

LAURA LINNEY FARTS + 2

BY

LESLIE BRAMM

**WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes…*** *Leslie Bramm writes with such wit and flare, one might almost overlook the sometimes scathing nature of his controversial subject matter. For instance, Yoko Ono may be an easy target, but she just might be a serviceable example of when creative endeavors become too arcane. "If you need to scream / “I live in my art!”, / you probably don’t." Laura Linney is an engaging actor, but this does not stop Bramm from reporting on what may have been a polite irrepressible poot to Flatus Maximus as she embarks from a taxi cab: "The national weather service lists it as / an LLF category 4, and issues costal / flood warnings." --it is gut-splitting, bellyaching, uproarious. And lastly, the inside track on rats as 'The OG' (original gangstas) as they terrorizing the subway tunnels of New York gulping cocktails of blood and sand. (Spacing is poet’s own.)*

LAURA LINNEY FARTS

Standing on the corner of 69th and York

an Uber pulls up directly in front of me

Laura Linney gets out of the car,

I’m a fan, as much as I can be a fan of anyone

She steps up onto the curb,

she gives me the celeb glance,

the glance famous people develop

as soon as they’ve made the choice

to give up all their privacy for the sound

of clapping hands, money too, I guess

She shoots me that Linney look,

“please don’t talk to me, yes, I am who

you think I am, but leave me alone”,

look

As she steps to pass me she lets it rip

(probably not on purpose) a Congo, Sully,

Primal Fear, Big C, Ozark, level fart

all the while wearing the same orgasm look

she sports in P.S.

It’s hot and humid so the fart lacks delicacy

it gathers force in the thick moist air, and

instead of an expected celebrity waft away

it builds to hurricane force as it tears

down York Avenue

Cigarette butts, old masks, pigeons, a toddler,

pizza crust, the front page of an AM New York,

rice from the Halal truck

all get spun up in its vortex

The national weather service lists it as

an LLF category 4, and issues costal

flood warnings

It twists past Sloan Kettering ripping

IVs out of the

arms of sick 9-year-olds, and knocking off the

hats of Rabbis and Yankee fans

It makes its way down past Turtle Bay where

the glass is blown out of the UN’s windows

it is the 5th estate, the other man, the breech

the savage

Mark Ruffalo is so deeply affected he starts a

foundation at the same time slamming

her lack of veganism

meanwhile

Topher Grace recalls an unpleasant filming

episode and tweets for pity

(which he does not get)

The LLF hits the East River,

the Brooklyn Bridge sways

hipsters topple off

the Statue of Liberty is ripped from

its foundations

screaming at the patriarchy as it’s sucked

into the swirl

Finally it spins out to sea

where it flattens out, is

absorbed by the ocean

and raises the Atlantic’s

temperature by 2.5 degrees

God, I hope the strike is

over soon

OH NO, YOKO AGAIN

I have known many

creative souls in my day

It is an honor to hang them

on my walls

hear them come up on my

iPod shuffle

see their spines on my

books shelf

dancers,

writers,

painters,

actors,

musicians

Each has an enviable

abundance

of talent

a level of craftsmanship

a palpable relationship

with their work

a couple of them burn with

a madness

that some call genius

that’s not me,

I’m not burned with

that abundance,

but I do sit in excellent

contrast

60 years, coupled

with knowing these

souls

has taught me:

If you need to scream

“I live in my art!”,

you probably don’t

“I am an artist”,

you’re probably not

“I create “art”,

then for sure you won’t

or

might,

but most likely

by accident

These others souls,

they just are

they just do

they are their own

validation

THE OG

I play ball with a guy who works for the MTA

He’s a track cleaner

He and his crew get down in the brown

and clean up all the garbage

that we, New Yorkers, throw

onto the tracks

it’s a full time job

Part of his job is to clean up

after someone has fallen, or was pushed

onto the tracks

a “negative incident with train”

This happens more often than

you would you think

“Crushed, mangled and severed”

were the words he used

After the ME takes the body,

and/or

body parts away

he and his crew deal with cleaning

up the blood

This is done by throwing sand on the

blood pools and like

a litter box, the sand mixes

with the blood and clumps

That’s when the second shift gets to work

Rats

The rats clear the clumps by eating them

according to my guy they wait and

watch

as soon as the blood clumps he and

his team have to jump

back up on the platform while the

rats start to pour in

If you’re thinking-

Subway Rats have developed a taste

for human flesh and blood

you would be correct

These same Rats can squeeze through

a hole the size of a quarter,

leap six feet sides ways and fall 7 stories

without being hurt

they are indestructible

they are camouflaged

they drink the track water

they do not get sick

they do not falter

they do not fail

Keep this in the back of your mind the next

time you’re a bit too relaxed on the platform

the OG are always

watching

and

waiting

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *I try to write the poem in a single breath. Not too much revision once it’s written. A touch here and there, but It’s mostly a stand-alone effort. When all is said and done, it either stands up straight or collapses down to its foundations. I hope it either stands or falls. The worst is watching it slouch its way to the trash bin.*

**AUTHOR BIO:** Leslie Bramm is the author of over 25 plays which have been produced, work-shopped and/or developed, regionally, independently, and internationally, including at: Three Crows Theatre, The Present Company, The Penobscot Theatre, The Actor’s Theatre of Louisville, Boomerang Theatre, Emerging Artists Theatre, Nicu’s Spoon, The Edward Albee Last Frontier Conference, Rattle Stick, Reverie Productions, Playwrights Horizons/Tisch, Shelter Theatre Group, Gold Coast Theatre in Australia, M.T. Pockets Theatre, Theatre La Monde in Paris, The West End Theater in London, the Colorado Fine Arts Center, and Variations Theatre Group. Bramm is the recipient of a Stanley Drama Award (Oswald’s Backyard) A Paul T. Nolan Award (Islands of Repair) A Tennessee Williams Literary Award (Big Ball). He is published by JAC Publications, Smith and Krause, Brooklyn Publishers, One Act Play Depot, The New York Theatre Experience and Indie Theatre Now. Bramm and actor Kevin Corrigan co-founded indie rock band Diz Dam, where they sang and played guitar. Diz Dam recorded an EP, and gigged around New York in the 80s and 90s. Bramm is also a published and an award-winning poet, as well as a middle-aged power forward playing New York City street ball. Bramm attended the Lee Strasberg Theater Institute and The Julliard School of Music. He is a member of the Dramatist Guild, and the Actors Studio, Playwright/Director Workshop. His play A.B.C. was banned from the curriculum at SUNY college. www.lesliebramm.com