



a collaborative chapbook  
or  
a chapbook full of  
collaborations

and either way

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Poetry's covenant  
with the irrational

tom, lewis  
july-august 2008

(so every body has  
a story. tell your scars)

I  
on a morning with  
the sun bleaching red  
over a half hearted  
apartment a boy had  
a thought about  
himself and then  
made it go away.

look! the apartment  
is in full blood now.  
his mind made up,

the man must face  
the city.

the answer was  
before the problem.  
you cried through it.  
good luck with  
mascara

it never matched my  
cheekbones anyway.  
the voices start  
again. they're always  
startled at something  
mundane – a bird, her  
toenails, ash,  
exhaustion.

## II

I'm so close to boiling  
over they're naming  
a kitchen motif after  
my tired face

I meet my maker  
daily. we compete to  
see who holds their  
breath the hardest

I beat my quaker  
crazy. too much quiet  
time

the in between are  
killer. rest your head  
on gravestones.  
healer, builder, rest  
your hands in mine.

I'd probably blame myself for my transgressions  
(forgive me not, though I know not what I do) and  
pluck out my eyes. ~~it's not my fault~~

WONDER what might happen  
if you were Oedipus...

my "I"s betray, & as soon  
as you say, "my fate is in me," my  
apples eat out corollas trans and.



dana, lewis

last stop. the  
ground's hollow and  
unmeaning beneath,  
beating with our  
want of arrival.

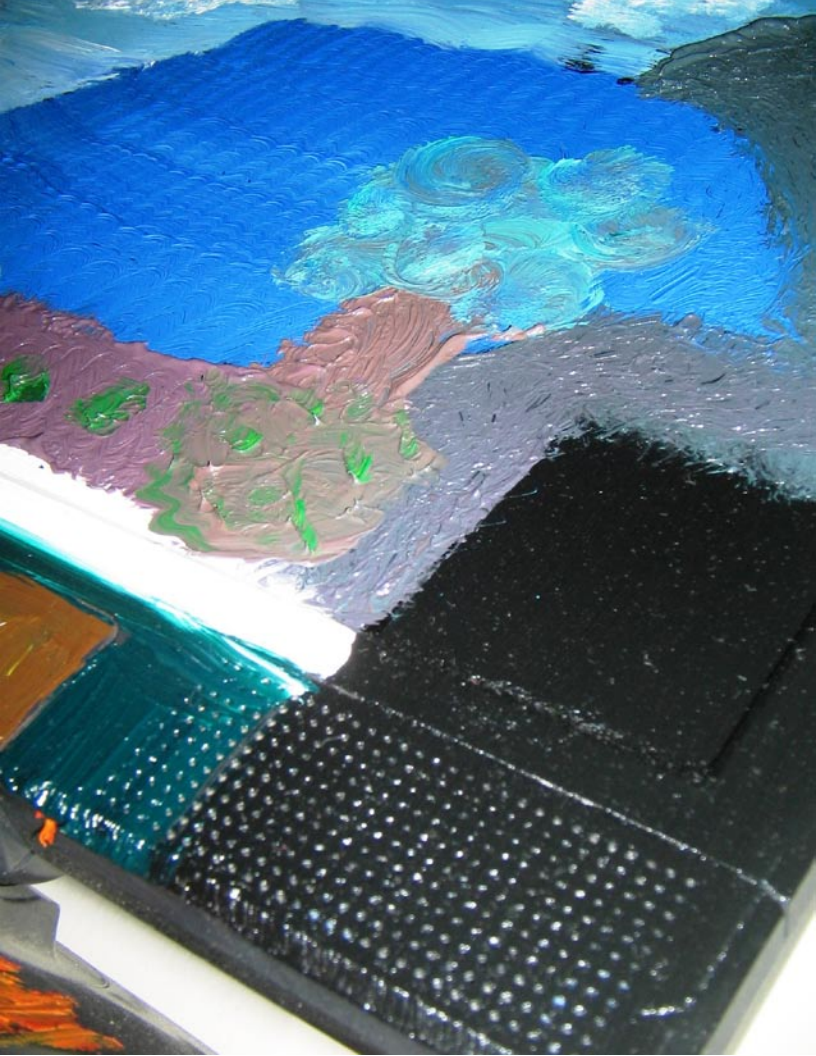
the air shimmers.  
we are in love with  
desire and  
journeying, pressing  
the tracks for more  
distance

pressing our faces  
to the glass to read  
stories sprayed in

neons onto building  
walls, railings,  
overpasses, things  
left alone enough to  
want any attention

the detritus of  
nomads. signed by  
anonymity. the  
platform waiting

and we altogether  
and at once are  
staying still.



dana, lewis

promises of private  
compromises

where each of us  
bends.

knees whimpering  
like poles. you

up against the  
shaking silent

pregnant pause.  
the first leaf falls.

FULL NAMES  
(the church billboard)

Joel { & the train wouldn't stop  
& we hobos vaulted out into  
her separated hair like  
~~metal~~ <sup>metal</sup>-wielding gymnasts.

U - Speaking in tongues, the muses (bald and thin)

sc - spotted each other for lazy backflips, wanting

U - to catch as much ~~big~~ air as possible, haunted

JD { & daunting with elliptical paunches

for bellies, smelling medieval worlds

JD { through dis-jointed & bloody noses,

U { their weakness dripping into the basin balanced on

her separated hair like church billboards

[ of want and wonder (how many times I'll reread

sc the single word, word, word, word repeating)

JD { like a train ticket-taker, thinking of

his wife fucking the anonymity of

men: neighbors & friends, forcing

the rip of the ticket to sound

like applause in an empty stadium - @

U { I like to say your full name

under my breath in between your breaths,

sc { to count how many times I can think

it between pressed/clean towels

U { folded in my arms. I carry them like

a hardy stack of bibles, tipping

JD { & leaning, a slanted court

sc { asked to vow on holy heaving chests,

U { whatever messages are left in haste

sc { as trains depart the

station, huffing rings, a cold sensation

JD { syncopated red lights, sound to signify

it coming, as the train pulls

from the station & the old

sc { kneel as if praying... }

maytal, lewis

she told me 2 go 4 a  
walk, smell the roses  
i told her there were  
no roses in this part  
of town. she sed im 2  
negative and walked  
out smiling. I pray 4  
rain

its fri the 13. my 22  
approaches. 8 more  
to go... or less... b4 i  
go forever.

30 races run 3  
decades decadent the  
rain gods smile  
thrice

and one expires. the  
note hangs on a wall  
pointing to a box of  
poems waiting to be  
misunderstood as the  
reason in a broken  
context. they never  
saw it coming.

how could anyone  
have known? the  
water boils.

behind the fluency of  
ur exhaled afternoon  
stands a reflection,  
fading slowly &  
rhythmically 2 ur  
unbroken heart. who  
watches a pot of  
water? they want it  
boiling

boiling covered dirty  
secrets shared like  
soup

shared like last  
nights kiss.



Dana: what would cure  
all this seriousness

Lewis: ? not hiding  
since  
hiding gets sought  
and  
sooner or later found

Dana: , it's to rid the  
clandestinity  
shouting  
awkwardly against  
conventions

Lewis: oh  
i get it.

Push it.  
drag it around a little  
see what patterns show.  
Taste

Dana: and to dismiss  
perversions  
as subtleties and  
consequence,  
smell!

L. Allow string beads  
macaroni necklaces  
follow a planted row  
the ground-walked-upon  
Clear in

D. It's when the best  
example of intimacy  
is marshmallows  
is movies and words  
written, dragged around  
a little.

L. So when we take turns taking naps  
I will read your letters

D. Taking sips of scents  
in patterns we drew,

L. Sense [in practical purposes]  
that ~~tonight~~ is today is tonight  
is  
olates

D. , i could hear us.

lewis, derek a  
summer 2007 I think

yo remember this?

business has really died  
down  
lately; I've been  
dreaming for something  
new.  
no dawn regenerating  
regrets like a  
long line of electrical  
tape. we used it to fix  
that broken wire.  
so much for tight rope  
walkers. so much  
for the circus.

those clowns make me  
laugh when  
I was a child.  
now they give me  
nightmares.  
I wake up in cold sweats  
listening to the  
sounds of my  
neighborhood sleeping,  
breathing

I've been looking for you  
in the sunlight  
sun reflections on the sea  
oh sea-sun  
season

sea-son

cocky bastard. learn to  
swim  
I wanna swim in you  
even though i'm  
swimming in tears,  
I do not mourn the loss of  
kingship  
or of sovereign(ty)  
let's go to sleep.

"the slottishness of vanquishment" LiA 363  
"... week and its whatever disasters" LiA 367

Title: Unresting with Prose (w/ Zach Meyer)  
[87 chapters] 4 November 2007

today I'm starting slowly  
hoping that I won't run out of  
Steam or juice or energy in general  
~~space~~ In general I'm up and ready  
It's a singularity - a first person singular  
pronoun kind of day, pronounced in  
clouds and diffuse gray light  
that same kind that wakes me  
and keeps me unfocused  
like fluorescence, not chlorophyll  
dancing shadows since I've gained  
an hour of sleep, or so they tell  
me. Let me list my goals.

What better goal than to enact the  
simple act of waking - for, as it is  
~~always with her~~, I only wake because to stay  
under sheets means to curiously wonder what the  
Voices down below might say. This simple,  
~~unambitious~~ <sup>or</sup> ~~unambitious~~ lays the groundwork for  
any other that dares to ~~begin~~  
Act without volition or fortitude:  
waking, writing, reading, drinking  
coffee, making toast from  
homemade bread: the  
accomplishment of ...

weal

Kiara skyuro

K

Sold enforced rituals, habitual  
patterns that set in like alliteration  
for my <sup>one</sup> all situation unknown;

For wrestling with prose;  
For testing ~~the door mat~~ <sup>the door mat</sup>

with winter toes;

For waiting too long  
for snows,

(unpaved gray roads  
like a Birmingham  
hangover one week

before I find a rhythm

hidden in the <sup>stick</sup> ~~stick~~ shift

of a rusty van

plodding up the gravel hill  
covered in ice

or ladder rungs

suited in the corner of  
one thousand hands.)

for shows to start,

for characters

to play with "K"

or "H" - or sound

or shapes for

'apes and

gray & blue  
Fore Days ~~the~~

& For to asks ~~not~~

what but always  
who.

I

Quickly, quickly  
yet ever so softly  
She wakes at midnight

and only the trees around her know her secrets

Yet not alone

Not with friends; Peers

He peers around her tree-limblegs

I shall not compare thee to anything—  
suck my cock.

---

II

It finally came to this—

you had your chance.

But you fucked it up like a  
cow at a square dance

Now I have no choice but to—

tell you everything I don't know

Nothing. Everything. My life

My life is shit. Thanks a lot

You didn't suck my cock ~~for anything~~

---

My life is shit I live in a pit

and I don't even have a rock to keep me company

I honestly feel none of this is real

Let everything exist in Fallacy

Fallacy, the land of broken bananas



Autumn - the leaf  
seems to grieve  
as it dies

I wanna be empty  
not negative space  
but empty.

I want to be filled to bursting  
with life inside oranges colored with  
yellow fifth wheel  
your mouth is full of my cock.

IV

You gave me hope, but then  
you fell asleep in the bathtub  
and we never got to make love  
rub a dub slut.

I hate you. What do you have  
to say for yourself? How could  
I forgive you when you never gave me  
a chance to live inside your womb  
how I craved to live inside  
your sweet man-womb away  
from the world.

red tomatoes  
ben, lewis, davina  
2006

I

The wheels on the bus go  
round and round  
with the souls of the  
organ trade  
laughing the whole way  
the patron saints  
of fuel for a genocide-  
stillborn  
to hoard (this adopted-  
foreign-orphan movement  
rhetorizm from  
highest origin)

Humans for Humans  
but not for men  
foundations of your  
empty appetite  
for falling hard in love  
right on top of your  
residential [ivory] tower  
throwing the last brick  
off,  
as it turned out  
I had one extra and there  
was a yippy lil'  
poodl' wit' a poofy lil'  
tail sniffin' round: let me  
explain.

I judge and measure and  
if my decisions are  
abrupt or harsh then  
remember calloused  
hands, torn up lands,  
fighting for  
glory lost in northern  
sands  
remember.  
it's not a fight  
it's a cause because  
no Because  
righteous little college  
kids  
love their voice and know  
what's  
in Vogue

## II

I've got an itchy pen,  
a seat  
reclined as far back as I  
can  
from the couple in front  
of me (and Ben)  
they've got nice skin  
'washroom occupied' 69  
yes sir day sleep lost for  
adrenaline gland  
producing  
*hey lew, what's it feel like  
to be a character in my  
dream?*  
the real question is, *am I  
god, or are you?*

*why don't you go occupy  
the washroom, you  
Zionist!*

and as she flips to page  
211 of avneri's Israel  
Without Zionism  
*Go tell another holocaust  
joke*

Holocaust, and joke. two  
words never  
to be combined.  
Says who? asks the cat  
Says my faith in our  
people  
is humor not a form of  
coping?

why are words taboo?  
why are ideas or thoughts  
taboo?

it's simple you can have  
no other discourse:  
even when you can hate  
the world,  
(especially then)

You can't

Not

Love

Your Life.

**To belittle a belief  
AKA  
a battle of pride**

Is providing Prometheus  
with ice cubes

so says one fist two fist

and fundamental layers of  
a piece  
of tarmac laying over my  
garden of Pipe  
Dreams, fully associated  
with an intense  
case of seasonal  
depression – How Deep!  
(he really  
does speak that way)



and you still can't eat  
tuna without killing  
dolphins  
fried fish blue fish  
triple scoop phish food

“OH MY GAH!”RRR'D  
he.



512710

How do you think a leaf feels  
when autumn begins? **LIKE A**  
**TONGUE IN A MOUTH**, like  
the downward curling of  
lips, pointing towards  
grass? Then your  
hands fall down upon  
hips like adolescence and  
the world feels ripe again.

**A fluttering, indefinite:**  
a vein. a collection of  
veins, throbbing, tree.

**THE FINAL WORD**

one more art nite collab

No guarantees, but  
if the word “sex”  
evokes the rain  
chances are  
I know evoked, sex-  
i-nes(s)-tled on a heaving  
chest  
best, best, best of show  
full of afterglow  
moonshine, broken brick,  
and tenement  
voices, the way someone  
says a  
sacred word into their  
hands.

muttered orgasms are  
worth less than  
jukebox quarters, but  
Billie Holliday's  
voice rises inside us and  
tells us  
our true names, our true  
seething jealousies and  
sexes, in the dark  
it can be hard to tell hard  
from

night to

night to  
night;

a playful pause

in the middle of  
                  coming,  
though there is no middle,  
after  
a lack of light and  
objects, past  
geology, theology and  
mono-  
chromatic pleasantries  
wrapped in soggy sheets  
and too bright  
light through shade slats  
that cut into  
consciousness  
like three hours too early:

LET THE  
CRICKET

SLIT NIGHT'S  
SILENCE  
WITH THE  
SCALPEL  
OF ITS THROAT

SD [Poems are not captions

are not slogans

are not hands that sing.

Poems are hands

that singe songs

into opera.] Fucking all

day, slowly, like train

JD tracks full of old pennies

(pressed to steel rails,

u stretched and flattened

and copperly defiant,]

ed. [mangled but reliant, like rust.]

uc → They are made unable, uninterested and a metallic

taste in our mouths. South of here

JD are hot, angry mothers with tongues

BM [that lick blood, too eager from splintered

fingers, knee scrapes: mothers]

LC → like the river, south of here

[where the young ride ropes of air

SD and fall shouting hallicujahs.]

belman cut nite

27 Sept 2007

seem feel lewis Dana Dana



tom, lewis  
january-february 2008

thin-blue, my friend, thin-  
blue.

the man turned into a  
shoe.

the man turned into a  
shoe.

he traded his head  
for a place for his leg,  
and now he dreams thin-  
blue.

he dreams in déjà vu, my  
friend,  
he dreams in déjà vu.  
with his leg on the bed

he is living thick-red,  
he dreams in déjà vu.

to you, my friend, to you

—

he sends his dreams by  
flu.  
not out on a ship  
where they dripdripdrip  
he sends his dreams a-  
choo.

it's true my friend it's  
true  
he sends them two by two  
with booze in his hair  
and blood on his lips

his story is  
nothing too  
new.

what  
happened to  
thin-blue, my  
friend?

what  
happened to  
thin-blue?





Waking up with a normative voiceover  
struck in (our heads).

Our?!?! Yes, it ~~was~~ was caught by, so far, two  
people in one home like a contagion.

They wondered, "Will this voice shut up?!"

The answer: No.

The voice gets louder and now another's heard it,  
now it's loud enough to wake up three,  
now four

its even loud enough for guy to now hear  
will he awake from it?

the answer: No.

So lets go stand and watch him close  
the curtains in protest, and roll back over  
against the sound, the morning, the energetic Lewis.

~~And~~ And yet. The promise of running water

WASHES AWAY MORNING BREATH; THE NATURAL  
OVER NIGHT SCUM OF EVERY MOUTH;

COLGATE'S ULTIMATE ENEMY.

What was that dream about at any rate?

Come, tell me and I'll translate. Four years  
earlier, he'd been to see a psychiz. Her  
interpretations made him feel

dizzy but smarter than before she told him:

"Like My Pancakes,

And Compliment Me on my use of

BANANAS"



## FROM THE EDITORS:

These splits represent the collaboration of multiple artists, poets, and other creative and/or curious people, in starts and fits and rage and passion over the past few years.

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