

Poetry Series

Alan Bender
- poems -

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Alan Bender()

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!!!! Perogatory

Whatever you've come here to get
Try to forget it
It is so inhumane, replaceable,
Maybe you were looking for love
or food, some temporary satiation
I ask you
How do you greet a git?
Tell him G'day
The way we say
Not okay

Is it with a cut
a gesture, or
wave goodbye?

No matter.
I can not help
you.
I am unknown among the living

.....Any reply would be
.....believing today is the end
.....when the weekend is yet
.....yet
.....yet
.....yet
.....a primitive
.....distraction. An
.....unformed conclusion
.....anticipated by aliens
.....inside our intestines
.....chanting the celestial
.....thrum
Buddha initiates
deny
incessantly.

Alan Bender

0. Retail Love Affair

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

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

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

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

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

Alan Bender

2. The Cost Of Paying For Free Speech

1. The hazard of setting a standard

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

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

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

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

□

2. Advice that applies only to genius

When it comes to a
contest
Never send them your
best

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

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

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

may read it and
decide
It is better than their
pride

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

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

.....
.....disconnect!

□

3. Sad truths not taught in school

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

Alan Bender

Classified No Secret

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

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

Alan Bender

Click Start To Logout

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

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

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

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

Alan Bender

Common Denominator

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

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

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

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

Alan Bender

Cosmic Encryption

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

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

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

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

Alan Bender

Cosmic Rhythms Quilt Show

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

Alan Bender

Let Peace Begin My Friend: Are We There Yet?

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

Alan Bender

Quantum Relationship

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

Alan Bender

The Game Of Quantum Poker

Bohr sees Einstein

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

Heisenberg calls Pauli

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

Clinical Dispensation

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

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

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

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