Poetry Series

Alex Nodopaka

- 426 poems -

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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.mannequinenvy.com

Works:

See the book section of

http: //www.authorsden.com/alexnodopaka

Д о б р о е у т р о Cв е т

Д о б р о е у т р о Cв е т

Я и г р а л с в а ш е й г р у д ь ю
О н и б ы л и ц в е т а м и п о д с о л н е ч н и к О т р а ж а я в м о и х г л а з а х

М о и м ы с л и н а ч а л и т а н ц е в а т ь
И п а л ь ц ы н а ч а л и Ж и в о п и с ь
Н а м и н у т у я п о д у м а л

Я б ы л В и н с И м о я к а р т и н а б ы л а в ы
Я о с т о р о ж н о н а ж а л н а х в о с т е

К р а с о ч н о г о т р у б а х
В ы п р и ш л и в о р г а з м е ц в е т а м и
Н а м о й н а т я н у т ы й х о л с т

С а ш а Hoд oп aka Okt©2009

Hello Dawn

I played with your breasts
They were sunflower blossoms
Reflecting in my eyes

My thoughts began dancing
And my fingers started painting
For a moment I thought

I was Vince
And my canvas was you
I gently squeezed the tail

Of the paint tubes
You came in orgasmic colors
On my stretched canvas

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

~ (.) ! (.) ~

(Imagining)

This is poetry in the making,
its content is developing
forming enchanting words and allegorical silhouettes.
Quick with wit, angry as disillusioned slaps,
words and symbols copulate.

Life is eternal and the hunt is its essence!
It is the discovery of telltale traces of
never drying blood and anonymity where
hunter and hunted simply trade places.
They are never left alone
seeking each other.

We are never

a
l
o
n
e

I am always in you
as you are in me
imaging
illusions.

~~~

Alex Nodopaka ©2005
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

3 Senru/Haiku

3 Senru/Haiku

In upper corner
a cobweb
with no dead flies

Between upper
and lower closet corner
a live silverfish

In lower corner
by window no cobweb
only dead bees

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2009
AD Something

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 banter in my backyard

A banter in my backyard

I spoke to the butterfly telling her
I saw a lizard in the middle
of April at the edge of my garden

and how it was jarred out of its
shaded lethargy by the sprinkle
issuing from my watering hose and

not the traditional mensal showers.
The butterfly flitted her wings at me
which I interpreted as meaning

don’t pull my arms, “They were
April showers weren’t they? ”
but when I looked again at the lizard

now basking on the sun-warmed rock
the butterfly was gone and I knew
what I heard was the air whispering.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka April©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A bear in her tank

A bear in her tank

Butterfly kisses and teddy bear hugs
give life to a love deep and strong.
Chubby hands and arms to hold on tight

set the beauty of the world to song.
Sturdy little feet and a smile for me,
keep your butterfly kisses and

teddy hugs don't grow on me too soon.
Speaking of butterflies, Romeo grown up,
with laughter engorged, pulses and inflates

his blue-blooded stratum. He vainly hums,
which vein thou speak of.
Taken aback by such impertinent question,

Juliette blushes, leaps over the balcony,
which act loosens the tiger in her 32-cylinder tank,
convincing her she's a jaguar and he her pray.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2003
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Canto: Rama to Sita

A Canto: Rama to Sita

If you are to be Sita and I Rama
Stop anything related to turking
Because continuing on a dark path

You expect to meet on a lotus blossom
But its leaf will not support us
Nor be a flying carpet as I shall appear

Only a pale reflection of Lakshi
And though I act as does Ravana
I yearn for the Divine through you

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Cee Dee Cee

A Cee Dee Cee

Is this a micro
flash story
formatted

into segmented
lines
to give the illusion

of poetry
or is this
a poem

accidentally
written
in prose

meant to sound
like poetry it was
not meant to be

~~~
Alex Nodopaka June©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Chinese Tale By God Lei Kun

Once upon a time, the Chinese god
of thunder, and mind you a full-god
unlike Zeus who was the half of him
wore his vulture head mask

and with the clap of his fake wings
startled the crap out of a Geisha with stars
in her eyes. Inadvertently she swallowed one
because of her love

for an at war in China Shogun beau.
Save for glimpsing at the blue skinned god
in a chariot drawn by six Adonis boys
she stopped trying to cough the star out.

She gulped her pride and a few stars to boot
then kneeled before the naked the boys
and signed them with a dewed mirror
prompting each to write a deep throat Ku.

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 Contemporary Poem about Bright Red

A Contemporary Poem about Bright Red
or How to Handle a Fart in Public

A woman in bright red shorts
flaunts her giggly luscious cheeky rump.
She skips and hops towards me
with a funny hippy gait.

Passing me she fluffs a very long
squeaky one and exclaims loud enough
for other strollers to turn their heads
towards us.

She whines through her brightly
red-painted lips,
How rude of me to fart in public!
I demonstratively pinch my nose,

point at her the middle finger of my left hand
as I slide the right hand
into my rear right pocket and whip out
a black notebook.

I'm as right-hander as I am a right-winger
and wave it as if it were our national flag
at the strollers crossing our paths
while intoning my lyrics in an operatic voice.

Declaiming I'll be an infamous poet but that
for the time being I am in dire need
of fresh air.
Waiting for my excitement to pass

I sit on a freshly painted bright red
park bench and offer the woman in bright
red shorts to join me and to aim her fluff
between the freshly painted bright red slats

and tell her I have a fetish for rose-tinted farts.
She winks at me with heavy
bright-red eyelids, blushes her carmine
painted cheeks and lays me down

longitudinally along the slats and aligns
my tush with a knot hole consequently
proving that the astronomical alignment
of stars, black holes and knotholes

and the speed of thought blatantly malign
the theories proposed by Carl Sagan and
Stephen Hawking and their asinine
astronomical formulas.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka October©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Cubistic Color

A Cubistic Color

The pale azure hue
Flanking its eastern neighbor
Strikes me with spiky angularity

Its diametrically opposite
Obtuse perspective repulses as if
A South-South or North-North poles

Butted head to head
And when I approach too close
They start vibrating a dance of infidelity

Each attempting to take the lead
The most puzzling effect
Judging by the sheen

Is the diamond window viewed obliquely
It appears adjacent to the rainbow
A Cirque du Soleil Bungee performance

In tiny incremental facets
Each reflecting different corners of
A kaleidoscopic universe

Viewed from a multitude of keyholes
One color absorbing the next
In one smooth continuous swallow

Regurgitating at the forefront
An oddly fashioned guitar
From whose entrails notes escapes

They come in waves
Opposite the painted moon
In the high noon position

But before they do they defy the
nickel plated stainless steel
to rust before chicken grow teeth

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©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 Good Bye

I call to inform you
that I left
for another woman.

I couldn’t stand you any longer
being out of style
wearing outdated shoes and

ugly pleated skirts.
For years I begged you to install
a new linoleum flooring to

stop the musty air
rising from the basement
and pollute our lungs

and that I also lost many coins
between the flooring cracks
but you never listened to me!

You make me so sick
I vomit right now.
Goodbye.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2002
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 Hindi Canto

A Hindi Canto

If you are to be Sita and I Rama
Stop doing anything related to turking
Because to continue on a dark path

You expect to meet on a lotus blossom
But its leaf will not support us
Nor can it be a flying carpet

I am a pale reflection of Lakshi
and though I act as Ravana
I yearn for the Divine through you

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Mar©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Home in Every Port

A Home in Every Port

Sailing between branches
Pretending to be a spider
I'm but a sailor
Caught in a web of twigs

~~~
Alex Nodopaka August©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Hundred Times A Thousand Croaks

A hundred times a thousand croaks

ribbit ribbit back to you
it's the same here
in the wet bottoms of the barranca

i cherish their interrupted concert
the moment my silhouette defines
against the moon or the bright light

of lampadaires
they stop to honor my presence
with silent silence

and after a few minutes of quiet
one croak then two then four and eight
a geometric progression

followed by another invisible one hundred
thousand serenading croaks
splintering the hush into cacophony

Alex Nodopaka

A Lightweight Ode to Ars

A Lightweight Ode to Ars
or A Not So Fauve Muse

Fernand Leger watching me
Bloats my limbs
But when Salvador Dali comes

He makes my edges flow.
And if Pablo Picasso shows up
My face looks

Like it hit the fan.
Of them all I adore most
Marcel Duchamp’s tongue.

He says I taste like
A cubed sashimi roll from
A fauve Rousseau beast.

A the roaring sound
Magritte pops his head out and
All gaga about her says Dada.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Feb©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A literati trek around Babylon

A literati trek around Babylon

Conversing with vertiginous walls
estranges my tongue. The latex paint
is not up to my expected cultural standard.

Words peel off the wall and stretch
with a rubberized measured meaning.
Their gist acts as a technological evolution

in the laws of compliancy marrying
faulty substance with faultlessness
in the ever rising walls.

Each phrase arrives in rainbow colors
that must be separated into wave lengths.
In addition each spells something surreal

in diverse multicolored languages.
Pasted segments form a labyrinthine puzzle
where alien alphabets crisscross forming

innovative sentences I'm obligated
to babble. Suddenly the realization
of having been transported some millennia

into an antiquated past finds my self
tumbling downward a spiraling tower
but instead of falling straight my flight is

helicoidal. I pull behind me streams of
multilingual banners and feel like I'm
becoming an international paper-asshole.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jul©2010
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 mathematical conjecture

A mathematical conjecture
or An ode to Vladimir Tonchev

Is when quasi-symmetric designs
Reach two stage disjunctive testing
Upon subtracting the discrete numbers.

They form systems of sets
And cyclotomy of self orthogonal
Codal length.

Now, I know this means little
For those with a cerebral weakness
For unevenly distributed sets of digits

However, were you faintly acquainted
With algorithms solving for optimal
Difference systems of sets

and line spreads you'd be avoiding
such conflict of codes of length
in finite geometries.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2010
AD Something

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 Miniature Portrait

A Miniature Portrait

The mind's eye
paints on wasli paper

No longer blank,
it’s a moth on a pyre.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Apr©2010
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 Mousy Story

I know I know
those fricken mice have guts.

Once upon a time
I cornered one and approaching it

with an open
shopping bag that bitch jumped

past the bag
straight at me now mind you

my hands were busy
holding the sac open so I had to use

my teeth
to bite her head off and I didn't get

any smarter by doing it.
Intelligence isn't something

you can chew on.

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 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 Painterly Opinion

A Painterly Opinion

Let it be known
that in the eyes
of certain gods
everything you do
in your painting
is perfect

but in ours
to which gods gave
freedom of discernment
they remark
your technique
is hesitant.

It is about
the excessive
bleeding magenta
and the dotty impression
your bristled soul
projects.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2010
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

Patrolling the border
is like drinking Tequila
in a sieve.
It’s not only useless
but counterproductive
to employ
uniformed guardians
that aren’t Yankee angels
and would be more effective
as masons and I don't mean Franc.

Well, ok gardeners,
city sweepers, tile layers,
housekeepers, food servers.
How about some 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.

Hey gringos, get a life!

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Poem about Love or The Things that Keep us Together

are a source of irritation between her and me.
They are very small except they deal with
quantitative arithmetic.

For instance she understands allowing me
a head cover or two but she can't fathom
why I must have a dozen.

I tell her it's to cover as many occasions
the way she hoards shoes and purses
for every seasonal occasion.

Now in regard to potted shrubbery
I understand having a dozen but
one hundred and thirty is somewhat

excessive but since it's one of my form of
exercise besides climbing fifty times a day
the stairs to the second floor bringing her

morning coffee and sometimes love.
Of course it appears I have a green thumb
and the thought crossed my mind

why not raise five-leafers and make some
mullah on the side. Now back to why
I shuffle so much between the upstairs and

the downstairs is because of where
my office is while my studios,
yes I have also many, are mostly in the

garage and outdoors all around
the decks extending onto the boat
where my hammock is stretched.

I like my crotch ventilated when I'm
suspended between the poles reading
some important literature about what's

happening in the world, like who killed
whom and how many and whether the bodies
look like diced sashimi.

It's crucial information that keeps my
brain cells cycling round and round.
preventing their fossilization.

Sometimes I feel my thinking could
influence world events but then I know it's
the Vodka that makes me think like that.

Of course she tries to limit my consumption
of Russian spirits but I tell her there’s no
spiritual growth without spirits.

Yes, we both laugh afterwards but less and less.
We’re still together but less and less
on account of thirty-five years.

Alex Nodopaka

A Poem About Nature

In Spain they squat
in North Africa they stoop
and most of Middle Europe

sits on their heels.
All naturally.
I remember in summer camp

crouching on hind legs
over a communal hole
watching pee recede

within the Sahara sand
and me in full communion
with Nature

whacking
my face like a good Christian
shooing Moslem flies away

Alex Nodopaka

A Poem That Moves

I like de-structured poems
and the process of taking apart
the semantics composing them.

I thus obtain a writing that relies
on low resolution terminology
describing a sculpture that moves.

I further dismantle the verbiage
that attempts to illustrate it by re-
composing it on my word processor.

I program sound to accompany
its reading and thus create a piece
I name, A Chorus of Intimate Pixels.

Then I recycle the whole in software
named coincidentally Goo
and the lyrics come alive.

In this day and age of
computer magic it’s not difficult
to instill life and to act as a god.

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 Prologue for Susan Dobay's Voyage to China

A Prologue for Susan Dobay's Voyage to China
or One plus One equals One

Art is when an artist makes or uses a mistake
to make greater art. Mistakes are not mistakes.
They are that because we call them that.

Susan Dobay demonstrates this
by creating a greater art with what was named
a double exposure and the photographer

panicked thinking having ruined
two images and instead creates Art
that transcends biologically and

metaphysically and physiologically
metamorphosing through manipulation into one.
Here the artist introduces us to a modern China

by overlapping two fundamentally different thoughts
by combining two independent images
summing into one single greater one.

Alex Nodopaka

A Russian Firebird lands in France

A Russian Firebird lands in France

I find myself inside an enclosed ghetto
fenced in by industrial chicken wire.
On the other side, traffic and liberty
circulate at will.

Lining the streets
with utterly decrepit wooden matchstick fronts
all the houses are uninhabited.
I desperately search
for an exit but no matter how much I look
there's none
and with no one around to ask
I feel utterly lost.

From outside the fence
nobody pays attention to my calls for help.
I'm late for my appointment
with the movie director.
She promised an important role
thanks to my multilingualism.

Suddenly I'm sandwiched
in the midst of a massive crowd of strolling actors.
They move along and to my surprise
speak a cultured Russian.
By their distinguished faces I recognize
they belong to the aristocratic class
but not one pays attention to me.

I try moving past them
but the crowding is overwhelming.
I decide to fly and with great exertion I levitate
above the crowd and flutter forward.

The tips of my wings flap
next to the ceiling which complicates matters worse
because right below it
electric wires crisscross indiscriminately.
I avoid them by weaving in between
or by bomb diving.

My progression is painfully slowed
until I reach the front of the crowd and when
I finally land in the film director's feathered lap
I'm a flaming Russian Firebird

She bends over, deep kisses me and out of breath
says my armpits smell like a Frenchman's.
Which verifies my pretentious
Napoleonic leftover lineage on my mother's side.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Mar©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A scientific mind and poetry

A scientific mind and poetry

Scientists' minds are organically geared
for the brevity of a formula
and whether their poetry reflects that

rule of thumb is exemplified in their poems.
Reading their stanzas is evaluating
their transpiration.

Of course one could have ADD
or OCD and run-on spiels which
brings me to this one particular poem.

Just wondering if its stanzas might read
better in the third person and whether
their author would dare to incorporate

some highfalutin explanations
explaining in compound exponential functions
and formulaic modes of expression.

Having said this, the temptation to
make a poem from the above is irresistible.
I intend to build on my corollary and

make it into a hors d'oeuvre poem
loaded with caviar innuendos sprinkled with
4D trigonometric metaphors.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2010
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.

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

He was an unbeliever.
He taught me to doubt
anyone claiming to hold
four asses in their hand.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Time to Mend

A Time to Mend

Angels and devils share their images
between meetings.
Everyone engages in their own tour
attempting to transcript the environment,
their vision of Paradise, their vision of Hell.

Some have old film 36 single exposures,
others have progressed and digitized
their records. The subjects are varied,
but the traversed territories join between
the ethereal and the volcanic.

Monuments and crosses in both all figure
on contact sheets. Their habitat is one of
common concerns: the cloud,
its square yards.
The abyss with its plasma, its depth.

It is the home that has been
much photographed.
But so is also the place of life.
Its hallways, common areas.
Its private quarters.

The family. In other words the home-
real or imaginary as in a dream.
Because both angels and devils dream.
Through sometimes stolen moments,
Heaven as well as Hell are very present.

The angels and the devils workshop
is seen as a moment of breathing.
Time, parallel to the ongoing struggle
for their integration. Construction time,
reflection and exchange

in which everyone freely expresses
their sensitivity,
beyond the language barrier.
A time to mend.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka October ©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Verbal Tour de Metaphor

He’s unafraid of experimentation
His verbal arsenal is a real treat.
The power he belts out through his lyrics
combines prayer and a call to arms.

He pits comma against colon.
Distributes periods like machine gun bullets.
Doesn’t bother to close sentences.
Splits phrases with slashes and dashes

putting Ezra Pound to shame
and to me it doesn’t matter if it’s true.
He plays his stanzas like jazzy Klezmer
where meaning and sound collide.

Wordy claustrophobic metaphors pit
against incongruous settings worthy of
Magritte or anamorphous flat cubist
conglomerations by Juan Gris

a.k.a. José Victoriano González-Pérez. and
look, this is simply a complex play on word
worthy of a painting or a poem or it’s just
plain intellectual volvulus twisting.

Alex Nodopaka

A Victorian Chair

I knew of your lower
nearly perfect limbs.

But now wonder
about your upper.

Arched
they remind me

of an acrobat
rainbowing backward.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

A Wench Before Me

A Wench Before Me

He wrote
a beautiful poem.
I mean the turn
of sentences he twisted
gave my mind a torticoli.

As for me the visual
of Charlie Chaplin
hopping
2 wrenches in his hands
counter clock wise

cranking 2 smallish tetons
kept miraging in front
of the white canvas
in the cinemascope
of my eyes.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

About Cloudy Literati Reflections

and by the way
today
i don't wear
my toga
because in his poem
the bard speaks of God

but i promise
as i have but one robe
that upon getting it back
from the Purgatory Cleaners

i'll return to your gl
ass reflection,
yes, that poet also speaks
of vitrines,

and this wordy mirror
to the poem arguing
the telly vs. the showy
i say in the same
cerebral breath
or is it convulsion
that i recalled the dictum
of Stéphane Mallarmé,

The essence of an artwork,
unsubstantial and
of a higher order,
lies precisely in
what is not expressed:
it is the impact,
the result of lines
without color or words;
it has no material being.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Above as Below

Above as Below

A cumulus swell

over
laps

a landscape surf

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Absinthe Minded

Distracted
at the end of the bar
by a could-be might-be mistress
in distress
in a stage of advanced
mental undress

for a moment absent
professor-like I forget
to caress
her licorice-filled gl.ass.

~~~

Alex Nodopaka Apr©2006
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Abstract Spiritual Expressionism

1. Existence of God.
2. Life after death.
3. Channeling.
4. Life in other dimensions.

IT IS ALL BULLSHIT!
But is it Abstract Expressionist art?

Throw it at a fan and see what happens…
instant Expressionist Spiritual Abstract art!

Hee Haw,
Hee Haw, Hee
Hee Haw

1. The existence of God?
Here today, gone tomorrow.
What's gone is gone.
Charles de Gaul said it before me...
'Après moi, le Déluge '

2. Life after death?
No! NO! You got it wrong!
It is Death after Life!

3. Channeling?
Channeling to where?

4. Life in other dimensions?
This dimension is OK by me.

Throw paint at a fan and see what happens…
Instant Expressionist Spiritual Abstract art!

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Ace of Hearts

Ace of Hearts

I ain’t goin’ nowhere
And that frickin’ raven
Ain’t gonna make me write
No Poe poem

Nor this goddam bridge
Ain’t goin’ nowhere either
Not even straddling
Sarah Palin’s arse to Russia

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Acquiring old books

Acquiring old books

No, I buy outdated text.
No! Not out of date.
Simply ancient.

Not old in terms of antiquity
But dated in the sense of when
They were originally published.

It’s not like expecting Henry Miller
To be obsolete any time soon
It’s that his early novel,

The Colossus of Maroussi,
Was published nearly
Three quarter of a century ago.

I was one year old then.
Well, it’s not that I was old,
It’s that it took me time, like wine,

For aging, and to record
This writing into posterity.
Well, at least until my demise

Which by the way is the extent
Of my personal eternity.
Well, this essay started being about

The longevity of the printed word.
Not any etched word, mind you!
Just this particular 1941 edition

That lasted nearly seventy years
Until it fell into my possession
And my having forgotten it

For over a month on my boat
Exposed to the natural elements
While I was away on vacation

Checking lord Byron footsteps in
Paris and Venice when upon my return
I discovered the book soaked and

Green with literati fungi
Who appreciate the organic constitution
Of the paper if not its literati content.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2010
~~~

AD Something

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
~~~

Adult Confessions

The bunny hill lift to Heaven
is closed not on account of
the lack of snow or end of season

but because of the absence
of patrons who rather fancy their faulty
spiritual aspirations to sizzle

in the passion of Satan’s
flaming Spring embraces. Meanwhile
this young woman settles

for copulating nimbostratus virga
and sanctifying romanticism
above carnal feasting.

Recoiling, rising from my tomb,
I roll away the stone and skillfully
reach for her divine fault.

Alex Nodopaka

Ah! Woman, Woman

The witching hour has not nor may never arrive as neither six nor nine have joined nor formed Ying Yang.
The enchanting hour exists only in our illusory realm
Soixante neuf ne sont
pas arrivés! L'heure enchanteresse n'existe que dans nos imaginations.
The invitation
will forever stand in my remembrance as you permit me to engorge your mind.

Let us not reach the brink of impossible returns where only broken dreams
would greet us. Neither you nor I seek temporary gratification in our
search for oneness. Woman searches for oneness in such
wondrous ways that man will never comprehend.
Yet our wordy foreplay are so tantalizing
that my tongue delight in your moist
seasonings of which only
your exotic mind
could give
a

h
i
n
t

v! v

For you I shall become a herbivore and smell fragrances emanating from your fissures while I crave yet delay carnal knowledge. I relish your undulating and trembling folds and lap
at your fountain of youth while once again I shed centuries as I renew.

So how does one pave an already gilt river with fresh spun
silk seasoned by eons and still make it a virgin
territory to conquer, ravish and relish
la blancheur laiteuse de ta gorge
without leaving traces
of my fangs.

Alex Nodopaka

All Dressed Up

You mean I've been all dressed up,
cologned, nostril and ear hair trimmed,
pimples vacuumed, clean underwear
everything bathed and rinsed inside out
and now you are not coming for me?

I even thought of being your sugar daddy
but now that I see that you don't want to be my slut
does that mean that you want to marry me
and make me a bigamist.

Hm! On second thought I started misting
just at the thought that at first you must be

seduced,
won over,
blinded by love,
conquered
dominated,
gagged,
bound

and only then you may believe my empty promises

and only then

I can have you?

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2003
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

All roads lead to Rome

All roads lead to Rome

In spite of her left-leaning philosophy
along Ho Chi Min trail she fled Hanoi
so she wouldn’t have to eat no more
thousand-year-old Egg Fu Young
she felt too young and craved for them no more

She had a penchant for the dolce vita
Fearlessly came to Pisa
and gorged on Pizza Hut next to its tower
never minding its right wing leaning

thousand-year-old egg

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Feb©2005
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
~~~

Ambidextrous

Ambidextrous

I paint wishes
With my left hand
With my right
I take a pee

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sept©2005
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

An Allegorical Creation

An Allegorical Creation
or the way gods did it

The apple copulates
with the orange
and they birth a god

The previous deities
didn’t know
how to merge the two

because each spoke
in incommensurable
metaphors

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jan©2012

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
~~~

Angioplasty for a Madman

Angioplasty for a Madman

From between thighs
his liquefied soul oozes out.
The process distracts me and
draws my gaze to his breast.

His left nipple,
circled by an indelible marker,
shows clearly as target.
Pencil in hand I pierce

his belly button.
Rush far up his rib cage
until I reach his heart
and in spite of his dismayed stare

I engrave with the pointy lead
a very long prescription.
Notwithstanding
his trapped expression,

the man lost control
of his bladder
and the perfect crease
of his pants.

Where a perfect screw up
for a smile used to be
now his droopy mouth foretells
heart problems.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Arcane Graffiti

Arcane Graffiti

I started this writing
on the back of pale blue envelope
whose hue reminded me of a dusk sky
that lingers right now over the horizon.

Cogitating about the contents
to seal inside I thought why not
scribble my opinions
graffiti style
and in that matter of course
I would have to invent some arcane style
that not even Da could have.

Then I would write all over the out
sides of the sides and the top of the lid
but nothing
I mean absolutely nothing on the in
sides of the coffin or its cover
so that in a distant archeological future

all that would be left of the pine slats
would be fossilized stone
and serve as metaphor
that for something to be saved
it may have to be carved in stone.

There is an assumption of permanency
in the feel of granite
and a sense of archival conservation
in big words
that reminds me of Moses and God
which reminds me I wrote of both.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2007
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Arghh! Arghh! Screeched The Crow

Arghh! Arghh! Screeched the crow

People don't care
about the modernity
of contemporary art

Arghh!

since they teach their children
they can do better scribbles themselves

Arghh... ha!

Well a few like Klee & Kandinski
excelled at mimicking them

Arghh!

and by the way I diligently buy
the under $5 chefs d'oeuvres on eBay.
I bet 100's of children during the year
make headstands and scream

Arghh! Arghh!

I sold my first artwork at auction!
Well, it's my way
of supporting burgeoning jackdaws.

Alex Nodopaka

Art That Transcends

Art is when an artist
Makes or uses a mistake
To make greater art

Mistakes are not mistakes
They are that because
We call them that

The artist demonstrates this
By creating a greater art
With what used to be called

A double exposure and
The photographer panicked
Thinking having ruined

Two images instead creates
Art that transcends
Biologically and Metaphysically

And physiologically
Metamorphosing into a greater one
By overlapping two thoughts

The combining of two images
Summing them
Into a unified whole.

Alex Nodopaka

As to Where do Hearing aids Go

Upon the demise of their owners
picked my curiosity.
I listened to pedestrian explanations
portending higher philosophical aspirations.

Of them all,
the only one that struck my hammer wrong
was that God wanted them to better hear
the Truth.

But I know better and so did they.
The hard of hearing took their aural devices
so they could listen to angels gossip
about more interesting subjects.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka June©2004
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

At A Glance

In the world of Einstein
where speed
slows everything

the smallest mosaic
fits everything
of cosmic size

in a glance

Alex Nodopaka

At the Louvres

At the Louvres

I overheard Venus de Milo
whisper,
Of what use is my beauty
if I can’t hold onto you.

Glancing back thinking
she was speaking to me
I turned on my heels
and put my arms around her.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Apr©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Ataraxia

Masticating
her words

Ruminating
each letter

I think
of Epicurus

and gas-
tronomical

poly-
andry

Alex Nodopaka

Ay, Ay, Ay, Pablito!

Ay, Ay, Ay, Pablito!
or to a Chilean poet

I susurrate your poems in a foreign
tongue and no matter how much
my dialect tries to turn Latin
it flips upside your palate and
tastes the celestial canopy.

Ay, Ay, mi amor, mi amor, the twist of
mi lengua en tu boca churns the full moon
and weaves into starry phosphor froth
as if writhing giant anacondas
revolve within the incoming waves

every time I recall the moving images
of La Noche de los Iguanas
and sense lizards and snakes
agitating deep inside mi magma fuego.
I assure you none of it has to do

with revolvers, Russian Roulette or Vodka
though my head spins como el fuego
revolver i devorador interminablemente
el erótico while her innumerable lips
on my lips imprint amor, amor, amor.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka November©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Back to the Forest

Back to the Forest

*

above,

a lush grove

replete

with

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e

e

s

lush

below

as above

*

~~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2009
AD Something

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
~~~

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

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~~~

Barbarian Caviar

Barbarian Caviar

Bringing the center
of the blossom
to my lips

the irresistible aroma
is literally to die for.
I now understand

the meaning of petite mort.
Inebriated and dizzied
my tongue darts

into the salmon-colored
center never thinking a flower
can be seasoned this good.

But then it takes a barbarian
Cossack gypsy to lodge
his tongue in rose caviar.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2010
AD Something

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~~~

Barbie Came and Went to Heaven

It's not easy to be Barbie's pimp.
The principal requirement would be
to be BIC-sized

with private appendages to match
all made of plastic.
When it'd come to sex

should latex be a problem
on account of allergies
a plastic hymen and a rubberized

gate to heaven with bouncing angels
surrounding a synthetic Jesus
is a perfect scene.

Ken in the role of Peter. No pun!
A sort of Cerberus
keeper of the Gates to Heaven.

Alex Nodopaka

Basho & Hemingway

Basho & Hemingway

I ponder several times
over Basho's Haiku,

"The temple bell stops-
but the sound keeps coming
out of the flowers." *

I surmise he was
Six feet underground when
He heard above sound.

It was for both a contrecoup
for whom the bells tolled.
A sort of ego contredance.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka June©2004
AD Something

*Basho (1644-94)
(translated by Robert Bly)

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Between a stone and a hard place

Between a stone and a hard place

No stone that could be
upturned
was ever left in peace.

There was this innate need
to know what lay beneath.
I believed below each

there was a Treasure of
the Sierra Madre.
By my first teen age years

sometime in the middle
of last century
I had seen the movie.

The truth is that I didn’t look
for anything that was still.
Gold wasn’t it.

Only if it had a black stinger
at the end of its tail
or two horns on its head.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2010
AD Something

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~~~

Bionetwork

Bionetwork

When the growing in the tree
rustles the budding leaves
at the extreme tip of branches

and vibrations emitted
by throats of flora and fauna
transform into chirping,

the wind may be observed.
Yet despite being unseen
omniscient nature is understood.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Mar©2010
AD Something

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~~~

Blood Relations

Blood Relations

I no longer drink water
with my sister
or Chinnamasta

never having known
she poisoned it.
My blood is thinner now.

Funny thing is,
neither Vodka or Aspirin
has anything to do with it.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Mar©2010
AD Something

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~~~

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
~~~

Blue Painting of a Woman and a Bicycle

Blue Painting of a Woman and a Bicycle

At the foot of the Eiffel Tower I paint her likeness
with furious sensuous contrasts of sanguine and ultra
marine hues. I visualize a couple of russet hard rubber
nickel-plated spokes and pedals spinning, twinkling
on either side of her y-fork limbs.

Built like a brick shithouse I fancy reading the dimness
of her isosceles tri-angled intimacy with the tips
of my fingers as if my whole body were Braille
palpating the warm seams of her mix of delicate
valleys and tightly canvassed vertebrae.

I clam her tongue-soft brake pads where she’s joined
her shiny hula hoops and rose pomegranate seat and
paint her breathlessly, whilst she races her thighs against,
by now, my deflowered labia in the style of de Kooning
melding in her peculiar yet stylish hip sway.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jan©2010
AD Something

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~~~

Boxed Disconnections

Boxed Disconnections

Imagine
a reclining female figure
semi-naked with a bare arm
resting upon emptiness.

Imagine
symbols floating
around this figure:
two genderless gilted fish.
A dwarfed monolith
shaped like a box.
A loin-covered would-be saint
projecting his horned
alter ego shadow:
a cloned ceramic owl.

All invalid ideas!

But now imagine an arrow
skewering the figure longitudinally
from ass through throat.

Imagine
on the arrow's head a hooded Muse
holding a dildo between her teeth
pondering over her scrumptious rump

and on the arrow's feathered tail
spinning grapes teased by the figure's
immaculate white pumps.

They are all symbols of poetic ills
and mind-inflated boxed

d.i.s~~c.o.n.n.e.c.t.~~i.o.ns.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2003
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Breech Birth or Birth of an Ass

Cheeks emerge from betwixt
two adjoining flags. One an all-white square
with a red disc in its center
mimics a supermarket Target sign.

The adjacent flag is the old
red white and blue with stars and stripes
in the top left corner.
The butt handle of a bayonet

originates from the Nippon Constitution.
Its samurai razor tip circumcises
the top corner of the United States of America
Declaration of Independence.

Uncannily, the apparent shadow
under the nose of the birthing life-mask
ominously reminds of the ultimate Kommandant
of the SS and Gestapo.

The mug rests on a paper tag appearing not unlike
the blade of a guillotine and like a metronome
it ticks off the remainder of life’s seconds
of his unholy birth and suicide.

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 my self against
my sexual gourmandism.

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

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
~~~

Chernobyl Hot Rod

Like any fisherman
with longer tales
than truth
I exaggerate my goods.

My six-shooter
is the only one I have
but its loaded cannonballs
are big enough

to knock off Baghdad
in less time than
a Thousand and One Nights
and unless

I prematurely implode
I better cool them
as the fuel rod is too hot
even for Chernobyl

Alex Nodopaka

Clowning in the City of Lights

I looked and looked
beyond the deep and the shallow
and connected the dexterity
of my fingers to your brain

Of course you want to know
if I can throw circles
round the Eiffel stake.
And after more looking

I convinced myself life is a circus
and I your smoking puppet
blowing rings
around your Fingers

Yes, YES your Sleight of thOughts
gOt me diZZy and oFF kilter
and I wAnt to be in Paris
a juGGling clOWN just like yOu

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Coma

Coma

Enigmas
Tick our mind.

Excuses
Fault us.

When she offers
What she has

I take and slip
Into a blissful dot.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka © May 2008
AD Something

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~~~

Commandments

Commandments

I plead
the sixth

& seventh
and ninth command-

ments
but settle

for the fifth
amendment

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jul©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Corn On The Cob

I come from the land of locusts.
Periodically, on rare occasions,
back when there was no concern
over climate changes

and the Sirocco blew over Casablanca
the skies turned somberly gloomy.
The feast after their landing was pan-fried.
Locusts with cumin spices. Cruncheeeeee!

In fact there is compensation
Nature has a way to substitute a simile
For an allegory or the real thing.
We just have to learn to swallow it.

OK, you wait for an intelligent comment
& the one thing I remark
about the locust aftermath is that there's
no corn in sight any longer.

Don't take this too close
to the kernel of your cob!

Much chuckling... maize! Mas maize!

Alex Nodopaka

Corpulent Eyes

She looks firm as an apple sausage
in its pig skin and when easing
out of her corseted flesh
she flows like honey

She would look much better
in flowing pants but when she turns
with a slight limp
her eyes meet mine

In that momentary twinkle
I love everything about her
even her ankles that funnel
into pear-like hips

~~~

Alex Nodopaka Sept©2006
AD Something
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.

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
~~~

Da Vinci was also 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 &

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Mona must've read my classified.

You know the rest of the story.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Das Kapital-ski

Das Kapitalski

What Communism and Capitalism
have in common besides both starting
with a capital C is that in the former

its citizens pretend to work
and their governments pretend
to pay. In the latter,

Wall Street hoodlum adventurist
capital bankers constructed fallacious
investments promising to build

a glorified materialistic future.
Theirs, not yours.
YOU, you are their carroted servant.

They pretend to pay you miser interest
on money they make you believe
you owe them.

Under Communism people expect
very little and are overjoyed when
they get something for nothing.

Anything. Under Capitalism, people
expect everything. They are unhappy
with never having enough of everything.

I deduce it’s best to have anything of
something than something of nothing
which explains that make-believe

is of paramount necessity. Which goes
to prove that banking on God
is just another Ponzi scheme.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2010
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
~~~

Deja Vu

Deja Vu

After the first read I thought,
I'm turning senile
as when with the golf swing
the whole of this affair zooming
past my brain.

Then I read it again, thinking!
Think this deeply through,
imagine yourself in that place
and suddenly the thinking clarified
and I saw a memorial

upon a grassy knoll
with a dozen soldiers firing
a 21-gun salute
with that young blond thing standing
next drowning her love in tears.

I think that's quite a poem.
I mean yours.
It triggered in my memory a somewhat
similar scene observed some years ago
in Arlington National Cemetery.

Now I may be quite off then blame it
on my senility... lol

~~~
Alex Nodopaka June©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Descending a Stairway

Descending a Stairway

I read your exquisitely written letter
seeing each phrase a
particular sketch
of a lithe
person
tap

t
a
p
p
i
n
g

each step
downstairs then
run.n.n.ning to the garden
to meet her phantom lover inspiring him
to write this poem to emulate Marcel's
Nude Descending a Staircase

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2009
AD Something

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
~~~

Dirt between Words

Dirt between Words

I am neither lost nor found
I've just been discovered
barely uncovered with
still some dirt
between my
words.

All I need is a little floss

between
my thoughts and words

between
my dreams and hopes

between
my mind and soul

to gloss my style

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2003
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Dirt under my Thumb Nails

Dirt under my Thumb Nails

And I've been told
to wash them.
They were green
and I've been told again
and over again
in the good earth
I could stick
a stick
and it'd be growing leaves
with mushrooms sprouting
around its base.
But what I haven't told you
I've been pissing
round that trunk.
That's no miracle.
The mushrooms
I mean.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka June©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Discussion Between Plant and Fat Couple

The geranium in the pot
gazes at its shadow
and with a smirk from its leaves
rustles with a chuckle

to its partner branch,
Look how fat that geranium
on the dirt is!
The shadow on the ground

after a short meditation replies,
It's easier for a camel to hump
the eye of a needle
than for a fat geranium

to lay a skinny shadow.
Upon reflection they must be
Chinese Taoist philosophers
in deep contemplation of nature.

Alex Nodopaka

Distant Strings

So close yet so far
would you play

your mandolin
a bit louder

so when the wind
blows south

my aural senses
can delight in you

if not your instrument.
It has been told

a woman's body
is like a violin

mine is like a drumstick
beating your pig skin

Alex Nodopaka

Divine Afflatus

You forgot everything.

Buried your hands deep
in distant fossil dust and
tried to interpret my scribbling
in the quicksand
but ebb tide
washed parts away

Still

I lick fossil dust off your fingertips
that taste like melody
because Santayana perceives Music
Music
the most abstract of arts
as a servant to the dumbest emotions
while I respond to the silence of words

Words

that evoke mute portrayals
brimming with feigned sounds
in turn triggering
bona fide verbal passions
Save for I am deaf and dumb

to echoes of love
albeit our tongues interlock
as if they were wishbones

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2006
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Do I hear

I dot remember dash
reading dot dot such
dash dot from dash
the dot 20’s and dot dot
dot the 40’s dot.dash, dot

Oops, dot dot dot that’s
too dash dash many of both
the dots lost to the dashes.
Morse poetry dash code in
dash.dash motion dot.dash
<>! *'#
^.`$$-
! *'$_
%*<>#4
&) ../

SYSTEM HALTED

< >! * ' ' #
Waka waka bang splat tick tick hash,

^. ` $ $ -
Caret at back-tick dollar dollar dash,

! * ' $ _
Bang splat tick dollar under-score,

% * < > # 4
Percent splat waka waka number four,

&) .. /
Ampersand right-paren dot dot slash,

| { ~ ~ SYSTEM HALTED
Vertical-bar curly-bracket tilde tilde CRASH.
SYSTEM CRASHED
~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Do not ask too much

Do not ask too much

What can I give you
that another cannot
and if I am able to give it
shall it be what you want.

Is it like you asking
who I am and me
telling you my name
then wondering whether

I am my name and were
I to give you the skies with it
would you ask why
not also the clouds

and the cry of the loon
and the moon in the bucket
to stain my sight and
the silence of the night.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2009
AD Something

The flavor of a morning fig

My flesh tastes of the dew
and morning sun.
My ear delights in the cackle
of the mallard ducks.

I hear the anguished call
of the green heron
disturbed by my appearance.
But it is the sinuous curve.

of the 100-foot palm trunk
with at its top
a swaying bush of fronds
that turns me on.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka

Do you Know if Lorca Liked Fries

Do you Know if Lorca Liked Fries
or An Olive Branch for Federico Garcia

Under different circumstances
I love a BigMaC alternative except
that it deals with the Olive Gardens
where Federico Garcia rests.

But since this memoriam is written
in America what's wrong with
a pair of Golden Arches honoring
that wondrous poet.

I'd tell McD to hold the transfats
when making the French fries and
I'd stick them forming little crosses
to disseminate over his burial place.

I hear the Rightists at that time were
running out of bullets and used Fritas
in their double-ought shotguns to
dispose of their Leftist victims.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2009
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
~~~

Dog tag

Dog tag

Spurned, dejected, rejected,
a collar I loop.
A noose I become primed for hanging.

My tree is chosen
a sturdy branch selected,
high enough,
from whence I'll swing,
my feet
brushing the ground.

My body shall
twist and twirl some and dangle
beneath
the noose around my neck
keeping my breath away.

Suspended,
my soul shall flicker away.
Of me, only a dog-tag
memento
shall remain.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Don’t cry for me Tammy Faye

Don’t cry for me Tammy Faye

Gazing at a modernistic painting.
reminds me of a Pentecostal sob story.
It prompts me to write
about a tear jerker chef d’oeuvre

Not that I’m meek at heart mind you
but because the tear is black
like a black tear in a canvas
and like a paper cut in the eye

it hurts as confirmed
by the highlighted running mascara
and as Tammy once said,
She felt naked without and that

hiding behind kohl thick layers
was like being a widow blinded behind
a widow’s net watching naughty things
between Jess and Jim.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Mar©2010
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. And again.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Feb©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Fetish Poem

Fetish Poem

Some play
with themselves
others
with semi colons.

I personally prefer
dashes.
Like a dash of Martini
in my Vodka.

At times I settle
for periods
but when it comes
to foreplay

I apply
exclamation points.
She likes the length
and I come

to the point.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka November©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Fleeting Notes Sever the Head from the Body

Daydreaming in a Moorish souq
I glimpsed my friend Rahim strumming a guitar.
The imaginative melody he played evoked
Jalā l ad-Din Muhammad Rumi and Ghani Kashmiri.

They were squatting next to a street vendor hawking
Antique jars from whom I bought a diminutive model
Reminiscent of the shape Aladdin so deftly polished.
Under the lid I mentally inserted a few poetic stanzas

Hoping they'd keep company to the Genie.
While the seller was fitting the cap I noticed
A misfit but in my heart knew it was meant
For ascetically flawed notes to escape.

Sharing this writing with my trendy companion
Whom I considered of a superior creative kind
He proceeded to expand on the meaning of the gap
Formulating that a bad note was the devil's work

And should not be breathing the same air
With a scholarly poet and since the fracture
Was jagged and sharp like Suleyman's scimitars
Meant to mince Satanic thoughts before they entered.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jan©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

For a Lonesome Dove

Now here's a vast piece of land
To afford my peace of mind

All I need is one Orthodox tush
I saw on Pussy Revolution

Oh how I miss
The steppes of the Ukraine

That make my Cossack blood
Stand upright at the thought

Of horsing around
Across its vast steppes

Excepting for the new Rasputin
Putting a la Genghis Khan

His primeval yoke
On my freedom to roam around

Around my lone real estate
And no lonesome dove

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
~~~

Found Spanish Poem

Found Spanish Poem

Hice tres manas hice tu piel
Hice tu espirito y s? ?
Forme un camino para tus pies
Hice tambien tu mujer
Te sustende desde el vientre
Hice tus hueros crecer?
Y al creces la suficiente
Calur de sol te luce v? ?

Para que ahora memeques?
Y te complasca decir
Que un accidente solo crear?
Del mon Sergio tu existir
Para que ahora prediques
Que soy un mito talner?
Dices que no ferme al hombre
Que ne sido creado por el
Hice animals hice la luz
Y para que todo lotuvieras? Tu

Para que ahora me meques?

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Feb©2011

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Funeral Flowers never Fade

I'd rather remember
the colorful blossoms
surrounding the departed.

I'd rather remember
their character and their scent
not some waxen faces
straight out of the mold.

I'd rather remember the roses
and the reds and the yellows
and the whites and the pinks.

I'd rather forget the thorns
and the pricks and the angst
and the contradictions
between existence and extinction.

I'd rather forget
the pallidness of life
and never watch
funeral flowers fade.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Gazing into Blossoms

Gazing into Blossoms

My eyes reflect
their charcoal flora.
They metamorphose
into flowers of evil
portraying sultry

habanera eyes.
They made Beaudelaire
dance with Verlaine
blew Van Gogh’s mind
and bludgeoned Carmen.

As for me
there’s no problem,
I’m just a flower
on the wallpaper and
I need no watering.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2010
AD Something

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
~~~

God descending the Staircase

God descending the Staircase

Watching God
descend
the heavenly staircase
towards them
Eve whispers

to Adam,
Of course
It’s obvious
his head
is always

in the clouds
but what
do you expect
from God
but fog.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Mar©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

God is a Mathematical Interlude

Were the word god replaced by
X or any succeeding alphabetical letter,
their resultant algebraic formulae would
resolve man-made sacred concocted dilemmas.

The only conundrum that would need solving
would be to define X, Y and Z.

On second thought not all alphabets have them
while others exceed their quota by man's hand.

Hence, were we to refer to the above concept
in terms of divine mathematical aseity,
philosophical contingencies would be mutually
contingent and enlighten the problems
caused by verbose ellipsoidal harmonics.

~~~

Alex Nodopaka Apr©2004

AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

God spat in the clay

God spat in the clay

And it looks I also
am on a drought binge
and must spit
in the sand of god
to make him
hold together
and not because
he spat at me first.

It’s because splutter
should’ve been
created first.
Instead we wallow
in the moist of woman
and no matter
what we do
we crumble inside her.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Dec©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Goddess Durga

Goddess Durga

Astride on her tiger
in menstrual throes

She feels she has a
Tiger in her tank

But her retinue trumpets
that he lost his woodies

and that she should club
her Wood

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Mar©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Gods do not Breathe

Gods do not Breathe

Clouds erase death
as death erases breath

Everybody in heaven
grows wings

but no one there challenges
Darwin or questions science

who both teach
that without air

there’s no need
for feathers

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

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
~~~

Hand Job in the Sistine Chapel

I am inadequately cunning
to watch my tongue
nor hear its muffled sound
in your holy obscured places.

I'd rather be a Cherub or French.
They speak their arcane dialect
from ceilings and temples of love.

They have no need for language.

Their gestures do the job just fine.

My spirituals needs are easily inspired.

Visually.

~~~

Alex Nodopaka June©2004

AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Happy Surprise

Happy Surprise

In the deepest dark
of a black night
a small jangle wakes you.

Deep in sleep,
flesh feels skimmed
caressssed.

Still between dream and reality,
you feel heat rise up
the hollow of your spine.

It brings your hand from
beneath the quilt to grasp
the architect of your desires.

There you stumble on palpitating flesh
that your hand clasps without warning,
and with panting rhythmic stroking
sweetly crescendo
into paroxysms and soft moans.

Upon waking there is no trace of the
presence you straddled in bed.
Only streaks on the prosecutor's linen cloth!

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jan©2004
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Hello Dawn

Hello Dawn

I played with your breasts
They were sunflower blossoms
Reflecting in my eyes

My thoughts began dancing
And my fingers started painting
For a moment I thought

I was Vince
And my canvas was you
I gently squeezed the tail

Of the paint tubes
You came in orgasmic colors
On my stretched canvas

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2009
AD Something

&#1044; &#1086; &#1073; &#1088; &#1086; &#1077; &#1091; &#1090; &#1088; &#1086; C&#1074; &#1077; &#1090;

&#1071; &#1080; &#1075; &#1088; &#1072; &#1083; &#1089; &#1074; &#1072; &#1096; &#1077; &#1081; &#1075; &#1088; &#1091; &#1076; &#1100; &#1102; &#1054; &#1085; &#1080; &#1073; &#1099; &#1083; &#1080; &#1094; &#1074; &#1077; &#1090; &#1072; &#1084; &#1080; &#1087; &#1086; &#1076; &#1089; &#1086; &#1083; &#1085; &#1077; &#1095; &#1085; &#1080; &#1082;
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о т р у б а х
В ы п р и ш л и в
о р г а з м е ц в
е т а м и
Н а м о й н а т я
н у т ы й х о л с
т

С а ш а Hodopaka Okt©2009

Alex Nodopaka

Hello Dawn-Д о б р о е у т р о Cв е т

Hello Dawn

I played with your breasts
They were sunflower blossoms
Reflecting in my eyes

My thoughts began dancing
And my fingers started painting
For a moment I thought

I was Vince
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Alex Nodopaka Oct©2009
AD Something

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~~~

К р а с о ч н о г о т р у б а х
В ы п р и ш л и в о р г а з м е ц в е т а м и
Н а м о й н а т я н у т ы й х о л с т

С а ш а Hoд oп aka Okt©2009

Alex Nodopaka

Her Stockinged Legs

This the waitress
I love to annoy
with vapid remarks
knowing
she heard them
all before
and will hear after
she rinses her finger
in my drink.
And I'll lick dry
my bottom's drink
thinking back
about her fishnets.

Alex Nodopaka

Hindu love song

Hindu love song

I am a connoisseur of
barefoot princesses and
judging the spread of your bill

it looks like you can fit me

But being at heart a redskin
I wait for my great eagle spirit
Before I fly you spread-eagle

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Mar©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Holy Threesome

God does not hear
when three tongues speak
simultaneously.

He pays attention
only to the one
that is on fire.

When the other two
are lit
three become one.

Until then
secrets cannot be kept
in a ménage à trois.

Something fishy about
this whole trinity affair.

~~~

Alex Nodopaka June©2004

AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

How beautifully

How beautifully

Oh, how beautifully
you write
of the kiss on the wrist.

Lips pressing
the inside of your hand
I sense the pulse

of each letter
every epistle throbbing
inside each ventricle

of my heart.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Dec©2011

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

How I Became A Full-Blown American

How I became a full-blown American
or This is Not a Poem

Carefully watching my step
the tip of each of my foot lands safely
between the cement macadam cracks.

I became expert at such feat
thanks to playing on the sidewalks
of Casablanca the hop and skip game

all we children used to play before
the advent of the personal computer.
My aversion to divisions and fractions

has evolved from the youthful fear
of arithmetic and mathematics.
It has matured to a full-blown phobia

of pigeon-holing mankind's thinking.
We, Americans, subliminally appreciate
everything packaged just rightly so.

As a matter of fact we're either
so gullible or so facetious in our happy
Hollywoodian endings make-up

that appropriately packaged pebbles
at one time sold like peanuts
at the price of diamonds.

I remember sitting in a bar in the Bay Area
with a friend of mine fortuitously across
the future peddler of the Pet Rock

and overheard him say, the ugly American
(he apparently was educated enough
to know of Eugene Burdick's book)

is nuts and that he could make a fortune
selling rocks to him which he later did
with great success. Even I became

a one-time customer of his by contributing
to his first million dollars and proving
by such deed how Yankee-sized I became.

Alex Nodopaka

How I Must be Painted

She knows he sees
her silhouette
from across the building
and knows
he paints her
as if he were Edgar Degas

But these times
are avant-garde
Her moneymaker shimmies
knowing full well
the peeping Tom
is no Willem de Kooning

He could not keep up
with her spunk
(yes I mean both ways)
or acid rock and
especially her drug-induced
strident lyrics when she fucks

~~~

Alex Nodopaka May©2006

AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

How to Beat to Death an Old Bush

How to Beat to Death an Old Bush
or An Art Critique

Well, this triptych explains
how a magic trick is done
without telling the process.

I'd compare it to balancing
air with weightless molecules or the
impetuous ecstasy when Hydrogen

meets Oxygen.
The artist's airy and fluid approach
being a demanding style

starts with the first panel,
followed by a second
with a third for a grand finale.

It has a storybook effect with a
beginning, a middle and a unhappy
un-Hollywoodian ending.

It reminds me of when I visited Venice
my nose misted the glass
separating me inches away from

The Garden of Earthly Delights,
a painting by Hieronimous Bosch,
except that instead of feeling bliss

I could smell the naked arses
minutely painted in the most
of graphic and demented poses.

At the end of my 10-minute staring
I had a feeling of having a real whiff
of fire and brimstone religious art.

Of course it could have also been
a metaphysical experience of plain art
depending on the panache

of my writing.
Had I painted this scene and smeared
feces in the right places, another critic

might've called it a pile of
neo-post-expressionist mounds
crowning a dull artistic career.

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
~~~

How to write a woman

How to write a woman

Is to first lay her
down on canvas.
Trace her contours

and where
her emptiness lives
stuff words.

The one I write
doesn’t like silence
the way man does.

She moans and screams
and whimpers with
every letter

scratched into her skin.
She isn’t stealth inclined
the way man is

who solves the hunt
with an arrow
or an altercation

with a sword since
dudes don’t listen
with their heart.

If Pablo had a chance
I wonder
would he have painted

his
many
women

with
an
ax.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

I Became Jaded Gazing at a Mexican Fountain

I Became Jaded Gazing at a Mexican Fountain
or How I Became Dust

expecting to see somewhere a hairline crack in the base
of the Mexican-tiled fount.
A sign of a spouting leak,
a gush of water issuing from the cement wall
but all I got was dried gold fish resting between sheets
of desiccated algae with no Wasabi to boot.

Well, I think you get the gist of my thinking about your
poem and hope your scales are shinier and stiffer than
those of the dead goldfish. May their scales line your ego
the way an armor marries a knight's body and his
mental state when he returns to his Cunegonde and finds
her bedding his brother if not a whole foreign army.

I hear this happens often when damsels in the throes of
absence of their beau throw themselves instead of
down Squaw Rocks they choose instead to have
their thirsty holes filled with alien fish.
Speaking of watering holes and the preceding tale aside
I look about and observe the eucalyptus trees

that crowns the fountain and see perfection
in their imperfect figures. Not all trees are ideal.
Some are misshapen others not fully grown yet some have
sculptured silhouettes like the perfectly chiseled
green jade Buddha on my shelf pondering over the dust
collecting on his lap.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka November©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

I Con.Template

I Con.Template

I Con.
template
my

n
a
v
e
l

while my belly

e~x~~p~~~a~~~~n~~~~~~d~~~~~~~s.

By way of fat
I feel Buddha.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka AprÂ©2004
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

I don’t know if God plays ball

I don’t know if God plays ball

soccer or foosball or bacci ball.
Well, I’m a Frenchman and
boules is the name of my game.

Being on the ball is like playing
with Gigi little girls. When God
created Eve I wonder did He

have in mind dirty old men
and did He mean putting man
behind the eight ball

and did He know that eons later
round the corner of the square ball
someone hooks up with

a hooded guy who sells 3.5 grams
of meth and coke and damn,
that 8 ball is already gone!

I wish I had another!
I start singin’ a tune, I don't drink
brass monkey, like to be funky

and my name ain’t Eazy-E
your 8 ball junkie.
We did an eight ball of blow and

danced until next morning.
I ain’t never goin’ out
With an eight-ball Chiquita

Cuz I got balls and I ain’t
givin’ her mine and
she ain’t playin’ with mine.

I wish God had more balls
and my brain marinate
in mothballs.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2010
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 Hallucinate For Heaven’s Sake

I Hallucinate For Heaven’s Sake

As a child and since then
I’m attracted to anything that slithers.
Must be primal memories

Of the Garden of Eden
And of a god with a vibrating lightning rod
In his left hand.

Yes, he’s a leftie
Just in case you need to know.
As a matter of fact there have been studies

On that subject matter
With an overwhelming
Number of geniuses

Born into that left wing category.
That aside, I’ve been blessed
In the last twenty or more years

With cerulean dragons meandering
At a disquieting rate
Out of women’s buttocks.

It must be the gods’ discreet
Fashion of pointing to where
Paradise dwells and was never lost.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2010
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 have a story that'll

I have a story that'll

bury Tiger Woods
under 6 feet of sand.
It's the wishful thinking

of any golfer
to eagle their balls
in Alice's hole.

But I wonder if anybody
wants their balls
to shrink fast enough

in the time they fly
from the golfing club
to birdie Wonderland.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Apr©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

I Made Wine Like Jesus Did

I Made Wine like Jesus Did

I'll wait for the grape
to turn into wine
unless my patience

dies on the vine begging
me to call on Jesus
who knows best.

I, unlike Him,
am a legal immigrant
with proper work permits.

There won't be any need
to hire Him,
an illegal immigrant,

to stump on purple raisins
though divine feet,
dirty or not, could help.

Alex Nodopaka

I Never Learned How To Write Poetry

It didn't come to me simply through academics.
It came to me simply one flyer at a time

when I was simply a struggling artist
and because I'm simply not one anymore

because I decided to simply become
immensely rich. Yes that simply!

It's just a simple state of mind and to prove it
to myself I announce my simple financial status

every time the occasion presents itself.
And believe me it's often enough that by now

I simply believe it myself.

Alex Nodopaka

I Read a Book of Poems

I Read a Book of Poems

I wonder if anyone
has read it before me
the way I have.

The top corners of pages
sixteen through twenty-one
were still sealed.

I carefully spread them,
not disturbing their virginity.

Then at an angle
I peaked between them.

What I read
was worth the visit.

I'll pass it on to another
In the same configuration.

I wonder if they'll read it
The same manner I did.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka July©2004
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

I saw God naked

I saw God naked

No dick!
No belly button!
And like Johnny Cash
in the Sue song

He commands me
not to call Him
Dick.
I reply, How about Dickie?

He raises His arms
as if to embrace me
and points
His middle fingers at me.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka October©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

I Spread Your Book Cover

I spread your book cover
or another review of a poem

I'm spreading your book cover
over my eyes
& pronounce some blind feelings
about your poem.

Wow,
I see one notable observation
of the woman lurking in the ashtray.
What is it? Cinder art?
You read ashes now?

And the other that stands out
is gender-limiting
of the book cover business.
I mean who could be those people
but men
who alone are capable of wrapping
their fish smell in newspaper
unless you include
the gentler sex that reads dust jackets
folded between their fluttering wings.

Well, friend,
since you are maybe not dear yet,
may I ask what the rosemary flavoring
in the title of your poem
has got to do with your tale?

Alex Nodopaka

I vacillated

I vacillated

before Vincent's art
when first exhibited
and didn't buy.

I thought he was
too esoteric
and being arcane
was too demanding on me.

But I like the ending
of your poem.
I can hear Lao Tsu
reciting this.

NO!
I see the lips on the tea bags
move!
They laugh at the bubbles
in the teapot
and call them airheads!

~~~
Alex Nodopaka August©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

I will bring you out of the land of bondage

I will bring you out of the land of bondage

Arms subjugated she prays:
Chag Ha-Matzot
Chag Ha-Pesach
to which the third eye replies,

'I will bring you out of the land of bondage'
the tenth plague will not touch you
and when the angel of death descends
to slay the Egyptians' first-born
thou shall be passed over.

Then thou shall sit at each Seder
and retell the Exodus saga
while partaking in a festive meal.
Then thou shall recite prayers of thanks,
welcome Elijah the prophet
and sing Passover songs.

Thy table shall be festive and decorated
with four cups of wine, four why questions, four sons.

The Wise Son, the generation of the chacham,
the Wicked Son, the generation of the rasha,
the Unknowing Son, the generation of the simple son,
the Unquestioning Son, the lost generation.

And I shall make you four promises:

'I will bring you out of the land of bondage.'
'I will save you.'
'I will free you from slavery.'
'I will take you to be a chosen people.'

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2006
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
~~~

i wish you would drop

i wish you would drop

the paint brush
and put your hands
all over me

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

If the world was of a single hue

If the world was of a single hue

Would the world be in 3-D?
Would we need eyes to see it?

Since born to see in color,
For me, no matter how dramatic

Black and white can be,
Life inhabits rainbow hues.

And

Since the world feels pains
It’s because it is of many hues

If existence was of one hue
Eyes wouldn’t be required

We’d would be part of it
Instead of separate from it.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

If you had to choose a tea bag

If you had to choose a tea bag

He's calm, seems to make decisions
rationally. Thinks things through.
Doesn’t lose his cool in public.

Frankly seems to like to understand
the issues before twattering about them
and generally seems to have

the idea character for someone who's
got the power to unleash
the US nuclear arsenal.

I'm sick of people criticizing him
because he's not 'warm'. We had a
from the hip gang of cow boys

Yes I mean of the ruminating kind,
six bangers who in eight years,
single handedly, blew us

out of the water. So kiss ass
is not part of his job description.
If you want warm and emotional

hire a new-age therapist or get that
gorgeous-pin-up tea bagger
in your sleeping bag.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Impaired Vision

I felt
with fingers
for morsels of light

Like a puzzle
in all hues and consistencies
an idyllic landscape
was sensed

At night I disassembled
and stored each piece
in my head and dreamed
cubist paintings

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sept©2006
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

In Memoriam, A portrait of Vladimir Ilyitch Lenin

In Memoriam, A portrait of Vladimir Ilyitch Lenin

I acquired the painting at a major discount
From a co-op antique dealer who had to close shop
On account of the present economic debacle.
I did some extensively deep research into old archives
Of portraits of Vladimir Ilyitch but could not find
Anywhere anything with a white goatee and moustache.

I thought I knew my Russian history but after browsing
Through a multitude of portrayals of the famous revolutionist
I felt I could draw the man myself and blindfolded to boot.
In the lower right corner the painting bears two generously
Fat initials R.G. and the back of the gessoed panel has
some illegible pencil scribbles

With the exception of a glued tag identifying the framer
Or framing shop as being from Frankfurt (Main) .
Now, anybody could've bought a frame there and installed
The painting but the masterly stroked oil was thumb tacked
By a peculiarly dated style whose head was perforated
With two diametrically opposite very small holes.

And since the painting was not dated it sent me
On a flurry of research trying to time it in that manner.
Now don't ask me but I know everything there's to know
About a push pin and who invented which and when.
But at that point I still had no clue as to who the painter
Or the poser were. In frustration I researched the owner

Who either by himself or by another identified himself
On the back of the work of art with a fancy typed label
As Eigentumer: architekt Stefan-Blattner.
And when I clicked through search engines my mouth
Opened in awe at his reputation. So now I had some
Documentation as to its provenance though didn't relish

The architect being associated to Joseph Goebels but then
I remembered the Germans identified all their belongings
Especially when they stole paintings from their owners
While martyring their prisoners by disposing of their gold
Dental contraptions yet scrupulously documenting their
Deeds by appropriating their hair or gold dentures.

Well, in my case I only want to document my purchase
Gotten for a song and a dance even if it was of dubious
Provenance but in the end I'm now convinced it's not the
Portrait of the commie in his older age but could be the
Architect himself unless it is his father or another guru of
The same Bauhaus school because further down the article

I couldn't help noticing references to Le Corbusier,

G. Candilis, G. Godefroy and A. Nodopaka who
By no accident was my father and who for sure was born
Under and knew of Lenin at least by sight. And to console
myself I feel that during hard times in Winter I could use
the painting as kindling to warm my freezing imagination.

And I don’t want to forget that during the driving time
Back home there was a revolting odor in the car of old cigarette
Smoke to the extent my wife accused me of sneaking a smoke
After a 3and a half-year sabbatical. Well, having some loose
Knowledge of artwork restoration I was happy to rub some fresh
Garlic cloves over the surface and the back of the painting

But the waft reminded me too much of a cheap pizza parlor
So I went over it with a half-cut fresh onion then went over again
With an orange at which time I feared that ants might eat
My painting so I rubbed it with a fresh lime whose rind I used
in my Vodka Tequila Sunrise by toasting Trotsky’s hammer
and sickle assassination and Lenin’s mummification.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

In Riposte to Rumi

In the divine
image
imagine imaging
the self of I
and like a deity
everlastingly in a state
of modifying
try to alter your mind
to suit
the divinities' recreation
with their creations.

I mean don't we have
enough trouble
dealing with our soul
trying still
to enter another's.

The gods
must be artists.
Demented.

They are not poets.
Their ciphered
words
by mortal proxies
are everlastingly
misinterpreted
by the very same.

Alex Nodopaka

In the Illusionary Boudoir of Maya

The facing interior wall was not veneer stone.
It's Paris and I, a Southern Californian,
where everything is plastic didn't dare ask
if it was ok for me to touch it.

It was a narrow and very long living room with
oversized tall windows facing St.Germain des Prés.
Opposing the glass panes was a wall
elegantly decorated with master-painted oils.

Reclining on a Spartan couch bordered by two
matching recliners of the Bauhaus period
I couldn't help feeling impressed. A second sofa
with stark dark African-patterned pillow and

bedspread captivated my interest that Freud
would've approved and Jung archetyped.
On the farthest wall to the left my eye remarked
what appeared to be a Klimt on a silk fabric.

The hostess returned with refreshments and
a pack of cigarettes. I lit up and moved
the ashtray with a still smoldering match
on top of a portfolio and saw the frozen

expression of her mouth that reminded me
of Munch's Scream as she blurted,
Please not here! ! !
They are priceless originals!

Alex Nodopaka

In The Light Of Things

How else
but upon its own thoughts
can the cricket reflect
never questioning its echo
or its shadow the sun.
The answer my friend
is in the clouds..

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 Brilliance

Intelligent Brilliance

I'm trying
to say something
intelligent

but do not feel
tonight
a gentleman

all I’m trying
is say something
smart and not

quite intelligent.
It’s a toss between
degrees of dullness

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©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
~~~

Is That What You Mean?

Your poem is way too long and
its sparse punctuation magnifies that feeling.
I'd chop the hell out of it with periods.

And maybe semi-colons.

Way too much for me to take in!
And you speak about the dead seeing hues!
Aren't the dead color blind?

Later on in regard in fact
I'd take defacto in fact out!
And while I'm at it I'd delete

unbreakable next to your barrier
and change it to invisible.
Unless the dead can break a leg or see.

And then, to drive both of us crazier
I'd rather say, rapping a patent leather shoe
on the rough hewn floor

instead of tapping a shoe on a polished floor.
That's because one is more modern than the other
and in a way dates the epic and so one can see

and sense the scuffing, you know.
And in my craving to invent fresh turn of words
where you speak of places I want to phrase instead,

to a placeless place
where there's no space
I want to face your face.

Well, let's face it, maybe that one is too corny.
And I could go on and on… and on.
You see the effects of your poem on my verse?

Alex Nodopaka

It is all about the oral cavity

It is all about the oral cavity

Every woman has a piece of paradise.

One must dig deep to find

if her orchard is full of apples

and if men come like hornets to honey.

I spin a web and whirl like a dervish

when in reality it is the Vodka

and the tom-tom throbbing dance that

intoxicate me. And your lips of course!

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2007
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

It was Foretold Centuries Ago

It was Foretold Centuries Ago

On the Ganges river in the mouth of
the Indian Ocean where once before
our gazes met eight hundred years ago
a rumbling sound issues from the entrails

of the deep waters. It gargles and it burbles.
I recognize the voice of Ganesh, Patron of Letters,
who speaks in tongues by means of eddy currents
flowing from me to you and in the mirrored way.

I sense the liquefied meandering of the words
foretell the future engagement of our fates
and how we'll meet in the delta of the great river
where all souls empty into the waters

then return again and over and again and that
after eight centuries and thirty three years of such
events our paths will interconnect once more
but that time in flesh and spirit over an ancient

weeping willow inclined toward the rushing stream
and that upon the metaphysical consummation
between the river and the branches
we shall never weep again.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

It’s not a Hand job for Her

The phone is turned
on mute.

Not a sound comes
from the Raisin Bran
M & M guys except
for the pre-programmed
visual message
on the LCD screen.

The Venus de Milo
deodorant statue
next to it
doesn’t move an arm
to pick up the handset
when the receiver flashes.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

It's not a Greek Tragedy

It's not a Greek Tragedy

After playing with the kids
the guessing game
of making short sentences
based on the acronyms

of car license plates I saw
through the open window
a glimpse of her forearm
in the driver's seat.

Judging by the sight of it
She's built like a small
bricklayer a hint I get
from her open ended truck.

She has a love tattooed
on her soft fleshy triceps.
A Greek theatrical mask
of a buoyant female.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka July©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

It's Paris, You Know!

Standing inside the bus
holding on to the overhead hand strap
we sway to the rhythms of Paris
reflecting in the vitrines.

Paris in Springtime skips
window to window
dancing before 4 eyes
gazing in tandem out of the bus.

Dressed all snappy we ride
watching out for the Eiffel bus stop.
Meanwhile I write
three poems and toss them

into a carrefour fountain under three coins.
I envision another five poems.
to be written inside a pebble
with five interconnected holes

communicating with each other
by sound wavelength frequency.
Ear to ear like mouth to mouth.
Well, it's Paris, you know.

A silver wall plaque zips by, it reads,
Here resided Mistinguett.
I melt tho she was well before my time
and unlike the street sparrow Piaf

every time I hear her sing my throat throbs
my eyes tear
I break to pieces
Well, it's Paris, you know.

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
~~~

Killing Alice and The Rabbit

After the afternoon poetry reading I ask her
to autograph her book of poems for me.

She starts writing the first word For
then asks me to whom to dedicate.

It's not the name of the rabbit that's important
I reply, it's her wonderland name that is.

With a grin on my face I whisper in her ear,
Memorialize the writing to yourself.

Not wanting to waste the virgin page
of her new book with complicity in her eye

and a sardonic smirk on her lips
she writes For myself (and you)

Alex Nodopaka

Kitchen to Bathroom Dao

Kitchen to Bathroom Dao

My sweetheart is going through
a mental tizzy the last couple of months
about this very Kitchen Affair... and
not least the bathroom...
How ironic... Bathroom Dao!

The bathroom is now so pretty with
lush silk greenery hang from shelving.
Orientalist paintings on the walls
Sculptured servants hold soap trays and
Oh! My! Such pretty towels!

Just for decoration and guests I am told!
Oh! La la! And the doodoo seat must,
be down. Of course!

A 'One Thousand and One Night'
lighting fixture swings from the ceiling
with three tiny candles for atmosphere.

Atmosphere!
It should be Stratosphere when I sit
on the 'guest' throne with my bowels
shrieking with pleasure as I gush,
or is it flush
my gastronomical Bouillabaisse
down the drain, while motion activated
robins chirp their mating songs
I piddle in the bowl, aiming for the middle
named after Mirror Lake.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2004
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Koranic Conversation

Koranic Conversation

I. The Question

In a rush
she forgot to put it on
risking criticism
on Ali Baba Street.

Because
she does not wear
a scarf today
should she consider herself
a sinner.

II. The Answer

Now half-buried
in dirt
the sand in her mouth
tastes like blood.

Hidden under a hijab sac
her lungs do not release
a single cry
while they stone her.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2007
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
~~~

Laundered Truth

I was often told not to disturb rocks and of course no stone was ever left alone.
When not yet a teenager every rock in my path in the North African desert
met its fate under my lifting strength.

No lizard or white or black scorpion would stop my search for mysteries hidden beneath.
Even when wading ankle deep in what then were rivers to me I lifted flat shingles and looked for mysteries underneath.

It often required momentary waiting for the disturbed mud to clear and for the truth to appear in the scooting shape of a crawdad I pinched with forefingers quickly learning that truth could hurt when the crayfish pinchers would squeeze a squeal out of me.

Those were the times when beasts and stones spoke.

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
~~~

Left-handed praise

Left-handed praise

The magic of words
beautifully saying
the mysterious

drained
my intellectual soul.
Now I wish I could

explain to myself
mind you
my complimenting you.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Dec©2011

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Legumes Go For April Fools

Legumes go for April Fools
or Dear Green Thumb Poet
or An unsaturated fat organic feast

Your poem smells like hummus
while you mumble of hedges
Wall Street Hedge Funds are history.

Your words blossom on the borders
of your pile of humus. I don't mean
to be humorous At this stage of your life

If you keep your thumb green
don't use toxic fertilizers
Share with me your snails to be

I bet they'll be even more organic
with much garlic and drowned in
I can't Believe it's Not Butter.

After let's not be too close and though
the garlic will thin my blood I can still
be thick enough to wrestle you down

Alex Nodopaka

Lenin meets Judas

Now here's a dozen plus one gringo
loungin' in an idyllic settin' fit for kings
that sure looks good as 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
above what looks like yuck-filled L. A.
I mean exactly like the ones you see
in Chinese paintings with 'em crests hoverin'
midway between Feng and Shui mixed with Chi.

Remarkably, the table ain't loaded as for pigs.
There's only three mugs. They're 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 them unless
'em hoodlums share in. I don't think they do

'cause it ain't 'cause of poverty either 'cause
of 'em sleek Egyptian linen robes they wear.
I say this 'cause 'em fellahs look well fed
and they ain't dressed in cheap slave servant rags
though I notice a few oily stains on the table
on account of the scattered half-eaten croissants

and 'em guys must've had some snails too
'cause of all the shells litterin' the floor
which makes me think it's a greasy French Bistro.
Now let me tell you how funny
their gentile faces are with their pink cheeks
and Roman aquiline straight noses.

They're all of fair complexion and blondish.
I mean there couldn't be a single Jew there
unless they, includin' the chiksa, had nose jobs
but I bet two of 'em might be old Bolsheviks
'cause they sit bare feet with no sandals.
Well, yah know, skinhead is what I mean.

And I ain't too sure if they are Commies
but I'd be wholly convinced if they were
sipping Vodka from their saucers of which
I don't see none. Most disturbin' there ain't
no Manishevitz in sight but while I'm at it
Laheim to Trotsky and the bourgeois traitor.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2009
AD Something
~~~

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
~~~

Less than precious Stones

Less than precious Stones

I'm so glad you asked
a brilliant question for which
I have a dull answer.

Brilliance has to do
with shine and
dullness with personality.

Like in dimwitted.
A brilliant can be dulled
which makes it less brilliant.

Yet it doesn’t make it
dimwitted. Like some people
are smart but not intelligent

while others are intelligent
but not smart at all. Like how
I'm trying to answer here.

Let’s bet with your polish
you can hone my answer
better than I can lap it.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Let me Tell you a Secret

Let me Tell you a Secret
or An Ostentatious Hugger-Mugger

It's something I did eons ago
Then never shared with anyone
Despite my tongue burning
To spill my guts to the whole world

Well I never have since then
And now am ready to unload
This heavy burden weighing me down
As if its cargo equaled the density

Of an extraterrestrial black hole
Yet my hugger-mugger has nothing
To do with Victoria's Secret or
Ancillary onanistic unmentionables

It does deal with a taboo issue
And no it's not incest as much
I bet you'd like it to be
Yet biblically it comes close

That's if you deem sleeping in the
Lap of the God a sin and despite
This yoke ready to unleash I'm still
Unsure if you'll hear my secret

Alex Nodopaka

Let’s be Sunlight Spectrum

Let’s meet
in the celestial vacuum
collide for a micro nanosecond
of a nanosecond of our choosing

Let’s blend
ablate and vaporize
into indiscernible mist
except to the gods of probability

Let’s bounce
off each other and look for
what we failed to notice before
hidden under the dirt

Let’s build
the present with imaginary artifacts
and card castles of subatomic fog
Let’s reincarnate elsewhere

This Earth
too small for you and I
this soil too heavy because
of all the decomposing microbes

Let’s meet
on another planet with a billion facets
where the ground is cerulean blue
and the sky mauve with

you and I its only shooting stars

~~~

Alex Nodopaka Apr©2006

AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Like the seas parting before Moses

Like the seas parting before Moses

Akin to water separating in front of a vessel
or a wake closing behind a ship
or a cleft osculating the blade of the hatchet

I have in my possession two hundred letters
between a mother and her son
that I think shouldn’t be opened or read.

Let their tale be known only to the both of them.
I don’t want to experience the mother’s tears or
feel my throat close upon seeing his armless torso.

I shall open the biscuit tin that enfolds the writing
and the images and I shall trace in the blind with
my finger only the dog tags resting at the bottom.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Like this nor like That

Like this nor like That

Without poetic interpretation
there is no love.
Without love
there’s no kiss.
When you mail me

your airborne lips
enclose them in a red envelope.
Seal it with your tongue.
With mine
I’ll open them

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2007
AD Something

Tak i ni Tak

Bez perevoda poezii
niet lubvi.
Bez lubvi
niet potsiluia
Tak kogda poshliosh

tvoi vozdushnii gubi
vlozhi v krasnii kanvert.
Zaklei iazikom
Ia moimi gubami
otkroiu tvoii.

~~~
Sasha Nodopaka ©2007

Alex Nodopaka

Listen Friend

Listen Friend

I'd like to comment
on your pome
but do not wish

to be the spit
under your sole
so I'll cautiously remark

is this a con
or a come-on
writ with your leaky quill

~~~
Alex Nodopaka July©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Listening With Eyes

As to your arms sneering, who says you're not
splendid looking? Like in out of this world!
And as to your eyes hearing it is simple as

staring a Jackson Pollock painting while
overhearing a flanking viewer murmur,
Oh, my 3-year-old can do better.

As to your age, sixty-nine? Perfectly sexy!
And your experience? The great chess player
Capablanca, upon turning sixty-sex said,

that he thought of only one move ahead
but it was the best of them all.
Now listen, it took me sixty years to learn

to write this in 60 seconds. So, as you see,
I'm not thick impasto as some think me.
It's just that I blink in foreplay mode.

Alex Nodopaka

Love in Rubber Balls

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

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

of flushed adulation
feeding foreign shores.
Lovers gone,

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

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Magnum Opus

A tour de force
has been achieved
with the string cinched

I slipped through
my private hoop
with an intimate theory

of looking backward
at a future already past
and now I spin new hoops

in the hope of finding
my self photographed
jumping through them

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

MasturFascination

MasturFascination

Dazed by the sun
warming my back
I shoot blanks
toward cloud nine.
'Fascination' melody in the background …
Or is it some other tintinnabulation that
flutters my spine.

Sparks fly about
Or is it about my fly!

Hazed by Vodka
My aim is shaky,
But I score

3 bulls eye
Versus
3 blanks.

Do I win or is it a draw?

~~~
Alex Nodopaka©1996
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Mayim Acharonim

Oh sweet Jesus

Seeing you forces me

to shed my monk habit

and flagellate to hell

No wonder a habit

does not make a holy man

when a sweet nun like you

hides beneath it

It makes me cast off

all my good intentions

wanting to plow your mouth

as if it were holy ground

and the more I dip

my fingers in holy waters

the more

my evil intents trickle

~~~

Alex Nodopaka Jun©2006
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 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 also
were waved good byes and 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.

~~~
Apr©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Meta-Morphing

Meta-Morphing

Under my gaze
Your stanzas writhe in
The steaming hot weather.

But it's between the lines
Like a Sahara mirage
Where true meaning resides.

And if your poem
Doesn't stir the sands
It is kissing a Muse of silica

Until I whip a quill
And dip it in the inkwell
Of the firmament

And daub secreting love
Feather to cloud
Cloud to feather

Revamping each
Into a marble butterfly
Or myself into a falcon

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Metaphysical Orgy

Metaphysical Orgy

Nothing like
a spiritual orgy.
My soul

already soars
but my metaphysical soles
keep it tethered

to the 3rd planet
from the Sun.
I heard

from an Indian shaman
who said
that the bottom

of our feet
upon striking the dirt
become beams of light

that illuminate
the vagaries
of our earthly treks.

And another Russian shaman
(they exist, you know)
realizing it'd take

too long to travel by foot
made us grow wings
and in the process

of flying
we came too close
to the truth.

This as divulged
by my barber trimming my do
to the latest fad.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka June©2012

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

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Mr. BIG

Mr. BIG

On my door the notice reads
'Detective NO, All Seeing Eye.'
A curvaceous blonde,
built like a brick shit house
slithers in my office announcing
SHE is Ms. Sweetbutt!

My salivary glands ejaculate
at the sight of her short skirt,
tight sweater and luscious parabolas.
I ask her, 'What can I do for you? '

She says, 'Find Mr. BIG a.k.a. GOD coz
HE threatens my well being! '

Without thinking, still agog by her looks,
I jump into my Porsche
and look for Him all over.

Before long I realize that He is
The Underlying Principle, All Encompassing,
The First Cause,
Omnipresent, Omniscient.
HE exists and doesn't
all at the same time.

I rush to my office to confront my parabolas
suspecting her to do harm to Mr. BIG and me
having sent me on a nihilistic pursuit.

I ask her, 'Doesn't she know of
Socrates, Descartes, Kant, Nietzsche,
Leibnitz or Nodopaka
who, with the exception of Buber,
all questioned HIS existence.

I now believe she harmed them all.

Noticing my disbelief
she lowers the shoulder strap of
her peignoir and stands naked,
Venus-like, except her arms
outstretch reaching for my embrace.

I suck up to her and with my left hand
gently run my fingers up and down her crotch
where suddenly I feel the cold butt of a.45.

I realize the bitch has murderous intents.

Grabbing my.38 I place
its nozzle between her shoulder blades
 and whisper in her ear,

'The manifestation of the Universe,
as a complex idea into itself,
and as opposed to being in or outside the true
being of itself,
is inherently a conceptual nothingness.'

Blah! Blah! Blah!

It was a subtle concept
but I think she understood it before she died.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka
AD Something (c)  1988/2003

This poem stems from my readings by Woody Allen,
Mickey Spillane, other macho and would be tough heroes.
I thought I'd contribute my penny's worth
But I still wonder whether she should die?

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

My roots are burning

My roots are burning

Upon waking I felt your hand on me.
Mine was already on yours.
We spoke soft tactile language.

It has been a year of celebration.
Our union began in Hades
until you pulled me up to Heaven.

Your voice calls me.
You sing submission songs.
I will have no other bramble bush.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

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.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka June©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Nine Steps to Nirvana

Nine Steps to Nirvana

Please! One step at a time!
First, Truth is to be swept off first step,
since it is the foundation of all lies.
Then Art is to be swept from second step
since Art, Poetry and Word are subversive.

Then Philosophers from the third to the eighth
because there are so many of them ascending
and the ladder is not designed
to support their weight in words.
But the ninth step, shrouded by clouds,

must be strewn with inspiration and grace
as we deposit tantalizing droplets
in the innermost sanctum sanctorum of our Muse
that fills with humid humility
making the most of our nights and days

as we wait to be replaced by new artists
and philosophers that in turn shall descend
those very steps. Reaching the ninth step
is like being on cloud-9 and achieving
the cognitive systemic reconstructive theory

dealing with self-actualization.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka©2004
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Nine-One-One

Nine-One-One

Hello you!
Yes, you Bindu!
As limpid as crystal
you stream

d
o
w
n

my throat
and quench my
spontaneous
fire

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

c
o
m
e

on the rocks
I'll always have

Vodkahh!

Ahhh! And you!

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

No Body Wants Her

Her frame
now beat up
her skin crackled
from extreme sun
rest in final place

no one wants her
any more
not even the state

She still shows
past lush curves

I remember them soft
Flamingo pink
crimson at times
under right angle
now weathered

but her backseat Naugahyde
still could bear my weight
a few springs were missing
even then
but our youth didn’t

now
not even a tow truck
in salvage yard
wants her.

~~~

Alex Nodopaka June©2004

AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

No Trespassing

In transit from Kyiv to somewhere
we didn’t know yet except that
a barbed wire circled our refugee camp.

I recall crawling underneath with other kids
to collect live bullets by the hundreds
from the bottom of creeks.

Here in the midst of dense woods
Wehrmacht soldiers stripped their chevrons
and medals off their uniforms.

They disposed of them in rivers and ponds
and creeks by shedding their guilty belongings
so as not to be identified

with the madmen they served.
All we kids wanted
was the charcoal flakes in the brass shells.

To get it, one held the cartridge by its tail
between index and thumb and wedge the point
of the bullet into an indent in a flat rock

and with a smaller disc-shaped rock
strike the midriff of the bullet where its head
met the cartridge with a precise sharp blow

so that its cylindrical belly spilled its powdered
black entrails. As we did it we madly hoped
to crawl back alive under the bob wire.

Alex Nodopaka

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
~~~

Nuclear Rain

It is a twisted sense of God
shrouded in eagle and flag-adorned anthologies
of patriotic lyrics screaming:

Where were you when the world stopped turning?

Did they become words that talk about nothing
but shiny political content praising war-mobilization
and foreign policy arrogance thinking

You can bomb da world to pieces
but you can’t bomb it into peace.

Now ask yourself who’s the one to gain the most
from this spiritual bomb?
Are protest lyrics dead when once dormant
anti-war words were heard but now it is easier
to shut up and write and maybe get paid.

What’s really going on?

Long ago lyrics turned defiance into raging, soaring,
brave anti-war gestures like

I wanna kill Sam
Bush killah
Bad religion

while Noam Chomsky split into a no-war-for-oil
seminar and time-honored balance

but one decided to bomb them all and
let God sort them by echoing

Let’s Roll

for freedom, love and going after Satan
on the wings of doves.

Before 911 Modafuckas couldn’t stand his name
Now we all waive flags like we lost our mind
Everybody got opinions but don’t know dah time

No disrespect, that’s where I rest my head

As-Salaam Alaikum!
Is nuclear rain gonna fall?

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2004
AD Something
~~~

Alex Nodopaka

O Santa Monica you ain’t Venezia

O Santa Monica you ain’t Venezia

With the wind blowing
Over stretched bodies on the sidewalk
Nothing virtuous about that municipality.

It’s unlikely to waft the caulked-over sins.
The thing is no one bends over the carcasses.
Must be the locals know O Santa Monica

Not to breathe in crumpled mental addicts
Spread on the park benches
Neatly lined on the famous promenade

There I crossed path with too many foreigners
They all looked alien
But then myself I’m of Cossack provenance

But O Santa Monica who am I to complain
I who after a half-century still speak
As if recently dismounted from my horse.

Leisurely inching over to the fallen woman
I ask if she needs help.
With glazed eyes she solicits me… for a hit.

I straighten my bent spine, step backwards
And nearly trip on the next corpse. But it
comes alive. I guess she just tripped and fell.

But again I see no one stop to help
And with my cardiac condition
I’m in no mood to gather her spilt apples.

O Santa Monica Good bye I shall not come
Here nor stare down anymore your ruby sun
Drowning behind Venice Beach

Unless I bring a bottle of Vodka
And my stash of marijuana and with them
Maybe I‘ll raise the not quite dead.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Of knowing how gods are born

Of knowing how gods are born

The ones that are
breech borne
emerge cheeks first
safe from the sands
that blind but they are
sightless to the world.

They birth towering and
no matter how high
the equinox tides rise
they emerge limb after
limb at the darkest hour
of the dimmest midnights.

And at the most incensed
period of the elements
when earth’s cleft parts
spewing from her entrails
ready forms
in the image of man.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Dec©2009
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
~~~

On a Clear Day I Can See Russia

On a Clear Day I Can See Russia
or A Self-serving Apolitical Poem

Yesterday I went fishing in San Clemente.
The weather was at its best with Cirrus clouds
quiet as whispers instead of political shouts.

Walking up the pier the one-foot wide boards
point to Vladivostok. My place of birth.
They are neatly lined like foot-wide herrings.

Doubling them is a measure of the legal length
of fish that are keepers. It was my unlucky day.
I caught a threesome. All undersize and the

thought crossed my mind that marinating them
in wine and sour cream and changing the ocean
into Vodka would satiate with Russian gods.

Yes, I know, you Yanks implemented everything
but we Rooskis invented everything.
And so I caught three more silver fish.
~~~

Alex Nodopaka November©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

On being 7-Score and a Few

Well, you know…
OK, this is not like I want
to be rude this morning

by matching your 70 against my 72
I don't drivel as much as you
but mind you my rant is as much a poem

as your spiel is
and despite my cutting the grass
under your feet,

not that you need a soft place to land,
I need the crumpled grass
from beneath your big feet

to stuff in my pipe while writing this.
For inspiration, you know.

Alex Nodopaka

On Feeling Being on the Edge

On Feeling Being on the Edge

I don’t know what happened to me
but this reminds me of the time
spent on the edge of my chick’s
bathroom floor after accidentally
ingesting too many spiced brownies

that I drowned in too much Vodka,
Tequila and what not! All I recall is
crawling to the edge of her floor and
floating between her John and her hole
my chest sucking up to a cold floor.

Barfing down a cosmic empty space
I couldn’t help being scared shitless
until I farted an alarm clock and a ball
and heard her scream, Hang in there
before falling into the big cosmic void.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2003
AD-BC Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

On Iteration & Repetition

On Iteration & Repetition

Thanks thanks thanks for stopping by
& inflating me for a few seconds.

Yes yes to all you say & thanks for
posting your poems as a sidekick.

You see I see we see the problem.
This great entity created repetition

to make us want to be like it
experiencing everything first-hand.

(Actually, iteration is a dead-end
and reincarnation is a dumb eternity)

Give me a break! That infamous He
could've done better

than a Rube Goldberg Design.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2003
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Only once before burnt by the sun

Only once before burnt by the sun

during a late afternoon a sunbeam
highlighted on the wall the gaze of
an oddly rendered portrait painting.

The illumination reminded me of my
father's memorial service when the cleric
amidst the myrrh and frankincense

of smoldering candles swung the thurible
and hum drummed Slavonic incantations
as the orb of an amber sun setting ray

traversed his silver filmed visage.
In that moment I sensed his soul dissolve
metamorphosing into a rising Sphinx

while mine transmuted into Icarus’s.
Both our spirits defying the Orthodox
tradition of repudiating service to

cremated remains.
But Ra wouldn’t have it as attested by
the glow in my father’s eyes.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Our bed no longer creaks

And our love is wrinkled cotton
Soaked in old sweat

Other times smooth as satin
Or slippery as processed silk

Some times it screams red
Or pales sky blue heaven

Or still mellow as green grass
Or it is again yellow envying

The cows dribbling fresh milk
In a pasture far from me

Alex Nodopaka

Overdosing on Paradise

Overdosing on Paradise

When you just learned
how to make a real good Mojito

you experience bliss
in small portions

and discover godlike feelings.
In that moment in small sips

you become a spiritual hostage
to carnal terrorism

~~~
Alex Nodopaka July©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Painting of a blue woman by a blind artist

Painting of a blue woman by a blind artist

I'd paint the scene with more sensual contrast
so that it shudders glimmers of amber grass
at the foot of a swaying Arjuna tree.
I want to imagine small bunches of russet leaves
hanging onto the y-forked lower nude branch.

But tonight I fancy reading you in the darkness
of Braille vision and let the tips of my fingers
palpate the intimate seams of how you're made.
A mix of delicate valleys and tightly canvassed
vertebrae with tongue-soft petals and peaks and

fleshy mangos and sanguine pink pomegranate.
I'll paint your breathing, lifting your ribcage
against my lips and your sun flowers tips brushing
against my mouth. I'll paint in the style of
Manjit Bawa merged with my own wacky manner.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Dec©2009
AD Something

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

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Feb©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Pennies instead of millet

Pennies instead of millet

I took 101 pennies and bathed them in a gourmet
wine vinegar. Upon their changing color to a pretty
cyan I took them for a stroll along a sandy beach.

Ambling its length I cast them on either side
of the ridge formed by the last tide
and became aware of the peasant sower in

the Millet painting except that my eye
fastened scrutinizing the lone silhouette
of a treasure hunter doing 101 bend over.

Not that she needed to firm her thighs or breasts. It
was for the sheer pleasure of watching her curvatures
against the vivid colors of a setting sun.

And as she flung a full sac over her shoulder, for a split
second I became acutely aware of the silhouette of the grim
reaper and decided on the spot to put out a last call to her.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Penumbra

Penumbra

When it is too bright
I cannot see the light
And when the darkness
Is extreme I cannot

see the dark of dark.
I live a life of in-between
Flanked by two boundaries
That appear opposites.

I see when the light
Is not too bright
I see when the light
Is not too dim.

I see just right
when my frame of mind
is in-between
the righteous and the corrupt

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Picasso Butts Seurat

Picasso Butts Seurat
Propelled by soaring breeze
The boy at the end of the string
Is towed by swooshing parallelepiped
Zigzagging high in the sky.

Pelican-like, now and then
It bomb-dives and scatters
Children below.
One runs along the shore.
Between his toes sand tickles
And makes him giggle.
He is high as a kite.

Seurat, paints this tableau.
Meticulously and feverishly
Dots his canvas with a rainbow
Of assorted monotone particles.

Tediously, a polka dot boy materializes.
Picasso, standing somewhat back,
Known for his erotic shenanigans,
Ducks under girls amply bouffant skirt.

Under her knickers he snickers
About Georges ridiculous technique.
Busy with the ladys triangles,
Pablo senses geometry is the answer.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jul©2004
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Pissoir, pissoir on the Wall

I’m sorry your woody broke.
They don't make them anymore
the way they used to.

It's all Dali's fault for
mollifying objects
and Breton's for
automatic verbatim writing.

Telescopic whisk spandrels
boeotian glossed cogitus.
Badinage apothegm benefices
apposition receivable matrix
consolidate benighted redden.

Insinuating lace aviatrix
mi ersatz sandworm onlooker
evident goodwit prick coitus.

But another woody was found.
It was well hung,
on the wall.

Duchamp & I approve.

~~~

Alex Nodopaka June©2004

AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Poem Jacking

Poem Jacking

I'm adding another 'wow' exclamation
to your poem the way you pile
slices of time.

Do you write such straight away?
Most time I write straight straight away
then massage its possible poetics

but I usually run out of patience
and abandon the difficult.
Perfect opportunity for me to write

small talk here.
Do you think it takes away from yours
and is this called pome-jacking?

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Dec©2011

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Postdigital Alexithymia

Postdigital Alexithymia

It is not Sanskrit
or a Freudian slip
nor a Hermann Rorschach
ink blot test.

No, it's not a Carl Jung
symbol either.
But Joseph Campbell
could have had something

to do with it. It deals
with smoke and mirrors and
verbosity. At any rate it's
a myth about conciseness.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka August©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Prepubescent Icarus

Prepubescent Icarus

In the time the thought
is planted
the plant deplants
uncleaned uncleansed.

The burgeoning buds
under his armpits didn't grow
to cover his ears and eyes
until he could no longer hear
or see or do the way
of the threesome monkeys.

He was never going
to experience
his own greatness
unless first willing to believe
he was great
and had budding wings.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka November©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

PROMENADE SENTIMENTAL

PROMENADE SENTIMENTAL
Paul Verlaine/Alex Nodopaka

Twilight casts its supreme darts
And the wind nurses pallid nénuphars.
Oversized water lilies between reeds
Gleam sadly over serene waters

Along the pond I saunter
Hauling my woes among the mist
Evoking a milky overbearing
Phantom in despair.

I, alone, shed tears in the voice of teals
Calling one another flapping their wings
Among the willows I wander alone
Parading my woes along the shores of the pond
Where the thickening shroud of darkness
Comes to drown the shafts of the setting sun
Among the pale waves and water lilies among the reeds
And the vast nénuphars on the tranquil waters

~~~
Translated-Interpreted by Alex Nodopaka Dec©2011

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

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.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jan©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Quirk

Quirk

I like to read in bed the New Yorker
folded vertically into thirds.
It’s convenient and easy as I rest my ear
on the pillow with my index and

middle finger squeezing the heart of
the magazine against my thumb.
The writing is conveniently divided
into three columns.

I hold this restful stance with my thumb
against the aforementioned fingers
until Morpheus gets hold of me.
That’s about 3-minutes later.

It’s a man’s reading job of course.
But when I’m in a real reading mood
I read many times that long
after which time unbeknownst to me

the magazine leaves my grasp.
Its disaccord must match
the archaic metaphors
in the choice of their poems.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka January©2011

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Racing Through Halloween

Racing Through Halloween

I swerve around two green opalescent eyes
standing still above two long sticks.
The eyeballs stare into two mechanical eyes
levered on high beam.

Both sets of eyes transfixed
hover above the middle of the road.
It's always like that,
we have to make choices and riding the fence

right now is not an option.
I swerve some more and miss the beast
by barely half a horn's length and for
a split second it looked like an aureole

but that creature was no saint.
It was rather more of a devil
on account of the huge horns
past which I can't avoid the swarm

of flitting moths that splatters
against my windshield.
I wonder what crossed their mind
at the moment of impact

but most of all whether their guardian angels
died with them and whether
their winged lives will be written up
in the Akashic Bucks Records of Halloween.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka October©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Rack of Ribs

I felt your fingers
counting my ribs.

No,
there's no one else.
You are the only one.
No other was made
from me.

You,
you only were on my mind
when I replied
to another.

Allo! Allo!
Ring-a-ding. Click-on.
Her voice interrupts,

Temporarily unavailable,
please leave message.

~~~

Alex Nodopaka May©2006

AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Reading 18th Century Rabbi Correspondence

Reading 18th Century Rabbi Correspondence

Recently I acquired a manuscript, Jewish Letters
published in their original 1742 dialect. By my
adept hand the leather binding was resuscitated with
the finest restorative organic ointments available.

Then I gave it the finishing fore and middle finger
application of cowboy leather boot pomade.
It felt appropriate to honor my mixed ancestry.
Nothing like a Cossack farm boy riding the

Steppes of California in search of his Napoleonic
roots and the wisdom of his goyish lost tribe.
I consider this period literature as significant as
the Dead Sea Scrolls are to the Judeo-Christians.

My Greek Orthodox soul at long last immersed in
centuries past. Gently fingering the pages by
their spine, careful not to tongue the tips of my
forefinger lest my macrobiotic oils and acids

might cause harm to the precious leaves
I steadily progressed, slowly adapting my silent
enunciation to the intermingled ess's and eff's
common to the spelling dictums of that period.

By the middle of Aaron's first letter to Jacob
I felt it was easier to lisp the words
and in that manner in a few evenings I finished
reading the tome having found zero reference to

Taras Bulba, my childhood unmythological hero.
By the end of the book my lisping aped Capote's
while my reading was far from his class but I never
pretended to be anything other than a closeted jester.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Dec©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Reading Dickens

Shortly after three days of sweltering temperatures
and two days before the catastrophe of nine eleven
I was reading an essay about the British literati genius.

A cool breeze circulated through my custom slit jeans.
It was a quirky move on my part some years ago to scissor them
in four longitudinal segments up to the bend of my knees.

That in turn prompted me to experiment with a design
on my well worn skivvies because where I live
the temps are pretty warm most of the year..

In addition I practiced the Jackson Pollock dribbling streaming
paint brush strokes realizing that the latex actually helped
hold together some of the disintegrating fabric while adding

a posh cachet of pricelessness. The former information aside
my feet abutted contentedly against a squat rod iron table
while I admired its sturdiness and balanced equilibrium

despite the heavy pressure of my sandals against its rim.
All the while I intellectualized about my own great expectations
and the quagmire of the present state of business

and political affairs wondering if Al Qaeda will succeed in
delivering another knee jerking blow. None of this thinking
of mine was disturbed by the landing of a sixteenth of an inch long

six legged insect on Martin that couldn’t help remind me of,
So low had Eden brought him down. So high had Eden raised him up
mimicking perfectly my own present condition.

Alex Nodopaka

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.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jan©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Re-musing The Pissoir

This a bleak manner
to line a papyrus
with silver fish

Reminds me
of thinking blocks
in younger years

when in the throes
of spleen
I jerked off bored tears

and directed
the pee-stream
against the pissoir wall

desiring secretly
to silence my copycatting
Marcel Duchamp

Alex Nodopaka

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

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Restrained Poetic Compositions

When replacing cement walls
and naked stages under open skies
all religious statuary will vanish.

What will be gained instead
will be propelled into an unstable motion
of hysterical arrangements

that shall reflect a script's
death-defying dialectic ambiguities.
And as Eliot said so aptly before me,

I wasn't even bothering whether
I understood what I was saying

Alex Nodopaka

Reverse Osmosis

I can't help it.
It's beyond my control.
I enter a time warp,
a déjà vu period of my life
and my youthful years.

With much glee I feel reborn.
I assure you it's no faint effect.
I am who I was at one time
and am still quite rigid
in my limp beliefs.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May ©2004
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Ribs Under Silica Skin

Look here, it’s not that
one wouldn’t care
to metaphysically kiss
baby chick spare ribs.

Answering
another poet’s dilemma
as to why kisses
are in a sac of bones

it is for them to rattle
past their connections
by duplicating
rhythmic heart beats.

The rust that separates
the heart from the bone
is but the dust
of dried blood

lubricating the genesis
of virgin chaffing
and soulful
spiritual copulation.

Alex Nodopaka

Riding my Stallion Humming Along

Riding my Stallion Humming Along

Eons ago I rode wild horses
in the vast Steppes of Ukraine
and by happenstance crossed paths
with Taras Bulba
disguised as Alice Cooper.

Now imagine my surprise!
It was not a dream
and I didn't know what to do
until Hazel O' Connor hummed
into my ear, Freedom Freedom.

I tell you it felt jolly foolish looking
like a Brit cowboy in leather pants
painted in a blatant Union Jack.

And when Patti Smith joined in
with Piss Factory I got hints
it was time to stop peeing
inside red phone booths.

But then Daddio Clark
topped it all.
He sounded like himself
which in itself was all natural
but when Joni Mitchell
hissed of summer lawns and
begged me not to
coitus interruptus her sorrow
I mixed all the voices and made
a supreme British bouillabaisse.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka October©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Salsa Bar

standing at the taqueria
you ordered two burritos to go
and moved to the salsa bar

i ordered mine and shuffled behind you

you filled four salsa cups
i rocked forward and backwards
ready to jump in for my fill

then you crammed four more
i was ready to pounce on you
instead decided to do some salsa steps
tuning into your surging romp

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2003
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Sanctus Ventriloquus

Sanctus Ventriloquus

An otherworldly sound!
No one heard it anywhere
Until from my belly

An ungodly voice discharges
Followed by leaded silence.
Then another voice booms,

Let there be light.
My lips freeze.
All sights fix on me.

I cannot sustain the stares
and from within my gut
I belch, Amin.

And the crowds shout,
It’s a miracle, it’s a miracle!
God speaks in mysterious ways.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Feb©2011

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

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

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jul©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

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

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

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.

~~~
Mar©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

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

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Shrine

Spurned, dejected, rejected,
into a knot I close.

A rope I become
primed for hanging.

I choose my tree
with a sturdy branch,

high enough,

from whence I'll swing,

my feet

brushing the ground.

Then I'll

twist,
twirl,
sway,

the noose around my neck
keeping my breath away.

Crucified,
my soul shall flit away

and in the shrine

only a memento

of me

shall dwell.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Sigh

You
dazed?

Me
whipped!

Resting now.

Need a little time to reload my Kalashnikov

Coz you
were quite a girl!

I, still lickin’ my chops!

Oh yeah!

sigh

sweet

d
r
e
a
m
s

tonight

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2006
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

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.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Silence is Silent

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.

Since 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
Rolling it over on its obverse side
Burying in the process in the soft dirt
A very tiny creepy crawler

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

Silently

Silently beautiful!

Silently imbibing pollen off your flower

Silently inhaling your scent

Seeking silently your pistil

Silently tip toeing away

I have no other silent needs

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2004
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

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.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka July©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

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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So you want to write a Poem

So you want to write a Poem

The shock of seeing God surpassed the other trivia I'll mention in due time. What's disturbing is what transpired between us. Well, it's not exactly sweat we talked about, but more what was implied in transpiration. The more I thought about it, the superior doubter I became. When we spoke, He was up in Heaven and I down on Earth, which after a while gave me a crick in the neck requiring the ingestion of a dozen ibuprofens to calm down the muscles holding up my collarbone followed by some stretching on a lounging chair. We spoke at length about poetry and how inspiring

it must be and how the language ought be if not esoteric then sufficiently intertwined to slip by the IBPC jury. Now, looking straight up what flabbergasted me most was not His dangling feet on the side of the parapet dividing Hell from Heaven but the glaring sight of His grimy sole. Well, He was unilegged on account of… Oh let's forget those details. I knew he was a fisherman and the ocean soles were different than the soles of earthlings. I'm telling you that at that moment I could care less regarding that other business about the ethereal soul. For me the whole affair was a sole-searching

mission with but a sole corollary: God is human as I am and that I was as good a fisherman He was. Now that's a fishy tale if you've heard one and it doesn't stop at that because stooping down God looks me straight in the eye and farting loudly says, Now, Boy, go get me some paint to match this swatch book by Pantone and unless you fulfill my wish you can't enter Heaven until My fluff is painted the color purple of heavens. Upon hearing that final verdict I nearly peed in my pantaloon but the worst was yet to come when He ordered me to write my color scheme in Pantun form.

I sheepishly answered, I didn't know diddlysquat about pantoon or pontoon on account I was no marine engineer but that didn't matter to Him as long as I acted like a mother fucking baboon and wrote this poem.
~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2010 AD Something

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Soliloquies to Khayam-Omeh

Soliloquies to Khayam-Omeh
.

Shortened Quatrain number One

Squatting along the dunes
From cupped hands salt water drips
into the sand. I'm mesmerized by infinity absorbed.

Shortened Quatrain number Two

The waves upon washing over a field of
Smooth black pebbles rustle a song
Whose mysterious language is known only to them.

Shortened Quatrain number Three

The misfit lid over the wine jar allows the devil
To enter and when it is slammed shut the imbiber
Discovers Paradise was also shut.

Shortened Quatrain number Four

And when the tongue inserts between the lid and
The lip of the jar still full of wine, knowledge can be
Tasted as if had something to do with her.

Shortened Quatrain number Five

If it weren't for the downward slant of Farsi script
one would think Omar was full of what used to be
inside the jar. He patted himself as if he were clay.

Shortened Quatrain number Six

I grew wings wanting to fly close to the sun
But on account of the size of my wings
The best I did was fly into a flaming candle.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka October©2012

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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

~~~
Mar©2006

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Sorry

Sorry

I don't relate to this at all.
Of course here
it's only letting you know
I was here.

Helpless.

Despite trying to understand
the too many metaphors
I choked on the black smoke
falling downwind
from the cement-white chimney.

I'm sad
about the wasted cab-fare
but sure loved the original thought
of her mascara
tattooing my lips.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka November©2012

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

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~~~

Speaking Stones

Stones buttress against
invading waters.

Grain-size sandstones float
with current
Large pebbles sit at the bottom.

Both fine-tune the watercourse
like old bones monitor a gait
or a time-burdened face
reflects cane-assisted wisdom.

Alex Nodopaka

Spleen

It's been a long time
I shouldered Sorrow.
Not that I was gloomy.

Watching the corners
of her mouth droop
I felt she needed company.

Not that I wanted any.
We started to banter.
Reminisced Beaudelaire

and the Flowers of Evil.
Before I knew it
we lay together.

Alex Nodopaka

Stalin is Pissed-off

Stalin is Pissed-off

Behind the iron curtain of yesterday
a shrewd cradle-to-grave musical sampler
probably plays
a forgotten Socialist Republic passage
of youthful hope and reactionary dotage.
It is now a forgotten
Russian avant-garde ensemble
from when the Party cracked down
on artistic formalism,
Alexandr Mosolov Nikolai Roslavets and
Alexei Zhivotov experimental nine short pieces.

I hum now to their interpretative version
of Dimitri Shostakovich Symphony #9,
the sassy piece that got Stalin
very supremely pissed-off.
Yet I am certain had Stalin been interested
in adult exotic entertainment
and practiced his taboo fantasies
of ipso facto spankings
and intimate connections
the world would not be
such a politically correct football.

~~~
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AD Something

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~~~

Stone Fog

Stone Fog

i think
she is your alter ego
someone you pine for

the dizziness
is your inebriation with her
and may be due

to atmospheric pressure
differentials
she comes and goes

like a fog sculpture
or a De Chirico muse
without a shadow

she's pure fog
with consciousness
and a heart of stone

~~~

Alex Nodopaka Nov©2009

AD Something

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~~~

Stork Erotica

Stork Erotica

I'm turning
into a dirty old mind,
wear sometimes a red fez
or Tibetan pointy cap.

Been to Fez
on several occasions.
I see art in every
body. Even yours.

Where the inside
of your shoulder meets
your breast.
See you at the Kasbah.

Should I of this
make a poem
and speak of storks
topping minarets.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jul©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Strangers Crossing Paths

Strangers Crossing Paths

She is passing by
and with my camera in hand
I'm about to utter-
but before I can
she blurts,

'I know...we look alike.
Same hair-style.'

And as I'm about
to ask if I may
take her photo
she beats me to it
saying,
'Of course you may'

As I do
and was going to solicit -
she coos,

"Yes I'd love to."

And we do
at the corner café
a drink or two.

But she sees a greater thirst
in my eyes
and I hear the smack
of her parched tongue
as we speak in gazes..

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Dec©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Stripteasing & Sherry

Stripteasing & Sherry

An after dinner with
Mademoiselle von de Slivka is
to have for dessert a bowl of cherries
followed by a strip down duel.

The wager is to striptease
ten paces apart. Five virtual steps
from our dinner table to the bay window
and the same number back.

I know the physics of billiard
bank shots and the laws of optics the way
she doesn't. We finger-squeeze pits
aiming at the skylight facing us.

For a few moments I let her win and
tell her that her aim is less drunk than mine
but myself not being Pushkin I won't
give in for the sake of courtesy.

I want to pit this lady in a reclining pose
on the edge of the love seat of the boudoir
and take advantage of her without
my fingers dripping cherry juice.

But as soon as she waves her pink
I turn bullish and bleed from all the
banderillas she lodged in me until
I tongue the sand surrounding her cherry.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2009
AD Something

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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

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Summer Moon

Summer Moon

Summer summons to moon the sun where lust is a reflected image
of a sun-tipped aureole stirring churning e-x-p-a-n-d-i~n~g a fire
from whence amber drips drips

d
r
o
p

by

d
r
o
p

drips drips on tongue lapped lure squeezed twirled spurts amber
again dropp by dropp on tongue s~p~r~e~a~d~i~n~g tense thighs
shaking wet inner slopes wet wet wetting… in… in …further in

between between in in in aching throbbing
throbbing aching lipping lure bursts in in
in bursts bursting dreams of loving eyes
splashing bathing in lavender elixirs filling
with sanguine denizen silken pearly drops
like diamonds scintillate in gaping fissure

tossing turning seeking relief relief relief
like an imbibing thief
during the Night of the Iguana
one lays pierced
filled to the brim
by lust by moon by sun by moon by lust

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2009
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
~~~

Tak i ni Tak

Tak i ni Tak

Bez perevoda poezii
niet lubvi.
Bez lubvi
niet potsiluia
Tak kogda poshliosh

tvoi vozdushnii gubi
vlozhi v krasnii kanvert.
Zaklei iazikom
Ia moimi gubami
otkroiu tvoii.

~~~
Sasha Nodopaka ©2007

Like this nor like That

Without poetic interpretation
there is no love.
Without love
there's no kiss.
When you mail me

your airborne lips
enclose them in a red envelope.
Seal it with your tongue.
With mine
I'll open them

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2007
AD Something

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
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Teeter Totter

Teeter Totter
a Parable

Blessed is the one
caught
between attributes.

Cursed is the one
free
of either.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2010
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

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

~~~
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AD Something

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~~~

The 3-period Poem

The meaning of the spaces
between the dots
is significant in that

it defines
the empty pauses
and timing gaps

just before
the nano-instant
of imminent collisions

between sub-atomic
human thoughts.
It is this momentous event

before the empirical creation
of notable words & phrases
precisely timed

in the manner
of women menstruation.
It is a like birthing.

Alex Nodopaka

The Abbreviated Bible

The Abbreviated Bible

I write biblical poems
on diminutive pages.
It necessitates an economy
of meaning where even
shorthand is too long
coercing me to spell
in shortthought.

Morse was judicious
in reducing Genesis
to a pair of dashes
that I depict as an X
across the Bible and when
reading it, it is as if the
Grimm Brothers wrote it.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2009
AD Something

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~~~

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 Art In Convoluted Linearity

A pencil or a brush stroke
defines the direction of the line
and its termination

that metamorphoses into an arrow
becomes suggestive
depending where it points on the body.

The stroke possesses numerous
senses of meaning and meaning of senses
that some of the time are intended

other times fortuitous
as the twitch of a cerebral signal
that through the hand and fingers

births a vague idea of what
the artist desires to communicate.
It shows at that moment

a psychological status
that is so unstable
as to be visually disruptive

especially when the line crosses
and loops and intersects itself
while spiraling in arbitrary directions.

as the streak twirls all over the paper
or simply confines itself to a corner
it forms at the end of its travels

an image that in turn is fluid
as is the psychological status of the viewer
at that moment.

It goes to say that between the creator
and the viewer the communication
at best is nebulous

especially when the drawn line
is completed not lifting the drawing utensil
therefore forming a continuous

open-ended labyrinth
of positive and negative spaces
permitting the mind to enter or escape

that is if it started from an optimistic
or pessimistic position and only when the artist
visualized silver cords connections

intersecting against a black stellar expanse
and like an arachnid reflecting its silky essence
the artist becomes that other creation.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Art of Popcorn in Sculpture Form

I'll eat popcorn out of her Korean box
any time over licking the green patina
off the Vancouver Stanley Park mermaid's tail

Three or four vanilla flavored kernels
stuck to my dialect are by far more epicurean
than a tongue dipped in copper sulfate

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©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 Bar Line of a Drunk Writer

The Bar Line of a Drunk Writer

Usually when I'm loaded on Vodka
I could decipher this as written
inside the throat of my bottle

but right now it's too early
to start my descent into your Limbo.
So what my mind, sober as it is,

reads into this are pregnant poems
waiting to be developed.
Consent for each sperm to do its job

and locate a single ovum to perforate
because when they’re an unruly mob,
as they’re wild and crazy now,

they aren’t connoisseurs
at making an omelet
once the eggs are broadcast.

So I don't mean to hijack your vagina
but it's been idle for some time
and so has been my writing quill.

~~~
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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

~~~
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AD Something

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~~~

The Collector of Stone Halves

The Collector of Stone Halves
or Unfinished Cores

Walking across rocky terrain
For no reason but the love of nature
It's odd to find the halves of rocks.

Usually they're neatly sheared
As if by some divine force
And though the laws of physics

Entail equilibrium of balanced masses
It doesn't compare to man's stupidity
Yearning to imbue in this event

A godly miracle. That I believe
Is the reason God created Woman
To compensate for man's half-wit.

But not all men are so demi-witted
As I believe that deities like us
Some times don't finish the started.

That's the real reason why
There are so many
Demi-gods and half-bloods.

~~~
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~~~

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

Alex Nodopaka
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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

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

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.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Dog Tag

Spurned and dejected
I loop a collar.
A noose I become
primed for hanging.

My tree is chosen.
A sturdy branch selected,
high enough, from whence I'll swing,
my feet skimming the ground.

My body shall
twist and twirl and dangle

beneath

the noose

that'll keep my breath not present.

Suspended, my soul shall flicker away.

Of me,
only a dog-tag memento
shall remain.

~~~
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The Dribbler

The Dribbler

Trickling down an answer
in 3 installments
is unbecoming,
which reminds of a story
of which I won't accuse you
but years, like many eons ago,
a gentleman visit us.

He & his wife sat on our
Victorian period couch
including original silk cushions.

I don't exactly know
which of them but upon departing
one of them left a humid spot
which I thought
was some spilt white wine
we drank at the time.

A few days later
the sofa seat yellowed,
then whitened,
then simply disintegrated
in the spot where he sat.

I knew it wasn't hers
since she was way past
any monthly happenings
but that old geezer's spot
stank to high heaven.

I won't make a poem of this
but if you ever visit anyone
you better write your answer
not on any love seat.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Duke

There's a certain poem I read about
a famous cinema actor.
My memories of it are dim excepting
the eccentric collector it dealt with.

All I remember clearly of the poem
is one weird experience the poet
underwent in his uncle's home.
The one where upon winding the tail

on a dummy buck John would leap
out of his ass. Well, I had more than
a laugh and for some replicated reason
every time I drive on that freeway

I'm greeted by an electronic road sign
notifying us that it'll take
10 minutes to the JW airport.
Now I know he was no Jew, not that it

would've hurt him to be more like Borat
and make us laugh that much more when
racing by the airport or taking
the McArthur exit off Freeway 405

to plane or deplane a visitor and having
a virtual whiff of memory of something
that deals with John Wayne yet having
nothing to do with any of his metaphysical

high-fallutin' aspirations since he's not
going to take off anytime soon him being
weighted down with a 10-gallon
bronze hat and heavy-duty bronze balls

under his 9-foot tall heehaw outfit.

Alex Nodopaka

The Edginess of Yes and No

The Edginess of Yes and No

I write something here because there's
a shaded area in a box prompting me
to do so and that begs filling.

Since boys fancy plugging openings and I am
a grown up lad, I'm interested to step forward.
Especially at this point of my life

when I live, as we all do, on the periphery
of the big aperture called wisdom.
This particular morning I feel above all

peculiarly edgy. Right now is the
edgiest moment for me to be indecisive.
I am on the brink of accepting your invitation

and say ye...s but am hesitantly hanging onto
the dangling third letter of that very word and
I wonder if my reserving the right for accepting

or denying your invitation to the very last moment
will cause you much stress as it does me and
at the last moment I vacillate and decline.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jan©2011

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Encounter

Now here’s a dozen plus one gringo
lounging in an idyllic setting’ fit for kings
and the scene looks good as a Toyo Sesshu ink wash
because in the background
right behind the balding monkish looking dudes
there’s three semi-ova-topped bay windows

from whence protrude in bas relief
a quarter-dozen half-dome mountain peaks
above what looks like yuck-filled L.A.
I mean the put on looks exactly like the ones you see
in Chinese paintings with the crests hovering
midway between Fen and Shui with a touch of Chi.

Remarkably, the table isn’t loaded as for pigs.
There’s only three mugs and they’re 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 them unless
the hoodlums share in. Which I don’t think they do

It isn’t because of poverty either
since they wear sleek Egyptian linen robes.
I say this because the fellows look well fed
and they aren’t dressed in cheap slave servant rags
though I notice a few oily stains on the table but that’s
because of the half-eaten croissants strewn around.

These chaps must’ve had some snails too
because of all the shells littering the floor
which reminds me of a greasy French Bistro.
Now let me tell you how funny
their gentile faces appear with their pink cheeks
and Roman aquiline straight noses.

They’re all of fair complexion and blondish.
I mean there couldn’t be a single Jew there
unless they, including’ the chick, had nose jobs
but I bet two of them might be old Bolsheviks
because they sit bare feet with no sandals.
Well, you know, skinheads are what I mean.

For all that matter they could be Commies
and I’d be wholly convinced if they were slurping
Vodka from saucers of which I don’t see none.
Most disturbing there isn’t any Manishevitz in sight
but while I’m at it Laheim to Trotsky and
that other bourgeois traitor.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2009
AD Something
~~~

Alex Nodopaka

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 Ferris Wheel

Soy un fue, y un será,
y un es cansado.

I am a was, and a will be,
and a tired is.

That is what I answered
to my guest who asked
what poetry was.
She appeared unconvinced
looked straight into
the black of my eye.
That is when I knew
she wanted to make poetry
instead of writing
even though our gazes
were parallaxes
skewed by the years
separating us.

I also knew it was a matter
of the time dividing us when
dropping her off at the airport
she whispered twice in French,
Come to Paris alone.

I knew then the moment of
impressing her was when
in a spat of illumination,
at the very top of the Ferris wheel,
I enacted a bit of poetry
by unbuckling myself
swinging the door open
and loudly declaiming,

That only death can clarify
the definition of poetry.

Upon the last word
I started to leap but entangled
in her gaze.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2006
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
that 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

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Flasher in the Red Kimono

The Flasher in the Red Kimono

Grunting over the side garden strip,
weeding the hell out of it,
clad in a Japanese kimono I labor.

Belly cinched by a wide sash a la samurai,
my flab slightly bulging over the belt
despite my wife hating it I feel very Shogun

even though I told her, but to no avail,
Look honey, the Buddha wasn't the worse for it
to which she snapped, You're not even close to him.

No matter. Unbending from my toiling
with nothing under my robe and belt
I feel the cool breeze on Junior and my nuts

and resolve to take a short breather when
these two chicks, one I know the other I don't,
walk over and hand me a flyer

about an upcoming, adults only,
Halloween shindig. Now these ladies don't look
gory at all. To the contrary, the brunette that

cackles with the blonde suddenly lifts her
sunshades and shows me an obvious sparkle
in her oblong milk chocolate eyes.. or were they gray.

With nothing beneath my kimono to weigh me down
my Samurai sword lifts my garment
hinting to enact upon these lovely sylphides

a quickie seppuku but this newcomer chick
doesn't lose her cool. Cuddling into me
she murmurs, Nice meeting you.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The flavor of a morning fig

The flavor of a morning fig

My flesh tastes of the dew
and morning sun.
My ear delights in the cackle
of the mallard ducks.

I hear the anguished call
of the green heron
disturbed by my appearance.
But it is the sinuous curve.

of the 100-foot palm trunk
with at its top
a swaying bush of fronds
that turns me on.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Forensics of a Letter

The Forensics of a Letter

I have this hefty collection of letters.
Mostly hand written.
A lost art I'd say in our Internet age.

Each sheet of paper filled
with words legibly delineated
forming intelligent phrases

from a time past. A time of war
and absence and doubtful returns.
Most letters scribbled blue or black

on plain white paper or many on
torn pages from student
lined notebooks by fingers trained

not in literature but in marksmanship.
The meaning of the contents
in adolescent defiant outlook dealing

with blind bravery and immortality.
Other notes with outright lies and
cover-ups of foreign infatuations

and loves that could be read in the
DNA of the glue sealing the
envelope flap and the postage stamps

and the other femme fatale's
rouge lip sticks. Those were the real
and dangerous times.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka November©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

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 Gentleman in the Bolo Tie

The Gentleman in the Bolo Tie

The tale of the man who rode in
the taxicab and the account
by Rahim, the Persian driver,
was that his client was returning
from the funeral of his wife and

upon further asking him where
he was from he replied that
Arkansas was too far for him to die
and when questioned where
he resided the old man answered

that Leisure World wasn't fit
for another Sheherezade.
When inquired whether he loved her
he whimpered he didn't want
to live much longer.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©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

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

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 Gullibility of Man

The Gullibility of Man

Isn't it odd how short
the distance that separates us
from Eternity!

Perpetuity.
Such an expansive word.
Immeasurable in fact.

Well, not true.
Six feet to be precise!
I just gave it a graspable measure.

The only reason for six
is because that's all it takes
to compact our shorter
than a century lifespan.

That six feet of dirt isolates us
from infinite knowledge
and it is fictive as the granite
marker above that from below
one can no longer read.

I know that rock is there
to weigh our soul down
and prevent it from rising.

It pits us against the only one
who rose and rolled the stone.

Why did he have to roll it at all
when he could've simply
walked through it.
But he couldn't.
His belief sapped
by the loss of blood
demanded more than even
his father could deliver.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Octber©2012

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 Homecoming

The Homecoming

In the movement of sands
I perceive the passage of time.
Mainly when the Sahara hilltops

transform the geography overnight.
Today from behind what yesterday
was a mound, a Touareg

points his rifle in my direction.
Before I can stoop, the golden bullet
crosses the threshold of my flesh.

In the moment before it exits my heart
my life escapes with a whimper
leaving in my ears

the sonorous boom of sand
yet barely a squeak from me.
I'm too preoccupied

watching myself return into my mother,
my eyes struggling to decipher
through the dimness

the mystery of the birth canal
now tied at both ends with a silver cord.
All I sense is a tug around my neck.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Hunter of Kisses

The Hunter of Kisses

Ok Squaw!

So here
Ah stand in line
in front of
yoh lemonade stand

awaitin' mah turn
fer 'em dime kisses
yoh spreadin' 'round.
Ah’s ready when yoh is.

But don’tcha smack me
After yoh kissed
The one with da lemonade
I don’t wanna pucker.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sept©2009
AD Something

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 Importance of Liberated Toes

The Importance of Liberated Toes

We see one and not the other
at the two main stages of our lives.
Once at birth when we tiptoe

towards the entrance or is it the exit.
The second time at death when we enter
another entrance or is it also an exit.

Before I get carried away explaining
the differences between arrivals
and departures let me stay for a while

on the subject by mentioning
that the action of having swaddled me
in a towel

has traumatized me all lifelong.
I never could sleep under tucked sheets
unless I could wiggle my toes

freely outside the sheets.
After I die they better not swaddle me
when setting me on the pyre.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka October©02012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Intensity of Fame

The Intensity of Fame

Sitting out a poetry reading
I gush over its delivery.
I mean some people have that rich

throaty unctuous delivery
that either makes you remember
all they said or to the contrary

you're so intensely and sensually
involved in the physicality
of their presence that their words

evaporate into the ether
in fact don't matter at all.
I mean the voices of the likes of

Deepak Chopra or Joseph Campbell.
In my case, at the end of a recitation
I can't even remember

how I sounded or what I said
and the applause is usually muffled
by my high blood pressure

making my ears ring or hear
only a steady rush of air, something
like white noise.

Past the handshaking
and shoulder patting all I know
of the latter is they are harder

and stronger than the bravos.
Well, I made the right decision
not to attend my virtual Nobel prize

nor accept more virtual Pulitzers.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2012

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 Introverted Lyrics

The Introverted Lyrics

Out of the silence
between the written lines
small portions
of my thoughts escape.

The more I delve on them
the louder their quiet.
There’re symphonies out there
that are unfinished and

may never be heard and now
there’s this reclusive poem
in the making
that may never be finished.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The introverted poem

The introverted poem

Out of the silence
between the written lines
small portions
of my thoughts escape.

The more I delve on them
the louder their quiet.
There’re symphonies out there
that are unfinished and

may never be heard and now
there’s this reclusive poem
in the making
that may never be finished.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Lament of Rumi

The Lament of Rumi

It has been my interest
to obtain a feel for Persian poetry
while reclining on a poof and smoking
a shisha pipe.

I envision an insect flapping its wings
against the holes of a mosquito netting
and wonder will it like that moth
that burnt be sliced by the filament

that separates the air into perfect diamonds
and will anyone across the oceans feel
a two-bit flutter against their cheeks.
And if they do

will such gory act of multiplication
make them scream by widening
the fissure dividing their labia into a rictus
and will a poet invoke Mohammed,

(Blessed be his name) and will Inch'Allah
or Bismillah be adequate to thank Him
for the inspiration or must I offer
a poppy seed cake or two.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Lament of Rumi 2

The Lament of Rumi 2

It has been my profound interest
to obtain a feel for Persian poetry.
With that in mind I recline on a poof and start
a shisha pipe when suddenly I envision

a moribund insect flapping its wings
against the holes of my mosquito netting
and wonder will it like a particular Iranian moth
who burnt but this one be sliced by the filament

that separates the ether into diamond openings
and will anyone across the oceans feel
a two-bit flutter against their cheeks.
And if they do, will such gruesome act

of the multiplication of the self
make them scream by ripping further
the fissure spreading their labia into a rictus
and should the poet invoke Mohammed,

[[[Blessed be His name, or should the author
scream Bismillah with regard to Inch'Allah
and titled his poem Koranic S/M and Abuse
while pouring himself a tall glass

of Metaphysical mint tea]]]

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The M & M Candy Telephone

The M & M Candy Telephone

The device is switched to mute.
Not a sound comes from
the Raisin Bran guys except
for the pre-programmed
visual message on the LCD screen.

When the receiver flashes
instead of ringing
the Venus de Milo deodorant statue
doesn't move an arm
to pick up the handset.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Feb©2010
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 Metaphors for the Metaphysical

The Metaphors for the Metaphysical
aspirations of an artist that wouldn't become a martyr

We debated Van Gogh all day until hunger
Overcame us.
Plunging into the main dish we gorged on

Chagall for the simple reason that thanks to
Vincent's high falluting purist attitudes
He never painted angels.

These latter ones were plentiful for dinner.
I indulged in sweet and dour Cherubini
Sparerib Chinese style but traded his or

Was it her saintly wings for breasts
I relish most. They were so good I felt
On top of Mount Olympus.

Well, the significance of this is I'm an artist
With inter-heavenly ambitions with alas
Down to earth baser inclinations.

And that it'll take more than Demetrius
To make of me a St. Alexander even if I
Were thrown to the beasts that know me.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Metaphysics of a Conversation

O Goddess
guide me to who
and where
you are and are
and tell me
what I am to you.

The Goddess replies,

I'm your mind
and I Am Who I Am
and you are as I am
where your mind is.

The first Goddess retorts,
I asked the question first
I want to know who I am
not who you are.

The second Goddess says,
I am the you in the me
in the eyes of your mind.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Metaphysics of a Soliloquy

The Metaphysics of a Soliloquy

O Goddess
guide me to who
and where
you are and were
and tell me
what am I to you.

The Goddess replies,

I'm your mind
and I Am Who I Am
and you are as I am
that is where your mind is.

The first Goddess retorts,
I asked the question first
I want to know who I am
not who you are.

The second Goddess says,
I am the you in the me
in the eyes of your mind.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Metaphysics of Decay

The Metaphysics of Decay

A rusty nail rests in the gutter.
I feel sorry to see it decay.
Life is impermanent and
I'm heartbroken to have to learn
transcendent truth
from the point of view of a tack
wallowing in the sewer

but if that's one way
of nailing the truth then let there be
one thousand, times one thousand and
one thousand and one beds of spikes
for me to sleep on and in time
I'll learn to be a fakir if I want to
learn anything about truth.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Mittney Cockatoo

The Mittney Cockatoo

Alex Nodopaka

The Moon Asks no Questions

The Moon Asks no Questions

Single-mindedly the ants march
in a solo line.
Each other's perfect replicas
they follow the scent to their own end.

It leads them to the carcass
of what was a woman whose spirits
departed in search of another vessel
to enfold them.

Over the decaying flesh
flies buzz a Harry James tune.
There's music even in death.
Bald vultures peck and stitch

Edgar Alan Poe stanzas
and instead of reading I watch inspiration
in crooked beaks and moons
peeking from the lake

mouthing silent ripples
turning the ancient mother into daughter,
a modern sailor, an unsullied Muse,
hauling her asylum port to port.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Moth that Flew into the Den

The Moth that Flew into the Den

It headed toward the tall credenza.
Abruptly changed course.
It must've sensed the dark universe inside
was too vast to store its minuscule soul.

Plunging at a steep angle
as if it were a kamikaze
immediately before hitting the floor
almost as if glancing off it

it turned from me and disappeared
within the fireplace from where
it emerged as if met by the devil
judging by Its shedding

its silk powdered mantel.
I bet the smell of soot propelled it
expelling its sins as it headed toward me.
Swerving left, it knew Where it was going.

Straight into the long Dark gap
of the door cabinet barely ajar.
And so before my eyes I witnessed
the mystery of the dark cleft

swallowing its intruder.
It's a recurring miracle despite its boring,
repetitiveness.
Moses parting the seas climaxed as much.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Moving Mirror of Time

The Moving Mirror of Time
The city flows on either side
of an ample body of water
not broad enough not to see
from one shore to the other.

Steel and cement rainbows interlink
humans and the embankments
the way passion binds opposing thighs
that in time birthed Notre Dame

and the Eiffel Tower,
Sydney Bechet of jazz fame
and hoochie coochie Josephine.
Whence the Sun King

ruled from Versailles
and a Corsican son of the mist
became an emperor.
Where in his bathtub Marat was slain and

Antoinette lost her hairdo to the blade.
At some time they all must have gazed
in the mirror of the sinuous river
and despite their images diluting in the

Atlantic and the watery denizens gobbling
their archives I eat the fish to better recall
the transient reminiscences of history
sailing past my irises of my eyes.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©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 Newfound Dear Frida Letter

The Newfound Dear Frida Letter

I call to inform you that I left you.
For another woman. I can’t stand any
longer you being out of style
wearing outdated shoes and ugly

baggy checkered dresses. I begged
for new flooring to be installed
to stop the basement musty air from
polluting our lungs and told you I lost

many coins between the flooring cracks
but you never listened to me! Your upper
lip makes me sick! I can’t even use your
hair to make brushes out of it. Goodbye.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Feb©2010
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 Dante's Inferno

The Other Side of Dante's Inferno
or The Test of Love

Cerberus takes me on a stroll
downhill the neighboring canyon.
We amble to the end

towards an elevated earthy abutment
behind which in the sinister of midnight
an inestimable odd integer of eyes scintillates.

Thank heavens a vastly large triangular grille
sloping at a 60-degree angle towards me
separates us.

It is bolted down by six massive bolts
along each of its three equilateral sides.
Subconsciously, a nagging reminiscence

of Cabalistic rituals dealing with the
combination and meaning of the numeral 3
and 6 and mysterious triangles and Sephiroth

keep flashing across my mind.
In spite of the massive vertical rod iron bars
strong enough to restrain Jonah's whale

I agonize. The ravine and the tunnel
behind the gridiron holds but a trickle of the
deluge of eons ago.

Either that or the gods the framework contains
thirst more than the skies are munificent.
The spirits must've been also ravenous

as the gigantic sun-bleached moluscan shells
and other arthropods speckle the grounds.
I suspect the divinities are of Gaul provenance

and in that moment I feel gratified I am not a frog
but a bowless would-be Prince Charming
in search of the elusive virginal Princess and

she of the kissing frog so she can test
if she's or not with child.
A sort of modern anuran annunciation.

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
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~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Ovoid Window

The Ovoid Window

The manmade light dies for the night, a rectangular eye, an eye made by Man. As everything else he makes it is all done in squares, triangles and straight edges, as all must be uniform for ease of construction. In his mathematical books Man made everything to be aligned since words always were the key to his whole human logic. His creations had to conform to regularity, equality and man-made perceived perfection. Man looks for perfection but also to the facility in achieving it.

A perfect round circle is more difficult to achieve. To succeed in the reproduction of irregularity, as in nature, is something that doubtless has to appear terribly unworthy to man the architect and unworthy of nature because he considers it imperfect as he strives to always improve it. But the quest for perfection does not bring this feeling of accomplishment when one attains it through facilitated means because squares, rectangles, triangles, are absurd angular forms. These forms, created by Man, give a picture something uniform with the aim always being easy perfection, material as well as ideological. But then, why not construct ovoid windows replicating the eye and its beauty? Is it because it would take too much strain to achieve real perfection! That is the reason for Woman, a perfect example of ovoid structures. Every window ought be in the form of Woman.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2002-2005
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Pallidness of Life

The Pallidness of Life

I'd rather remember
only the colorful blossoms
surrounding the departed.

I'd rather remember
their characters & scent
and not some waxen faces
straight out of the mold.

I'd rather remember
the crimsons & the yellows
and the whites & the pinks.

I'd rather forget
the thorns & pricks & angst
& contradictions
of existence.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2010
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 Peacock & the Peapussy

The Peacock & the Peapussy

There’s something serious
in disintegrated plumage
that asks to be integrated

the way a peacock
shows off to his peapussy
his panached cockiness.

One parades cockling
the other shy & unadorned
watches from the corner eye.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Apr©2009
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 Pink of the Whore

The Pink of the Whore

When we grow up
we all want to be like her!
Look at her wings!
She's a bitchin' doll!

She's got everything!
I tell you our flowery
dresses will get us
nowhere unless

we give away
our budding flowers
one petal
one tear

one rip at time.
Yet with each lick
we'll go to Heaven
like that bitch

Barbie,
who gets everything.
All the time. All of it,
All of the time.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka October©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Premature Fling

Sitting across her
After dinner
He asked
If she wanted
Sex for dessert.
She answered,
No thanks I had it
earlier today

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Problems Of Invisibility

I would like to address the unfeelingness of emotions
and the impossibility to see neither them nor
the possibility to describe accurately to feel them.

Considering the spatiality of their existence
they seem to permeate every normal individual with the
exception of the untypical meaning those rarer occasions

where the individual's brain wiring interconnections
are shunted by the mismanagement of the proper sequential
arrangement of interstitial molecular physiologic.

Without those darn either microscopic or interstellar voids
that in fact are not devoid of content because simply stated
their content is a yet undefined emptiness.

They are the invisible atoms comprising the space
that is evolving and heterogeneous as it comprises multiple
interacting layers of virtuality and reality.

Jean Paul Sartre defined it as a problem of nothingness
but as far as I am concerned my investigation leads to
us filling our voids with the search for somethingness.

Alex Nodopaka

The Pussy Revolution

The Pussy Revolution

I. In the Beginning

When I first came to America the East Coast was straight-laced mired in Victorian puberty and Puritanism. Deplaning in Boston, walking Beacon Street or inside Marshalls' in cuff-less pipe leg pants provoked giggles and chuckles behind my back still covered with nylon shirts that couldn't be worn out thanks to their manufacturing quality. Those were the days of Made in France that really meant something compared to the local shit that after a few machine washes disintegrated up and down the seams despite that later we became capable of laser precision stitching and drone killing. Of course it was before the advent of the Delicate and Gentle Toss washing machine settings and I wasn't yet aware that Americans were a nomadic nation, including walking away from marriage and who considered anything that lasted was a barrier to rapid progress.
II. In the Middle

Well, it was barely 3 years after the Joe McCarthy saga and of his demise and the recent launching of Sputnik and my Russian background didn't help. As a matter of fact it scared Boston society into their tin can bomb shelters. I mean did you ever hear of a single European doing that? At that time the girls at BU wore knee high white socks. Lady Chatterly's Lover was banned while I already read and practiced the forbidden games of Tropic of Capricorn and Tropic of Cancer. Lolita was my school-required reading and soon became my girlfriend. I guess it's the European emancipative culture. Ayn Rand became my socio-philosophical mentor when bashing her was just in its beginning stages but given her Slavonic roots I was biased. Of course back then I didn't know the coming machinations of Wall Street or the undergoing economic disintegration of the family.

III. In the End

Shortly my first marriage succumbed to the pussy revolution. Subsequently, after an intense half a dozen years of Playboy-ing around, my second marriage survived to this day the hippies and Guy Maupin, the de-flowered children and the X-generation with me in between and spare time managing to deflower my share of second-hand Cunegunds. Now, proud of my Ukrainian Cossack roots and horsing around the United States steppes between the two coasts I've been watching some rather top-notch good-looking Orthodox cunts bending over on gilt altars. I always demonstrated a fascination with the mysticism of my born-into religion excepting my metaphysical aspirations extended beyond the ruthlessness of Putin's ethics assassinating and poisoning his nemesis. We all remember the fate of Rasputin! Down with Putin! Viva Pussy Revolution!

~~~
Alex Nodopaka August©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Riddle of Love

The Riddle of Love

My Love never hears my pain so off to play
and write more riddles… poems left unread!
Voices echo through my words each day
resounding issue just of poet dead.

Before the sun awakes I rush from bed
and fill long hours playing longer still,
this play that continues, without, instead,
permits love to toy with heart or will.

The hour’s burden, having now to fill
acts with no end, dramas cast with one role:
bewitching love with sets conceived by quill,
yearnings in prose, scenes mine, staging by soul.

My play’s the issue now, partly in lieu
of issues due to Love, time says is due.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2004
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Right To Be Heard

Stone voices never sink.
They skip on the surface of water.
Floating to the bottom
into an upside world

they count with stone faces
the number of skips traveled
measuring the distance
in formulaic algorhytmic cliché.

Alex Nodopaka

The Rorschach pattern in the floor

The Rorschach pattern in the floor

Listen you Slavonic bitch!
I took you in to work your arse off
with my customers.
Instead you played with my vibrator
and ultrasonically glued all my toys.

As for the floor being in disrepair
is entirely your fault because every time
I tried to line your crack
with the gaps in the floor
you wiggled so hard your flow instead
of sealing the slits in the floorboards
dripped through the fissures
into the cellar and glued all the pages
of my collector porno stash.

When you leave
make sure to slam the door hard enough
for the brass knobs to buttonhole you.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka August©2012

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 Salsa Bar

The Salsa Bar

standing at the taqueria
you ordered two burritos to go
and moved to the salsa bar

i ordered mine and shuffled behind you

you filled four salsa cups
i rocked forward and backwards
ready to jump in for my fill

then you crammed four more
i was ready to pounce on you
instead decided to do some salsa steps
tuning into your surging romp

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2003
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 Self-pleasuring Buddha

The 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

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jul©2009
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 Speed of Fundamentalism

The Speed of Fundamentalism
I am greatly interested
in Christian and Muslim
fundamentalist perspectives.
Particularly the latter of late.
Except that like summer beetles
they spout their fundamentalism
at high speed head-on
against my windshield
while I speak on my cell phone.
My mind is in a tizzy
now I better learn quickly
speed-reading hieroglyphs.
It is a dangerous world.
~~~
Alex Nodopaka July©2004
AD Something

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 Story of O

The Story of O

This is a long letter
but I was in the mood
to vent.

Besides,
you always wanted to know
the reasons for my leaving.

So here's a paper origami list
(I now have a new hobby)
to keep you entertained.

But the real motivation
is when you pretended to be
a Zen artist

and trade me your bush
and ink and brush and O
and decided to hum Om

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sept©2007

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 Subject Of Death

The subject of death
or standing at night with a lit candle
under my chin in front of a mirror

prevents my humor
from spilling.

The stanza is romantic.
Makes me queasy.

And it's unfair to play
with silver dimes

when the dead
can see no more

nor have the will
to lift their lids.

Had they the capability
to wink & smoke a lid

I'm certain muteness
would reflect their voice

and their hallucinations
would be Dostoievski's.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Substance of a Cliché

The Substance of a Cliché

I came back and thought over
the substance of a cliché

And realized it's the very matter

that over and again
doesn't satisfy.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Tale of How I met the Holy Savior

The Tale of How I met the Holy Savior

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

I had a giant crush on her despite my being10 years old
seeing her, not quite innocently, cavorting with Quasimodo.
Back then I knew nothing about dirty old men but I was
ready to swing at him with a gargantuan bell.

What I remember was her ample bouncy cleavage
barely held together by a tress of black lacing. The film
was in black & white. The heroine was Lollobrigida,
voluptuously appetizing, despite the lack of colors.

Daydreaming along I paid no attention to my parents
when suddenly the metro heaved forward jarring me
into real time. Dismayed I watched my folks waving
frantically from the quay all of us realizing 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 a freeway with only an
Off ramp with no return until the following exit.

Seeing an old man appear from behind a poster-plastered
Public pissoir I panic. Seeing my vacant expression
He kindly instructs me how to return where I came from.
I tell you it wasn’t easy especially when he asked

For my name and he comes back with,
Je suis Jésus. Of course to me it's a miracle. The next
Time I meet Jesus is in Spain during a bullfight where
Dominguín was performing sword tricks on live bulls

Whereas upon the final kill we all go across to
the Plaza de Toros Restaurant serving the fresh
arena kills and as our party of twelve sat down, Jesus,
as his nametag attested, came to serve us.

And I had the fleeting thought that I was going to eat
the body of Christ. And just yesterday, a treasured
possession I acquired on the way home from Tijuana
was a whittled facsimile of Jesus sitting on his donkey
and would you believe the vendor’s name had that
very holy forename. By an unfortunate synchronistic
bicycle accident riding under the influence of Vodka
I bumped into the stand displaying the fisher of men

on his mule and ass first they both came tumbling

under my tire, me screeching to a sliding halt over
Jesus' butt. This was a most fortuitous accident.
I plan selling bits of my thread that carry, not unlike

the famous shroud, his holy rubberized imprint.
But first I need a good Jewish lawyer to handle the
trademarks and copyrights and proof of provenance
of this unholy affair.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Tale of the White-Tailed Deer

The Tale of the White-Tailed Deer
as told by a wise Navaho Shamanski

My friend Never-Falls-in-the-Dark walks in a bar.
He carries a white bow and white arrows.
Upon being asked by the white barman

why his weapons are painted white
the Injun answers, Hugh! I'm blind
and starts whirring an eagle by its tail feathers.

Inquired again why he does this he replies,
Oh I'm using him to look around.
He spreads his large white turkey feathers,

takes a running start when the barman
notices the white soles on the Indian's moccasins.
He stops him and queries why the painted soles.

The answer comes to better see at night.
Dumfounded the white man asks the native,
How do you that? The reply comes swiftly.

At night earth is dark, First People use their feet
to light their paths. Well, this is an Injun tale
and their seeing with their soles tells you

how bright they are.
What this got to do with the white-tailed deer
is that the buck illuminates the trails with his arse

so that white people could aim during the night at
moving targets and wouldn't use double-dipped
toilet paper to cleanse their corrupt souls.

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 Tao of the thousand-year-old Egg

The Tao of the thousand-year-old Egg

She will not touch Hamlet
Or try to understand Verlaine
But falls all over Fleurs du Mal

She flees Hanoi and Ho Chi Min
So she won’t have to eat no more
Egg Fu Young or Wah Wonton

Her multi-pleated hunger
Invents gourmand ballets of verse
A Spring Roll of Lao Tzu & Tao

Birthing epicurean cantos
That convert her into an ogress
Savoring Beaudelaire for dessert

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Feb©2005
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Theory of Spiritual Dynamics

The Theory of Spiritual Dynamics

I appreciate the summation
of an evolved theory
confined within an eggshell.
Its altitude, were it more elevated,
would escape the placenta containing it.

Yet, about Easter, I also rise.
To the occasion that is.
It is in the knowing that the suspension
of the yolk inside the egg convinces me
of the ethereal spiritual plasma.

Not the trick an ancient mariner performed
by feat of contemplation plunking an ova
on its tail because I'm capable of doing the
same any time anywhere many times over
on a sandy beach or on a handful of salt.

Still, that man who 2010 years ago was
acknowledged to have risen was also born
of blood placenta and the feats he achieved
in his short life-time exceeded the tricks seen
today on an ionized particle plasma screen.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Apr©2010
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.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

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

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2008
~~~

AD Something

Alex Nodopaka

The Unbearable Lightness of Unbeing

The Unbearable Lightness of Unbeing

It is breezy at the far end of the wooden plank pier
with no one but my thoughts huddling under
my hoodie against the November wind.

The abundant pelicans glide past as if nothing
is on their minds and seagulls perch on the slanted
downward-leaning railings used as elbows rest.

The fowl dropp their guano as if gods need them
to ponder over the thousand, times a thousand,
times another thousand small fry glittering

twenty straight vertical feet below the boardwalk
just under the surface of the blue-green water
ceaselessly lowering and rising

along the wooden pylons. The recycling drums
painted azure blue line equidistant their narrow
mouth openings sizing the girth of our sins.

The gulls missing at every pass the gaping hole in
fly-by attempts at copycatting Pollock's drippings.
Their splattering more expressive than the painter

could've ever dreamt of his painting become unbeing.
Now here on the recessed side pockets of the pier
there's one being. His name, be careful about the

pronunciation, is Toe-Mass. And the stories told
me are worth every one of my jaunts here. He says
he'll turn 80 just in a few days and by the manner

his arms move about, you know he's a black belt.
And the silver hunk of a ring on his finger
attests to his paratrooper's parachuting prowess.

Now here's a man who's been close to God.
As close as man-made flying machines could get him.
He's also told me he's Indian and the reason his ring

being adorned with an eagle instead of an airplane
whose talons grip the ropes of his chute and his unfear
of becoming unbeing.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka November©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Unfamiliar Woman I Woke Next To

I won't nitpick your poem
but would love to peek at your shoulder.
I visualize it milk-white

the way romantics used to write
about it projecting coquettishly forward.
When you mention morning crèmes

and subsequent facial metamorphosis
I laugh
remembering my not so distant middle age
waking next to an unrecognizable woman

I didn't recall meeting the eve before.
So goes my observations and
imaginary chuckling.

And yes, the title of your poem
is like a titled painting.
Princely!

Another lovely write for you
and an expanded inspiration for me
to pay homage
with my highest admiration.

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
~~~

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

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

The Writing in Yellow

The Writing in Yellow

We just had to do it
right then and there
on the snow covered ground.

It was a cold winter eve
but my chick was so hot
we didn’t care.

Next morning everybody saw
it was in her handwriting
that she wrote my name

in yellow on the snow.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2004
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

There’s this thing about black holes

There’s this thing about black holes

Of which nature nobody speaks.
We know some behave in strange ways.
We don’t know exactly why or how

Since they are invisible.
Well, that’s what the astrophysicists claim.
As for me since I can’t see them

With my naked eye, no pun intended,
So it’s like having been blind the last 14
or so billions years so it wouldn’t matter

If all of a sudden I were to see one
Because by then I’d be so close
I wouldn’t have time to report to you.

In the scale of things and time
We are of microscopic magnitude
And when we’re being swallowed

By one of those dark behemoths
We don’t feel it. Well, sometimes
I wonder what’s that shortness

Of breath is all about which could be
The sucking vacuum effect.
What I worry to no end

Is what happens when a black hole
Ingests another and wonder
How ravenous can the gods be?

And whether the displacement
Of the center of gravity of their belly
Is of any significance to us.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

They Bloom Every Seven Year

They Bloom Every Seven Year
or a Russian Itch

You always write
so flawlessly
it's difficult to find
a misplaced period

and not for the reason
of fault looking
it's because everything
is so idealistically shaded

and your meanings
so elegantly couched
make me feel
a seventh-year itch

and like desert cacti
intending to bloom
all I need is a little dew
from a flask of Vodka.

Alex Nodopaka

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
~~~

This comes from the gut

This comes from the gut.

Reading your spiel and all
your preceding others
made me more aware
of your existence.

Other than no longer receiving
adoring notes from you
I began writing some to myself.
And you know what?

I started falling in love
with my own image that
made me feel only steps away
from godliness and believing

I'm just another easy god
simply tripping on myself
and you. Well, you know,
this comes from the gut.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Feb©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

This is blurbing from the hip

This is blurbing from the hip

Well, you know…
OK, this is not
like I want to be rude
this morning
by matching your 70
against my 72

I don't drivel
as much as you
but mind you
my rant is as much
a poem
as your spiel is

and despite my cutting
the grass
under your feet,
not that you need
a soft place
to land,

I need
the crumpled grass
from beneath
your big feet
in my pipe
while writing this,

for inspiration, you know.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka July©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

To an Undisclosed Recipient

To an Undisclosed Recipient

I see you or think
I see what I wish to see.
You are not real
you are a figment of my fantasy

A reflected imagination.

The mind beholds what it wants to see.
In truth sees only what it imagines.
Is that all there is of us.
Reflected imaginations.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Nov©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Today, January 18, went slowly

Today, January 18, went slowly

The weather is thickened by overcast
and the rains the size of monsoons.
I consider going to the ocean
if it weren't for the sudden winds.

I'll go tomorrow. It'll be just fine.
Tomorrow I still shall be seventy years old
for another eleven months and
that's almost a full year of wisdom.

On the table, a vase filled with blossoms.
Inebriated by their bouquet I sense
and smell their vapors and listen
to the drip of dew and daydream

a path from the tip of your breast to
your underbelly where a blossom opens
letting me enter a rainbow of senses
where my feelings cascade in pearly drops.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jan©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

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
~~~

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
~~~

Two lives

Two lives

I could've writ you since 5 this morn.
Its 7 now and I didn’t.
The last 2 hours felt 2 years.

Back from a dream
I make my way to another bed.
I wanted to sleep next to yes.

But somehow no interfered.
I missed you.
Today will be another blue day.

~~~

Alex Nodopaka Nov©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Two Pablos

Two Pablos

One of them could've
painted
his
many
women
with
an
ax.

But
he
wielded
only
brushes.

The other famed Pablo
curved his way
into women's hearts
buffing their thighs
writing sultry poetics
that metamorphosed the tango.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Two Six & Six Two

Two Six & Six Two
Or An Arsetro-logical Poesia

26 and 62

26 > 2 + 6 = 8
Horizontal 8 = infinity

62 > 6 + 2 = 8

8 + 8 = 2 infinities

8 vertical!
8 horizontal!

overlapping the two eights
forms a clover leaf.

Clover leaf = Celtic cross

8 + 8 = 16
16 > 1 + 6 = 7

In numerological lingo
7 = Deep thinker,
spiritually inclined,
unique, eccentric.
But is also aloof & loner &
fears not living up to highest standards.
Seeks answers to life's questions
through observation & discovery.
Therefore is analytical.
Numerologically speaking
Two + Six = Quite compatible.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2004
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Upon gazing at a Painted Chef d'Oeuvre

Upon gazing at a Painted Chef d'Oeuvre
or A Fan-Spun-Painted Masterpiece

It's amazing how differently
we see things.
I take in your abstraction.

Love its post-modernistic
modus operandi expressionist panache
and stylized execution.

Upon intellectually probing further
tongue-in-only-cheek
the first thing that comes to mind

is my last endoscopy
with lustrous vistas of my insides
flagrantly displayed on the monitor.

And, in a flash of the quick wrist motion
of the medical attendant
I noticed my butt hair never seen before.

Of course you're no longer laughing
at my remarks but then
I am not subjective as you are

since the contents of your work
are nebulous and vastly contortionist
with suggestive Van Dyke hues.

That is unless my eyes need drops
of tetrahydrozoline hydrochloride
to diminish the red abstract zigzags.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Upon Reading Annotations

Upon Reading Annotations
(in a self-called world class poetry publication)

I'm tempted
to add
an intelligent comment

but reading
the preceding
vapid statements

it's best to refrain
knowing
full well

from previous experience
it'd be censored.
I elect

to save mine
for an anonymous
posterity

not that'd I wouldn't
kick you now
in your posterior

without anonymity
lest I be
a frontal exhibitionist.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka July©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Venezia

Venezia

I scratch a Venetian mosquito bite
in an awkward location… lol.
A doge memory bitten on my tush.
That's what geraniums on the

window sills are all about. I think
of wearing a bouquet on my arse
or hang from chandeliers

and be an acrobat spinning from
a light fixture in a bedroom
while servicing four polar Muses.

It becomes a globular chess match
trying to lick en-passant
their proffered arsetronomic poles

despite clouds
of helicoptering mosquitoes.
At last I know where Da got his

ideas about flying machines.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Oct©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Verse for a 3-legged Doe

I'm spending the rest of my
life
sitting at the personal
computer.

I write
reclining like an angel
waiting
for the barber
to trim my fucking
wings.

Verlaine accuses me
of flying
too high and
says
if I don't want
to end up
like Icarus
I better let him piss
on the sun.

Eavesdropping Vince
plunges his brush
in the paint tube
and turns out
a tournesol
he never sells.

It's deflowered
by a 3-legged deer
tamed by Katayoon.
They scamper off.
Hobbling.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka June©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Vibrato I

Vibrato I

Unacknowledged death stares at us.
Sex and lust and love expressed
through loins offers us a
glimmer of a life

beyond.

Death is a devastating force that makes us go

In and Out

in, out, in, out, in, out,
in, in, in,

into concealment.
Conceal
Seal
into some holographic unit, part of
the universe, meditating, mating to
simultaneous music.

The world is in chaotic harmony
singing swaying moving shimmying
as my riverboat is pulled inside
your parting shores

inside inside inside you.

Inside
you pull me in,
aspiring my oar
stirring your entrails.

You shimmy, slow down
and syncopate as you feel my
life intertwine imbibing yours
creating new life inside your womb.

Heaving, cambering, thrashing our limbs about
we moan. Sounds reverberate, echoing cosmic
growth pains. Interlaced intertwined, our mystery
remains a mystery

mystery mystery mystery

throbbing an irresistible rhythmic raw beat.

Sensuousness pulsates through our veins
drawing us into a deep spell

spell spell spell

deep deep

d
e
e
p

our bodies fiddle playing our respective
violins as we scream

inside… outside… inside

outside… inside…

outside

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2004
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Vibrato II

Vibrato II

Unacknowledged,
Death stares at us
While love,
Expressed through loins,
Offers a glimmer of life
Beyond.

Extinction,
A devastating force
Compels our bodies
To pulse.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2004
AD Something

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
~~~

Waldo in a desert

Waldo in a desert

This is a lovely composition
except that the flute player
is barely distinguishable
to en passant viewer and with

at that great effort which makes
 the stick-like details incongruous
within the overall scene. Well,
 in my opinion anyway, right?

Of course to the creator
it's as obvious as sand in the eye
that’s if god has at least one and if
an ocean had nothing but sand.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

We come to bare our souls

We come to bare our souls

And hear the applause.
We sit incognito
In rows of lovingly lined
Uncomfortable chairs.

We deafen to the mumbling
Issuing from the course of the
Lectern while we gyrate words
In our craniums.

We wait patiently our turn.
Approach the stage.
We know we will be applauded.
One thing we don’t know

Is whether the applause shall be
For the unctuous way
Our speech is delivered
Or for the essence of its content.

We know all this before
Landing on the platform. Yes,
For a flash of time we come to wear
The august crown of Olympus.

So why should we write or read
Something we will not hear
Yet publicly felicitate or be praised for.
Let me tell you.

It is to see our hands slowly move
Together and for our eyes and ears
To slow down our senses
And arrest time for a split second

And record the crowning moment
To remain forever ours.
Our pulse honorably clapping
The manifestation of our souls.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka May©2010
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

When a Horse Becomes an Ass

When a Horse Becomes an Ass

You caught me
doing idle nothings
like writing you
a self-addressed stamped note.

It gave me the inclination
to self-pleasure
by translating it into French,
Heure par heure...

Hour by hour
I grasp the straws life offers
and keep pulling
always the long ones
as there aren't any short.

When you read these words,
you told me,
like a certain god did to himself,

This is beautiful and good.

So I decide to write some more.

I reach for the last straw
at the bottom of the cul-de-sac
and launch into uncontrolled
asinine braying.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Sep©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

When Tarzan Was Johnny Weismuller

My father was a well-known architect
of world-class reputation by the time
I became all sex and teen and as a reward
for turning not so sweet sixteen

I was bestowed my first legal motorized
locomotive. Following is the story
of connotations to my vast ego.
As far as I consciously remember I always

strived to be in print.
The first time I was I crashed my gas-driven
Mobility into a truck with me sliding between
the front and rear wheel.

I soon was pulled out from underneath
by a panicked couple of passersby whom
I comforted despite my leg bleeding
all over the macadam.

The next day my name was in print
In the local rag on the last page next to
the obituaries.
In my vivid imagination I was featured

on a cinema house marquee in glorious
glittering dazzling 2-feet tall letters:
Tarzan & Cheetah swing through a truck!
He survives but monkey dies.

Alex Nodopaka

When Tears Run Out

When Tears Run Out

What do you do
is a short line from watching bits
of newly found movie clips
dating to WWII.
The clips, as short as one minute,

were not used nor ever shown
since they didn't have
sufficient content.
Well, these words above issued
from a field nurse responsible

to have all surgical utensils and
gauzes washed and cleaned
despite overhead bombing raids.
And then the film went blank.
Dead silence.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka November©2012

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

When Truth Screams

I was often told not to disturb rocks
and of course no stone
was ever left alone.

When not yet a teenager
every rock in my path
in the North African desert

met its fate under my lifting strength.
No lizard or white or black scorpion
would stop my search

for mysteries hidden beneath.
Even when wading ankle deep
in what then were rivers to me

I lifted flat shingles and looked
for mysteries underneath.
It often required momentary waiting

for the disturbed mud to clear
and for the truth to appear
in the scooting shape of a crawdad

I pinched with forefingers
quickly learning that truth could hurt
when the crayfish pinchers

would squeeze a squeal out of me.
Those were the times
when beasts and stones spoke to me.

Alex Nodopaka

When you Ask me who I Am

When you Ask me who I Am

I. Where it happened

I tell you I was made in Ukraine
but she delivered me in Russia and when you ask
where I tell you Vladivostok and Kiev which
are 4,432 miles apart and when you ask how come
I tell you poetically far falluting reasons.

II. Being nosy

Upon you inquiring how long I lived here
I respond longer than you have and wonder
if that makes me more American than you
because you appear to be half my age.

III. Dotting i’s

When we further refine our acquaintance
I find you’re from the east coast
where I first disembarked but now have been
on the west coast much longer which I presume
makes me more Californian than Massachusettian
though being from Boston somewhat compares to being
San Franciscan and may rank us higher than being
from Brookline or San Jose.

IV. The Fall

However our respective downfalls are that at first
I resided in Roxbury instead of Jamaica Plains
and you in Burlingame instead of Hillsborough
and while I attended Boston U you went to San Francisco U
and when I came to UC Berkeley you were in Mexico
which wasn’t as prestigious as being at Harvard.

V. Respective Put Downs

And so goes our acquaintanceship until we speak of politics
when having discovered my being from the old country
you ask me if I’ve ever been a Commie to which I say no
I never been one but I can see,
you, you were a Hippie judging by that flower
against your temple and the green 5-leafer patch
and that chicken foot scratch tattooed on your ankle.
VI. Attempt at metaphysics

And when we speak of spiritual beliefs you tell me
you’re a Zen Bullshitist and I counter I’m a fricken Nihilist
and there our metaphysical aspirations wrench us apart.

VII. Upmanship

I mean I come down the Dostoievski and Tolstoi lines
not those of Paramahansa Yogananda or god knows
what other out of this world Moonie hodgepodge.

Now you name my Barbarian origins
from Genghis Khan to Taras Bulba and I say no, no,
I have blue blood from Napoleon and of course
you laugh because you can trace your roots
all the way back to Jesus and the Chosen People.

VIII. Doubts

By now I ask myself who really am I and if
it’s important to know
when we don’t know what we are at the next moment.

IX. Way out of Line

All I know right now is that I earn four times
what you earn which makes me that many times
better off. Therefore I must be a true American!

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Aug©2009
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Where does Water Begin

The wording is in
the question.

When you ask
what time it is

by the time
the question is answered

it is already past its time.
Like water under the bridge.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2008
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

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
~~~

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
~~~

Yearning

Branches whisper your name
and dreams of poets I entrust
to the ether.

To replace your eyes
with words is too lame,
so I write blind love songs
with anguished memories
that bleed
beneath those dreams
untouched by hands
I unleash love
immune to passion.

Confounded I linger
yearning to hear again
your song

~~~
Alex Nodopaka Jun©2004
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

Yellow Snow

You never know
who’s watching
when you pee in the dark

only in the morning
you see
yellow snow

Alex Nodopaka

Yellow Writing

We just had to do it
right then and there
on the snow covered ground.

It was a cold winter eve
but my chick was so hot
she nor I cared.

Next morning everybody saw
on the yellow snow
it was in her handwriting
my name she wrote.

~~~
Alex Nodopaka ©2004
AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

You know I know

You know
I answered
baring
my heart.

But how much
my soul
must strip
before another,

I do not know.
The wrath of
spurned Wiccas
is to be avoided

no matter how many
stars must be blown.
Let’s throw I Ching.
1,2,3,4,5,6 times.

Coins clarify hexa-
sexagram multiplicity
without duplicity.
Stars sing on this

October 1
for Dragon to play with
Monkey and implore
good Fen Shui.

~~~

Alex Nodopaka Sept©2005

AD Something

Alex Nodopaka
~~~

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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