

Poetry Series

ron androla
- poems -

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ron androla(August 7,1954)

Prolific underground amerikan poet active in the small press/underground press since the late 1970's, with 40-some chapbooks published. Newest book: "Confluence", Busted Dharma Books,2015.190 pages.

3 Voices

begin to count the moments from waking until
yr head blends within a black pillow, thousands
of scenes, as if one day is a splattered galaxy.

recount away from the crowd, step back & back
like a photographer without a zoom lens who sees
people as rocky seashore, foam, guts of waves.

live a minute before now, ghost yrself ahead
of who you are, a little blinder, but
more mysteriously mist - thrust a thought

thru monkey-bars of molecules & rope ladders
of dna & the 9-foot thick future where intention
slows, be kinetic, probably comically, but try.

a dead camera is a good camera. paint 3 paintings
simultaneously with both hands. chew at a
glass of iced tea with aching teeth, sear

of that pain & not sane, no, utterly nuts
things you do for definition. define the dead
with mythology, mute their moan.

time is militarized.
secret police surveillance with secret
technology, whim, why not. necessity.

night heat vision red amoeba of brain
vibrates & static is pulled
into a slow incriminating voice.

give up. grow away. notice
a bowl of french fries, a green
plate of ketchup on the desk.

eat,
fuckers of destiny,
eat.

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A Few Bare Poems

i've spent an hour worming thru holes of electrons' chewing
for poems by sol funaroff, syrian-gene, depression-era,
amerikan, sickly poet; ain't much in the electricity.

figures. a man with less than a dime
becomes a young man murdered by time, not wine,
not echo - rexroth finalizes another exclaimed name,

executed names we hear dropp
like fabulous bug-splatter of a swan-dive
from twin tower roof! waving frantically,

calmly, at fast windows falling where people
are burning! drenched in jet-fuel & george's
secrets! don't clap for a communist comedian!

don't read an arab's words. don't listen
to a man with less than a dime
who is dying. look this way, george grins,

here, upon my lips a sparkle of flat-screen
television sit-com realism where all worlds
are easy, if tough. if sol is somewhere

he isn't bright, he's selling ice-cream
to workers in india. he's melting
before their tongues touch chocolate.

*

sol funaroff, we roll over russians with tanks
stuffed with ingots of gold; we crush russia
like dry cake under obese & squirming ass.

sol funaroff, walk away
from starvation factories where workers
gather 'round a comrade's new ford truck

with juices frothing from their mouths.

who has the largest flat-screen hdtv?
to watch shit drip from the eyes of dan rather?

sol funaroff, stay dead,
forgotten, ignored in amerika,
barely a few electrons whirl from bursting

hands
of human
history - that's the way to be.

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Blank Pain

in a tree-circled field
edged with wolves, walnut
trees, webs, nets of bugs,

sit down in the grasses.
fold open the process of
thought by biology.

you have cigarettes?
smoke them.
either way continue

holding yr
hands inside
the fire,

hot-dog char
burn of
fingers;

no screaming.
no absolute denial,
one certainty.

life is long alone
in the field,
thus our ritual,

what's maintained
for the sake of
time in a head,

to sear
life
alive.

& the world
spills down
the tulip of space/time fabric.

we
stretch
forever.

this is
how to
die.

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Blue Goat

buddy
ebsen
jed
& the like of
lilac
frosting
across fabulous
years
do you want
bobby darin
again,
& dean;
those songbirds
from four decades
ago in smaller
trees,
breathing different
air,
pulsing
with this
continuous
pulse

then not

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Charlie Parker & The Bush Administration

charlie parker is blowing sweet
beauty thru our minds our eyebrows
round & touch into moons of short hair
2 more eyes tumors rip thru sky flesh centers
pieces of our bodies begin popping
tumors where eyes roll up into seeing
knuckles bleed 10 eyeballs on hands
adam's-apple eyeball red & evil
has a little mouth in the pupil
voices of all hated resurrected people
eyeballs of my sparse-hair balls
eyeballs flop dangling from my ears
i'm pissing eyeballs
we point to charlie parker
it's his fault
we tell our enemies
charlie parker is blowing sweet
honest soul into air
we're infected
we scream
government officials
arrive in gas-masks
carrying flame-throwers
scowl behind fire-mirror plexiglass
but bird is in high hiding
bird is as indestructible as
amerika
if he isn't found
he can't be murdered
or mutated
into something congress
has the power to
authorize
i see george bush
grinning as the black
doors of a time-machine
close
in an inhale
it's 1950 again

george has a.357
he's materialized
directly behind
charlie parker on a small
stage
george blasts charlie's
guts out
quickly returns
in his time-machine
to give a televised talk
to the people of this land
about the war in iraq

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Decisions

to decide well we can't
do everything meanwhile

torrential serendipity,
pacific prisms

break our hours. to
decide it's best to do

nothing, say nothing,
strive for obliviousness

against the obvious
routes to nowhere all

blossom-lined,
clouds tacked with tenuous bells,

& the bells, when inevitably
breaking off wood-like fog,

evaporate before
we hear them.

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Dream A Little Dream

lou tullio is a small, translucent ghost
floating over gravel by train-tracks.
he looks like fdr in a wheelchair
boxed in a misty-like hologram,
& he's smiling, talkative, somehow
picking up litter. i ask him how is it
trains run thru the city,
how are red-lights in sync
so no cars or people are crushed?
he doesn't know. he's the size
of a pillow-case, & a
ghost wavering over gravel,
good ol' lou tullio,
former mayor of eerie.
i look down at him &
he grins.

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Halloween In Hell

cheryl rainbeaux smith
pounds lava bubbling drums
thru the foggy heads of joan
jett's ghoulishly lost ancestors

heroin is bloody holy water

heroin boxes homelessness
& always wins by more than a fist

cheryl rainbeaux smith pom-poms
poppies up thru sunny l.a. graveyard grass
lemora laughs they tickle
lemora remembers freckles
over lila's breasts

heroin spits at god

heroin is a zombie bus driver

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Sawing Churchbells

most men do active things,
yardwork, carwork, cellarwork,
or they fish, play golf on a
chilly day, repair shit in the
house, watch nothing on tv,
some mens' hearts are guitars,
they sing in a room. some women
flute flute, smell like babies,
tulips. they cook thru necessary
steps, recipes of repetition &
language; that burn of rapture.
kids' heads inside games,
saturated like poets,
twins of instantaneous
thrill. everglades in nepal.
gravity begins dissolving
so we lift like moon astronauts.
some people are uniquely confused,
muted by ugliness,
beauty sucking cum
& a man hrumphs
& belches over her
head or headlessness.
revenge powers her
too. skin-slit,
places cleft by
hatchets. scars
of species & collective
mind - hesitate,
dropp back,
you're on yr own.
no mass protection
will muffle the panic
at the edges of
the human crowd,

where infants perish
like garbage, where
people don't eat

enough to sustain
consciousness.
somewhere the christian
sodomy of a boy
in the old days.
rape - a girl's
blood. roadside bomb
where chunks of people
fly like exploded cows.
ed mycue once wrote a
book titled 'damage
within the community'.
obscure references
reach thru afternoon light,

& i'm laughing.

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Stingray Barb Thru The Heart & Ghosts Pour Out

marble
moon rolling around
earth

the dead
spin
the world

with wispy
cloud
feet

as
they
fly

from water
& oxygen
into atoms of dark matter

secrecy
where nothing is an
animal

where layers of mind
leaf
upon black rock

& quarks of things are
crazy without sensory
whirling biology of time

no packages of light
no creature instinct
is involved

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There Were Birds (For Charlie Parker)

there was a chicken
resonating over other yardbirds
that warbled like a long liquid corderoy clarinet
that rose from farm dirt with wings made of horse
eye stare & ground-down reticulated ankle knuckle
that rolled over wet cities in a mixture of black
feathers & golden bourbon in moon glass delicacy
there were birds
in dusk-waking bars ordering highballs
habits & fresh beer there were birds
backstage wiggling, worm-swallowing joints
their necks bursting circular splatter blood on walls
there was a chicken-beak syringe stuck in charlie's
bare forearm & that chicken slid its soft soul into him
he was in foggy mists of transmigration when
someone slapped the lights
& he blew a black lace veil of stars away
& he burst the heads off listeners
& he smashed nested eggs with a sledgehammer saxophone
echo until he was the last bird on earth
that died, crushed by jazz-altered gravity of time

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Way Down Here

i'm typing this poem with cold fingers.
the past gas & electric bills are monsters
eating our food, quick as that,
lower the thermostat, don't turn on
the space-heaters. i'm wearing 4 layers
of clothes. we're a little above
the line for energy assistance.
i'm both shocked & pissed national
fuel is getting another rate-hike
after a 41% price increase last month.
it's a little insane, citizens,
& we've all been programmed
to deal with a little insanity thru
media coverage & consumerism.
but wait, i'm typing this poem
with old, middle-aged, cold fingers
that spent the past 30 years
in cut-throat factories -
i stand before you, without a job.
i stand before you as a poet.
i stand before you as a father,
grandfather, son, uncle, cousin,
friend, husband, owner
of a big black dog & two cats.
the cost it requires to show
one scene in a film
is more money than we
have. i don't believe
you realize
how lopsided we
are.

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What Happens

we weary.
we lose strength.
the world of the 1950's
is pure dream
scenes. tremendous
decades & then the prophetic
king crimson 21st century
schizoid man.
monster of amerika.
it all makes sense,
severe, scalpel-like
sense.
art
predicted
today, & art
predicts tomorrow.
we scar slower.
rubber of us
snaps open,
a balloon of blood
pours a pyramid
hearted by the diamond
of the self on the ground
where microbes grow
larger than worms.

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