. In my speech Freud slips in. I sometimes swear by Jesus but contribute to His State more than 30 shekels!

I often wonder where we would be without the twelve apostles Leonard Bernstein or Cohen or the Gershwin brothers. I know in writing this I tread on thin water, but have faith, like Alice B. Toklas had in Gertrude Stein, and that I am lighter than water. Well, I could go on but will pause for a glass or two of Manishevitz and read some

unauthorized biographies of Hart Moss & Sarah Bernhardt. And yet, not wanting to live my life through the lives of others I always come back to mine so that my goy ego name might one day be added to this foreshortened list. Rube Goldberg, Copeland, Bob Dylan, Mordecai, Jonas Salk, Nostradamus, Frida Kahlo, Isaac Azimov, Baruch, Elvis Presley,

Imanuel Velikovsky, Edward Teller, Arthur Miller, Franz Kafka, Modigliani, Carl Sagan, Golda Meir, Allen Ginzberg, J.D. Salinger, Frank Gehry, Leonardo da Vinci and maybe even Christopher Columbus. Well, let’s not skew further the Semite way without mentioning the not so gentile side. Stalin, Gengis Khan,

Mussolini, Atila the Hun, Hitler, Nero, Kim Jong-il, Saddam Hussein and I’d throw in a Bush or two unless the two-war Iraqi dead don’t count. Well, ok! There was Herod but all I am envious are his ten wives and let’s not forget God. All this in the name of power! Cheers! Laheim! Vodka anyone?

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Apr©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Tequila Art

I'd swear I remarked previously
but my mind vaporizes in Vodka
mist. Nah! I am pulling your
leg as I have no senior moments.
Yet!

What possesses me is delayed
wisdom waiting for a Tequila
worm. Oh, sorry, the thing about
this artwork here is that
it is a stark contrast of

voluptuous lushness against
naked bulimia and though
I'd love to carve her to the bone
it looks like you've already
done a good job.

Darn poetry aside, this picture
of you reminds me of my first
wife. I'll let u guess which of the
two is my portrait.
Please be my V.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The (would-be) Divo

In regard
singing languages or not
I understand
the conditions
of sound
and intonation
.
and though I love
music
my ear is absent
and like Vincent
I lost mine
to painting
.
Now I croon
of lost loves and
ears
only when showering
with pulsing water
for accompaniment

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The 3-minute Tough Love

and I
a worm, mind you,
beneath the grass

watch a star burst.
She blows my…
mind.

Of course I speak of
Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe
except my version

is sous l'Herbe
(an underground version)
((lol))

Et le problème avec ça
c'est que l'amour
est toujours l'amour

et dure
que pour trois minutes
pendant qu'il est dur

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The absence of spaces between words

Trying to sustain my carnal hunger
from your single line response
I wrung myrrh and frankincense
from every letter of each of your words.

When those exhausted
I darted my tongue on its punctuation
and like a chameleon snatched
the single period ending your sentence.

All that action did was water my mouth
inviting me to latch onto the spaces
separating your words and I tried
to reunite them by licking off the voids.

And so an uninterrupted phrase formed
that I further enhanced by twisting
its end to its beginning thus forming a Mobius
whose infinity I skillfully entered.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Mar©2009
AD Something

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~~~

The Artist

To show mentally
the finger to the art world
his travails surpass the minds
that critique him

His oeuvre can taste
be seen and heard
and understood in ways
but to his magic self
~~~
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AD Something

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~~~

The beach

Rocking in the painted metal lounging chair
the sea not far

Jack in the Box
springs up gliding in the seat's moist traces

He relishes the thought
of another wet tush having sat there earlier

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jan©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Costumed Oscar Eve Party

Mickey has big ears and hears secrets
he's not supposed to. I think of pinning
and taping my droopy
fleshy excesses (the visible only)
with clear adhesive strips and suspend
my eyelids from my eyebrows and
stretch my cheeks to my earlobes
so I can fasten them behind.

You’re right about the big mouse
(a friend’s suggestion) that
his ears are big enough to hide
the decaying extent of my wisdom.
That way at the party incognito
I’ll flit from one guest to another
loosely talk about economics and
the worth of shrunken real estates.

In between champagne sips and
furtive glances at cleavages maybe
I shall make a cleavage photo series?
Yes, yes, we never know except
that a no always leads nowhere.
Well, so much for my simile-stream
Of consciousness written in octoplets.
Speaking of eights, isn’t it breath-

taking to rediscover there’s money
to be made from a large progeniture.
Because historically speaking,
when in dire economic times,
a freak circus is always a
hysterical place to watch an octopus
vaginally birth octopi.

~~~
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AD Something

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~~~

The Crimson Foulard

Amongst imagined fantasist visions
I glimpsed a form reclining on a rock
surrounded by undulating wavelets.

She was wearing a crimson scarf
and I profess she was scribbling
imitations Rimbaud or Verlaine lines

No matter, the more looking I did
the more I could taste frog legs sautéed
in Champagne and the more I saw

blue and white and red in her literary
voyages the more I felt she could fool me
with such imaginatively silky thighs.

It crossed my mind to engrave her
with a pointy stylus in a woodsy block
and make of her an Utamaro geisha

and then for the sake of painting a Haiku
I'd lay her under a blossomed cherry
Mount Fuji towering above of her.

~~~
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AD Something

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~~~

The Divine Bailout

From the divine Lehman Brothers
To the manifest divine WaMu
To the divine B of A,
I pass through again.
As a horse shakes free
The flies & the fleas in its mane,

I shake off all evil & free myself
From the divine Mutual Bonds
Of birth and death & through the gas
Escaping from the divine lips
Of Sarah Palin,
I attain the pure realm

Of divine Fort Ross
From where I can see (almost)
Divine Alaska & from there on
Into the pure realm of divine Russia,
& with Putin willing,
To divine Ukraine my home.

From there I'll kiss
The divine Moroccan soil,
Land of my youth & maybe even
Divine Yemen because
Divine bin Laden
May have had a point.

And I'll forgive divine France
For not sticking by the divine USA
But I'll never forgive them
For the Muslim Mentalists take over.
Except for when they speak of vain talk,
Then I'll turn away & say:

'To us our deeds and to you yours.
Peace be to you: I seek not the ignorant.'
I swear I shall not lose the house I live in
To any divine Downey Savings rip offs.
Standing tall I shall never be lost
In this less than divine world.

~~~
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~~~

The Encounter in a Greasy Spoon

Now here's a dozen plus one gringo
loungin' in an idyllic settin'
not fit for kings but a Toyo Sesshu ink wash
cause in the background
right behind 'em baldin' monkish lookin' dudes
there's three semi-ova-topped bay windows

from whence protrude in like bas relief
a quarter-dozen half-dome mountain peaks.
I mean exactly like the ones you see in
Chinese paintings with 'em crests hovering
above smog-filled Los Angeles yucky mists.
Remarkably, the table ain't loaded as for pigs.

There's only three mugs painted all silver,
which means there's only three boozers
and I don't think the handsome bearded one
with the lanky face is one of 'em unless
they all share in but I don't think they do
and it ain't cause of poverty either.

I say this cause 'em fellahs look well-fed
and they ain't dressed in street rags
though I notice a few stains on the table
but that's cause of the half-eaten croissants
which makes me think it's a French Bistro.
And let me tell you how funny

their gentile faces look with their pink cheeks
and Roman aquiline straight noses.
They're all of fair complexion and blondish.
I mean there couldn't be there a single Jew
unless they all, including her, had nose jobs
but I bet two of them might be Bolsheviks

cause they sit bare feet without sandals.
I'm not too sure if they are Commies
but would be wholly convinced if they were
sipping Vodka from their saucers of which
I don't see any. Most disturbing there isn't
any Manishevitz but Praise Laheim anyway.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Fading of Funeral Flowers

I'd rather remember
Only the colorful blossoms
Surrounding the departed

I'd rather remember
Only their characters & scent
And not some waxen faces
Straight out of the mold

I'd rather remember
The roses & the reds & the yellows
And the whites & the pinks

I'd rather forget
The thorns & the pricks & the angst
& the contradictions
Between existence & non-existence

And especially
the pallidness
of life

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Fiddler's Arse

Led by an ass
through golden gates
we enter Jerusalem fiddling
diddling and amusing
the throngs who twirl
flip and slip to the sounds
of my instrument.

On palm fronds laid
before our footsteps
we joyously bellow,

Ear of the ear, lyrics of lyrics,
breath of breath
the eye of the eye of
the beholder conducts
the mind of our minds

the violin snaps a string
and my ass breaks wind.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Feb©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The finding of the Torah

When Moses returned
to Mount Sinai
to look
for the 11th commandment
he lost on the way down
he stumbled
on the Torah
that fell out of God’s pouch.
Since then
these two chaps
have been looking
for each other.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2008
AD Something

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~~~

The Formulation of G-d

The canvas screams,
It’s ALIVE! It’s ALIVE!

And pulling on its fibers
Gives life to the puppet
Who in turn draws a deity and
Puts in its mouth the words,

Let there be light
on Form & Content in Art

and let the metaphysics
of the drawn line speak for itself.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Feb©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Girth of Buddha

Buddha waist spreads
On fat meditations
Nothing goes to waste

Champagne aplenty
imbibed from heavenly goblet
manna from cosmic spigot oozes.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Apr©2007
AD Something

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~~~

The Girth of the 4th Dimension

Holding in my hand a gnarled fossil
I ponder over its weight exceeding a stone's
And I don't mean one of the pumice kinds.
I feel this one is denser than mercury.

Because of the smoothness and
Toughness of its bizarre corporal features
I can't tell whether it's a prehistoric
Living plant or the upper palate of a yet

Undiscovered alien saurus Rex.
Judging its goldish to brown patina it appears
More like an ancient unlinked bone or ivory.
Its form more alien than

Anything I have ever seen before except
Maybe by a furtive glance at the Smithsonian
Or some other museums of macrobiotic bones.
Between my fingers I feel I'm clasping time

That resembles the bunched skin on the back
Of my hand streaked with darkish brown dots
And unidentified protruding growing matter
That identify my furrowed yet fleeting present.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Apr©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Handmade Poem

Because I am no poet
this ode shall be sculpted
with handmade paper and malachite
and when the papyrus will fossilize
its lyrics shall be chiseled in 3D.

The drummed hammering
shall be its melody
with the notes cleaved
and for the rustling sound
use the flow of myriad marble dust.

And if the stanzas won’t hum right
they’ll be shattered chipped off
scraped instead of crumpled.
Well, all this visual
and aural circumlocution

is only in my mind because
there’s no more than a soft tap
when the apex of my finger
glides on the keyboard of the PC.
Sigh!

But maybe,
just maybe,
instead of sculpting
I should paint this poem
on handmade paper

in the way of Hiroshige or Mi Fei
who thinned down black ink
suiting it to necessary transparency
distinguishing
the astigmatic background

from the myopic forefront.
And for good measure
I shall sculpt this poem
in French and intersperse it
with a bit of Slav

like here and there
a da and a couple of niet
since most readers would know
those crucial words.
Then I shall sit in a lotus stanza

sigh…

and dedicate this poem
to water lilies
so when the paper
it is written on
is discovered

it will have completely
dissolved
with only stripped letters
floating down the stream
reforming fluid stanzas

worthy of the river's
amorous curves.
I think it'll be
a sculpture
gratifying the erotica
between water and clay.
~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Helix Glyph

I’m blind but can hear you
I came back hungry for words

I’m unsighted but can taste them
served one at a time

I want to savor the flavor
of each and every character

with a helicoidal glyph
that twists round a stick body

but exits straight when spit out
on handmade papyrus

~~~
Mar©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Importance of an Instant or An Instant of Importance

To understand with discernment a temporal moment
When our beliefs at that duplicate moment revise our needs to conform to
That specific moment because that moment is important while
The next doesn’t exist yet. In other words at this very instant

While 3 billion people sleep another 3 billion people are doing
Something unimportant to me and at this instant I become a drowsy poem
Drifting through the door waiting for the moment of passage
And despite its opening not conforming to the cursive configuration of

My stanzas because at this very moment I become thin as ether and
A keyhole or a slit beneath the threshold is sufficiently ample for me to
Ink the words and permeate the papyrus of twenty centuries ago
That one attempts to decipher will be named The Dead Sea Scrolls

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Importance of Identity

I read your poem
And shrugged it off
Because upon seeing
A white speck on your shoulder
I thought

It could be a fragment
Of dead skin or
Some unidentified object
That fell from your ear
And is not like I shall make

Any wax of it
Because all it wants to be
Is a smallish
Of small candle
And make a midget happy

But then maybe,
Just maybe,
It is a lash of non-color
In which case it may speak
If not of your wisdom

Then of your advancing years
Oh well I think
It’s dandruff after all
But it sure made a big deal
Of itself

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Intimacy of a Maja

To me she is
organically
more beautiful
without lead paint.

No wonder
I find irresistible
the Desnuda version.
Oh yes yes
the picturesque poses.

Statuesque &
glamorous torpor
in reclining
Velasquez languor.

My lust forking desire at the intersection of why & not & straightaway without delay.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Metamorphosis of Salvador Dali

Even though asking
for a wallet
I became a Dali before
I knew it.

Then he skinned me
and made me into a leather tie.
Tie dyed it to boot.
That’s when I knew

deep in my heart
he was a hippie
way before his time
or mine.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Dec©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Moral Bigness of a Small Physical Act

That time I spent some hours in the wilderness
There was a sign warning visitors not to disturb nature
In any ways and that dogs especially were forbidden there.

I thought the latter were made to be my friends.
Made by my need to compensate for God's absence and
Since my bitch sleeps with me she ought to walk with me.

Disturbed by man's need to have power over our movements
I dislodged with my foot a pebble over on its obverse side
Burying in the process in the soft dirt a very tiny bug

I saw in the last split second of the rock rolling over.
And in that very moment I realized that if God
Displaces entire galaxies as if they were musical chairs

Squelching in the process zillion billions living creatures
It dawned that my madness did not come close to his
Which made me feel even oh so much more omnipotent

That I bent and raising the gravel freeing the ant to roam
Unhampered the whole of earth on its free will and since
I didn't impart it with The Word I didn't need its praises.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Mar©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Mystery of Duality

The pneumatically operated subway doors
Glide shut behind me. I seat myself
Wedging between two one-legged women.
One has her left amputated the other her right.
Serves me right to be so lucky.

Being an engineer I toss heat exchange formulae
And calculate mentally how quickly my thighs
Would warm if I walked in from the middle
Of winter and what if each woman sat
With one good thigh against mine.

But it's mid-summer and I'm fantasizing.
Being shit out of luck I look
Across half-drawn glass panes
Into the next compartment where two chaps
Read torn half-page newspapers.

I wonder until I notice they are half-faced.
Well, half the news is better than none
And half the pain if it's bad chitchat and
Since I am half-witted it suits me fine.
Then I think what if those women sat

With their amputated sides against me?
Would we make a happy threesome?
At least we could walk without crutches
With me hanging off their shoulders
And if you're still reading this and think of Alice

And the wonders of this world
You understand one-quarter of my meaning.
I don't want to confuse the issue by adding
To what degree it would impact the equations
If one or more of us had poor blood circulation.

Mathematics is a strange science when you know
Only fractions dealing with phantasms.
And it seems it's best to know half truths
While we make up and live the other halves,
Trying to explain the opposites of duality.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Mar©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Narcissistic Contrarian

None of us are morons
in spite of some
naming us that.
There's a point where
au contraire the surname
attached to artwork

gives extra weight &
simply because a pissoir
has been called an objet d’art
maybe for the reason of
its Gaul spelling
doesn't mean

I'll hang one in my home.
Except, enfin, maybe in yours.
Hence, concerning your poem
I'd frame it behind
non-glare glass so it doesn’t
reflect your narcissism.

However, just because
I wrote this here poem
I shall shred it modernize it
& then I shall hang it
in a most prominent place
purposely behind clear glass.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Nature of Buddha

Sweeping the staircase steps
one after the other downward
counting dead leaves
I imagine my arms to be branches

that wrap my waist over and over
with a longer and longer sash.
I imagine myself a fat tree trunk
Assigning the leafy detritus

into the organic compost bin
I imagine myself a fungus.
And when the mushrooms,
delicately sautéed and digested

I imagine a satiated non-deity
squatting behind that tree
trapped by oblivion but thrilled
by Buddha nature.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Feb©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Other Shroud

She stares down
The sweat rivulet
Down my face
Yet tells me I reek
To high heaven

I tell her of my visiting
The Virgin
Which no longer is
Since the blood she detects
On the palms of my hands

Is proof irrefutable
She needs not scrutinize
My face etched around
The slit
Of the nuptial bed sheet

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Other Side of Stillness

Arrested by time

m
o
v
e
m
e
n
t

slips

into a frozen

m o m e n t

A momentum witness.

Ethereal.

A motionless trace recorded by
electron microscope
transcribed on celluloid negative

displays sub-atomic particles
that nanoseconds before
traveled in a vapor chamber.

Shifting motion and
shy reality escape
under the gaze.

~~~
Jan©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Overheard Dialogue

He responds to her that he’s tired of
Barroom poetry & turns to take a drag
From his ciggie when she tells him hey
No smoking here as she exhales & says
She hates in her mouth the taste of tobacco

He informs her not to worry
Those are not the lips he’ll
Be kissing & she giggles says ok
Coyly adding she won’t fart in his face
Laughing he says her poetry could stop here

& That metaphysically speaking
It is not spiritually uplifting &
Informs her he didn’t know that
Farting in heaven was permissible
But that hers being airy & fluffy

They will float like on clouds
That shall transform into a magic carpet &
She says to him yeah & cumulus burns
Are softer on the knees to which
He replies you’re talking now babe

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Overheard Dialogue II

He responds to her that he’s tired of
Barroom poetry & turns to take a drag
From his ciggie when she tells him hey
No smoking here as she exhales & says
She hates in her mouth the taste of tobacco

He informs her not to worry
Those are not the lips he’ll
Be kissing & she giggles says ok
Coyly adding she won’t fart in his face
Laughing he says her poetry could stop here

& That metaphysically speaking
It is not spiritually uplifting &
Informs her he didn’t know that
Farting in heaven was permissible
But that hers being airy & fluffy

They will float like on clouds
That shall transform into a magic carpet &
She says to him yeah & cumulus burns
Are softer on the knees to which
He replies you’re talking now babe

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Path

There’s profundity in what you wrote &
I agree he may have been a Prophet
But I still want to see the imprint of his
Footsteps on The Path he revealed us

And unless he’s waiting for the first rain
In which case I’ll satisfy his wants
Beyond his dreams & despite him wearing
Sandals instead of fins I’ll send a deluge

With the next monsoon because when
Confronted by disasters Memory goes haywire
& he won’t remember much but
Will begin to fib from then on

And make up these feats I did and not see
They were sleight-of-hand illustrating
That with oral & dexterous skills
One can pull the wool off a sheep

Without it seeing or feeling a thing and
When herded they follow as if blindfolded
Now let me tell you I am also blinded
By my powers

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Physique of an Intimate Painting

I decided to do canvases
painted only by
imagined beautiful people.

In my awareness
their brush strokes would structure
into poised angular shapes
and become refined parallelograms
elegantly perched on slender easels
firmly planted in the grass
supporting the upper half
of their bovine torsos.

This pastoral vision
of domesticated beasts in paddocks
metamorphosing grass into milk
suckled from teats
will be so convincingly surreal
that one will have to be constantly reminded
they are not teats
and that the dribble from the corner
of their mouths
is only a mind trip.

The reality is that
refined breasts to one
are watermelons to another
simile to inverted pears
one must eat
starting with the arse.

Crushingly mammothian
the figurative representations by Botero
weigh massively on my mind
as I also like them plump
towering above my eyes
enabling me to lick kiss each
by slightly turning
my head sideways.

Needless to say
this is one time I am bullish
about mad cows.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Physique of Intimate Poetry

I decided to read poetry
written only by
imagined beautiful people.

In my psyche
their words
structured into poised stanzas
become refined paragraphs
that perch elegantly
on slender ankles
supporting the upper half
of their bovine torso.

This pastoral vision
of grass
metamorphosing
into milk suckled from a teat
is so convincingly surreal
that it is not
may not be a tit.

Reality is that
a refined ankle to one
is the size of a thigh to another
a simile to an inverted pear
one must eat
starting with the arse.

Botero
and his crushingly mammothian
figurative representations
weigh heavily on my mind.

I also like them plump
and towering
close to my eyes
enabling me to kiss such
by only slightly
turning my head sideways.
Needless to say
this is one time I am bullish
on a mad cow.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Saga of the Lost Dandruff

This is a follow up
On the dandruff on your shoulder
I accused you of bearing
Now I discovered
She had the same kind on hers
And suddenly I couldn't tell

If hers was on your shoulder
Or was it she that was
Or was it yours that were
Or is it you that were on hers
But all in all
You must've been together

Because the odds of windy odes
Having deposited them on both
Is like two atoms colliding
In the grand cosmic void
After an expansive inhalation
Of my lungs

Actually it was in a celestial
Vacuum chamber the vapor trace
Of a subatomic particle
Against the blackness of the
Night skies grotesque immensity
No, I think it is stars I see

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Saga of the Lost Graffiti

This is a follow up
About the graffiti on your wall
I accused you of hanging
Now I discovered you had
The same kind she had on hers
And suddenly I couldn't tell

If hers was on your wall
Or was it she that was
Or was it yours that were
Or is it you that were on hers
But all in all
I suspect you must've been together

Because the odds of found art
Hung on both walls
Is like two atoms colliding
In a cosmic vacuum
After an expansive exhalation
Of my lungs

Actually I believe it was a celestial
Subatomic particle dandruff trace
Against the blackness
Of the night skies immensity
No, I think it is stars I see

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Scurf & the Porn Star

This is a follow up
about the dandruff
on your shoulder
I accused you of bearing
since I discovered she had
the same trace kind
on hers and I couldn't tell
if it was hers
that came off your shoulder
or it was because
she leaned against yours
or it was you that did

or is it yours that was
on hers
but all in all
you must've been together
because the odds
of transposed odes
having deposited themselves
on both of you
is like two atoms
colliding
in the cosmic vacuum
after an expansive inhalation

of my lungs.
Actually it must've been
in a celestial
emptiness chamber
that the vapor trace
of a subatomic particle
against the blackness
of the immensity
of night skies registered
or did it come off
a shooting
star.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Skipping Poem

Odd how in.ter.mit.tent is
this word I wrote.

It began solid blue,
full of cerebral substance and
as thoughts started to evaporate,
so did my strophes.

Each letter was half-
formed
as if part-born.
Too bad I didn’t fin-
-ish writing.
The flow of ideas dried up
as did the ink.

~~~
Feb©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Spiritual Leech

Sometimes aloness pervades me
Like a soporific spleen.

It morphs me into
A never quite asleep Morpheus.

While Pasithea keeps me awake
Swirling hypnogogic dreams

Letting the therapeutics of blood
Act as sponging vampires

Trading death for life
Claiming spiritual illuminations

~~~
Alex Nodopaka April ©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Stream of Zen

Stream
of consciousness writing
is like the one
of my urethra

when restricted
too long
from freely cascading
it suddenly releases

a warm bliss
permeates
my shivering spine.
I silently Ommm!

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Tale of Three Kisses

I empathize with them in the
Ways of Charles de Gaulle
Except unlike him I feel the
Deluge coming after the

First kiss and in the
Next fluid second I
Become a hugging
Russian bear crushing

Her lips against mine and
By the third I taste the
Honey trickling from
Her other kisser and I

Like any Frenchman in
Good standing.
Speak of those other
Cheeky affairs

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Talmudic in Socio-political Matters I

It’s not a matter of
wanting to be or not
involved in Jewish stuff.
It is that such matters
are already around and
to a large extent part of us.

For instance,
I claim to understand
Einstein’s theories. I bank &
drink with Rothschild.
Rothko & Chagall
hang on my walls.

In my thoughts
now and then Freud slips in.
I sometimes swear
by Jesus but contribute
heavily* to His State.
* More than 30 shekels!

I often wonder where
we would be without
the twelve apostles
Leonard Bernstein or Cohen
or the Gershwin brothers.
I know in writing this

I tread on thin water,
but have faith, like
Alice B. Toklas had
in Gertrude Stein,
that I am lighter
than water.

Well, I could go on
but will pause for a glass
or two of Manishevitz
and read an unauthorized
biographies of Hart Moss &
Sarah Bernhardt.

And yet, not wanting to live
my life through the lives of
others I always come back to
mine so that my goy ego name
might one day be added
to this foreshortened list.

Baruch, Rube Goldberg, Mahler, Copeland, Bob Dylan, Bill Maher,
Mordecai, Jonas Salk Nostradamus, Richard Feynman, Frida Kahlo,
Elvis Presley, Al Rosen, Carl Sagan, Edward Teller, Arthur Miller,

Imanuel Velikovsky, Franz Kafka, Modigliani, Golda Meir, Niels Bohr,
Allen Ginzberg, David Mahmet, J.D. Salinger, Leonardo da Vinci,
Isaac Azimov, Frank Gehry and maybe even Christopher Columbus.

Well, I don’t want to skew
too much the Semite way
without mentioning
the other not so gentile side.

Stalin, Gengis Khan, Mussolini, Eichman, Atila the Hun, Hitler,
Idi Amin, Nero, Omar al-Bashir, Kim Jong-il, Saddam Hussein
and I’d throw in a Bush or two unless we don’t count the two wars
Iraqi dead Well, ok! There was Herod but all I am envious is
of his ten wives. But that’s not such a bad thing and of course
there was Jesus.

Laheim!

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Apr©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Talmudic in Socio-political Power Matters II

It's not a matter of wanting to be or not
involved in Jewish stuff. It is that such matters are
already around and to a large extent part of us.
For instance, I claim to understand Einstein's theories.
I bank & drink with Rothschild. Rothko & Chagall hang
on my walls. In my thoughts Freud slips in now and then.

I sometimes swear by Jesus but contribute to His State.
More than 30 shekels! I often wonder where we would be
without the twelve apostles Leonard Bernstein or Cohen or
the Gershwin brothers. I know in writing this I tread on
thin water, but have faith, like Alice B. Toklas had in
Gertrude Stein, and that I am lighter than water.

Well, I could go on but will pause for a glass or two of
Manishevitz and read an unauthorized biographies of
Hart Moss & Sarah Bernhardt. And yet, not wanting to
live my life through the lives of others I always come back
to mine so that my goy ego name might one day be added
to this foreshortened list.

Rube Goldberg, Copeland, Bob Dylan, Mordecai, Jonas Salk,
Nostradamus, Frida Kahlo, Isaac Azimov, Baruch, Elvis Presley,
Al Rosen, Imanuel Velikovsky, Edward Teller, Arthur Miller,
Franz Kafka, Modigliani, Carl Sagan, Niels Bohr, Golda Meir,
Allen Ginzberg, David Mahmet, J.D. Salinger, Frank Gehry,
Leonardo da Vinci and maybe even Christopher Columbus.

Well, let's not skew further the Semite way without mentioning
the not so gentile side. Stalin, Gengis Khan, Mussolini, Idi Amin,
Atila the Hun, Hitler, Nero, Kim Jong-il, Saddam Hussein and I'd
throw in a Bush or two unless the two-war Iraqi dead don't count.
Well, ok! There was Herod but all I am envious about
are his ten wives and then let's not forget a non-descript God.

All this in the name of power! Cheers! Laheim! Vodka anyone?

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Apr©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Tangible in a Virtual Performance

I laud artistic labors
The way I praise any comedian

Among which transparent gods
Whose reduced travails

Performed in near-blindness
(You know, before The Light)

Are barely perceptible
Which brings to light

My next transparent
Performance installation

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jan©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Third Recliner

At a recent social gathering
The hostess sat me across
An empty lounge chair
Of which there were two more
Of the same and as we began

Debating subliminal advertising
On which I needed help
I wonder if she consciously
Offered me the vacant chair
As a suggestive ritual entrance
Into some intimate séance

Because as we were conversing
Of Black Magic & Voodoo dolls
Made in her likeness
I sat through unperturbed
Listening to her advising me
On how to prick her plaything

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The trigonometry of anxiety

Scanning into the distance I watch the biplane lift off. I turn on the ignition in my helicopter, rev up the engine and take off in pursuit. The higher the angle of elevation of the nose of my flying machine, the smaller the biplane appears in the distance. The more I floor the pedal the greater the remoteness of the airplane from me. I decide to fold my wings backwards and whoosh at the speed of thought right next to the fleeing aircraft.

Out of breath, or should I say out of thought, I catch up as the other pilot steps out of his cabin and inches gingerly on the wing towards his co-pilot who is already kneeling repairing with a heated pair of pliers the puncture in the inflated wing. I notice their aero plane is made of translucent blue plastic sheeting, its body and wings segmented like sausage links and there's Polish writing on its tail. I figure that's the explanation for my swinging on poles as you'll see later. Completely still, the biplane is suspended in the sky. With each step along the wing the pilot sinks knee-deep into it as some Slovak Kasha or Kentucky grits. I'm afraid the whole thing shall blow up any time and make a bloody expressionist sky painting outdated by today's standards.

Suddenly a burst of air from my propeller dislodges the flyers. They plummet down into the ocean below. From this side of the Rio de Janeiro Christ statue I see them crash in the water just beyond the horizon precisely between the outstretched arms straight behind Jesus' head. I wonder if it's a sign from above or simply my vantage view. Those synchronistic happenings of the weeping Madonna or Virgin Mary seeping out of a cave fill my imagination with a lot of bunk. Now wait a minute, do I see tears on the cheeks of Jesus? Nah, it's only pollution soot or seagull guano rivuleting downward.

Jumping out of my machine I start running but in slow motion along the ridge of the skyline of the peninsula when, critically out of breath again, I reach the peak of the mountain next to the statue. Clinging to its apex, the mountaintop suddenly divides in half with me swaying precariously clinging to the tip as if I were on the top of a flexible flagpole. I'm so scared my gonads shrivel into my scrotum and my chest closes and my mouth gasps for air. I feel like a runner at the end of a 5-mile run with the finish string slicing my chest in half.

I sway hard trying to reach over to the second peak in order to descend it and save the pilots but each time I brush the opposing pole with my fingertips it tilts away as if we were two repelling south poles. It must have to do with time and synchronization for two bodies to meet they must act either at contre temps or be at opposite ends of their respective starting positions. Isn't it funny how the French slip in at the appropriate moments to clarify the unexplainable?

Unable to make it to the other end I slide down the pole and start backtracking running up and down barren hills and across desiccated valleys. After a while I suspect the way back is too long and realize I'm lost and the further I run the more anxious I become. The trails are confusing now as several tracks crisscross in divergent directions and there's no drinking water. Thirst dries my lungs. I feel rawness in my chest but the sense of emergency to reach for help for my friends overcomes my need to rest and drink. This time, just in case, I think settling for a sip of water instead of a whole Vodka bottle!

I suspect the flyers may be dead by now judging by the height of the drop, the impact against the water and the length of time under the water.

I know. I know I still must reach someone and there’s nobody in sight around the center of the spherical desert. It’s just a matter of 4-D geometry and some function of pi and the Egyptians haven’t built any monumental cellular spheroids that I know of.

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Alex Nodopaka Aug©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
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The Turtle Arse Fiddler

in tune
with my surroundings
I read this article
that deals with inner devils
while below on the lower deck
water runs into manmade ponds
made by a human
who in this case is me but so what
and going back to reading
when I become dimly aware
of a pain in the left elbow
that was seriously crushed
falling backward
oh about nine months ago and
it acts out for the last few days
as the Mexican monsoon hovers
overhead and it feels
real balmy and amply humid
to have my pant legs
stick to my thighs
giving me a restricted feel
so as I think of changing
into something airier
writing this prevents me
but since I don't want to lose
the thought continuity process
inspired by my reading
especially when the woman asks
whether there's a God
and at that very moment a bumblebee
zooms by and interrupts my reading
and though I already know
there's no such thing as God
or well maybe one or two here and there
but that doesn't make Him
the one with all that stuff
is written about
in different languages and having to
learn them all
and this isn't like the bible story
where Adam was taught one language
I mean this gets really hairy
with all them foreigners
not to mention whatever aliens live out there
since I figure God's adepts
must believe He made them too
but since this has got
nothing to do with me I go back to reading
when there's that unbearable
and unreachable itch
way down my scapula where
I have a scab from scratching

a mosquito bite the other day and
my fingernail comes back all bloody
but don't pay much attention to it
though to let you know this becomes
an important matter at a later point
that I am not ready to tell you yet
because going back to reading
is on my mind
but first this must be jotted down and
while all the while this above is happening
I manage to take a couple more swigs
from the stein bought from the thrift store
run by some nice older ladies
who are all volunteers
and as a matter of fact of one cashier
I made a real handsome portrait
that one time he had next to him
one of those bobbing clay figurine
whose portrait was his spitted image
which is the reason I was there to deliver
the photos and that's how
the chugging stein was got
and mind you as on its bottom
it says right there that it's Made
in Germany with some other numerals
so I figure
hey man that’s a deal and to boot
it was on the half-off day
but so I don't forget my story
I go back to this reading of mine
where I am at the point
when this guy beats his woman
while my interviewed authoress
speaks of her childless years
so I decide to take a last swig of my beer
and try to decipher the two
German rhyming stanzas on the mug
which I figure to be poetry because
the last four letters of each line ends
with the same 4-letter spelling
which I figure must sound the same
but my eye gets distracted
by this Mexican clay whistle
also purchased the same day
that’s made into a turtle but
the mouthpiece is cracked and
needs fixing before
I tongue her arse assuming
it's a girl turtle

~~~
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AD Something

Alex Nodopaka

The Visibility of Thoughts

.

Confucius could've worded
with a shorter tongue
but mine still too long

keeps adding more lines
for the reason I listen
to the interrupted sound

the flow of sand
makes by varying the space
separating grain from grain.

These thoughts
connecting to yours
spark every time they rally

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Feb©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
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The Void

Warped thoughts reach out,
they twist and writhe a
contorted
dance
ance

shadows shimmy at their sides
stretch into nightfall as
our essence moves
into a silent
void
oid
id

I can
cannot
not
ot

shut off my mind

hypnogogic visions
invade vade
draw me deeper

in
in
inside

dark
darkness

I drown

d
r
o
w
n

into the void.

~~~~
Jan©2006

Alex Nodopaka
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The Wilted Monument

Incorporating a sculpture
Of found objects
Has been my obsession
The last few weeks.

Building it high and extending
The rubber hose limbs sideways
Until the appendages soften
And droop in the midday heat.

Wiping my brow
I saunter to my hammock
Thinking it is good
That my thoughts are fluid

And conform to the basic structure
Of netted crisscrossed diagonals
Between two bamboo poles when
I am attacked by a case of catnap.

I stretch. Go flaccid.
My flesh rides horseback
The twines like as many arses
Mooning my emptied cranium.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Apr©2009
AD Something

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The Woman who Drinks Shadows

The woman drinks shadows
from her dainty cup

she is careful
not to spill any on the floor

fearing she may taint the sun
resting there

~~~
Mar©2006

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This a great sermon, Man

Sure I can tell where I like it
& where not but in the overall
I think Jesus was a cool &
very real-like guy. The problem

lay with his heavenly dad.

For some reason I feel God was
a pastiche or some sort of
socialist photostroika collage.
And if not I hope He ain't

bitching about it coz we made Him

smaller than He could've been.
So I'd trade one name for the other
though you might keep one Jesus here
& there for good measure,

like, you know, on the velvet it's ok, .

Then there's this thing about
following through with the lingo.
You know what I mean.
As a last word I still believe in caps

like in Kmart, God, Jesus and

especially KKK.
Till then my cap off to you
for reducing all the bullshit
down to ten commandments.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
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To be in Tequila land

Celina frantically
looked about her
as the executioner
placed the noose
around her neck
and pulled it tight.

She gurgled,
Where is Paul!
My God,
where the fuck is He?
Upon hearing this
A voice from above

thundered back,
Hey! Wooomaaan!
I made you perfect
from his imperfection
until your forty and
I told you

after that after that
you're on your fricken own.
So don't'cha
call me no more,
I didn't promise
you a rose

garden without a fucking
snake
so go grab his hose
and make
a noose around
his fricken neck

and after you confess
on my lap (Please)
I'll forgive you
after you recite ten Hail
Marys without any fig leaf
covering your tits or

twat.
Upon hearing this
Celina changed
her name to Eva.
She crossed
the Rio Grande

and works now
at multiplying her self
So that by the sheer

quantity of her numbers
and without Revolucion

she and her own
shall democratically
vote and return
California to Mexico
And you know what,
I'm all for it.

Because I won't have to
go to Rosarito
or Ensenada
or anywhere near Baja
to be
in Tequila land

~~~
Alex Nodopaka April©2008
AD Something

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Too bad Jesus' ass wasn't run over

The first time I met Jesus was in Paris on the way to visit
The Notre Dame Cathedral. At the time still very young
I trailed my parents in the Metro and was in love and
Whom I really wanted to meet was Esmeralda.

I had such a crush on her that despite being 10 years old
I saw her, not quite innocent, cavorting with Quasimodo,
Yet back then I knew nothing about dirty old men
But I was ready to swing at him from the gargantuan bell.

What I remember most was her ample cleavage.
Ah, so bouncy, barely held together by a tress of black lacing.
Well, it was a film with Gina Lollobrigida in black & white
Who was voluptuously appetizing despite her lack of colors.

Suddenly the metro heaved smoothly forward jarring me
Back into real time while dismayed I watched my parents
Frantically waving from the quay and realized I was alone
Traveling first time in an unknown megametropolis.

Disembarking at the next stop I was told there was no return path
At that station. I mean it was like a freeway with only an
Off ramp exit with no return until the following or more exit.
I panic just a little when an old man appears from nowhere.

Well, ok, from behind a poster-plastered public pissoir and
Seeing my lost look he kindly instructed me on how to return
To where I came from and I tell you it wasn't easy,
Especially when he asked me my name and after telling him

He comes back with Je suis Jésus and to me it was a miracle.
The next time I met Jesus was in Spain at a bullfight where
Luis Miguel Dominguín was performing Benihaha sword tricks
On live bulls and when upon the grand finale kills we all went

Directly across the Plaza de Toros to a restaurant where they were
Serving the fresh arena steaks and as our party of twelve sat down,
Jesus, as his nametag attested, came to serve us and in that moment
I felt I was going to eat the body of Christ but I didn't feel like Judas.

There were a few more times I met the great man but will tell you
Why I'll never meet him again. Yesterday, a treasured possession
I acquired on the way home at the border in Tijuana Mexico,
A whittled facsimile of Jesus sitting on his ass and believe it or not

The vendor's name was no other than that very holy forename
Except he was a true Tequilaland Aguave native.
But by the most unfortunate asynchronistic bicycle accident
Riding it under the influence of Vodka I bumped into the stand

That displayed the fisher of men obviously not on a fishing boat
And ass first they both came tumbling down under the tire and

Even though I could’ve driven over Jesus’ ass I did it over his face.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
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Twenty thousand & some leagues

On your memoriam day I put my mason spectacles
and chisel granite words on your soft cenotaph.

In negative spaces I sketch your bitching body
upon which my thoughts dull

more than my burin could ever engrave
and my eyes focus round your nipples

and my irises reflect stars.
Now dazed and dizzy our pulsing underbellies

draw us twenty thousand leagues under your sea.
Our endings encountering watery beginnings.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jul©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Unknown Error -1

$Fe_2O_3 + CO \rightarrow Fe_3O_4 + CO_2$
No! No! It should be
$Fe_3O_4 + CO \rightarrow FeO + CO_2$
Listen, I know better that it is
$C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}(s) + O_2(g) \rightarrow CO_2(g) + H_2O$
Well, that is a major error
and the proof follows that
(x, y) G(x, y)
and the corollary is
x' = x cos + y sin
y' = -x sin + y cos
which is the irrefutable proof
that Einstein was relativity is full of holes
Unknown Error -1

~~~
Mar©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Virtual Mosaic

Playing with
six stones
I separate them
in two piles 3-high each.
Stacking and

Shuffling 100 times
to my content
mosaic shapes
with infinite
possibilities.

I permutate
between the 2 stacks
and give up
after another hundred
combinations

while decisively
settle on the one
with three pebbles.
An archetype
for ménage-a-trois.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2005
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Vodka Manna

I shall like
my future
and though I think

sometimes
two days ahead
is much too far

my cogitation
promises
to be present

because it wants
to see
how you

like Jesus
shall thinly stretch
the bottled manna

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Walled Sentence

There would be no artist
without a demure muse

The Marquis is not wicked
He only wants to dip
the tip of his quill

to replenish it
with sanguine ink
And in that
he writes sparsely
only during full moons
on the walls
of his thoughts

~~~
February©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Where does water begin

is in the wording of
the question

So when you ask
what time it is

by the time
the question is answered

it is already past its time
like water past the bridge

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
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Why I no longer paint

It’s much easier to
mate today
than yesterday

though I still like
Capablanca who did it
in one move

and I can do it now
in a single stroke
of the keyboard

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
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Why we must stay dead after we die

It is Lizard-Man, a Mewok Indian from the San Francisco
Bay Peninsula who said it must be so because the dead smell bad
and the Coyote-Man proved it according to the Ancient Myths
of the First people.

(There's got to be The First before The Second and The Last)

During a general Powwow gathering of the Great Chieftains,
the MeadowsLark-Man, the Chief of Chiefs, agreed to the ancient
time-beyond-time covenant with LittleLizard-Man about the odor problem
The only one that didn't agree was BlackLizard-Man.

(Looks like they had skin color discrimination then also)

Since this is an Indian tale it involves an Indian Princess,
the daughter of the GreatGreat Chief, LizardFiveFingers-Man.
BlackLizard-Man, having disagreed, collected a distinctive branch
from a magical tree and laid it across a well-known lovers trail.

(Always these illicit footpaths leading to secretive bushes)

Overnight the twig turned into a rattlesnake that bit the young woman
that evening. When found on the 4th day and brought to her father
she smelled bad by no fault of her own but solely because of
that 4th day agreement and not because she wore no deodorant.

(That is way before the advent of Pale Faces)

stipulating that no dead person can be brought to life after
they have been dead for 4 consecutive moons. That is why
to this day people who die, stay dead never coming back.
Because if they did, the bad smell would kill the Last People.

(Narcissism, the me-first philosophy, was alive and well then also)

Last People are the people that would come after the First people
as goes the Ancient Myths of the Ancient First People who,
by the way, were born without hands until the Lizard people came
which explains why we greet Friendly People with a High-Five.

(Indian ways of telling down-to-earth stories are always simplified)

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

You are Woman

This poem
is not about love
It is about its spelling
and how I understood it
how you wrote me

It begins with lo
(that's a given)
progresses to v
(that's your Bermuda Triangle)
and ends with an e

We agree on
the first and second
but disagree
that e is part of a formula
because you are Woman

and I am Einstein

~~~
Feb© 2006

Alex Nodopaka
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You may have a point

I expected to be covered lavishly
with compliments
but thank god I am challenged
to rise above lethargy.

Hmm! So 50 is not just a record
Not a number of pages or records
of the past wrapped in the present
but a wishing for a future.

Well, frankly, thank you.
I need be jarred out of indolence.
So I put on my thinking cap
And decided to atomize your tongue.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jul©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Zero54am

When Sun conjuncts Mars
Capricorn blots Venus
Tropic of the Unicorn oscillates
portending a swelled future
between decorum & mayhem

Wolf Moon orbs Veneris Mons
every four score and seven days
harvests the cherried manna
just before the new Moon voids
at 0: 55am

~~~
Feb© 2004-2006

Alex Nodopaka
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